

TO ADVERTISERS.

As the circulation of the Journal has been steadily increasing within the past sixteen months, and particularly since the first of January last, the paper affords a good advertising medium, and as an inducement to merchants and others, we have determined to contract for yearly advertising as heretofore.

Arrival of the Cambria.

CHARLESTON, May 16, 1851.

Cotton has declined one quarter to three-eighths penny.

Elections in Kershaw District.

The Managers of Election for Kershaw District met at the Court House on Wednesday last, to count the votes and declare the Election for Clerk and Sheriff, held on Monday last. The following is the result:

- For Clerk MOREAU NAUDIN, - 340 votes
" JOHN R. SHAW, - - 325 "
For Sheriff JOHN INGRAM, - - - 339 "
" THOS. BASKIN, - - - 196 "
" JOSEPH J. MICKLE, - 131 "

The 5th Brigade Encampment will commence on Monday next at 12 o'clock, at Camp Cantey, near Camden.

Rain is needed very much in this vicinity. The Crops will be very materially injured by the dry, warm weather which we have had for several days past, unless a refreshing shower should visit us before long.

We notice the retirement of Alexander Carroll, Esq., from the Editorial connexion of the State Rights Republican, and Palmetto State Banner, Columbia. Mr. C. has removed to Charleston, and is engaged in the service of the Courier in that city. We wish him abundant success wherever his steps may tend.

Mrs. Mowatt, the accomplished American authoress and actress who has been playing with such success and praise in London, will return to this country sometime during the next autumn.

The Supreme Court of Missouri has decided that the law of that State for licensing and taxing merchants is unconstitutional. Judge Nayton read a dissenting opinion. The opinions of the concurring judges are exceedingly voluminous, filling nearly 16 columns of the St. Louis Intelligencer.

Cass and Benton.

Col. Benton is celebrated for his remarkable readiness in debate, and in repartee, is sometimes as caustic as red-hot iron. Often from "grave to gay, from lively to severe." A capital joke is told of these two statesmen, by Dr. W., (who by the by, tells a joke with considerable zest.)

It appears that on a certain occasion, Gen. Cass had indulged his powers of speech at Benton's expense, and when Col. Benton's time came to speak, he commenced in the following singular manner: He said that in Missouri, Horses were sometimes effected with a disease in the eyes known as the simples; to remove which it was necessary to make a surgical operation, by cutting in the eye for the simples. But a worse disease was prevalent among Horses called the big head, to cure which effectually, it was necessary to shoot them. On this occasion he Col. B., thought he would first try the General for the simples, but had concluded now to shoot him for the big head. (General Cass has a big head we believe.)

The Doctor's application of this joke is, that South Carolina has long been working up on the Abolitionists for the simples. But has at last determined to shoot them for the big head.

LAW EXAMINATION.—The following gentlemen, entered our Court House yesterday, as applicants for admission, and came forth attorneys at law, in and for the State of South Carolina. We wish them hosts of clients, and trust that their spirits may support them bravely during the lone and dreary pilgrimage of initiation, through which Themis often leads her votaries.

- J. Drayton Ford, Charles R. Miles,
E. J. Henry, R. Barnwell Rhett, jr.
Robt. W. Hunne, Charles H. Simonton,
Silas Johnston, Julius W. Stuart,
J. Boykin Lang, Wm. H. Talley,
Lawrence M'Kenzie, Charles C. Tew,
Isaac Mazyek, Henry W. Waters,
G. W. Means, Charles S. West.
[Columbia Telegraph.]

Victor Hugo has published nothing for some years, having been paid by a publisher not to print. Report says that he will, at the close of the term, which soon expires, amend for his long silence by issuing poems to the amount of three volumes, and romances to that of twelve.

The Boston Transcript states that a new ship on the stock at East Boston has been named by Messrs. Train & Co., the Astonisher, emblematic of her size and speed. She will be the largest merchant ship in the world, of 2,000 tons register. She will be launched with all despatch, and leave for Liverpool on the 5th of July.

PHILADELPHIA, May 9.

Capt. Morris Stanley, aged 86, a native of Wales, who came to this country with the late John Jacob Astor, and was engaged in several battles on board American vessels of war during the revolution, died at his residence in this city last evening.

THE TELEGRAPH.—Rev. John... upon the Telegraph, concludes... A hero chieftain laying down... Closes his eyes in Washington... The lightning courier leaps along... And at St. Louis tells the tale of... Hailing a thousand miles whence... And getting there an hour before...

MISSISSIPPI.—Messrs. Editors: Please insert the following resolutions which were adopted by the Board of Trustees of the Columbia College, at its late meeting.

Resolved unanimously, That the resignation of Trustees have felt constrained to accept the resignation of the Professorship of Moral Philosophy, Sacred Literature, and the Evidence of Christianity, by the Rev. Dr. Thornwell, from deference to the motives which have impelled him to offer it, they regard with anxiety the loss which the S. Carolina College has in consequence sustained. His instruction in the department of Moral Philosophy has been distinguished for its utility; and while he has enforced the evidence of Christianity with various and profound learning, and its moral precepts with eloquence, he has commended the sacred truths which he taught to the minds and hearts of the students by the influence of a character and life in attractive harmony with them. It is with sincere regret the Trustees take leave of Dr. Thornwell on his resignation of his Professorship, the duties of which he has discharged with so much honor to himself, and so much usefulness to the State.

Resolved, That the Secretary enclose a copy of these resolutions to the Rev. Dr. Thornwell, and have it also published in the Columbia papers.

JAMES D. BLENDING, Sec. Board of Trustees S. C. C.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, under date of May 9, writes, as follows:

"The news from South Carolina, although serious in its import, does not excite alarm here. The Government, of course, cannot recognize the right of secession. Like gibes of quicksilver, these States, when once united by the Federal Constitution, formed one glorious whole—retaining their local organizations, but yielding to the Government all existence. The Government should South Carolina forcibly secede, and she can secede in no other way, will not take cognizance of masses or State organizations, but of individuals, who will separately be dealt with as violators of the law, or as guilty of treason, as the case may be. The District Attorney of South Carolina is now here, receiving full instructions."

The last statement, we have reason to believe, is only true as to the fact of Mr. Pettigrew being in Washington. We have understood that his business there was altogether different from that which is here intimated. That the favorite scheme of the administration for conquering South Carolina is such as this writer represents, we think highly probable. The National Intelligencer has put out much the same notion. It is an improvement on Capt. Bohadil's method of subduing an enemy, by killing all the men in a succession of duels. There is one obstacle in the way, that strikes us as rather grave. South Carolina having seceded from the Union, there will be no such thing as United States offices or officials in the State; and any persons claiming such authority, and attempting to exercise it, would be put in the Guard-house as disorderly people.—Mercury.

Large Defalcation at Macon.—The following is an extract of a letter received by the Editor of the Augusta Constitutionalist, from Macon, dated May 10th, giving an account of the defalcation of the Post Master of that city.

"Day before yesterday we had a Post Master; to-day the office is in the hands of the clerks. Capt. Z. J. Conner left yesterday—no one knows where he went to. He is a defaulter to a very large amount, on funds received at his Warehouse for cotton sold, and he is a defaulter also as Post Master. The amount on cotton, by report, varies from 13 to 70,000. Amount in the Post Office—said to be \$4,400.

"Some of the Planters in the neighboring counties have lost their whole crops that were under storage in the Warehouse."

Good Luck.—The darkest hour is just before the dawn! A striking instance of this proverb has just occurred. The bar-keeper of the ill-fated Webster, barely escaped with his life from the conflagration which destroyed her on the Mississippi. Pennyless and almost hopeless he returned to New Orleans; but, upon arriving there found that he had been the successful drawer of a \$12,000 prize in the last Havana lottery! This story is told by the Picayune.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.—We beg all who choose to indulge in strictures on the proceedings of the late glorious meeting in Charleston (on which we shall submit a few remarks soon) to publish the call or invitation, under which it was held. The publication of itself, will furnish an answer to their pathetic groanings, over the departure of the meeting from its proper objects as they deem. The character and objects of a party must be looked for in the invitation cards.—Columbia Telegraph.

We notice in the New York papers a correspondence between the Post Office Department and the proprietors of the steamships Georgia and Ohio, granting them permission to run their vessels direct to Havana, instead of stopping at Charleston and Savannah as heretofore. We do not know on what pretence of authority the Postmaster General annuls the provisions of a law of Congress, which gave the people of the South facilities, however imperfect, of reaching the Pacific coast; but it is so much in accordance with the manner in which the federal government is accustomed to treat law and Constitution in our time, that we are not in the least surprised at it.—Charleston Mercury.

resist speedily. The South, we fear, is rapidly becoming as provincial in spirit as she is in political condition. Mark the different manner in which the two sections of the Union have received what has been called (we suppose facetiously) "the Compromise." The South, although wronged in every particular of its measures, (the Fugitive Slave Act not excepted) succumbs. The brave words recorded in anticipation of wrongs meditated against her, are left unredeemed, when more than these wrongs have been inflicted on her. She submits, and there are found those within her bosom who not only glory in their submission, but whilst quailing before the General Government, are not ashamed to put forth dastardly threats against such as refuse to follow their example, and likewise submit. How different the spirit with which the North received the Compromise! They tardy attempt to fulfil, by the legislation of Congress, that faith which, by the Constitution, bound them as States to deliver up their fugitive slaves; is resented as a wrong. They practically render it of no value to the South. Aiding, concealing, and running off our fugitive slaves, or by all the arts of chicanery baffling the master in the courts of justice, they make the recovery of the slave worthless, by multiplied expenses. Their Legislatures denounce the law, and elect Senators pledged to repeal it. Nor is this all. Flushed with conscious power, they seem reckless in its exercise. They urge in Congress a protective tariff bill, still more to plunder and weaken the South, and a large River and Harbor bill, the better to justify it, by exhausting the Treasury. If there was any respect or fear entertained for the South, policy would dictate forbearance—a little forbearance a little while, until the irritation which might be supposed to exist in the public mind in the South should be allayed. But all proprieties seemed to be despised in the present state of things. Northern arrogance and recklessness seem to be as boundless as Southern submission. The spirit of the South sinks, as the spirit of the North rises, at the wrong they inflict upon us. May not this strange antagonism be taken some mighty change? Shall the depression go on without any rebound? Is there not a point of oppression at which any people will fight? Or are we of the South a base and degraded exception to our common nature?—Hungary resisted the consolidation measures of Austria—measures, in their bearing on the Government, precisely similar to those under which we labor. Are we lower in the scale of intelligence and manhood than the serfs of Hungary? Shall we not arise, at last, and, with one strong and mighty effort, break the spell which seems to have settled, like a dark incubus, on the spirit of the South, and again be honored and be free?

Young men of the South! on you the South calls. On you she leans for redemption. All resolutions although not originating with them have been upheld and wrought out by the youth of a country. Old age is generally timid. It fears change. It seeks repose. It can win but little from the future, and is, therefore, intent on securing the present. Manhood in its prime is most wise, but wary and prudent.—It dares to act, but act on calculation. Its patriotism is very largely a thing of loss or gain. But with youth dwells enthusiasm. With youth is hope and courage, which dares, and loves to dare, all things; and principles are holy realities, which stand forth for its adoring guidance. Like that star which the sages of the East worshipped and followed. Come forth for the redemption and salvation of the South. With your youthful, but powerful, arms lift up her prostrate honor, and enable her once more, standing erect, to look, with proud and unblenching front, on her confederates in the Union. Write it on your door posts, engrave it on the palms of your hands, wear it on your frontlets, "Equality in the Union, or Independence out of it," and liberty at every hazard!—To the coward, who tells you to wait for additional insults and aggressions, turn away with pity or with scorn. To the traitor who dares to insult your morals or intelligence, by telling you that the South labors under no indignities and wrongs, answer him, if you answer at all, by striking him to the earth. There he should lie and rot, a loathsome mass of falsehood and perfidy, unfit to wear that glorious light of life, which radiates the divinity within us. Villainy doubles its atrocity; when it assumes the confidence which alone belongs to virtues.

In treading the rugged path of duty, clouds and thick darkness may gather round us. But fear not; truth and justice, and the God of truth and justice, are with us; and ours, if we will it, shall be the deathless destiny of winning back her lost honor and liberties for the South. Friends! we are too young to be slaves. The iron enters into our hearts, and they must break, or be free. Shall they not be free? By all the memories of the glorious past, when we bowed down in crouching humiliation to no superiors, by all the hopes of the future, rife with blessings for the brave, but people with horrors for the base submissionists, shall we not be free? Shall the blood of our revolutionary martyrs and heroes have been shed in vain for us? It cries aloud from the ground for our rescue, and comes to us as the sound of many but distant trumpets, marshalling to battle. On let us go. On where the rights and institutions of the South, and honor and victory and glory, call. If it is God's will that a portion of the people of the South should be offered up, a mighty, holocaust to liberty, who so fit as ourselves for the glorious sacrifice? On, then, fearing nothing, and caring for nothing, but the shame and ignominy of submission, the name and fame of cowards and slaves.

Young men of South Carolina! Circumstances not of our choosing, have placed our State in the van of the South. Unawed by threats, undeterred by the submission of others, she stands calm and intrepid, with her banner over her, and her proud motto blazing on its folds "Animus opibusque parati." Do not your hearts swell with the burning resolution, to be with her in life or in death? Shall we not protect her, as we would our mothers? Shall we not stand by her, as we expect to support our brides, firm, devoted and true? She has never done you wrong. She, and she only, has given you all that makes life tolerable to freemen; and never has her kind hand weighed heavy on you with oppression. She, the first of the pro-

vinces in our revolution, threw off the British yoke and declared herself a free sovereign, and independent State. Again she would redeem you from political bondage; and if again she must stand alone, in the vindication of liberty, so let it be. Who will shrink from this proud position of honor, through fear of perils? Who will not rather pant to meet them, and long for that glorious day, if our oppressors choose it when face to face, and man to man, it shall be settled on the battle field, whether South Carolina is to continue to be a free and sovereign State, or an abject Province, and we the subjects of the abolition North, the slaves of our own slaves. God hasten the issue. God give us strength to conquer in her righteous cause, or to make her own vast cemetery, where shall be buried forever the chivalry of the South. Let her live free, or perish in a blaze of glory, whose light shall frighten tyrants in their power, and kindle the hearts of freemen to the latest generations.

From the Mercury.

JONAH COLLINS

Was the name of a wealthy rice planter, who resided on the Santee, during the last century. He was good natured and hospitable, but remarkable for his eccentricities, and the pertinacity with which he cherished his enmity to persons who had wounded his pride or done him an injury. Among the few who had unfortunately offended him, was a gentleman of the name of W—, who had married his only daughter contrary to his wishes. This man he never forgave, though he allowed him to speak to him, and complied with any of his reasonable requests, but to whom he never deigned to make any reply when he spoke.

Of the number of persons who had partaken of his hospitality, was a Northeastern Captain of a schooner, who had traded up the river at a time when two smart negro fellows disappeared in an inconceivable manner. The old gentleman had his suspicions, but said nothing, till one day, on going to Charleston, he observed in a newspaper, the arrival of the Northeast, in the stream, with a cargo of "elegant Sheep." Now, said he, is the time to play that follow a trick, and on board of the schooner he went, and examined the Sheep—praised them, and at last, selecting the finest looking Ram, priced him. After some little difficulty made by the Captain, who said that was his bell-ram—his finest sheep and worth more than any other; and the reply of Mr. COLLINS, who said that as the Captain meant to sell them all, and as they were all destined to be slaughtered, he would not any longer, stand more in need of one than another; they bargained on the price. Now, said COLLINS, after he had paid for the Ram, I suppose he belongs to me, and I can do what I please with him. Certainly, said the Captain, he is your Sheep. In an instant he picked up his ram overboard he flung him. The Ram had scarcely touched the water with a tremendous splash, when overboard the rest of the sheep sprang with plump, plump, plump; and the Captain and his mate all in astonishment and confusion, running from one side of the vessel to the other, endeavoring to stop them, lost more than half of the number; while old COLLINS seized the opportunity, during the confusion, to return to the City, followed by the Sheep, which, glad to escape from the tyrant, found it nearest and safest land for them.

THE MORAL.

The Captain, mate and vessel, represent the would-be Consolidated Government, and the Sheep the sovereign States, each with will and ability to act for its own preservation and protection, when left uncontrolled; and here, in the vessel, they were, as thought by the Government, completely within its power and ready for slaughter, whenever a purchaser should comply with its terms. But, fortunately for them, there was a conservative principle within, which the tyrant acknowledged as long as it suited his purpose, but no longer; and that was the old dauntless bell-Ram, which only required the assistance of an Almighty power, influencing the will of the people, to make him exercise all his faculties. The half of the Sheep which escaped slaughter, are the slaveholding States, who, foreseeing the danger of despotic power, were so wise as to take the leap, and follow their leader; and the remainder, left in the vessel, are the non-slaveholding States, destined to be ruled, at first, by mobocracy, and finally, by regal authority.

OLD TIMES.

THE SEA GIVING UP ITS TREASURE.—The Plymouth Memorial says:

"During the gale of last week, a quantity of linseed oil came ashore in the breakers at Monument Ponds. The oil was in forty gallon casks, fourteen of which were rolled upon the shore in safety, but several casks were burst by being dashed against the rocks. The casks that were saved, contained about thirty gallons of oil, each, which proved to be in good condition. The condition of the casks was such as to render it certain, that they had been in the water a great while, perhaps many years. The outer surface of the casks was considerably decayed, and there were four ridges of iron rust on each, which were the only remnants of what were once iron hoops. The casks were covered with barnacles."

The Boston Advertiser thinks the above came from the brig Hollander of Boston; from Rotterdam, which was capsized and sunk in Massachusetts Bay about ten years since.—The breaking up of the vessel, which was hastened by the gale, probably disengaged the casks from the hold, and being lighter than water, they rose to the surface.

The latest European advices show the important fact that steamboat navigation and electric telegraph companions are among the principal objects which at present attract the attention of speculative moneyed men in England. While the old lines of steamers are adding to the number of their vessels, new ones are constantly starting. The number of boats on the Thames is largely increasing and a large boat is building to contain two hundred sleeping berths, and make quick passages between London and Boulogne. Some of the English steamship companies pay dividends of 10 and 12 per cent. per annum.

stricken down from equality, and spurned from the enjoyment of our unquestionable rights.—Turn it as we may there lies, that magnificent region of sun and gold, better fitted for our institutions than any spot on the habitable globe, open to the labor and occupation of every people, of every nation, but of that people who fought for and won it, and who are yet to pay two-thirds of the debt by which it was acquired. All actions are to be estimated by the motives which originated them. Even when they work injury in their operation, if innocent in intention, we drop the veil of charity, or extend the hand of forgiveness to the perpetrators.—But, where a wrong is deliberately done, with the design not only of injuring, but destroying, we can have no other feelings towards the actors, than those of indignation, defiance and resistance. What is the openly avowed object of excluding from the territories, the slaveholders of the South?

If the North sought to exclude us from our territories, with the selfish design of appropriating them all for themselves, this would be base enough on their part, unendurable on ours. If their object in our exclusion was political power, by which they might govern us, and hold in their hands forever the mastery in the Confederacy, this would be more than freemen or sovereign States have ever borne. But the design of our exclusion is more foul and deadly than these. Not only selfishness, but hostility, pervades the policy of our excluders. Not merely to lift themselves to power, but to accomplish our destruction is their aim. They bar the extension of slavery, and confine it territorially, that it may be destroyed. A Roman Emperor wished that the people of Rome had but one neck, that he might cut it off. Our affectionate brethren of the North aim at a policy, compared with which the Roman Emperor's was tender mercy. No sudden catastrophe of blood and murder will satisfy their pious longings for our welfare. By confining slavery to a restricted territory, they expect to annihilate it by the slow process of starvation and want, forcing competition for bread, and rendering free, only to die. Ser vile insurrections and conflagrations are occasionally to fill up the slow details, to their consummation of final emancipation, ruin and horror. They know full well, that throughout the cotton region of the South, the white man can never labor.—They know that we will never submit to live on a footing of equality with the negro race. The consequences of these things they clearly see; and in them discover the utter destruction of the South, as the crowning result of their policy. They may indeed, when we shall have submitted, and they shall have increased in arrogance and power, graciously extend to us Nero's policy of a speedy extinction, and spread over us at once the glaucous catastrophe of St. Domingo; but short or long in its process, ruin and ruin utter, is their determined policy towards the Southern States.

Now, with such motives and designs governing our confederate, in excluding us from our territories, shall we submit to be excluded?—Even if we could evade or baffle their policy with respect to our institutions, shall we continue an union with those who are our deadliest enemies? What is their policy but war—undisguised war—by hostile legislation first to be followed up, if we dare to resist, by its usual instruments, the cannon and the sword. They openly proclaim that their will in Congress carries with it the duty of our passive obedience that we have no right to resist it within the Union—and no right to go out of the Union—and that it is their mastering prerogative, in or out of the Union, to coerce our obedience. What is such a Government, but a despotism, bent on our destruction? And, if we submit to its policy, what are we but its slaves—its trembling slaves—conscious of the hateful and hateful tyranny over us, but too cowardly to defy its power, or cast off its authority?

The Southern Rights Association of the University of Virginia, has shone in their address how vain have been the concessions of the South, to win forbearance or safety. Is not this the usual result in the nature of things?—Is liberty ever a conceded boon from one people to another? Has it ever been gained but by force, or retained but by power? A people prepared to surrender their self-government, will always find masters. A people who seek security and peace, by yielding their rights, will find that they only invite aggression, and, at the last, will be compelled either to submit to political servitude, or fight for their liberties, with broken, instead of free spirits to support their cause. Look at the progress of aggression on the subject of our territories.

We began by a precious specimen of noble self sacrifice! Virginia gave to the free States, the whole Northwest territory, making new six large States in the Union. Were the free States satisfied with this concession? Not at all.—When Missouri, a part of the Louisiana purchase, applied to be admitted into the Union, they refused her admission, because slavery was not prohibited by her Constitution. They wanted the whole of the territory covered by the Louisiana purchase also. We compromised the matter, however, in the usual way, that is, we recognized our institutions to be infamous, and, on that account, consented to be excluded from all our territories lying North of 36 deg. 30 min. What next? We consented that we should be deprived, also, of more than half the territory South of this line, by devoting it to Indian colonization. The North next took the whole Oregon territory, and, by law, specially excluded us from entering any part of it with our slaves. This was the state of things when we acquired California and New Mexico. Our concessions had converted aggressions into rights. The North had a right to the whole—we to none of the territories.—We begged for a small part lying South of 36 deg. 30 min. and appealed to the faith of the Missouri Compromise to sustain our claim.—We begged in vain. We were ejected from the whole of the acquired domains, with the avowed design of using them, by the multiplication of free States in the Union, and the restriction of slave territory, for the entire overthrow of the institution of slavery itself. What does this narrative prove? That there is neither peace nor security in submission; and that we must resist forever, the last ignominious wrongs, or be the victim of its nefarious policy. We must