

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THOMAS J. WARREN.

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Miscellaneous.

From the Laurensville Herald. Shall we have a Penitentiary.

In concluding an article some weeks since entitled "The Skeleton on the Hearth," we announced our wish that South Carolina should establish a Penitentiary.

There are many States in the Union having such institutions; and although we do not hold the doctrine that simply because other States do so and so, ours should do likewise, yet as none of those once having one has ever abolished it as useless, we hold that the system must be working well where it has obtained.

Few, we judge, will deny that the present criminal code is inefficient. It is emphatically neck or nothing with it. If a man is arraigned for a criminal offence, and escapes the gallows, he escapes all that might be called punishment.

This is often caught but justice; but in perhaps as many cases, justice suffers for want of some other form of punishment, more mild, than could be inflicted upon him who was not wholly worthy of death, but yet meriting punishment. We were a witness of the arraignment and trial of a man, some years since, in one of the upper Districts of this State, for the murder of another.

Asiatic Cholera, in a very malignant form, has made its appearance in New Orleans. We have, as yet, no careful statement of its first appearance and progress; but we have, at the opposite point of New York, the probable solution of the question. For a month past, nearly every immigrant ship that has arrived there, has appeared a floating hospital, with a fearful record of deaths by the way.

We are no advocate of the abolition of capital punishment. When a man in the exercise of his reason, takes the life of a fellow creature, save in defence of his own life or the life of others equally dear to him, we say he deserves, and ought to receive, death at the hands of the law.

Looking at this matter in the mere light of commercial expediency, we would ask whether it is most for the profit of a great mart of trade to submit to the restrictions of an efficient quarantine and a system of sanitary regulations, or to be left open to the incessant invasion of malignant disease, to decimate its population, to break up business, and present a barrier of death between it and its distant customers?

those who are its drones and its pests. And as it would be inhuman to take life for every kind of offence, some other means is requisite to remove the perpetrators and protect society. The jails have been instituted for this purpose, and what good do they? They answer very well as a safe repository for rascals till the law can apply and dispose of them; but as a means of reform they are a failure. Do any ever go in scoundrels and come out gentlemen?

The most plausible objection that we know of to a Penitentiary is, that it makes mechanics of rascals, and sends them forth to compete with that honorable class who voluntarily have chosen that vocation. This is not at all a formidable one, however. There are scoundrels in every profession, and if a mechanic is honest, industrious and competent, he need never fear injury or disgrace from one who has learned his business under State direction.

Our remarks have been lengthened unduly. We have not space to discuss the subject fully, nor indeed have we the necessary information; we should know the annual expenses of jails, and those of a Penitentiary. Neither have we room to examine fully the objections which might be interposed against the establishment of such an institution. We have only ventured to notice one, which, we think, the most reasonable of any that can be urged.

Epidemic Disease.

Asiatic Cholera, in a very malignant form, has made its appearance in New Orleans. We have, as yet, no careful statement of its first appearance and progress; but we have, at the opposite point of New York, the probable solution of the question. For a month past, nearly every immigrant ship that has arrived there, has appeared a floating hospital, with a fearful record of deaths by the way.

It is to be presumed that the Cholera in New Orleans originated also from immigrant vessels, and that faded city is a second time in one year paying a fearful penalty for deficient health regulations.

Grant Thorburn has published a pamphlet giving a history of his courtship and marriage, which the N. Y. Express describes as a farago of senility, maudlin sentiment, miserable-joking, and misstated fact. In it is the following letter:

this direction, and henceforth will be an ever increasing one. It may depend upon the measures now to be adopted, whether it shall bear upon our shores industry, wealth and growth, or squalid and pestilential disease, self-destruction, and carrying desolation far beyond itself. All citizens are interested in making the right choice between these alternatives. It is in fact the choice between life and death.

FREE TRADE.—The Syracuse N. Y. Daily Standard contains an article on the subject of free trade, which we submit:

"The farmers of this county are now realizing the benefits of a liberal commercial policy in the increased prices of their staple productions. The abolition of the 'corn laws,' and the adoption of a specific and low rate of duty by Great Britain, give us the advantage over any other nation in the markets of that country. It was asserted by the advocates of protection, that under the operation of existing laws, our exports of breadstuffs to Great Britain would bear no proportion to the receipts from the continent of Europe; but this prediction has been falsified by the facts.

"The prices of the agricultural products in the English market have advanced at least fifty per cent, during the past year. The increase here has been the same; for our market is governed entirely by the Liverpool quotations. Under the old corn-law system, when the price was low the duties were high and vice versa. Consequently, it made little difference to us what the price of an article was in the English market. Such a principle in force, our staples were at all times shut out of that market; and it is only since the abolition of those unjust restrictions that this trade in breadstuffs has grown up and become important to the country."

As one among numerous public charitable institutions, in which Charleston has reason to feel an honorable pride, we propose to give a brief, sketch of "THE SAILOR'S HOME," and the excellent objects for which it was instituted.

"The 'House' is situated near the lower end of Market-street, a convenient distance from our wharves and shipping. It is designed exclusively for accommodation of seamen. The building is large and substantial, and is well located for its peculiar objects.

"The regulations of the 'Home' are very rigid and wholesome. All gambling, card-playing indecent language, cursing, swearing, and use of intoxicating liquors, are expressly prohibited and strict enforcement of order and decorum at all times closely attended to. Morning and evening devotions are regularly observed. The house is closed at 11 o'clock in the evening, after which boarders only are admitted, and that only by consent of the Superintendent. A reading room, well supplied with Magazines and newspapers, is also attached to the house. It is the duty of the Board of Trustees to visit the Home at least once in each week, and suggest any improvements or corrections necessary to be made for increased comfort of the inmates. Two runners of good character are engaged, to visit vessels entering our port, and induce sailors to avail themselves of the benefit of the establishment. The reports of the successive Superintendents coincide in expressing confidence in the ultimate success of this great project and bearing testimony to the steadily increasing popularity and usefulness of this institution.

"While its inmates are brought under strong religious influences, their comfortable condition contributes largely to the happiness of their families and the saving of their hard wages. As many as 500 seamen have been reported as boarding at the house during one year, many of whom signed the pledge of total abstinence, gave up their drinking habits, and deposited considerable sums of money with the matron for safe-keeping. Prior to this period, these unfortunate men had never been able to save a single dollar.

An institution such as this may well claim some title to the sympathies of all classes of our citizens, (for all are more or else interested in the improvement of the character of seamen,) and rank among the most worthy objects of our fostering care. An effort is about to be made by the Trustees, to raise by subscription a sum sufficient to pay off the balance of the debt incurred for the purpose of this building, and to carry into execution a number of contemplated improvements, for the health and comforts of its inmates. They have already, we are gratified to learn, succeeded in obtaining several liberal donations for this object. We take pleasure in commending their benevolent enterprise to the kind consideration of our readers, and wishing them God speed in so generous a labor of love.—Char. Eve. News.

Grant Thorburn has published a pamphlet giving a history of his courtship and marriage, which the N. Y. Express describes as a farago of senility, maudlin sentiment, miserable-joking, and misstated fact. In it is the following letter:

New York, May, 30th 1853. Dear Maria: The difficulties are removed.—God willing, I will be in thy house on Friday, the 10th, tell thee all about it on Saturday and marry thee on Sunday, and do as the Lord may direct on Monday. Thy true Scotchman.

The whole matter was arranged as he had suggested, he reached her dwelling at 10 P. M., on Friday, told her all about it on Saturday, was married and paid the minister at 9 P. M. on Sunday, which closed the concern.

In New-Orleans, on Saturday, William Patton, merchant, shot Turnbull, tobacco inspector, dead.—The cause assigned—family troubles.

The Bank of the State.

We present below the report of the President and Directors of the Bank of the State, which was submitted to the legislature yesterday. It presents a most gratifying exhibit of the prosperity of that important institution, and of the ability and faithfulness with which its affairs have been managed.

Report of the President and Directors of the Bank of the State of South Carolina. To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina. The President and Directors of the Bank of the State of South Carolina respectfully

REPORT: That from the 30th September, 1852, to 1st October, 1853, the net income of the Bank has amounted to the sum of \$850,075.90 From which we reserved for the purpose of meeting doubtful and bad debts, the sum of 20,075.90 Leaving the profits of the year... \$330,000.00

Herewith are submitted the usual statements exhibiting the condition of the Bank at the close of the last fiscal year.

Our attention has been constantly directed to the purchase of the outstanding debt of the State, but we have been able to procure but a limited amount during the year.

We have obtained \$6,679 11 of the 5 per cents, of 1838, at their par value, and \$7,441 53 of the 3 per cents, at the cost of \$4,068 16. The income of the Bank, during the past year, has been larger than usual, but the increase in the number of Banking Institutions, both in Charleston and the interior of the State, must prevent the anticipation of realizing as equal a rate of profit for the future.

C. M. FURMAN, President.

GEN. FOOT.—The Vicksburg Sentinel, referring to the defeat of Gen. Foot in the late election, who had combined with the Whigs, comforts him in the following manner:

We are surprised to learn that our Governor takes the defeat of the late coalition very much to heart. If our information be correct, our classical friend must have read the Tusculan Disputations, and "My Novel," to very little purpose. For our part, we cannot see why he should not be as merry as a cricket, or a free toad in a rainy day. Now that the Union party has burst, his Excellency ought to feel as happy as the man did when the Nohant bank failed. He ran home in mortal terror to see if he had any of his paper, and was tickled to death when he found that he had no money on that bank nor any other. We hope the Governor will cheer up. This thing of dying of a broken heart should be left to fair maidens disappointed in love, and verdant young gentlemen who write woful ballads to their mistress' eye brows, and sigh like a furnace. There is a great deal of good sense in what that strong minded woman, Mrs. Macbeth, once said, and we commend it to the Governor's consideration: "Things without remedy should be without regard; what's done, is done."

THE GAMING TABLE.—Judge Forsyth lately occupied a prominent position in the State of New York. He possessed a large property, which he lost by gambling, and endeavored to regain by forgery. He recently fled to England, after involving his friends to a large amount for endorsements. Commenting upon his infatuation, the Albany Express contains some excellent remarks, from which we extract what follows:

"By a strange perversion of human nature, the gambler's debts are debts of honor. They cannot be collected in a court of law, and therefore the gambler feels himself honorably bound to pay them. We have no doubt Judge Forsyth paid all these at the expense of his integrity as a man and his reputation for life! Verily, this is a world of inconsistencies. The celebrated Fox is said to have refused the payment of a small and just debt, because he owed a debt of honor, and had not money enough to pay them both. Injustice and forgery, and breach of trust, are all committed under the infatuation of a reckless and gambling honor. The frenzy of the game rises over the mind with the spirit of insanity, blinding reason, and judgment, and conscience, to the very wheel of fortune. Let no man think himself safe at a game of hazard; he does not play for money alone, but he hazards the possession of a sound mind."

NEW ABOLITION MISSIONARY FROM ENGLAND.—We see it stated that the Evangelical Alliance in England—an abolition concern—is preparing to send out a special agent to this country, for the purpose of spreading abolition sentiments, and aiding and assisting in the anti-slavery agitation. This mission, it seems, is undertaken in secret concurrence with the same high personages who gave such a flattering reception to Mrs. Stowe, at Southerland house; and of course, it receives also the concurrence or the principal members of the British government and the British aristocracy. We trust that the American people will keep this fact in their minds on the arrival of the new agent on our shore, and treat him accordingly.—N. Y. Herald.

"Why don't you take a seat within the bar?" asked one gentleman of another, in the courtroom the other day. "My mother always told me to keep out of bad company," replied the other.

An Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavoring to draw on a pair of new boots, exclaimed:—"By St. Patrick! I believe I'll never get them on until I wear them a day or two."

Excitement at Charlottesville, Va.—

The irritation among the students of the University, growing out of the recent scene at Wyman's Exhibition in Charlottesville, is not yet allayed, as will be seen by the following letter:

Charlottesville, Nov. 23d 1853.—Last night some sixty Sons of Temperance, including Professor Minor, Rev. Messrs August and Broadus, Lt. Powell of London, and quite a number of the University Division, as invited guests, assembled at the Delaware House (midway between the town and the University) to partake of a social supper, when the building was surrounded by a number of students from the University, variously estimated at from fifty to seventy-five, who demanded that one of the number in the house should be given up to their revenge. The person so demanded was an officer in the Town Hall on Friday night, when those students who occasioned the disturbance at Wyman's were arrested. The demand was not complied with.

Professor Minor addressed the crowd, beseeching them to disperse, saying that they could not get at the officer unless over the dead bodies of forty peaceable citizens, himself among the number. Other persons spoke and several of the crowd left, but others remained clamorous for the officer. In the meantime information had been sent to the town, the bells were rung, and in a short time some seventy armed men repaired to the Delaware House; but ere they reached it, the clamorous crowd without had dispersed. A result which under the circumstances, was more quiet and bloodless than at one time was anticipated.

A NEW IDEA.—The Methodists are talking about the propriety of forming a Fire Insurance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to have its principal office located in Cincinnati, or some important city. There are some \$10,000,000 worth of Churches and parsonages belonging to this denomination in the United States.

HAPPINESS.—Happiness is to be attained in the accustomed chair by the fireside, more than in the honorary occupation of civic office; in a wife's love, infinitely more than in the favour of all human else; in children's innocent and joyous prattle, more than in hearing of flattery; in the reciprocity of little and frequent kindnesses between friend and friend, more than in some occasional and dearly bought indulgences; in the virtue of contentment, more than in the anxious achievements of wealth, distinction, and grandeur; in change in heart, more than in change in circumstances; in full, firm trust in Providence, more than in hoping fortune's favour; in a growing taste for beauties of nature, more than in the fee-simple inheritance of whole acres of land; in the observance of neatness and regularity, household virtues, rather than in the means of ostentation, and therefore rare display; in a handmaiden's cheerfulness, more than in the improved tones of politics; and in the friendship of our next door neighbor, more than in the condescending notice of my Lord Duke. Happiness, then, must be sought for in simplicity, and not in costliness; in the perpetual recurring, more than in the abiding peace rather in temporary rapture; in next after the well of living water which springeth up into everlasting life, in no source else so sedulous as in those fountains which are fed by the never failing love of relatives and friends.

IMPORTANT TO MAN.—Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around their midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will set out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful being that now passes before us like the Meteor, will stay in our presence forever.

NO RAIN IN PERU.—It never rains in Peru. The vapors, as they ascend from the sea, are scattered to the summit of the Cordilleras, where they are condensed into showers. But on the line of coast which lies between the sea and the base of these stupendous mountains, the rain never falls. All agriculture is the result of artificial irrigation. But the frequent and full streams flowing from the Cordilleras make this comparatively easy.—Cor. Journal of Com.

A RECKLESS YOUNG MAN.—Edgar Ney, grandson of Marshal Ney, aid-de-camp and first huntsman of the Emperor of France, is in prison for debt. Immediately on his accession to the high office to which his Majesty appointed him, he commenced a career of extravagance which very soon brought the sheriffs down upon him, and, as he could not pay, he was in immediate danger of prison. The Emperor released him from his awkward predicament. In a few months he was again in a similar position, and his family was obliged to extricate him, though the sums requiring liquidation were really enormous. The foolish fellow put his neck a third time into the noose, and as his friends and his sovereign refused to interfere any further, he is now, and has been for some weeks, at the Debtor's Prison, at Clichy.

The bill proposing an issue of Bonds of the State of Tennessee to the Rabun Gap Rail Road Company, to the amount of \$400,000, has passed the Tennessee Senate by a vote of 13 to 9, in such shape as has been desired by friends of the Road.

A barber pole pantalooned youth recently went on a visit to his grandmother in the country, and astonished her very much by wearing such 'patched trowsers away from home.' A TOAST.—Newspaper Borrowers.—May theirs be a life of single blessedness; may their path be carpeted with cross-eyed snakes, and their nights be haunted with knocked-kneed tomatoes.

A Dark Picture of Life.

Poverty in Rome, it is said, is the spouse of Content, and the mother of Love; how that may have been, we know not, but this we do know, that poverty, as we have seen it in New York, is wedded to despair, and its offspring is vengeance. It is a shape that sickens the very heart with disgust, and chills the very blood with horror. Do you think this strong language? Do you intimate that you have been here a score of years, and have never been disgusted or horrified with anything of the sort? Do you say that you have never spied it from your window, or met it in the street? Talk not of this, doubtless, till you have sought out its real habitation, and you yourself have crossed its real threshold. It is to be seen in its real aspect at home and nowhere else; and if you have not looked for it there, your doubts are foolishness.

We sat down for the purpose of detailing some of our own personal observations of household wretchedness in the Fourth and Sixth Wards of our city—but our taste revolts and our pen shrinks from the narration. We could tell of one room, twelve feet by twelve, in which were five resident families, comprising twenty persons of both sexes and all ages, with only two beds, without partition or screen, or chair or table, and all dependent for their support upon the sale of clumps—gleaned from the streets—at four cents a basket; of another, still smaller, and still more destitute, inhabited by a man, a woman, two girls and a boy, who were supported by permitting the room to be used as a rendezvous by the abandoned women of the street; of another, an attic room seven feet by five, containing scarcely an article of furniture but a bed, on which lay a fine looking man in a raging fever, without medicine, drink, or suitable food, his toil-worn wife engaged in cleaning the dirt from the floor, and his little child asleep on a bundle of rags in the corner; of another, of the same dimensions, in which we found, seated on low boxes around a candle placed on a leg, a woman and her oldest daughter, (the latter a girl of fifteen, and, as we were told, a prostitute, sewing on shirts, for the making of which they were paid four cents a piece, and even at that price, out of which they had to support two small children, they could not get a supply of work; of another, of about the same size, occupied by a street rag picker and his family, the income of whose industry was about eight dollars a month; of another, scarcely larger, into which we were drawn by the terrific screams of a drunken man beating his wife, containing no article of furniture whatever; of another warned only by a tin ball of lighted charcoal, placed in the centre of the room, over which bent a blind man endeavoring to warm himself; around him three or four men and women quarrelling; in one corner of the floor a woman who had died the day before of disease, and in another two or three children sleeping on a pile of rags; (in regard to this room, we may say that its occupants were colored people, and from them but a few days previous, had been taken and adopted by one of our benevolent citizens, a beautiful little white girl, four or five years of age, whose father was dead, and whose mother was at Blackwell's Island); of another, from which, not long since, twenty persons, sick with fever, were taken to the hospital, and every individual of them died.

But why extend this catalogue! Or, why attempt to convey to the imagination by words the hideous squalor and the deadly effluvia; the dim undrained courts oozing with pollution; the dark narrow stairways decayed with age, reeking with filth, overrun with vermin; the rotted floors, ceilings begrimed and crumbling, oft times too low to permit you to stand upright, and windows stuffed with rags; or why try to portray the guant shivering forms, and wild ghastly faces in these black and beetling abodes, wherein from cellar to garret

All life dies, death lives, and nature breeds Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, Abominable, unutterable. [N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.]

THE LIQUOR LAW IN ENGLAND.—The following letter was lately received in answer to an inquiry addressed to Mr. Cobden, as to the best mode of "opening the trade in spirits":

MIDWEST, Nov. 9, 1853. Sir.—In reply to your inquiry, I venture to suggest that the best way of dealing with the monopoly of spirits is to abstain from drinking them, which, for upwards of twenty years, I have done. Depend on it, they are slow poison, even if taken moderately. What they are when taken in excess, the records of our jails; lunatic asylums, and coroners' inquests, will inform you; and I am, sir, your most obedient servant, RICHARD COBDEN.

ABOLITION LECTURES.—The New York Anti-Slavery Society have projected a course of thirteen Lectures, to be delivered at the Broadway Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening in successive weeks, beginning 13th inst., and ending March 7th. Among the Lecturers are Miss Lucy Stone, Henry Ward Beecher, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley, Theodore Parker, Giddings, Palfrey, and John P. Hale.

GENDER AND CASE OF AN EGG.—The following occurred in a school not a hundred miles from Woodstock, Vt. Teacher.—What part of speech is the word egg? Boy.—Noun, sir. Teacher.—What is its gender? Boy.—Can't tell, sir. Teacher.—Is it masculine, feminine or neuter? Boy.—Can't say, sir, till it's hatched. Teacher.—Well, then, my lad, can you tell me the case? Boy.—Oh, yes; the shell, sir.

"I am a great gun," said a tipsy printer who had been on a bender for a week. "Yes," said the foreman "you're a great gun, and half coked, and you can consider yourself discharged." "Well," said the typist, then I had better go off."