

Edgefield Advertiser.

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

EDGEFIELD, S. C. JULY 21, 1847.

NO. 26.

VOLUME XII.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
BY WM. F. DURISOE.
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

NEW TERMS
Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, per annum, if paid in advance—\$3 if not paid within six months from the date of subscription, and \$4 if not paid before the expiration of the year. All subscriptions will be continued, unless otherwise ordered before the expiration of the year; but no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Publisher.

Any person procuring five responsible Subscribers, shall receive the paper for one year, gratis.
ADVERTISERS conspicuously inserted at 75 cents per square, (12 lines, or less), for the first insertion, and 37½ for each continuance. Those published monthly or quarterly, will be charged \$1 per square. Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on them, will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.
Communications, post paid, will be promptly and strictly attended to.

The friends of Major ABRAHAM JONES, announce him as a candidate for the Legislature, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of James S. Pope Esq.

The friends of JAMES SPANN, Esq. respectfully announce him as a candidate for the office of Tax Collector, at the ensuing election. April 14

The friends of WESLEY BODIE, announce him as a candidate for the office of Sheriff, at the ensuing election. February 24

The following gentlemen are announced by their friends as candidates for the Office of Tax Collector, at the ensuing election: Col. JOHN QUATTLEBUM, GEORGE J. SHEPPARD, EDMUND MORRIS, SAMSON B. MAYS, Lieut. JAMES B. HARRIS, Maj. S. C. SCOTT, LEVI R. WILSON.

The following gentlemen are announced by their friends as candidates for the office of Ordinary, at the ensuing election. Col. JOHN HILL, JULIUS BANKS, Capt. W. L. COLEMAN.

TRADE WITH CHARLESTON IN INDIAN CORN.

We gave an example a few days ago of the heavy expenses on Flour sent from Michigan to the Boston market, hoping that it would have the effect of stimulating the efforts of the wheat growers of Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee, to put themselves in connexion with the Georgia and Carolina Railroads, and seek a market in Charleston for their surplus Flour.—With similar motives in relation to Indian Corn, we now submit the following pro forma account of sales of 1293 bushels Indian Corn, shipped in bulk by Fulton county, Illinois, put in sacks at New Orleans, consigned to us, Boston. 1845.

June 25, sold 411 sacks, 1055 bu. at 55 cts.	\$560 25
" " sold 60 sacks damaged, 123 bu. at 37½ cts.	48 00
" " sold 461 gunny sacks at 64 cts.	28 81
Charges,	657 06

Freight on Illinois river to St. Louis at 5 cts.	\$64 65
Forwarding charges at St. Louis.	10 00
Freight from St. Louis to N. Orleans. 1293 bu. at 12½ cts.	161 62
Forwarding to N. O. at 1 c. per bu. drayage, labor, &c. at 2 cents per bu., 1293 bu., at 3 cents.	38 29
161 gunny bags at 12½ cts. each; twine \$2.	59 62
Insurance on Illinois & Mississippi rivers 367 at 4 per ct.	4 84
Freights from N. Orleans to Boston at 14 cts. per bush. and 5 per cent. primage.	173 90
Wharfage at 4 c. pr. bu.	5 91
Labor & weighing 25 cts. per ton.	6 95
State duty on auction sales 1 per ct.	6 33
Marine Insurance from N. Orleans.	10 50
Labor, use of Tarpaulins, advertising, &c.	3 72
Commission, 2½ pr. ct.	16 42—563 55

Hunts' Merchant's Magazine for July, from which the foregoing is extracted, says: "the above sales are a fair average as regards prices, freight, &c., in ordinary years." If this is the case, surely the growers of Corn whose lands lie within striking distance of these great Southern Railroads, ought to find a remunerative return in this market for all the Corn they can produce.

Go it Squire.—We have been requested to publish the following Advertisement; said to have been written by a Magistrate in this State for several years.—Anderson Gazette.

NOTIS June 7. 1847
A Bout the first of may tucke up at my house a Stray houg Barrer about 1 yer old marked with a slit in each yer and ondar bit in each yer blacke houg with a whit list around him there is nother markes per Seville the oner will Dew wath to cmeand Git him or i Shall proSead as the law Direct.

From the Hagerstown (Md.) Torch Light. THE END OF THE TRAGEDY.

Never have we witnessed, within the limits of our peaceful town, a deeper and more general feeling of consternation, than was exhibited on Friday evening last, upon the announcement of the fact, that the lifeless body of our highly esteemed fellow citizen, James H. Kennedy, Esq., had now been brought from Carlisle upon the Franklin Railroad. On the evening previous, the most flattering accounts of Mr. K.'s condition had been received, and his friends looked forward with confidence to his certain recovery; when, in the midst of these sanguine expectations, without the slightest premonition, the arrival of his corpse, mute though eloquent, first announced the dreadful event.

As no post mortem examination of the body was had, the definite and immediate cause of death remains enveloped in mystery, although no doubt is entertained either by his attending physicians or those of our own place, that death was produced by the wounds inflicted during the recent riot. On the evening preceding his decease, Mr. Kennedy was in unusually fine spirits, and spoke of a decided improvement in his feelings. About three o'clock, on the following morning, Mrs. K. was aroused by an impediment in the respiration of the invalid. The physicians were immediately called, and discovered that the pulsation of the heart had, to all appearances, ceased. An attempt was made to restore the circulation, by friction, but it failed; and in a few moments Mr. K. had ceased to breathe.

Thus died the victim of a lawless mob, in the pursuit of his own property, one of our most useful and respected citizens, entailing upon the community a loss from which it will not soon recover, and upon his own family; one, heart-rending and irreparable.

In the midst of this great calamity, it is, however, gratifying to know, that the last moments of the deceased were attended by those who were nearest and dearest to him in life—that every attention was ministered to him in his last moments—and that the heart-felt tears of a whole community, assembled to pay the last sad tribute of respect, have been copiously shed upon his premature grave.

A duty, and a stern one too, is yet to be performed—the ends of an inflexible justice are yet to be fulfilled, for the guilty remain unpunished.

Professor McClintock, and some twenty others, have been held to bail for participation in the riot, and, we understand, will be tried at the approaching term of the Quarter Sessions, of Cumberland County Court. We trust that neither the high station of the one, nor the low condition of the others, will shield them from the rigid investigation of the law. If innocent, they deserve to have their innocence proclaimed in language that cannot be misunderstood—if guilty, then should they, in the heaviest penalty of the law atone for their crime. The respected dead no longer claims the interposition of an earthly court;—but between the living and the guilty a heavy account remains to be settled. Society demands that an example should be made, for its own sake—Maryland calls upon her sister State for justice. We trust that, no matter what may have been our relative positions heretofore, that call will not be unheeded.

From the Boston Courier.

MACHINE FOR TURNING STATUARY. One of the most remarkable inventions of the age is that of Mr. Thomas Blanchard of Boston, for turning busts, in a lathe. The art of turning cylinders, balls and any thing of uniform circular form, in common lathes, has long been practised by ordinary turners, and is familiar to every body. But the idea of turning in a lathe articles deviating from a sphere, at first blush, preposterous and absurd. And yet precisely such a machine has been invented for turning forms of various irregular shapes, such as gun barrels and gun stocks, spokes of wheels and shoe lasts, wig blocks, tackle blocks, and last, not least in importance, busts of the human head! Machines for all these purposes have been invented by Mr. Blanchard, and one of the latter description is now in full and successful operation in Boston.

The process of casting busts in a mould after a model, has long been practised, and they may be produced of lead, brass, iron, bronze, or any other malleable substance, as readily as pewter spoons, or bullets, may be cast in a mould. But the idea of turning out busts from beautiful marble, by machinery and steam power, in any quantities and of various sizes, and with the most perfect accuracy, after a single model, is truly astonishing, and would never have been dreamed of but by a creative genius like that of Thomas Blanchard. Imagine, gentle reader, a steam engine, in rapid motion, whirling round, and turning out the human head and face divine, with nose, chin, lips, forehead, eyes, ears, neck, breast and shoulders, of perfect proportion and accuracy to nature! Imagine such an eccentric machine, and you will have idea of the wonderful stretch of invention which conceived and completed such a faculty.

Such a wonderful machine is now in successful operation in Boston, and if any person will take the trouble to search, he can see a bust of Daniel Webster rapidly revolving in one end of a lathe, and at the other he will see fac simile heads of the great expounder, of any desired sizes, turned out from marble, by machinery. When one of these heads was presented to Mr. Webster, and he was informed by

what process it was produced, he exclaimed, in astonishment, that it was the "most wonderful invention of the age." Well, he might; for who can imagine such a curious art? Description is out of the question. He who doubts, or would understand it, must see it for himself. I have seen it, and there it is, open to the inspection of any respectable inquirer.

Busts of Judge Woodbury, of the Supreme Court of the United States, have also been turned from the same lathe, and those who are familiar with the face of the learned Judge, can attest the accuracy of the likeness. What is equally curious busts and cameos may be turned after one and the same model, into imitations of any sizes, from a colossal bust, to a miniature face suitable for a lady's brooch.

Thos. Blanchard was born in Sutton, Massachusetts, in 1788. He has been the originator of many useful things, besides the lathe, for turning multifarious objects. His inventive genius was early developed. At the age of thirteen he invented a machine for paring apples, which operated well, and was much used in the village where he then lived.

His next invention was that of a machine for making tacks.

From the N. O. Picayune, 8th inst.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO. The steamship Alabama arrived at an early hour yesterday from Vera Cruz, touching at the Brazos, she left the former port on the 3d of July and the latter on the 4th.

The following passengers came over on the Alabama from Vera Cruz; Capt. A. R. Hezel, assistant quartermaster; Dr. A. H. Saunders, late bearer of despatches from the Government to Gen. Scott; Messrs. E. G. Elliot and C. Finley, of the army, and Messrs. Fisher, Tobler, Forey, Richards, Carpenter, Teubrick, Harden, Tai, Moore, McCall, Mrs. Guates, and thirty discharged teamsters.

By this arrival we have direct advices from Mexico to the morning on the 29th of June, and from Puebla to the 30th. Gen. Scott had not been able to leave Puebla, He was awaiting the reinforcements under Gen. Cadwallader and Gen. Pillow, who had just arrived. Some of the papers mention Gen. Cadwallader arrived at Puebla on the 30th. Letter from Mr. Kendall of that date make no mention of it, though he was at Perote about the 20th, awaiting for General Pillow.

The news from the city of Mexico is very indefinite. Gen. Scott is said to have communicated to the Government that Mr. Todd was with him and authorized to negotiate for a peace. Santa Anna had been in vain endeavoring to procure a quorum of Congress to lay Gen. Scott's letters rather encourage the prospects of an early peace; but we have had access to letters from a very responsible source in the city of Mexico which take a very different view of the subject. The writer thinks Gen. Scott will have to march into Mexico to secure a peace.

The censorship of the press existing in Mexico prevents us from knowing what measures to defend the city will be taken. Santa Anna was to leave the capital on the 30th ult., intending to pass three days in the country, for the benefit of his health. It is said that every avenue of entrance into the city is fortified, but the writer in Mexico, upon whom we very much rely, thinks the American army, will easily overcome all such obstacles—that the defence of their fortifications will only embarrass the Mexicans.

We were unable to throw much light upon the movement of Gen. Alvarez was at Atlixaco on the 14th of June with 300 Mexican cavalry. The Star thinks his forces have been greatly overrated. A long, elaborate letter is published in the Star in Spanish and English, addressed to the people Mexico, by an officer of the American army. We have read but portions of it, but it appears a calm, familiar statement, aimed and well calculated to teach Mexicans how unfounded are their inveterate prejudices against the United States, and the utility on their part of a further prosecution of the war. We may refer to it.

A correspondent of *El Monitor Republicano*, writing from Puebla, says: "Gen. Scott, with all his engineers corps and a number of other officers, proceeded to Cholula the other day, and after ascending the pyramid, agreed at once to fortify the place." He thinks it only throwing salt to the fishes to fortify so out of the way place. The truth of the business is, says the Star, that Gen. Scott never went there at all, but that Gens. Quitman, Twiggs, Col. Harney and a party of officers, hearing of the pyramid and wishing to see the spot rendered notorious by the massacre of the Cholulans by Cortez, did go; but the idea of fortifying was farthest from the thought.

The Star tells a good story of a party of guerrilleros who stopped some Mexicans who were driving hogs into Puebla. They first compelled the drivers to pay the usual tax on their swine for entering the city, and then drove their swine off in another direction.

The Star says there is three months' provisions in the city for the army, and that the fields around the city supply all the foliage necessary.

A Mexican named Heredia has been detected by his countrymen on his way from the capital to Puebla with drawings of the different fortifications around the capital. He was tried and condemned as a spy and a traitor, and was condemned to

be shot on the 21st ult. The fellow made his escape the morning of the 21st ult.

The Mexicans are using every inducement to make our men desert, and with some success, but those who have deserted find little comfort from their new friends. The Star tells of two dragons who ran off from us, but had not gone three leagues before some Mexicans came across them, took their horses and stripped them of everything but their shirts.

A German and a Mexican have been tried by a court martial for tampering with our soldiers and persuading them to desert. The Mexican had been tried and acquitted—the German found guilty and condemned to be shot. Being recommended to mercy his sentence was remitted.

The following narrative is from the Star of the 14th ult.

On Sunday morning last, the 20th, a party of Americans, not connected with the army, were here for a hacienda on the road to Mexico—say about eighteen miles distant. The object in view by the party, eight in number, was the purchasing mules for the Government; and after they had bargained for a number, to be brought in the next day to Puebla, they prepared to leave, but were prevailed on to defer their departure until after dinner. The repast was served up in good style, and after it was partaken of, the host refusing to receive any pay whatever, the horses were brought out and the party mounted. They were warned not to go too near a village on their left, as some five or six hundred soldiers were quartered there, and if we mistake not, a Mexican was preparing a horse to accompany them along a bye path in the mountains, when a party of lancers were discovered riding up to the hacienda. The little party of Americans started off in a slow gallop, their leader telling them to save the horses until it would be necessary to run. In this way they proceeded some distance, the soldiers continuing to decrease the distance between them, when it was proposed to go a little faster. A half a minute had not elapsed with the increased gait, before they came upon another party of the enemy, for the road. To attempt to pass them would have been foolishness; so they halted, and though their interpreter, informed the captain that they were Americans, and not connected with the army. The pursuing lancers were now close upon them, and before a proper

down the hill in such a manner, as to leave the boys doubtful as to their intentions, so they prepared themselves for an attack, which was soon commenced by the Mexican force, numbering near eighty men. After a brief engagement, during which the Mexicans crowded upon one another so fast that they could scarcely use their arms, Mr. Dickinson who had been severely wounded in the thigh with the spur, and she made an opening in the enemy's ranks running down one or two horses, and showing the others aside so as to effect his escape. During this operation another of the party who had been unhorsed and wounded slid off into a ditch, where he concealed himself until night and got into the city next morning. Dickinson was chased by two lancers to the river, close by, at which place he shot the foremost one, and then making his way to an Indian hut, concealed himself until the next morning, when he started for and entered the city about 9 o'clock.

All the Americans in this affair were wounded, and one named John Kinsey is supposed to have been killed. Another named Wallbridge has written a letter back to Puebla from Atlixco. He had been ordered to Mexico. The rest of the party, not named, are supposed to be prisoners also, although there was a report that all had been shot. The Star does not credit this report. The Star of the 31st ult. has the following paragraph about the American prisoners in Mexico: "The following paragraph is extracted from a letter dated in Mexico on the 17th instant: 'I observe in the Star you sent me, that it is said that the American prisoners are kept in confinement here, which is not the case. They have been at liberty for a long time past, and saunter about the streets like other people. No one troubles them—I see Maj. Gaines and others daily. The decree ordering the other Americans away was not extended to them, and as far I can see they had very limited effect, for I observe the well known American residents knocking about as usual. We were told yesterday by a person who had advised from Mexico as late as the 20th, that the American prisoners were in confinement in Santiago. It may be that our friend of the 17th is not a strict observer of affairs, and that the reincarceration of our men was not known to him. It may even be that Majors Gains and Borland are at liberty, and none others.' We give this paragraph as we find it. The inference from it to our minds is that the prisoners were yet in Mexico as late as the 20th ult. If this were so, the report brought here on Tuesday from Tampico is likely to be unfounded. We regret that we have no means of clearing up the doubt. The Star reports that the Perfect of Puebla recently ran off to Atlixco, taking with him all the city funds. He published an address to the people giving an explanation of his conduct. By this arrival we have the result of Com. Perry's second expedition against Tabasco. This time he was entirely

successful. We have a letter from a gallant officer enclosing to us a sketch of the river Tabasco from Devil's Bend, so called to the city, showing the landing and march of Com. Perry's force, which consisted of eleven hundred seamen and marines and ten field pieces. An account of the expedition by an accomplished surgeon in the navy, which accompanied the map, has failed to reach us as yet. But the map almost tells the story. The town was taken on the 10th of June. The expedition anchored in a very shallow bay of the river called the Devil's Bend, and was fired into from an ambushade. A little higher up the landing of Com. Perry is marked, upon the left or north bank of the river. The route from this point which the commodore pursued is traced on the map up to Fort Turbide, which is a short distance below the city. The fort was manned by 200 regulars under Gen. Echagary, commandant general of the State. The point is marked on the map where Bruno's Civicos fired into the commodore's steamer from an ambushade; this is below the Devil's Turn. The next point of interest is the breastwork where Lieut. May was wounded. So far our map tells us the story; the rest requires but few words; the forts which defied the town yielded to the guns of the fleet, before the land expedition could get into action. The enemy stood but one discharge of artillery. Lieut. May, it is said, had his arm broken and one officer wounded. It is said that none of our men were killed and only a few wounded. A sufficient force was left behind to hold the town, and the commodore returned to the station off Anton Lizardo on the 29th ult.

PUEBLA, Mexico, June 30, 1847.

All the talk now is of peace, immediate peace, with the great Mexican nation, and those who talked but a short week ago of reveling in the halls of the Montezumas, now appear to think they are just about as near the aforesaid halls as they ever will be. I hardly know what to think of the matter. The arrival of the heavy reinforcements known to be on the way for Gen. Scott, combined with the loss of confidence the Mexican leaders have in themselves and their followers, have turned their feelings to a degree, and the most beligerent among them may now really be in favor of coming to terms. Santa Anna himself, although he will be very far from starting the ball, will doubtless help to weigh. His very salvation depends upon it. He knows that he will be defeated and lose all if he makes another stand; by making cat's-paws of some of the members of Congress, and getting them to look with an eye of favor upon propositions for peace, he thinks that he may be able to second their movements if any thing looks favorable, and finally himself reap all the benefits that may grow out of it. What the propositions are that have been made to the Mexican government few here know; but what with British interference; and the timidity of the Mexican leaders, they have evidently been listened to.

Three days since said hardly a man in Gen. Scott's army thought that there was a hope of coming to terms with the enemy; now, the time has changed, and many of the officers are ever talking of the chances of avoiding and escaping the *womzlo* on their way home. With all the cry of peace, I am not one of those who think that our affairs with Mexico are yet settled. A great deal depends upon circumstances. Should the upper train, containing as it supposed a large sum of money, meet with a reverse, the Mexicans would be emboldened to offer fresh resistance; should Santa Anna find, on counting noses that a majority are against him in any committee appointed by Congress, he will be found among the first to scold at any idea of terms with the perfidious Yankees; should, in fact, any thing turn out of which the Dictator may make capital for himself, no matter whether for or against the best interests of his dearly beloved (?) country, he will embrace it for his own aggrandizement. He wants time, he wants to procrastinate, he wants to delay the approach of Gen. Scott upon the capital—in short, he wants to do any thing which may add and further his own ambitious schemes.

There is some reason to suppose that Gen. Taylor is advancing upon San Luis although there is no positive information to that effect. With the American flag flying at San Luis & Zaatecas, the inhabitants of the capital might be more disposed towards talking of peace—his, in case the inhabitants wish to save the seat of government from the disgrace of having it occupied by *los estrangeros*.—But, as I have before said, these people cannot be judged by any rules which apply to other nations, and therefore the effect of seeing their foes on every side, and knocking at every gate, cannot be counted upon.

I might run on for hours with speculations as to the present condition and future prospect of this war with Mexico; but as it would all end in speculation, I shall close with a few remarks which may be taken for what they are worth. Santa Anna, tired of fighting the Americans, is anxious to make peace with them, although fearful of openly avowing it. The peace party in the capital—the capitalists and property holders—are also anxious, unwilling to support the war longer, and taxed already beyond what they consider their means. The military are anxious to see the war continued, as the only means by which they can support themselves; the *leperos*, the ragamuffins of the country, care but little, one way or the other, how affairs go, so that they can steal enough to supply

themselves with blank chinguirite, and frijeles, and tortillas, and what to support life. The Indians care for nothing, and they are the most numerous class, so that they can sell their produce for silver, in which they have sufficient confidence to bury, and many of the others inhabitants of the country will follow their example. The priests—perhaps I should have placed them at the top of the list—are anxious to preserve their position and their riches, although they may look upon us as dogs and heretics; and thus you have a mere jangling of the feelings of the different parties. All these feelings and interests—after taking into consideration that all hate and despise us—you may mix up and then make out the chances for a peace.

I do not know that any one has reflected much upon this subject, but to me it seems that this thing of making a peace is to be a more difficult matter than making war with the Mexicans, and will be surrounded with greater perplexities.—Texas has to be brought into question; other boundaries taken into consideration, California is to be a bone of contention, indemnifications and costs of war to be called into account, and a thousand other matters will be found in the catalogue of stumbling blocks in the way of an amicable arrangement of difficulties. The "three millions," after Santa Anna has helped himself—for he must be thought of first—will not go far, in way of solace or cordial for the many wounds under which poor Mexico is suffering, and there will be other provisions than Wilmot's for increasing the sum.

Let me conclude this hasty scrawl.—The talk, as I said at the outset, is now of peace; but it will all end in Santa Anna's advancement or his utter downfall.—In all his diplomatic arrangements—whenever he has been allowed to argue his point—he has been invariably a winner at this game; somehow or other, he always turns every thing to his own advantage, or at least always has so far. How he will succeed in his present scheme remains to be seen, but he should, and probably will, be closely watched. A few days will bring us out of the doubt and uncertainty in which every thing is at present enveloped, and I shall make opportunities to keep you informed of every thing that transpires. G. W. K.

From the N. O. Delta. THE TAKING OF TOBASCOS. The following characteristic letter from

conous part in the late brilliant affair at Tobasco, is well deserving of a reading from all persons who admire Yankee valor and sailor frankness and humor. The letter was not intended for publication, and is, therefore, written in the free and easy style of friendly correspondence; but there is nothing in it that will not excite the admiration, sympathy, and deep interest of all our readers. The pathetic and heart-rending complaint which concludes the letter, respecting the stubborn anti-combativeness of the "bloody Bruno," who will not stand with his 1400 men long enough to be tickled by our jolly tars, is decidedly the richest thing we have read. If Mr. Polk does not promote our friend in his very next orders, he shall certainly hear of us.

Eds. Delta.—You asked me to keep minutes of our Tobasco Expedition. I can't do the minutes, but if the *k's* will suit you, here they are. It was a novel picture, the like of which you may never hear tell again, and well worth the expenditure of a sheet of foolscap—so I will begin in due form and give you every item from the battle with Bruno down to the stealing of a chicken. Just think now of an army of *salts* suddenly transferred from the ship to the shore. The idea alone is enough to fix one's attention and excite the risible organs. One thousand tars transmogrified into soldiers. Shouldering muskets, forming into platoons, marching by word of command—"Eyes right, and face corporal, the word order is only a caution," &c. They went through the exercises beautifully. Dragging artillery through swamps, chapparral, on ditches and in ditches, where horses would have foundered. Oh, it was a beautiful sight, and this is the picture I design presenting to you, and is pronounced to be the most novel and interesting of the war. Tobasco, you must know, is a fine city, situated on a high bluff, on the right bank of the river, 80 miles from its mouth. The river is narrow, the banks high and steep, and covered with trees, chapparral, and flags, interwoven with hanging vines and the densest foliage I have ever seen. Fifty determined men could have swept every one of us from the decks as we passed up without our ever seeing an enemy. The channel runs close to the right bank of the river, which looked immediately down on our decks, packed with men.—The vessels frequently became entangled among the branches of trees, and in this way, about midnight, several men were swept out of the boats and from the decks of the vessels. Then with the burning of the blue lights (the preconcerted signal for any accident) and the rowing about of the boats, in this sepulchral glare of the light to pick up the lost, rendered the whole scene strikingly picturesque and intensely exciting from the beginning to the ending of the expedition.

On the 12th, the squadron anchored off the River Tobasco, and on the 14th, all things being ready, we made sail. The steamer Scorpion bearing the Commodore's broad pendant, having in tow the Washington and Vesuvius, followed by the steamers Spifire, Vixen and Scourge, towing the *Etna*, *Stromboli*, *Bonita*, and Capt. Taylor's little vessel the *Spifire*,

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