

Still at Large.

Samuel J. Love, who escaped from our Jail on the 14th inst., has not yet been recaptured...

New Mail Route.

We are pleased to learn, that the citizens of this and Lancaster District, are getting up a Petition to Congress...

It is a matter of great astonishment, that the people on that route have borne their inconveniences so long, without an effort to secure greater mail facilities...

We have heard of one individual, a Local Preacher, who takes a religious paper, sent to a Post Office about 25 or 30 miles from him...

We believe we are safe in saying, that from fifty to one hundred, if not five hundred persons are prevented from taking newspapers...

It is contemplated to petition for a Weekly Horse Mail—the route going up from Camden, will leave the Lancaster Stage Road near Gum Swamp...

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New Postage Law.

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Union Column.

We clip the following precious gem from the Baltimore Sun of the 4th inst., from which it will be seen that New Orleans numbers too many dear lovers of the "Glorious Union" for the cause of Southern Rights...

UNION COLUMN.—A project for the erection of a splendid column to the defenders and champions of the Union has been devised by Wm. Freret, Esq., of New Orleans...

Now we do not wish to be understood as finding any fault with such a movement; but we think we can make a suggestion or two to those who so dearly love this Union and the supporters of the Compromise (?) that would more fully complete the picture...

South Carolina Teacher's Association.

The regular Semi-annual Meeting of the South Carolina Teachers' Association will be held in Columbia on the first Wednesday in August next.

The Path of Infamy!!

Mr. Editor: Will you permit an humble "backwoodsman," who loves his State, and who desires her success and prosperity in all things, to express through the Journal, in a plain and candid manner, a few of his thoughts...

they would tell you that these things were tried in their day, and were the most important of all the measures of British retaliation; that in the very initiative of the revolution, Boston was blockaded, and Salem made a "port of entry" for the very purpose of destroying her commerce...

They would tell you, fellow-citizens, that there was no blockade that could be instituted that would not in every aspect of it be an act of belligerency, to which the "constitutional sanction" of Congress had to be obtained...

Would you tell them of your weakness, of the limited extent of your territorial limits, of your trade to be blighted, your produce depressed, and your citizens overburdened with taxation to support a separate State government?

No, fellow-citizens, from the virtuous and uncalculating enthusiasm of that age, from the heightened patriotism of the men of that generation you would hear no suggestion, of fear, of danger, of difficulties, of expense, or of submission...

But should all these shame-recurring considerations not avail, the invoking shades of our ancestors have one resource, at least, that has failed to respond to the appeals of oppressed and persecuted humanity...

A Sad Accident.

As a Mr. Pharr from North Carolina was leaving town yesterday morning, returning home with his loaded wagon, his horses took fright at some one meeting them, and ran off...

to retire from the confederacy, (leaving all these acquisitions which we had contributed, as much as any other, to obtain, to ensure to the benefit of the Union,) simply to pursue our weal and happiness in the way in which we suppose it may best be promoted—we are told that it cannot be...

If these things, fellow-citizens, be so, can you give a stronger definition of a despotic government, than a sectional majority to tax, to plunder, and oppress—and a free soil confederacy to enforce them?

We have all wondered, perhaps, how a spirited people in the 18th century, in the midst of arts, science, and letters, could have endured the tyranny of an unjudicated doom in the battle, or the unmerciful despotism of a "lettre de cachet"?

In this grave and truthful aspect of our wrongs and our humiliation, what are our duties, our obligations, and our resources? Shall we succumb—inglorious crouch and succumb—without a hope and without a struggle?

Happily for us, the great event which has given a world-wide interest and renown to the day which we have thus assembled to celebrate is before us to imitate, as well as to commemorate...

Haply then, I repeat, the example of our ancestors is before us to imitate. They stopped not to calculate the cost of liberty—they yielded to no threats—they submitted to no coercion—they were seduced by no blandishments...

And now fellow-citizens, could they burst the elements of the grave, and their venerated dust be again re-embodied in the same patriotic embodiment—could they now join in solemn conclave to deliberate on the sad omens which overshadow Southern rights and institutions...

The government, therefore, can possess or exercise no power which it has not derived from that compact; and is, by the "preservation of all other powers to the States," as expressly prohibited, as it would seem, from substituting its own construction of the constitution itself...

mockery of a cruel jest, when we proclaimed to the world the imminence of their danger, and the deliberateness of our purpose to defend them "at all hazard and to every extremity?"

Out of the blood, the toil, and the treasure of the States has our independence been achieved, and our Government been erected. We took it a puling and new-born babe—it has grown up into a vigorous manhood. We cherished it a rickety child—it has become a champion, a monarch, a master, and a tyrant...

And thus it is, fellow-citizens, that we now stand related to this founding of State charity—this being of our creation—this unnatural monster of our own care and nursing. We have supported it in three perilous wars with our blood and with our treasure—we have made it rich and strong by endowments of both land and money...

"Though a monster of hideous mien, As to be hated, needs but to be seen; But seen too oft, familiar with his face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Is it not well to pause in this proclivity to the consummation of our ruin? Is it not well to consider the peril of submission, or acquiescence in the wrongs and exactions like these?

How stands the matter between us and this confederacy? What are our relations, what are our rights: what are our duties and what is our redress?

For the purposes of common defence and general welfare only we consented to institute this government by a written compact with the other sovereigns of this Union, and by which each of the parties reserved to itself the right of secession hereafter, by virtue of the same authority by which they needed to it then...

The government, therefore, can possess or exercise no power which it has not derived from that compact; and is, by the "preservation of all other powers to the States," as expressly prohibited, as it would seem, from substituting its own construction of the constitution itself...

But how comport its practice with these clear and obvious restrictions on its authority? Why, when we claim the interposition of the constitution against the operation of bounty and protective laws, we are constructively pointed to the caption of an act under the acknowledged title of a revenue system...

and feelings in relation to the crisis, which at last is upon us, with all its momentous issues. I say, momentous issues—aye! momentous in every aspect of the case—momentous to me, and to all whom I hold dear!—for I believe, I feel, that South Carolina holds in her hand the fate and destiny, the liberty or slavery of myself, wife and children, and that in a few short months, she will be compelled to decide that destiny—either for "weal or woe!"

I hesitate not, to affirm, if, in despite of our past history, and the faithful teachings and warnings of our dead Calhoun, we fail now to strike, the advantages will render our degradation not only just and merited, but deep and damning in its very nature...

These being—as I honestly believe—some of the consequences necessarily attendant upon our failure to carry out our purpose, openly avowed before "men and angels," no longer to submit to the onerous and tyrannical exactions of our heartless and soulless task-masters...

That in a matter in which is involved the question of Liberty or Slavery, Carolinians, South Carolinians will coolly enter upon an arithmetical calculation of "loss and gain" in dollars and cents! Deny it who may, disguise it who can, this at last is the question—Liberty or Slavery (?)

You doubtless perceive, that I consider something more at issue than simply our peculiar institution, important as that is. The real question I believe to be, is South Carolina a sovereign State, or is she the "rag-end" (excuse the expression) of a vast consolidated government?

Let us then strike, and strike before it be forever too late! Let us not hand down to our children, a name which shall be a by-word and reproach! Whatever else posterity may say of us, let it not be said that we tamely, cowardly, basely consented to be slaves!