

ON the evening of Monday last, (the morning of which day Mr. Mc Donnell left Athens for Greensboro') AUGUSTIN SMITH CLAYTON Esq. Attorney at Law in the Upper Circuit—Captain of the Militia for the District of Athens. (not of the Volunteers to defend their country) and a Member of the Legislature for the county of Clark, did perform an act of Heroism worthy of his immaculate self. Reader, how was this gallant feat performed? Was it in an honorable way?—No. The junior Editor of this paper went to the Store of Stevens Thomas, Esq.—Mr. Clayton was soon informed that his intended victim was there—this gallant son of Mars immediately repaired, (not to the plains of Augustine, nor to the heights of Abraham) but to the store of Mr. Thomas, there to beat, with a large stick a man who is a Cripple. Mr. Gaines had, in consequence of Mr. Clayton's previous, Voluntary declaration no other expectation but that he would make good his promise (although like pie crust, they are made to be broken) and have knocked all the truth with his iron—a discipline which he felt not disposed to undergo. When Mr. Clayton entered the Piazza of Mr. Thomas, we were nearly in contact—whether he done it thro' the impulses of humanity, or whether he found himself in rather a difficult situation, is best known to himself—but so it is—he dropped his bludgeon, and enclosed with Mr. Gaines—a combat ensued—the result is known—But Mr. Clayton gained his faded laurel, not by his courage or his Manhood—it was obtained by the intervention of the Spectators, some of whom wrested from the hand of Mr. Gaines, the weapon with which, he intended to have done ample justice to his antagonist and himself. But while they deprived the weaker party of every means of defence, they suffered the

of Mr. Thomas, there to beat, with a large stick a man who is a Cripple. Mr. Gaines had, in consequence of Mr. Clayton's previous, solemn declaration no other expectation but that he would make good his promise (although like pie crust, they are made to be broken) and have knocked all the sense out of his brains—a discipline which he felt not disposed to undergo. When Mr. Clayton entered the Piazza of Mr. Thomas, we were nearly in contact—whether he done it thro' the impulses of humanity, or whether he found himself in rather a ticklish situation, is best known to himself—but so it is—he dropped his bludgeon, and enclosed with Mr. Gaines—a combat ensued—the result is known—But Mr. Clayton gained his faded laurel, not by his courage or his Manhood—it was obtained by the intervention of the Spectators, some of whom wrested from the hand of Mr. Gaines, the weapon with which, he intended to have done ample justice to his antagonist and himself. But while they deprived the weaker party of every means of defence, they suffered the Victor to retain to the last, a large brick bat in his hand. Mr. Gaines has no wish to see the blood of his fellow citizens flow—much less has he a desire to shed it—but when he is assailed without a cause, he will stand in his defence, and, if possible, immolate his assailant.

What a display of COURAGE was manifested by that BRAGGADOCCIO, when he pursued the VANQUISHED, CRIPPLE, (as he thought) threatening to give him the finishing blow?

A QUESTION.

IF an Officer of the PEACE, encourages and foment's RIOTS, does he not lose sight of his Sacred Obligations to his God and to his Country?
