

THE KOSSUTH EXCITEMENT AND THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

Kossuth is the universal sensation. The enthusiasm for the man and his cause falls little short of a panic or a popular delirium. But in this extraordinary excitement, enthusiasm, and agitation, we may detect the development of principles, facts, movements and purposes of the most stupendous character. The great missionary of Hungarian and European emancipation—the Messiah of democracy—whose arrival has been hailed as “the second coming of Christ,” has startled the American people with the grandeur of his continental theory, the part which we are called upon to play, and the results which are to follow the overthrow of the despots and the Pope.

The programme is magnificent. Upon the fascinating idea of “the solidarity of the peoples,” all Europe south of Russia is to rise at once, and move at once, in the same cause, and for the same objects of popular rights and popular sovereignty. And all that England and the United States are asked to do, is to hold the rugged Russian bear; the ruthless Czar of all the Russians—hold him, and see fair play. The plan is received with acclamation by the Corporation—the press-gang cry amen! the First Division of the New York State Militia respond with their loud huzzas—the churches are seized with warlike enthusiasm—Dr. Boecher shouts from Brooklyn. “He is here! Glory to God in the highest! Peace on earth; but down with the despots.” And to cap the climax of our admiration, even the lawyers open their heads; their hearts, and most wonderful of all, their pockets, to the common cause. Well may Archbishop Hughes stand off in dumb amazement. Well may the government at Washington tremble in their shoes, while they are dragged into co-operation by popular enthusiasm. A European war is before us; and the tremendous responsibilities of a hand in the game may well alarm the delicate sensibilities of Mr. Fillmore and his cabinet.

But there is an internal view of the subject, of greater moment than a war with Europe. It is in rebound of the work of revolution from Europe to our shores—a renewed and combined assault of all the elements and powers of abolition for the extinction of Southern slavery, at the hazard of a dissolution of the Union.

To these contingencies the present agitation and excitement are inevitably tending. Dr. Kinkel, the *avant courier* of this new epoch, commenced the work upon a small scale. But a greater, and mightier, and more active agitator—the great Magyar—has followed close upon his heels. He has roused the popular sympathy to a state of frenzy for bleeding Hungary; but while the cause of Hungary is nominally his mission, he is admitted chief of the whole continental conspiracy. His mission is the liberation of Europe; but Kinkel and the Abolitionists have blended with it the abolition of slavery in the South.

There have been some singular incidents connected with the honors paid to Kossuth in this city. We find ministers of the gospel, European socialists, modern abolitionists, deputations of colored people, and Southern slaveholders, all uniting to pay reverence to the great apostle of liberty. The descendant of the great Calhoun of South Carolina, and of the family of the almost sainted Madison of Virginia, meet on the same level with the abolitionists and free blacks, responding the same sentiments of sympathy, and receiving, as they had a right to expect, the same courtesies. The address of the colored deputation, headed by Dowling, (so widely celebrated for his famous oysters,) falls short if anything, of the material, financial, and co-operative aid” so lavishly promised by Messrs. Calhoun and Madison, the patriotic Floridians. In fact, the popular furor has carried away all men—of all parties, all sects, all sections, and all colors—without stopping to count the costs or consequences. Archbishop Hughes and General Webb of the Courier, alone endeavor to stem the stiff current—the latter from sympathy with the financial embarrassments of Austria, and the other from sympathy with the Pope. But the overwhelming torrent bears down all opposition, and Kossuth, Hungary, and liberty, are the universal cry.

But there are symptoms, in this excitement, of a deep and widespread revival of the slavery agitation. The seeds of abolition are sown broadcast, as it were, in a fresh soil, and in a fresh and fruitful soil, and a plentiful harvest will appear in due season. The Compromise measures are only an armistice on the slavery question, a temporary suspension of hostilities. The old issue will continue to be fought over again, and again, till slavery is abolished or the Union is broken up. The Central Committee of Finance in the cause of Hungary are known to sympathize largely with Seward and the abolitionists, who, discomfited in the recent struggle, are impatient for another onslaught upon the domestic institutions of the South. The singular unanimity of all the abolition elements in their devotion to Kossuth, and the open avowals of the mission of Dr. Kinkel, admit of no doubt of the great object at the bottom of all this abolition enthusiasm. It is not the liberation of Europe, but we repeat, the revival of the slavery agitation through the agency of the European convulsion, and the emancipation of the slaves of the South by an overwhelming descent of all the forces of the Northern abolitionists, in the Presidential election or upon the legislation of Congress.

All these singular facts attending the Kossuth excitement—the overwhelming enthusiasm—the generous contributions on all sides

—the mingling of all parties and all colors in their expressions of admiration, from the high-toned chivalry of the South to the imitative blacks of the North, are all but the prefiguration of the approaching convulsion, with its widespread and tremendous consequences. A crisis is upon us, and the sympathy and the agitation excited by these revolutionary visionaries from the Old World, threaten to drive us headlong to the rescue, in defiance of all examples, all hazards, and all results. It is impossible that the South can escape the effects of a universal liberating movement. The popular sentiment of all Europe, and the feelings and antagonism a formidable party in the North, are dead-set against our Southern institution of slavery. Let the despots of Europe be overthrown; but let the South look well to the ultimate consequences, and prepare for the re-action.—N. Y. Herald.

Correspondence of the Charleston Mercury.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19, 1851.
Everything here has been frozen up for the last few days, except the tongue of Henry S. Foote—that has been wagging even more busily than usual, as his appointed time of departure approaches. He will probably leave on Monday next for Mississippi; a most desirable event, and will thaw down to the true level of his native insignificance, when he gets home, as the ice in the Potomac vanishes under the action of the sun. The cold here has been intense—the rigors of the season perfectly Siberian, and every body suffering more or less from violent influenzas. Even the coming of Kossuth failed to warm the frosted features of the wayfarers on the avenue—and Northern feelings have predominated over all others. In the two Houses of Congress little has yet been done, except in the way of carving out work for the administration. Resolutions of inquiry concerning our domestic and foreign difficulties, the Cuba affair, the Thrasher case, the Mormon matter, &c., have been adopted, and some responded to, as the published proceedings of Congress show. The course and policy that have been pursued by this administration, in all matters requiring spirit and promptitude, have been timid and truckling in the extreme. No glozing words, nor high sounding professions can cover this over. The facts are too plain and palpable, and more have yet to be elicited, of which the public is ignorant. If the Fillmore regime will hereafter be memorable for anything it will be its utter imbecility, and cautious cunning. Non-committalism is its very essence.

Thus while the English captives in the Cuban expedition have been liberated, the Americans are left to tug at the oars in the galleys at Ceuta. While Mr. Webster is rounding the periods of his despatches to the Captain General, Thrasher, after having been long immured in a loathsome dungeon, sails for Spain. The Prometheus is fired into, and it is hoped that nothing is meant by it. The sympathies of the people and the attention of Congress is specially invited to the Hungarian exile, liberated already by one act—while the unhappy victims of Spanish barbarity meet only only with abuse in the same message. In short, the present administration ensures that no admittance at home nor respect abroad. With the exception of Webster and Crittenden, who have brains, the rest are “barren rogues all.”

Henry Clay is falling fast, and becoming a very old man. He probably came here in the hope of recruiting his shattered energies and failing powers; but a heavy hand rests upon him which he cannot shake off. Since the last session he has broken down woefully. The collapse of the high excitement of the strife that then sustained him, and the utter annihilation of the high hopes he nourished, have suddenly aged him, and what but a short time since, looked like an old, but still strong temple—graceful yet in its proportions; firm still upon its base, is crumbling fast into a ruin.—He has been confined to his room for the greater part of the session, and has recently been compelled to go to Philadelphia to recruit. It is more than doubtful whether he will ever fill his seat in the Senate again. To few is it granted to die as died Chatham and Calhoun; but Clay is ambitious of meeting the same end. A great change is gradually taking place in our Public Councils, by the removal of those who long stood as conspicuous landmarks in the Senate Chamber and the Forum. He who now glances over that familiar scene, meets no more the lion port, and the eagle eye of Calhoun—the face haggard and worn, yet bright with intelligence. The grand brow and cavernous eye of Webster, full of lurid light, scowl no more on the spectators; and now, last lingerer of the three, the spare form and quick eye of Henry Clay pass like a shadow on the wall, on the way to the land of shadows. The big and burly form of Benton, a strong man in his sphere, has also vanished from that scene, and Cass sits alone, unremoved and unmoved, amidst “the noise and confusion,” which now characterize that once dignified body. Apathy, good digestion and sound sleep, have preserved him in fine keeping, while the brighter lights of his day have either been darkened, or gone out in the eclipse of death.

He, however, is politically as dead as the object of his former toadyism, and subsequent abuse—the King of the French. He is the Louis Philippe of this revolution in politics, and little Senator Stephen Douglas treads hard on his heels to play the part of Louis Napoleon. The general candidate knows this, and has recently been violently affected with Young Americanism. He has tried to be as progressive as Capt. Rynders, as foreign in his instincts as Kossuth, and as universal in his philanthropy as Mr. Pecksniff. But it all won't do. He can't get the nomination. On the Whig side, Gen. Scott is whipping up again, and will be a formidable candidate, should the general popularity plan be adopted as in the case of Gen. Taylor. On the other side, the Free-soiler banker much after W. O. Butler, of Ky., and the Van Buren if restored to communion with the party, will make a strong push for him, with Pierce, of N. H. as Vice President. That ticket would take well at the North, and that is the main point—the South being considered a mere makeweight now. As long as it remains

divided and distracted—fierce in its home contests, feeble in its outside ones, such will continue to be the case. It availed Gulliver but little that his foes singly were contemptible, so long as the thousand little threads with which he was tied, one to each separate hair, held him down in his painfully ridiculous position. The South is a Gulliver. When will she sweep the threads?

But to recur to things here: the Compromise controversy re-opened by “the little Pacificator” Foote, still goes on, and the coals get hotter the more the windy little man blows the bellows of his lungs. How many speeches he has made in the course of the week, including interruptions and personal explanations, would be hard to reckon up. But he has been most completely “squashed” by your two Senators; first one and then the other picking him up with a pair of tongs, and exhibiting the bat-like flights of this most flighty politician. It is universally conceded that both Mr. Butler and Mr. Rhettt have worsted him in every collision that has taken place between them; and after skulking off from the flail of the former, he met equally severe punishment under the lash of the other. Both of your Senators have acquitted themselves most admirably in the trying position in which they have been placed. The defamers of South Carolina cannot say that her race of orators and statesmen are extinct, while she can show two such able and ready champions on the floor of the Senate.

The debate is not yet closed. Foote was indulging in a tirade of the usual kind to-day in which he swore by Gen. Jackson's Proclamation, and abused Mr. Rhettt, and to-morrow your Senator will respond to him, having obtained the floor for that purpose. After that rejoinder, Mr. Foote will probably try to press it to a vote, in which he will not succeed, as Sam Hotston intends making a speech, abusive of South Carolina of course, and various others also wish to listen to the sound of their own voices.

Foote had hoped to carry home the vote as capital, but will be disappointed. Whether it finally will be laid on the table, or passed, is an open question. The chances either way vary from day to day. Let that test be adopted, and the incompatible substances composing the existing parties will resolve themselves into their original elements very quick. If it is laid on the table, it will manifestly be a shirking of the subject, and the bone will be thrown into the National Convention.

The Kossuth fever in New York, and the march, of agrarian progress there as connected with it, you doubtless have remarked. Kossuth will be here next week—but everybody keeps cool about it. They are accustomed here to lions of all kinds, and are in the habit of seeing the animals at feeding time. He will manage to make a sensation when he arrives, nevertheless, probably by a speech on the floor of the Senate.

No business of much consequence will be done in either House, until after the Christmas holidays. Many of the members have gone home to get their egg-nog and digest their turkey in peace. With the opening of the new year opens in earnest the political campaign.

SLAVERY IN CALIFORNIA.
The last news from California, shows that the discussion about the division of the State and the introduction of slavery, is becoming more animated, and may in fact be considered the great topic of the times. The San Francisco Herald of the 12th ult., in the course of a long article deprecating exciting and angry discussion on the subject of introducing slavery, makes the following interesting statement: “It may startle those who happen to be nervous on this subject to be informed that slavery now exists and has always existed in California since the adoption of the constitution. In the mining counties and even in San Francisco, there are many slaves, and yet there is no manifest derangement of public morals in consequence, nor do the people generally seem to give themselves much anxiety on the subject. There is no attempt to incite the slaves to runaway, and they themselves, catching the healthy tone of public sentiment, never entertain a thought of such a thing. We know of some of them whose earnings amount to as much as the pay of a post-captain in the navy, and who can purchase their freedom at any time, but are perfectly content with their present condition. These facts go to prove that it will be difficult, without persevering agitation, to generate bigotry in the minds of the people of California on the slavery question, or to convert it into an element of discord; and such persevering agitation we hope never to see.”

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.
The Spanish Minister has received information from the neighborhood of Savannah, Geo. that new Cuban expeditions are on foot. If this be so, it is very certain the poor deluded fellows in the Pampero expedition, (including Thrasher) will be a long time at Ceuta, before they will return to the United States. To keep them imprisoned, get up new expeditions.

War is a better condition, actual war, Spain begins to think, than this *quasi* war which keeps her in arms all the time, and in peril in Cuba—and war will certainly come, if these Cuba expeditions are not kept down by popular opinion here at home.

It is declared that a secret treaty exists between Spain, France and England to guarantee to Spain Cuba; and that in case of necessity, the French and British squadrons in the West will join in the protection of Cuba. If this be so, there is a very sorry chance for any of the invasionists, if more are making preparations.

War with Spain will not be all sport on our side. If we could conquer Cuba, Cuba would be converted into a St. Domingo—and the trade and commerce, and business character of the Island would be ruined. Privateers under Spanish colors would swarm upon every sea to prey upon our commerce.

I am fearful of hearing by the news from Spain, after the Cortes has been in session, that the right of holding land and other property, which American (domiciled) citizens have been having there, just as Spanish subjects here had,

will be taken from them, in consequence of these agitations.

CAMDEN,

TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 30, 1851.

THO. J. WARREN, Editor.

Our Notice.

The year is nearly gone, and we take the opportunity to notify our patrons in arrears that we want money, and must have it. We hope they will do us the kindness to call and liquidate the demands against them. It will be very little inconvenience to them respectively, and at the same time confer a very great favor upon us. Do friends recollect us, and oblige us in this reasonable request. The amounts due us by each of our subscribers will help us out amazingly, and be no trouble to those who pay us. Recollect this friends and do your duty.

Missionaries to California.

Rev. J. W. Kelly and Rev. S. W. Daves, have been elected by the South Carolina Conference, and appointed by Bishop Andrew, at its recent session in Georgetown, under the conditions of Dr. Boring, superintendent of that Mission. They will preach at Camden on Sunday, 4th of January next; at Winstonsboro, Monday 5th, at 7 P. M.; Chesterville, Tuesday 6th, at 7 P. M., &c.

Persons wishing to contribute to the cause, may forward their donations to Dr. Wightman, Editor of the Southern Christian Advocate.

Our Market.

Very little has been done in cotton since our last, only a few bales having been sold. We quote extremes at 6 to 8c.

The proceedings of Congress possess so little interest, that we have not copied any of them, preferring to occupy our columns with other matter.

Daguerreotypes.

We are requested to state by Mr. Squier, that his stay will be limited to ten days longer. Those who desire good pictures would do well to avail themselves of the present opportunity of getting them. Mr. S. has succeeded admirably well with his pictures here.

Christmas is over.

And we are glad of it. Notwithstanding we have passed our time pleasantly, and nothing has occurred in the circle of our friends and acquaintances to mar the pleasure which has been afforded us. Nor is it our duty to record an accident even of the most trivial character, where any injury has occurred. We attribute this altogether to good Providence, and not to any care which persons amusing themselves in the streets have taken. We are always and painfully apprehensive on such occasions that some casualty will happen, when we see such gross carelessness manifested in the handling of fire-arms among the boys; and even with their fire-crackers, immense damage may be done. Boys of target growth, sometimes indulge in these sports when it seems better judgment would advise different. However we are not disposed to assume the unpleasant and unthankful office of censors. Yet there are many things which we do not like to see, and which we have no hesitation in speaking of. Some, we think, make an inappropriate use of Christmas times, in dealing so profusely in fire works. And as a burnt child dreads the fire, we hope persons will be careful how they use this useful as well as destructive element. A word to the wise is said to be sufficient. We hope it may be so.

Raking up the Coals.

“The Camden Journal, having just recovered from the late October scorching, seems to have a horrible dread of everything in the shape of fire. If one of its cotemporaries strikes even a faint light for the guidance of its readers, the Journal immediately gets out its little engine and buckets, and commences to bellow Fire! Fire! with all the power of its lungs. A few days ago, as a mere matter of amusement, we gave an account of some of the by-play of the House and Senate, and for this, the Journal lets off his little engine upon us, as if we were a regular incendiary. Having drenched us all over, and wrapped us tightly in his wet blanket, he then begins to read us a remonstrating lecture. “Why is it, says he, friend Standard, that you display such eagerness in raking up the expiring coals of political strife? Why not let them die? Why seek to blow them to a blaze?”

So says the *Southern Standard* of yesterday. In reply to which we can only say, that recently, we have had occasion to bellow Fire! quite lustily, and if the *Standard* had been scorched even as we have been, he would bellow too—not a political scorching, but a practical demonstration of the thing itself.

As the *Standard* acknowledges himself wrapped up in a wet blanket, and raked over the coals, this accounts satisfactorily for the great amount of vapor which he throws off on the present occasion. Such being the case, we have no disposition at present, to disturb him in his dream of glory, but will leave him to take his rest like a hero—

“With his wet blanket still around him.”

Our Exchanges.

SOUTH CAROLINA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.—We perceive from the announcement made in the valdeictory Mr. Edwin Heriot, in the Southern Literary Gazette, that his connection with it has ceased, and that he has purchased the Temperance Advocate, and intends removing it to Charleston where it will hereafter be published.

We regret losing the valuable services of Mr. Bowman, who has long and ably edited the Advocate, and reflected honor upon himself by his open, manly and dignified course, whilst charged with its conduct. We hope, and confidently expect that, under Mr. Heriot's control, it will continue to be the able advocate of truth, and as the organ of the Temperance cause, prove quite as

successful as heretofore. Mr. Heriot has long been identified with the Temperance cause, and has ably and eloquently advocated its claims, by precept and example.

HORNETS' NEST.—We have not had the pleasure of a visit from this old friend for a length of time. What is the matter, Bro. Badger? We should like to know.

SOUTHERN LITERARY GAZETTE.—Progress is the order of the day, and it seems that Messrs. Walker & Richards not only intend to keep pace with, but a little in advance of the times. We are promised in the *new issue* of the Gazette some rich intellectual treats. Mrs. Alice B. Neal, the fair and gifted authoress, will contribute a New Year's Story, and Mr. W. Gilmore Simms has been engaged to contribute largely to the new series. We shall take great pleasure in welcoming the Gazette with its burthen of *good things* to our table.

The Closing Year.

The time is appropriate for reflection—
“’Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them what report they bore to Heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men experience call.”

And yet how little is the profit we derive from the experience which every year affords. A few hours more, and the present year, like the past years of our life, will be gone—its record will be among those things which were. Soon to us will it vanish away like the morning cloud and early dew. Its pleasures, its joys, its good, its evil, will soon be on the same common level—all gone—never, no never to return. We are standing on the “grave of the Year,” and we may at one and the same moment, take a retrospective as well as prospective view of life—as it was—as it is. We are on an eminence from which we may look far and wide, and *passing in review*, before us is a vast array of incidents which have been peculiar to each of our lives. We are able it may be to recognize in these ideal images, many features of former pleasures, scenes which even gladden our hearts, with their recollection. It may be that on the other hand, we awake to a consciousness of life as it is—stern reality. There is much which gives us pain. Experience damps our pleasure.

Men talk of *killing* time! how strange the thought! “Time was given for use not waste.”
“Time,” (says the immortal bard) “is Eternity.”

“Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adorned.”

There is no one perhaps whose experience does not teach, that every succeeding year as it comes to its close, seems the shortest of our life, thus—
“Man flies from time, and time from man; too soon
In sad divorce this double flight must end.”

If our delighted fancy should invest the future with bright hopes, let us prepare our minds to endure all that disappointment may have in store.

“For such is life—
Awhile we play, enamored of each fragile flower,
And wrapt in hope's bright vision stay,
The short lived hour.”

Hon. Henry Clay has resigned his seat in the U. S. Senate, on account of ill health. His successor is to be elected to-day.

DESTRUCTION OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.—It is with feelings of profound regret we record this great calamity.

At six o'clock this morning the doors of the Capitol were opened by Mr. John W. Jones, captain of the Capitol police, at which time he believes there was nothing on fire throughout the building. At a quarter before eight o'clock however, on approaching the door of the Library, he was convinced from the smell of smoke that something was wrong; and he accordingly forced his way in by breaking a panel of the door. The tables, books, shelves, &c. in the northeast end of the room were all on fire; but he believes they could have been extinguished at that moment by the use of half a dozen buckets of water. But the opening of the door gave vent to the flames, and they soon ascended to the roof, and spread rapidly throughout the entire room.

The few persons in the building were with difficulty called to render assistance, and when they arrived it was impossible to save the main room or its contents. The contents of the smaller library room, comprising a great variety of antique works, &c. were saved in a somewhat damaged condition.

A messenger (Mr. Baldwin) was immediately dispatched for the city fire companies, who had just returned from the fire at the Franklin Hotel, but owing to the improbability of his report, it was not till after considerable delay that he could obtain any aid from them. The engines were finally obtained and carried by the firemen to the rotundo, and upon the eastern portico, from which positions they propelled water to the roof of the Library, and thus extinguished the flames.

The Library occupied that portion of the building immediately within the western portico, and was so isolated from the rest of the building as to involve but little injury to other portions. The adjacent committee rooms with their papers, are however, somewhat damaged.

What extent of loss has been sustained, are at this moment unable to conjecture; but fifty or sixty thousand is probably the number of volumes, and many of them were of rare worth; while the value of the works of art, the collections of ancient coins, medals, and other curiosities, &c. cannot be approximated in an estimate.

The marble busts of Jefferson, Lafayette, Taylor, &c., the portraits of Washington, J. Q. Adams; a number of old paintings; the files of the National Intelligencer &c.—all are gone.

LATER.—We have heard discriminating persons estimate the value of the books that can be replaced at \$250,000, and the damage to the edifice at about \$20,000.—*Washington Telegraph.*

Murder among the United States Troops at Smithville.—We learn that on Sunday night