

# 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. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.

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## Select Poetry.

### I LOVE TO LIVE.

"I love to live," said a prattling boy,  
As he gaily played with his new-bought toy,  
And he merrily laugh'd and rejoicing forth,  
From a bosom filled with joyous mirth.

"I love to live," said a stripling bold—  
"I will seek for fame—I will toil for gold,"  
And he formed in his leisure many a plan  
To be carried out when he grew a man.

"I love to live," said a lover true,  
"Oh, gentle maid, I would live for you;  
I have labored hard in search of fame—  
I have found it but an empty name."

"I love to live," said a happy sire,  
As his children neared his wintry fire,  
For his heart was cheered to see their joy,  
And he also wished himself a boy.

"I love to live," said an aged man,  
Whose hour of life was well nigh ran—  
Think you such words from him were wild?  
The old man was again a child.

And ever thus in this fallen world,  
Is the banner of hope to the breeze unfurled;  
And only with hope of life on high,  
Can a mortal ever love to die?

### I LIVE TO LOVE.

"I live to love," said a laughing girl,  
And she playfully tossed each flaxen curl,  
And she climbed on her loving father's knee,  
And snatched a kiss in her girlish glee.

"I live to love," said a maiden fair,  
As she twined a wreath for her sister's hair;  
They were bound by the cords of love together,  
And death alone could these sisters sever.

"I live to love," said a gay young bride,  
Her loved one standing by her side,  
Her love told again what her lips had spoken,  
And never was the link of affection broken.

"I live to love," said a mother kind—  
"I would live a guide to the infant mind,"  
Her precepts and example given,  
Guided her children love to Heaven.

"I shall live to love," said a fading form,  
And her eye grew bright and her cheek grew warm,  
As she thought in the blissful world on high,  
She would live to love and never die.

And ever thus in the lower world,  
Should the banner of love be wide unfurled,  
And when we meet in the world above,  
May we love to live and live to love.

## Brilliant Sketch.

### THE DOOR IN THE HEART.

BY MISS V. F. TOWNSEND.

"She was a stern, hard woman! But far away up a great many pairs of winding stairs in his heart, was a door, easily passed by, and on that door was written—'WOMAN.'—Dre.

"And so it is with the drunkard. Far away up a great many pairs of winding stairs in his heart is a door, and on that door is written 'WOMAN,' and we must knock at that door once, twice, or three times; yea, seven times seven that it may open unto us."—John B. Gough.

He was an old man. Not so old either, for the wrinkles that marred his cadaverous visage were not the autograph that Time's fingers had laid there; and the hand that placed upon the low table the well-drained glass, did not tremble so with the weakness that age induces; yet very old and very wretched looked the sole occupant of that narrow room, with its red curtains and floor stained with tobacco juice, and an atmosphere abundantly seasoned by the bar-room into which it opened. A hat (it must have been intended for one) lay concealed the owner's uncombed locks, and unmistakable evidence of a familiar acquaintance with "bricksbats and the gutter" did that same hat produce. Then there was a coat, out of whose sleeves peeped a pair of elbows in rejoicing consciousness that they "could afford to be out." Add to these a shabby pair of faded pants, and you have, reader, the tout ensemble of the wretched being who had just commenced his daily potatoes in the only grog shop he was allowed to frequent. And yet the wretched, friendless creature that sat there half stupefied with the effects of his morning dram, had a heart, and far up a great many pairs of winding stairs in that heart was a door, easily passed by, and on that door, covered with cobwebs and dust, of Time and Sin, was written, "MAN!" But nobody dreamed of this, and when the "Temperance men" had gone to him with the pledge, and promised him employment and respectability if he would sign it—and others (well meaning men too) had rated him soundly for his evil ways, and he had turned a deaf ear to all these things, and gone back with blind pertinacity to his cups again, everybody said old Billy Strong's case was a hopeless one.

Ah! none of these had patiently groped their way up the heart's winding stairs and read the inscription on the hidden door there. But while the unhappy man sat by the pine table that morning, the bar-keeper suddenly entered, followed by a lady with a pale, high brow, mild hazel eyes, and a strangely winning expression on her persuasive face.—The old man looked up with a vacant stare of astonishment, as the bar-keeper offered the lady a chair, and pointed to the occupant of the other, saying:

"That's Billy Strong, ma'am," and with a lingering glance of curiosity, left that gentle woman alone with the astonished and now thoroughly soled man.

The soft eyes of the lady wandered with a sad, pitying expression, over old Bill's features, and then in a low, sweet voice, she asked:

"Am I rightly informed? Do I address Mr. William Strong?"

Ah! with those words the lady had got further up the winding stairs, nearer the hidden door than all who had gone before her.

"Yes, that is my name, ma'am," said old Bill, and he glanced down at his shabby

attire, and actually tried to hide the elbow which was peeping furthest out, for it was a long time since he had been addressed by that name and somehow it sounded very pleasant to him.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Strong," said the lady. "I have heard my father speak of you so often, and of the days when you and he were boys together, that I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. You surely cannot have forgotten Charles Morrison?"

"No! no! Charlie and I used to be old cronies," said old Bill, with sudden animation, and a light in his eye, such as had not been there for many a day, except when rum lent it a fitful brilliancy.

Ah! the lady did not know, as perhaps the angels did, that she had mounted the stairs, and was softly feeling for that unseen door, so she went on:

"I almost feel as if I could see the old spot upon which your homestead stood, Mr. Strong, I have heard my father describe it so often. The hill, with its crown of old oaks at the back of your house, and the field of golden harvest grain that waved in front. Then there was the green grass plot before the front door, and the huge old apple-tree that threw its shadows across it, and the great old-fashioned portico, and the grapevine that crept round the pillars, and the rosebush that looked in at the bed-room window, and the spring that went shining and singing through the bed of mint at the side of the house."

Old Bill moved uneasily in his chair, and the muscles around his mouth twitched occasionally; but unmindful of this, in the same low, melting tones, the lady kept on:

"Many and many were the hours, so father would say, 'Willie and I used to pass under the shadow of that old apple tree; playing at hide-and-seek, or lolling on the grass, telling each other the wonders we would achieve when we became men, and when the sunset laid its crown of gold on the top of the oaks on the hill. I can see Willie's mother standing in the front door, with her white cap and check apron, and the pleasant smile that always lay around her lips, and hear her cheerful voice calling—'Come boys, come to supper.'"

One after another the big, warm, blessed tears came rolling down old Bill's pale cheek. As the lady had found the door there.

"I was always at home, at Willie's, father would say, and used to have my milk of fresh milk, and bread too, and when these had disappeared, Willie would draw his stool to his mother's feet, lay his head on her lap, and she would tell me some pleasant story, it might be of Joseph or David, or of some good child who afterwards became a great man, and then she would part Willie's brown curls from his forehead, and in a voice I can never forget, say: 'Promise me Willie, when you go out from your home into the world, and its temptations, and your mother has laid down with her gray hairs to sleep in the church yard yonder, promise me, child, that the memory of her prayers and counsels, shall keep you from all evil ways.'"

And Willie would raise his head, lift his blue eyes proudly to his mother, and answer: 'I promise you, I will make a first-rate man, mother,' and after he had said his evening prayer, we would go, happy as the birds that nestled in the branches of the apple tree, to rest; and then, just as we were sinking to sleep, we would hear a well-known footfall on the stairs, and a loving face would bend over us to see if we were nicely tucked up. 'It is a long time,' father would say, after a pause, 'since I heard from Willie, but sure I am, that he has never fallen into any evil ways. The memory of his mother would keep him from that.'"

Rap, rap, rap! went the words of the lady at the door in that old man's heart. Crack, crack, crack! went the door on its rusty hinges; (angels of God held ye not your breaths to listen!) The lady could only see the subdued man bury his face in his hands, and while his whole frame shook like an aspen leaf, she heard him murmur amid childlike sobs:

"My mother, O, my mother!"

And she knew the tears that were washing those wrinkled cheeks, were washing out also many a dark page in the record of Old Bill's past life that stood against him; so, with a silent prayer of thankfulness, she resumed,

"But, there was one scene my father loved to talk of better than all the rest. It was of the morning you were married, Mr. Strong. It was enough to do one's eyes good, he would say, to look at them, as they walked up to the old church aisle, he with his proud manly tread, and she, a delicate, fragile creature, fair as the orange blossoms that trembled in her hair. I remember how clear and firm his voice echoed through the old church, as he promised to love, protect, and to cherish the gentle being at his side, and I know he thought as he looked down fondly upon her, that the very winds of Heaven should not visit her face too roughly. And then, my father would tell us of a home made very bright by watchful affection, and of the dark-eyed boy, and of the fair-haired girl, who came after a while to glad-en it, and then you know, he removed to the West, and lost sight of you, Mr. Strong."

Once again, the lady paused, for the agony of the strong man before her, was fearful to behold, and when she spoke again, it was in a lower and more mournful tone:

"I promised my father, previous to his death, that if ever I visited his native State, I would seek out his old friend. But, when I inquired for you, they unfolded a terrible story to me, Mr. Strong. They told me of a broken and desolate household; of a dark-eyed boy that left his home in disgust and despair, for one on the homeless seas; of the gentle uncomplaining wife, that went down with a prayer on her lips, for her erring husband, broken hearted to the grave; of her fair-haired girl, they placed by her side in a little while. O! it is a sad, sad story, I have heard of my father's old friend."

"It was I! It was I that did it all! I

killed them!" said old Bill, in a voice hoarse with emotion, as he lifted his head from his clasped hands, and looked upon the lady, every feature wearing such a look of agonizing remorse, and helpless despair, that she shuddered to behold it. Wide, wide open, stood the door then, and the lady hastened to pass in. A small fair hand was laid gently upon old Bill's arm, and a sweet voice murmured,

"Even for all this, there is redemption, and you will know in what manner. In the name of the mother that loved you, in the name of your dying wife, and of the child that sleeps beside her, I ask you, will you sign the pledge?"

"I will," said old Bill, and he brought down his hand with such force on the pine table, that his rheumatic limbs with difficulty maintained their equilibrium, and then eagerly seized the pen and pledge the lady placed before him, and when he returned there to her, the name of William Strong lay in broad legible characters upon the paper.

There was an expression, ludicrous from its intensity of curiosity, on the bar-keeper's physiognomy as the lady quietly through the "shop," after her long interview with old Bill, and the expression was in no degree lessened, when, a few moments after, old Bill followed her without stopping, as usual, to take a "second glass," and he never passed over the threshold again.

Reader of mine, if you are of those whose true earnest souls bear ever about them one great desire to benefit their fellow men, if your heart is yearning over some erring brother man, whom you would gladly raise from the depths of degradation and misery, and point to the highway of peace and virtue, remember that somewhere in his heart must be a door, which when rightly applied to, will open unto you. See to it that ye find it.

### A SKETCH.

A little girl, in a family of my acquaintance a lovely child lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was as frail as beautiful, and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if won by that mother's prayers to turn instinctively heavenward. The sweet conscientious and prayer-loving child, was the cherished one of the bereaved family. But she faded away early. She would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother's kind care of her and winding one wasted arm about her neck would say, "Now tell me about my mother."

and when she asked she had been repeated, she would ask softly, "take me into the parlor; I want to see my mamma." The request was never refused, and the affectionate child would lie for hours, contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait.

"Pale and she grew, and weakly, bearing all her pain so meekly, That to them she still grew dearer As the trail her dew-drops near!"

That hour came at last, and the weeping neighbors assembled to see the little child die. The dew of death was already on the flower, as its life-sun was going down. The little chest heaved faintly—spasmodically.

"Do you know me, darling?" sobbed close to her ear, the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer.

All at once, a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless countenance. The eye flashed open, the lips parted, the wan, emerald hands flew up, in the little ones last impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the face above.

"Mother!" she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone—and passed with that breath into her mother's bosom.

Said a distinguished divine who stood by that bed of joyous death, "If I ever believed in the ministrations of departed ones before, I could not doubt it now."

### FAMILY DEVOTION.

It is a beautiful thing to behold a family at their devotions. Who would not be moved at the tear that trembles in the mother's eye, as she looks to Heaven, and pours forth her fervent supplications for the welfare of her children? Who can look with indifference upon the aged father surrounded by his family, with his uncovered locks, kneeling in the presence of Almighty God, and praying for their happiness and prosperity? In whose bosom is not awakened the finest feelings, on beholding a tender child, in the beauty of its innocence, folding its little hand in prayer, and imploring the invisible, yet eternal Father, to bless its parents, its brothers and sisters, and playmates?

HABITS TO BE AVOIDED IN THE PRESENCE OF OTHERS.—Scratching your head or picking your teeth.

Cooking your chair back. It spoils the carpet and endangers the furniture.

Raising your feet on a table or chair.

Trotting your heels or knees. This is a nursery trick and jars any society.

Hawking and spitting. Only eats and tobacco chewers spit, and they do not belong to good society.

Blowing your nose with your fingers, or loud like a trumpet.

Putting your hands into your pockets or your thumbs into your armpits.

Nursing your foot on your knee.

Carrying pins on your collar or cuff.

Whirling your watch chain or twitting at the guard.

Walking with your head and body. You should walk with your legs and feet.

Cheating your food with your mouth open.

A windy orator in the New York Legislature after a lengthy effort, stopped, for a drink of water.

"I rise," said Bloss, "to a point of order." Every body started, in wonder what the point of order was.

"What is it?" said the Speaker.

"I think, sir," said Bloss, "its out of order for a wind mill to go by water."

WHAT is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet he gave two to each of his children? Parents.

## LOOK UPWARDS.

It is a good thing to bow and then for a man to look above his cotton bags and his casks of sugar, and his canvassed hams, and get among the stars. What wonders lie there make one feel small. See in what a brief space, in the following, some of these wonderful things are compressed:

"The diameter of the earth's orbit is, as it were, the pocket rule of the astronomer, with which he measures distances which the mind can no more grasp than infinity. This star-measurer is one hundred and ninety millions of miles in length. This the astronomer lays down on the floor of heaven, and drawing lines from its extremity to the nearest fixed star, or centuri, he finds the angle thus subtended by this base line to be not quite one second." By the simple rule of three he then arrives at the fact that the nearest fixed star is 21,000,000,000!

From another simple calculation it follows, that in the space around our solar system devoid of stars, there is room enough in one dimension, or in one straight line, for 12,000 solar systems; in two dimensions, or in one plane, there is room enough for 130,000,000 of solar systems; and in actual three-dimensional space of three dimensions, there is room for 1,500,000,000,000 of solar systems the size of our own.

Nay, good farmer, do not look so unbelievably. Your boy need not graduate from the district school to prove all this. One and a half million millions of solar systems, as large as ours, might be set in the space which divides between it and its nearest neighbor. And if we might assume the aggregate population of our solar system to be 20,000,000,000 there would be room enough for thirty thousand millions of human beings to live, love and labor in the worlds that might be planted in the same starless void.

Nay, good man of the tow frock, hold on a moment longer. Our sun is but a dull hazy speck of light in the great Milky way; and Dr. Herschel says he discovered fifty thousand just such suns in that highway of worlds, in a space apparently a yard in breadth and six in length. Think of that a moment and then that no two of them are, in all probability, nearer each other than twenty billions of miles; and then that the starless space between their solar systems might contain 1,500,000,000,000 similar systems. Multiply these spaces and these systems by a hundred millions, and you will have numbered the worlds that a powerful glass will open to your view from one point of space.

And you ask despairingly what is man? We will tell you what he is in one aspect: The Creator of all these worlds is his God."

## NOBLE CONDUCT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

The dog Rolla, belonging to Mr. Adams, of 60 Courtlandt street, on Sunday last, performed one of those heroic deeds of humanity for which the Newfoundland breed is remarkable. An interesting little boy, about 10 years old, while playing near the water at Hoboken, lost his balance and fell in.

The tide sweeps along the shore there with great rapidity, and the little fellow in a few moments was carried apparently beyond the reach of human assistance. The lad, it seems, could swim a little, but just as his strength was giving way, the dog, at a short distance from the spot, quick as thought dashed through the crowd, leaped into the water, and in a minute had the boy by the collar, secure between his teeth.

To bring him ashore; back to that particular place, however, was an impossibility, owing to the force of the current—so that the only hope was to make a point of land some distance ahead, (between Jersey City and Hoboken) and for that quarter Rolla steered his course, amidst the applause and excitement of the spectators. On went the noble animal, bravely buffeting the tide, and careless of the shouts of applause, all the while keeping the boy's face out of water. He reached the goal at length with his precious burthen, safe and sound, but a little faint and frightened; and no sooner had he laid him down than the noble animal sunk exhausted on the sand. He was instantly surrounded by a numerous crowd of people, who had been eye-witnesses of the scene, vying with each other in showing kindness to the heroic animal that had thus risked his own life to save that of a helpless human being. Some idea of the labor performed by the dog is had in the fact that the entire distance he had to swim is said to be not less than two miles.—N. Y. Express.

## HENRY CLAY'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

"Two years ago, during Mr. Clay's address to students of the New York State and National Law School, in Ballston Spa, one object of which is to train young men in the art of extemporaneous speaking, he said, when commenting on the advantages of the institution, 'I owe my success in life to one single fact, viz: that at the age of 17 I commenced, and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made sometimes in corn-fields, at others in the forest, and not infrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and the ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice of the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and have shaped and moulded my entire subsequent destiny. Improve, then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Caesar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero by captivating their affections and swayed their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day.'"

He who loves money more than honor, will rate it above honesty.

## PRESERVED MEATS.

We are indebted to the kindness of a friend, who has copied for us, from Fraser's Magazine, the following remarks on the preservation of various substances. They appear to us peculiarly interesting.

In the year 1790, at a place called Jacutsh, in Liberia, an enormous elephant was discovered embedded in a translucent block of ice, upwards of two hundred feet thick. The animal was perfect in its entire fabric, as on the day when it was submerged, and the wolves and foxes preyed upon its flesh for weeks. Upon examination of its bones, the great Cuvier pronounced it to have belonged to an animal of the ante-deluvian world. We might fairly presume this to be the oldest specimen of preserved meat on record, and nature was therefore clearly the first discoverer of the process, although she took out no patent, nor made any secret of her method. The exclusion of the external air in this natural process, combined with the effect of low degree of temperature which prevented fermentation taking place in the tissues themselves, man has long imitated. In the markets of St. Petersburg vast quantities of frozen meats are to be found the greater part of the year, and our own countrymen have taken advantage of the method to preserve Scotch and Irish salmon for the London market.

The most scientific and enduring mode of excluding the air from the article to be preserved has long been known and extensively carried out. Good housewives of the old school would have starved, perhaps, if they could have been told, whilst boiling and corking down hot their bottled gooseberries, that they were practising an art, which when carried out a little more effectually, would prove one of the most valuable discoveries of modern times. But we do not exaggerate. The difference between the bottled gooseberries and the meats preserved in vacuo, is only a question of degree and the art of preserving a few vegetables from year to year, and of storing up whole herds of oxen, and keeping them if needs be, till doomsday, depends entirely upon the power of pumping out more or less atmospheric air from the vessels containing them. The first successful attempt at preserving meat by this latter process was made by M. Appart, in France, in the year 1811, and for his discovery the Emperor rewarded him with a gift of 12,000 francs. His method was brought soon after to England, and remained the only one in use until the year 1839, when M. Fasting sold to Mr. Goldner a patent for the process of vacuuming.

vacuum is formed in the canisters, thereby insuring the preservation of their contents so long as the vacuum is maintained. This process, which is patented, is carried on by Messrs. Ritchie & McCall in Houndsditch, and is really well worth a passing notice.

The room we first enter is the larder. A Lord Mayor would faint at the bare contemplation of such an embarrass of richness. What juicy rounds—what plump turkeys—what lively turtle—what tempting sucking pigs and succulent tomatoes! As we pass through the court to the kitchen we see a dozen fellows opening oysters, destined to be eaten perhaps by the next generation of opera goers. Here is the room where the canisters are made—the armour of mail in which the provisions are dressed to enable them to withstand the assaults of the enemy. The kitchen itself is a spacious room, in which stands a series of vats. There is no fire visible, but look how simply those half a hundred canisters of green peas are being dressed. There they stand, up to their necks in a solution of chloride of calcium, which does not boil under a temperature of 320 degrees. Steam pipes ramify through this mixture, and within its boiling point. By this arrangement a great heat is obtained without steam. The canisters containing the provisions were, previously to being placed in this bath, closed permanently down, with the exception of a small hole, not much bigger than the prick of a soldier'sawl through the cover. The cook stands watching with a soldering tool, and a sponge. Steam issues in a small white jet from one of the covers; this drives the enclosed air before; and at the moment when experience tells him that the viands are done to a turn, he squeezes from the sponge a drop of water in the hole. The steam is instantly condensed, and as instantly he drops with the other hand a plug of molten solder, which hermetically seals it. Rounds of beef, of fifty pounds weight, can be preserved by this method, which the old process did not allow of. The testing room gives the warrant to the provisions. Here all the canisters are brought for a week to a great heat. As the light of the fire falls sideways upon the glittering metal, it discloses in an instant an unsound canister, as each cover is a perfect aneroid barometer, marking with the greatest nicety the pressure upon it of the external air. If concave they are passed as good; if convex or bulged, they are undoubtedly bad, and consigned to the truncheon heap. In proof of the value of this discovery, we would add that dining the other day with a friend not a hundred miles from Burlington garden where wits were wont to congregate, with appetites sharpened by our ride, we set down to a sumptuous repast, where the mingled odour of fish, flesh and game, invited to a more substantial testing of their quality. "This pheasant is delicious," said I. "I am delighted to hear it," rejoined our host, "he gave up the ghost just ten years ago." "Nonsense; but this wild duck, tumbled over with a broken wing, I see by the fracture, in the same year.

"I suppose you will say next," said a doubting guest, "that this milk is not foaming fresh from the cow?" "Milked," replied our imperturbable host, "when my little godson was born, that now struts in breeches." "Come now, what is the most juvenile dish on the table?" was demanded with a general voice. "These apples—taste them." "I could swear they hung on the branch this morning," said a sceptic

tasting a slice critically. "Well I give you my word that a flourishing town up Padelington way, now stands over the field where they were grown." "Why I shall next expect a fresh olive, grown by Horace, to draw on his Sabine wine," chimed in a Poet.

"Aye, and the day may come, when one might order up his grandfather, like a fine old bottle of the vintage of 1790." "God forbid!" shuddered the inheritor of an entailed estate.

## EXECUTION OF MATTHIAS SKUPINSKI.

PHILADELPHIA, August 6.

Matthias Skupinski was hung in the yard of the county prison this morning at 17 minutes past 11 o'clock, for the murder of the Jewish pedlar boy Lehman. He protested his innocence to the last and made no confession. The Sheriff had limited the tickets of admission to the jail yard to those only whom the law and duty required to be present. The anxiety to hear whether the prisoner made any confession on the scaffold, however, caused a very large attendance outside.

MATTHIAS SKUPINSKI—HIS DYING CONFESSTION.—Philadelphia, Aug. 6th.—The following address was delivered by an interpreter, in behalf of Matthias Skupinski, immediately prior to his execution:

"The criminal who stands before you deprecates to state, before he undergoes the extreme penalty of the law, that he begs pardon of all whom he may have injured or wronged by his crimes. From his heart he forgives all mankind for the injuries they have done him. He is willing to submit to the severe sentence to which offended justice dooms him. He bears no resentment or ill-feeling to those who were instrumental in his arrest and bringing him before the tribunal that passed sentence upon him. Already he has made his peace with God, and like the penitent Prophet, he has wept over his crimes in the bitterness of his soul—and before he is launched into eternity—before he appears before his God and your God—his Judge and your Judge, he wishes openly to be reconciled to his fellow-mortals. He begs me to request your prayers for him, that when his soul leaves this prison of clay, the Almighty God may be merciful unto him, and admit him to the company of the blessed."

Matthias Skupinski's last words were—"I am innocent. I did not deserve this death at least for the crime for which I was tried. Guilty or not guilty, I am prepared to die." He added something more in a low tone which could not be understood by the interested by the Priests.

Blaise, his brother, was deeply affected on being told of the execution, and requested to see the body. He was led where it lay, when he eagerly embraced it, shedding many tears. He now appears anxious about his own fate, which rests with his God. Bigler.

## IMPORTANT SLAVE DECISION IN TEXAS.

A case has recently been decided in the District Court for the county of Bexar, in Texas, which if confirmed in the Supreme Court, will operate, it is said, to declare several thousands of blacks free, who have been held heretofore as slaves. A slave woman was carried from the United States to Austin's Colony, in Texas, in 1825. Slavery was not recognized by the laws of Mexico at the time. The constitution of Coahuila and Texas was proclaimed early in 1827, and the woman the subject of suit, daughter of the original slave, was born on the Brazos about the middle of 1827. When the constitution of 1836 was adopted by the republic of Texas, slavery was established, and the mother slave was of the class enumerated in that constitution as slaves. The daughter, having been born in the country, was not included by the provisions of the constitution.

In a suit, involving the question of the freedom of the girl, it has been decided that the condition of blacks in the country during the existence of the Mexican law was that of freedom, and that the act of sovereignty power in remanding them to the original condition of slaves, which they held when imported from the United States, did not affect their offspring born in that country, before the adoption of the constitution of the Republic, who are consequently free.

## WHAT IS A POP?—A Mr. Stark, in a lecture before the Young Men's Association, of Troy, N. Y., gave a definition of the above.

"The pop is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-fourth walking stick, and the rest gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose. He becomes ecstatic at the smell of new cloth. He is somewhat nervous, and to dream of a tailor's bill gives him the nightmare. By his air one would judge he had been dipped like Achilles; but it is evident that the goddess held him by the head instead of the heels. Nevertheless, such men are useful. If there were no tail-poles there would be no frogs. They are not so entirely to blame for being so devoted to externals. Paste diamonds must have a splendid setting to make them sell. Only it does seem a waste of material to put \$5 worth of beaver on five cents worth of brains."

## TOLLS FOR GRINDING.—A friend has handed us for publication, the following Act of Assembly, passed 8th March, 1795, regulating the tolls for grinding, to which the attention of all interested is invited:

"SEC. 1. Be it enacted, &c.: That from and after the passing of this act, no person shall take more toll for grinding Corn, Wheat, Rye, or any other grain, into good meal or flour, than one-eighth part, for any quantity under ten bushels, or any quantity above, at one time brought, one-tenth part only; and that all grain as aforesaid chopped for hominy, feeding stock, or for distilling, one-sixteenth part.

SEC. 2. That any person or persons taking more toll than hereinbefore directed, shall be subject to a fine of ten times the value of the toll so taken, to be recovered in the most summary way before the nearest Ma-

gistrate; one half to go to the prosecutor, and the other half to the person aggrieved.—4 Statutes at Large, 652.

## PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

The Missouri election has probably resulted in sending Mr. Benton to the House of Representatives, by what may be considered a Free soil vote. We learn from the papers that a delegation will attend the Pittsburg Free soil Convention from the county of Madison, in Kentucky, another from the city of Baltimore. The object of the Free soil party is the abolition of slavery, and thus agitation has entered three of the border States.

The election of Mr. Benton to the House will make him a formidable candidate for the nomination of the Pittsburg Convention for President. And if he is the candidate the effect will be powerfully felt in the ranks of the Democratic party in every Northern State, as well as in Missouri and one or two other Southern States. It may bring the election into the House.

But, however that may be, nothing is more probable than that agitation on the slavery question is to continue. The Free soil party is too powerful, the Free soil doctrine is too prevalent, and recent victory has given it too much confidence to assume a condition of quietude.

Events of great importance may supervene, either in our foreign or domestic affairs, but we know of none into which the anti-slavery will not interfere. And we believe it is now the opinion of members of Congress and of well informed persons generally, that there never has been a time when anti-slavery was more powerful, active and formidable. This is as obvious within the ranks of the two parties as without. Presses and politicians in both, who have heretofore been anti-slavery, do not hesitate to avow their determination to maintain the war, and defy the authority of party and party platforms that prescribe a different course. It may be expected that whichever party in the North is defeated, it will forthwith form an alliance with the Free soil party, and when this is done another mighty stride will