

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., AUGUST 11, 1852.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 30.

Select Poetry.

JOHN THOMPSON'S DAUGHTER.

The following clever parody on Campbell's ballad of "Lord Ullin's Daughter," is taken from a Virginia paper:

A fellow near Kentucky elime,
Cries, "Batman, don't tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver dime,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who would cross the Ohio,
This dark and stormy water?"
I am this young lady's beau,
And this John Thompson's daughter.

"We're fled before her father's spite
With great precipitation,
And should he find us here to-night,
I'd lose my reputation.

"They've missed the girl and purse beside,
His horsemen hard have pressed me;
And who will cheer my bonny bride,
If yet they shall arrest me?"

Out spoke the boatman then in time,
"You shall not fall, don't fear it;
I'll go, not for your silver dime,
But for your manly spirit.

"And by my word, the bonny bird,
In danger shall not tarry,
For though a storm is coming on,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the wind more fiercely rose,
The boat was at the landing,
And with the drenching rain their clothes
Grew wet where they were standing.

But still, as wilder rose the wind,
And as the night grew drearier,
Just back a piece came the police,
Their tramping sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"It's anything but fancy;
I'll leave the light of loving eyes,
But not my father's money."

And still they hurried in the face,
Of wind and rain unparrying;
John Thompson reached the landing place,
His wrath was turned to swearing.

For by the lightning's angry flash,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand held all his cash,
And one was round her lover!

"Come back, come back," he cried in woe,
Across the stormy water;
"But leave the purse! and you may see
My daughter, O my daughter!"

"Twas vain;" they reached the other shore,
(Such doom the Fates assign us);
The gold he'd piled went with his child,
And he was left there minus.

Select Tale.

THE DUEL IN THE DARK. A TALE OF VICKSBURG.

Every traveler who has descended the Mississippi within the last twenty-five years, must remember Vicksburg, so singular in its situation for a town on the shelving declivity of high rolling hills, with its houses scattered in groups on the terraces. Every reader of American newspapers during any one of the last twenty-five years must remember Vicksburg, so rich has been the fund of material it has supplied for the circulating libraries of "horrible murders," duels, affrays, and executions, by all sorts of "summary process." The public will not likely soon forget the hanging of the gamblers and steam-doctors. In fine, everybody knows that the place has been noted since its earliest settlement for the belligerent character of its inhabitants, and the number and atrocity of the violent deeds which may be asserted with literal truth, to have stained its every street with the blood of human hearts.

It is not our present purpose, however, to sketch any of these more celebrated brute-battles, that prove nothing beyond the wilful wickedness of the respective combatants. But we will select for the sake of its mournful moral alone, a solitary tragedy, which was briefly chronicled by the press of the day, and then faded from the recollection of all, save one from whom the writer received the story in all its particularity. She, of course, could never forget. The wife of the murdered hero wept at the sad reminiscence twenty years after the date of the catastrophe.

In the year 1827, a young lawyer, (whom we shall call John Thomas, to avoid harrowing the memory of some relative or friend who might chance to skim over these columns,) emigrated from Worcester, in Massachusetts, to the State of Mississippi. He was poor, had recently married a beautiful and accomplished woman who had renounced wealthy parents for his sake, and hence was anxious to better his fortune in as little time as possible. This consideration determined the legal adventurer to locate at Vicksburg, then considered in the West as the paradise of the bar.

In a very short time the new lawyer had ample reasons to congratulate himself on the choice of his position. His bland demeanor, studious habits, and more than all, his eloquence in debate, won him patronage; and he rose, almost at a single bound, to the first place in his profession. He was employed in all the land suits, and in most of the still more numerous and equally lucrative cases of homicide, so that in the brief period of two years after his advent he had cleared the round sum of thirty thousand dollars. Let no sceptical disciple of Lord Coke deem this statement incredible. S. S. Prentiss, now of New Orleans, realized, cash in hand, forty thousand dollars by his opening speech in Vicksburg.

During his career thus far, young Thomas was remarkable in one respect. He never went armed, and although in the fierce and fiery altercations of the forum, he necessarily made some enemies, no attack had hitherto been ventured on his person. The athletic

icism of his noble form, and the look of invincible determination in his keen blue eyes, had doubtless warned the desperadoes that "the Yankee orator" as he was generally termed could hit as hard blows as the court itself. However this may be, two years elapsed, years too of eminent success, before the peaceable attorney was even insulted. Alas! this halcyon period was doomed to a change alike sudden and terrible.

There resided at that time in the town a notorious duellist by the name of Johnson, whose matchless prowess inspired universal fear. He had slain half a dozen foes on the public "field of honor," and as many in private and irregular encounters. All the members of "the bloody fancy club" spoke of Mike Johnson's feats with rapturous enthusiasm. But all good men, all lovers of peace, when the "brave wretch" passed, turned pale and were silent.

At the May term of the District Court, 1829, the grand jury, mustering extraordinary courage, returned a true bill against Johnson for the murder of William Lee, an inoffensive youth, whom he had shot down in a drunken frolic, under circumstances of peculiar aggravation. Thomas was retained by a friend of the deceased to aid in the prosecution, and notwithstanding the earnest advice of his well-wishers to the contrary, appeared on the trial of the cause—one of the most exciting ever argued at the bar of Vicksburg. On the last evening of the session, after adjournment, Thomas rushed into the presence of his wife, with looks of such evident agitation as to fill her soul with overpowering alarm.

"My love, tell me, in the name of heaven, what has happened?" she cried, pale as a corpse, and shaking like a leaf in the wind. "Nothing," answered the husband, thinking to conceal the most fearful part of the intelligence. "Nothing, only the murderer, Mike Johnson, after his acquittal, grossly insulted me in the court-yard, and I knocked him down."

"And he challenged you to fight him with pistols?" almost shrieked the wife, anticipating the rest, with the quickness of woman's keen common sense.

"It is even so," replied the lawyer, mournfully. "Oh! say that you will not meet him. Oh! swear that you will not turn duellist in this Sodom of the South," implored the wife, throwing her arms around his neck, and sobbing like a child in his bosom.

"There, do not weep now. I will not turn duelist, dear Emma, although I much fear that the consequence will be my ruin."

The next morning it was known in Vicksburg that "the Yankee orator" had been challenged and refused to fight. Accordingly, he was generally denounced as a coward—a word which at that day, and even now, might be considered as expressing far deeper scorn than either robber or assassin. As he passed through the streets, he was astonished to witness the coldness manifested by his old acquaintances, and even professed friends, while the great mass of the people seemed to regard him with ineffable contempt. "Yankee white-liver," "boaster," "politron," were the sounds most frequently rung in his ears, especially when near the groceries, and there was one then on every terrace of the broken hills.

The matter grew still worse. About a week afterwards, Johnson met his victim in the public square, presented a cocked pistol at his heart with one hand, and belabored him unmercifully with a cowhide which he grasped in the other. Resistance at the moment was altogether out of the question, for the slightest motion would have been the signal for immediate death. He thought of Emma and her sweet babe, and bore the castigation in silence.

After this, clients deserted his office, and gentlemen refused to recognize him or return his salutes in the thoroughfares of business, or during his morning strolls over the hills. Had his touch been contagious, or his breath pestilence, he could not have been more carefully shunned.

Another week passed, and the degraded lawyer was in a state of mind bordering on insanity; and yet all the while he concealed the mental torture from his affectionate wife. One evening, in a more than usual bitter and gloomy mood, as he walked through the public square, he was again accosted by Mike Johnson, with his cocked pistol in one hand and uplifted cowhide in the other. The assault was the more aggravating as the place was thronged with spectators.

"Coward and villain!" exclaimed Johnson, "did I not tell you that I would cowhide you every week; until I wiped the courage of a man and a gentleman into your Yankee hide?"

"I am not a coward," retorted Thomas, in a hollow tone, so uncharitably fierce and wild that it caused every hearer to start. At the instant, his lips were livid, and clenched between his teeth till the blood ran. His eyes were red as a mad dog's and the muscles of his face quivered; but his body and limbs seemed to have the rigidity of marble. "He will fight now," rang in an eager whisper through the excited crowd, as they saw the terrible tokens of the fiend aroused—the fiend which lurks, at different depths, in all human nature.

"If you are not a coward, why will you not fight?" asked the duelist, somewhat struck, in spite of his thorough desperation, hardened in the hot gore of a dozen murders.

"I will fight, if you wish it," was the loud ringing answer.

"Then you accept my challenge?" "I do. Will any one present be so good as to act as my second?" inquired the lawyer, addressing the spectators.

For a minute or two no one spoke, so great was the dread of the arch-duelist, Mike Johnson.

"Will no one in such a mass of generous men be my second?" repeated the lawyer, in a louder tone.

"I will," said a shrill, trumpet-like voice, on the outskirts of the crowd, and a tall, commanding form, with bravery written on

his brow, and the eagle's eye beneath it, made his way to the centre of the scene of contention, and stood close fronting Johnson, with a smiling glance, before which the latter, for an instant, quailed.

"The question 'who is he? who is he?' circulated among the lookers on. But no one could answer; no one had ever seen him before, and yet everybody would have then sworn to his courage, so bold yet tranquil was his bearing.

"Who are you?" inquired the duelist, recovering his presence of mind.

"A stranger from Texas."

"But who will vouch for your respectability?"

"I can give you vouchers sufficient," replied the stranger, frowning till his brows looked frightful; and then stooping forward, he whispered something in Johnson's ear, audible alone to him.

"I am satisfied," said the duelist aloud, and trembling perceptibly. "Col. Morton, will you serve as my friend?"

The individual last addressed gave his assent.

"Now, let us adjourn to some private room to arrange the preliminaries," remarked the stranger; and the principals and seconds left the crowd, then increasing every minute, and excited near to madness by the thick-crowding events of the hour.

The meeting took place the following night, in a dark room, with the door locked and the two seconds on the outside. The principals were placed in opposite corners of the apartment, which was twenty feet square, and each was armed with a large bowie knife—no more. It was midnight—a night without moon or stars. Black pitchy clouds enveloped the sky, and a slight sifting mist rendered the shadows of the earth more intense. Hence, the room where the duel was about to begin was wrapped in rayless darkness. The combatants could not even see the blades of their own knives.

At first, they both stopped and stealthily unfastened and took off their shoes, so as to make the least possible noise in walking over the floor. The same thought had struck them at the same time—to manoeuvre for the vantage-ground.

Thomas moved in a circle, softly as a cat, around the apartment, till he got within a few feet of the corner where his enemy had first been placed, and then paused to listen. For four or five seconds he could hear no sound in the grave-like silence, but the quick beats of his own busy heart. Presently, however, there crept into his ear a scarcely audible sound as of suppressed breathing, in the corner of the room.

He was trying the same stratagem. The ruse was repeated three, with a like result. At length Thomas concluded to stand perfectly still and await Johnson's approach. Motionless now himself, he could distinguish a soft rustling noise, like the dropping of flakes of wax, circling around the floor, and gradually advancing towards him.

At last, when the sound appeared within about three feet of the lawyer's position, he suddenly made a bounding plunge with his knife, aimed in the dark air, where he supposed the bosom of his foe to be. His blade struck against that of the other, and a few sparks of fire rolled at the fierce collision, and fell expiring on the floor.

And then, for an instant, the seconds without the door heard a sharp ringing of steel, a groan, a fall, and all again was silent as the tomb! The duel at midnight had ended; but how! They were appalled at the horrible question.

Waiting some minutes and hearing nothing more, Col. Morton and the stranger prepared a light, unlocked the door, and entered. The spectacle was most affecting. There lay the bloody corpse of the duelist, Johnson, mangled dreadfully, and above it stood the erect and imposing form of the lawyer, Thomas—unhurt, not a cut on his skin or a rent in his clothing, but weeping as if his heart were broken.

He started back as the flashing light dazzled his eyes, and, growing pale as the dead at his feet, exclaimed, in accents of immeasurable anguish—"Oh, God! how shall I endure to meet my dear Emma, with this murderous gore on my hands! Such stains would defile the very gates of heaven, and blacken the floor of hell itself!"

He did, however, afterwards meet Emma and her babe; but we shall not attempt to paint the scene. A week subsequently, he was shot to pieces in his own office, while employed in writing after night. The assassin was not known, but supposed to be a younger brother of the duelist, Johnson.

The stranger who acted in the combat as the second of Thomas, was indeed, as he said, from Texas, and then travelling through Mississippi, and was the bravest man, perhaps, that ever drew the breath of life. James Bowie, who fell only with the fall of the Alamo, when his red knife was drunk with the blood of Mexicans.

Reader.—But the moral? You promised us a moral.

Writer.—The same moral which lies at the bottom of all true stories, if they be read rightly. I give you this, and can give no more—the circumstances which make men make also their actions, as the history of many a New Englander besides poor Thomas, in the South, can attest. Therefore, never strongly condemn the deeds of your brethren of the common humanity, until you shall have realized their material and spiritual situation in all its mathematical and moral dimensions. This lesson, studied well, may render you wiser and probably happier men.

The Future.—It has been beautifully said, that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of Mercy." Seek not to raise that veil, therefore, for sadness might be seen to shade the brow that fancy had arrayed in smiles and gladness."

He that clothes the poor, clothes his own soul. He that sweetens the cup of affliction, sweetens his own heart. He that feeds the hungry, spreads out a banquet for himself, more sweet and refreshing than luxury can bestow.

A TALE OF JEALOUSY. THE BARONET'S STORY.

The following story was related to me by an old friend, Irish, baronet, and as far as my memory serves will give it to you in his own words:

About four months after my marriage, it was my wont, each morning after breakfast, to stroll about my gardens and fields, until, perhaps, four o'clock, at which hour I returned home to enjoy my wife's society; and when the weather permitted we occasionally took a walk or ride.

One morning feeling myself not quite well, I returned much earlier than usual, about eleven o'clock, and went into the house by a back entrance; as neither knocking nor ringing announced my arrival, my wife was not aware of my return.

I sought her first in the drawing room but not finding her there proceeded to her bed-room, and while passing through my dressing-room to it I was surprised by a sudden rush to the bed-room door, which was instantly bolted within. I distinctly heard a low whispering and as I thought, hurried receding steps; yet, altogether, I was not kept waiting more than a few seconds. My wife's maid opened the door, when to my great perplexity I beheld my wife's usually pale face suffused with crimson blushes. I also detected her manoeuvring a comb through her hair to hide, as I faintly suspected, her blushes from me, or her disorderly curls.

"What is the meaning of all this?" thought I, "it is strange! the maid looks confused and much frightened."

My wife did not hasten to meet me with her usual sunny welcome; there was not even one smile to greet me. At length, recovering herself a little, she with a hesitating manner said—

"Well, love how goes on the farm?"

But I was grieved, for the first time in my life, I felt that I was not welcome. I felt something was going on that I was not to know. So merely saying, "I will tell you when we meet in the drawing-room, I abruptly quit her.

Not knowing whether I was going or why I suffered so sudden a frightful a revolution of feeling, I hurried down stairs through the hall across the lawn, and plunged into the fire-path that leads to a sequestered part of the ground; nor did I slacken my pace until I was fully a mile from the house, when I threw myself upon the green bank by the side of the river, the most miserable of men. I, who one half hour before had been the proudest of men, now

was trying the same stratagem. The ruse was repeated three, with a like result. At length Thomas concluded to stand perfectly still and await Johnson's approach. Motionless now himself, he could distinguish a soft rustling noise, like the dropping of flakes of wax, circling around the floor, and gradually advancing towards him.

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rage seizing me, I made one rush at the door, and roared "instant admittance." Agnes opened the door and stood trembling before me, her attendant flew to the farthest end of the apartment. I dashed my wife aside, shouting, "this moment quit my house;" and darting across the room seized my rival by the throat, thundering forth "confess all, this instant you die."

There was a moment's pause—oh, the agony of that moment!

Pale as a corpse, Agnes stood transfixed with horror, gazing breathlessly upon the tall man before her, while in suffocating accents, my victim sobbed out, "Oh! sir, sir, as sure as the life is in my poor body I have nothing to confess but that I was plucking out mistress grey hairs."

IMPROVEMENTS.

It must be gratifying to the citizens of our district in passing over it, to witness the improvements going on in every section. New buildings are springing up, and old ones being repaired and painted, and wherever we go, the sound of the hammer and saw may be heard. There is no better evidence of general prosperity than these exhibitions, and although our people are passing through a period unparalleled in the history of the district for scarcity of provisions and stock, it shows we are upon rising ground. Could our fathers of thirty and forty years past burst their cerements and revisit former scenes, how amazed would they be at the change that has come over their once familiar haunts! Where the unbroken forest afforded a safe retreat for the bear, the wolf and the deer, smiling fields and flourishing villages in all their silvan beauty may be seen. Where once stood the humble log cabin school, the stately college rears its classic front, inviting the student to enter the less ambitious Academy opens wide its doors to the youth of the land.

What changes have also taken place in the agricultural pursuits of the country! Much attention was given in former years to the cultivation of tobacco and indigo, and it is within our recollection to have seen hogsheads of the former passing through our village to market. But these have given way to cotton as a more profitable crop, and such has been the mania, if we may so term it, for raising it, our once fertile lands have been well nigh worn out in its production. It is now for our farmers to give their attention to reclaiming these lands and the cultivation of more grain and stock, and by so doing they will be adding to the prosperity

of the country.

Within the last eighteen months, five Steam Mills have been erected in the district, and the sixth will very soon be in operation. The introduction of these mills, and the completion of the Railroad into our borders will of themselves mark an era in the history of our people; and an impulse is even now being given to business of all kinds by them, we have never before dreamed of. We have every reason then to be contented and proud of old Abbeville, for with our educational advantages, a thrifty and intelligent population, and a convenient market with facilities for getting to it, we must continue to prosper, and occupy no mean position in the State.—Abbeville Banner.

THE N. Y. Spirit of the Times says that it is fashion down in the "Ole Virginny" for the negroes to wear long trails of crapes, tied round their hats, and allowed to fall down their backs. A planter one day met a strange nig, on the road decked out with a superabundant amount of crapes that reached almost to his heels.

"Who do you belong to?" asked the planter.

"Mrs. —'s furnace! I've been hired out to work dar."

"You have lost some of your friends I see."

"Yes, massa."

"Was it a near or distant relative?"

"Wel, putty distant—'bout twenty-five miles dar."

"Of what is cider made?" "I don't know sir." "What a stupid boy. What did you get when you robbed widow Up-ton's Orchard?"

"Got! Why I got a devil of a licking, Sir."

An old bachelor having been laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them: "You are small potatoes!"

"We may be small potatoes," said one of them, "but we are sweet ones!"

An Irishman being in church where the collection apparatus resembled election boxes, on its being handed to him, whispered in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized and could not vote.

MRS. PERRY married her second husband not because she admired the sex, but just because he was the size of her first protector, and would come so good to wear his old clothes out."

THERE is a man in Boston who walks so slow that he wears a pair of spurs to keep his shadow from treading on his heels.

A QUANTY river of sentences in the Galaxy, says—"I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride, for fear the horse might run away—afraid to sail for fear the boat might overset—afraid to walk for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to get married."

SHOCKING to serenade a second story window for two hours, and then be told that the young woman "what used to live here has removed around the next corner."

THERE is an old maid in Babylon, R. I., who is so accustomed to dating her age backward that when she speaks of the latter part of December she calls it "late in the spring."

ABUNDANCE is a trouble, want a misery, honor a burden, advancement dangerous, and competency a happiness.

THE WHOLESALE MURDER.

The New York papers continue to be filled with the details of, and comments on, the late terrible disaster to the steamboat Henry Clay. The Tribune characterizes the calamity as a "wholesale murder."

After describing the race of the steamers, and the participation in it of the Captain and other officers of the Henry Clay, in spite of the repeated remonstrance of passengers, the Tribune adds:

"We ask again, is not this murder, and that in the most aggravated and horrid form? We have no desire to add to the torture which, in common with other criminals, the officers of the Henry Clay must feel, now that the passion of the hour is over, and the poignancy of remorse succeeds. But we cannot allow any misplaced and undesired tenderness for them to outweigh solemn considerations of duty to the community. The public safety must be cared for. And we earnestly trust that in a case so flagrant as this, justice may at last rouse itself, and by exemplary and sufficient severity, put an end to such a criminal and dangerous practice as carrying passengers."

The Journal of Commerce says:

"We have heard it said, on authority that seems entitled to full belief, that some time before the fire broke out, the chief engineer apprized either Capt. Tallman, or the pilot, that his boilers were so heated that he was in momentary apprehension of the wood-work taking fire. The only response he received was a coarse oath, with an order to continue his furnace at the same heat, and it would be time enough to put out the fire when it had caught. Such inhumanity puts him who gave utterance to it out of the pale of civilization, and ought to stamp him with Cain's brand as long as he lives—if the law permits such a murderer to live."

The Express decidedly thinks the calamity was the result of racing, and says:

"If it be true that this calamity has occurred in consequence of racing between two boats, we are prepared to characterize it as an act of murder."

The whole press joins in demanding a full and thorough investigation of all the facts, and the meeting out of exemplary punishment to the parties who may be shown to be guilty of causing the terrible sacrifice of human life.

EXPULSION OF THE FOREIGNERS FROM MARIPOSA, CALIFORNIA.

The Stockton Journal gives the following account of difficulties between the foreign and American miners in Mariposa county:

A number of foreigners, principally of the place called Mariposa, on the Mariposa, had turned the stream and found good diggings, possession of which was claimed by a body of Americans, who denied the right of foreigners to work them. The latter, to the number of three or four hundred, headed by a few Frenchmen, resolved upon defending their claims.

The Americans immediately sent out runners, and some two hundred armed men collected, when the foreigners deemed it prudent to retire, leaving their claims and improvements in possession of the Americans. At one time it was thought there would be much blood shed, but the report is that only one shot was fired. Some twenty-five or thirty foreigners were arrested, but what disposition had been made of them we have not heard. The Americans, not satisfied with having driven the Spaniards and Frenchmen from Mariposa, organized a scouting party, and rode through the county, ordering all foreigners off within twenty-four hours.

It is stated in the San Francisco papers that the Americans had allowed the French miners until the 4th of July to decide whether they would leave Mariposa county. The inference is, that if they did not peacefully depart by that time, force would be resorted to.

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THE FISHERIES.

Boston, July 26, 1852.—The Newburyport Herald of to-day contains the following:

"United States steam frigate Saranoac at Philadelphia, and the sloop of war Albany, at Boston, have been ordered to the bay of St. Lawrence, for the protection of American seamen, in compliance with the request of Commodore J. C. Long, who is appointed to the command. The owners of