

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."

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W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.

Select Poetry.

THE HOME OF PEACE.

BY ELIZA COOK.
We are apt to grow weary
In this troubled world at times,
For even golden bells can ring
In melancholy chimes:
And let our human life in life
Be what or where it may,
Dark shadows often rise, from which
Our hearts would turn away.
Fall often do we sigh to taste
Some spirit draught of joy,
And almost every childhood's laugh
Above its painted toy,
When some great hope breaks over us,
Or loved ones prove unjust,
And, roused from stony dreams, we find
Our pillow in the dust.
Say, whether shall we turn to seek,
The healing balm of rest,
And whether shall we call the cheerless ray
To re-illumine our breast?
Oh! let us go and breathe our woe
In Nature's kindly ear,
For her soft hand will ever deign
To wipe the moisture there;
She weeps not, tho' we tell our grief
With voice all sad and faint,
And seems the fondest when we pour
Our weak and lonely plaint.
Oh! let us take our sorrows
To the bosom of the hills,
And blend our pensive murmurs
With the gurgle of the rills;
Oh! let us turn in weariness
Toward the grassy way,
Where skylarks teach us how to praise,
The ringdoves how to pray;
And thro' the melody of Peace,
That floats above the sod,
Shall bring back hope and harmony
With the voice of God.

From the Lancaster Ledger.

ILL THINK OF THEE.

Ill think of thee, when morn's bright hour,
Spreads golden radiance o'er the sea;
And far or near, all own the power,
That binds my constant heart to thee.
And should I roam mid other scenes,
In foreign lands far from thee,
I'll nurse thine image in my dreams,
And think of thee—of none but thee.
Ill think of thee when daisy eye,
Spreads out the robes of sable night;
And when the eve's sweet silver queen,
Sheds forth her pale and lovely light.
And when the stars come one by one,
To light up Heaven's fair wondrous zone,
And spread their holy radiance round,
I'll think of thee—I'll think of thee.
Ill think of thee—tho' fortune frown,
And shroud the star of hope in gloom,
Though sorrow's storm-clouds gather round,
To mar and rob me of youth's bloom.
Or should the fates more lenient prove,
And bid my longing heart beat free,
To thee I'll sing my songs of love,
And think of thee—of none but thee.
Ill think of thee, when youth has fled,
And all life's dreams have passed away;
When Youth's fair garlands all are dead,
And Fancy's first wreaths are decay.
When on thy life and youthful brow,
Stern time has set his frowns seal,
I'll love thee ever then as now,
And think of thee—forever thee.

Farmers Department.

From the Southern Cultivator.

THOUGHTS ON THE VOCATION OF THE FARMER.

MESSES. EDITORS: Your known friendliness to the agriculturist, and your laudable solicitude to promote his interest, have emboldened me to send you a few remarks, written in such brief intervals of leisure as an active life on a plantation afforded. I wish they possessed some charms of style to palliate the want of method and clearness, but I indulge the hope that the reader will overlook faults, which are frankly confessed. It is not my purpose at present to dissent upon the different modes of cultivation in vogue, nor to enumerate the implements daily invented to simplify and diminish labor, but to endeavor to the best of my ability to inspire respect for agricultural pursuits, and to remove the silly prejudices cherished against them. It is a prevalent notion in some quarters, that the farmer leads a drudging, undignified, and dull life; that the nature of his avocations utterly disqualifies him for participation in the refined pleasures of social life; and that if he enters life as a man of any scientific or literary attainments, he unavoidably loses them, and sinks down into a country pumpkin. These notions have infected the women, and in some cases lead to the banishment of the domestic employments, which once so honorably distinguished our ladies. The young ladies are only ambitious of forming a connexion with a resident of the neighboring city or town; and in pursuance of this unwise resolution refuse advantageous connections on account of their being farmers. The son before he has fairly escaped from clouts, begins to regard his father as an antediluvian relic, and by the time he is eighteen, has resolved to enter upon the study of a profession. What are these consequences of his fatuity? He has attempted to move the world without having a power commensurate to the enterprise, and makes a shameful and ignominious failure. He becomes a drone in society, consuming a substance he does not help to create, a tax to his friends, and frequently is so maddened by chagrin, that he recklessly plunges into the most brutal dissipation in search of a Lethe for his own reproaches. Such is a condensed history of hundreds and thousands of young men who, squandering the patrimonial pittance left to them, in acquiring a profession, and in vainly waiting for business, fall victims to dissipation in the prime of manhood, from a res-

pectable position in society. Lawyers and doctors multiply so rapidly as to remind one of the wish of Sir Thomas Browne, that "men might procreate like trees." Must a man belong to one of the learned professions to command respect? For one, I differ from any such opinion.

Is not the farmer more independent in the true sense of the term, than all other classes? Is there anything in his pursuits incompatible with the culture of his mind? He lives in daily and hourly communion with nature, enjoys unlimited opportunities of observation and reflection, and may ramble at pleasure among the beauties of animated nature. The vernal bloom of spring and the mellow affluence of autumn, dispose his mind to contemplation and lead him to look up to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," with a heart melted with gratitude. Nor is he precluded by his avocations from the improvement of his mind by reading and study.—There are moments when reading stands to him in the stead of the boisterous gabble of the bar-room, and the beastly orgies of the brothel. When prevented from stirring abroad, reading becomes a solace and amusement, instead of being resorted to morosely to kill time. These moments, rightly improved by judicious reading, will enable him to accumulate stores of information. The ancillary is formed by successive accretions of the minutest particles, and knowledge is gathered the same way. Let us compare him with the members of the learned professions, that we may reach a just conclusion in reference to his means of mental culture and capacity for happiness.

The physician stands so much by the couch of sickness and beholds so much suffering that his finer feelings and impulses are blunted and chilled. If he is a man of proper feelings, the conviction of his inability to relieve the suffering of disease, must harrow his soul. He who hourly witnesses so much suffering, is but too apt to become cold in heart and callous in feeling.

The lawyer is a telescope to expose the depravity of human nature. His ear is stunned with the confessions of shocking crimes. The turbulence of human mind, the ebullition of guilty passion, the gripping misery of the miser, deep planned knavery, and the sneaking passivity of the potroom, furnish him employment and bread. Crime is sifted in all its loathsome details, and sounded to its darkest depths of infamy. He sees human nature in its worst phase. He sees the human heart denuded of all the flimsy disguises by which its workings are hid from the world, blackened with crime, scorched with passion, and dwarfed by selfishness, until he becomes to regard virtue as an empty name to cozen fools with, and friendship but the jargon of unprincipled knaves. Such impressions however unjust to mankind, utterly preclude him from the noble enjoyments of reciprocal friendship. The lawyer by pleading on all sides, is too apt to lose sight of the great principles of truth, and to multiply crimes by the facility of escape.

Let us, undazzled by the glare of public life and the tappings of the officer, take the gauge and dimensions of the happiness of the politician. The sword of Damocles hangs by him day and night. His life is an oscillation between hope and fear. He is the object of general abuse and calumny. His motives are rancorously assailed, his integrity called in question, and his course however open, is misrepresented and calumniated. To-day, thou sander, guided by caprice, or tickled by his sycophants, conspire to make him a deniged, but to-morrow a rival, whom he had overlooked, forces him into retirement. He may plant his foot on the topmost round of the ladder of fame; vast assemblies may hang on his words, and newspapers vie with cumulative tedium in fulsome adulation, but the next gyrations of the political wheel hurls him to the dust amid the jeers and exultings of his foes, and the simulated regrets of his party friends. The evening of his days, instead of being enlivened by cheerfulness, is querulous, discontented, and embittered by intrigues and party hatred.

These wayside reflections have allured me into a slight deflection from the subject matter of this article, but I flatter myself they will facilitate the accomplishment of the object so much and so earnestly desired by all farmers, viz: the removal of the absurd prejudices against the vocation of the agriculturist.

Do not misconceive my meaning. I am not attempting to show that farmers sons are unequal to the performance of the duties of the learned professions. Whence sprung the orators, who have successfully contested the palm of eloquence with the laureled sages of antiquity; and the statesmen, who have guided the vessel of State, and shed such lustre on our national history? They were not the pulling scions of a purse-prod aristocracy, nor the sickly products of the feculent hot-beds of fashion. They were not reared amid scenes of luxury and profusion, nor initiated into the grog-shop and brothel, ere they got rid of clouts. They were not taught to prefer broad-cloth to the treasures of knowledge and the courtesations of art, and to regard manual labor as a badge of servitude, and idleness as the patent of nobility. They were reared for the most part in the seclusion of the country; exercise gave them robust health and strength; remoteness from large cities rendered them moral and upright, and their minds having been self-taught are self-relying and independent. The city mannikin may bow with more courtliness of manner, and stare at a lady with more unabashed impudence than a plain farmer, who hangs out no false signs of wealth—but his highest achievement is to crack a watchman's head, as his ambition is to copy the dress of the east old footman of some English lordling.

At least two thirds of our most distinguished orators, generals, and authors, were bred in the country; and to the habits then formed, their success in the battle of life was mainly owing. Washington appears more truly great when relinquishing the trappings of office, and seeking happiness on Mt. Vernon, than when shadowed with the laurels of the warrior, or invested with the Presiden-

tial purple. Andrew Jackson thought it no disgrace to be a farmer, and the American masses decided that it should be no ground for his exclusion from the Chief Magistracy. Now, the question arises how is the farmer to be elevated to his legitimate rank into society, and the annual accessions to the profession ended? As I am a farmer, I shall make no apology for addressing myself to this question with earnestness.

In the first place it is of primary importance that more attention should be devoted to such sciences as aid us in the analysis of our soils, and the application of manure. Chemistry should form the study of every person who designs to become a cultivator of the soil. Knowledge of agricultural chemistry is the corner stone in the character of the farmer. Independently of the pleasure to be derived from its study, it will prove highly useful to one who tills the ground. We all know that some manures cause both corn and cotton to "fire" and to fail in seasons of drought; yet how few can give a rational explanation of this phenomenon not recommending people to grasp shadows, or to adopt every untried theory, but to acquire a practical knowledge of all that diminishes labor, and presents the exhaustion of the soil; to increase the usefulness and respectability of their vocation by mental improvement; and to lay aside the customs of past times, as things that have been superseded by new inventions.

Secondly, as matters now stand, every one feels the evils resulting from the lack of the *esprit d' corps*, which common habits, homogenous interests, and kindred pursuits should inspire. Each man depends upon his own stock of knowledge, and neighborhood is divided from neighborhood as if by an impassable gulf. We know nothing of what is transpiring outside of our own neighborhood, and not infrequently never see our nearest neighbors more than once in six months. The wise observant man may pick a speculation out of the conversation of the most stupid and illiterate, and improve by the blunders of others. But do we manifest any desire to gain information, to abandon our false notions, and to avail ourselves of the salutary improvements of the age? The mass of agriculturists seem indissolubly wedded to the customs of their fathers.—"Book Farming" is a synonym of arrant and ill success.

This is a serious obstacle to improvement. If farmers would organize county societies for the distribution of the premiums, the interchange of individual experiences, the discussion of new improvements, and theories they would add to their stock of knowledge, and give a fresh impulse to agricultural progress. The social relations and neighborly charities, that such reunions would produce, are alone enough to justify the formation of these country societies. We must act with concert, if we would accomplish anything of moment.

I shall conclude this article by invoking planters, however meagre their early education may have been, or much neglected, to take agricultural papers, to throw aside their aversion to book farming, and to improve their minds by a judicious course of reading. Do not lag behind the age, nor cling to customs which have long since been condemned. But above all, employ all your arts of persuasion and influence, to dissuade your sons from embarking in professions now too overstocked. Agriculture opens a fair field for the exercise of their talent, and affords full scope for their ambition. Edmund Ruffin has earned a fame that time cannot efface. He is more of a benefactor of his race than the hero, whose claims to fame are recorded in blood.

A. W. DILLARD.

A SECOND ULYSSES.

An old man, of very acute physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought before the Police Court of Philadelphia. His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second handed in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rabs of the world than the proprietor himself.

"What business do you generally follow, Wilmot?"

"Business! none! I'm a traveller."

"A vagabond, perhaps?"

"You are not far wrong—travellers and vagabonds are much the same thing."

The difference is that the latter travels without money, and the former, without brains."

"Where have you travelled?"

"All over the continent!"

"For what purpose?"

"Observation."

"What have you observed?"

"A little to commend, much to censure, and very much to laugh at."

"Umph! and what do you commend?"

"A handsome woman that will stay at home, an eloquent preacher that will preach a short sermon, a good writer that does not write too much, and a fool who has sense enough to hold his tongue."

"What do you censure?"

"A man who marries a girl for her fine dancing, a youth who studies law or medicine while he has the use of his hands, and people who elect a drunkard or blockhead to office."

"And, pray, what do you laugh at?"

"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualities and qualification do not merit."

He was dismissed.

PELADOLY.—How do you spell Peladoly?" asked a small city grocer of his partner one day, as he was sprinkling sand upon a letter which he was about to despatch to the City of Brotherly Love.

"Why, Fel-a, Fel-a, del, Feladel, fy—Feladely."

"Then I've got it right," said the partner (in ignorance as well as business). "I thought I might have made a mistake!"

MARRIAGE renders men more virtuous and more wise. The father of a family is not willing to blush before his children.

Good qualities, like great abilities, are incomprehensible and inconceivable to such as are deprived of them.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE ADVERTISER.

"TEMPERANCE, NO LICENSE."

"In the first place," says "T. BUT L.," "all mankind feel the necessity of using a stimulus of some sort occasionally, or habitually." This is the proposition or assertion. It might be measured precisely by the argument adduced in its support. He tells us the mass of mankind use some stimulus or other. This is admitted. But the prevalence of the habit is not proof of the necessity of the thing. We admit the necessity of a stimulus occasionally—i. e., when nature is unable to revive by rest. It is injurious to the system, when needing rest, to stimulate. It makes nature overdo herself, and thereby waste in a greater measure, her remaining strength. If rest, and "tired nature's sweet restorer" fail, then stimulate. We doubt not the patient "feels the necessity" of a stimulus occasionally. But shall we conclude from this that ardent spirits, obtained from a licensed grog-shop, is the very thing. When a man feels the necessity of using it habitually, we suppose the necessity is found in his vitiated taste. It is necessary for a habitual drinker to drink to keep up "his spirits" and to keep from wanting it present. And it is true that he feels this necessity—he feels it not in his head or heart, but in a vitiated appetite. In common terms he feels like he wants a dram. It does not follow from this, however, that any well man needs a stimulus of any kind. Nor does it follow that the sickly portion of the community need a stimulus. And if some of them do need stimulating, it does not follow that out of the many stimulants, ardent spirits is the "one thing needful." It is a bad symptom for a man to have a disease that can be cured (?) by going in person to a grog-shop.

We interpose an objection to the apparent innocence which "T. BUT L." gives ardent spirits, by classing it with other stimulants of a comparatively harmless nature. He classes it with "Tea, Coffee, &c., &c." So far as stimulus in the abstract goes, they may thus be classed. But ardent spirits is something more. He admits that "liquor by producing intoxication, is perhaps the cause of more injury to others than any of the other stimulants." This admission is in substance this: that if a man drink liquor till he gets drunk he "perhaps" does others more injury than if he were to take "a frequent strong and hot cup of Tea or Coffee." But as if he were afraid the reader would not readily believe his perhaps, "T. BUT L." says in the last sentence, "But I utterly deny that liquor is more injurious to man as an individual, than other stimulants." I do not at present remember ever seeing or hearing it denied before, and not expecting to see it again soon, I shall not attempt to prove that drunkenness is "perhaps" more injurious to the individual than would be a cup of coffee or quid of tobacco. Notwithstanding the above denial, he says soon after that he "could wish all liquor were displaced by Tea and Coffee, were they afforded the advantage of stimulus without any of its evil effects." We can, however, reconcile the two sentences, by confining the "evil consequences" to others.

Although many who use Coffee, &c., do not use liquor, yet the drunkard does not always (alors he errs?) confine himself to the liquor stimulus alone. He generally chews, or smokes, frequently both; the gambler is a drunkard, often a drunkard. I have heard of one gambler in my life who was not a tippler. Indeed the user of liquor is generally the indulger in the other stimulants as the "Theatre, the Turf, the Cock-pit, the Brothel, and the thousand evils," which serve to stimulate that "felt necessity" of his nature, and properly mature his "individual" body for the drunkard's vault, and his soul for the specific stimulus of hell-fire.

"T. BUT L." closes his first article by telling his readers what a Southerner and the South will do and what they will not do. They will not submit to "dictation," "the many headed monster," &c. It might do for Graniteville, Greenwood, or Cokesbury, to say you shall drink no liquor in grog-shops in our village, but it becomes this little pipit to tell the people of the district so. A grog-shop is a "necessary" traffic in Edgefield village. So the villagers must submit, and keep open a grog-shop for the accommodation of country tipplers, to drink and curse, and backguard before their doors, and sometimes in the doors of their dwellings, regardless of their wives and children—and fight and murder and sneak off home. And thus it is we can account for what we often hear—"Edgefield village is one of the worst places I ever saw."

"T. BUT L." would not have the villagers to "dictate" even though they do it soberly, as freedom at the ballot-box, under the prerogative of incorporation. No, no. This would be a monster. But if they silently submit to whatever a "well" ommel, grog-sellers, drunk-dealers, and drunkards may choose to do, why this at once by a wonderful talismanic transmutation converts Edgefield village into a Glorious Southern Republic, of a "folded snake," which would say, to all intermeddlers, "Let me alone," &c.

The sum of the second and third articles of "T. BUT L." so far as they have any relevancy to the subject of his first, is that the vendors and drinkers of Rum, Gin, &c. in England, Ireland, and Scotland, were and are like many of the same class in the United States—oppressors, haters, denouncers, violators, and evaders of any law whose spirit does not clime with a tippler's throat. From the failure of legislation and execution to drive the use of liquor from this and other lands, we are to conclude that the efforts were wrong? Great efforts have been made by legislation and preaching to get people to quit spaling, but they steal on—to get them to desist from robbing and murder, but they will not do it. Shall the law be repealed. Shall we abolish the law existing against dram-shops because unprincipled men will sell rum in defiance of the law?

While "T. BUT L." adduces many lawful but

fruitless attempts to put down traffic in ardent spirits, to show that we may expect a similar result here, I will use the same evidence to show that the friends of the traffic in such cases were in that respect a *laetitia* set. So I can see it in no other light than *laetitia*, for men to sell contrary to law, and nothing else for them to buy of such vendors. The temperance reform has, from the beginning, encountered opposition; and its advocates expect nothing else. So we are not at all surprised when we hear the cry—"Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

TEMPERANCE, NO LICENSE.

LACONICS.

Punctuality is the life of trade. Listen if you would learn; be silent if you would be safe.

All things are artificial, for Nature is the art of God.

People seldom learn economy till they have little to exercise it on.

There is no such injury as revenge, and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury.

It is wonderful what moral obligation things sometimes assume when we wish to do them.

Men, armed with reason and a hand, has no match among other animals.

Franklin says, a poor man must work to find meat for his stomach; a rich one, to find stomach for his meat.

The tyrant is a dead carcass in the abodes of the living, but the benefactor has a living soul in the mansions of the dead.

"At a distance!" A thick book might be written upon these three words. It is not a picture or an edifice alone that is beautiful by distance, but sometimes nature and often—a woman. How poetical—how divine does a scene sometimes appear in the distance. Look at the clouds that veil the far off mountains—angels may be wrapped within, or paradise lie behind them; go into the midst of them and they are but fog and vapor.

PROFANITY.—It is unfortunately too true, that profanity continues to be practised, even by those young men who would claim a standing in respectable society. There is something exceedingly vulgar and ungentlemanly in it, which should be a sufficient condemnation of the practice. That it is thought so is evident from the fact that no gentleman, even though he is in the habit of it, ever swears in the company of respectable females; and if such a restraint can be submitted to so easily, we know of no reason why the practice cannot be restrained altogether. There are associations of all kinds in which men submit to self-discipline and self-denial. Only at one determine to abstain from vice, and it is easy to do so. There can be no good excuse offered for profane swearing, except that of inability to restrain from it. Let me suggest that nothing better or more philanthropic can engage your attention, than some plan of reform in this particular. But apart from these considerations of decency, there are others still stronger. We all admit our relation to a Supreme Being. How reprehensible, then, is the constant violation of the respect due to that Creator in whom we live, move, and have our being.

INTERVENTION TO PREVENT INTERVENTION.—"Look he, ole feller," said a negro to a brother darkey, in a carabot in the Second District, last evening; "look he, ole feller. Now I hain't bin out nor an three minute an' some fellow has ta'en my liquor. Now who flung dat las brick?"

"I did!" said the nigger addressed, speaking with an air of emphatic positiveness. "I did dat—I didn't do nuffin else!"

"Den why did you do it?" "splain dat to me."

"Yes, nigge, I'll lumerate. You lef' you' liquor' dar—sartin, shua. Well does you know dat durin' your absence, if I hadn't taken it, Sam Jonsing would—he actly had his hand on de tumbler. But I says—no yer don't, an' so, to prevent him from drinking it, I drinks it myself."

"But dar ain't no principle involved in dat."

"Yes, dar an—De prince'ribol intervention to prevent intervention."

The logic seemed to satisfy his questioner, and as that horn of the dilemma was adjusted, they took another horn.

"MADAM, what age shall I put you down?"

No direct answer.

"How old is your husband?"

"Sixty-one."

"And your eldest son?"

"Twenty-seven."

"And how old do you call yourself?"

"I do not know my age exactly, but it is about thirty."

"Did I understand you, that your eldest was twenty-seven?"

"Yes."

"You must surely, then, be more than thirty?"

"Well, sir, (quite snappishly,) I told you about thirty. I can't tell exactly. It may be thirty-one or two, but I am positive it is not over that."

"JEROME, JEROME!" screamed Mrs. Butterfield the other day to her biggest boy, "what is that you are throwing to those pigeons?"

"Gold beads, mother, and the darned fools are outin' 'em—'speak they think it's corn!"

Mrs. B. ran out instantly, but her beads were gyrating through the air in all directions, and the young sprout's yedal appendages flew up and down at a prodigious rate, till he was far out of sight in a neighboring field.

WISDOM OF TOWN LADIES.—"Pa, why don't you buy a hen, so that we can have all the eggs we want?"

"My dear, one would not lay all the eggs we want."

"Why, yes it would Pa, we only use a dozen eggs a day, and a good hen would certainly lay that many."

Trust not to outward show.

THE POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.—The population of the globe is supposed to be less than one thousand millions—937,000,000. A French writer alluding to the subject, says—

If all mankind were collected in one place, every four individuals occupying a square metre, the whole might be contained in a field ten miles square. Thus, generally speaking, the population of a country might be packed, without much squeezing, in its capital. But the mean idea this gives us of the number of the human race, is counterbalanced by its capability of extension. The new world is said to contain of productive land, 4,000,000 square miles of middling quality, each capable of supporting two hundred inhabitants; and 6,000,000 of a better quality, capable of supporting five hundred persons. According to this calculation, the population of the new world, as peace and civilization advance, may attain to the extent of 4,000,000,000. If we suppose the surface of the old world that of America, (and notwithstanding the comparative poverty of the land, this calculation may be accepted, if we say nothing of Australia and the various archipelagos,) it would support 8,000,000,000; and thus the aggregate population of the entire globe might amount to 12,000,000,000, or twelve times the present number.

ELLEN CRAFT.—We understand that the celebrated Ellen Craft, the Fugitive Slave, belonging to Dr. Collins of this city who excited so much interest in Boston, two years ago, and who had the honor to be conducted through the Crystal Palace at London, during the Great Fair, upon the arm of the Chairman of the Executive Committee, who slighted many fair representatives of the Caucasian race, to pay his devoirs to this interesting chamber-maid, has voluntarily gone into the service of an American gentleman and lady, upon condition, that they will bring her back to her owner here.

We would respectfully suggest to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, that this incident in the life of Ellen Craft furnishes abundant material out of which, with her vivid imagination, she might elaborate a romance as interesting and more truthful than "Uncle Tom's Cabin."—Macon (Ga.) Messenger.

HORRIBLE DUEL.—By the Santa Clara Register we are informed of the following particulars of a duel which came off in Santa Clara county, last week, near Gilroy's ranch, and which, in ferocity and desperation, we find no parallel for in the State. It occurred, says the Register, between a Mexican and a native of California, about a game of monte, and Colt's navy revolvers were the weapons used in combat. Nine shots were fired, and four of the balls took effect in each of the combatants. Both parties expired immediately, and they were both ushered into the presence of their Maker to answer for the murder of the other. After the second or third shot the Californian crawled on his hands and knees nearer his antagonist and fired, in order to make sure of his victim. This shot took effect in the abdomen of the Mexican.

TO CURE HAMS.—As I have seen numerous receipts for curing hams, and as I have tried the annexed for several years, and found it to excel every other in my estimation, I take the liberty of sending it to you, that you may publish it for the benefit of any who may be disposed to try it. By letting my ham remain in pickle, it is less trouble to keep it than by any other method which I have found, and it keeps sweet and tender all the summer.

Take a barrel and turn over an old pan or kettle, and burn coals (I think best,) or hard wood, for seven or eight days, keeping water on the head to prevent drying. Make a pickle with eight pounds of salt, six ounces of saltpetre, two quarts of molasses, and three gallons of water in one hundred pounds. Boil and skim in barrels, and when the pickle is cold, pour it on to the meat, and in four weeks you have excellent ham, very tender and well smoked.—Albany Cultivator.

SWAMP LANDS.—The 'Comet of Baton Rouge' says: We have been informed by the Register of the land office of Louisiana, that the Department at Washington city, had decided all sales or locations made by the officers of the United States of swamp lands since the passage of the Act of Congress 2d of March, 1849, are illegal, and even though patents have been issued, parties holding them are directed to return the same. The sale or location being illegal no subsequent Act can make it good. This instead of the United States paying over the cash to the State, she cancels her sales and gives the land. As there are many persons largely interested, we make this statement, hoping our contemporaries will notice it, thus giving information which will save many an honest purchaser from specifications.

The Queen of Portugal has just carried out a general cropping or trimming of beads mustaches worn by the army, her own husband not having been excepted from its operation. The decree which affects this reform ordains that the forests of beard which overspread the faces of most Portuguese officers shall fall under the sweep of the razor, and that nothing shall henceforth be worn but mustaches and imperials, the shape and dimensions of which are prescribed with the precision and taste of a connoisseur in such embellishments, general officers alone being allowed to indulge in the luxury of whiskers, which, however, are to be of a certain patm, and not to exceed so many inches in length.

A BREWED in California writes us that he is hard run for victuals, and other edibles, that nothing but a miracle or highway robbery can save him from starvation. For two weeks, he says, he lived on a piece of oil cloth boiled with an old boot to give it a meaty flavor. Here is a situation as is a situation.

PURSE, speaking of the influence of good dinners, says there is no diplomatic dispute in the world so large that it cannot be settled with a tablecloth.

THE DANGERS OF BRANDY DRINKING. In the last number of the Irish Quarterly Review, the weakness of poor Maginn is thus alluded to:

"He now turned for comfort and inspiration to the foul fiend, Brandy, which has been the cause of misery to so many men of genius. We regret the errors of Addison and Steele, we sigh at the recollection of poor Moreland, the painter, working at his last picture, with the brush in one hand, and a glass of brandy in the other, for he had then arrived at the terrible condition in which reason could only visit him through intoxication; and Maginn, although not so fallen as this sunk deeply. The weary hours of lonely watching brought no resource, but that which copious drafts of the liquor could supply. Health was passing away, the brightest years of life were faded for ever, and as the dim future lowered, he gazed upon it under the influence of that demon which enthralled the brilliant souls of Addison, of Sheridan, of Charles Lamb, and which sent the once stalwart form of Theodor Hook, a miserable, wretched skeleton, to the grave.

Maginn, we know, felt his position. He was neglected by his own party—he was forgotten by many of his former friends, and as we looked upon him in his pitiable condition, and compared what we then saw in him with what he might have, and as we hoped would have been, we often recalled the fearful passage of Charles Lamb: "When you find a ticklish relish upon your tongue, disposing you to a witty sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas sailing in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush at once the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. Write an essay, pen a character of description—but not as I do now, with tears trickling down my cheeks. To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes; to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools; to be esteemed dull when you cannot be witty, to be applauded for witty when you know you have been dull; to be called upon for extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no predilection can give; to be set on to provoke mirth which procures the procer hatred; to give pleasure, and be paid with spitting malice; to swallow drafts of life-destroying wine, which are to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain auditors; to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause—are the wages of haughtiness and death."

A CHILD SHOT BY HIS FATHER.—The Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Advocate relates a most melancholy circumstance, which recently took place in Covington township, Luzerne county. A Mr. John Williams, seeing his own son, Isaac, about 12 years of age, in the woods gathering chestnuts, and supposing him to be a deer, fired his rifle and shot the little fellow through the back. On approaching each other, the boy exclaimed, "Father, why did you shoot me?" and afterwards added, "Father, you will bury me on the farm,