

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."

EDGEFIELD, S. C., JANUARY 17, 1855.

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W. F. DURISOE & SON, Proprietors.

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For announcing a Candidate, Three Dollars, in advance. For Advertising Extraordinary, Two Dollars, to be paid by the Magistrate advertising.

Select Poetry.

NEVER SOLD AND FRET.

If wicked ones surround thee here,
And spend their days in sin,
But watch thyself with greater care,
And guard thy heart within.
But should they fight against thee dead,
And seem against thee set,
Resist at once the sinful deed,
But never sold and fret.

The vile, envenomed tongue of foe,
May seek to blast thy life,
To lead and leave thee lost in woe,
And never sold and fret;
But still the upward way pursue,
And check thy vain regrets,
Thy trust in Heaven's hand renew,
But never sold and fret.

Thy earthly hope—sole aim,
And all thy
Despair may
Thy future
Thy skies may
And then be
Yet promptly
But never so

Thy bosom fri
And worst of traitors prove,
But let no anger, neither pride,
Thy cooler reason move.
Thyself against his wiles secure,
And be more watchful yet,
The wrong with fortitude endure,
But never sold and fret.

This man holds good every where,
And nature prove it true,
That mortals but increase their care,
Who fretting stop to view.
The cunning spider proves his rhyme:
He calmly builds his nest,
And tho' destroyed one dozen times,
He does not sold and fret.

A CHILD AT PRAYER.
Sweeter than the songs of thrushes,
When the winds are low;
Brighter than the spring-time dingles,
Reddening out of snow,
Where the voice and cheek so fair,
Of the little child at prayer.

Miscellaneous.

THE OLD WIFE'S KISS.
The funeral services were ended, and as the voice of prayer ceased, tears were hastily wiped off from wet cheeks, and long drawn sighs, relieved, suppressed and choked sobs, as the "mourners" prepared to "take leave of the corpse."

It was an old man that lay there, robbed for the grave. More than three-score years had whitened those locks, and furrowed that brow, and made those stiff limbs weary of life's journey, and all the more willing to lie down and rest where weariness is no more suffered, and infirmities are no longer a burden.

The aged had but few to weep for them when they die. The most of those who would have mourned their loss, have gone to the grave before them; harps that would have sighed sad harmonies, are shattered and gone. And the few who remain are, in the most of cases, rather than grave-widows—to life's opening, rather than to its closing; are, bound to, and living in the generation rising, more than the generation departing.

Youth and beauty have many admirers while living, have many mourners when dying. Many fearful eyes bend over their coffin-clay, many sad hearts follow in their funeral train. But age has few admirers, few mourners.

This was an old man, and the circle of mourners was small. Two children, who had themselves passed the middle of life, and who had children of their own to care for, and to be cared for by them. Besides these, and a few friends, who had seen and visited him while sick, and possibly had known him for a few years, there were none others to shed a tear, except his old wife. And of this small company, the old wife seemed to be the only heart mourner. It is respectful for friends to be sad for a few minutes, till the service is performed, and the hearse is out of sight. It is very proper and suitable for children who have outgrown the fervency and affections of youth, to shed tears when an aged parent says "Farewell, and lies down to quiet slumbers. Some regrets, some recollections of the past, some transient grief, and the pang is over. Not always so. But often, how little true, genuine heart-sorrow there is!

The old wife arose with difficulty from her seat, and went to the coffin to look her last look—to take her farewell. Through the fast falling tears, she gazed long and fondly down into that pale, unconscious face. What did she see there? Others saw nothing but the rigid features of the

dead; she saw more! In every wrinkle of that furrowed face, in every silvered hair upon that brow, she read the history of years. From youth to manhood, from manhood to old age—in joy and sorrow, in sickness and health—she saw all there; when those children, who had now outgrown the sympathies of childhood, were infants lying in her bosom—and every hour since there—where it was. To others, those dull, mute monitors were uninteresting; to her, they were the alphabet of the heart—familiar as household words!

And then the future! "What will become of me? What shall I do now?" She did not say so—she did not say anything; but she felt it! The prospect of the old wife is clouded. The home circle is broken, never to be re-united—the visions of the heart-stone are scattered forever. Up to that hour, there was home, to which the heart always turned with fondness. But that magic tie is sundered, the key-stone of that sacred arch has fallen, and now home is nowhere, this side of heaven! What shall the old wife do now? Go and live with her children—be a pensioner upon their kindness; where she is least she thinks! Or shall she rather upon the scattered fragments of that broken arch, make them her temple and her shrine, sit down in her chill solitude, beside its expiring fires, and die? What shall she do now?

They gently crowded her away from the dead, and the undertaker came forward with the coffin in his hand. It is all right and proper enough—of course it must be done; but to the heart-mourner, it brings a cold shudder, a thrill of agony, as when the headman comes forward with his axe! The undertaker stood for a moment with the decent propriety, not wishing to manifest a rude haste, but evidently desiring to be as expeditious as possible. Just as he was proceeding, the old wife turned back, and stopping down, inquired one last look upon the cold lips of her dead husband, then staggered to her seat, buried her face in her hands, and the closing coffin hid him from her sight forever!

That kiss. Fond token of affection and of sorrow, of memory and farewell! I have seen many kiss their dead—many such seals of love upon clay-cold lips—but never did I see one so purely sad, so simply heart-rending and hopeless as that! Or if it had hope, it was that which looks beyond coffins and charnel-houses, and damp tombs, to the perpetual joys of the home above. You would kiss the cold cheek of infancy. There is poetry there; it is the blessed rosy bud! Or the pallid cheek where beauty blushed. There is romance there; for the faded flower is still beautiful! In childhood, in youth, in manhood, the heart yields to the stroke of sorrow, but recoils again, elastic with life, buoyant with hope. But here was no beauty, no poetry, no romance. The heart of the old wife was a withered flower.

How to keep gathered fruit and flowers always fresh!—Fruit and flowers may be preserved from decay and fading by immersing them in a solution of gum arabic in water two or three times, waiting a sufficient time between each immersion to allow the gum to dry. This process covers the surface of the fruit with a

specimen of fruit, particular care should be taken to cover the stem, end and all, with the gum. A good way is to wind a thread of silk about the stem, and then sink it slowly in the solution, which should not be so strong as to leave a particle of the gum undissolved. The gum is so perfectly transparent, that you can with difficulty detect its presence, except by the touch. Here we have another simple method of fixing the fleeting beauty of nature, and surrounding ourselves ever with those objects which do most elevate the mind, refine the taste, and purify the heart.—Country Gentleman.

DEATH DEFERRED TO DISHONOR.—During the Irish reign of terror in 1828, a circumstance occurred, which, in the days of Sparta, would have immortalized the heroine; it is almost unknown to men has ever traced the story. We pause not to inquire into principles that influenced her; suffice it that in common with most of which liberty warred with tyranny. Her only son had been taken in the act of rebellion, and was condemned by martial law to death; she followed the office, on whose word his life depended, to the place of execution, and besought him to spare the widow's stay; she knelt in the agony of her soul and clasped her knees, while her eyes, with the glare of a maniac, fell on the child beside him. The judge was inexorable, the transgressor must die. But taken advantage of the occasion, he offered life to the culprit on condition of his discovering the members of the association with which he was connected. The son wavered; the mother rose from her position of humiliation, and exclaimed: "My child, if you do the bravest course of your mother shall be poisoned in your veins." He was executed; the pride of her soul enabled her to behold his death without a tear; she returned to her home—the support of her declining years has gone away, and the opening of the day that saw her lonely and childless, left her at rest forever. Her heart had broken in the struggle.—Mackenzie's Gazette.

A man called upon an unfortunate tradesman to pay a demand.
"I can never pay it," said he, "I am not worth a farthing, but I will give you a note. I am not so poor yet that I can sign a note."

ECONOMICAL.—"My lad," said a traveler to a little fellow, whom he met, clothed in pants and small jacket, but without a very necessary article of apparel: "My lad, where is your shirt?"
"Mumsey's is washing!"
"Have you no other?"
"None!" exclaimed the urchin in surprise, "would you want a boy to have a thousand shirts?"

SCANDAL, like a kite, to fly well, depends very much on the length of the tail it has to carry.

NARROW SOLES.—It is with narrow-soled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

SOME of our exchanges mention the fact of a "Know-Nothing" having been turned out of the society of which he was a member, for drinking an Irish whiskey punch with a German silver spoon in it.

THERE is an old lady in Troy so full of sympathy, that every time her ducks take a bath in the madgutter, she dries their feet by the fire to keep them from catching cold.

EXTRAVAGANT people are never generous. The man who pays fifteen dollars for a vest, would think he's being "robbed" should you ever call upon him to give six shillings towards buying old Drizzle, the shoemaker.

THE aged rages so in some parts of Iowa, that the people are obliged to sleep with corn cobs in their mouths, to keep from shaking their teeth out.

A FRENCHWOMAN AT HOME.

She helps to cook the dinner she has bought—for servants are wasteful with charcoal, and she knows to an inch how little she can use. In that marvelous place, a French kitchen—where two or three little holes in a stove cook such delicate dishes and perform such culinary feats as our great frying stoves of coal fires have no conception of—she sits about like a fairy, creating magical messes out of raw material of most ordinary description. She mixes up the milk and eggs that make the foundation of the soup à l'oseille, if it be meagre dry. This sorrel soup is a great favorite in economical households, and is vaunted as being highly nutritious. For the blood—indeed, one of the most refreshing things you can take, next to a tisane of lime flowers. She mixes the salad—oil, salt and pepper, are all she puts into it; she fries the potato chips, or peeps into the pot of haricots, or sees that the spinach is clean and the asparagus properly boiled. And then she turns to the plat sauté, or sweet dish, if she have one for dinner—the riz au lait, or the cauliflower, or the artichoke, or a la vanille—all simple enough and cheap, and not unwillingly rejected if properly made. In fact, our friend does the work of a head cook, the servant doing the dirty work. Yes, though a lady born and bred, refined, elegant and agreeable in society, a belle in her way, yet she does not think it beneath her dignity to lighten the household expenses by practical economy and activity. The dinner of a French family is cheap and simple. There is always soup, the meat of the stew-pan—sometimes, if not strict in expenditure, another plate of meat—generally two vegetables dressed and eaten separately; and sometimes, not always, a sweet dish; if not that, a little fruit, such as may be cheapest, and in the ripest season. But there is very little of the sort, and it is rather in arrangement than in material that they appear rich. The idea that the French are gourmands in private life is incorrect. They spend little on eating, and they eat inferior things, though their cookery is rather a science than a mere accident of civilization.

At home the great aim of the French is to save; and any self-sacrifice that will lead to this result is very cheerfully undertaken, more especially in eating and in the luxury of mere pleasures. No Frenchwoman will spend a shilling on her self-trouble. She would rather work like a day-laborer to buy an extra yard of ribbon or a new pair of gloves than lie on the sofa in the world in placid fine ladyism, with crumpled gowns or bare hands.

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MAXIMS TO GUIDE A YOUNG MAN.

Keep good company or none.
Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.
Always speak the truth.
Make few promises.
Live up to your engagements.
Have no very intimate friends.
Keep your own secrets, if you have any.
When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.
Good character is above all things else.
Never listen to loose or idle conversation.
You had better be poisoned in your blood than in your principles.
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.

Always speak, and act as in the presence of God.
Drink no intoxicating liquors.
When you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day.
Never speak lightly of religion.
Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.
Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

Never play at any kind of game.
Avoid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it.
Earn your money before you spend it.
Never run in debt, unless you see a way to get out again.
Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it.
Be just before you are generous.
Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.
Never think that which you do for religion is time or money mispent.
Always go to meeting when you possibly can.
Read some portion of the Bible every day.
Often think of death, and your accountability to God.
Read over the above maxims at least once a week, Saturday night.

EFFECT OF IMAGINATION.
Many years ago a celebrated physician, author of an excellent work on the effect of imagination, wished to combine theory with practice, in order to confirm the truth of his proposition.—To this end he begged the minister of justice to allow him to try an experiment on a criminal condemned to die. The minister consented, and delivered to him an assassin of distinguished rank. Our friend sought the culprit, and

the place of execution. He was conducted to the appointed room, where every preparation was made beforehand; his eyes were bandaged; he was strapped to a table, and, at a preconcerted signal, four of his veins were gently pricked with the point of a pen. At each corner of the table was a small fountain of water so contrived as to flow gently into basins placed to receive it, and to drop into the sound of which was also gradually became weak and the conversations of the doctors in an undertone, confounding him in his opinion.
"What fine blood!" said one. "What a pity this man should be condemned to die! he would have lived a long time."
"Hush!" said the other, then approaching the first, he asked him in a low voice, but so as to be heard by the criminal, "how many pounds of blood are there in the human body?"
"Twenty-four. You see already about ten pounds extracted; that man is now in a hopeless state."
The physician then receded by degrees and continued to lower their voices. The silliness which reigned in the apartment, broken only by the dripping fountain, the sound of which was also gradually became weak and the conversations of the doctors in an undertone, confounding him in his opinion.

WHAT ONE MAN CAN DO IN FLORIDA.—We have often heard it remarked that Florida is the best man's country in the world, and that would seem to support the proposition.
Mr. Bartolo Masters, Jr., of this county, residing near Moccasin Branch, 15 miles from this city, has given us a statement of his crop, made in the past season without assistance, and solely by his own labor. We put it down with the value as follows:
450 gallons syrup, at 50 cents per gallon, \$225
4 barrels sugar, 800 lbs. at 6 cents, - 48
3000 cans at 2 cents, - - - - 60

This the produce of one acre of cane. In addition to this he raised 150 bushels of corn, and 200 bushels of sweet potatoes, the value of which we put down at \$450 more; making in round numbers the sum of Eight Hundred Dollars as the result of his season's labor, to say nothing of the numberless comforts arising out of poultry, milk, &c., which are unconsidered trifles.
The land upon which this crop was raised is high pine land, "covey pened," and the mill which the cane was ground, is a common wooden one of rude manufacture. With such facilities before them, let no one complain of the hardiness of times. A little industry, energy and perseverance will make every man rich if he chooses to be.—St. Augustine Ancient City.

WHEAT CROP.—SALES OF PROPERTY.—The sale day of January passed off as usual, attended by a large crowd, a heavy consumption of the "tempter," a few marked cases of drunkenness, but no open or decided breach of public order.
We saw a number of our planters. Some were complaining of the bad stand of their wheat, while others flattered themselves, the slight rains had very perceptibly improved their prospects. The remarkable dry weather has undoubtedly been inauspicious to the grain crop. We hope, however, that the rather favorable weather we have had, will more than overbalance the mass of our losses, and that we are making a sympathy, which, if the next objects sought in the war had been known, would never have been accorded to them. With objects and purposes in the background which both parties are afraid to avow, the United States cannot interfere between them without getting into a quarrel with the American people to do so, and endeavor to promote the growth and prosperity of their own country, and establish its institutions on a basis which the shock of time cannot overthrow. They by this course will best promote the interests of civilization and humanity.

ALL of the Hutchinson Land was sold, averaging \$10 per acre.
The Thomas Land was sold for \$11 per acre, and other lands for about the same price.
Winnabro's Register.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

The news by the Atlantic brings a more exciting party into the field of conflict,—to wit: the British Parliament. The Queen's speech breathes nothing but war; and by the way Congress may take a hint of the vanity of all projects of pacification and mediation. The great and proud nations that are now measuring weapons, will submit to no less an umpire than Deity the issue of their strife. As yet they have felt only the irritation and exasperation of war. Their strength is unimpaired, and their animosities increased. The reverse will come in due time. Taxes will waste the resources, and alternate victory and disaster will dull the sense of vanity, and then even the British lion and the French eagle will drop their tails and come to reason.

But the session of Parliament, even its inception, has shown that the acts of Government are to be subjected to an unsparring criticism. Earl Derby's comments on the Queen's speech are a model of polite, and yet pitiless opposition which may be looked for as the programme of the course of the Tories. They support the war, but they convey the Government of having blundered into it, and of perpetual blundering since they got into it. The expedition to the Baltic, which commenced with such loud boasts, and ended with such lean performance, and the invasion of the Crimea, which was first a capture Sebastopol by a bold stroke, and now threatens to destroy the invaders by a slow decay, are of course the leading topics of censure. They are, however, enough to supply arrows for the Parliamentary warfare of the whole winter, and if the Ministry sustain themselves, it will be by exhibiting more vigor in peace than they have shown in war.

Another point of weakness in the present Government, is the Austrian alliance, and the terms of the recent treaty. The speech from the throne carefully evades any declaration of the purpose of this treaty; Lord Derby calls in question its advantages; and Lord John Russell admits that it is not such as was desired. It is probably only another step in the diplomacy of Austria, to gain all possible advantages from the present war, without incurring any of its dangers or responsibilities.

The present Ministry stand on very slippery ground, and although they are adroit and experienced in sliding, the times are so grave, and so little in accord with the entertainments of mere political dexterity, that if there were a prospect of substituting for them an able and consistent body of statesmen, they would probably be voted out of office by general consent. But the appalling inquiry, of who are to take their places, will be a very serious and probably effective check upon the general sense of their incompetency, and the Earl of Aberdeen's

questionary we have mentioned. The old treaties, which closed its navigation by the most impregnable of maritime barriers, will be annihilated forever. International relations on the Black Sea will be reconstituted on a new compact, and this most important body of water will be brought again within the pale of the civilized world.

POPULATION OF MINNESOTA.—The St. Paul (Minnesota) Pioneer says, "From all that we have seen and heard relative to the number of persons who have settled in Minnesota the past season, we should judge that not less than twenty five thousand adult settlers have pitched their tents with us since the opening of navigation. They have not settled in any one particular local, but dispersed themselves all over the territory. Next season the number will be much increased."

THE FIRES AND CASUALTIES OF 1854.—During the last year, there were forty fires in the United States where the loss exceeded \$100,000, or upwards. The entire loss of property by fire during that period is estimated at \$15,000,000. During the same period, 600 persons were killed by steamboat and about 200 by railroad accidents.

TO restore a drowned miser to consciousness, who had been in his coffin for three days, was the object of a Parisian physician. This was tried in Paris, with the happiest effect. A money broker was restored to life by it, after lying in the water over three weeks.

PATENTS.—Since the first of January 1854, we learn from the report of the Secretary of the Interior, there have been issued upwards of six hundred patents, and within the year the number will reach nineteen hundred, which will be about double the number issued during the last year. The arrangement by which this result has been produced was judicious, and has proved satisfactory to all parties interested.—Washington Sentinel.

JUST so.—The Boston Mail flatly contradicts the report that the Pacific Ocean is to be enlarged for the purpose of accommodating the growing commerce of California.

Every school-boy knows that a kite would fly until it has a string tying it down. It is not so in life. The man who is tied down by half a dozen blooming responsibilities and high flight than the old bachelors, who, having nothing to keep him steady, is always floundering the water. If you want to ascend in the world, tie yourself to somebody.

IGNORANCE is an expensive luxury. The want of a little gumption costs many a life of comfort, convenience and similar fine things. Mr. Short don't know but everybody is as honest as other folks, and so gets taken in every time he goes out. Miss Simple, too, has a universal confidence in everything and everybody, and pays for the privilege by being a universal victim.

On a late excursion up the Mississippi, a gentleman in the wash-room said to the captain of the boat:
"You give me a clean towel, captain?"
"No," said the captain, "more than fifty passengers have used the towel there, and you are the first one that's said a word about it."

A TEXAS exchange says that the earth is so kind in that state, that "just tickle her with a hoe, and she will laugh with a harvest."

A convict in the Ohio Penitentiary recently cut off his fingers to avoid being set to work.

RESPECT.—We understand that Peter Cornell has been respected. He was condemned in Spartanburg for the murder of his father-in-law, but has been respited on account of his feeble state of health.
Miss Smith says she will never marry a widower with a family, and for this reason she is down on second-hand children. Susieble gird that.

CONGRESS.

A very animated debate on Know-Nothingism occurred in the House of Representatives on Thursday, pending the consideration of the bill to relieve purchasers and locators of swamp and overflowed lands. Mr. Sellers, in the course of his reply to Mr. Keitt, of S. C., said: "As Mr. Barry and Mr. Keitt had told the House what the Know-Nothing will do, he would tell what they would not do: they will not dissolve the Union, but will uphold it as the sheet anchor of republican safety. Another thing—they will not say an appropriation for rivers and harbors is constitutional when the former pass through three States, but unconstitutional when passing through only one.—(Laughter.) They do not intend to permit Southern nullifiers to assert the doctrine of secession, after submitting to the supreme court of the United States for decisions regarding the constitutionality of important questions. They do not intend to quibble about the interpretation of the constitution like a prude, and violate it like a prostitute."

Mr. Keitt. I have a single question to ask. Mr. Sellers. I expected to be interrupted. Mr. Keitt. Do you mean to be personal.—(Session.)

Mr. Sellers. I was talking about South Carolina, and disclaim any such thing. He then proceeded further to defend Know-Nothingism; and, as to secrecy, said the democrats ought not to complain, as they last night held a caucus, or secret meeting, to regulate the great tariff question.

Mr. Giddings understood Mr. Sellers to say the Know-Nothing will leave slavery where they found it. Will they restore freedom to Kansas?

Mr. Sellers. I will never take the construction of the gentleman from Ohio on constitutional law. [Laughter.] Mr. Giddings. Then you back out. Mr. Sellers. I do not, but I most cheerfully retire from such a contest. [Laughter.] I should as soon think of entering into a contest God forgive me, with a pregnant woman. [Renewed laughter.] There is a party pledged to preserve the Union, and will do it as all hazards. Mr. Giddings said he was sincere in asking the question of the gentleman from Maryland, but the gentleman showed the white feather and backed out. He was deserving of the name of a Know-Nothing or say nothing. [Laughter.] The people of the United States have the right to know the principles of the party. Publicity is for the express purpose of preventing people from being deceived and misled. He (Mr. Giddings) however, was a friend of the Know-Nothing. He had counted their friendship, and liked them as long as they acted with him. [Laughter.]

Mr. Keitt, alluding to Mr. Sellers, remarks about secession and abolitionism, said, as to nullification, it had been illustrated and expounded by the great intellects of his own State—Cahoun, McDuffie, Haynes, Preston, and all other great men—who swept in a convulsion of splendor over the sky of South Carolina.—We will say nothing more on this subject.

The nullification party of 1832 sought no subterfuge, no hole to ferment in, and no Catiline was there to foster midnight conspiracy, and when denounced, offering himself as a Know-Nothing in the Senate.

We offered to fight the Government on principle in open day—the Government brought out its arms and slugs, but the sons of Carolina were under their Palmetto flag in defence of their friends, and ready to perish for the right. I was a member of the secession party of 1850. The sons of that State are ready to give their blood when their country demands it. But if in peace the Government strike our liberties, by Heaven I'll strike back. I only owe allegiance to my State, and through my State to the General Government. When anything personal is said, I shall answer by a monosyllable. (Session.)

Mr. Letcher imagined that not five men in the House had thought of the pending bill since the discussion commenced. It was to relieve purchasers and locators of swamp and overflowed lands. He confined himself to the subject, and finally the bill was amended and passed.

THE EXECUTION OF VICKERS.—In accordance with the terms of the sentence, the extreme penalty of the law was executed, in our town, on Friday the 29th ult., upon James Vickers, convicted for the murder of William Dobson. He was attended to the gallows by the Methodist minister, Rev. Mr. Creighton, and after engaging in the customary devotional exercises and expressing his readiness to abide the justice of the law, calmly and firmly met his unhappy fate. The feeling of morbid curiosity, which is a part of our nature, brought together a number of persons to witness the execution; but we were glad to see that the crowd was unusually small and without an exception demeaned themselves with a propriety in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion. Above all, we were pleased to meet with but little of that sickly sentiment which, in sympathy with the misfortunes of the criminal, would bring in question the justice of the law which condemned him to death. Let it be remembered that this sanction has been ordained by a wisdom superior to that of man, and that the criminal but pays the righteous forfeit of his own crimes.

The brother, Newton Vickers, whose sentence was commuted by His Excellency Governor Manning will remain in prison until next November.—Yorkville Enquirer.

As exquisitely dressed young gentleman, after buying another seal to dangle about his delicate person, said to the jeweler that "he would like to have something engraved on it to denote what he was." "Certainly, certainly, I will put a cypher on it," said the tradesman.

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"The man who is always fortunate cannot easily have a great adversity for virtue."

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