

The Sumter Banner.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Execution of Arthur Spring.
A slip from the office of the Philadelphia Ledger, contains a full report of the events which transpired during the last hours of Arthur Spring.

His manner seems to have been unchanged, and he maintained up to the period of his death, a general indifference to his fate. His conversation in his cell with his spiritual advisers, according to the published reports, consist of a series of declarations and ejaculations, with little coherence, and nothing to induce the slightest confidence in his sincerity with regard to anything he said. The only alterations seem to have been, from raving and irreverent exclamations, in the name of Jesus, to ungodly and revolting jests, respecting his condition and approaching fate.

The statement of events from near midnight of Thursday, up to the hour of execution are mainly included in the following sketch:

PRISONER'S CELL, NEAR MIDNIGHT.

Thursday Night, June 9.—After religious services, by the Rev. Messrs. Street and Kensil, Spring was asked how he felt? He answered—'I never felt better in my life. I never murdered any person, and I expect to die a Christian. I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ—and that he alone can forgive my sins and wash my soul in his blood, and that he alone can save me, and I never did believe in anything else. I also believe in the resurrection of the body, and in judgment to come, and life everlasting after death; and that every man must give an account of every action of his life, whether it be good or evil, and in a place of misery for the wicked.'

To a question put to him, (with the open Bible in his hand)—'Do you feel that God, for Christ's sake, accepts you and forgives you? He answered, 'I trust he does, and death does not trouble me.' To a question put to him—'Do you, in the fear of God, before whom you will appear in a few hours, forgive every one who has in any way or manner injured you?' He answered—'I do, and I trust He will forgive me as I forgive them.'

His last statement was—'Although the boy brought home the money, he never told me that he murdered the women; neither do I believe he knew anything about the murder, for if he had he would have told me. Neither do I believe he had any hand in it. There are to be considered as my dying words.'

He had previously gone into a long detail (so often told) about his son's visit to Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Lynch after midnight, and bringing home the money. He then, in positive terms, declared he was in bed on the night of the murder; and though the son brought home the money and put it in his pocket-book, yet he declared that he believed his son had no hand in the murder of the women, and that he is entirely clear.

After having got through his statement, he commenced to joke and laugh, although reminded of the necessity of being solemn. He said, 'I have got a long journey to take in the morning, but I don't think they will get me off until after dinner, as I want to lay in a good stock of provisions. And then he went on to relate an anecdote in relation to two men swimming a race. That one of them took a week's provisions on his back, and when the other saw this he gave up the bet.

The prisoner then laughed heartily until reminded of his condition. To this he remarked that he could not help it, as he was so glad to get off. In answer to a remark that every person in the community believed him guilty, and that he, his spiritual advisers, believed it also, he said, 'you must think I am a Greek,' and thus he went on until we left him, about midnight, to take his last sleep previous to awakening in eternity.

After the departure of the Rev. Messrs. Street and Kensil, the chaplain of the prison, the Rev. Mr. Alexander, took their place, and the prisoner, after some conversation with him, slept for several hours.—He awoke about 4 o'clock, and joined in prayer with the Rev. Mr. Alexander. The prisoner then prayed

for the welfare of his son, and asked Mr. Alexander to join him in a prayer for his dear Arthur. The religious services were continued up to 7 o'clock, with occasional intermissions, during which Spring asserted his innocence, and his belief that his son was also clear of the guilt of blood.

The spectators within the prison numbered at least four hundred.—Without the walls there are about two hundred scattered around, including a large body of police.

Attorney General Reed received a letter from Governor Bigler this morning, in reply to a question as to whether there was any hope of a respite. The Governor states in the most emphatic terms, that the condemned must give up that hope that he has determined not to exercise any clemency towards him.

The letter from the Governor was read to him by Mr. Reed, but it failed to produce the least effect upon him, and he asseverated his own innocence.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE EXECUTION.

The preparations for proceeding to the prison yard were completed within a few minutes of 11 o'clock, and the various official bodies formed in line, and awaited the coming of the prisoner in the court-yard, within the northern gate. At 11 o'clock the prisoner entered the yard, and the procession commenced its solemn march.

The condemned man was seen to tremble when he gazed upon the large number assembled, and on catching the first glimpse of the gallows, a nervous trembling was apparent, but still he walked firmly, and ascended the steps boldly.

The reverend gentlemen, and the Sheriff, and Marshal, ascended with him, and the religious exercises were commenced by singing a hymn.—The prisoner kept his eyes closed most of the time.

Upon the conclusion of the hymn, the Rev. Mr. Street, thus addressed him:

Arthur Spring, you have been convicted and sentenced to death for the murder of Honora Shaw and Ellen Lynch, and the execution of that sentence is now about to take place. We have not ceased to warn you of your fate and to induce you to repent and make your peace with God. I now ask you, in the presence of Almighty God, before whom you will shortly stand, are you guilty or not guilty of the murder of these women?

Prisoner—No sir! no sir!

Mr. Street—The Grand Jury have also by their presentment, charged you with the murder of Mr. Rink. Are you guilty or not guilty of that crime?

Prisoner—No sir. I never saw the man in my life.

Mr. Street—I have still another and last question to ask you. Before God, is your son, Arthur Spring, entirely clear of the murder of Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Lynch.

Prisoner—I believe he is. He had no more to do with it than I had.

At this response there was a general groan from the spectators, which was, however, but momentary.

Mr. Street then said, 'May God have mercy upon your soul.'

All upon the scaffold then knelt, and the Rev. Mr. Kensil prayed in the most fervent manner.

At the conclusion, the prisoner spoke a few words to Mr. Street, and that gentleman was about to repeat it, when the sheriff interposed and told the prisoner to speak himself.

He then said that he went to bed on the night of the murder at 7 o'clock, and he never knew anything of it until told by the officers.

The question was again asked him, 'Is your son innocent?' and he replied:

'My son is entirely innocent of blood!'

Mr. Alexander here exclaimed: 'Let this go throughout the land!'

The reverend gentlemen then left the gallows, after shaking hands with the prisoner.

The executioner arranged the knot and drew the cap over his face, and the sheriff having left him, the props were removed from beneath the platform, and at a quarter after 11 o'clock the prop fell, and the

victim of offended justice hung between Heaven and earth.

He fell about two feet and a half, and it was thought dislocated his neck, as with the exception of a slight contraction of the extremities, the body remained perfectly motionless.

Thus has ended this bloody tragedy.

Progress of Mankind.

The immense strides in progress which civilized men have made within the last two centuries, are really incredible, until the subject is thoughtfully considered. Yet we do not exaggerate when we say that a journeyman mechanic in the present day, lives substantially better than a nobleman did four centuries ago. There still survives a household book, kept by one of the great Dukes of Northumberland, which leaves no doubt on this subject. From that volume we learn that his grace breakfasted on ale and herrings, dined usually on boiled beef, and was ignorant at supper of the luxury of tea or coffee as he was, in his household furniture of carpets, sofas, or hair mattresses.

In the Boston letters, written about the middle of the 16th century, we have further evidence of the almost incredible want of physical comforts among the upper classes. The Duke of Norfolk of that day, one of the greatest of English noblemen, was often in need of the smallest sums of money, while persons of less exalted rank had frequently to submit to the greatest privations for want of a few shillings. The richest men in the land dressed poorer, were lodged more rudely, and ate coarser food in those times, than a y industrious mechanic of our own. Even as late as Queen Elizabeth's reign, the royal floors were covered with rushes instead of carpet. When Philip the Second, consort of Mary Elizabeth's sister, visited England, his courtesies wrote back to Spain that the people lived in huts of nettles and mud, and slept on logs for pillows.

For much of this progress the civilized world is indebted to the use of machinery. Cotton cloth, which once had to be spun and wove by hand, and which consequently cost a high price, is now produced, by machinery, at six cents a yard, and pays profit. By the aid of machinery one man can now perform what once required thirty; and the time saved is so much clear gain, to be devoted to increasing either the physical comforts or the intellectual improvement of the race, or both.—Twenty years ago even it would have been impossible to have printed the edition of the Ledger in the entire twenty-four hours by any press then known; and the result would have been and was that not one family in a hundred could afford to take a newspaper. And what is true of printing, and of the manufacture of cotton cloth, is true also of nearly every other necessary of present physical or intellectual life.

It is to the increase of machinery and its improvement that we look for the real elevation of mankind. Every hour saved in this way from unavoidable labor redeems man, so far forth, from slavery of living to exist, and enables him to cultivate the higher faculties of his mind and soul; to rise, in a word, to the true dignity of manhood. If in two centuries the journeyman mechanic has overtaken the noble, what greater triumphs may we not look for in the centuries to come. The progress of mankind, indeed, has only begun.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Murders Detected.

In February last, near Cross Anchor in this District, a North Carolina wagoner, by the name of Haller, was most brutally murdered in his camp. Up to within a few days, the most searching investigation were made to discover the fiendish perpetrators of the deed, and justice seemed likely to be cheated of her great demands. We gather the following particulars from reliable sources. Shortly after the murder was committed, suspicion fastened itself upon a negro named Charles the property of J. D. Montgomery, esq. Charles was prosecuted, but the evidence being insufficient to establish his guilt, he was acquitted upon the charge of murder, but sentenced to receive some six hundred stripes for certain misdemeanors, and ordered to be removed from the State. Subsequently, and only a few days ago, a sum of money, answering the description of that seen in Haller's possession, shortly before he was killed, and a pocket knife, having his name cut upon the handle, were found under one of the negro houses on Mr. Montgomery's premises, and under such circumstances, as connected them directly with Charles. Upon being informed of the discovery of this additional evidence, Mr. Montgomery, acting in a spirit of prompt decision, and high regard for his duties as citizen, immediately dispatched an agent, with the amount of money for which he had shortly before sold the negro, refunded to the purchaser, and procured the arrest of the boy, and his lodgment in Laurens jail, where he is now confined, and where, since his arrest, he has made a full confession. In this confession, a negro, belonging to Dr. Bobo, is implicated, and charged with being the actual murderer. He acknowledges that he took the money, &c., from Haller's pockets. Although difficulties may suggest themselves, as standing in the way of a legal conviction, arising from the former trial and

Sacramento Saloon Fictories.

The fishing interest in the Sacramento at this point is increasing and expanding with astonishing rapidity, from year to year, and from month to month. The water of the River must be alive with salmon, or such numbers caught daily would sensibly reduce their numbers. But experienced fishermen inform us while the run lasts, so countless is the number, that no matter how many are employed in the business, or how many are taken daily, no diminution can be preserved. Even the "fines" between this and the Coast Range are reported to be filled with salmon. The run this year is said to be greater than ever before known at this season. The extraordinary run of the present time is only expected to continue for some time like three weeks. They seem to run in immense schools, during which the numbers taken are light, as compared with the quantity taken during a time like the present. No account is kept of the number engaged in fishing, or of the amount caught, and all statements relative thereto are made from estimates obtained from those who have experience in the business, and probably approximate correctness. These estimates give the number of men employed now in taking fish in the Sacramento at about 600; the number of fish taken daily on an average, at 2,000; their average weight 17 lbs.

per day. Two cents per lb., which is probably more than the average price by the quantity, would give a daily income to those employed of \$680, not very high pay. Either the number of men engaged in the business, we imagine, must be over-estimated, or the number of fish caught under-estimated. It requires two men to manna boat, which would give 300 boats for 600 men; 2,000 fish a day would give to each man a fraction over three as his share. We presume few are fishing who do not catch a good many more than that number. We saw a boatload, the product of the previous night, consisting of 60 salmon, weighed yesterday morning. They averaged a fraction over 17 lbs., and gave 33 as the number caught by each man, instead of three, as estimated above.—Say that the 600 fishermen on an average, 200 boats a night; the average number caught by each boat put at 20, and the sum total would be 4,000 fish, instead of 2,000 as estimated. Our impression is that the latter comes nearer the mark than the former, as a good many of the fishermen send their fish directly to San Francisco; others take them to different points for sailing. Large numbers are salted down daily, several firms and individuals being extensively engaged in this branch of the trade. The fish are put down in hogsheds, which average when filled, about 800 lbs. From 1,000 to 3,000 lbs. are put down daily by those engaged in salting. An acquaintance has filled 65 hds. this season. The most of those engaged in salting, live on the Washington side of the river, and salt their fish there. Including those engaged in salting, catching and selling, probably the fish business furnishes employment for 1,000 men.

The salmon fish is found in no other waters in such vast multitudes as are met in rivers emptying into the Pacific. On the Atlantic side the leading fish feature is the run of shad in the spring; on the Pacific side, salmon ascend our river at all seasons, in numbers beyond all computation. In California and Oregon our rivers are alive with them; the great number taken by our fishermen are but a drop from the bucket.—Above this, on the Coast side, tribes of Indians use no other food. As a table luxury they are esteemed by most persons the finest fish caught. Unlike many fish, they contain but few bones, and the orange colored meat can be served in slices to suit customers. It is emphatically the meat for the million; it costs so little—not a quarter that of other meats—that rich and poor men can feast upon salmon as often in the day as they choose to indulge in the luxury. In the course of a few years salmon fishing will extend itself to all the prominent rivers in the State. Catching and curing salmon will then have become a systemized business; the fish consumption will then have extended itself generally over the State, and more than likely become in the meantime an important article of export.—Sacramento Union.

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acquittal—justice must be administered. It is to be hoped that there will be no mockery of the law, in a second trial and that the people who have been shocked and outraged, will at once take retribution into their own hands, and inflict the most extreme punishment upon this demon. They must be justified in the act, under all the circumstances. Should they be driven, however, to a second prosecution, we are glad to learn that no defence will be made for him. There is nothing to prevent the conviction according to Law, of his confederate in guilt. We are told that much excitement prevails in the community, and a stern resolve to secure the ends of justice. This is right.

Since the above was written, we have been corrected in an error into which we had fallen. The cases of both negroes are in the same condition, both having been tried on the same charge and acquitted.—Carolina Spartan.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

A Chapter for Nice Old Farmers.

Can any body tell why country people so universally and pertinaciously persist in living in the rear of the house? Can any body tell why the front door and windows are never opened, save on 4th of July and at Thanksgiving time? Why Zedekiah, and Timothy, and Johnathan, and the old farmer himself, must go round the house, in order to get into it? Why the whole family (oblivious of six empty rooms) take their "vapor bath," in the vicinity of a red hot cooking range, in the dog days? Why the village artist need paint the roof, and spout, and window frames bright crimson, and the doors the color of a mermaid's tresses? Why the detestable sunflower (which I can never forgive "Tom Moore" for noticing) must always haunt in the garden? Why the ungraceful prim poplar, fit emblem of a still old bachelor, is preferred to the swaying elm, or drooping willow, or majestic horse chestnut?

I should like to pull down the green paper window-curtains, and hang up some of snowy muslin. I should like to throw wide open the hall door, and let the south wind play through. I should like to go out in the woods, and collect fresh, sweet, wild flowers to arrange in a vase, in place of those desiccated dried grasses, and old maid "everlastings." I should like to show Zedekiah how to nail together some bits of board, for an embryo lounge; I should like to stuff with cotton, and cover it with a neat "patch." I should like to cushion all the chairs after the same fashion. Then I should like, when the white haired old farmer came punting up the road at twelve o'clock, with his scythe hanging over his arm, to usher him into that cool, comfortable room; set his bowl of bread and milk before him, and after he had discussed it, coax him (instead of tilting back on the hind legs of a hard chair,) to take a ten minutes nap on my "modest" sofa while I kept my eye on the clouds, to see that no thunder shower played the mischief with his hay.

I should like to place a few common sense, practical books on the table, with some of our fine daily and weekly papers. You may smile; but these inducements, and the comfortable and pleasant air of the apartment would bring the family of tinner together after the day's toil; by degrees they would lift the covers of the books, and turn over the newspapers. Constant interchange of thought, feeling and opinion, with discussions of the important and engrossing questions of the day, would of course necessarily follow.

The village tavern-keeper would probably frown it; but I will venture to predict for the inmates of the farmhouse a growing love for "home," and an adled air of intelligence and refinement, of which they themselves might possibly be unconscious.

FANNY FERR.

SINGULAR PHENOMENA.—Our readers are aware that on Walnut Hills excavations are being made, on the line of the new Short Line rail road. The workmen have in excavating passed through layers of crystallized limestone, and soap or slatestone alternately, in which very little water was found. A few days since, however, when they were about one hundred and seventy feet from the earth, the flame of a candle, or of a burning match accidentally came in contact with a liquid supposed to be pure water, that had gathered in one of the holes drilled in the rock.

Much to the surprise of all present, the apparent water instantly took fire, not after the manner of inflammable gas, but sent up a strong, clear, and steady flame, as if it were composed of some kind of oil. On applying fire

to the liquid which was in the other drill-holes in the vicinity, it also burned in the same manner. Since that time lamps and candles have been entirely dispensed with in the subterranean apartment, the substance continuing to burn steadily, and emit an excellent light. Many persons whose curiosity is excited visit the spots daily to witness the singular phenomena. The liquid gives no unpleasant odor while burning.

RECIPE FOR CHRONIC DIARRHOEA OR DYSENTERY.—We have been furnished (says an exchange) with the following recipe, by a gentleman who vouches for its efficacy in several instances in which he has known it tried:

One quart of hickory ashes, one pint of soot, and one oz of pulverized rhubarb—on which pour a gallon of boiling water, and let it stand 12 hours—strain off, bottle up, and keep it well corked. One wine glassful to be given after each meal to a grown person—to children in proportion.

A JOLLY BARONESS.—In one of his recent letters from Paris to the N. O. Picayune, Mr. Kendall relates the following curious incident:

"In my account of the grand ball given by the legislative body to the emperor and empress, written last week, I omitted one interesting event which then and there transpired. Late in the night, and in the midst of the dancing, a beautiful and dashing woman was quietly arrested and walked off to the lock-up, causing not a little excitement, as may well be supposed. It was given out at the time that the lady was suffering under a mental alienation, but the true history of the affair has since leaked out, and is not without interest. It seems that the woman in question, young and exceedingly pretty, has been figuring extensively the past season as a baroness, and that she was accompanied to the ball by a gentleman of high distinction, and one well known in fashionable circles. For several hours she was remarked for her grace and beauty, dancing several quadrilles in faultless style, but after supper she entered into the spirit of a Redowa with rather more abandon than is recognized as seemly or befitting in haute society. Another quadrille came, when her style was even more admirable—it would have been admired at the Jardin Mobile, Grande Chamrière, or at Chateaux Rouge, but there was a little too much of the cancan about it for the latitude of the Tuileries. Her conversation, too, became a little boisterous, and many of her expressions, however they would have sounded in the Quartier Breda or Notre Dame de Lorette, seemed rather out of place in the severe and classic meridian of the Faubourg St. Germain. The ladies immediately near her were shocked, the gentlemen stared at her in astonishment, and finally the baroness became so hilarious in her speech and so extravagant in her action, that it was deemed prudent to rid the ball-room of her presence. To smooth the matter over, it was given out that she was suffering under a mental alienation, and that she was subject to such fits, but the real truth was that she had been imbibing altogether too freely of champagne at the splendid supper, and that the wine brought her out in her true character. Her case was duly investigated by the lynx-eyed and indefatigable police; when it was ascertained that she was the wife of a farmer living near Paris, and that in order to enable her to carry out her assumed title of a baroness, she has been for some time past leading a most disreputable life."

A BRIGHT PROSPECT.—Lieut. Murray says, "Japan is to be opened to our commerce; China is to be christianized with her millions; our people are to buy, sell, and get gain; Australia is to be a mighty nation, and a good customer; and all the Islands of the Pacific are to attract our ships, hail our flag as the emblem of freedom, and court friendly alliances with us as the champion, by example, of the rights of man."

PUNISHMENT FOR RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.—The Governor of New Hampshire in his message to the Legislature recommends that loss of life occasioned by railroad accidents, so termed, be indictable offences, and punishable by confinement to hard labor for life, or a term of years, according to the aggravation of the offence.

A NEAT REPLY.—A young lady at school engaged in the study of grammar was asked if "kiss" was a proper or common noun, with hesitation replied, "it is both common and proper."

JOHN CALWELL, Esq., of Columbia, has been elected President pro tem. of the Charleston Railroad.

A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—The following beautiful comparison is from a lecture recently delivered at St. Louis, by Thomas F. meagher:
One fair morning, toward the close of last summer, I stood in a field that overlooked the Hudson. I was struck with the glowing ripeness of the fruit which waved around me, and broke into an expression of delight. It seemed to me the most glorious I had seen in any climate—the most glorious the earth could bring forth.
"That seed," said one who stood by, "came from Egypt."
It had been buried in the tombs of Kings—had lain with the dead for three thousand years. But though wrapped in the shroud, and locked within the pyramids, it died not. It lived in the silence—lived in the darkness—lived under the mighty mass of stone—lived with death itself—and now that the dust of the Kings has been disturbed—that they have been called and moved not—that the bandages have been removed and they open not their eyes—behold the seed gives forth life and the fields rejoice in its glory.

And thus it is, that the energies, the instincts, the faith and the vitalities which have been crushed elsewhere—have been entombed elsewhere—in these virgin souls revive, and that which seems mortal, becomes imperishable. And thus it is, that even here, the seed will multiply, and, borne back to the ancient land, will people the places that are desolate; the wilderness shall be made glad.

Children of the old world, be of good cheer. While in the homes—by the Rhine, the Seine, the Danube, and the Arno, the Shannon and the Suir—in the homes you have left, the wicked seem to prosper, and spurious Senates provide for the offspring of the tyrant, even to the third and fourth generation! Freedom strengthens herself in these lands, and in the midst of countless hates, concentrates the power by which the captives shall be redeemed, and evil lords dethroned.

This shall be the glory of America!

LIEUT. WATKINS.—A rural philosopher somewhat advanced in life, whose limited knowledge of nature's mysteries had been acquired without the aid of science, and who knew not whether a microscope was "something to eat or a new fangled farming machine," was once in conversation with a youthful friend fresh from school, who talked to him of the wonderful developments made by that instrument a specimen of which he carried about him.

While the old man was making a frugal meal in the field that noon, the youth produced his microscope, and explained its operation, which he illustrated by exhibiting its power upon several bugs and divers minute atoms of inanimate matter at hand.

To his surprise, his aged pupil did not manifest much astonishment, and stung by his indifference he detailed to him how many scores of living creatures he devoured at every mouthful, and in each drop which quenched his thirst. At this his hearer was scandalized; to prove the fact, the boy snatched from his hand a chunk of rich cheese which he was then devouring, and placing it under the magnifier, the mass of wriggling animalculæ was triumphantly pointed out.

The old man gazed upon the sight indifferently, and at length with the utmost nonchalance took another huge bite.

"Don't!" exclaimed the boy, "don't eat it, Uncle Ben; don't you see 'em! See 'em squirm and wriggle!"

"Let 'em wriggle!" said the old philosopher, munching away calmly, "they've got the worst on't; if they kin stan' it, I din, and he deliberately finished his meal.—Clinton Courant.

BEAUTIES OF EMANCIPATION.—A late Democratic paper tells the following tales of crime in that locality:

"The records of criminal sessions show an amount of crime unheard of in the history of the Colony; for save the butcheries under martial law, it has never been known in that country that five persons forfeited their lives in expiation of violations of the law, of a character so heinous as to preclude the hope of mercy. In two of the cases which have been tried, in the recent sessions, the accompanying circumstances have been invested with a diabolical malignity which have rarely been equalled. In the one, a native of the colony, deliberately dashed out the brains of her own child, because, from natural infirmity, it was backwards in the development of mind and body. In the second, a Coolie, in a fit of jealousy, cut his wife in pieces with a cut-throat razor, and then, in the same manner, he intended to act in the same manner by the man who had aroused his suspicions."

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