J. J. BRUNER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Carolina Watchman.

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Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE LEGISLATURE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

SENATE.—Mr. Brown moved to lay the bill on the table for the present, and proceed to the consideration of the unfinished business of yesterday, (12th Dec.) viz: the resolutions introduced by him to send commissioners to South Carolina. Agreed to.

The question recurred upon the amendment of Mr. Turner to the resolution of Mr. Avery.

Mr. Ervin then addressed the Senate to a considerable length.

Mr. Rainey said he did not rise to consume time. The Senate had shown a disposition to shorten debate on yesterday, but as other Senators had been indulged in full latitude in the discussion on this subject, he desired to be heard. He recognized the fact that we were in the midst of excitement, perhaps of revolution; but he did not believe the people of the State were as much excited as the Legislature or Congress; we were manufacturing public opinion for the people, and not the people for us. The disunionists, who proposed to inaugurate new events, were now, as revolutionists always were, more active than those who did not desire change. The resolutions received here he did not believe reflected the popular will. The call for the meeting in Rowan was made only for those who were in favor of a convention, and many friends of the Union, after consultation, did not attend the meeting.

The cause of the present excitement was ostensibly the question of negro slavery. The real cause was ambition of designing men, and a struggle for commercial and political power.—There were disunionists *per se* in the South, and there had been for years. Mr. Calhoun had inaugurated the move in 1832, and Mr. R. believed that if the slavery question was settled to-morrow that discussion would be agitated in some other shape. Mr. R. here read extracts from the debates in the Legislature of South Carolina in 1851, to show that this was the case. He believed the election of Mr. Lincoln was only a pretext eagerly desired by those men to disrupt the Government. This was evinced by the fact that Lincoln's election was received with demonstration of joy in many parts of the South. It was now declared that the election of Lincoln, together with northern aggression, and the antecedents of the Black Republican party, was just cause for secession. The Senator from Burke said so now, but had for reasons satisfactory to himself not said so before the election. But that ground was untenable; Lincoln was constitutionally elected, and to revolute for that cause, would be to revolute against the constitution.—He was elected by a minority of the people; the opposition vote against him in the North was more than the whole Southern vote, and the majority against him in the Union was nearly one million. He was not a King; he was the servant of the people, elected to execute and not to make the laws. We, said Mr. R., are the 'citizen King's' of the country, and if Lincoln violates the law, let us impeach him, and in the language of the Senator from Caswell, "expel the tyrant from the throne," and if necessary execute him.

The personal liberty bills of the North were now held up as furnishing just cause for secession. Mr. R. did not defend them. They were odious, offensive, unconstitutional, and he would join in demanding their repeal. But they had existed under former administrations, and if he was not misinformed, the law of Pennsylvania had been on the statute book for seventeen years. He commended to State rights men the consideration of the fact, that the nullification act of South Carolina had set a bad example which Massachusetts had followed. But as Mr. Buchanan's message disclosed the fact that he had executed the fugitive slave law in spite of those statutes, why should we dissolve the Union on an abstraction?

The Senator from Cabarrus said that it was the lust of dominion, the ambition and fanaticism, not the throne, but the power behind the throne, at the North, that he feared. Mr. R. recognized fellow humanity as the same in the South as in the North, and a dissolution of the government would not free us from its evils.—Senators spoke of settling this question forever. Would separation settle it? Would it not have a revolution in a Southern confederacy? He thought so, and preferred to settle it in the Union to attempting settlement out of it.

What were the remedies proposed? The first was secession, and Senators spoke of secession, without bloodshed. They betrayed themselves; they were preparing for war. They ignored the opinions of Washington, Clay, Webster and of Jackson, who regarded civil war as inevitable in the event of dissolution. If the North was so fanatical as to push matters to the extremity of dissolution, they would make fanatics rule upon us afterwards. We asked our rights in the territories, we asked the rendition of fugitive slaves. If we seceded we left the flag of the Union with the North; we gave up the army and navy, and the territories, and converted the North in a foreign nation, upon whose soil the fugitive slave would be free. Secession was submission. If we did not surrender every thing by secession we must fight. A State Convention was proposed. Mr. R. did not fear the people; he had no doubt they would declare for the Union, yet it might not be wise to say so. If we did not intend alterior measures, the Legislature could do all that was necessary; a convention was necessary only in case we intended otherwise. It would furnish the disunionists with a pretext to transfer agitation from the leaders to the people. If it was "premature, impolitic, dangerous and rashness," to go before the people for consent, and ask that clause might be taxed according to value, would it be politic and just—might it not be dangerous to go before the people and agitate the whole subject of slavery? Mr. R. threw out this reflection for the consideration of a certain class of persons.—He did not fear to trust the people himself; he might or might not vote for the convention when the subject came up.

The resolutions under consideration looked to a consultation first with South Carolina and then with the Southern States. South Carolina might bear us respectfully, but she would go out of the Union. It was part of the programme that she was to go out—was "to strike the first blow." The Union was to be dissolved, and the cotton States, were we to go with the cotton States or with the States North, then we were to be dragooned and forced into co-operation.—Mr. R. thought it meanness to ask South Carolina to desist. He preferred that she should feel the responsibility of her position. If the fate of herself she must take the fatal plunge, and destroy the most free, happy and glorious government, ever vouch safed from God to man, did not cause her to pause, nothing we could say would do it. She had never treated North Carolina with the respect she her. Mr. R. would congratulate the Senator from Cabarrus upon the eulogy he had pronounced on South Carolina. When that Senator was reviled, he reviled not again—when smote upon one cheek he turned the other; but he had paid a tribute to South Carolina that that State would not return.

Had we any assurance that Southern States would all join in convention, and if they did, would not the cotton States go into the conference as they did into the Presidential election, determined that all should be well if things should go as they desire, and if not, then to secede? Mr. R. wanted no sectional consultation, that could not be covered by the flag of the country. If the Union is to be dissolved, he was for North Carolina setting up for herself. Dissolution would establish the doctrine of secession which would have a moral, if not legal recognition in a Southern confederacy. The Southern States would not be constituted into a government, but into a confederacy of Sovereign States, and if debts become oppressive, if tariffs were enacted, any or all the States might secede. No faith could then be kept. The first line of separation between the North and South would not be permanent: sub divisions would take place; the States would be separated, and to escape these evils let us commence where it is probable we will end. North Carolina will make as great a nation as South Carolina.

The Senator from Burke had defined a Unionist to be one who was willing for the extinction of slavery. Mr. R. was for the Union because he looked upon dissolution as an irrevocable decree of emancipation, and destruction of slavery. The end of free States would then be drawn around us, and slavery might "sting itself to death." He wished the perpetuation of the Union because he wished the perpetuation of slavery.

Senators were taunted with being Unionists *per se*. If, said Mr. R., I was a Unionist per se, I should be in good company. Washington, Clay, Webster and others were Unionists of that class. Washington had told us "discontinance a suspicion that it (the Union) can in any event be abandoned." If I should say that I would not surrender the Union "in any event," I should be called a submissionist—perhaps an abolitionist.

Mr. R. would not say it in a party sense but he was for the Constitution, as well as the Union, and he was for the enforcement of the laws. Among the latter was the fugitive slave law, and the repeal of the liberty bills. Let us ask, but we demand the repeal of these laws. Let us ask firmly, with dignity and determination. Our father's petitioned, remonstrated and prostrated themselves at the foot of the Throne, before they separated from the mother country. Mr. R. did not ask the South to bow at the foot of the North, but he asked the South, to exhaust every effort to preserve the Union, and if the North will not hear us, then we can resort to revolution.

A STRONG UNION APPEAL IN GEORGIA.

The Hon. John P. King, one of the most popular men in Georgia, is out in an appeal to the people against the madness of the hour. He takes the ground that the South can obtain better security in the Union than out of it. He says:

"It was the perfidy of States that called the Union into existence. The Union cemented these faithless, jealous, sectional bodies together, and from objects of contempt, when separated, they rapidly grew into one of the most powerful and prosperous nations on the earth.

"These puny efforts of faithless States to nullify the Fugitive Slave Law have been borne down in every instance when the two powers came in contact. Even Black Republican Judges have generally sustained the law, and it is the boast of Judge McLean that a fugitive never escaped in his jurisdiction, for want of a correct interpretation of the law. Burns was returned, at the point of federal bayonets, in spite of the laws of perfidious Massachusetts. This government has performed every duty expected of it, and has never failed to exert its power, when called on to enforce the constitutional rights of slavery. For that very reason the nitra Abolitionists at the North denounced it as a 'league with hell,' and wished to get rid of it. They are consistent, for it is their only chance to accomplish their hellish designs. Are we equally so, when we wish to give up this bulwark, without a single equivalent? In the Union, we have every power of protection, by State action, that we would have out of it, and have this additional security besides. In the Union our slaves are (to use the strong language of another) 'as safe as if they were in the middle of the earth.' Are we certain that they will be equally so, under the lone star, and 'the sublime terrors of the blue cockade?'"

Again, in regard to the precipitation with which secession is urged forward, Pinckney says:

"On the subject of our sister States, one question must frequently occur to us. Why is it that we are so much excited and so much more anxious for dissolution, than the border States? They lose five hundred slaves by the bad faith of the free States where we lose one, and should be more excited and more anxious for a change, if by a change they could look for a remedy.—The reasons, I apprehend, are these: First, they appreciate the dangers of dwelling border wars, with all their attendant crimes and destruction of life and property; second, they see no remedy in separation, but only a tenfold aggravation of the evil. They are near neighbors to people of the border free States, and understand the whole subject fully—much better than we do. They know that, although there are some miscreants employed in favoring the escape of slaves, there are always hundreds of others ready to assist in their recovery, and that the difficulty of escape deters thousands from making the attempt. Insecurity to the fugitive in the free States is manifest from the fact that the fugitive makes all haste to reach Canada, where only he is safe. Now, suppose Canada bordered on the Ohio, instead of the free States, bound to us by the Union, instead of the slaves now lost, they would go off in stampedes with no power to molest them after they reached the northern shore; and this, too, supposes perpetual peace, about as reasonable as to propose perpetual salvation.

Now, what would be the natural result of all this? From the insecurity of slave property in the border States, it would soon become valueless, and would be sold to the States farther South. The present border States would become free States in self-defence. The same thing would follow upon each border State as the free States advanced upon them until slavery would be extinguished or confined to very narrow limits on the Gulf and coast, where white labor could not be employed. The utra abolitionists are logical in their anxiety to dissolve the Union, "as the only chance for the ultimate extinction of slavery." But for us to give the security which the Union affords us, create a hostile border of six hundred miles—with an exposed coast of two thousand miles—without a ship or sailor and trifling materials for either, to give a greater security to slavery, would seem to me as an absurdity, were it not for the respect I have for others entertaining that opinion.

DANIEL WEBSTER ON "PEACEABLE SECESSION."—A THRILLING SPEECH.

In his last great speech in the Senate, on the 7th of March, 1850, Daniel Webster thus spoke of secession:

"*Mr. President*—I should much prefer to have heard from every member on this floor, declarations of opinion that this Union could never be dissolved, than the declaration of opinion by anybody that, in any case, under the pressure of any circumstances, such a dissolution was possible. I hear with distress and anguish the word "Secession," especially when it falls from the lips of those who are patriotic, and known to the country and known all over the world, for their political services. Secession! Peaceable Secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country with convulsion! The breaking up of the foundations of the Great Deep without ruffling of the surface! Who is so foolish (I beg everybody's pardon) as to expect to see any such thing? Sir, he who sees these States, now revolving in harmony around a common centre, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off, without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without causing the wreck of the Universe. There can be no such thing as peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. Is the great Constitution under which we live, covering this whole country, is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountains melt under the influence of a vernal sun, disappear almost unobserved and run off? No, sir! I will not state what might produce the disruption of the Union; but, sir, I see as plain as I see the sun in the heaven what that disruption itself must produce. I see that it must produce war, and such war as I will not describe in its two-fold character.

"Peaceable secession! Peaceable secession! The concurrent agreement of all the members of this great Republic to separate! A voluntary separation, with alimony on the one side and on the other! Why, what would be the result? Where is the line to be drawn? What States are to secede? What is to retain America?—What am I to be? An American no longer? Am I to become a sectional man, a local man, separatist with no country in common with the gentlemen who sit around me here, or who fill the other house of Congress? Heaven forbid! Where is the flag of the Republic to remain?—Where is the eagle still to soar? Or is he to cower and shriek, and fall to the ground? Why, sir, our ancestors, our fathers and our grandfathers, those of them that are yet living among us with prolonged lives, would rebuke and reproach us, and our children and our grandchildren would cry out shame upon us, if we of this generation should dishonor these emblems of the power of the government and the harmony of that union which is every day felt among us with so much joy and gratitude."

THE DAMAGE AT FORT MOULTRIE,

though as yet unrepaired, is neither so extensive nor so irremediable as was at first thought. Under command of Major Anderson, the work was strengthened in a truly wonderful manner, though many parts of it were unfinished at the time of the evacuation. However, this is all so much labor saved the South Carolina troops, and under the energetic superintendence of Col. Quinn, Engineer-in-Chief, and his efficient corps of Aids, chosen principally from the Washington Artillery, the work commenced is being busily pushed forward to completion.—A large force of laborers have been put to work, and in a very short time everything will be set in order.

Contrary to expectation, none of the guns of the fort are materially injured. Those that were spiked were rendered useless for the time being only. The instruments used to stop up the touch holes were simply wrought nails, most of which have already been taken out. None of the guns were injured by the application of tar either inside or outside—and the way the impression got abroad that this substance has been used by the evacuating party, was from the charred appearance of the tar always used as a coating to protect the guns from the weather after it was burned.

Carriages for the heavy 8 inch Columbiads, bearing on Fort Sumpter, which were destroyed by fire on the night of evacuation, are being re-constructed with all possible dispatch in this city. The iron work of the old guns is capable of being used again, so that, after all, not much time will be lost.

In deserting the fort, military men say Major Anderson did as little harm to the works as it was possible for him to do.—He might have done a great deal more. He might have blown up the work, or might have injured it to such a degree that it would have been rendered worthless even after a year's labor had been spent in repairing it. As it now is, to-morrow night will see it almost as strongly fortified as it was on the 26th.—*Charleston Courier, of Dec. 31st.*

☞The laborers employed in Fort Sumter were requested by Major Anderson to remain in the Fort and take up arms in its defence, but they declined to do so, and were sent ashore.

From the Gentle Annie Songster.

[RECITATION BY REQUEST.]

"Our Union, Wright or Wrong."

Rouse, hearts of Freedom's only home!
Hark to disunion's cry,
Dear liberty beneath her dome,
Proclaims that danger's nigh;
Come let your noble shouts ring forth,
In trumpet voices strong,
"We know no South, we know no North,
Our Union right or wrong."

The temple our brave Father's made
The wonder of the world,
Shall they behold their shrine dismay'd
When treason's flag's unfurled;
Oh, Never, by the glorious stars
Which on our banner throng;
Rouse, sons of three victorious wars,
For Union right or wrong.

Our patriotic Father's shades,
With Washington on high,
Point to their blood-anointed blades
And to their children cry,
Rouse, freemen by your Father's scars,
On to the rescue throng;
Defend our flag and sacred stars,
The Union right or wrong.

Sons of the press proclaim its worth,
In telegraphic fires,
Bid young America stand forth
And emulate their sires:
Wake sister states and hand in hand,
Round Freedom's Temple throng,
Come shout in one united band,
Our Union right or wrong.

Low Life in New York.

It is some fifteen years since, under an escort furnished by my excellent friend Matsell, I passed along these narrow streets and stifling alleys. There has been a great change for the better. The old Brewery has given way to a mission house and a sort home for children without parents. Warehouses and granite stores are springing up in new and crowded thoroughfares. But there is yet room, Heaven knows, for still greater changes. More than a year ago, I gave you a short experience of high hotel life in this city, and spoke of the almost exact similarity between the people of that time, in the gorgeous saloons and sweeping halls of those "steamboats ashore," and the people who flirted, *feted*, and flattered in the large hotels of New York, ten years before. And if I had not known that death had been busy since my last nocturnal visit to the haunts of lower life, gathering his human harvest, I could have almost sworn that the faces and figures, the riot and rags, the filth and profanity of yesterday night, were the same that had saddened and startled me before. The evening was a lovely one. There was a young moon in a clear sky, and the atmosphere was soft and cool. The close lanes were crowded with a mixed mass of men, women, and children—not those that surged in and swept Broadway, but another race, probably as indifferent to Broadway as Broadway to them. Music was heard from almost every door; glasses were clinking; and above the din of voices the tones of the gentler sex were heard as the octave flute is heard in the full orchestra.

Let us enter one of these dens. First is the gin-shop, with a stout woman as the presiding divinity, who welcomes us with no pleasant air, but who does not refuse admission when she sees the protecting "star" that shine benignantly at our side. Next, the ball-room. Not a bad copy of other saloons with more pretensions. At the extreme end is a balcony, or box, in which are a violin, a clarionet, and a fife, each with a bloated face behind it, and the trio are producing a sort of drunken cotillion. The set is being formed. The women are first in position, each with her partner, generally invited by herself. The men are generally heavy begrimmed and bewhiskered; and among them two who do not look to be over eighteen. "Most of these," said our guide, "are known to be burglars; and that fellow, at full length on the side bench, is supposed to have been guilty of at least three murders. That woman has had five husbands—the last is at sea—and she will soon have another; and that young fellow, with the light cap, who dances so gracefully, and is dressed so well, is one of the most expert pickpockets in the country." We left the usual fee, but were informed that the girls could not get *gin* till the ball was over. The tigress at the bar kept them sober on light potations till this part of their slavery was performed. These frail sisters are mostly attached to these houses as so many fixtures, paying so much a week for their board—at least five dollars—which they must earn by the double sacrifice of body and soul! I heard some stories of the way they are treated by their overseers—who are too often fiends in the shape of men; how they are driven out when they yield to the temptations around them; how they are forced to submit to the most inhuman brutalities; and how, in utter desperation, more than one finds peace in an early grave, a willing victim to the vice she labored to resist, or to that longing for death which is gratified by poison or the knife. But I will not repeat these details; forsooth to say, if they were fit to tell, they would not be believed, familiarly notorious as they are here. In one of these dens, where gin was not prohibited, I saw a child of not more than six years stupid with rum—its eyes half closed in drunkenness, and its little face bloated! "For God's sake, give me some air," said one of our party; "I cannot stand this a moment longer."

Wait, oh over-delicate and squeamish friend! You will cry for "air" presently with a sincerer zeal. We are as yet only in the vestibule of these mysteries. What we have to see lies further on in the night. Be patient, and do not let thy gorge rise too soon.

"Stop here, and take care of your watches." "This," said our kind policeman, "is the resort of those who get gin at a cent a glass. Enter!" Gracious God! and are these thy creatures!—Ranged on benches, in a narrow cave, are the victims of this infernal traffic. They are all worse than idiots. There is not one of them who has intelligence enough to contend for equality with a monkey. They glare at you with meaningless eyes; they gibber through trembling and quivering lips, and try to arrest you with weak hands as you pass. If they converse with each other, it is like a conversation between baboons.

"This," said our guide, (touching the shoulder of a man who, with hands in his pockets, vacantly gazed upon us,) is a good mechanic, who can earn good wages if he chooses, but every now and then he breaks out into a frolic, and here is the place he comes to spend his leisure in. I am sorry, Ben," he said, turning to the man, "to see you here again." The poor fellow bowed his head and left the den.

As it was growing late, we were invited by our escort to look at some of the lodging rooms in the neighborhood. With lantern in hand, which served to make his "star" visible, and to show the way to rickety stairs, we descended into a deep cellar. On opening the door, there steamed up such a stench as made us recoil as before a blow, creating indescribable sensations—breathing, it might be, infectious disease.

The first sight that met our eyes was a baby, calmly sleeping in its cradle, watched over by a blear-eyed and drunken mother, who greeted us with a laugh, and pointed to the inner chamber, where was a sight that only the pen of a Dickens, or the pencil of a Wilkie, could describe.

The evening was not cold, but the keeper of this airless hole had lit a fire in a dilapidated stove, which seemed to increase the stench that filled the place as with a cloud. Piled on benches, packed upon shelves, lay human beings—happily, up to this time all men—some asleep, some glaring upon us like wild beasts, and all apparently miserable: The proprietor sat between the bunks, smoking his pipe and answering questions.

In another of these catacombs (for so they may well be called; the living bodies exhaling an odor as putrid as if the bodies were as dead as the sensibilities they feebly surrounded) there was a still more hideous sight. Husbands and wives—for so let us believe them to be—lay together. A sick dog whined in the corner, keeping up an unearthly yell, and making us shudder before the superstition that greets such a sound as the forerunner of death; and between his agonizing wail and the curses of the men and women around me, I thought, for a moment, that I was in a lesser Pandemonium.

"Gentlemen, are you satisfied?" said our kind guardian.

"Yes, more than satisfied," said a Philadelphia friend by my side, who only stuck to me because I should have upbraided him for his desertion.

Following our "star" in single file, we began to ascend a building of some three or four stories, along dark entries, up creaking stairs, and through gloomy passages, until we came to a room at which the officer knocked loudly. For some moments there was no answer, but at last a gruff voice cried out:

"Who's there?"

"An officer."

"What do you want?"

"I want to see you. I've got company for you."

"They shall not come in; you have no business with me. I tell you I'll not open the door."

The officer turned to us and said, "Here is an old customer who knows his legal right. I wish I could show his crib; but I will not break open his door."

On another story we had less difficulty. At a single rap the door opened, and there stood before us a negro more hideous in his ugliness and more terrible in his appearance than I can describe. A mingling of what one reads of Fagin and Bill Sykes; a combination of craft and of sensuality; a brutalized idea of a vulgar Shylock, and an inhuman bully.

"Well, Tobe," said our guide, "how are you to-day, and how are your wives?"

"Pretty well, thank you, sir," he responded, bowing and pointing to a corner, where, on a single pallet, with an unoccupied space between, lay two *white females*, who had once been women, and now were brutes.

It was now verging upon the small hours, and we turned our attention to the station-house of another ward. On our way, the officer picked up a little boy, with what seemed to be a cigar-box slung over his shoulder—a boy not more than five years old. He was without father and mother, had been peddling his candies and begging his pennies since morning, and seemed to be glad to be captured, because, all guiltless as he was, he might thus secure a resting-place for the night. Our officer informed us that it was no uncommon thing for children from ten to fourteen to be accomplished as pickpockets, and to make a business of asking alms; but this little fellow was not of this class. We carried him to the station-house, and made ample compensation to him for our indifference, because what we had just seen seemed to care for no human sympathy or assistance.

The lieutenant at this station kindly threw open the doors of the lodging-rooms, and of the cells for prisoners taken up during the night. In one of these rooms we counted fourteen women; homeless and friendless creatures, who had there sought shelter. Some were asleep, and those who waked drew their shawls over their bare heads to avoid the gaze of the visitors. One held in her arms a child about two years old whose little pale face and attenuated limbs indicated that the sands of its life were fast running out, and that Providence intended to rescue it from the fate of the poor wretches around it.

Outside of this small and close cell, on benches, were stretched other women. Not a few of their countenances showed past beauty of no ordinary character. The black, glossy hair of one, her white teeth, and her finely-chiseled features, were evidence that, young as she was, she had flaunted her brief day as queen among her class. But she, too, was not long for this life.

At the end of the corridor was a room somewhat larger, occupied by the men lodgers. Here the degradation was more apparent. The bruised and bloated faces, the shoeless feet, the filth, and the noisome smell that exhaled from their bodies, created a sensation of indescribable nausea. They were packed in like herring; all, without exception, the victims of drink and its attendant vices and crimes.

Down stairs were the cells in which the prisoners of the night were confined—sentenced on various charges; some for drunkenness and others for theft and burglary. On one of the hard pallets a woman was reposing. She roused up at our approach, and began to weep and moan in the most heart-rending manner. Next door to her was a mother with a child in her arms. One cell contained three men. My attention was called to one of these, an aged man, who came forward and protested that his companion was killing him. "He has beaten me," said the man, "for the last two hours; I am here for nothing; I have committed no crime; I have seen better days. For the sake of humanity take me out of this place." His appeal was sustained by the appearance of his tormentor, a young and stalwart Irishman, with a hideous face, who poured out a torrent of profane vituperation upon the old man. The officer kindly released the latter, amid the most earnest expressions of gratitude.

The station-houses seemed to be superior to those of Philadelphia. The accommodations for the officers are neat and convenient; the hall itself large and well ordered, and the whole economy of the place admirable. Most of the lieutenants are men of education and character, and the discipline of the rank and file of the police seems to be exact and severe. A record is kept of all those who are lodged and confined; their ages, sex, occupation, and residence. The majority of the guilty and poor seemed to be males, but the proportion of females was frightfully large.

The adventures of these unfortunates would furnish a startling commentary upon the scarcity of female employment, and the inadequacy of female wages.—Attracted to New York, they run a brief career, after as brief a resistance to the allurements of vice, and die an early death.

The history of a young girl from an adjacent village was told to us. She was extremely lovely; but, fond of dress and admiration, was induced on one occasion to pay a visit to New York, by a man who represented himself as a merchant, and proved to be a gambler. She never returned to her happy home, but became an inmate of one of the Mercer street houses, where she remained for some two years. At the end of this time she had contrived to save some fifteen hundred dollars, and then resolved to change her course of life, and to live upon her little fortune. At this moment the tempter again appeared, in the person of her seducer. She loved him ardently, and, with a woman's confidence, surrendered to his keeping her money, on the promise that it should be repaid five fold. She never saw him more, "and now," said the officer, "she is almost a nightly occupant of one of our cells.

Those who have read the works of Dickens will remember how he delineates the mystery of thieving in all its varieties; the skill and dexterity of the London burglars; the utter degradation, even of children of both sexes, reared amid evil associations, and the difficulty of detecting the really guilty. New York cannot, of course, equal London in this respect, but it has many representatives worthy the pen of the illustrious Boz. Anecdotes are related of boys of ten years, who make the circuit of the city, day and night, with violin and tamourine, and return with a considerable harvest, taken from the pockets of their audiences, all of which, in turn, is counted over to their leader, who exercises a brutal tyranny over his youthful followers.

The nationalities of the *habitues* of the part of New York that we visited are American, German, and Irish. Of course, American rowdyism is there represented in its worst phases; but the fondness for liquor seemed to show itself less among the Germans. Those who resort to the German dens prefer lager beer, while in other quarters we noticed that gin, whisky, and other poisonous decoctions were the favorite beverages.

Our next and last visit was to the negro headquarters. Down stairs a stable; the second floor a coffin warehouse; the third a ball-room and a bar! The contrast was entirely in favor of the colored ladies and gentlemen. The room was cleaner, the females better dressed and better behaved, and the men looking healthier and more alert. A large party occupied the floor as we entered. The music was good, and the dancers, more decorous than those we had seen. Among those who participated, we noticed four young white men, apparently clerks from neighboring stores. They seemed to be much consternated at the appearance of the officers and the strangers. But they worried through the dance, and took the first opportunity to escape.

Leaving a fee with the woman who had charge of the place, we returned to our carriages, and reached our quarters, tired, jaded, and depressed. Philadelphia has its sore spots, like New York. The Press lately published a very faithful daguerreotype of the condition of the degraded in Bedford, Baker, and Spafford streets. But no such sights appal the senses in our city as those which are so common in New York. If time had permitted, we should have given more evenings to the examination of other places. What we saw was but a portion of the city.

When we left our hotel, early in the evening, Broadway, in a bright moonlight, was crowded with foot-passengers. The street was covered with carriages and vehicles of all descriptions. Streams of light poured from gay stores, and joy and comfort seemed to abound. When we returned, that vast thoroughfare was deserted and quiet. The contrast between the close and stifling alleys we had left, and the splendid avenue, stretching for miles through the heart of that great metropolis, was strangely suggestive. How few of those who flaunted on Broadway cared for their human brothers and sisters, perishing within five minutes' walk! Beyond, and in the aristocratic portion of the city, in the Fifth avenue—where, for other miles, stretch lordly palaces, crowded with luxurious adornments, and occupied by those whose wants are anticipated and whose tastes vitiated by an excess of wealth, there is a criminal indifference to the suffering poor. Little of the vast revenues coined in speculation and in trade is diverted to their relief.

The annual contribution to a fashionable church, the frequent presents to a popular preacher, may be said to be the usual limit of the charities of the over rich. In their eyes, poverty is crime, and one poverty-stricken wretch detected and confined is made an excuse for including the whole class. How much such a man as Astor might do to alleviate the distressed and to rescue the degraded! One month's income, set apart every year, of his almost countless wealth; devoted to the payment of a volunteer force, instructed to provide lodgings for those who stroll these streets, night and day; expended for the gathering in of the fatherless children, who, having none to care for them, beg and steal that they may live; to the cleansing of the narrow lanes in the neighborhood of the Five Points; to the removal or purification of the tumble-down tenements, in which hundreds hide themselves—would confer more lasting honor upon his name than all the gifts ostentatiously bestowed for doubtful purposes.

J. W. F.

Payment of Duties.—The following important resolution in relation to the payment of duties, was adopted by the Convention in secret session on Saturday last:

Resolved, That until otherwise ordered, the Collectors of the Ports in this State be authorized to receive payment of duties in bills of the Banks of this State; provided, that no bank notes be accepted by the Collectors which are below the par value of the notes of the Bank of the State of South Carolina.

The following resolutions have also been adopted by the Convention in secret session:

Resolved, That the President of this Convention be requested to transmit to His Excellency the Governor, and to the General Assembly of this State, at its session, copies of the Ordinances which have been, or may, from time to time, be adopted by this body.

Resolved, That as soon as the Convention shall have passed on such questions as may be necessary to the public safety to consider immediately, it will adjourn.

Charleston Courier, Dec. 31st.

Beautifully Said.—The following paragraphs conclude an able and interesting letter from Gov. Sam Houston to several Texas gentlemen:

"So long as the Constitution is maintained by "Federal authority," and Texas is not made the victim of "Federal wrong," I am for the Union as it is.

"I am now an aged man. My locks have become white in toiling, as I believe, for the liberties of mankind. Were I young, that I might look forward to the future, feeling that whatever danger might come my strong arm would be at hand to defend my family, I should feel less anxiety than I do at present. The years that I will have to endure the misfortunes of civil war are but few. If I could feel that with the close of my career would end the miseries of my race, I could share its misfortunes with patience; but to feel that the perils of revolution must continue; that war, with its attendant horrors of bloodshed, rapine, and devastation, must still be visited upon it, would embitter my last moments; and after living to witness the demolition of the best Government that ever existed, I would sink to the grave without a hope that freedom would be regenerated, or our posterity ever enjoy again the blessings with which we had parted. Let us pause and ponder well before we take any action outside of the Constitution."

High Prices for a Nigger.—The Huntsville (Ala.) Advocate, of the 12th inst., says:

The negroes belonging to the estate of Sam'l Townsend, deceased, were sold here last week, on twelve months' time, with interest from date. There were one hundred and sixty-six of them, old and young, and they brought one hundred and thirty-six thousand six-hundred and forty-two dollars—an average of eight hundred and twenty-three dollars and fourteen cents a piece. They were an ordinary lot of negroes, and the prices they brought were astonishing. We are glad to see the confidence our people have in this species of property, and that they are determined to maintain it as one of the fixed institutions. Let the South keep united—act in concert—agree upon the same policy, and the institution is safe, permanent, and profitable in or out of the Union.

Public Printing Office.—The Joint Committee on public Printing—by a unanimous vote have approved of a contract made by Mr. Heart, Superintendent of Public Printing, for the purchase of the Printing Establishment formerly owned by Mr. Wendell. The price was $135,000. The establishment thus contracted for is in amplitude and completeness of material, as well as in other respects, the best printing establishment in this District, if not in the country.

Nat. Int'l.