

## FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

### THE SLAVE-TRADE.

DRUNKEN REMARKS OF KEITT—ENGLAND AND SLAVERY—PATRIOTIC WOMEN—SLAVE PLOTS.  
From Our Own Correspondent.

CHARLESTON, March 29, 1861.

The Convention met again this morning at St. Andrew's Hall. The belligerent members who were defeated yesterday determined to put up some peg on which to hang a speech, and the whole morning was consumed by the Spratt division in moving resolutions condemnatory of the Constitution adopted at Montgomery. Some of the old gentlemen brought them with tears in their eyes not to let it go forth that there was want of unanimity among them, but it was of no avail; they were determined to have their fling, even if the heavens fell. One of the resolutions was aimed at the anti-slave-trade provisions of the new Constitution. Notwithstanding the assurances of Rhett and of Keitt that they were only intended to be "fizzles," these members from St. Philip's and St. Michael's were determined to be straight upon the record, and so urged the passage of resolutions not only favoring the African slave-trade, but the adoption of the Coolie system immediately as necessitous and supplemental. They were outvoted, however—not on principle, but because the majority think their interests safe in the hands of their representatives, and that good reasons indeed must have been shown for silence on these subjects for the present, otherwise Rhett and Keitt could not have been induced to blink them at Montgomery. Keitt, who was a little tight again last night, got angry because a friend seemed to doubt his constancy to the doctrine of the free importation of ebony; he swears that one of the nearest and dearest objects of his life is to provide niggers, cheap and plenty, for his friends. "But," said he, "Bill Yancey would have looked like an ass had he gone to Europe with that stuck in the programme." Keitt says he'll guarantee that it's all right; Chesnut advised him very quietly not to talk so loudly, or they might as well discuss it in Convention; Keitt took the hint, and invited all hands, your correspondent included, to come up and take a "Palmetto cock-tail, d—n ye."

The *Charleston Mercury* has lighted upon another mare's nest; the other day it celebrated the French recognition of the South; now, after having searched through every English newspaper, and every debate in the House of Commons, and searched in vain for a friendly word, *Gore's Commercial Advertiser*, a paper that nobody outside of cotton-brokers in England ever heard of, says that Great Britain will speedily recognize the Southern Confederacy, and wishes them god-speed. There is about as much truth in Gore's supposition as there was in a telegraph received by the Charleston papers a week ago, which stated that Lord Lyons had spoken privately in favor of the Southern Confederacy; this I happen to know to have been a lie, and the assertion of Gore you may place in the same

category. My information on these matters I take the liberty of believing is superior to that of either Gore or *The Mercury*, and I have no hesitation in asserting that, in recognizing a new power, based upon the proscription of mankind on account of color, England, and, I trust, France, but certainly England, will require guaranties, not only with regard to the slave-trade, but which will entirely prevent any extension of the area which is to be desecrated by human bondage.

The negroes here are in high feather at the continued occupation of Fort Sumter by Maj. Anderson; the poor creatures swear by him, and evidently imagine him to be possessed of some charm, which is working for their benefit. When not in attendance on the Chivalry, they chuckle and caper with delight "'cos Sumter ain't took." They have, I think, a firm belief that God and the right are on the side of the Major, and nobody can persuade them that it is possible to overcome him. There is a great deal of community of sentiment between the darkies and me upon this subject; I do not yet believe the evacuation of Fort Sumter to be a military necessity. The question of the Major's supplies is still in abeyance; meantime, he has the run of the market, such as it is.

A little circumstance came under my notice today which goes to prove my assertions already published in *THE TRIBUNE*, namely: that there are plenty of Union men even in Charleston. A very respectable and industrious man, a native of Pennsylvania, and who resides within the sound of St. Michael's bells, has two intelligent daughters who were employed at the needle by a King street store; they were set to work the other day to manufacture some flags of the gim-crack Pro-Slavery Confederacy; the girls, with a nobleness which was also creditable to their heads and hearts, positively refused to set a stitch in the treasonable bunting, and lost employment in consequence. They have, I am happy to say, been successful in obtaining work for some good and true friends of the Union.

I am in possession of information from the most direct sources that the leading politicians at Montgomery have received intimations that there is wide-spread and increasing dissatisfaction throughout Louisiana with the new Government, and that a strong Reconstruction party is in course of formation. The movement of Sam Houston in Texas also alarms them exceedingly. I only wish that old Sam, in the name of God and his country, backed by a couple of thousand strong arms, would march through Texas into Louisiana. He would be strengthened at every stage, and the irrepressible conflict would begin in earnest. I can promise him a thousand men from these districts who will gladly fight under the Stars and Stripes, if the war cry is to be Freedom, and the ultimatum, Civilization and Progress.

A conversation, which I could not help bearing, at the Charleston Hotel last night, convinces me that the disaffection among the slaves is more general even than I had imagined. A member of the Convention, who comes from the District of Prince George, was relating to a friend circumstances of a plot which he had discovered,

the ramifications of which extended for miles round, and in which the servants of some score of planters were concerned. The idea which possessed the slaves seems to have been that the moment the first gun was fired in Charleston Harbor, they should make a stampede, taking with them all the property they could lay their hands upon. The most pleasing part of the story—to the relator—seemed to be the remembrance of the unmerciful whipping which he ordered to be administered to the men and women concerned in it. This is no singular case; information reaches me daily, which I do not intend to reveal, which proves beyond all doubt that the first gun fired against the United States Government will explode a powder magazine, the vaults of which extend beneath the feet of the whole South. Meantime, the whole attention of the Palmettoans seems to be centered in Charleston Harbor; a new battery is now in course of erection at Mount Pleasant, of the same character with those upon Morris Island, and will not stand the fire of Major Anderson's guns.