

# The Charlotte Journal.

"Perpetual Vigilance is the Price of Liberty," for "Power is always Stealing from the Many to the Few."

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## Political.

From the National Intelligencer 18A instant.

### Affairs in South Carolina.

There are some citizens of South Carolina, even among the "upper ten thousand"—of whom the larger part seem to be favorable to any revolution which shall distinguish them yet more than they are now distinguished from the mass of the People—who are not blinded to the future, but have the sagacity to realize and the manliness to disclose to the People the dangers which environ them, and the fatal wreck to which the leaders of the Revolution are hurrying every interest of the State of South Carolina. Among these honorable exceptions we may cite, as illustrating the virtues of his race and the praiseworthy character of the gentleman of Carolina, the example and the conduct of JOEL R. POINSETT. Laboring under ill health, and unable to attend public meetings, he has yet not been unmindful of his duty as a Christian, a Philanthropist, and a Republican. We have before us, in the "Whisper Observer" of the 5th instant, a Letter written by that gentleman as long ago as the 7th of last month to a friend, by whom it was read on the day following at a Public Meeting in that District, but which is only now, after a month's interval, allowed to meet the public eye, and now only upon the Editor's own avowal of the belief that "nothing which Mr. Poinsett could say or do would have any influence on the People of the South," and his further belief that the Letter "will be treated by the papers in the State with a silence which speaks more than anything which can be said against it." The Editor himself has nothing to reply to it; none of his fellow dissenters will even attempt to answer it; and, though he has been obliged by some conspicuous violation to comply with a promise to publish it, he dare not send it out from his press without an intimation to his correspondents to be as discreet as himself on the subject. How terrible must be the truth to those Dissenters, when they not only dare not face it themselves, but call upon others to suppress it, as the reader, and, certainly for them, the worst way of answering it.

Some of the truths of this letter are entirely too important, however, to be confined to the savings of the paper in which we find them. I shall not be our fault if they have not a circulation, to a certain extent at least, in every State and Territory of the Union. The following extracts from that Letter, therefore, we present to our readers, as being full of wisdom and instruction, and deserving of their whole attention.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF J. R. POINSETT TO COL. D. M. KEAY, OF GEORGETOWN, S. C.

"DEAR SIR: I was much gratified to find, by the notice you sent me of the call of a public meeting of the voters of Georgetown to consider the condition of our affairs in regard to the General Government, that the vigilance of a portion of our fellow-citizens had at length been aroused by the extraordinary acts of our Legislature. I should have been glad to have heard the expressions of our Representatives, not only as to the object of the Convention, and their reasons for increasing our taxes, but to learn whether they supposed that their constituents, when they elected them to make laws to promote the prosperity of the State, intended to confer on them the dangerous power of instituting a revolutionary movement too likely to terminate in its ruin? I have every disposition to do justice to our Representatives, and regret, therefore, my inability to assist at the meeting."

"I studied the proceedings of our Legislature during its last session with careful solicitude, but failed to find there reasons or explanations for what was proposed to be done. I saw only the expression of excited feelings, passionate declamation, and foregone conclusions, all tending to revolution, secession, peaceable or forcible, in conjunction with other States, or alone; in short, a fixed determination to hurry the State into the fearful position it now occupies. And what are the causes assigned for measures calculated to alter the foundations of our Government and the destinies of our people? Not the admission of California, for that is a full accomplishment of California is become a State, and no act of ours can drive her out of the Union. She is, however, a sovereign State, free to follow the dictates of her own interests, and may introduce slaves to work her mines, if she thinks proper so to do."

"Nor can the arrangement entered into between Texas and the General Government be regarded as affording any color for these measures. Texas, the party most concerned, accepted the offers of Government with unexampled unanimity, and on that account we have no longer any cause of complaint. The suppression of the slave market in Washington furnishes no excuse for violence. It was purely a municipal regulation, not unequalled for by the circumstances. Are we, then, about to commence a revolutionary movement because we apprehend aggression? This would be a most unwise proceeding."

"But we are told no revolution is contem-

plated. South Carolina, in conjunction with other slave States, or alone, merely intends to secede from the Union! I have looked in vain for any sanction of this right by the early expounders of our Constitution. It was advocated, indeed advanced by some, and expressly repudiated by the wisest and best of the statesmen of that epoch. Such a doctrine would have defeated the end and aim of the Constitution, which was to form a more perfect and permanent Union than existed under the old Confederation. It seems to me preposterous to suppose a single State to possess a constitutional right to secede from the Union whenever it may think proper to do so, without regard to the injury such a right might inflict upon the other States. The old and well considered maxim of common law applies to States as well as to individuals—'Sic utere tuo ut alienum laedas'—Make use of what is your own in such a manner as not to injure another. As well might it be contended that a man has a right to set fire to his own house because he is dissatisfied with it. If he were so ill-advised, however, as to exercise this abstract right over his own property in the midst of a city, he would be regarded as the violator of the law, and be consigned to punishment for the crime of arson. And what comparison is there in the degree of crime between the conscription of the most opulent city in the universe and the overthrow of this great republic, the seat of freedom, the hope of the world, the foundation of our strength and safety?"

"But our legislators evidently did not regard secession as likely to be requested in any other State, or as a perfectly peaceable measure. On the contrary, they appropriated half a million of dollars in order to overcome the opposition they expected to encounter, and with rare caution commenced to raise the rates in a manner not to alarm our friends before the fatal step is taken and the State engaged in war. They are too intelligent not to be aware that TEN TIMES THE AMOUNT raised in 1851 will be required in 1852 should the warlike and revolutionary measures contemplated be carried into effect."

"There is some error which our speakers and writers appear to have generally fallen into, that I think it necessary to advert to. They are, it would seem, persuaded that Great Britain will take part with South Carolina in any contest she may have with the United States. They believe there is such a chain of interest that the great manufacturer of the whole world necessarily be united in war or peace with the producer. Now, is it probable that Great Britain would risk the loss of her best market and engage in a war with a powerful nation, in order to secure to her manufacturers the small supply of cotton South Carolina produces? I do not believe she would take so in political and hazardous a step if all the cotton growing States were united in the contest."

"In the next place, Great Britain would regard any separation of a slave State or States from those which are free as the beginning of the end of slavery in North America, to which they could contribute by every effort in their power. They are persuaded, whether erroneously or not, that the cultivation of cotton can be carried on by free labor, and entertain no apprehensions on that score. Released from the obstacles which a great nation now opposes to the goal of their abolitionists, cargoes of them would be sent over in the ships we rely upon to transport our produce."

"In France the same feeling exists. In a debate which lately arose in the French Assembly, but later than December, 1850, upon the exercise in New Orleans and Charleston of our municipal regulations in relation to black and colored seamen, a representative from the French West India Interregional Ministers respecting their application to French citizens. He said they were a flagrant violation of the laws of nations, an outrage upon humanity, an insult to French dignity, &c. The replies of the Ministers were apologetical. They assured the Assembly that they had already done all in their power to obtain from those States a revision of laws which are almost barbarous, almost savage; and M. Lottin, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, closed his speech with these remarkable words: 'Well, hitherto neither France nor England has had the happiness to persuade these States of the Union that it was necessary to enter upon the course of civilization and respect to humanity which we most earnestly desire. To this end we will continue to labor as we have labored. Perhaps we shall have better success when those countries shall comprehend that they are with our people the pale of the laws of all nations.'—These expressions were greatly applauded by the Assembly."

"Such being the opinions on the subject of our institutions prevailing in England and France, ought we not to pause before we withdraw ourselves from the protecting arm which now shelters us? If we stand alone, how long would it be before we should be visited by a French fleet to seek redress and demand reparation from us for having sent to land one of her citizens, a colored gentleman from Martinique or Guadeloupe, and blockaded our ports until satisfaction is given? And here let me remark, that neither South Carolina nor any other purely slave State ever possess a mercantile marine or a navy. There is no example of a nation having a large portion of its laboring population in a state of vassalage possessing an efficient marine. There exists no class to draw sailors from, for slaves or serfs cannot be trusted on long voyages or safely employed in ships of war, and it is a mistake to suppose that entire dependence can be placed on foreign seamen."

The Russian empire has had this difficulty content with, and has hitherto found the obstacle it presents insuperable.

"I am reluctantly compelled by my failing strength to close this letter. I would fain have made some comments upon the very extraordinary fact of all the candidates for the honor of a seat in this Convention, to which the people will, without being consulted, be regarded as having delegated all their power, have, without exception, declared their firm determination not for division or the secession of South Carolina, in conjunction with other States or alone; and some have gone the length of expressing not only their dissatisfaction with the General Government, but their utter hatred of it."

"May He who holds the destinies of nations in the palm of his hands avert from our beloved State the terrible evils these symptoms forebadow, and restore to the people of South Carolina that noble independence which formerly distinguished their character and led them to rebuke the exercise of undelimited power, and in every emergency to think and act for themselves!"

## A HERO.

"There is an endearing tenderness," says Washington Irving, "in the love of a mother for her son, that transcends all other affections of the heart." We have just heard a touching illustration of the fact that the love of a son for his mother may also transcend and swallow up all other affections, at a moment when he might well be pardoned for remembering only his own great trials.

Some two years ago, a young man, belonging to Philadelphia, was returning by rail road to that city, from the town of Reading, Pennsylvania. By an accident which happened to the train as it was approaching town, and while he was standing upon the platform, he was thrown off, and fell partly under the wheel of the succeeding car, and his right arm, "marrow, bones and all," crushed to a jelly, and dropped uselessly at his side. This, however, was fortunately his only injury. He was a young man of determined nerve, and of the noblest spirit. He uttered no complaint—not even a groan.

When the train arrived at the depot, a carriage was immediately called, when, attended by his friend, he said, "drive at once to Dr. ———, in Walnut street."

"Hath'ty you better gum immediately home?" asked his friend.

"No," said he, "I don't want them to know anything about me until it is all over."

"Our hero," for it was a hero, was deaf to all the counter-remonstrances of his friend, and they drove rapidly to the house of the eminent surgeon alluded to. They were shown into the parlor and the doctor was summoned. After an examination, "Well, my dear fellow," said the surgeon, for he was well acquainted with his patient, "you know, I suppose, what must be done?" "I do," he replied; "and it is for the purpose of having it done that I am here." "My surgical table," said the doctor, "is below." "Can it not be done without that?" asked the sufferer. "I cannot be tied—I cannot be held—Amputate my arm here, doctor," he continued holding out his dangling limb over the back of the sofa. "Do it here, doctor! I shall not flinch; I shall not interfere with your operations."

The limb was bared; two attendants, medical students in the house, were summoned; the arm was taken off above the elbow, while the patient sat as he had requested, uttering no groan, nor speaking a single word, while the operation was being performed. The dressings were applied; and, attended by his friend, the patient had reached the door, on his way to his own house, which was very near by, when he turned round to the surgeon, and said, "Doctor, I should like to look at my arm once more; pray let me see it." The surgeon raised the mangled limb; the patient glanced at the bloodless hand and said, "Doctor, there is a ring upon the middle finger of that hand; won't you take it off for me? My mother gave me that ring on her death-bed. I can part with my arm, but while I live, I can't part with that ring." The ring was slipped from the cold white fingers. "Put it on that finger," said he, holding out the same finger on the left hand. As he was leaving the door, with his attendant, to enter the carriage, he said, "How shall I break this thing to my poor sister? Is not this a true 'hero' reader?—Kick erberker."

Twenty-one hundred dollars, mostly specie was found in a secret drawer by the appraisers of the estate of Molly Sholly, an elderly maiden recently deceased near Lebanon, Pennsylvania. That is "where all the silver goes."

Keep thy shop with diligence and thy shop will keep thee.

## WESTERN DIVING BELL.

Among the most wonderful inventions of the age, may be included the improvements in the recovery of submerged property.—Capt. Eades has been in the business a number of years, and on a recent visit to this place (Burlington, Iowa) he informed us that he was not only prepared to apply his invention to the raising of sunken steam boats, but also to the speedy removal of snags; and he seemed confident that he also could clear out the rocks in the rapids during the highest stage of water. From his descriptions of the *modus operandi*, we think that Government could not do better for the improvement of Western navigation than to employ this new machine in the removal of snags, as well as to take into consideration the feasibility of excavating the rocks in the rapids by the same means.—Hark Eye.

We copy the following description of his new boat from a late Nashville American:

**SUBMARINE.**  
This substantial steamer, built for the purpose of wrecking, made her first appearance at our wharf on Wednesday last. On Thursday we were called upon to witness several experiments with the diving bell, which was quite a novelty to many of our citizens, if we may judge from the respectable assemblage of persons present. Three of our citizens embraced the courteous invitation of the commandant to take an aquatic excursion to the bottom of the Cumberland river. As we went to take items above we cannot describe the doings below, and therefore forbear from entering into a detail, as Mr. E. G. Stee, one of the aquatics, has promised us, at some future period, to write a-bow.

This boat was built for Messrs. Eades & Nelson, at a cost of some \$19,000. She is staunchly built, with extra clamp fastenings, breast hooks, and heavy timbers, the most of which are securely jugged down. Her hold is six feet in depth, length 145 feet, extreme breadth 46 feet, and is termed a twin boat. The propelling power consists of two 42-inch diameter boilers, 22 feet long, one cylinder 22 inches in diameter, with six feet stroke, and a doctor to supply a large steam wheel, built to the recess of the stern, between the two boats. She has done some service, having raised the hull and cargo of the Charles Carroll, steamer Republic, and Neptune.

Further improvements are contemplated to be made in the way of pumps, which are calculated to throw 400 barrels of water per minute. The apparatus consist of a splendid air pump and attachment, which we learn was built at St. Louis, by A. Ludrew, two diving bells, eight crabs, for hoisting or hauling 32 tons, with chains of sufficient length to reach the distance of three quarters of a mile, windlasses of the most approved construction for hoisting and lowering the bells. Her cabin is plain, but small, with a number of side rooms for the accommodation of the crew.

## THE NEW SENATOR FROM RHODE ISLAND.

The position of Gen. James, the Senator elect from Rhode Island, who was nominated by the Democrats, but was elected by Whig votes, is no longer doubtful, if any faith is to be placed in verbal declarations and written pledges. Mr. Benjamin Finch, one of the Whig members of the Legislature who voted for him, states in a letter to the Providence Journal that while the question of electing a United States Senator was pending, Gen. James addressed the following note to H. N. William Sprague, the substance of which was communicated to Mr. Finch and others, before voting for him, and on the strength of which they voted for him:

"Hon. Wm. Sprague: 'Dear Sir: In reply to your inquiries, permit me to say I am in favor of the leading Whig measures, and particularly that of a tariff that shall afford ample protection to the manufacturing interests and labor of the country, and, if elected to the office of United States Senator, I will cordially use my efforts to sustain them. Respectfully and truly yours, CHARLES T. JAMES.'—Providence, Jan. 30, 1851."

Mr. Finch further states that "in an interview with Gen. James on Monday, the 10th instant, he fully confirmed the declarations made in the letter, and gave me the most positive assurances that he was a Whig, and that he should act with the Whig party in the Senate of the United States." This would seem to settle the question as to the political position of Gen. James.—Var. Int.

## A POISONER UNMASKED.

A wine merchant of Rheims, who has for several years been doing an immense business by the sale of his wine, which had a peculiarly agreeable and exhilarating quality, causing it to be in demand above all other wines, has finally lost his secret. Liebig analyzed some of it, and found that the peculiar quality was caused by the introduction of laughing gas, or protoxide of nitrogen.

The following article, upon hearing that Rhet, of South Carolina, was preparing a "great speech" in which Mr. Clay was to be annihilated, could not have been written by any other man, than President of the Louisville Journal—Peterburg Intelligencer.

## RHETT AND CLAY.

It has been stated on what seems to be a very good authority that Mr. Rhet, of South Carolina, the Senator who denounces the Union in his breath and then solemnly swears to support it in the next, is preparing a "great" speech, in which he intends to demolish Mr. Clay. The "teetotal" nature in which Rhet dresses, to secure his feelings. Poor Mr. Clay, we pity him from the bottom of our hearts. He has been in many an intellectual effort, in which the fire of giants was kindled, and we believe his body is as yet unscathed. But he never yet met Rhet, and when he does meet that Goliath, why, we suppose, he may as well imitate the conduct of the hero that volunteered to come off with Captain Scott. On some occasions Mr. Clay has met with several enemies at once, and the Croaker at the battle of the Alamo, the last time the poor Colonel was called on to fight, he piled up the bodies of those slain by his own wall-throw and around him, and now to think he has lived through so many hard fought fields to fall at last by the hand of Rhet, is too bad.

Can't Rhet be bought off or begged off? If the slinger be not the victim on Mr. Clay can be saved by money or by persuasion, it certainly should be so. Kentucky cannot spare her great and elevated son yet awhile, and if Rhet's bowels of compassion are not as domestic and cold as a frog's, he will permit the sage of Ashland to die a natural death in Kentucky, rather than impute him on the floor of the Senate.

We have no doubt that, if anybody's speech can kill Mr. Clay, it will be a long and carefully prepared one from the mouth of Rhet. That prodigious South Carolina orator possesses great skill in killing off his hearers.—We understand that a chap in South Carolina made a bet that he could finish two speeches from Rhet, cut and out. The wager was a hundred dollars. Of course, the reckless adventurer who thought his ears proof against any and all combinations of sound—who thought that no amount of

could overcome his stored powers of suffering—was the loser. He broke away in the midst of Rhet's second speech and paid the hundred dollars.

If such an orator—of such a forty as power of dullness—cannot quite demolish and reduce to the mere speck of grease, all the bones, blood, muscles and nerves in Mr. Clay's body, we shall begin to conclude that Kentucky's great Statesman is a sugar profit, and that if you were to bore him in forty places at the same moment, he would come out of the operation with the skin unbroken.

Mr. Clay can, we suppose avoid Rhet's suspended oration by retreating before the fire. We shall not be much surprised if he pursue that crafty course. He wishes to do the State some more service before he "ceases to be mortal," and will probably dodge Rhet's bombs forty-two pounds, swivel, muskets, rifle, and other missiles of death and destruction. He is too old and far too skillful a fighter, not to know that, where death is inevitable, he is the true hero who backs out of the affair; for

He who fights and runs away  
May live to fight another day;  
while, profound and dismal truth—  
He who is in battle slain  
May never live to fight again.

## AN ENGLISH OPINION OF GEORGE THOMPSON.

We quote from the New York Athlon, the well known English organ in this country, and edited by Wm. Young Esq., an Englishman, the following upon Geo. Thompson:

"The deliberate violation of a solemn and self imposed trust, justly draws down upon the offending party the anger and contempt of his fellows; and Mr. Geo. Thompson, an unworthy member of the British Parliament, stands unquestionably in this predicament.—That Parliament is now in session, and this recreant is three thousand miles away, stirring up a strife in a foreign country, perverting the great cause of liberty of speech, bringing the name of his countrymen into disrepute, and playing such fast and loose before the American public as stamp him a political mountebank. The town of Springfield, Mass., has been the theatre in which he exhibited himself in the past week, forcing himself upon an unwilling populace, and recklessly endangering the peace of the town.—The man who faces danger, unpopularity and prejudice, at the call of duty, deserves our highest esteem; but the charlatan who betrays his constituents, turns a deaf ear to the cries of suffering humanity at his own door, and introduces his spurious philanthropy where it is offensive and useless—resolute that he may be and gifted with ability—we pronounce such a man to be a public nuisance, and we honestly believe that ninety-nine out of a hundred Englishmen on this continent, will join in the verdict."

## THREE CENT PIECES.

Are now being made at the United States Mint. They are three quarters silver and one quarter copper, and about the size of a Spanish sixteenth, but considerably thicker.

## Horrible Crime in Paris.

We find the following under the head of Parisian correspondence, in a late number of the London Sunday Times. It is a story worthy of being reprinted, although its principal events are not strictly of a tale that we read every year ago. Supposing the story to be true, its features are as interesting as they are horrible, and are prominent of contemporary and suggestive legislation.

## PARIS, FEBRUARY 6.

At Paris, aggravated by the rumor of a man who had been taken to the hospital, and who had been kept out of the public press apparently because they have found themselves entirely at fault in the matter. For several days they have been busy engaged in raising the matter, but at the moment at which I write the effort still remains in a preliminary and doubtful state. Nothing so horrible has ever been perpetrated as far as the annals of crime in this country record to have occurred; and had I the details from the authorities I could not for a moment recall the details. Mr. Fremont, however, says that he is a friend, and that the medical man who prescribes a certain part in the matter, is the doctor. My informant is a young French lawyer, and of the most excellent personal character and reputation. These preliminary observations are necessary to enable the reader to realize to his mind the probability of the narration.

On the evening of Feb. 1st a carriage drove up to the door of a carpenter's shop in the neighborhood of the Rue St. Honoré, and a gentleman, not yet thirty years of age, with his hat drawn over his eyes, entered the shop, and asked to speak with the master. The master came, and asked what he could do for his service.—The stranger replied that he wanted a clean and severe workman, who could execute some repairs with rapidity, that very evening; and he requested that he would give him one at once, with all the necessary tools. The carpenter willingly acquiesced, and gave the stranger one of his young men, who took all the tools which could be required—plane, hand-saw, and nails, &c. The young man entered the carriage, which drove up the Champs Elysees towards the Barrier de l'Étoile.—The carriage passed through the barrier, and stopped a little outside the gate. The young man was then told that he must allow his eyes to be bandaged, as they desired what he was about to do to be a great secret. After some hesitation he consented. His eyes were then firmly bandaged, and the carriage, which he had previously noticed was driven by a gentleman, continued on its way. Perfectly isolated; the young man was lifted out of the carriage and carried by two persons some distance. The bandage was then removed, and he found himself in a cellar, where a number of dead boards were waiting for him.

"What am I to do?" said he, rather unsteady at first.

"You will at once make a coffin cut of one plank," said the stranger, with a foreign accent.

"A coffin?"

"Yes—no hesitation," said the other, who now drew forth a pistol, while the young man remarked that his companions were also armed.

The carpenter very much alarmed, set to work to make a coffin, which they further directed should be about his own size. He worked away, aided as much as possible by the man, and at last made a coarse, rough, but solid coffin.

"Glad to do it," said the man, presenting his pistol.

The carpenter hesitated, but the men of the carpenter's was so menacing that though trembling like a leaf, he obeyed. When he had laid down a moment the men expressed themselves satisfied, and bade him get out, which he did with the utmost alacrity. They then took him into an inner cellar, and bade him remain still until again called. He obeyed, and here he found the only indication which he had been able to give to the police—the cell, had had an air-hole to it, through which he recognized the dial-rod hanging weed of an ascetic.

But he was not left here long. The men called him back, on her knees her hands clasped, he found a young and lovely girl of eighteen. "O! I know I am going to die, but have pity on him." The terrified carpenter stood still aghast, but his terror became almost madness when he saw the men seize the girl, tie her, and place her in the coffin alone, despite her shrieks of despair. They then again, with leveled pistols, bade him to stand up the coffin which seemed to resist he did, though every nail seemed to strike to his heart. At last the fearful tragedy was over, and all was still. The men then bandaged the young carpenter's eyes, carried him out of the vault, and took him to the carriage. Near the barrier, they set him down, tools and all, with the payment for his work, and drove off with celerity in the direction of Bois de Boulogne.

The carpenter took a coach—his teeth chattering, his brain on fire—and went home, where straightway he was very ill, and the following morning he was very ill, and the doctor I have already alluded to was sent for.—The doctor found him in an alarming state, but able to speak clearly. He told his terrible story, and the doctor sent for the commissary of police, who received the declaration. Shortly after the man died of sheer fright and horror. At first all parties were inclined to treat the story as a hallucination, but the master proved the fetching of his workman, and there was his box of tools.

The whole secret police of Paris has been sent on foot to discover the secret of this horrible tragedy, which is not at all incredible in this country.