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SLAVERY;
CORRESPONDENCE WITH HON. J. C. CALHOUN.

[CONCLUDED]

[SECOND LETTER.—*Not sent.*]

To the Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN:

Dear Sir: I took the liberty to address a long letter to you by last Wednesday's mail, February 7th, 1849. Since that I have borrowed of my democratic neighbor, the "Union" of the 30th of January, which contains the proceedings of the meetings of Southern Members of Congress.

If you are in the receipt of my letter, you will not need be told how deeply I regret the manner in which Maryland voted. I knew only by rumor that any Southern meeting was held. I waited for advices through my newspaper, the National Intelligencer, but to this hour I have not received a syllable.

I have read the two addresses which were submitted to said meetings. The one reputed to have been drawn up by yourself, the other by Mr. BERRIEN of Georgia. The former comprises a clear, forcible exposition of the injuries which the South have received from the North—is calm and temperate. The best of the whole is, that something of undefined portent lowers in the distance.—The latter address was evidently drawn up with the intention of removing that frowning cloud, which forms the back ground of the former picture,—to change the character of the piece entirely, and to represent that the serenity on the face of it, is in truth that of a calm summer's day, durring which, a tempest is not in the slightest degree to be apprehended. For while it adopts the identical exposition of grievances which the former contains, it represents the occasion growing out of them as altogether different. I know as well as any other man, how to respect the clearness of head, and the amiableness of heart which characterize Mr. BERRIEN. I regret that his address was drawn up at all. Much more do I regret the amount of favor with which it was received.

The abolition disease is mortal, and must end in the dissolution of the Union, if energetic measures are not speedily adopted by the South. Avenge your honor promptly, and the North will know what to make of you; they will understand you perfectly. The South are at present out of position, and act out of character. The sooner they get into position, and act in character, the better. Do any thing which falls short of repelling the assaults, which the North have already made upon us, and no thorough revolution in the exhibition of public sentiment at the North will be effected. They will still hope that slavery can and will in time be peaceably abolished, and will persist in their efforts to undermind it. The southern statesmen having failed to make up an adequate issue, the consequence of the slow fires reaching the southern people themselves, must be met. They will act, and act in such a way, that statesmen cannot control them. The Union will be lost. I do not say that by the measures which I propose, the Union will not be lost. But if so, it will be lost at the best possible time, under the best circumstances, and under circumstances which will prove that the disease was so deep-seated, that it must inevitably have been lost, sooner or later.

'Healing to these nations' can never commence until there is a revolution produced in public opinion at the North. Or perhaps the truth will be more exactly expressed by by saying, that healing will not commence until the public opinion which already exists at the North is brought into a differently combined action.

These two addresses, prepared by southern statesmen, have gone forth to the country and to the world. The one best adapted to the occasion was adopted, though unfortunately not with unanimity. And as it would, of itself, have been insufficient to cure the disease which it sets forth, so, much more, is it insufficient in view of the existence of the other address, and the amount of favor which that secured.

The effect produced on the North will be the same in kind, though not in degree, as it would have been if the first address had been unanimously adopted. The effect will be this. It will check the North in their attacks on the South. If we do not follow up this address by speedy overt acts, such as sending a number of slaveholders with their slaves from each of the slaveholding States as peaceable occupants of some portion of New Mexico and California, the common sense people of the North, without experiencing any revolution of opinion, or of position, with regard to the fanatics, will see that they have gone so far as to expose themselves, and will lose no time in withdrawing, just so far as is necessary, to screne themselves from the responsibilities which now rest upon them. The Wilmot proviso, in all probability will, next session of Congress, be decently abandoned. The fanatics, finding that the masses of the North have receded from the post to which they had advanced them, will continue their assaults upon the South, sleeplessly, but with more sneaking caution than before. Observe for example, how the proposition for abolishing slavery and the slave trade from the District of Columbia is divided; and we now have, after so many years of agitation, the proposition for abolishing the slave trade *first*.

Those addresses have gone forth to the world. The common-sense masses of the North will get out of the position of responsibility in which they are, by those addresses, placed before the world, if the South do not speedily do something to hold them to their present responsibilities

I write in hopes that, before the present session of Congress closes, a concerted arrangement will be entered into by southern members to carry out the measure which I propose, or some other, in effect, tantamount thereto. My idea is, by no means to exclude non-slaveholders from residing among our emigrants if they choose; the object is to show that we hold in contempt the threat of prohibiting us from holding slaves on that territory.

You will, I think, sir, fully comprehend my views, when I state, that I regard the present audaciously aggressive position of the North, as favorable; and that the drawing of them on to where they now stand, might well have been the result of long-sighted strategy, on the part of the South, provided it is improved by a prompt repelling of them, with justifiable indignation, on the part of the South.

Three things I hold to be certain. First, that the South will not permit slavery to be abolished. The word of God teaches its continuance. The disposition of the South is to the same end; and the two acting together, render certain the result. Second, that the fanatics will not cease to assault us upon a less condition than that there shall be stamped upon their procedure "the indelible stigma of the public abhorence" of the North. Third, that the South will ultimately repel the assaults of the fanatics at all hazards—save themselves and the Union both if they can, but save themselves at the sacrifice of the Union if they must. Save ourselves and our institution we shall, as surely as the Book of God is truth. The only question then is whether we can save both ourselves and the Union.

A difference in religious opinion between ourselves and the North, is the description which fully comprehends the existing difficulty. In our relations with the North, there are no stipulations as to what religion shall consist in. What then so appropriate as the sword, to settle this difference about religion which has arisen between us? This ordeal will test the strength and value of the religious faith of each party. If we stand ready to die in defence of our religion, or to put to death those who interfere with it, we shall do valiantly.

A NORTHERN MAN WITH
SOUTHERN CITIZENSHIP.

[THIRD LETTER.]

FEBRUARY 8th, 1850.

The Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN:

Dear Sir: I received your obliging note acknowledging the receipt of the communication which I took the liberty of addressing to you about one year ago. I also received the copy of the Southern Address, which you sent me. Permit me to congratulate yourself and the country, on the favorable effects of that address. Southerners begin to act like Southerners. Witness the recent debate in the Senate on the Vermont Resolutions. By consequence, Northerners are beginning to act in character.—Witness Mr. PHELPS' reply. As the South wax hot, the North become cool and deprecating.

The South fail to perceive what it is that makes the North behave as they do about slavery. They possess no clew which unravels the mystery, and shows Northern conduct, both in retrospect and prospect, in harmony.

Religion is all that ails the North. And no weapon but the religion of the Lord God of hosts, in our hands, will effectively combat with them. The theory of our government rules religion out. But has it staid out? Religion, as an element of man's being, is antecedent to our government. He that would see the past of the North in consistency, and calculate upon the future with precision and certainty, must consider the phases which man assumes as a religious being. Our statesmen, I grant, as such, have no concern with men's religion as being true or false. Their vocation is to govern men to the end of the present life. Man, whether a religious being or not, is to be governed. If religious, he must be governed by his religion, or in spite of his religion. Men may exhibit their religion rationally, or fanatically; they may, like the citizens of Ephesus, 'be worshippers of the great goddess Diana, and of the *image* which fell down from Jupiter,' or they may worship God, a spirit, in spirit and in truth; still this is all one to the vocation of the statesmen of our country.

The sun in the firmament is not more clear than southern statesmen have made it apparent, that the slaveholding of the South is profitable to the North. I can neutralize every speech of this kind which has been made in Congress for these last fifteen years, before a northern assembly, by merely saying, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

The North believe that God approves of their efforts to break down slaveholding.—There lies the mighty secret which propels them, and makes their doings plain and consistent. It not only shows method in what they have already done, but it intimates what they will in future do. They believe that God will make all things—the trampling under foot the Constitution, the dissolution of the Union, and every other enormity—work together for good, to those who thus serve him.

To combat religion with religion, is philosophical. Besides, religion is our stronghold. We have both the Bible and the Constitution on our side. If we can waive our peculiar tastes so far as to avail ourselves of our mightiest weapon of defence, we shall come off more than conquerors. Could the South but be brought to see that religious belief, and nothing else, is the instigating cause of northern aggression; or if other motives—as envy, indignation at servitude, and the like—do enter into it, that they all fall into the lead of this great principle, become part and parcel with it, and are sanctified by it, they would see perfect consistency in the lengths to which this aggression has already been carried, and might calculate with definite certainty upon its progression in future. Arguments addressed to the North must be of a kind fitted to cause a separation between the fanatics and those who are yet in their senses. Divide and conquer. I hold that the constitutional argument which I am about to present, is of this kind.

A large majority of the people of the United States, believe that our slaveholding is an offence against the Christian religion. The Wilmot proviso, in its naked identity, is no other than a proposition to establish the religion of this majority.

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."—Amendments of the Constitution: Article 1st. As to the particulars which constitute religion, the Constitution purposely says nothing. I suppose that there is nowhere extant an equal amount of matter, that would command an equal amount of suffrage, both in this country, and throughout Christendom, in favor of its being an embodiment of religion, as the Decalogue, the ten commandments, given by Moses. Two of these commandments have respect, as all learned and sound commentators admit, to slaves: the fourth and the tenth. In Maryland, I incur the responsibilities which these commands impose upon me, in all their length and breadth, without let or hindrance. I here desist from labor on Sunday; and, by letting my servants rest, as well as myself, keep the fourth commandment. I hold officially divine service on Sunday—teach my servants these very commandments, and thus I exercise my religion, the catholic religion. My neighbors about me also own slaves. I examine my own heart, and find that I do not covet my neighbor's slaves. Thus I obey the tenth commandment, and gain evidence that my heart is right in the sight of God. Herein I exercise my religion.

I propose to remove from hence, and settle with my whole family, slaves and all, on the territory recently acquired from Mexico. All admit that I have a right so to do. But then it is proposed to meet me there with a law which kindly relieves me from these responsibilities of which I have been speaking, and in which I so much delight. It is proposed to take me out from under the hand of my Maker, and to let so much of his law as enjoins the resting of servants on the Sabbath, and prohibits the coveting of servants, wither, drop to the ground, and become forever extinct. And all this, because my northern brethren have a different religion from my own. I object to this doing. I prefer to incur all the responsibilities of God's Law. If it is urged that the Wilmot proviso is not a law "concerning an establishment of religion," within the true intent and meaning of the Constitution, that the first clause of the above quotation from that instrument, has reference to the establishing of some one particular church as the national religion, after the manner of the nations of Europe; be it so. The latter clause of the sentence fixes the meaning. Congress shall not only not make any law respecting an establishment of religion, but it shall not make any law which prohibits the free exercise of religion. The Wilmot proviso would prohibit the free exercise of my religion; it is therefore unconstitutional.

I have presented myself personally in concrete with this argument, that I might make the conclusion irresistible. What the abstract value of the argument may be, you will readily perceive.

Yourself, sir, Vice President of the United States, in the chair of the Senate; and I, a private citizen in the lobby, heard Johnson's Report on Sabbath mails at its first reading in that body. I deemed it then unanswerable. It remains unanswered to this day. The attempts of some of our ablest divines upon it, served to demonstrate that the argument was irrefragable. The point of that argument, as well as I remember, lay in this, that the religion of the minority must be respected. Inasmuch as the Constitution had given Congress no power to determine which day in seven is to be observed as holy time, and since there were in the United States, a few Jews and Sabbatarians, who believe that the seventh day of the week, and not the first, should be kept holy, therefore if Congress should prohbit the transportation of the mail on Sunday, in obedience to the will of the many, it would be bound to prohibit its transportation on Saturday out of respect to the religion of the few.

Could the South but be prevailed on to waive their peculiar tastes so far as to argue with the North on their own principles,—could the Legislatures of southern States be prevailed on to pass resolutions embodying in substance the above argument, and instruct their senators, and request their representatives in Congress, to present them to their respective Houses, and to act in conformity with them, I predict that there would soon be a change in the aspect of affairs. Northern members, many of them, I apprehend, want nothing but a decent apology for abandoning the Wilmot proviso, and if we will furnish them with a constitutionally religious one, which will enable them to defend themselves against their constituents when they return home, I doubt not, they will accept it gratefully.

Set a fire, to stop a fire. Combat the North with their own weapons. This is my philosophy. The prohibition on Congress from passing any law which will interfere with the free exercise of religion, is a tremendous engine, the force of which has never yet been applied.

I submit, sir, whether it is not wise for the South to get religiously devout about the Wilmot proviso. I have shown it to be constitutional for them to do so.

With great personal consideration for yourself, I remain,

A NORTHERN MAN WITH
SOUTHERN CITIZENSHIP.

SELECTED POETRY.

PASSING AWAY!

BY E. N. R.

"PASSING AWAY!—passing away"—
Things we most cherish first fall to decay;
Smiles that are sweetest, the soonest are flown,
And friends that are dearest, the earliest gone.

"Passing away!—passing away"—
We have lingered here but a fleeting day;
The faces we met were the new and strange,
And we sighed as we looked on so drear a change.

But "passing away—passing away"—
Time has sped far that first wearisome day,
And well we have learned with a ready part,
To rivet new ties round the yielding heart.

We have learned to love the new and strange,
Till we fear to think of the coming change,
And weep as we dream of the sad'ning day
When these new-found friends will have *passed away.*

Will have passed away, will have passed away!
Is there, then, *no love* that *will last* for aye?
Are there *no friends* who will ne'er estrange?
No hearts to be true 'mid the wreck of change?

Nay, nay: doubt not, 'tis a cheerless thing,
To doubt the faith of the hearts where we cling;
And we fain would trust, though all others decay,
The love of *these friends* will *ne'er pass away!*

Though life will pass on and we meet no more
Till its dreams are gone, and its strivings o'er,
We will oft look back through memory's hall,
And these eyes and these voices again recall.

And oh, may it be in the final hour,
They may come yet again with a holy power:
And draw us on with yet stronger love
To join in eternal bonds above.

But oh, shall we meet—shall we all meet there?
'Twere bliss to outweigh all worldly care,
And we well might joy, though our mortal day
In this cold, cold world pass so swiftly away.

Oh, friends, dear friends, it is vain to toll
How these fears and hopes in my spirit dwell!
Shall we all meet there? shall we all meet there?
'Tis my dearest hope and constant prayer!

We never like to say a man is drunk unless we have good evidence of the fact—nor then, if we can help it; but we must concur with the Boston Herald in giving it as our decided conviction that the hero of the following anecdote was "very drunk." A few evenings since a young married gent, who had just commenced house-keeping, went towards his house on Beacon street, and mistaking his neighbor's door for his own, fumbled away some fifteen or twenty minutes, trying to find a hole for his night key—but he couldn't, for there happened to be none in the door. In despair he finally exclaimed—"What—hic—is coming next—*somebody has stolen my—hic—key-hole.*

SELECT MISCELLANY.

WATER—WATER.

Never did Tom Moore or Byron or old Anaceron himself, or any other wineguzzling poet, eulogize the juice of the grape, with half the fervor, the power, or the poetry contained in the following rehapsody upon Water. It purports to be the impromptu utterance of a Methodist preacher, Paul Denton, who had advertised a Camp Meeting in Shelby county, Texas, to commence with a barbecue. "Preparations," concluded the advertisement, "are being made to suit all tastes; there will be a good barbecue, better liquor, and the best of Gospel." A vast concourse were brought together by this singular announcement, but when the feast was spread, and a blessing implored by the preacher, a desperado in the crowd cried out,—"Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where is the liquor?" We copy the reply:

"There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the matchless Double Spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. 'There!' he repeated, with a look terrible as the lightening, while his enemy actually trembled on his feet; 'there is the liquor, which God, the Eternal brews for all his children!'

"Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wander, and the child loves to play, there God himself brews it, and down in the deepest valleys where the fountains murmur, and the rills sing; and high up on the tall mountain-tops where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder storms crash; and away far out in the wild sea where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God there. He brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dew drop, singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seemed turned to living jewels—spreading a golden vein over the setting sun or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky whose warp is the rain-drop of the earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with the celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful—the blessed life water! no poison bubbles on its brink; its form brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave, curses it in words of eternal despair! Speak out, my friends would you exchange it for demon's drink alcohol!"

A shout, like the rear of a tempest answered—"No!"

INDUSTRY.—Every young man should remember that the world always has and always will honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler whose energies of mind and body are rusting for the want of exercise, the mistaken being who pursues amusement as relief to his enervated muscles, or engages in exercises that produce no useful end, may look with scorn on the laborer engaged in his toil; but his scorn is praise; his contempt is an honor. Honest industry will secure the respect of the wise and the good among men, and yield the rich fruit of an easy conscience, and give that hearty self-respect which is above all price. Toil on, then, young men and young women.—Be diligent in business. Improve the heart and the mind, and you will find "the well spring of enjoyment in your own souls," and secure the confidence and respect of all those whose respect is worth an effort to obtain.

LESSONS TO STUDENTS.—What you do know, know thoroughly, There are few instances in modern times of a rise equal to that of Sir Edward Sugden. After one of the Weymouth elections, I was shut up with him in a carriage for twenty-four hours. I ventured to ask him what was the secret of his success. His answer was, "I resolved, when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never go to a second thing till I'd entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week; but at the end of twelve months my knowledge was as fresh as on the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from their recollection.—*Mem Sir T. F. Buxton.*

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—A perpetual conflict with natural desires seems to be the lot of our present state. In youth we require something of the tardiness and frigidity of age; and in age we must labor to recall the fire and impetuosity of youth; in youth we must learn to expect, and in age to enjoy.

ABOUT BABIES.—The influence exerted unconsciously upon a family by a little child, especially if it be beautiful, gentle and good, is not easily estimated. Few persons are aware or take time to think how much ill feeling is prevented; how much good nature and affectionate emotion are evoked; how much dullness and gloom are banished by the odd ways and sweet innocences of the dear toddling baby. Even the rebuke which is slily administered over baby's shoulders to some older body, loses its vinegar and provokingness. Often, too, the brother or father, impatient for his meal that he may get to business, is cheated into forgetfulness while holding the baby and listening to its funny attempts to talk. How, we should like to know, can a man grumble that his steak is over or undone, or that a button is off, or that his wife has made a bill at the dry goods store, while the baby is crowing in his face or clambering on his knee? Heaven's blessing on all good babies, we say.

A YANKEE TRADER.—"I kalkilate I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day?" said a true specimen of a Yankee pedler, as he stood near the door of a merchant of St. Louis.

"I calculate you calculate about right, for you cannot," was the sneering reply.

"Wal, I guess you needn't get huffy about it. Now, here's a dozen jenuine razor strops, worth two dollars and a half—you may have 'em for two dollars."

"I tell you I don't want any of your trash so you had better be *going.*"

"Wal, now, I declare! I'll bet you five dollars if you make me an offer for them ere strops, we'll have a trade yet."

"Done," replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander.

"The Yankee deposited the like sum—when the merchant offered him a picayune for the strops.

"They're your'n," said the Yankee, as he quietly fobbed the stakes. "But, he added, with great apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke, and if you don't want the strops I'll trade back!"

The merchant's countenance brightened.

"You are not so bad a chap after all; here are your strops—give me the money."

"There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops, and passed over the picayune. "A trade's a trade—and now you're wide awake in airnest. I guess the next time you trade with that ere pic, you'll do a little better than to buy razor strops."

And away walked the pedler with his strops and his wager, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd.—*True Delta.*

"I am now an old fellow," says Cowper in one of his letters, "but I had once my dancing days as you have now; yet I could not find that I could learn half so much of a woman's character by dancing with her, as conversing with her at home, when I could observe her behaviour at the table or at the fireside, and in all the trying scenes of domestic life. We are all good when pleased; but she is a good woman who wants not the *fiddle* to sweeten her."

GETTING OFF EASY.—One of the States passed an act that no dog should go at large without a muzzle, and a man was brought up for infringing the statute. In defence, he alleged that his dog had a muzzle.—"How is that?" quoth the justice. "Oh!" said the defendant, "the act says nothing of where the muzzle should be placed, and as I thought the animal would like the fresh air, I put the muzzle on his tail."

MRS PARTINGTON'S LAST.—"An Act to take the sense of the People." "Well, I vow," said Mrs. Partington, "if things ain't comin' to a pretty pass, these Legislatures want to take everything away from a body—I think they might have left the senses alone, there's precious little of 'em to spare any how;" so saying, the old lady dropped her specs, and relapsed into a profound melancholy.

"Mrs. Jones, do you ever mean to pay me for that dozen of mackerel?"

"I certainly do, please goodness, 'Mister Smith."

"Then when, pray Mrs Jones?"

"As soon as the money crisis is over, Mister Smith, sure!"

So you would not take me to be twenty!" said a young lady to her partner, while dancing the polka a few evenings ago.—"What would you take me for then?"—"For better or worse," replied he, and she was nothing loth.

COMBATIVENESS.—Bentley's Miscellany gives the following illustration of Irish combativeness:—"Och! murther! Nine o'clock at Donybrook fair, and divil a fight yet!—Will any body have the kindness *to tread on the tail of my coat?*"

The free use of bowie knives in Arkansas among the legal profession has been defined "sharp practice," illustrating *points* of law in *cross* questions.

Why is a rejected lover like a rock tumbled over a precipice? Because he is down cast.