



THE OREGON. The Oregon, the first of the new class of iron-clad steamships, was launched at the yard of the Oregon Iron Works, at Portland, Ore., on the 17th inst. She is 210 feet long, 35 feet wide, and has a displacement of 1,200 tons. She is armed with two 11-inch guns, and has a maximum speed of 10 knots per hour.

Thursday Morning, Jan. 17, 1855.

It is now found that the result of the election which was held on Monday last for the offices of Clerk and Sheriff, Col. DAVIS HOGG has been elected Sheriff, and Maj. W. A. McDONALD, Clerk for the ensuing term.

BOXES.	SHERIFF.			CLERK.		
	White.	Colored.	Other.	White.	Colored.	Other.
Court House,	174	127	14	17	304	20
Tucker's,	23	0	0	0	33	0
Fairbank's,	2	1	0	0	28	8
Douthett's,	2	15	0	0	19	0
Hodge's,	48	70	0	0	118	0
Bruton's,	44	61	0	0	123	0
Duckey's,	18	20	0	0	38	0
Garrison's,	23	6	0	0	29	0
Brookman's,	36	32	11	0	81	23
McNeely's,	19	1	21	4	42	3
McDaniel's,	5	9	19	1	34	1
McCallough's,	48	13	13	0	74	35
Mason's,	82	91	3	2	186	0
Jones,	20	9	5	0	34	7
Mayfield's,	41	1	24	5	69	2
Rowland's,	63	64	4	0	127	6
McDaniel's,	24	21	10	1	55	15
Montgomery's,	66	34	4	0	100	4
Shackley's,	46	15	11	0	72	6
	911	900	240	35	1632	138

COLD WEATHER.

SCARCELY within the recollection of our "oldest inhabitants" have we had as cold and continued inclement weather. Upon a thick freeze we had the heaviest fall of snow that has visited our latitude for the past twenty years. Much sleighing going on, and much pleasure enjoyed by our townsfolk, either in the sport of snow-balling or the more healthful exercise of skating upon the river and ponds near our place. But whilst it has been a source of fun and pleasure to many, it has been "death" on printers and other poor people. The types have frozen to our fingers, the sheets of paper we use have stuck as close together as a hungry dog to a piece of mutton, the fire froze in the stove for want of fuel, and everything looked so foreign to comfort that our devil was forced more than once to wish himself in a warmer climate. Business has frozen up—men's hearts have likewise closed up in consequence of the weather—if the tear of pity were to start at witnessing the scarcity of provisions, and the lank condition of the eating tables it would congeal before it escaped from the lashes. But exaggeration aside—we are cold, and when the blue streaks run across our shoulders and down the back, and wood one dollar and fifty cents a steer load, we can't help from shivering. We will shiver, we will shiver.

THE LADIES' STORE.

W. H. HOVEY is making the above establishment still more attractive. Look at his advertisements, ladies, and then go and look for yourselves. It requires no word from us to induce you to visit the place, the fame of its proprietor as a successful dealer in ladies' goods, saves us the duty. HOVEY, ladies.

THE AMERICAN HOTEL.

FROM the advertisement of Mr. BOLLINGER, the new proprietor, it will be seen that this hotel is now under his management. The American Hotel has long been a favorite stopping place for travellers from our section, and we think there will be no occasion to withdraw any favors, heretofore extended to the American, from its new proprietor. We wish him much success.

Federal Court.

THE Charleston Evening News of Saturday last says: "The argument on the first indictment against T. J. Eccles, late Mail Agent on the Columbia and Charlotte Road, for robbing the mail, was concluded yesterday by C. G. Menninger, on the part of the prosecution, Judge Gilchrist delivered an able and explicit charge to the jury, reviewing the whole of the testimony, and dwelling at some length upon the facts and circumstances of the case. The case was delivered to the jury at three o'clock, P. M., with orders from the Court to seal the verdict and present it before the Court this morning at 10 o'clock. The jury was in their room only two hours, from three to five o'clock, when they agreed upon a verdict of "not guilty," and which was delivered in open Court this morning.

There being five other indictments, the trial on the others will immediately follow. We learn from the District Attorney that one of the Charlotte cases will come up next in order. The proceeding in the succeeding cases will, of necessity be merely formal, as the strongest cases against the prisoner has already been disposed of, and the main body of the evidence on the part of the prosecution has already been elicited.

COLUMBIA, S. C., January 14th, 1855.

Dear Price:—We wish you would have been here on Saturday and Sunday, a week ago, to have witnessed an unusual and beautiful sight. On the Friday night preceding rain and sleet fell in abundance, and next morning Columbia was enveloped in ice. The trees were adorned with crystals, and numberless sparkling pendants hung from every branch. The earth was covered as with a white carpet. When the sun shone out on Saturday evening the scene became more beautiful and reminded us of descriptions of fairy land.

The damage, however, to the trees and vegetation generally was great. Many of the former which had endured for many years the tempest and the storm, were in a single night overthrown. An old tree standing opposite the Rev. Mr. Shanks's residence, and which was spared as a landmark, when Columbia was originally laid out, was severely injured and many of its branches snapped off. Rare and costly plants in Mrs. HAMPTON's garden also perished; and many years will elapse before the city will regain the trees and flowers killed by this storm.

The ice had scarcely melted—the cold had not departed when a heavy snow storm came—an unusual phenomenon in our city. Friday night last, the snow fell fast, and steadily for several hours—freezing as fast as it fell—and we anxiously anticipated the coming morrow as a day to be remembered as one of sleighing. But rain came unexpectedly and before morning the streets were what a Yankee would call, "slushy," that is, full of melted ice, snow and mud. We write this on Monday night and the snow has not yet entirely melted, so you may know what cold weather we have had.—Well does the "Examiner" style it "Southern weather with Northern principles."

We are anxiously awaiting intelligence from Washington City. No Speaker yet, proclaims the press every day, and the struggle between BANKS, RICHARDSON and FOLEY becomes more and more exciting.—Many are disposed to consider that as symbolic of the struggle for the next President. We are not of that opinion but firmly believe that the nominee of the Cincinnati Convention will be chosen by a large majority. The Democratic party is not yet dead. It may slumber and sleep, but the cry of "disunion" will arouse its followers from their slumbers, and unite them in solid phalanx to resist to the uttermost any attempt of fanatics to dissolve this Union. It has always been loyal and faithful—true to the Union—true to the South. The Democracy proper of the North have opposed Abolitionism and similar species of fanaticism, and united with their Southern brethren to uphold our institutions. Should we not meet them in the Cincinnati Convention?—Should we ratify to the Democracy of our sister Southern States, "stand off, we are holier than you"? Does it not seem foolish, absurd, ridiculous for South Carolina to continue in the Union—and take no interest in important public matters? We mourn for by gone days when the people of South Carolina ruled the State, and not a few jealous politicians who are eternally prating about their "immaculate party"—hatred of Federal influence and such stuff—when every one knows that a spoonful of Federal "pap" would be very acceptable to nearly every one! Mind, Mr. Editor, do not set us a politician—or defend our opinions—but leave all that to us, we are responsible for them and not you.

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The contract for building the New Water Works for Columbia has been given to Messrs. KILLIAN & FRY—who are in every way qualified to do the work. Their offer exceeded that of another contractor a few hundred dollars—and some of our citizens have called on the Honorable Mayor to know why the contract was not given to the lowest bidder as stated in the advertisement for proposals. His Honor replied—discontented, rejoined, and we know not how long the discussion will continue.

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