

same limit, namely, the latitude of 33° , which is the same we mentioned for them on the side of the Mississippi.

We were annoyed to-day in the cars by a man in a beastly state of intoxication, with a gin bottle in his pocket, who got in drunk at daylight in the morning, and continued his debauch until three o'clock in the afternoon, when we arrived at Columbia. This man was not apparently a poor working man, but well dressed, with the exterior of a gentleman. It is not improbable that he may have been a slave-owner. What, then, is to be said of laws that place a number of human beings at the mercy of a creature of this kind? I was sitting by a young man, a graduate of the State College, Columbia, who was as much shocked at this exhibition as I could be. He afterwards related to me an anecdote of the dreadful murder of a slave, which had lately happened in the neighbourhood of Columbia. Two white men had tortured a slave in different ways, one of which, I think, was crushing his fingers in a vice, and finally they set dogs upon him, who tore him to pieces. It was doubted, he added, whether a white man could be convicted for the murder of a slave, but public opinion was roused by the horrible nature of the transaction, and the judge condemned the culprits to death, laying down very gravely the doctrine that a black man was, after all, a human being. It was the first time that such a condemnation had taken place within the State. But my acquaintance added afterwards, in the true American tone,—“Two nasty, dirty fellows! it wasn't even their