

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.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., MAY 4, 1854.

VOL. XIX.—NO. 16.

THE EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.

ARTHUR SIMKINS, Editor.

TERMS.

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Select Tale.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

BY MARY L. GILLIES.

"Shall you be very late to-night?" This question was asked in a soft, low voice, by a pale, but very sweet young creature, as she parted from her husband in the street.

"I do not know that I shall," he replied somewhat coldly, as replacing his cigar between his lips, he turned away. There was carelessness, rather than unkindness in his manner; and she looked after him more in sorrow than in reproach. Taking the hand of her little boy, she slowly bent her steps homeward, with that drooping of the head which speaks sadness of the heart.

It was a Saturday night; she had been marketing, and her little purchases were contained in a basket which hung upon her arm. On reaching home, the uppermost floor of a house in a poor, but decent neighborhood, she seated Philip, her little son, beside it, gave him a piece of bread and butter for his supper, and began to busy herself in putting away the few necessities she had bought. By the time this was done, the drooping head of the little Philip tilted her head was ready for his pillow. How tenderly he was taken to his lonely mother's breast, his pretty face washed—his bright hair brushed, and he arrayed in his snowy bed-gown. Pressed to her bosom, she warmed his little feet, her fond hand returning to them again from the fire, to which every now and then she held her own palm, then, pressing the soft foot, she kissed it playfully, and provoked the laughter so sweet to a mother's ear. These were Philip's first charming lessons; thus were gentleness and love awakened in his infant spirit by his capable, but un-instructed, unassisted mother. How full of meaning was his smile—how full of animation when kneeling in her lap, she joined his little hands, and bade him ask his Heavenly Father to bless his earthly parent, how sympathetically he caught the sweetly serious look—the calm and holy tone of his instructress. When his little prayer was said, he flung his arms about her neck and cheeks; they murmured together the blessing which concluded this little drama; for his eyes slowly closed, and then he was gently consigned to his snug and snowy bed.

So far all was sweet; would it might be said, all was calm; but the aching void in Susan's heart was not calmer; it was rather a craving for that mental and social element which is necessary to every breast, and cannot long be healthily denied to any one. The more energetic spirits seek such associations or stimulants as chance presents them; the gentler submit and suffer—often perish—in silence.

Susan put a little fuel softly on the fire, trimmed the candle, and sat down with the lonely woman's companion, her work-basket. A deep sigh stole from her bosom. Still the needle was piled. Now and then she paused to wipe away the tears that would gather on her lashes. She was just two-and-twenty, and had been four years married, during all of which time, with the brief exception of a few weeks previous to their settlement in town, she had thus been left, night after night, in loneliness. Philip Morris, her husband, was an honest, industrious man, with a hundred good qualities; sober, and solicitous of securing to his family all the comforts his means afforded, he brought his weekly earnings, with a small reservation for some trifling indulgences for himself, to his wife, and with the utmost trust in her management and economy, left them to her disposal. But while thus trusting and acquiescent himself, it never occurred to him that it was her equal right—would be her equal advantage. While he sought the interchange of thought with other minds, he never reflected on the utter privation of such communion he had entailed on her. He had taken her from the home of her father, a small farmer, where her mother, a pious, kind woman, had brought up Susan and several brothers and sisters, for their station, remarkably well. Her father's heart was one ever overflowing with the milk of human kindness; and thus aided by the cheerful spirits of their beloved children, a lonely sunshine had ever lighted up that lowly home, and given to it a thousand claims upon her love and memory. At moments Susan would look back on the brief time that had been employed to woo her from it as a dream; the worshipped words of love, the promises of devotion, of endeavors for her happiness, the mighty city in which she was to dwell (which now appeared to her a maze of mud and stone, ill exchanged for the daisied fields with their sweet breath and

bright atmosphere) had all tended to an undefinable disappointment; yet, in the ignorance of her heart, she could scarcely have stated of what she had to complain. She loved her husband; was proud of his superior abilities; and made no mean estimate of his moral character, unobscured in the slightest degree, by the gross vices, which she could not but perceive marked many around her, subjecting their wives to brutality and privations. Compared with such offenses, she persuaded herself that Philip's neglect was a very light and venial fault, and blamed herself for feeling it so much.

But Susan was one of those flowers of humanity that would have amply repaid cultivation, and that needed the sunshine of sympathetic kindness. Daily food was scarcely more necessary for her physical nature than the interchange of thought and kindness was for her spiritual nature; all this her husband's habits, and the unobscurable plans of life in England, and especially in London, denied her. Too timid to plead her own cause, or urge her own claims to him who had precluded appeal to others, she unconsciously lived on without change, without stimulus or excitement; shut up within the four walls of her humble home, walking unrelieved the dull unvarying round of domestic duties, with her spirit full of capabilities unexplored and unexpanded. She grew nervous and hectic, her appetite and spirits failed, her frame wasted, while quiet and unrequited, almost unconscious of her malady, or its cause, consumption was rapidly developed. Medical advice was sought, and medicine and care essayed, while none guessed the quiet feeling that flowed beneath the quiet bearing of that subdued, decaying woman; it wore the channel through which it made its secret way, but seemed to brighten the spirit it was soon to extinguish.

Susan, after a time, felt that she was passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. This conviction did not depress her energies—it awakened them. She had commenced with her own meek heart, lifted it to her Maker, and remembered with consolation that it said "those also serve, who only stand and wait." She struggled on from day to day in the performance of her duties amid many privations, the worst of all privations, those of mental development and social cheer, yet she saw a conscious account in her own heart, and her sincere and unassisted endeavor had no doubt a register amid the higher achievements of more favored minds. With the certainty that she was not long for this world, she doubled her exertions to put her little household in order.—She repaired and made clothes for her child, and laid them away embalmed with her tears.

In the same manner the needle toiled for her husband, and the savings which her frugality effected were employed to purchase him sundry little comforts.

"These will keep him warm when I am cold," she thought; "he will little think while he forgets me for better company, my only happiness is to remember him, and that I shall scarcely be more lonely in the grave to which I am going, than I have been in the home to which he brought me."

Sometimes a little ink bottle was taken from the mantle shelf, and a sheet of paper from her little table-drawer, and then, with effort, a few lines were traced, and the paper hurried carefully away, as if she had committed a crime. One night she had made more endeavors of this kind than usual, and the struggling, unassisted spirit of intelligence was burning in her hazel eye and glowing on her beautiful cheek, when she was startled by an unusual noise. The paper was hurried into the drawer, the ink bottle restored to the shelf, and taking a candle she went out to the landing-place. She beheld her husband assisted by two men, slowly ascending the stairs. He had met with an accident; had broken his arm; it had been set, but he had fainted during the operation, and with the ghastly aspect incident to such circumstances, appeared before her.

This event prostrated Philip for some time, during which Susan nursed him with unremitting care. It was long before he was able to return to work, but his employers were liberal and considerate, and did not forget in his weakness the man who had toiled for their advantage in his days of health and strength. But although unable to pursue his manual labors, Philip soon made an effort to get abroad in search of mental occupation and social enjoyment. He went to his club, to the Mechanics' Institute, to the coffee shops where he could find the best newspapers. All this was well done; he nobly determined to rescue himself from becoming the mere machine of toil and drudgery for so much "trash" as can be grasped thus. Alas! had he thought of her who was promised to love and cherish till death should part them; had he considered whether she had not a soul of equal value with his own, perhaps an intellect as capable of repaying culture; then he would have been twice blessed; blessed in the act and in its reaction. But selfishly devoted to his own objects of pursuit, habituated to the low looks of his quiet wife, he failed to perceive that her cheek grew paler and her voice weaker; nor that he had been insensible or indifferent to her care and anxiety during his illness; but with renewed health, he returned to his old habits, and accustomed to receive sacrifices without making any, he signed against gratitude and good feeling almost unconsciously. Gradually, Susan found herself unequal to even the daily walk with little Philip, or the effort of going up and down stairs; and then there was some talk of her returning home for a season, and trying the effect of her native air. She smiled feebly as this was spoken of, yet left it unattended; she knew that she was going to a father and better home, and often did she wish to say as much; but she was not eloquent in words, nor sufficiently strong in spirits, and after two or three fruitless attempts she desisted, and pursued as far as she was able, the even tenor of his way.

Philip recovered his health, and was restored to work and full wages; again he talked of the country to Susan, and insisted on her trying a new doctor; he sought to

tempt her appetite by such rarities as he could afford, but still he could not resign his own peculiar habits and enjoyments, and among the evils these entailed were late hours. One night he returned home as usual about midnight. When, on opening the room door, instead of the small bright fire, the trimmed candle, and the pale, patient worker he was accustomed to behold, all was darkness and silence. He paused a moment—an indistinguishable sensation crept over his frame; and fear, like a paralysis invaded his heart; at last he exclaimed:

"Susan! Susan, my dear!"

There was no reply; he stepped farther into the room, and repeated her name yet louder—all was still! He groped his way to the fireplace, on the mantle-shelf he found a box of lucifer matches, obtained a light, and lighted a candle. He now beheld Susan, with her head resting on the table, seated in her usual place. He approached and took her hand—O heaven! its icy coldness!

He flung himself on his knees on the floor, and looked up in her face; there was a sweet, placid smile upon her lips—for a forgiving, gentle spirit had passed from them—but the eyes were fixed—Susan was dead, had been dead some hours! The distracted man rushed down stairs, alarming the inmates of the house as he passed. A medical man was soon present, and the chamber in which that young creature had almost lived and died alone, was thronged by a crowd, any one of whom, inspired by a better social system, would willingly have sustained her to a longer life, or cheered the brief time that had been allotted to her. All were horror-struck, and one heart-struck; particularly when the child, awakened by the tumult, scrambled out of his little bed, and rushed for protection to his lifeless mother. Not even that voice, eloquent as it had ever been to her, could awaken her again! The surgeon declared that her death had been sudden, and from natural causes, but that it was a case which demanded an inquest.

An inquest was held. Among the evidence was a singularly affecting memorial; it was the little journal which Susan had for some time kept, like the poor dungeon prisoner, who daily notches a stick that he may number the monotonous days of his captivity. The angel of death had arrested her hand just as it had feebly traced these words:

"It will not be long now—my child—my poor little Philip. He who calls away your mother will care for you. Philip Morris, my husband, my dear husband, I wish you were beside me now. You have been good, and kind, and generous, and I was not the wife you should have had. Be a kind father to our child when I am gone. You will—yes, you surely will one day take another wife. Philip! that which you never gave to me give to her—your society, your counsel. If she has been untaught, teach her—at least do not leave her to continual loneliness. You never knew it, and therefore cannot tell how sad have been the long hours."

As the reading of this little paper proceeded, Philip Morris struck his heart, as if he sought to crush it within his breast. That heart had not been fashioned for severity or unkindness; on the contrary, much that was mild and generous mingled in its formation; but the second nature induced by habit had enervated his original feelings and faculties—he had grown up to regard women as the mere machines of domestic life, with neither necessity nor capability for higher things, and which to "spirits masculine" he deemed so essential that he made much sacrifice to secure cultivation for himself.

Too late, conviction dawned upon him, but it came accompanied by a contrition that attended him through the remainder of his life; and at any moment he felt the promptings of self-concentrated satisfaction which the self-taught and isolated man (unable to compare himself with the more gifted and endowed) is apt to do, he thought of Susan and felt humbled; he thought of her and looked around him with a desire to participate, not appropriate, the feast that has been furnished for all.—London People's Journal.

A WESTERN ORATOR.—They have orators in Illinois, if we may trust the description of a certain military one furnished us by a correspondent in that State: It was dog-days and a great hue and cry raised about mad dogs; although no person could be found who had seen one, the excitement still grew by the rumors it was led on. A meeting of the citizens was called for the purpose of devising plans for the extermination, not only of mad dogs, but to make safely doubly safe, of dogs in general. The "brigadier" was appointed chairman. After stating the object of the meeting, in a not very parliamentary manner, instead of taking his seat, he launched forth into a speech of half-hour's length, of which the following last of forensic splendor is a sample: "Fellow Citizens! the time has come when our re-charge of felicitous of aggravated human nature are no longer to be stood. Mad dogs are rampant.—Death follows in their wake; shall we set here like cowards while our lives and our neighbor's lives are in danger from their dreadful mauling and hydrophobic caninity? No! it must not be. Even now my lumen is torn with the conflict feelings of path and vengeance, a funeral pyre of wild-ents is burning in me; I have horses and cattle; I have sheep and pigs; and I have a wife and children; and (rising higher as his estimation) I have subject depended in his estimation) I have money out at interest, all in danger of being bit by these cursed mad dogs!"

AN ARTIFICIAL MAN.—The "Memorial Bordaids," states that not far from St. Sever, there is living an old military man who has a false leg and a false arm, both moveable by means of springs, a glass eye, a complete set of false teeth, a nose of silver, covered with a silver plate replacing part of the skull. He bears on his breast the Cross of the Legion of Honor, in the campaigns of Egypt, Italy and Russia; at Friedland, Jena, Austerlitz, Wagram and Waterloo.

Select Poetry.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I am all alone in my chamber now,

And the midnight hour is near;

And the fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,

Are the only sounds I hear.

And over my soul in its solitude,

Sweet feelings of sadness glide,

For my heart and my eyes are full when I think

Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—

Went home to the dear ones all—

And softly I opened the garden gate,

And softly the door of the hall.

My mother came out to meet her son—

She kissed me and then she sighed,

And her head fell on my neck, and she wept

For her little boy that died.

And when I gazed on his innocent face,

As still and cold he lay,

And thought what a lovely child he had been,

And how soon he must decay;

"Oh Death, thou lovest the beautiful,"

In the woe of my spirit I cried,

For sparkled the eyes, and the forehead was fair,

Of the little boy that died!

Again I will go to my father's house—

Go home to the dear ones all,

And softly I'll open the garden gate,

And softly the door of the hall.

I shall meet my mother; but never more

With her darling by her side;

But she'll kiss me and sigh, and weep again

For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come,

In the garden where he played;

I shall miss him more by the fire-side,

When the flowers here all decay;

I shall see his toys and his empty chair,

And the horse he used to ride;

And they will speak with a silent speech

Of the little boy that died.

I shall see his little sister again

With her playmates about the door;

And I'll watch the children in their sports,

As I never did before;

And if, in the group, I see a child

That's dimpled and laughing-eyed,

I'll look to see if it may not be

The little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our Father's house—

To our Father's home in the skies,

Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,

And our love no broken tie.

We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,

And bathe in its blissful tide,

And one of the joys of our heaven shall be

The little boy that died.

And therefore, when I am sitting alone,

And the midnight hour is near;

When the fagot's crack and the clock's dull tick

Are the only sounds I hear,

Oh, sweet o'er my soul, in its solitude,

Are the feelings of sadness that glide;

Though my heart and my eyes are full when I think

Of the little boy that died.

How to Ruin a Neighbor's Business.

Some time since (so runs the current narrative) the owner of a thriving muton-pie concern which after much difficulty he had succeeded in establishing with borrowed capital, died before he had well extricated himself from the responsibilities of debt. The widow carried on the business after his decease and threw so well that a speculating baker, on the opposite side of the way made her the offer of his hand. The lady refused, and the enraged suitor, determined on revenge, immediately converted his bakery into an opposition pie-shop; and, acting on the principle, universal among London bakers, of doing business for the first month or two, at a loss, made his pies twice as high as he could honestly afford to make them. The consequence was, that the widow lost her custom, and was hastening fast to ruin, when a friend of her late husband, who was also a creditor paid her a visit. She detailed her grievance to him, and lamented her lost trade and fearful prospects. "Oh, oh!" said her friend, "that ere's the move, is it? Never you mind, my dear. If I don't get your trade there ain't no snakes, mark me—that's all!" So saying he took his leave.

About eight o'clock the same evening, when the baker's new pie-shop was crammed to overflowing, and the principal was busy superintending the production of a new batch, in walks the widow's friend in the costume of a kneelcracker, and elbowing his way to the counter, dabs down upon it a brace of hung dead cats, vociferating at the same time to the astonished dealer in attendance. "Tell your master, my dear, as how them two make six-and-thirty this week, and say I'll bring the 'other four to-morrow afternoon." With that he swaggered out and went his way. So powerful was the prejudice against cat-matton among the population of that neighborhood, that the shop was clear in an instant, and the was floor covered with hastily abandoned specimens of every variety of segment of a circle. The spirit-shop at the corner of the street experienced an unusually large demand for "goes" of brandy; and interjectional ejaculations, not purely grammatical, were merely audible but visible to the district. It is averred that the ingenious expedient of the widow's friend, founded as it was upon profound knowledge of human prejudices, had the desired effect of restoring the "balance of trade." The widow recovered her commerce; the resentful baker was done as brown as if he had been shut up in his own oven; and the friend who brought about this measure of Justice received the hand of the lady as a reward for his interference.—Curiosities of London Life.

The Legislature of Massachusetts has got to complementing its speakers with a service of plate. Mr. Lord, Speaker of the House, is to receive one costing \$1,000. It will make some difference in the public estimation of this compliment, whether it is done at the expense of the members' own pockets, or that of the people.

Penitentiary.

Having witnessed the evil workings of our mode of punishing criminals, we have been led to believe that we should adopt a different one. If none better can be devised, then give us a penitentiary.

The object of human punishment is said to be to prevent crime and reform the criminal. The guilty are punished to bring about their own reform, and to deter others from the violation of the law by teaching them that they will meet with the same fate by its non-observance. But does our common mode of imprisonment have the least tendency to reformation among the inmates of the Jail? All experience and observation give the answer, No.—What criminal, stained with the blackness of guilt has ever been ushered into jail who came out with the least intention of doing better for the future? We do not claim that confinement in a penitentiary under a proper administration, there is no doubt but that something in this way might be effected.

When a convict is put in jail, he first by some means procures a bottle of whiskey, and if he has companions you will soon have a drunken riot. And there is no possible way of preventing his procuring this antidote of grief, or rather riot making, peace-destroying fluid. He always has some friend who will contrive to get it to him by some trick or other in spite of the vigilance of Jailors to prevent it. So that to confine a man in jail where he is surrounded by his clan who would clandestinely furnish him with anything he calls for, has about as much effect towards reforming him as to lock him in a dog's hole with permission to drink as much of the wines therein as he might choose.

The advantage of a Penitentiary is, that you can compel the inmate to work and pay expenses. As it is now, they are housed up without anything to do, and the State pays for their paupering. This is rather a Godsend to some culprits, destitute of all that is calculated to make life tolerable, than a punishment.

We would not abolish capital punishment, for we believe there are crimes of such great enormity that cannot be properly punished except by death, such as cold blooded murder.

The penalty affixed to three fourths of the crimes of our State, is fine and imprisonment; to some few public whipping is attached. As about two thirds of the criminals of our State are penitentiary, unable to pay a farthing towards imposing a fine on them, is perfect nullity—amounts to nothing, in fact it is no punishment at all. Whereas, if we had a penitentiary, we could render the penitentiary fine in all cases the term of imprisonment, thus in all cases make the penalty correspond to the crime.—We have no statistics of similar institutions before us, but let us proceed upon supposition to ascertain whether or not it would be a matter of economy upon the part of the State. Supposing that the building would cost \$100,000, which no doubt is small compared with similar buildings, but we need not build on such an extensive scale; there would be no sense in closing five or six acres for the purpose of the institution. The annual interest on that amount would be \$7,000.

Then, on the other hand, suppose that we have an average of 100 culprits in our jails through the year. The board of these at 37 cents per diem would amount to \$12,352, which exceeds by \$6,882, the annual interest on the cost of the building. Then it might be said that we would have to furnish officers for the institution at a considerable cost, but we meet that objection by saying, that it would be worse than absurd to labor, that the proceeds or profits arising from the sale of the inmates, would not furnish an ample fund for defraying all the necessary expenses of the institution. Abbreviated Banner.

Correspondence of the Newark Daily Advertiser.

Assassination of Charles III.

PARMA, ITALY, March 18, 1854.

The city is at this moment in the greatest excitement in consequence of the assassination of the Grand Duke, Charles III. He was stabbed in the bowels yesterday afternoon, about 6 o'clock, by some unknown hand, while walking unattended through the spacious courtyard of the palace. A piercing cry attracted the guards at the doors, who instantly removed him to his chamber, but I cannot learn that the assassin was seen.

The Grand Duke lingered in great distress till 5 o'clock this morning. His wife, a daughter of the late Duke de Berry, and of course, a sister of the Duke de Boudaux, (Henry IV., the Bourbon pretender,) has assumed the regency until the majority of her eldest son, a lad of six years, who succeeds his father.

Charles III. was born in 1823, and succeeded to the throne on the abdication of his father, (who is just now sojourning for pleasure at Algiers,) in 1849, at the age of 26. He was an accomplished young man, but too fond of pleasure. He recently made a forced loan from the people, as is generally said without just reason, and this act of oppression, with his proverbial extravagance, greatly incensed the country, and it is not improbable that some one, smarting under his exactions, may have perpetrated this act of vengeance. But there are many rumors on the subject, and it is impossible for passing strangers to discriminate between them.

The deceased returned only about a fortnight since from a visit to Spain, where his father has large family estates, as he belongs to the Spanish branch of the Bourbons. I saw him the day before the murder, when he was in perfect health, and spoke to me in English with remarkable fluency. He was very fond of England, where he had passed much time, and inquired interestedly about the United States.

His chief minister and friend, Baron Ward, is the son of an English hostler, was himself born in England, and actually served the Duke's father as the chief equestrian of his stables. He is, in truth, an exceeding clever Englishman, and deserves the promotion he has won, with a considerable fortune, though decidedly illiterate. This foul talking off of

ICE ON THE ATLANTIC.

The steamer Sarah Sands, which arrived at Portland on Tuesday from Liverpool, was, on the middle of the Atlantic, and detained 24 hours. One of the passengers turned the delay to the best account. Being something of an artist, he went out upon the ice at a distance from the ship, and there made a sketch of her and the surrounding scene—a thing probably never before accomplished in that situation. The sketch is to be lithographed.

The passengers describe the passage through the ice as fearful in the extreme. As the ship came in contact with the immense icebergs, she would tremble as if striking against a rock. The passengers represent these icebergs as being of unusual disposition, some of them apparently more than a hundred feet high.

GRANO FOR SUGAR CROPS.—The application of guano to the sugar-growing lands of Louisiana has been attended with much success. A correspondence appears in the papers of that region, written by planters who have made the application of guano to their sugar crops, showing that the increased product has been equal to 50 per cent.

DUELING AND HANGING.—Hanging has proved, in one instance at least, a pretty effectual discouragement of the practice of duelling. In the Knickerbocker for April, we find this paragraph, forming a part of the "Editor's Table."

The following account of the first and last duel in Illinois, is from Ford's history of that State, just published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago: "The year 1820 was signalized by the first and last duel which was ever fought in Illinois. This took place in Bellville, St. Clair county between Alphonso Stewart, and William Bennett, two obscure men. The seconds had made it up to be a sham-duel, to throw ridicule upon Bennett, the challenging party." Stewart was in the secret; but Bennett, his adversary, was left to believe it a reality. They were to fight with rifles; the guns were loaded with blank cartridges; and Bennett, somewhat suspecting a trick, rolled a ball into his gun, without the knowledge of the seconds, or of the other party. The word to fire was given, and Stewart fell mortally wounded. Bennett made his escape; but two years afterward he was arrested in Arkansas, brought back in the State, indicted, tried and convicted of murder. A great effort was made to procure his pardon, but Governor Bond would yield to no entreaties in his favor, and Bennett suffered the penalty of law by hanging, in the presence of a great multitude of people. This was the first and last duel ever in the State by any of its citizens. The hanging of Bennett made duelling discreditable and unpopular, and laid the foundation for that abhorrence of the practice which has ever since been felt by the citizens of Illinois."

NOT A BAD DOCTRINE.—Some one who appears to understand the subject has the following:

"No newspaper should be sent on a credit. Advance payment is the only reasonable plan, and to that it will sooner or later come. If no plan is allowed to travel on a rail car, steamboat, or a coach, or to attend a concert room or other public exhibition, without first paying the stipulated price, how much more should subscribers, scattered all over the country, and owing one or two dollars each for a paper, be required to pay the cash down."

MORE RUNAWAY SLAVES.—Three more slaves, owned by Mr. Camp, Mr. Dalrymple and Mr. Growler of Norfolk, escaped on Tuesday night. The frequent escape of slaves at Norfolk is creating much excitement there and in Portsmouth. A town meeting has been held in the latter place, and a committee appointed to recommend measures of protection.

EXECUTION IN THE CREEK NATION.—A negro was recently executed by order of the chiefs of the Creek nation, for the murder of two Creeks. He was executed according to the forms of the Creek law—the culprit being seated on a log, his head covered with a blanket, and the nearest relatives of the deceased shooting him with rifles.

IN A FRANCE.—An old lady who resides in Sandwich was taken ill a few days since, and to all appearance died. She had been living alone for some time, and it was thought she had a good deal of money stowed away in some secret corner, as she had always been wont to do in the world. The neighbors attended her during her illness, and when she ceased to breathe, made preparations to perform the last offices to the dead. The body was measured for the coffin by the undertaker, who went about his work. The corpse was washed and made ready for the burial. Yet, the ladies in performing these duties, noticed that the body was unusually limber, and did not exhibit the rigidity of corpse in general, after being dead for only half an hour. For the purpose of obtaining some clean linen, which was known to be locked up in a large trunk in a corner of the room, one of the women got the keys and went to open it. The instant the lid of the trunk was heard to grate on its hinges, up popped the old woman in the bed, like the "rude old Irish gentleman" of the song, and screeched out—"Let that trunk alone!" The lid of the trunk was dropped like a hot potato, and with a universal cry of surprise the neighbors gazed upon the "live corpse" before them. The nervous twitching of the lips, and the angry flashes from the little gray eyes was sufficient evidence that their services were not needed longer, and with meriment depicted upon their countenances they left. The undertaker was reluctantly compelled to give up his job, and the funeral was postponed sine die! The old woman is alive and well, and declares that she was in a trance. But it is the general opinion of the neighbors that she was only playing possum.—Detroit Tribune.

Voltaire used to say, "if twelve men were sufficient to establish Christianity, he was resolved to prove that one might be sufficient to overthrow it." Voltaire is dead, but Christianity still lives.

A contented mind is a fair fortune.

Few people are out of the reach of slander.