

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to Southern Rights, News, Politics, General Intelligence, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &c.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will perish amidst the Ruins."

EDGEFIELD, S. C., AUGUST 25, 1852.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 32.

W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.

Select Poetry.

LAST WORDS OF COL. CRITTENDON.

"AN AMERICAN KNEELS TO NONE BUT GOD!"
Am! tyrants forge thy chains at will—
Nay! galls this flesh of mine,
Yet, thought is free, unfettered still,
And will not yield to thine!
Take, take the life that Heaven gave,
And let my heart's blood stain thy sod;
But know ye not Kentucky's brave
Will kneel to none but God!

You've quenched fair Freedom's sunny light,
Her music tones have stilled;
And with a deep and darkened blight,
The trusting heart has filled!
Then do you think that I will kneel
Where such as ye have trod?
Nay! point your cold and threatening steel—
I'll kneel to none but God.

As summer breezes lightly rest
Upon a quiet river,
And gently on its sleeping breast
The moonbeams softly quiver—
Sweet thoughts of home light up my brow
When gazed with the old;
Yet those cannot unman me now—
I'll kneel to none but God.

And though a sad and mournful tone
Is coldly sweeping by;
And dreams of bliss forever flown
Have dimmed with tears mine eye—
Yet mine's a heart unyielding still—
Heard on my breast the old;
My soaring spirit soars thy will—
I'll kneel to none but God.

THE OLD MAN TO HIS WIFE.

We are growing very old, Kate—
I feel it every day,
The hair upon our temples now
Is growing thin and gray.
We are not as we were Kate,
And yet our hearts are young,
As when we roved the sunny hills,
And flowery dales among.
We are growing very old, Kate,
But it is not age of heart,
Though speedily the hour comes on,
When thou and I must part;
When thou and I must part, Kate,
As we have ne'er before,
Beside our cottage hearth to meet,
With words of love ne'er more.

And the parting will be long,
Till we meet within a better home,
Amidst heavenly throngs,
Till we sing the song together, Kate,
The angels sing above;
Where ne'er the fear of parting takes
The blessedness from love.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GLENN SPRINGS, Aug 10th, 1852.

DEAR READERS:—Being absent from our editorial post for a short time on an uncountry excursion, we have thought that it would be useful in us, and perhaps, agreeable to you, if we should pen a few observations, in passing, upon matters and things in general, and transmit them to you through the columns of the Advertiser. Without further preface we will proceed to do very briefly what we have thus briefly indicated.

The first day of our journey barely took us out of the "territory" of Edgefield; and we could but remark, as we passed over hill and dale and vale after vale:—Well, this is a great old district of ours, in point of size at any rate. And the reflection arose to our mental vision that perhaps this very circumstance of "size" may have had much to do with imparting to Edgefield whatever degree of prominence and influence she has enjoyed among her surrounding sisters. "Is it so, or is it not so?" is, we presume, the question among the folks at home about this time, if we may judge by the demonstrations made by our Saluda friends a few days previous to our departure. We incline to the affirmative side of the question—but will reserve our opinion for a while. This however has nothing to do with our journey—afraid we shall make a very irregular way-side scribbler.

To return however—we were highly delighted with the charming appearance of the corn crop on the Saluda side of Edgefield. It is certainly the best our farmers have had to boast of for many years. We saw scarcely a field which was not tolerably fair—very many of them were fine, and not a few (our friend Richardson's low-grounds for instance) were really superlative. We learn, from very general enquiry, that this entire portion of our District is becoming blessed with a glorious abundance. Thanks be to the great Giver of all good! Unless some unexpected disaster should occur, the hungry mouths of both men and beasts will be plentifully filled for the next twelve-month.

It has been thought by many that the cotton crop of this year will be an unusually short one, and we have hitherto leaned to that opinion—perhaps do so still. But we certainly have seen some very beautiful fields of cotton since leaving home, as well as some very ordinary ones. One thing however attracted our attention particularly—and it was, that the proportion of cotton planted, on the road we travelled, seemed to our view to be unusually limited, whereas the corn-fields were many and extensive—whereas the cotton-fields were many and extensive—whereas the corn-fields were many and extensive—whereas the cotton-fields were many and extensive.

What we have said above of the Saluda crops, will apply with equal truth to the entire country over which we have passed in reaching this place. So much for agriculture.

A word now about the roads. The biggest half of the one we travelled, in getting up to CHAPPELL'S Bridge, was rather miserable—certainly the antipode of a turn-pike. "Why, tell me, why," do not the "Commissioners of the roads," for good old Edgefield, see to it that our public high-ways are put in better order? Why do they permit one single day, of the twelve allotted by law, to remain unused as long as our roads are so wretchedly rough and uncomfortable? We earnestly wish for the day, when "progress" shall be the word, with respect to this matter, as well as with improvements of a somewhat higher but not more useful character. And here we must say, that the Districts above Edgefield far surpass her in the quality of

their roads. There is a degree of public spirit in things of this kind throughout these upper districts which deserves the highest commendation. Would that our people at home could be aroused to a sense of the great utility and comfort of good roads!—Turn we now to politics for a single moment.

Candidates for the Legislature are very busy in the districts of Laurens, Union, Spartanburg and Newberry. But no political issue has been made—none is at all anticipated. The spirit of domestic compromise, which was called into being by the wisdom and patriotism of our late Convention, reigns triumphant among the patriotic citizens on this side of our State. We have not yet heard, indeed, of a single exception to this peaceful condition of affairs in any part of South Carolina. Is it not cause of sincere congratulation, to witness the noble manner in which Carolinians everywhere are throwing to the dogs the bones of contention which so recently were inflaming their passions, and are returning to that sacred brotherhood which has ever bound them together? In this district as we learn there has been some little "jowling" among the people about the Homestead Exemption Bill of the last session. But even this has subsided almost entirely and will have but little effect upon the elections. In Union (which district was almost unanimous for secession) there will be at least one co-operationist, of the three members to the Legislature.—We have been pleased to learn that our immediate fellow-citizen, Col. PICKENS, has many friends in this section who are prepared to support him warmly for the Senatorship. And this is the sum and substance of what we have picked up in the matter of politics.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to give the slightest possible sketch of our two days and a half trip to this place. We left home about 12 o'clock on Wednesday the 4th instant. The heavens portended a continuation of the rain which had been falling all the morning. Nevertheless we started, nothing daunted by the gloomy prospect. We passed over the rough and slippery hills of old Edgefield with considerable annoyance, but fortunately without accident. A very little before dark, we reached the house at which we supposed we should lodge for the night. But, upon enquiry, we discovered that a few "colored individuals," without the keys, were the only persons about, the white family being absent from home. So we trotted on a half mile further (by which time the dusk of evening was fairly upon us), and having driven up to the gate of another mansion, enquired again what would be the chance for a night's entertainment—about about the same luck as before—"all the corn and fodder and oats &c., were down at the plantation, and the wagon was gone to mill and this would not be back in time to haul any up." This being the case, and one of our "colored individuals" being to attend our poor horses, we drove on again—across the Saluda in the night, through CHAPPELL'S dark and somewhat rickety old bridge—heard the cars of the Greenville and Columbia Railroad roaring on by, immediately in our van—tugged up the long hill on this side of the river as well as we could, and eventually found ourselves (pitch-dark) at the door of Mr. CHAPPELL'S public house, considerably wearied by our first day's ride. Here we were comfortably entertained by our blunt old host, and enjoyed eight hours of refreshing sleep.

The next morning we were off by 7 o'clock and reached the village of Laurens about 2 P. M. The road, this day, contrasted strongly with that of the day previous. It was a delightful drive. We were struck with some surprise at seeing the great number of comfortable frame buildings which have been built on this road. Many of them, are really excellent mansions, and all of them neat and tasteful. And yet lumber here is very scarce, and the procuring it must cost builders a good deal of trouble and expense. We observed however one steam saw mill which has been recently established some five miles below Laurens and which will doubtless much increase the facilities for building hereabouts.

Laurens village cannot be said to be very captivating in its appearance. Its public square is miserably rough, and the Court House looks quite rusty. Yet there are manifest indications of progress and improvement in and around the little town, and we have no doubt it will some day take its place among the handsomest villages of the up-country. We observed one very large and well-finished brick building, and another still larger, nearly completed, besides sundry others of smaller pattern. There are also some beautiful private residences in the suburbs; one of them, owned by Mr. EICHLEBERGER (who married in our district) is on rather a magnificent scale.—I had almost neglected to mention that a very large steam establishment has been set up in this village by some enterprising individuals—where sawing lumber, dressing plank &c., are carried on largely.

During the evening of our stay in Laurens, we were called upon by the gentlemanly proprietor of the Laurensville Herald, Mr. ROBERT M. STOKES, who, besides entertaining us for some time in his agreeable manner, gave us access to a fresh budget of papers with which to beguile an hour or two. It was gratifying to learn from Mr. STOKES that the Herald is still meeting with a liberal support, which we think is but its just desert.

Leaving Laurens, we came very easily to Glenn Springs by 3 o'clock on Friday. And being quartered here for a few days, we have concluded to snatch a few moments occasionally to communicate with our friends in a hurried and very imperfect manner. All deficiencies in this epistle will be excused by each "gentle reader," when we assure him that we are writing at the desk of the Hotel Bar, while in the entry, not ten feet from us, a general clattering of male chit-chat almost deafens one, and the noise-bell is continually announcing some new arrival, and shouts of laughter peal from the piazza, and the banging of the piano breaks rudely upon our tympanum, even from the somewhat distant "Ladies' Parlor."

There are now some hundred and fifty persons of various kinds at this place—among them a larger proportion of invalids than we have ever known to be here before. The young and hearty portion of the company seem disposed to enjoy themselves to the fullest extent. We found, upon our arrival, that the parlor was enlivened by the presence of a number of young ladies from Union, besides a few others from different sections. The Union girls are certainly very cheerful and entertaining—and we cannot avoid here paying them the just compliment of saying that they are well calculated, from their kind and artless manner, from their neatness and becoming looks, and from their lady-like demeanor in every way, to emulate if not to surpass the Carolina sisters any where.

The number of young gentlemen here at this time is larger, in proportion, than usual—and we must do them the justice to say that we have never seen a more genteel set at Glenn's.

Every night we have been here (except Sunday) the ball-room has been graced by the fair forms and bright eyes of the aforesaid belles, attended sedulously by their gallant beaux—and the days have been enlivened by as good music as could be knocked out of friend ZIMMERMAN'S rather antiquated Piano, to the help of a Guitar, Flute and the human voice divine. Withal, the time passes pleasantly enough in the main.

The Glenn waters continue to prove as efficacious as ever in a medicinal point of view; and we suppose there is now scarcely a doubt of their being as eminently deserving of commendation as any mineral waters in the country. The Hotel is kept well in some respects. The fare is quite as good as a hungry man could wish for, although by no means sumptuous. But the rooms are most of them too small for any degree of comfort, and the beds and bedding are certainly very common. We wonder that Mr. ZIMMERMAN will suffer this inferiority in his sleeping apartments. But for this, his Hotel would be more attractive than most others of our acquaintance.

As for the stables, they are extremely well kept. Horses receive every necessary attention—and corn, fodder and oats are piled up in their troughs and racks without the slightest stinting.

There is a water-cure establishment also at this place, and several visitors are at present under the hydropathic treatment. Some of the cases have already terminated successfully. Dr. and Mrs. RILEY are the superintendents of this department. They propose going to Aiken in September or October to set up a hydropathic shop there, and we doubt not they will do well enough. They seem to be very clever persons, and the lady is quite a performer upon the Piano. We are told she sings the "Maniac" with all the phrenzy of a ROSSINI.

We are aware, kind readers, that we have written you a very dull letter—it would have been better perhaps, had our material been more copious or our hurry less pressing. But what's the use of excuses? We may drop you a line again, which shall either be better or worse. Till then, adieu!

THREE MODELS.

THE MODEL WIDOWER.

Begins to think of No. 2 before the weed on his hat loses its first gloss. May be seen assisting young girls to find a seat in church, or ordering carts off dry crossings, for pretty feet that are waiting to pass over. Is convinced he "never was made to live alone." His "children must be looked after," or if he hasn't any, he would like to be looked after—himself! Draws a deep sigh every time a dress rustles past with a female woman in it. Is very particular about the polish of his boots, and the fit of his glove. He thinks he looks very interesting in black. Don't walk out in public with his children; when he does, takes the youngest! revives his old tastes for moon-light and poetry; pines single men with all his heart; wonders how they contrive to exist! Reproves little John for saying "Pa" so loud, (when he meets him in the street.) Sets his face against the practice of women's going home "alone and unprotected." From evening meeting. Tells the widows his heart aches for 'em. Wonders which of all the dancels he sees, he shall make up his mind to marry. Is sorry he shall be obliged to disappoint 'em all but one! has long since preferred orange blossoms to the cypress wreath. Starts up some fine day and refurnishes his house from garret to cellar; hangs his first wife's portrait in the attic (shrouded in an old blanket), and marries a playmate for his eldest daughter!

THE MODEL WIDOW.

Wouldn't wear her veil up on any account, thinks her complexion looks fairer than ever, in contrast with her sables. Sends back her new dress because the fold of crape on the skirt "isn't deep mourning enough." Steadfastly refuses to look in the direction of a "dress coat" for—one week! Wonders if that handsome Tompkins who passes her window every day, is insane enough to think she will ever marry again! Is fond of drawing off her glove, and resting her little white hand on her black bonnet, thinking it may be suggestive of an early application for the same. Concludes to give up the loneliness of housekeeping, and try boarding at a hotel. Accepts Tompkins' invitation to "attend the children's concert," (just to please little Tommy.) Tommy is delighted, and thinks Tompkins "a very kind gentleman," to give him so much candy and so many bon-bons. His mamma begins to admit certain little alleviations of her sorrow, in the shape of protracted conversations, walks, rides, calls, &c. (She cries a little when Tommy asks her if she "hasn't forgotten to plant the flowers" in a certain cemetery.) Tompkins comes in, and thinks her lovelier than ever, smiling through her tears. Tommy is sent out into the garden, to make "pretty dirt pies" (to the utter demolition of a new frock and trousers), and returns very unexpectantly, to find his mamma's cheeks very rosy, and to be tossed up into the air by Tompkins, who declares himself "his now papa!"

THE MODEL DOCTOR.

Owens a gold headed cane, and drives a vicious horse through the most frequented parts of the city, sure to make a patient in the person of some unlucky child or deaf old lady on the track, who "couldn't get out of the way." Always magnifies the danger of the patient on his first visit, that his skill in leeching may pass for omnipotence. When questioned inconsequently by relatives, looks wise and oracular, and fixes his eyes on the ceiling (while he assiduously thumbs his victim's pulse,) till he has concocted an answer sufficiently non-committal. Is willing to experiment in any kind of "pathy" there is going; never allowing any other M. D. to get the start of him. If his patient has an extraordinary faculty for convalescing, and there is danger of his getting well too fast, he gives him a slight retrograde motion! has a decided objection to knowing old ladies who consider themselves

privileged to asked questions. Has a little private understanding with the apothecary, whose pockets he fills by ordering double the amount of medicine necessary on every visit. When he finds he has made an egregious mistake, objects to a consultation "lest it might alarm the patient!" If he orders molasses and water, couches his prescription in High Dutch. Tells his confidential man John "to call him out of church as often as every other Sunday, on an errand of life and death!" Never sends his bill in to interesting widows or pretty girls.—Olive Branch.

A BRAVE RESISTANCE.

There is little danger after all, to be apprehended from ruffian force if a man's nerve and coolness desert him not at the pinch. In house attacks the odds are infinitely against the assailants. The attempt is generally made in the dead of night; a rubber party are never sufficiently organized to combine their efforts judiciously, and two men within, if properly armed and plentifully supplied with ammunition, are in my opinion a fair match for a dozen outside the doors. Calm and steady courage does wonders certainly, and even when surprised and unprepared, a cool man will rarely be left without some means of defence. The Scotch proverb is a true saw, "a gleg (ready) hand never wanted weapon."

There was never a better illustration of that truth, than the heroic resistance offered by an aged gentleman in the south of Ireland, to a band of ruffians under the most discouraging circumstances.

Several years ago, when the south of Ireland was as it has ever been within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, in a disturbed state, a man advanced in years lived in a retired country house. He was a bachelor, and whether trusting to his supposed popularity, or imagining that the general alarm among the gentry groundless, he continued in his lonely mansion long after his neighbors had quitted theirs for a safer residence in town. He had been indisposed for several days, and on the night he was attacked, had taken supper in his bedroom, which was on the ground floor, and inside a parlor, with which communicated. The servants went to bed, the house was shut up for the night, and the supper tray, with its appurtenances by a providential oversight were gotten in the old man's chamber.

Some hours after he had retired to rest, he was alarmed by a knocking sound at the door. He opened it, and a moon shone brilliantly through the open casement rendering objects in the parlor distinct and perceptible to any person in the inner room. Presently a man leaped through the window, and three others followed him in quick succession. The old gentleman sprang from his bed, but unfortunately there were no arms in the apartment; recollecting however, the forgotten supper tray, he provided himself with a case-knife, and resolutely took his stand behind the door. He had one advantage over the murderers, they were in full moonlight, and he shrouded in impenetrable darkness.

A momentary hesitation took place among the party, who seemed undecided as to which of them should enter the dark room; for acquainted with the localities of the house, they knew well where the devoted victim slept. At last one of the villains cautiously approached, stood for a moment in the doorway, hesitated, advanced a step—not a whisper was heard, a breathless silence reigned around, and the apartment before him was dark as the grave itself. "Go on blast ye! What the devil are you afraid of?" said the rough voice of an associate behind; he took a second step, and the old man's knife was buried in his heart! No second thrust was requisite, for with a deep groan the robber sank upon the floor.

The obscenity of the chamber, the sudden destruction caused by that deadly thrust, prevented the ruffians in the outer room from knowing the fate of their companion. A second presented himself, crossed the threshold, stumbled against his dead associate, and received the old man's knife in his bosom. The wound though mortal was not so fatal as the other, and the ruffian had strength to ejaculate that he was a dead man.

Instantly several shot were fired, but the old gentleman's position sheltered him from the bullets. A third assassin advanced, Jewelled a long fowling piece through the doorway, and actually rested the barrel against the old man's body. His direction, however was a slanting one, and with admirable self-possession, remained steady till the murderer drew the trigger, and the ball passed him without injury; but the flash from the gun unfortunately disclosed his place of ambush. Then commenced a desperate struggle—the robber, a powerful and athletic ruffian closed and seized his victim around the body—there was no equality with regard to strength, and although the old man's neck often and furiously with his knife, the blows were ineffectual and he was thrown heavily upon the floor with the murderer above him. Even at that moment his presence of mind saved this heroic gentleman. He found that the blade of the knife had turned, and contrived to straighten it upon the floor. The ruffian's hand was already upon his throat—the pressure became suffocating—a few moments more and the contest must have ended; but an accidental movement of his body, exposed the murderer's side—the old man struck with his remaining strength a deadly blow—the robber's grasp relaxed—and with a yell of mortal agony, he fell dead across his exhausted antagonist!

Horror-struck by the death shriek of their comrades, the banditti wanted courage to enter that gloomy chamber which had already proved fatal to so many. They poured an irregular volley in and leaping through the open window, ran off leaving their lifeless companions behind. Lights and assistance came presently—the chamber was a pool of gore, and the old man nearly in a state of insensibility, was covered with the blood, and encompassed by the breathless bodies of his intended murderers.

He recovered however, to enjoy for years the well won reputation, and receive from the Irish viceroy the honor of knighthood, which never was conferred before upon a braver man.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

The following denial, by Gen. Pierce, of the Boston slanders against him, appeared on Saturday, in the Washington Republic. We have no hope whatever, that it will be satisfactory to the editors who have so diligently circulated charges sustained by such unreliable testimony, and bearing on their very face such unmistakable marks of bitter prejudice and personal rancor. Should these editors even make a pretence of doing justice, by publishing the denial, they will not do so fairly—but, like the Republic, they will, no doubt, accompany its publication with unfair and illiberal commentaries. The Republic has thought this necessary, as an atonement in advance, for its seeming liberality in publishing the letter at all; but let them comment and carp as they may, plain honest people will consider the letter a frank and positive denial of the slander.

The following is the correspondence:

To the Editor of the Republic:

DEAR SIR:—On the appearance in your paper of a charge intended, if not calculated, seriously to impair and perchance to destroy the confidence of General Pierce's Southern supporters in his soundness on the slavery question, I address him a letter, which, together with his reply, I now ask you, as an act of justice, to publish.

I make this request, presuming your object, like mine, to have been the discovery of the truth.

Very respectfully,
EDWIN DELEON.

Washington, August 12, 1852.

WASHINGTON, July 17, 1852.

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed you will find an article, in which, as one of the editors of the Southern Press, of this city, I took issue with my colleague in advocacy of your claims to Southern Support for the Presidency. That action was predicated upon my belief of your entire soundness upon the slavery question. Within the last week a speech, purporting to have been delivered by you in January last, has been republished from two Democratic papers in your own State, (which are said now to support you.) On the truth or falsity of this, much depends. Neither those with whom I act, nor myself, can consent that any doubt should rest on a matter of such importance; but, placing full reliance on the fearless frankness of your character, on their behalf and my own, I respectfully ask of you whether that report, which your Southern supporters believe to be without foundation as opposed to your previous course, is correct?

The peculiar position which I occupy must plead my apology for troubling you with this letter.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
EDWIN DELEON.

General F. PIERCE, Concord, N. H.

CONCORD, N. H., July 23, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR:—Surrounded by pressing engagements, I seize the earliest opportunity to reply to your letter of the 17th instant. I much regret that any thing connected with myself should have been the cause of disagreement between you and gentlemen with whom you have been associated in the editorial department of the Southern Press.

I do not remember to have seen what purports to be a report of a speech delivered by me at New Boston, in this State, in January last, until my attention was called to it as republished in the Republic. The pretended report is, and I presume was designed to be, an entire misrepresentation. It is not merely untrue, but is so grossly and absurdly false as to render, in this vicinity, any denial of its authenticity entirely unnecessary. The two papers quoted—the Independent Democrat, published in this place, and the Democrat, published in Manchester—are thoroughly abolition journals; and have been and are zealously opposed to the Democratic party. For a long time prior to the meeting at New Boston, and ever since, they have been unsparing in their attacks upon me personally, and in their bitter denunciation of what they have been pleased to term my pro-slavery sentiments.

But it would be something new for either of those to deny the consistency of my opinions upon the subject of the constitutional rights of the South in relation to slavery. My opinions and the avowal of them have been everywhere the same. Ever mindful of the difficulties and dangers which so long brooded over the assemblage of wise men and pure patriots to whose spirit of concession and earnest efforts we are indebted for the Constitution under which we have enjoyed such signal prosperity, advancement, and happiness, I have regarded the subject as too vital and delicate to be used as an element of sectional appeal in party conflicts. My action and my language in New Hampshire, touching the matter, have been at all times and under all circumstances in entire accordance with my action and language at Washington.

My votes in the Senate and House of Representatives were not republished in the Era for the first time. They have been again and again paraded to arouse the passions and prejudices of our people against me individually, and against the party with which it has been my pride and pleasure to act. There has been no attempt to evade the force of the record. It has been at all times freely admitted, and my position sustained upon grounds satisfactory to my own mind. I am not surprised to know that an attempt to prove me an abolitionist provokes much merrier among men of all parties here; and this weak and untruthful sketch of what purports to be my speech, is really too ridiculous to be considered in any serious light.

I am in the daily receipt of letters, propounding the greatest variety of curious questions, upon all conceivable subjects. Letters of this character cannot be answer-

ed, of course. No individual could command either the time or strength the herculean task would require. I may add, that such a correspondence would by no means comport with my views of duty. The Democratic party sent its delegates to Baltimore not alone to nominate candidates, but to reaffirm principles and to present the leading issues upon which the canvass should be conducted.

If I could deem myself capable of improving the platform there adopted, it is quite certain that I should decline, either at the call of individuals or associations, to incur the charge of arrogance to which any attempt to alter, amend, or enlarge it, would inevitably subject me.

Your letter is of an entirely different character. It seeks truth in relation to an alleged fact; it speaks of history, to which too searching an appeal cannot be made. I appreciate the estimate you seem to have of my character for directness; and beg you to accept my thanks for your efforts to vindicate my claim to that trait, at least, before the public.

I am, with high esteem, your most obedient servant,
FRANK PIERCE.

EDWIN DELEON, Esq., Washington, D. C.

THE WOUNDS RE-OPENED.

We received some time ago, from Gen. Foote and others, most cheering assurances that their great Compromise had effectually closed and cicatrized the bleeding wounds which the slavery agitation had produced in the body politic of this nation. We were told the Compromise had restored peace and quietude to the nation—had annihilated disunion in one section, and abolition in the other section of the Republic—that there was to be no more agitation—the Fugitive slave law was a finality, and peace and concord reigned through the land.

To perpetuate this happy event, and give immortality to its source, and to those who were instrumental in effecting it, it was proposed in this city, to erect a Compromise Monument of iron, to hand down to future ages the record of the wonderful discovery of extinguishing fanaticism by paper resolutions and repealable laws. But, alas! we could not bring our minds to this satisfactory conclusion and we were thus deprived of the satisfaction of mingling in the rejoicings over such happy and glorious effects from so simple a cause.

Nor have recent occurrences removed this doubt and anxiety from our minds. Not to many other proofs of the revival of this agitation, which we were told, was so effectually stilled, quite a notable proof has recently been afforded that abolition not only lives, but appears to have grown stronger under the influence of the Compromise. We allude to the move in the United States Senate, by Sumner, of Massachusetts, to repeal the Fugitive Slave law. A test vote was taken on this question, and ten Senators—being full half of the Senators from the North—voted with Sumner, and in effect, in favor of the "Finality." There were two others—Hale and Chase—absent, who would also have voted on the same side.

These votes were given in face of the emphatic declaration of Southern Senators, that a repeal of the Fugitive Slave law would inevitably lead to a dissolution of the Union. We have seen no stronger evidence of the power and strength of abolition, for the last twenty years, than is contained in this fact.—N. O. Delta.

HIGH PRICES IN OREGON.—The Washington Republic says a letter recently received from a gentleman residing at Oregon City represents that the gold mines in the southern portion of the territory of Oregon keep the prices of everything up to those of California. The millers were, at the date of the letter, offering \$2 per bushel for wheat; and for flour the price was \$16 per barrel; for oats \$1.25 per bushel; for hams 37 1-2 cents per pound. Labor of all kinds was high and scarce, and the deputy surveyors were paying from \$70 to \$100 per month for each man they employed. Goods, the letter says, are higher in Oregon than in California, as most of the merchants in the first mentioned territory get their supplies in the latter; and the cost of living in the Atlantic States, it is thought, is only about one-third of what it is in Oregon and California.

A MONSTER SHARK was caught, as we learn from the Savannah Republican, on Friday last off Tybee. It is said to have measured fifteen feet from the end of its tail to the tip of the nose, and when opened that it was found to contain ten king crabs, a sea gull, and a man's boot, with any quantity of bones, resembling those of the human body. It took six men, besides the informant of the Republican, to haul and lash it to the gunnel of the pilotboat, from which it was caught. The jaws contained eight rows of teeth.

THE Chaplain in the Indiana Legislature recently opened, it is said, the session with a general prayer, which he closed with the following invocation: "And the Lord have mercy on our legislators. Spare their lives until they may return to their homes, and then put it into the hearts of the people to keep them there, and return men of temperate habits and sentiments, who will do some good."

GOING IT STRONG.—In March last, three men in the city of Springfield, Illinois, agreed to drink themselves to death. The Register, of that place, says the first died in April, the second in May. The survivor, on the happening of the last event, showed signs of breaking the contract, and kept sober two or three days afterwards; but honor revived, and he died in the month of June. This is literally true.

It is said that Hon. Wm. H. Meredith, Secretary of the Treasury under President Taylor, has in his possession the original manuscript of a very strong message which Gen. T. had prepared to send to Congress, previous to his death, for the purpose of stopping the clamor of Slaveholding Disunionists. The message was opposed to all compromises.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION. The discontinuance of the "Southern Press" has drawn out a variety of comments from the newspapers of the North. A large proportion of these indicate malicious triumph, and none that we have seen have taken any pains to conceal their joy at the event.

The New York Day Book has the following remarks. We fear there is too much truth in what it says with regard to those papers of the North which have endeavored to stand by the rights of the South and the Constitution. We could hope that his prophecy in relation to the future of the South is devoid of the truth of a prophetic ken. It is our duty to place such warnings, even they from friend or foe, before the people of the South. It is theirs to take heed and be governed accordingly.

"But aside from this, there is a feebleness in the Southern cause, which indicates its demise and overthrow as distinctly as the appearance of the Southern Press did its suspension. The energy, activity, and fullness of spirit of Northern anti-slavery will eventually overrun the South, and lay in the dust the last slavery standard bearer.

"The numerical strength is with the North, the energy is in the North, and the spirit of dictation an encroachment is here. A few men and a few newspapers will stand up a while for the right, for justice, fairness, for peace, and for Union—but they must all succumb at last. Webster and Fillmore have been struck down, not so much by the force of the North as by the feebleness of the South. The few papers that now advocate Southern Rights—or rather that now raise their voices against Northern wrong—will find it for their interest to keep silent on the slavery issue.

"The Southerners are not a reading people, while the Northerners are, and the newspaper proprietors soon find this out. We had always rather go to a man who takes six pence for his subscription to a new one, than to a man who does not take any. The chances are three to one in favor of the man who reads half a dozen. With all our Southern sentiments, the circulation of the Day Book has always been as large in Connecticut as in any Southern State, and larger in New England than all the South. New Englanders buy it daily by the two cents' worth, and the Southerners take it by the year—therein is the difference. One don't consider two cents any patronage whatever, the other counts his two dollars as given in support of a cause.

"The newspaper that relies upon Southern patronage will follow the Southern Press to the grave, while the one that panders to the morbid abolition sentiment of the North will most likely ride triumphantly to importance and power."

REFUTING A SLANDER.—In Congress, on Tuesday last, according to the New York Herald, Mr. Aiken rose to a question of privilege, and proceeded to notice a paragraph, in a published speech of Mr. Durkee, relative to a slave in Charleston, who it was said, five or six years ago, killed his master for trespassing on the chastity of his wife, and that, on being taken to the scaffold, the Sheriff felt so much sympathy for him that he could not hang him, nor could the reward of \$1000 procure any one in the crowd to perform that office; therefore the negro was taken from the gallows. This was the substance of the objectionable paragraph. Mr. Aiken said he had lived in Charleston all his life, and that such a case occurred he pronounced absolutely false. He then related a proceeding which took place twenty-six years ago, when a slave was convicted of Arson, but being of a weak constitution, and considerably prostrated in view of death, there was naturally much sympathy expressed for him; and the person whose duty it was to execute the prisoner, also being feeble, offered a reward of one hundred dollars to any one in the crowd who would perform the office, but no one accepted it. The slave was then remanded, and the result was, his punishment was commuted to transportation, by the Governor. Whoever gave the information referred to, Mr. Aiken said, had told a deliberate falsehood.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.—Gilbert Jacobs, of Springfield, Ohio, was struck by lightning a few days ago. The fluid singed the hair of his head considerably, burnt a whisker completely off his cheek, blistered his neck and back, and tore open the lower part of his boot, upon one of his feet, leaving him apparently dead. There were three men with him at the same time who were more or less shocked; they immediately went to work at their comrade, and with the aid of cold water, and rubbing for about half an hour, revived him.

STARVATION IN THE WEST INDIES.—Accounts from the Windward Islands continue to be received of the state of starvation into which the people of those Islands are involved from the long continued drought. Antigua, St. Kitts, St. Lucia, Anguilla and Curacao, are represented as particularly destitute and distressed. In Anguilla, the drought, which had prevailed for seven months, had reduced the poorer classes of the inhabitants to a state of absolute destitution and misery. The poor are absolutely dying for want.

A WIT being told that an old acquaintance was married, exclaimed, "I am glad to hear it." But reflecting a moment, he added in a tone of compassion and forgiveness: "And yet I don't know why I should be, he never done me any harm."

FOR LADIES EXCLUSIVELY.—Ladies, as you are fond of having flowers in your rooms, you will perhaps