

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

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

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

W. C. MORAGNE, Editor.
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THE FARMER'S SONG.
Away with grandeur, pomp, and gold,
Away with childish ease,
Give me but strength my plough to hold,
And I'll find means to please.

'Tis sweet to toil for those we love;
My wife and darling boys,
But lend to make my labor prove
The sweetest of my joys.

The humble morsel I procure,
When labor makes it sweet,
Is eaten with a taste more pure
Than meats that monarchs eat.

'Tis mine—'tis, 'tis my happy lot,
From cares and avarice free,
To own but this secluded cot,
Sweet friends and liberty.

Thus I, no monarch on his throne
Can grudge his destiny;
Let him his weight of cares bestow,
Whilst I am truly free.

When labor wears and grows dull,
I with my dog and gun,
Set forth the finest game to eull,
And thus all sorrows slun.

Now tell me, all ye gouty train,
Who have what fortune gives,
Is not the cheerful country swain
The happiest man that lives?

THE VILLAGE PRIZE.

A TALE OF WASHINGTON.

In one of the loveliest villages of old Virginia there lived in the year 1750, an old man, whose daughter was declared, by universal consent, to be the loveliest maiden in all the country round. The veteran, in his youth, had been athletic, and muscular above all his fellows; and his breast, where he always wore them, could show the adornment of three medals, received for his victories in gymnastic feats when a young man. His daughter was now eighteen, and had been sought in marriage by many suitors. One brought wealth—another a fine person—another this, and another that. But they were all refused by the old man, who became at last a by-word for his obstinacy among the young men of the village and neighborhood.

At length the nineteenth birthday of Annette, his charming daughter, who was as amiable and modest as she was beautiful, arrived. The morning of that day her father invited all the youth of the country to a hay-making frolic. Seventeen handsome and industrious young men assembled. They came not only to make hay, but also to make love to fair Annette. In three hours they had filled the father's barn with the newly dried grass, and their own hearts with love. Annette, by her father's command, had brought the malt liquor of her own brewing, which she presented to each enamored swain with her own hands.

"Now, my boys," said the old keeper of the jewel they all coveted, as leaning on their pitchforks they assembled round the door in the cool of the evening—"Now, my lads, you have nearly all of you made proposals for my Annette. Now, you see, I don't care anything about money or talents, book learning nor soldiering—I can do as well by my gal as any man in the country. But I want her to marry a man of my own grit. Now, you know, or ought to know, when I was a youngster I could beat anything in all Virginia in the way of leaping. I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the Eastern Shore, and I took the oath and swore it, that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping for it. You understand me, boys. There's the green, and here's Annette," he added, taking his daughter, who stood timidly behind him, by the hand. "Now, the one that jumps the farthest on a 'dead level,' shall marry Annette this very night."

This unique address was received by the young men with applause. And many a youth, as he bounded gaily forward to the arena of trial, cast a glance of anticipatory victory back upon the lovely object of village chivalry. The maidens left their looms and quilting frames, the noisy children their noisy sports, the slaves their labors, and the old men their arm-chairs and long pipes, to witness and triumph in the success of the victor. All prophesied and many wished that it would be young Carroll. He was the handsomest and best humored youth in the country, and all knew that a strong mutual attachment existed between him and the fair Annette. Carroll had won the reputation of being the 'best leaper,' and in a country where such athletic achievements were the *sine qua non* of a man's cleverness, this was no ordinary honor. In a contest like the present he had therefore every advantage over his fellow-villagers.

The arena allotted for this biennial contest was a level space in front of the village inn, and near the centre of a grass plat, reserved in the midst of the village, denominated the "green." The verdure was quite worn off as this place by previous exercises of a similar kind, and a hard surface of sand, more befitting for the purpose to which it was to be used, supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and withal happy prize (for she well knew who would win), with three other patriarchal villagers were the judges appointed to de-

side upon the claims of the several competitors. The last time Carroll tried his skill in this exercise, he "cleared," to use the leapers' phraseology—twenty-one feet and one inch.

The signal was given, and by lot the young men stepped into the arena. "Edward Grayson, seventeen feet," cried one of the judges. The youth had done his utmost. He was a pale intellectual student. But what had intellect to do in such an arena? Without a look at the maiden he leapt the ground.

"Dick Boulton, nineteen feet." Dick with a laugh turned away, and replaced his coat.

"Harry Preston, nineteen feet and three inches." "Well done, Harry Preston," shouted the spectators, "you have tried hard for the acres and homestead."

Harry also laughed, and swore he only jumped for the fun of the thing. Harry was a rattle-brained fellow, but never thought of matrimony. He loved to walk and talk, and romp with Annette, but sober marriage never came into his head. He only jumped for the fun of the thing. He would not have said so, if he was sure of winning.

"Charley Simms, fifteen feet and a half." "Hurrah for Charley! Charley'll win!" cried the crowd good-humoredly. Charley Simms was the cleverest fellow in the world. His mother had advised him to stay at home, and told him if he ever won a wife, she would fall in love with his good temper, rather than his legs. Charley, however, made the trial of the latter's capabilities and lost. Many refused to enter the lists altogether. Others made the trial, and only one of the leapers had yet cleared twenty feet.

"Now," cried the villagers, "let's see Henry Carroll. He ought to beat this," and every one appeared, as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success.

Henry stepped to his post with a firm tread. His eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers and rested, before he bounded forward, upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit and assurance which the occasion called for. Returning the encouraging glance with which she met his own, with a proud smile upon his lip, he bounded forward.

"Twenty-one feet and a half!" shouted the multitude, repeating the announcement of one of the judges, "twenty-one feet and a half. Harry Carroll forever. Annette and Harry." Hands, caps, and handkerchiefs waived over the heads of the spectators, and the eyes of the delighted Annette sparkled with joy.

When Henry Carroll moved to his station to strive for the prize, a tall, gentlemanly young man, in a military dress, strook cock, who had rode up to the inn, dismounted, and joined the spectators, unperceived, while the contest was going on, stepped suddenly forward, and with a knowing eye measured deliberately the space accomplished by the last leaper—He was a stranger in the village. His handsome face and easy address attracted the eyes of the village maidens, and his manly and sinewy frame, in which symmetry and strength were happily united, called forth the admiration of the young men.

"Mayhap, sir, stranger, you think you can beat that," said one of the bystanders, remarking the manner in which the stranger scanned the arena. "If you can leap beyond Harry Carroll, you'll beat the best man in the colonies." The truth of this observation was assented to by a general murmur.

"Is it for mere amusement you are pursuing this pastime?" inquired the youthful stranger, "or is there a prize for the winner?"

"Annette, the loveliest and wealthiest of our village maidens, is to be the reward of the victor," cried one of the judges.

"Are the lists open to all?"

"All young, sir," replied the father of Annette, with interest, his youthful ardor arising as he surveyed the proportions of the straight limbed young stranger. "She is the bride of him who outleaps Henry Carroll. If you will try you are free to do so. But let me tell you, Harry Carroll has no wife in Virginia. Here is my daughter, sir, look at her and make your trial." The officer glanced upon the trembling maiden about to be offered on the altar of her father's unconquerable monomania with an admiring eye. The poor girl looked at Harry, who stood near with a troubled brow and angry eye, and then cast upon the new competitor an imploring glance.

Placing his coat in the hands of one of the judges, he drew a sash he wore beneath it tighter around his waist, and taking the appointed stand, made, apparently without effort, the bound that was to decide the happiness or misery of Harry and Annette.

"Twenty-two feet and an inch!" shouted the judge. The announcement was repeated with surprise by the spectators, who crowded around the victor, filling the air with congratulations, not unmingled, however, with loud murmurs from those who were more nearly interested in the happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached, and grasping his hand exultingly, called him his son, and said he felt prouder of him than if he were a prince. Physical activity and strength were the old leaper's true patents of nobility.

Resuming his coat, the victor sought with his eye the fair prize he had, although nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

Her lover stood aloof, gloomy and mortified, admiring the superiority of the stranger in an exercise which he prided himself as unrivalled, while he hated him for his success.

"Annette, my pretty prize," said the victor, taking her passive hand, "I have won you fairly." Annette's cheek became paler than marble; she trembled like an aspen leaf, and clung closer to her father, while the drooping eye sought the form of her lover. His brow grew dark at the stranger's language.

"I have won you, my pretty flower, to make you my wife," tremble not so violently—I mean not myself, however proud I might be," he added with gallantry, "to wear so fair a gem next to my heart. Perhaps," and he cast his eyes inquiringly while the current of life leaped joyfully to her brow, and a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd, "perhaps there is some favored youth among the competitors who has a higher claim to this jewel. Young sir," he continued, turning to the victor in the list before me—I strove not for the maiden, though no one could not well strive for a fairer—but from love for the manly sport in which I saw you engaged. You are the victor, and as such, with the permission of this worthy assembly, you receive from my hand the prize you have so well and honorably won."

The youth sprang forward and grasped his hand with gratitude, and the next moment Annette was weeping from pure joy upon his shoulders. The welkin rung with the acclamations of the delighted villagers, and amid the temporary excitement produced by this act, the stranger withdrew from the crowd, mounted his horse, and spurred at a brisk trot through the village.

That night Harry and Annette were married, and the health of the mysterious and noble hearted stranger was drunk in overflowing bumpers of rustic beverage.

In the process of time, there were born unto the married pair sons and daughters, and Harry Carroll had become Colonel Henry Carroll of the revolutionary army.

One evening, having just returned home after a hard campaign, he was sitting with his family on the gallery of his handsome country-house, when an advance courier rode up and announced the approach of Gen. Washington and suite, informing that he should crave his hospitality for the night. The necessary directions were given in reference to the household preparations, and Col. Carroll, ordering his horse, rode forward to meet and escort to his house the distinguished guest, whom he had never yet seen, although serving in the same widely extended army.

That evening, at the table, Annette now become the dignified, matronly, and still handsome Mrs. Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of her illustrious visitor. Every moment or two she would steal a glance at his commanding features, and half-doubtfully, half-assuredly, shake her head and look again, to be still more puzzled. Her absence of mind and embarrassment at length became evident to her husband, who inquired affectionately "if she were ill?"

"I suspect Col." said the general, who had for some time with a quiet, meaning smile, observed the lady's curious and puzzled survey of his features—"that Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognizes in me an old acquaintance." And he smiled with a mysterious air, as he gazed upon both alternately.

The Col. started, and a faint memory of the past seemed to be revived as he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively from her chair, and bending eagerly forward over the tea-urn, with clasped hands, and an eye of intense, eager, inquiry, fixed still upon him, stood for a moment with her lips parted as if she would speak.

"Pardon me, dear madam—pardon me, colonel—I must put an end to this scene. I have become, by dint of camp-fire and hard usage, too unyieldingly to leap again twenty-two feet one inch, even for so fair a bride as you are."

The recognition, with the surprise, delight and happiness that followed, are left to the imagination of the reader.

Gen. Washington was indeed the handsome young "leaper," whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers, is still traditional; and whose claim to a substantial body of *bona fide* flesh and blood, was stoutly contested by the village story-tellers, until the happy denouement which took place at the hospitable mansion of Colonel Carroll.

A MATTER OF TASTE.—Two abolition editors contending about the amount of humility which they possess, the one boasts that he never passed a negro without speaking to him; while the other claims precedence on the ground that he not only speaks to every negro that he sees, but absolutely kissed a colored lady at a camp-meeting!

Letter of A. G. Brown.
Gov. Brown, Member of Congress from Mississippi, has sent an able letter to his Constituents on the subject of the Wilmot Proviso.

The first part of the letter gives a succinct statement of the influence was brought to bear in bringing about the invention, and the unfair means by which the Wilmot Proviso was introduced into the bill.

We regret that our space will not permit us to give this portion of Mr. Brown's Letter. The following is the concluding portion, which relates to Mr. Clay's compromise, and which, we think, gives a just analysis of this measure, in its bearing on the South:

"I wish to bring to a brief review of Mr. Clay's so called compromise scheme. The leading proposition presented by Mr. Clay from the 'Committee of Thirteen' contains three distinct and substantive propositions: First, the admission of California. In this, as in every other scheme of settlement tendered to the South, California in all her length and breadth, stands first. Secondly, we are offered territorial governments for New Mexico and Utah. (Deseret is not without the Wilmot proviso.)

Thirdly, we are offered a proposition to dismember some four States, and for the privilege to pay—millions of dollars.

I have already said some reasons why California, as an independent State, is in my judgment, to be preferred to the union. I will make no bill makes worthy of your consideration. All the objections of California and vigor in our proposals are asked—

What is to be the destiny of this territory, if it is thus sold out, and what its institutions? It is to become an integral part of New Mexico, and I risk nothing in saying it will be dedicated to free soil. Its institutions will be anti-slavery. If the character of the country was not to undergo a radical change in this respect, or if this change was not confidently anticipated, we all know that the northern people for making this purchase would lose its existence. As the country now stands, it is protected by the annexation resolutions against all congressional interference with the question of slavery. Transferred to New Mexico, and we expose it to the dangerous intermeddling which has so unhappily afflicted that and all our territorial possessions.

"This brings me to the only remaining proposition in Mr. Clay's compromise bill—that to establish territorial governments for New Mexico and Utah, without the 'Wilmot proviso.' If this were an independent proposition, tendered in good faith, and accepted by the North with a fixed purpose to abide by it, I have no hesitation in saying it would receive my cordial support. I repeat what I have often said, that whilst I shall resist the exclusion of slavery by a congressional action, I have no purpose or design to force or fasten it upon any country through the agency of Congress. Whilst I demand that Congress shall not oppose our entrance into the territories with our slaves, I do not ask it to assist us in going there. All I ask is, that we may be treated as equals—that no insulting discrimination shall be drawn between southern and northern people—between southern property and northern property.

"How is this proposition regarded by the northern men to whom it is tendered, and by whom it may be accepted? The spirit in which it is accepted is a part of the *res gesta*; and I therefore press the inquiry, in what light will the proposition be regarded?—in what spirit will it be accepted, all by northern men? When we shall have answered this inquiry, it will be seen whether there is *leaveen* enough in this little lump to *leaven* the whole loaf."

"Mr. Webster is positive that we can never introduce slaves into the territory. 'The laws of God,' he thinks, will forever forbid it. He, and those who go with him, will not vote for the 'proviso,' because it is *unnecessary*. They are opposed, uncompromisingly opposed, to the introduction of slaves into the territories, and they are ready to do anything that may be found necessary to keep them out. It is easy to see what they will do, if we commence introducing our slaves. They will at once say, 'the laws of God' having failed us, we must try what virtue there is in the 'Wilmot proviso.' Mr. Clay, and those who follow him, are quite certain that 'we are already excluded by the laws of Mexico.' They, too, are opposed to the introduction of slavery into the territories, and stand ready to see it excluded. The northern men who stand out against the compromise, insist, and will continue to insist, on the Wilmot proviso, as the only certain guarantee that slavery will be permanently excluded. All, all are opposed to our going in with our slaves, and all ready to employ whatever means may be necessary to keep us out. I assert the fact distinctly and emphatically, that if we attempt to introduce our slaves at any time into New Mexico or Utah, there will be an immediate application of the Wilmot proviso, to keep us out. Mark you, the proposition is to give territorial governments to New Mexico and Utah. These are but congressional acts, and may be altered, amended, explained, or repealed, at pleasure.

"No one here understands that we are entering into a compact, and no northern men votes for this compromise, with the

other gentlemen, less ardent, propose smaller sums. But our present dealing is with Mr. Clay's plan for a compromise.

"If the reader has a map, I beg that he will first trace the line of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes, north latitude; and then fix his eye on the northeastern boundary of Texas at the point where the one-hundredth parallel of longitude crosses the Rio Grande; and from this point, run a direct line to a point twenty miles above El Paso, on the Rio Grande; and between these two lines, he will have the slave territory which Mr. Clay's compromise proposes to sell out. It will be seen on comparison, that this territory is nearly twice as large as the State of Mississippi. Whether five or fifteen millions of dollars are given for it, it is needless to say we shall have to pay more than our due proportion of the money.

"To me, it is not a pleasant thing to sell out slave territory, and pay for it myself; and I confess that this much of the proposed bargain has not made the admission of California a whit more palatable to me.

"I say nothing of Texas above 36° 30'; that country was virtually surrendered to abolition by the terms of the Texas annexation. If Texas thinks proper to give it or sell it to the Free-Soilers, in advance of the time appointed for its surrender, I make no objection. But all the South has a direct political interest in Texas below this line of 36° 30'; and I do not mean to surrender your interests without a fair equivalent.

"What is to be the destiny of this territory, if it is thus sold out, and what its institutions? It is to become an integral part of New Mexico, and I risk nothing in saying it will be dedicated to free soil. Its institutions will be anti-slavery. If the character of the country was not to undergo a radical change in this respect, or if this change was not confidently anticipated, we all know that the northern people for making this purchase would lose its existence. As the country now stands, it is protected by the annexation resolutions against all congressional interference with the question of slavery. Transferred to New Mexico, and we expose it to the dangerous intermeddling which has so unhappily afflicted that and all our territorial possessions.

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"No one here understands that we are entering into a compact, and no northern men votes for this compromise, with the

expectation or understanding that we are to take our slaves into the territories. Whatever additional legislation may be found necessary hereafter to effect our perfect exclusion, we are given distinctly to understand will be resorted to.

"But there is yet another difficulty to be overcome, a more serious obstacle than either 'the laws of God,' as Mr. Webster understands them, or 'the laws of Mexico,' as understood by Mr. Clay. In regard to the first, I think Mr. Webster is wholly mistaken, and if he is not I am willing to submit; and in regard to the second, I take the ground, that when we conquered the Mexican people, we conquered their laws. But Mr. Clay's bill contains a provision as prohibitory as the proviso itself. The territorial legislature is denied the right to legislate at all in respect to African slavery. If a master's slave absconds, no law can be passed by which he may recover him. If he is maimed, he may have no damages for the injury. If he is deceived from his service, or harbored by a vicious neighbor, he is without a remedy. A community of slaveholders may desire to make laws adapted to their peculiar wants in this respect, but Congress by this compromise of Mr. Clay's denies them the right to do so. They shall not legislate in regard to African slavery.

What now becomes of the hypocritical cant about the right of the people to regulate their own affairs in their own way? "With these facts before us, it becomes us to inquire how much we give and how much we take in voting for Mr. Clay's bill. We admit California, and being once in, the question is settled so far as she is concerned. We can never get her out by any process short of a dissolution of the Union. We give up a part of pro-slavery Texas, and we give it beyond redemption and forever. Our part of the bargain is binding. Our follies may rise up and mock us in after times, but we can never escape their effects. This much we give; now what do we take? We get a good government for New Mexico and Utah, without the Wilmot proviso, but with a declaration that we are excluded already 'by the laws of God and the Mexican nation,' or put it with 'prohibition against territorial government'—a subject of slavery, and with a distinct threat constantly hanging over us that we attempt to introduce slaves against these prohibitions, the Wilmot proviso will be instantly applied for our more effectual exclusion.

"Such is the compromise. Such is the proposed bargain. Can you, fellow-citizens, expect me to vote for it? Will you demand of your Representative to assist in binding you hand and foot, and turning you over to the tender mercies of the Free Soilers?"

"It is said, we can get nothing better than this. But is that any sufficient reason why we should vote for it ourselves? If I am beset with robbers, who are resolved on assassination, must I needs lay my violent hands on myself, or if my friends in extremes, must I strangle him? We can get nothing better, forsooth! In God's name can we get anything worse? It is said that if we reject this, they will pass the 'Wilmot proviso.' Let them pass it; it will not be more galling than this. If the proviso fails to challenge our respect, it at least rises above our contempt. If it ever passes it will be the act of the American Congress—of men learned in the law, and familiar with the obscure readings of the Constitution. It will be done deliberately, and after full reflection. It will not be done by adventurers on the shores of the Pacific, who seem to know but little of our Constitution or laws, and to care less for our rights.

"I have heard it said that it will be dangerous to reject the application of California for admission into the Union. Already she is threatening to set up for herself, and if we reject her she will withdraw her application and establish herself as an independent Republic on the Pacific side. *Ecce terra libera.* We have been told that if the South refuse to assent to the galling insults and outrageous wrongs of the North, the President will call out the naval and military power of the nation, and reduce us to submission. When California asserts her independence, and sets up her Republic on the Pacific, we shall see how quick the President will be to use this same military and naval force, in bringing her back to her allegiance. These threats have no terrors for me.

"As I could respect the reckless and bold robber who, unmasked, presents his pistol and demands my money or my life, above the petty, but expert pickpocket, who looks complacently in my face while he steals my purse, so can I respect the dashing, and dare-devil impudence of the Wilmot proviso, which robs the South, and takes the responsibility, above the little, low, cunning, slight-of-hand scheme which robs us just as effectually, and leaves us wondering how the trick was performed.

"So long as I remain in your service, fellow-citizens, I will represent you faithfully, according to my best judgment. In great emergencies like this, I feel the need of your counsel and support. It would give me pain, if any important vote of mine should fail to meet your approbation. Whilst I shall never follow blindly

any man's lead, nor suffer myself to be awed by any general outcry, I confess myself not insensible to the applause of my countrymen. In a great crisis like the present, men must act, responsibility must be taken, and he is not fit to be trusted who stands in the discharge of his high duties to countenance the popular passions. With very essential modifications, I might be reconciled to its support. These I have no hope of obtaining, and I therefore expect to vote against it. Like the fatal Missouri compromise, it gives up everything and obtains nothing; and like that and all other compromises with the North, it will be observed, and its provisions maintained, just so long as it suits the views of northern men to observe and maintain them, and then they will be unscrupulously abandoned.

"It will give me great pleasure to find myself sustained by my constituents, in the votes I intend to give. My head, my heart, my every thought and impulse admonish me that I am right, and I cannot doubt or hesitate.

Your fellow-citizen,
A. G. BROWN.

WASHINGTON, May 13, 1850.

GEN. LOPEZ.—Is a Venezuelan, not a Peruvian, by birth, and according to a very inflated biographical sketch, which appears to have been written by the same person who produces his proclamations, he has performed some extraordinary things in his time. Originally he was bred a merchant, but he took part with Bolivar in the civil disturbances which ended in the expulsion of the Spaniards, and was a Colonel at twenty-three. He took up his residence in Cuba in 1823. Being in Spain during the Carlist troubles, he distinguished himself on the Government side, and was made first Aid-de-Camp to the Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Valdez. He was for a time Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard of the several Provinces; was a General Governor of Madrid, and Senator of the Cortes of Seville. It is said that during his career. He is now fifty years old, and his disgust of Spanish rule, and the expulsion of the Cuban Deput the Cortes.

"AFRAID OF ABOLITIONISTS."—This head, the Parkersburg Gazette, the following paragraph: "The late tramp of slaves from this county seems to have impressed the with the utmost horror of their abolition conductors. All of the fugitive represent themselves as having been plundered, injustice and maltreated. The time of their escape until their escape, the last to come back, of the have seen the 'elephant' in all his form; and his account of the 'big' portrays a scene of horror and violence too dark for description. He was enticed into a Depot of the Underground Railroad; a deep, damp cell, whose floor was stained with the bones of men." To his lively imagination, these objects appeared nothing but the traces and relics of such ways as had been deluded and victimized before him. He tells this tale to his abject servants since his return, and the narrative has fully convinced them of the wisdom of his injunction—beware of abolitionists! One of his most faithful disciples, a few evenings since, was heard making a great clatter in his quarters; his master drew near to ascertain the cause of so much noise and confusion. Entering the apartment, he found F. busily engaged in nailing down window providing fastenings for doors, and was arranging for a thorough band of the establishment.

"What are you about George?" demanded the gentleman, completely surprised at what he saw.

"Why, I mean to shut out the abolitionists, what those fellows don't steal dis nigger, no how—don't!"

"His master retired, struck with the fact that the negroes themselves were viewing the abolitionists in their dreadding them as their worst enemy."

THE TARIFF RUIN.—We clip the following item from the Baltimore Whig paper. "The Cincinnati Price Current enumerates of the Manufacturing establishments in Valley, with the which it appears that operation eighty-nine, and the additions to be in Cincinnati and vicinity number to near one hundred. The Pennsylvania, cotton lords of Lowell hard times, and begging them a 'little more peculiar fact that new going into operation in West."

The only thing we happens to be the purchase—a coffin.