J. W. Lompkins

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, devoted to Southern Rights, News, Politics, General Intelligence, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &c.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

W. C. MORAGNE, Editor.
W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.

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THE ILLS WE LEFT BEHIND US.

Oh! what's the use of looking back
As o'er life's road we travel;
Or pausing for a moment to
Some mystery unravel:
The better way's to go ahead—
Let Fortune miss or find us,
And never cast a glance upon
The ills we leave behind us.

When sickness and sore toes combine
To make us sad and weary,
We ought to keep our spirits up,
Nor think that life is dreary;
But cast at once from off our souls
The chains of grief that binds us,
And bid a last farewell unto
The ills we leave behind us.

This world hath pleasure for us all,
As well as care and sorrow,
And though the skies may weep to-day,
They may wipe up to morrow;
Then why should we let present woes
Of former ones remind us?
They're past—they're gone—so let's forget
The ills we leave behind us.

Then let old Time remove the stones
Where all our griefs are covered,
And frighten Memory's bird away,
Which o'er them long has hovered;
For when within his fatal net
Grim Death has once entwined us,
We'll cease to think of present joys
And ills we leave behind us.

THE MURDERER.

A THRILLING TALE.

A little more than fifty years ago, a man by the name of Henry Thompson called at the house of Mr. John Smith, a resident in a retired part of England, and requested a night's lodging. The request was readily granted, and the stranger, having taken some refreshment, retired early to bed, requesting that he might be awakened at an early hour the following morning.

When the servant appointed to call him entered the room for that purpose, he was found in his bed, perfectly dead.

On examining his body, no marks of violence appeared, but his countenance looked extremely natural.

The story of his death soon spread among the neighbors, and inquiries were made who he was, and by what means he came to his death.

Nothing certain, however, was known. He had arrived on horseback, and was seen passing through a neighboring village about an hour before he reached the house where he came to his end. And then, as to the manner of his death, so little could be discovered, that the jury which was summoned to investigate the cause, returned a verdict that he died "by a visitation of God." When this was done, the stranger was buried.

Days and weeks passed on, and little further was known. The public mind, however, was not at rest. Suspicions existed that foul means had hastened the stranger's death. Whispers to that effect were expressed, and in the hearts of many, Smith was considered as guilty.

The former character of Smith had not been good. He had lived a loose and irregular life, involving himself in debt by his extravagances, and, at length, being suspected of having obtained money wrongfully, he suddenly fled from the town.

More than ten years, however, had now elapsed, since his return, during which he had lived at his present residence, apparently in good circumstances and with an improved character. His former life, however, was not remembered, and suspicion, after all, fastened upon him.

At the expiration of two months, a gentleman one day stopped in the place for the purpose of making inquiry respecting the stranger who had been found dead in his bed. He supposed himself to be a brother of the man. The horse and clothes of the unfortunate man still remained, and were immediately known as having belonged to his brother. The body, also, was taken up, and though considerably changed, bore a strong resemblance to him.

He now felt authorized to ascertain, if possible, the manner of his death. He proceeded, therefore, to investigate the circumstances as well as he was able. At length he made known to the magistrate of the district the information he had collected; and upon the strength of this, Smith was taken to jail to be tried for the wilful murder of Henry Thompson.

The celebrated Lord Mansfield was then on the bench. He charged the Grand Jury to be cautious as to the finding a bill against the prisoner. The evidence of his guilt, if guilty, might be small. At a future time it might be greater—more information might be obtained. Should the jury now find a bill against him, and should he be acquitted, he could not be molested again, whatever testimony should rise up against him. The grand jury however, did find a bill, but it was by a majority of only one.

At length the time of trial arrived. Smith was brought into court, and placed at the bar. A great crowd thronged the room, eager and anxious to see the prisoner, and to hear the trial. He himself appeared firm and collected. Nothing in his manner or appearance indicated guilt: and when the question was put to him by the clerk—"Are you guilty?" he answered with an unfaultering tongue, and with a countenance perfectly unchanged,—"Not guilty!"

The counsel for the prosecution now opened the case. But it was apparent that he had little expectation of being able to prove the prisoner guilty. He stated to the jury that the case was involved in great mystery. The prisoner was a man of respectability and of property. The deceased was supposed to have had about him gold and jewels to a large amount; but the prisoner was not so much in want of funds, as to be under a strong temptation to commit murder. And besides, if the prisoner had obtained the property, he had effectually concealed it. Not a trace of it could be found.

Why, then, was the prisoner suspected? He would state the grounds of suspicion. The deceased, Henry Thompson, was a jeweler, reiding in London, and a man of wealth. He had left London for the purpose of meeting a trader at Hull, of whom he expected to make a large purchase. That trader he did meet; and after the departure of the latter, Mr. Thompson was known to have had in his possession gold and jewels to a large amount.

With those in his possession, he left Hull on his return to London. It was not known that he stopped until he reached Smith's, and the next morning was discovered dead in his bed. He died, then, in Smith's house; and if it could be shown that he came to his death in an unnatural way, it would increase his suspicion, that the prisoner was in some way connected with the murder.

The counsel for the prosecution concluded what he had to say. During his address, Smith appeared in no wise to be agitated or distressed—and equally unmoved was he while the witnessed testified in substance what the opening speech of the counsel led the court and the jury to expect.

Lord Mansfield now addressed the jury. He told them that, in his opinion, the evidence was not sufficient to condemn the prisoner, and if the jury agreed with him in opinion, the court would discharge him. Without leaving their seats, the jury agreed that the evidence was not sufficient.

At this moment, when they were about to render a verdict of acquittal, the prisoner rose and addressed the court. He said he had been accused of a foul crime, and the jury had said that there was not sufficient evidence against him. Did the jury mean that there was any evidence against him? Was he to go out of court with suspicions resting upon him, after all? This he was unwilling to do. He was an innocent man, and if the judge would grant him the opportunity he would prove it. He would call his housekeeper, who would confirm a statement which he would now make.

The housekeeper had not appeared in court. She had concealed herself, or had been concealed by him. But he himself now offered to bring her forward, and stated as the reason, not that he was unwilling that she could testify, but knowing the excitement, he was fearful that she might be bribed to give testimony contrary to fact. But he was now ready to relate all the circumstances he knew—she might, then, be called and be examined. If her testimony does not confirm his story, let me be condemned.

The request of the prisoner seemed reasonable, and Lord Mansfield, contrary to usual practice, granted it.

The prisoner went on with his statement. He said he wished to go out of court relieved from the suspicions which were resting upon him. As to the poison, by means of which the stranger was said to have died, he knew neither the name of it, or even the existence of it, until made known by the counsel. He could call God to witness the truth of what he said.

The housekeeper was now introduced, and examined by the counsel for the prisoner. She had not heard any part of the statement of Smith, nor a single word of the trial. Her story confirmed all he said.

To this succeeded her cross-examination by the counsel for the prosecution. One circumstance had made a deep impression on his mind—this was, that while the prisoner and the housekeeper were in the room of the former, something like a door had obstructed the light of the candle, so that the witness testified to the fact, but could not see it.—What was the obstruction? There was no door—nothing in the room which could account for this. Yet the witness was positive that something like a door, did, for a moment, come between the window and the candle. This needed explanation. The housekeeper was the only person that could give it. Designing to probe this matter, in the end, to the bottom, but not wishing to excite her alarm he began by asking her a few unimportant questions, and among others, where the candle stood while she was in Mr. Smith's room.

"In the centre of the room," she replied "Well, and was the closet or cupboard, or whatever you call it, opened once or twice while it stood there?"

She made no reply.

"I will help your recollection," said the counsel. "After Mr. Smith had taken the medicine out of the closet, did he shut the door, or did it remain open?"

"He shut it."

"And when he replaced the bottle in the closet, he opened it again, did he?"

"He did."

"And how long was it open the last time?"

"Not above a minute."

"Well, and when open, would the door be between the light and the window?"

"It would."

"I forget," said the counsel, "whether you said the closet was on the right or left hand side of the window."

"On the left hand side."

"Would the door of the closet make any noise in opening?"

"None."

"Are you certain?" "I am."

"Have you ever opened it yourself, or only seen Mr. Smith open it?"

"I never opened it myself."

"Did you ever keep the key?"

"Never."

"Who did?"

"Mr. Smith always."

At this moment, the housekeeper chanced to cast her eyes towards Smith, the prisoner. His countenance very suddenly changed. A cold, damp sweat stood upon his brow, and his face had lost all its color; he appeared a living image of death.

She no sooner saw him, than she shrieked and fainted. The consequence of her answers flashed across her mind. She had been so thoroughly deceived by the manner of the advocate, and by the little importance he had seemed to attach to her statements, that she had been led on by one question to another, till she had told him all he wanted to know.

She was obliged to be taken from the court, and a physician, who was present, was requested to attend to her. At this time, the Solicitor for the prosecution (answering to our State's attorney) left the court, but no one knew for what purpose. Presently, the physician came into the court, and stated that it would be impossible for the housekeeper to resume her seat in the box short of an hour or two.

It was almost twelve in the day. Lord Mansfield having directed that the jury should be accommodated with a place where they could be kept by themselves, adjourned the court two hours. The prisoner, in the meantime, was remanded to prison.

It was between four and five o'clock, when the judge resumed his seat upon the bench. The prisoner was again placed at the bar, and the housekeeper was brought in and led to the bar. The court-room was crowded to excess, and an awful silence pervaded the place.

The cross-examining counsel again addressed the housekeeper.

"I have but a few more questions to ask you," said he; "take heed how you answer, for your life hangs upon a thread. Do you know this stopper?"

"I do."

"To what does it belong?"

"To Mr. Smith's."

"When did you last see it?"

"The night of Mr. Thompson's death."

At this moment the [illegible] entered the court, bringing with [illegible] a watch, two [illegible] jewel-case, and pocket-book, and a bottle of the same manufacture as the stopper, and having a cork in it. The bottle was then placed on the table before the prisoner and witness, and from that moment not a doubt remained in the mind of any man of the guilt of the prisoner.

A few words will bring this tale to its close. The court-house and the house where the murder had been committed was about nine miles distant. The solicitor, as soon as the cross-examination of the housekeeper had discovered the existence of the closet and its situation, had set off on horseback, with two sheriffs' officers, and after pulling down a part of the wall of the house, had detected this important place of concealment. Their search was well rewarded; the whole of the property belonging to Mr. Thompson was found there, amounting in value to some thousand pounds; and to leave no room for doubt, a bottle was discovered, which the medical men instantly pronounced to contain the very identical poison which had caused the death of the unfortunate Thompson. The result was too obvious to need explanation.

It scarcely need be added, that Smith was convicted and executed, and brought to this awful punishment by his own means. Had he said nothing—had he not persisted in calling a witness to prove his innocence, he might have escaped. But God had evidently left him to work his own ruin, as a just reward of his awful crime.

TO DESTROY RATS.—Many accidents occurring from the use of poisons, we advise all who are troubled by these *meat and corn depredators* to try the following simple plan: Take some old corks and chip them up into pieces about the size of grains of coffee, and then with an old coffee mill grind them up, and when well ground fry it in some grease. Put it in the vicinity of their haunts, and you will soon see the result."

"EVERY one for himself," as the jackass said when dancing among the chickens.

A Beautiful Little Story.

A few weeks since, in coming down the North River, I was seated in the cabin of the magnificent steamer "Isaac Newton," in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after another, seeking repose from the cares and toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their berths. Some, pulling off their boots and coats, lay themselves down to rest; others, in the attempt to make it seem as much like home as possible, threw off more of their clothing—each one as their comforts or apprehensions of danger dictated.

I had noticed on deck a fine looking boy, of about six years of age, following around a man evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigneer, probably a German—a man of medium height, and respectable dress. The child was unusually fair, and fine looking, handsomely featured, with an intelligent and affectionate expression of countenance; and from under his German cap, fell chesnut hair, in thick clustering curls.

After walking about the cabin for a time, the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparations for going to bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the little fellow was undressing himself. Having finished this, his father tied a handkerchief around his head, to protect his curls, which looked as if the sun-light from his young, happy heart always rested there. This done, I looked for him to seek his resting place; but, instead of this, he quietly kneeled down upon the floor; put his little hands together, so beautifully childlike and simple, resting his arms on the lower berth, against which he knelt, he began his vesper prayer.

The father sat down by his side, and waited the conclusion. It was, for a child, a long prayer, but well understood. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. There were men around him [illegible] if praying at all, a kind of mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage or piety to kneel down in a steamboat's cabin, and before strangers, acknowledge the goodness of God, or ask his protecting love.

This was the training of some pious mother. Where was she now? How many times had her kind hand been laid on the sunny locks, as she had taught him to lisp his prayers?

A beautiful sight it was, that child at prayer in the midst of the busy thoughtless throng. He, alone, of this worldly multitude, draws nigh to heaven. I thank the parental love that taught him to lisp his evening prayer, whether Catholic or Protestant, whether dead or living, whether far off or nigh. I could scarce refrain from weeping then, nor can I now, as I see again that sweet child, in the crowded tumult of a steamboat's cabin, bending in devotion before his Maker.

But a little while before I saw a crowd of admiring listeners gathering about a company of italian singers in the upper saloon—a mother and two sons, with voice and harp, and song; but no one heeded, no one cared for the child at prayer.

When the little boy had finished his evening devotion, he arose and kissed his father most affectionately, who put him into his berth to rest for the night. I felt a strong desire to speak to them but deferred it till morning. When morning came, the confusion of landing prevented me from seeing them again. But, if ever I meet that boy in his happy youth, in his anxious manhood, in his declining years, I'll thank him for the influence and example of that night's devotion, and bless the name of the mother that taught him.

Scarcely any passing incidents of my life ever made a deeper impression on my mind. I went to my room, and thanked God that I had witnessed it, and for its influence on my heart. Who prays on a steamboat? Who train their children to pray, even at home?—Home Journal.

A LUCKY MISTAKE.—When the surgeon was attending the wound which confined me, he told me a diverting story of a young Swiss [illegible] a recruit, who, when his regiment were making, had procured a round [illegible] bordered with holes, which [illegible] the tailor to fasten on the [illegible] of his coat above his left breast, to prevent his being shot through the heart. The tailor, being a humorous fellow, fastened it in the seat of his breeches, and the clothes being scarcely on his back, when he was ordered to march into the field, he had no opportunity to get his awkward mistake rectified before he found himself engaged in battle; and being obliged to fly before the enemy, in endeavoring to get over a thorn hedge in his way, he unfortunately stuck fast till he was overtaken by the enemy, one of whom, on coming up, gave him a push in the breech with his bayonet, (with not friendly design,) but it luckily hit on the iron plate, and pushed the young soldier clear out of the hedge. This favorable circumstance made the Swiss honestly confess that the tailor had more sense than himself, and knew better where his heart lay.—Memoirs of Henry Bruce.

The Truth Manfully Spoken.

Amidst the general howl of affected indignation with which the *most National* editors of the North have greeted Mr. Rhet's speech, we rejoice to find one among them has the manliness to tell the truth, and the whole truth, to his readers.

Cant and slavery are very cheap commodities, and very common ones, but editorials like the subjoined, which we take from the New York *Globe*, are unhappily rare.

Were the Northern people often allowed to hear such salutary truths, their safety and that of the Republic would be secured most effectually, and the root of the mischief extirpated.

Let the shame and the sin of this fraternal strife rest on the heads of those who alone are guilty:—Southern Press.

DISUNION.—The speech recently made by Mr. Rhett, in Charleston, S. C., in favor of a dissolution of the Union, has by no means surprised us. South Carolina has been always first and foremost among the Southern States in resisting the aggressions of the fanatics of the North upon Southern property and rights. The persistence of the Northern anti-slavery politicians of the Seward and Van Buren school, in their schemes of agitation, are beginning to produce their legitimate effects. Heretofore, threats of disunion at the South have proceeded only from those whose obscurity or secondary position, rendered what they said of little importance. But here is a gentleman of high distinction for morality and long public service in the councils of his State and of the General Government, who, without fear of reproach, proclaims to an applauding audience of his fellow citizens in the largest city of the old Southern States, that a dissolution of the Union is the only proper measure to secure the safety of the South.

The political opinions of [illegible] individual, however distinguished, are [illegible] to us no further consideration than [illegible] to them from their intrinsic merit. Mere as his opinions indicate the public sentiment of masses or sections. There can be [illegible] disunion speech to which we have alluded represented and expressed the dissatisfaction of large masses of his fellow-citizens.

There can be no doubt, therefore, that large numbers of our fellow-citizens, in various parts of the South, honestly and conscientiously believe that nothing can protect them from the designs of the anti-slavery agitators, but a dissolution of the Union. They have remonstrated—they have complained of the incendiary machinations of these inter-meddling fanatics. They have in vain entreated to be let alone. The work of anti-slavery agitation has proceed until we are threatened with a geographical division of parties, the boundaries of which are co-incident with Mason and Dixon's line. And now it need astonish no one to see at last the flag of disunion raised, and hear the leaders at the South call upon their friends to stand to their arms. They are acting on the defensive, and are not exclusively responsible for the position they have been driven to assume. That responsibility must be fearfully shared by those designing politicians who have kindled the flames of civil discord. By those, who in order to trample upon the rights of our sister States of the South, have proclaimed a "*Higher law*" than the Constitution, as the arbiter and rule of Legislative action. By those who are constantly engaged in the work of holding up the South, and its institutions, protected, as they are, by the Constitution, to execration and abuse.

These devices and machinations, however subtle, disguised and indirect, have all a fatal tendency to produce disunion. They are more dangerous, and should be equally detested and denounced, as any open or avowed disunion sentiments.—Disunion is not to be brought about by orators or statesmen, who boldly avow their designs and invite the country to the discussion of the justice of their complaints. If ever a dissolution of the Union takes place, it will be produced by just such a system of tactics as that pursued by the Anti-Slavery parties, Free Soilers, &c. With honeyed phrases of reverence for the Union they will sow the seeds of alienation, distrust and hostility, in the hearts of the people of different sections of the country. Step by step they will proceed to aggravate the differences they have produced; and when aggression and insult shall have irritated to delirium, and the sword of civil war is unsheathed, they will affect horror and astonishment, and denounce as treason the violence they have provoked. For our own part, we have no terms of reproach and denunciations to lavish upon Southern gentlemen, no matter in what defensive language they repel the assaults of the Abolition demagogues. We reserve our denunciations for those pernicious, hypocritical incendiary conspirators, whose insidious operations are tenfold more dangerous because they deceive the unwary, cheat the honest, and (under the plausible pretence of religion and philanthropy) are steadily undermining the fabric of the Constitution, and dissolving the ligaments of the Union.

WHY should a sailor always know what o'clock it is? Because he is always going to sea.

From the N. O. Delta.

From Texas.

The steamship Palmetto, Captain Smith, arrvied yesterday morning from Port Lavace and Galveston. To the courtesy of Capt. S. we are indebted for files of Texas journals. Those from Galveston are to the 28th inst.

Major Steen of Mobile, who has completed the survey of the contemplated Galveston and Brazos Canal, has made a highly favorable report of the economy by which it can be completed.

The benevolent order of Odd Fellowship is rapidly spreading throughout Eastern Texas.

We find in the Western Texian of the 11th inst., published at [illegible] detailed account of late [illegible] tions. We abridge from [illegible]

INDIANS AGAIN.—On the [illegible] 3d instant, a party of Indians [illegible] the rancho of Mr. Lay, four [illegible] Seguin, nine horses; also [illegible] night, from Mr. Odin, six [illegible] Seguin on the Gandalupe, seven horses. Also, from Mr. Erskine, living in the neighborhood of Seguin, a number of horses—the exact number, we have been unable to ascertain. On the evening of the 7th, the horses of Mr. Kesiah, on the Cibolo, about three miles below the Sulphur Springs, was driven off. The citizens living about the Springs were gathering on the morning of the 8th to pursue them. On Friday, the 7th, the Indians were on the Coleto, and on Monday a party of 15 or 20 men from the neighborhood of Seguin, crossed the Coleto on the trail in hot pursuit. It is probable they will join the party from the Springs and pursue them together.

On Monday, last an express arrived here, who reported that on Friday, the 4th instant two parties of Indians were committing depredations on the Cibolo, about forty-five miles below this place.—One party of fifteen had attacked the rancho of Mr. Cassano, killed one man and drove off the horses. Another party of six or seven, had, when seen, a drove of horses the majority of which, it is supposed, belonged to [illegible] Pettibock.

On the 8th ult., Lieut. Underwood, with thirteen men, left Fort Merrill, to escort the mail-rider to Laredo, and, on the evening of the same day, met a party of Indians on the Nueces, who fired on him from the opposite side of the river. He immediately crossed over and dispersed them. On this 12th inst., when within about thirty-five miles of Laredo, he met a party of nine Indians, who [illegible] who fired upon him with guns and arrows, which, being returned, a sharp conflict ensued, which lasted about half an hour, when the Indians retreated. The condition of Lieut. Underwood's horses not permitting a charge, he dismounted his men and fought on foot. Lieut. Underwood had one man killed and seven wounded, among who was Lieut. U. himself. One of the wounded men died a few days afterwards at Fort McIntosh. The Indians lost one man killed and four or five wounded—one very seriously, if not mortally. During the skirmish, one horse and one mule strayed away, which were doubtless carried off by the Indians. We learn that the mail was also lost.

LAFONTAINE AND THE APPLE.—The good Lafontaine was in the habit of eating every morning a baked apple. One day he had placed one to cool upon his mantlepiece, and had gone meanwhile into the library. One of his friends entered the room, saw the apple and ate it. Lafontaine on re-entering, not seeing his apple, doubted not what had become of it.

Then he cried with emotion, "Ah, who has eaten the apple that I put on the mantel?"

"It was not me," replied the other.

"So much the better, my friend."

"And for what reason?"

"For what reason?" replied Lafontaine, "because I had put arsenic in it to poison the rats."

"Heavens! arsenic! I am poisoned," said the other; "quick, some antidote?"

"Be calm, my friend," said Lafontaine laughing, "it was a trick to which I resorted to discover who eaten my apple."

NOT SLOW.—The Chambers Tribune, tells the following anecdote of a famous liar in those parts, who would have beaten Sam Hyde "all out," and given him "six for a start:"

A friend of ours was telling us, not long since, of an acquaintance in South Alabama who was noted for his mendacity. He related of him the following anecdote:

Said some one to the liar, "Do you remember the time the stars fell,' many years ago?"

"Yes," said Mendax.

"Well," remarked the other, "I have heard it was all a deception—that the stars did not actually fall."

"Don't you believe it," returned Mendax, with a knowing look; "they fell in my yard as big as goose eggs. I've got one of 'em yet, only the children played with it so much, *they've wore the shiny points off.*"

AN OLD LADY in Iowa, while recently in the woods, was bit on the end of the nose by a rattle snake. The old lady recovered, but the snake died. Coroner's verdict—"poisoned by snuff."

LIVING FOR APPEARANCES.—Col. Fuller, of the New York Evening Mirror, is right, emphatically right, and the world should know it. This living for appearances is the great curse of social life; it has led to more bankruptcies, forgeries, domestic quarrels, lies and suicides than all other causes put together. The fatal ambition infects all ranks and conditions of society, and ruins more souls and fortunes than all other passions combined. The "fear of the world" is mortal death to all who entertain it. Here in New York we see the blighting effect of this deadly curse where ever we turn our eyes. It makes the lives of two-thirds of the community a perpetually *enacted* lie. To out-shine their neighbors in style of living, equipage, seems to be the ruling passion, not only of the "upper circles," but of the masses. It is truly a most laudable ambition, and costs—ah! what does it not cost! Honor, honesty, truth, and tranquility, as well as fortune, are all sacrificed at once to the Moloch of social vanity. Even the Church itself serves to foster, rather, than to check, this foolish and melancholy struggle to "keep up appearance" and the fashionable rivalries between "Grace" and "Trinity," "St. Paul's" and "St. Johns" are perhaps the most signal and the most shocking exemplification of this "struggle our city affords."—Phil. City Item.

ANOTHER LINK BROKEN.—The correspondence which has heretofore existed, by an interchange of Delegates, between the General Association of Massachusetts (Congregational) and the Old School General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, has been broken off, in consequence of the interference of the former body with the latter, on the subject of slavery. The Assembly after passing a resolution to the effect that such interference was offensive, and that it must lead to an interruption of the correspondence between the two bodies, appointed Rev. Dr. Baker of Texas as their Delegate to the Association, but he declined, and none was then [illegible] upon the Association at their meeting since held a resolution that although desiring to continue the correspondence, yet being doubtful whether the General Assembly, by their recent action, did not intend to discourage such a continuance, they would omit appointing a delegate until the views of the Assembly, should be more distinctly developed. The Presbyterian, the organ of the General Assembly, after giving a sketch of the proceedings of the Association, speaks of the suspension of the correspondence as a "painful fact," and expresses a belief that it "will never be renewed, unless the Association retract." It is not at all probable that the Association will retract. They are not in a mood for so doing. We may therefore consider the correspondence as broken off, a result more to be regretted in a political than in an ecclesiastical point of view. The Methodist and Baptist churches have already been sundered by this question of slavery; the Presbyterian church was divided partly on this ground; and now occurs a new rupture of relations from the same cause. Every such incident is the breaking of a strand in the cable which binds North and South in unity. When a certain number of strands shall be broken, the rest will give way as a matter of course, unless some of the broken ones shall in the meantime be restored, or others substituted in their place. The political strands are apparently as much shattered as the ecclesiastical. It is time for men who love the Union, to rally in its defence.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC A FAILURE.—M. Thiers, in his recent speech on the bill to increase the salary of the President, pronounced the Republic a failure. He said:

"It is high time to come to a conclusion, either by an accord or a discord. Something may be said on the basis of the question. A Republic has been established in the laws, but the attempt to establish it in the manners and customs of the country has proved a failure. The palace of the Elysee does not in any way resemble the residence of the President of the United States. Is the country indignant at that? By no means. In place of condemning what is passing at the Elysee, it smiles with pity at those who have endeavored to found a Republic in a nation profoundly monarchical. It is perfectly well aware that it is artists, workmen, and old soldiers, who profit by the liberalities of the Elysee, much more than those persons who frequent the drawing room of the President. It is not for us to be astonished at a matter which after all, is only a firm contradiction given by the verity of our habits to the falsehood of our laws. Let us leave such indignation to the Mountain. General Cavaignac, when head of the executive power, did not resemble a President of the United States. I should be sorry to do anything to compromise the future destinies of the country, but I am not one of those who are indignant or astonished that France, notwithstanding that the Republic has been proclaimed here, remains in reality a monarchy, by tastes, habit, and usages. My vote, consequently, will not cost me anything as to the principle of the matter; and as to the form, we have sought that which appeared most suitable."

☞ FRENCH LITERARY PRIZE.—The French Academy lately offered a prize of 7000 francs for the best dramatic work, inculcating principles of rectitude and morality. It has been given to Emile Augier, author of "Gabrielle."