

The Skeleton in the Southern Closet.

The Hon. Millard Fillmore has received from South Carolina a most singular paper, which we print below from a Buffalo journal. This, remarks the *N. Y. Post* is a savage proposition, which this South Carolinian makes, to murder in cold blood one or two million of black men. Regarded from a Southern stand-point, as a waste of property, it is bad enough; but the desperation which can lead men even to suggest such wholesale murder is something worse. It shows that, however they would talk of the virtues and peace of the "patriarchal relation," these men believe in their hearts that they really stand upon the verge of a frightful mine. The first thought of a slave-holder, whenever the liberation of slaves suggest itself to him, is rapine, murder, and violence. Whatever they may tell us, or Dr. Russell, they themselves are persuaded that their slaves are a highly dangerous class. Mr. Fillmore's correspondent, however, makes two mistakes. No Northern man has ever expressed a desire that the slaves should be stirred up to murder their masters. And if the white men of the South should ever be so crazed as to attempt a massacre of the adult black population, they would find their hands very full. Here is the document in question:

READ, PONDER AND DIGEST.—It is thought by many at the North that we at the South are standing over a magazine of stupendous magnitude, that only wants the application of a match to spread ruin, disaster, and death, throughout the whole length and breadth of the confederacy. Northern papers of wide-spread popularity, that

papers of wide-spread popularity, that may be supposed to reflect public sentiment, to some extent at least, are suggesting in unmistakable terms the propriety of applying the match. Men of the North, beware! You who would spare the shedding of oceans of blood, stay your ruthless hands, hold in check your envenomed tongues, restrain your satanic press. For whenever the attempt is made to carry out the fiendish suggestion—a suggestion worthy the lowest, meanest, the most sneaking, and at the same time, bloodthirsty demon that ever buffeted the billows of hell—in the manner indicated, the combustible material of which that magazine is composed will be so saturated with blood that all the fires of hell itself could not ignite them. In other words, whenever the slaves in the border slave States are incited to escape from their owners by hundreds and thousands for the purpose of having Sharp's rifles and Colt's revolvers placed in their hands and marched back to butcher white men, women, and children; whenever the slaves in the Gulf States are incited to servile insurrections, and the prospect bids fair for their being converted into de-

mons incarnate, then the slave owners in the South will be found ready to sacrifice every slave when danger may be apprehended, even though it involve the destruction, by a concerted and simultaneous movement, of every male slave over the age of fifteen years, or even younger than that, if the necessities of the case seem to require it; and willing hands will certainly be found ready to execute the bloody deed. Before Southern men will suffer themselves, their wives and little ones to be butchered, and their daughters worse than butchered by fiends in human form, before they will suffer to any considerable extent the horrors of servile insurrection, the gulf streams will be crimson with their gore, and every Southern river choked with the festering carcasses of slaves. Men of the North, you hold in your hands the lives of half a million of slaves; for as sure as there is a God in heaven, if this war continues, and they, through your instrumentality, become unmarriageable, the last one of them will perish. Attempt, if you dare, to convert a portion of our population into vipers, and before they get ready to strike their envenomed fangs into our vitals, their heads will be crushed beneath our heels. Never will they be permitted to become instruments in your hands for our attempted subjugation.