

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."

EDGEFIELD, S. C., JANUARY 12, 1853.

W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 53

Select Poetry.

From the Family Friend.
THE COTTAGE.

The busy hum of day was o'er—
Twilight had hushed the sighing breeze;
The rippling wave just kissed the shore,
And zephyrs sung amid the trees;
Afar I heard the church-bell's chime;
And near, a murmuring river flowed,
While high in the pure azure clime,
The full-orbed moon resplendent rode.

A lovely cottage, crowned with vines,
Stood by the stream amid the grove;
Lilies and honey-suckles twine
Around its lattice wreaths of love:
Oh! 'twas a bright and smiling scene—
Of all the scenes of earth most fair—
No other spot was half so green,
No other beauty half so rare.

I posied at the lattice, and heard
The soft notes of music and song;
A lute string was tremulously stirred,
And melody floated along;
An angel voice jangled in the lay,
And harmony swelled on the air;
And when the last notes died away,
Up rose the soft accents of prayer.

A sweet female voice, pure and clear,
Bore forth her desires on the air:
"Oh, Father! 'er those to me dear,
Extend Thy kind, provident care;
May the husband and father again
Return to the fond arms of love—
And, we, free from folly and pain,
Lay up all our treasures above."

I CANNOT FORGET THEE!
BY C. C. RAWLINS.

I cannot forget thee: thy spirit is here—
Unseen and unheard, thou art still ever near,
Thy days may have passed since together we met,
Thy image still haunts me—I cannot forget!

When the soft sighing breeze wafts its melody near,
Thy voice sweetly warbling in fancy I hear,
When bright loving visions at event-tide gleam,
I see thee before me in fancy's bright dream.

On my heart thy sweet image its impress is made,
That impress, no absence, no distance shall fade;
But here in my soul will I cherish thee yet,
I have seen thee, and loved thee—I cannot forget.

Miscellaneous.

BY REQUEST.
From the Anderson Gazette.
INCIDENTS OF THE REVOLUTION,
IN EDGEFIELD.

BY AUSTIN.

The heroes and heroines of our American Revolution are dropping off, one by one, like autumn leaves before the wintry blast, and very soon the portals of the tomb will have closed upon the last survivor of that illustrious generation, which poured out their blood like water in the cause of Freedom. Our memorable struggle for Independence gave rise to many noble deeds, the memory of which will inevitably be buried along with the pure patriots, who lived in "the times that tried men's souls," and whose woman's tender heart with untold agonies. We have, therefore, thought it not an unprofitable task to secure from oblivion, some of those traditions, which have not yet appeared in any public print; to the truth of which, however, there are still living witnesses in the country to testify. We propose to write down among other things, a few items respecting the hardships and sufferings of private individuals whose history is too often overlooked in the records of the past. Johnson, in his traditions, has given a brief sketch of the life and services of Captain Michael Watson, but several incidents have been omitted, which ought to have had "a place in the picture." When quite a youth, he came from Virginia with his father, who settled on the Ridge, in Edgefield District, about the year 1745. Most of Capt. Watson's posterity are still living in this neighborhood; he had but one son, Elijah Watson, Senior, who was a member of the Legislature, when the Nullification excitement was at its zenith, and who was himself a Nullifier. Johnson says that Michael Watson served in two expeditions against the Cherokee Indians; once before the commencement of the American Revolution, under Col. Grant and the next time under Gen. Williamson, during that summer when the British made their fruitless attack on Sullivan's Island. His residence being directly on the great thoroughfare, leading from Charleston to Cambridge, was exposed to the hostile visits of the British, as well as the Tories; and his well known energy and courage, together with the great number of active Whigs who were attached to his command, made him an object of peculiar hatred with his enemies. (We will just mention, in this connection, that in the company under the command of Captain Watson, was the father of Col. B. Hagood, the proprietor of Caesar's Head.) The Tories had a place of gathering in a large swamp, near Orangeburg. This spot was a dry, firm spot of land, surrounded on all sides by a marsh—a sort of bog-land.—One night, whilst the Royalists were reveling in fancied security on their terra firma in the swamp, Captain Watson, with a party of his brave followers, made an attack on them, and completely broke up this nest of King-bears. The Whigs were under the necessity of stealing along on their hands and knees, for more than a hundred yards, through mud and water; when they had approached near enough, upon the firing of a signal gun, by their Captain, they poured in upon their incautious foes, a well directed fire, killing some seven or eight men, and either wounding or putting the rest to flight. Captain Watson and Sergeant Varde, on hearing the surviving Tories making their way through the swamp, dropped their guns, and running after the fleeing enemy, took

each a prisoner, bringing them both back in triumph to their encampment, which they had just quitted in such hot haste. It is to be regretted, that the recollection of many a skirmish like this, will soon pass away into the deep shades of forgetfulness, because the men who did the fighting lacked "the pomp and circumstance" of great numbers, and the patriots, who commanded, were without the prestige of a high-sounding title.—There is a man named John Saunders, still living within five miles of the Ridge, who witnessed the burning of Michael Watson's mill, by the Tories, on a branch of the Edisto. On that morning, Mrs. Watson, in the absence of her husband, had sent two negro boys with corn to the mill; but, when they rode up, the mill was on fire, and the Tories who were standing around, took immediate possession of the horses, emptying out the corn on the ground, but keeping the sacks for their own use. Determined to add insult to injury, they rode these very horses along by the house of the rightful owners, and tauntingly told Mrs. Watson that her mill was on fire—that they had just seen the roof fall in. Seeing the Tories on her husband's horses, and knowing that it was they who had burned the mill, she was exasperated beyond all measure, and replied to them in the following scathing speech: "Yes! and I hope that I shall have bread for my children to eat, while you are swinging in hell!" (It may not be improper here to add that, Mrs. Watson afterwards united herself to the Baptist Church, of which she continued a consistent member up to the time of her death.) During that summer, she and her family were often destitute of the staff of life, and had recourse to a preparation of milk, called "curd," as a substitute. Jonathan Gregory, a Dunker, and a man of peace by profession, used often to bring them cakes of bread, which for fear of Tories on the way, he kept concealed in his shirt bosom. And thus we may see to what straits the people were reduced in those troublous times. Even in 1780 when South Carolina was considered a conquered province, Captain Watson refused to ask for parole and take British protection, as it was called; for this adherence to the cause of Liberty, he was arrested, and thrown into prison at Ninety-Six. Here he was incarcerated two or three months. During his confinement, Mrs. Watson was frequent in her visits to him, ministering to his wants and necessities. We were told by her daughter-in-law, that she often rode alone

thus mal-treated. While the British, under Rawdon, were encamping for a few days on the Ridge, parties of the red-coats would come to her father's house, take baskets full of corn and scatter it along the road for their horses. One day, her mother was taking a fat pig, together with a quantity of nice bread, in a dirt oven; some of the British coming up about the time it was all thoroughly cooked, uncovered the oven, and cried out: "Come up, boys, we shall have fine eating to day." Whereupon, they all fell to like a pack of hungry wolves, and left those, by whose labor the good dinner had been procured, without a morsel. No one dared to oppose these trespasses—robberies; nor did the minions of tyranny even offer to pay a single farthing for what they had taken.

Late one afternoon, Mrs. Reynolds said, a half famished Tory, whose thieving propensities had been greatly developed by the lawless times in which he lived, went to the house of a good Whig, to get a "vee hit" of supper. He was forthwith supplied with some milk and bread, that he might be induced to set down his rifle. Whilst discharging his frugal meal, he boasted that Watson and his men were not smart enough to take him. But alas! for the boasted Loyalist, Captain Watson with one of his brothers, James Harris and some others happening to be eave-dropping, rushed into the house, and made him a prisoner. When the night had pretty well passed by, it became the duty of James Harris to take his turn at guarding the captive. But sleep overcoming the guardsman, Monsieur Tory, who was not very securely bound managed to get hold of a hatchet that lay in the room, and dealt him so hard a blow on the nose, that he was not even able to wake his comrades with a cry of pain. Of course, the prisoner made his escape, and James Harris was disgraced for life—not having afterwards acquired either shape or semblance of the nasal organ.

Edward Larramore, an aged man, was the reputed possessor of a considerable sum of money. This excited the cupidity of the neighboring Tories; and a conspiracy was directly set on foot, to take the old man's life, and then take his cash. But Larramore was apprised of this combination against him by a woman, who acted the part of a Delilah towards one of the Tories. On the appointed day, three daring fellows skulked about the premises, from morning till sunset, to see that the way was clear for the unobtruded commission of the crime.

ing him to the ground, knocked his brains out with the pistol, which he had wrenched from his hands in the struggle. Towards the close of the war Hearty joined the ranks of the Whigs; he never forgot to boast of his exploits, and lived to a very great age. Indeed so long did he elude the darts of death, that his neighbors in Alabama, whether he had removed, "threatened to have him taken up and buried alive!"

From the Charleston Mercury.
RULES FOR YOUNG MEN.

The following rules for young men commencing business, were written by John Grigg, Esq., of Philadelphia.

This gentleman is a living example of the successful application of these rules, which he recommends, in such an admirable manner, to the business community. The writer of this article has known Mr. Grigg for thirty years; and can bear the most unqualified testimony to the unwavering fidelity, with which this most prosperous gentleman has adhered to his own aphorisms. To unaided industry, and close application, he added a mild and gentlemanly deportment, an unselfish devotion to the wants of his customers, and an independence of thought, and an energy of purpose, beyond all praise. These qualities were crowned by an active benevolence, which has carried joy and gladness to a thousand grateful hearts, and given to himself, in his retirement, the consolatory reflection, that his life has been useful to others, as well pleased and profitable to himself.

M.

1. Be industrious and economical.—Waste neither time nor money in small and useless pleasures and indulgences. If the young man be induced to begin to save, the moment they enter the paths of life, the way will ever become easier before them and they will not fail to attain a competency, and that without denying themselves any of the real necessities and comforts of life. Our people are certainly among the most improvident and extravagant on the face of the earth. It is enough to make the merchant of the old school who looks back and thinks what economy, prudence and discretion he had to bring to bear on his own business, (and prize) start back in astonishment to look at the ruthless waste and extravagance of the age and people. The highest test of respectability, with me, is honest industry. Well directed industry makes men happy. The really noble class, the class that is noble when Adam delved and Eve spun, and

8. Everything, however, remote, that has any bearing upon success, must be taken advantage of. The business man should be continually on the watch for information, and ideas that will throw light on his path, and he should be an attentive reader of all practical books, especially those relating to business, trade, &c. as well as a patron of useful and ennobling literature.

9. Never forget a favor, for ingratitude is the basest trait of man's heart. Always honor your country, and remember that our country is the very best poor man's country in the world.

Were rules like the above carefully observed by every man who commences business, there would be fewer failures, while periodical commercial disasters, sweeping over the country like an epidemic would cease to be a mercantile experience. Let young men ponder them well.

To KEEP YOUNG.—No surer destroyer of Youth's privileges, and power and delights than yielding the spirit to the empire of ill temper and selfishness. We should all be cautious, as we advance in life, of allowing occasional sorrowful experience to overshadow our perception of the preponderance of good. Faith in good is at once its own rectitude and reward. To believe good, and to do good, truly and trustfully, is the healthiest of humanity's conditions. To take events cheerfully and promote to the happiness of others is the way to ensure the enduring spring of existence. Content and kindness are the soft vernal showers, and fostering sunny warmth that keeps a man's nature and being fresh and green. "Lord keep my existence fresh and green" would be no less a wise prayer than the one beautifully recorded respecting man's memory. If we would leave a gracious memory behind us, there is no way better to secure it, than by living graciously. A cheerful and benign temper, that buds forth pleasant blossoms, and bears sweet fruit, for those who live within its influence, is sure to produce an undying growth of green remembrances that shall flourish immortally after the present stock is decayed and gone.

[Mrs. Cowden Clarke.]

THE WAY IT CAME ABOUT.

An amateur reporter gives a sketch of an affair at a late Clinton Hall Ball, which shows that "where there is a will there is a way," and a fight may in emergency, be got up on an excessive show of good nature.

Larry and Patrick are sworn brothers and

SOUTH CAROLINA.

It has been the habit of some snarlers, who, from political animosity or prejudice indulged their propensity to sneer at everything concerning South Carolina. Her people were behind the age, lazy brawlers of politics, or discontented demagogues seeking to feed their political ambition by exciting the people to continual quarrelling with the Federal Government. South Carolinians were a people of no energy—leaving the resources of their State undeveloped and untouched—their agriculture and commerce decaying—and, indeed, in all respects unworthy of imitation, or even respect, in this go-ahead age. Of this sort have been the frequent comments of our neighbors for years past. Are they true?

South Carolina has more miles of railroads finished, and in course of construction, if we are not mistaken, in proportion to her territory and population, than any State in the Union. With regard to her wealth in proportion to her population, the last census returns show that she averages over two hundred dollars more to each citizen than any other State. In her last appropriation bill we find she appropriates about \$150,000 for the purposes of education—College, Citadel and Arsenal Academies and Free Schools. At the last session of the Legislature, she pledged her faith and credit to the extent of one million and a quarter, for the purpose of opening up a railway communication with the great West. She gave liberal aid, by loaning her surplus fund to all the railroads now constructing and projected within the State. She gave \$10,000 to the Mechanics' Institute of Charleston, to aid them in erecting a building. She gave \$30,000 to add to and extend her Lunatic Asylum. She made an additional appropriation of \$50,000 for the erection of her new Capitol—to be a magnificent building. She gave \$5,000 to educate her Deaf and Dumb—besides many other things of minor importance which we will not stop to enumerate, all of which we bring up as evidence, not in boastfulness, but as relating testimony to the cavelling slanders so wrongfully brought against our State and her people. She to-day shows as fair a record as any of her sisters, who have been in the habit of defaming her.—South Carolinian.

THE CHOLERA.

For ten or twelve days we have had rumors, but not in tangible shape, of cholera in our city. We heard of several persons who were supposed to have died of Cholera,

THE MAYOR AND THE IRISH CATHOLICS.—We understand that one of the Catholic priests of this city announced to his congregation yesterday that a deputation of the Catholic priesthood are to wait on the Mayor this week, and to inform him that, inasmuch as the Irish have put him in office, they expect of him privileges which have heretofore been denied them. They intend to insist that the Catholic priests shall visit the city institutions at South Boston and Deer Island. Also, that they be allowed the privileges of opening schools on the island for the exclusive instruction of the Irish. They are also to demand the right of taking Irish orphans away from the city institutions and disposing of them in such places and schools as they see fit.—Boston Traveller, 20th.

FIVE CHILDREN IN ELEVEN MONTHS.—A subscriber informs us that a lady presented her husband with three children at one birth, a year ago; and as her landlord was a whole-souled gentleman, he gave the lady fifty dollars as an acknowledgment of her superior skill in household affairs; telling her at the same time that if she would perform that feat again he would give her a farm. With an eye probably on the farm, in just eleven months from the day the three were born she produced a pair of twins.

The landlord said she had failed to win the farm; but the intention no doubt being fair, the attempt was worth paying for, and he therefore presented her with one hundred dollars.

"That's what we call a valuable wife, bringing her husband in five children and one hundred and fifty dollars in eleven months. Who can beat the above.—Literary Museum.

Negro Stealing.—We find the following paragraph in the Millegville (Ga.) Recorder of the 4th instant:

"Messrs. Seary and Jenkins of this city arrested one Geo. M. Jones on Thursday last, near Monticello, who had some twelve negroes in his possession, one of which escaped after he was apprehended. Said negroes belong to Mr. P. Bailey, of Double Wells, Warren County, Ga.; Thomas Morrison, of Harris County, and Dr. W. A. Jarratt, of Baldwin County; excepting four, owned by the said Jones.

"Jones had camped near this city for several days prior to the absence of Dr. Jarratt's boy, and it was suspected at once that he had stolen him, having had the boy in his tent several times, and having been known to have had a consultation with said

night at Captain Watson's house, had they not got alarmed in the night. The British, who guarded the prisoners, apprehending an onslaught from the neighboring Whigs, went off into the wood, and built a temporary jail of poles, in which they kept Watson and Clarke till morning.—The Whigs, however, failed to attempt a rescue of the prisoners, who were carried on to Charleston and confined in the Provost. There, in the damp, ill ventilated cells, their sufferings were intense—the small-pox and measles adding new terrors to their horrible condition. But Capt. Watson's release was at length effected by the entreaties and management of his wife.—After considerable lapse of time, she went to Charleston, accompanied by a fearless white woman, hired for the purpose. A Tory Captain, named Lawrence, who had been neighbor to Mrs. Watson, after accepting a guinea, allowed two females to pass the lines. The Commandant of the city refused to let Watson return with his wife. But, influenced by her entreaties, the officer permitted the husband to depart a short time after she left, and he reached home the next day after her own arrival. For an account of Captain Watson's death, the intelligent reader is referred to Johnson's Traditions.

We see it stated in Johnson's work, that Michael Watson and William Butler had command of two distinct companies; but the old people in the neighborhood of the Ridge all concur, with remarkable unanimity, in saying that Butler was Watson's first Lieutenant, and became Captain according to the usage of those days, when the latter fell at Dean's swamp.

It is recorded in history, that, on one occasion, a band of Tories came to the residence of Captain Watson, and burned every house on his place. [We have been informed, however, by the descendants of this brave man, that one negro cabin was saved.] We were lately in conversation with an aged lady, whose place of abode commands a prospective view of the scene of this conflagration. In speaking of this house burning affair, she remarked incidentally that she saw the smoke. This unvarnished expression under the circumstances, made a deep impression on our minds; it seemed as though history had found a tongue and was speaking audibly unto us,—the dim Past consoling for a moment with the all-absorbing Present. This same good lady, Mrs. Reynolds, told us that the British and Tories acted more like savages than a civilized soldiery, towards her father and his family.—One day, she stated, a party of Loyalists came to her father's house and carried off four horses,—all that they had. Her mother remonstrated, and begged of them to leave one horse with which to carry grain to mill. Their reply was with an oath, that if she had forty horses they would take every one of them. Before going away, they called for her father—James Harris, Sr.,—who came out immediately into the piazza, and said, "here I am." One of the Tories, raising his rifle to his face, swore he had a strong notion "to blow the old man's brains out." But humanity having asserted its prerogative in the breast of the Loyalist, the whole party went away, for the nonce, without inluring their hands in innocent blood. The two sons of her father were active Whigs; and this was the only assignable reason why he and his family were

the Tories came up; just as the two in front stepped into the house, "they fell"—as Mrs. Reynolds said,—pierced by the bullets of the whig reformed. Larramore, who happened to be out in the yard at that instant, caught the surviving Tory, and held him until the men in the house came out and secured him. "To use our informant's words again, this man disappeared!" How summary must have been his trial and execution, and how dreadful is that civil strife which induces the necessity for such a course of procedure!

Josiah Nobles, for a time, was a Loyalist of the first water. At length, he concluded to join the forces of the liberty party. In order to test his fidelity to the cause he had espoused, two or three prisoners, well bound, were put in his charge to be conveyed to Orangeburg jail. On his way, he encountered a squad of his old comrades, who knew nothing of his new born zeal in the cause of liberty, fearing that the men, whom he was conducting to the prison, might inform his former associates that he had turned Whig, he bawled out to them at the top of his voice to run for their life,—that Watson and his men were coming! This stratagem succeeded admirably, for the Tories immediately plunged into the forest, and scampered off like a herd of timid deer. Noble carried the prisoners to their destination without further mishap, and ever afterwards proved himself a faithful Whig. This man lived to see the Republic expand into a mighty nation; in the evening of his days, he was so far rejuvenated as to cut the second set of teeth.

Not far below the Ridge, in the "sand hills," the Tories had a rendezvous, where, among other things, they had provided a full supply of horse troughs. One day, the Whigs made a charge upon this encampment, and put the Loyalists to a precipitate flight. The Tories being mounted on fleet horses, made good their escape, except one man, who happened to ruin his horse into a marsh, where he was overtaken and killed. This was a slight skirmish, and we have given an account of it only that we might have an opportunity of telling how a Tory, named John Pines, contrived to save his life, when he was left without a horse. At the first signal of alarm, this fellow's horse broke loose, and ran off, leaving him completely in the lurch; stretching himself beside one of the large troughs, two or three of his associates turned it over so as to conceal him entirely. Some of the Whigs spurred their horses right over the trough, without ever dreaming that it concealed an inveterate foe. Pines was afterwards killed by the Whigs, notwithstanding his cunning and presence of mind.

Daniel Hartley, during a greater part of the war, was a daring and troublesome Tory; he was a man of Herculean strength, and with the agility of a cougar. To him, stealing horses was a pastime, and partizan war, a necessary excitement. Traversing a lonely part of the sand-hill country, one day, he came rather abruptly on a Whig officer—name forgotten by the neighbors—at a little straggler. He was without any weapon whatever, but the officer was well armed. Presenting a pistol, the officer ordered Hartley to surrender; instead of yielding, he darted behind a tree. Then commenced a race of life and death around this tree; Hartley soon overtook the officer, and throw-

and steer his own ship. In early life, every one should be taught to think for himself. A man's talents are never brought out until he is thrown to some extent upon his own resources. If in every difficulty he is implicitly obey to his principal, and then implicitly obey the directions he may receive, he will never acquire that aptitude of perception, and that promptness of decision, and that firmness of purpose, which are absolutely necessary to those who hold important stations. A certain degree of independent feeling is essential to the full development of the intellectual character.

3. Remember that punctuality is the mother of confidence. It is not enough that the merchant fulfills his engagements; he must do what he undertakes precisely at the time, as well as in the way he agreed to. The mutual dependence of merchants is so great, that their engagements, like a chain, which, according to the law of physics, is never stronger than its weakest link, are often broken through the weakness of others than their own. But a prompt fulfillment of engagements is not only of the utmost importance, because it enables others to meet their own engagements promptly. It is also the best evidence that the merchant has his affairs well ordered—his means at command, his forces marshalled, and "everything ready for action"—in short that he knows his own strength. This is which inspires confidence, as much perhaps as the meeting of the engagement.

4. Attend to the minutiae of the business, small things as well as great. See that the store is opened early, goods brushed up, and tins and nails picked up, and all ready for action. A young man should consider capital, if he have it, or as he may acquire it, merely as tools with which he is to work; not as a substitute for the necessity of labor. It is often the case that diligence in employments of less consequence is the most successful introduction to great enterprises. Those make the best officers who have served in the ranks. We may say of labor, as Colridge said of poetry, it is its own sweetest reward. It is the best of physic.

5. Let the young merchant remember that selfishness is the meanest of vices, and it is the parent of a thousand more. It not only interferes both with the means and with the end of acquisition—not only makes money more difficult to get, and not worth having when it is got, but it is narrowing to the heart. Selfishness "keeps a shilling so close to the eye, that it cannot see a dollar beyond." Never be narrow and contracted in your views. Life abounds in instances of the brilliant results of a generous policy.

Be frank. Say what you mean. Do what you say. So shall your friends know and take it for granted that you mean to do what is just and right.

6. Accustom yourself to think vigorously. Mental capital, like pecuniary, to be worth anything must be well invested—must be carefully adjusted and applied, and to this end, a careful, deep and intense thought is necessary for great results looked for.

7. Marry early. The man of business should marry as soon as possible, after twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. A woman of mind will conform to the necessities of the day of small beginning; and, in choosing a wife, a man should look at, 1st. The heart; 2d. The mind; 3d. The person.

"By St. Patrick, it was my fault!" insisted his friend.

"By the holy poker!" shouted Larry getting rather warm, "but it was all mine ivry bit of it."

"And do you doubt my honor as a gentleman?" retorted Patrick. "Sure, and it was myself that thought you had more politeness."

"And is it you, ye spalpeen, that would be after reflecting upon my manners?" shouted Larry, now boiling over. "Sure if you won't take a decent apology ye may take that [with a blank blow on the side of the head] to mind yer manners."

Patrick on receiving this persuader, took a flying leap towards the benches carrying with him in dire confusion—Capt. and partner, unfortunately just then executing an emphatic break down in the exact line of the projectile.

In the confusion of the grand catastrophe and crash, the "chief," who took notes, beat a retreat.—Randout Examiner.

PRETTY GOOD.—A friend of ours being lately on a tramp to Canada, informs us that at a certain farm house in the back woods, where he had occasion to stop, the following rich scene took place:

The family were about to partake of their breakfast, and sat down for that purpose.—The old man being a lover of squirrels, and that being the principal dish of the morning repast had his particular piece laid on the side of the dish next to him. Everything went right, and the old man commenced saying his grace as follows: "Oh Lord, we thank thee for the blessings thou hast set before us, do thou direct us through life."—Here raising his eyes, he perceived his son Gideon, laying full hands on his choice piece of squirrel, and then in a hurried manner ended the grace—"deliver us from evil, for the Lord's sake, Amen.—By G—d, Gid, that's my nice—hand it here!"

There is one rule without an exception, and that is, the more salary a man gets the less he attends to his business. Go to any of our public offices, and the only person you will find always at his desk, will be some poor devil who gets barely sufficient to pay his board bill.

STARCH UP, brush your whiskers, dress fashionable, and lay in a plentiful supply of soft nonsense, and the girls will call you a nice young man.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write something worth reading, or do something worth writing.

The New York Herald says that more persons have died with small pox among the free blacks of Jamaica, within the past year or eighteen months, than have died among the three millions of slaves at the South in ten years.

A Western editor requests those of his subscribers who owe him more than six years subscription, to send him a lock of their hair, that he may know that they are still living. To which the Lawrence (Indiana) Register says:

"If all our subscribers of that kind would do that, we would make money by carrying on the wig business."

every instance, to some indulgence in oysters, or other wholesome diet. We do not ordinarily speak of oysters as unwholesome, but many of the largest and finest which are brought to our market, are gathered from brackish, not salt water. This year the body of fresh water has extended almost to our harbor, and even there the fresh water predominates much more than it usually does. As a consequence of this, oysters, which requires soft water, are diseased and dying; many of them are dead, weeks ago; and yet from the midst of these dead piles are gathered, a portion of that which is sold in our market as food for man. If the hungry could distinguish between the sound and the unsound oysters; there might be some excuse for their obstinacy in continuing to eat them, but when one does not know, whether he is swallowing food, or poison, his determination, to eat at all hazards, is little else than courting suicide. We assure them, upon the best authority, that the 22 deaths already reported, and several others yet to appear, have arisen from imprudence of this sort. The existence of some such cause in all the cases, leave no room for doubt on this subject. Our atmosphere, it is true, has been damp, and temperature very changeable, but there is no evidence of its having caused Cholera or other epidemic. Let the lovers of Oysters, &c., only abstain for a short time, until our waters resume their accustomed saltness, and the reports of Cholera will soon cease; then they may indulge, without danger, in their favorite dish.—Southern Standard.

MONUMENT TO MR. CLAY.—The National Intelligencer, of Friday last, contains a letter from the Hon. Presly King and John C. Breckenridge, Representatives from Kentucky, calling attention to the subject of erecting a monument to the Hon. Henry Clay, at the spot where he is now buried. The letter encloses a paper signed by one hundred Senators and members of the House, recommending the erection of monument, in which they say:

"In order that the proposed monument should be worthy of the object it is designed to commemorate, and of the sentiment which originates it, there must be a union of effort and a concentration of resources."

"We therefore most earnestly recommend a general and efficient organization by States and Territories, in accordance with the plan proposed by the Central Association and the example already established by a majority of the States, and we promise our cordial cooperation by every proper means, in this laudable, patriotic, and national enterprise."

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Reese's Medical Gazette says: "In case of any burn or scald, however extensive, all the acute suffering of the patient may be at once and permanently relieved, and that in a moment, by sprinkling over the surface a thick layer of wheat flour."

FREE TRADE IN POST OFFICE BUSINESS.—The new letter envelopes, with the single double stamps, will soon be ready. They every steamer, every rail road train, every stage, every express line, and every man is made a mail carrier by act of Congress. Letters, in the government envelopes, can be sent in any way, by any route and by any conveyance.

EXPERIMENTS ON MARRIAGE.—A patient has been started in Syracuse, N. Y., asking the Legislature to repeal so much of a recent law as denounces penalties for the crime of seduction; and in lieu thereof enact that the unmarried father of any child, (no parents being white) shall, from the naked fact of such paternity, be deemed and taken in law to be the husband of the mother, and thenceforth bound to regard and support her as his wife, just as though they had been married with benefit of clergy. It is further prayed that every child, whether born in or out of wedlock, shall inherit, in common with all other children, the property of both parents, being deemed their legal heir.

A GOOD RULE.—A man who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied, "My father taught me never to spend my money until I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour, and after this I was allowed to play; and I then could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity." Let every boy who reads this go and do likewise.

A MAN and his wife, Macari by name, have been sentenced by the Tuscan Government to four years imprisonment at hard labor for teaching a young girl how to read the Bible. A singular fact for the nineteenth century, and contrasting strongly with the religious toleration of our own country.

It has been said that the Duke of Wellington never wrote a despatch in which the word Duty did not occur, and that Napoleon never wrote a despatch in which the word Glory was wanting. This is the difference between the two men, and the two countries to which they belong.

TO JOIN GLASS.—Melt a little isinglass in spirits of wine, and add a small quantity of water. Warm the mixture gently over a moderate fire. When mixed it will form glue perfectly transparent, and which will re-unite broken glass so nicely and firmly that the joining will scarcely be perceptible to the most critical eye. Lime mixed with the white of eggs forms a very strong cement for glass, porcelain, &c., but it must be done neatly, as, when hard the superfluous part cannot easily be smoothed down or removed.

PROTECTION.—There is no safer protection against burglars, than to feed your baby before going to bed with green apples. It will begin to belch before midnight and it is a rare thing it can't be stopped before morning.

EVERY man cherishes in his heart some object—some shrine at which his adoration is paid unknown to his fellow mortals—unknown to any save his God.

How melancholy the moon must feel when it has enjoyed the fullness of prosperity, and got reduced to its last quarters.