

# 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."

VOLUME V.

Edgefield Court House, S. C., January 14, 1841.

NO. 50.

## EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER

BY W. F. DURISOE, PROPRIETOR.

### TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum, if paid in advance—Three Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid before the expiration of Six Months from the date of Subscription—and Four Dollars if not paid within twelve Months. Subscribers out of the State are required to pay in advance.

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All communications addressed to the Editor, post paid, will be promptly and strictly attended to.

### NEW GOODS.

THE Subscribers have just received from New York, a general assortment of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, in their line of Business, consisting in part of Blue, Black, Wool-dye Black, Invisible Green, and Olive Green, Cloths, Wool-dye Black, Invisible Green, and Diamond Beaver Cloths, Cadet, Blue Mixed, and Steel Mixed Cloths, Plain Blue, Black, Wool-dye Black, and a fine assortment of Fancy Cassimeres, Woolen Vests, Valencia Plain and Figured Satin and Invisible Silk Vestings, Hats, Umbrellas, Collars, Buttons, Stocks, Cravats, Scarfs, Gloves and Suspenders, Ready made Coats, Frock Coats, Over Coats, Pantaloons, Vest, Shirts Merino and Cotton Wrappers and Drawers, and many other articles in their line of Business, which they will have made up at short Notice, and in the most fashionable style, BRYAN & MINOR, Merchant Tailors, Edgefield C. H. Oct. 6th 1840

### AMERICAN HOTEL.

THE Subscribers having recently opened the HOTEL, formerly occupied by G. W. MASON, respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. His Table shall always be furnished with the best of Markets afford; and his Stables with the best provender; and careful and attentive Ostrers. No expense shall be spared to render this Hotel agreeable to all who may call upon him. R. R. HUNTER, Proprietor, Hamburg, S. C. Nov. 7, 41

### State of South Carolina.

EDGEFIELD DISTRICT. W. DeLOACH living on the Matthews Road five miles from Major John Allen's tolls before me one red sorrel Horse with a small stain in the fore head, the hind feet white above the ankles, a little marked by the Genr. or Harness, fifteen hands and a half high, supposed to be six years old the next spring. Appraised at seventy dollars. HARDY WHITE, J. P. Dec. 1, 1840

### State of South Carolina.

EDGEFIELD DISTRICT. IN THE COMMON PLEAS. Beverly Burton vs. Wm. M. Steifle. Debt. THE Plaintiff having this day filed his Declaration in my office, and the Defendant having no Wife or Attorney known to be within the State, on whom a copy of the same, with a rule to plead, could be served. It is ordered that the Defendant plead to the said Declaration within a year and a day, or final and absolute judgment will be given against him. GEO. POPE, c. c. p. Clerk's Office. Dec. 18, 1840. \$7 50

### State of South Carolina.

EDGEFIELD DISTRICT. IN THE COMMON PLEAS. Daniel Bird vs. Sam'l Holloway. Debt. THE Plaintiff in this case, having this day filed his Declaration, and the Defendant having no wife or Attorney, known in this State, upon whom a copy of the same can be served: On motion, ordered that the said Defendant, do appear and plead to the said Declaration, within a year and a day from the publication hereof, or final and absolute judgment will be awarded against him. GEORGE POPE, c. c. p. Clerk's Office. Dec. 19, 1840. \$7 50

### State of South Carolina.

EDGEFIELD DISTRICT. IN THE COMMON PLEAS. William Daniel vs. William Salter. Attachment Assumpsit. THE Plaintiff having this day filed his Declaration in the above stated case, and having no wife or attorney known to be within this State, upon whom a copy of the said Declaration with a rule to plead can be served. It is ordered that the said Defendant do appear and plead to the said Declaration, within a year and a day, from the publication hereof, or final and absolute judgment will be awarded against him. GEO. POPE, c. c. p. Clerk's Office. March 26, 1840. \$7 50



## Poetic Necess.

### THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Under a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms,  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black and long;  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat;  
He earns what'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week out, week in, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the old kirk chimes  
When the evening sun is low.

And childred coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a trashing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard rough hand he wipes  
A tear from out his eyes.

Tailing—rejoicing—sorrowing—  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted—something done,  
He earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught;  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought,  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

From the N. O. Picayune.

"HEAR BOTH SIDES."  
All nonsense! Lord how strange it is  
That folks, day after day,  
Will preach from such old-fashioned texts,  
Moreover, such obsequy;  
A ruinous old error, in  
All cases, on my oath—  
One never hears a side at all,  
As long as he hears both!

It's wrong—we know of several,  
All very wise indeed;  
And not one of 'em, as dont  
Go right against such creed;  
Nay some of 'em has got a plan,  
Which better still we call;  
'They're wise 'bout ev'ry thing, and yet  
Don't hear no side at all.

Hear both sides!—reg'lar humbug, and  
'The matter can't be minced;  
The aim of ev'ry one, of course,  
Is but to be convinced;  
And who are they as in the first  
To say "I know I'm right,"—  
Why them one-sided ones, as wont  
See 't'other when they might!

Conviction the last point of all,  
That some to reach is able;  
Examination, and talkin', and  
Feelin' uncomf'ortable;  
A fightin' with each other, and  
A botherin' mankind;  
And all, confound 'em just because  
They can't make up their mind.

Lord! how we do admire to see,  
A man that's self-contented;  
Without a doubt about himself  
Or any thing tormented;  
And what is best of all, not one  
Of such as cannot show  
He's always on the right side too;  
Because, you see—"they know."

Both sides! goo' gracious! what's the use,  
Both of 'em is 'nt right;  
And who's a man's unsettled, how  
On eith' can he fight?  
He's always right, and only right,  
Who never has a doubt—  
For how can any one be wrong,  
When sense can't back him out!

That's it!—don't budge!—self-satisfied,  
'Thro' the dull crowds you'll pass;  
And when one disagrees with you,  
Just "write him down—an ass!"  
'You're right"—with safety contradict  
Experience and years;  
Content to find that ev'ry one  
Except yourself—has ears!

### Miscellaneous.

From the Georgia Constitutionalist.

#### FAULTS OF FARMERS.

Judge —, no we give his borrowed cognomen, Sam Slick, makes some judicious reflections upon an important subject, to which we ask the attention of all who are interested in agricultural pursuits. A very large portion of land in America has been 'run out' by repeated grain crops, and bad husbandry, until a great portion of this country is in a fair way to be ruined. The two Carolinas and Virginia are covered with places that are 'run out,' and are given up as ruined, and there are a plauge site too many such places all over New England, and a great many other States. We have 'nt the surplus of wheat that we used to have in the United States, and it'll never be so plenty while there are so many Nick Bradshaws in the country.

"The fact is this, 'Squire, education is deucedly neglected. True we have a site of schools and colleges, but they an't the right kind. The same Nick Bradshaw has been through one on 'em, and 'twas there that he learnt that infernal lazy habit of drinking and smoking, that has been the ruin of him ever since. I wouldn't give an old fashioned swing tail clock, to have my son go to college where he couldn't work enough to earn his own living, and learn how to work it right too.

"It actually frightens me, when I think how the land is worked and skinned, till they take the very gizzard out on't. When it might be growing better every day. Thousands of acres every year are turned into barrens, while an everlasting stream of our folks are streaking it off 'to the new country,' where about half on 'em after wading about among the tadpoles to catch catfish enough to live on a year or two, nately shake themselves to death with that everlasting cuss of all new countries, the fever and agur. It's a melancholy fact, 'Squire. It's a melancholy fact, 'Squire, tho' our people don't seem to be sensible of it, and you no't I may not live to see it, but if this awful robbin' of posterity goes on for another hundred years, as it has for the last, among the farmers, we'll be a nation of paupers. Talk about the legislature doing something, I'll tell you what I'd have 'em do: Paint a great parcel of guide boards, and nail 'em up over every legislature, church, and school house door in America, with these words on 'em, in great letters, 'The best land in America by constant cropping, without manure, will run out.' And I'd also have 'em provide means to larn every child how to read it, 'cause it's no use to try to larn the old ones, they're so sot in their ways. They are on the constant stretch with the land they have, and all the time trying to git more, without improving any on't.—Yes, yes—too much land is the ruin of us all."

Harrest thoughts.—The following beautiful quotation is from one of Bishop Heber's Parish Sermons:—"When we witness the many dangers which threaten the sprouting of the rising corn: when we reckon up, in our thoughts, the opposite dangers of drought or of moisture, of parching heat or of pinching and untimely cold; the blights, which may taint the ear; the worm which may consume the root; and all the other alarms which the husbandman feels or fears, we cannot but be aware that something more than the industry of man is required to make him happy or prosperous, and that it is with good reason, that in daily prayers we ask our "daily bread" of God; since no day in the year can be found in which His blessing is not needed, either to preserve the seed, or to prosper the tender stalk, or to fill the ear, or to rebuke the mildew or the storm, by which the maturer crop is endangered. And, even when the food of many days is waving before our eyes, we cannot choose but feel an anxious joy, a solemn, and in some degree, a mournful thankfulness, when we compare our own unworthy lives with the unbounded mercy of God; when we recollect how little and how seldom we have thought of Him, who careth for us continually; and when we tremble, lest, even now, our sins should interrupt the stream of His mercy, and that the improper use which we too often make of plenty, should, even yet, turn our abundance into hunger."

It is more honor to be rich in goodness, than to be rich in goods.

The hearts of saints are larger than their words; but the words of hypocrites are larger than their hearts.

### The Religious Deceiver.

—To the inquiry, "Why must I submit my reason and conscience to you?" They reply, we are the true Church; and there can be no salvation out of the true Church. Thus, they take hold of that elementary fear which makes man a religious animal. They build their fraud, not on the ordinary principles of deception, but on that by which we are prepared for eternity. The end they propose is identical with that which is sought with every other system of fraud. Those who get rich by quackery in medicine, evade the principles of science, and the claims of benevolence, that, appealing to the fear of disease and death, they may vend their nostrums with pecuniary advantage. The robber, on the highway, seizes with open turpitude, what he desires; but others, not so bold, and depending less on physical strength, conceal their intentions until their object has been gained by the consent of their victim. The quack in medicine attains this, by appealing to the fear of death, and bodily suffering; but the quack in religion attains his purpose by appealing to the fear of hell, and the sufferings of conscience. His nostrums are intended to cure not the body, but the soul. The medical deceiver says—submit to me and to my treatment; and, notwithstanding all the results of science and experience, I will secure your life and health; in defiance of nature however, you may provoke her by your daily imprudence. The religious deceiver says, submit to me and to my treatment; regard whatever I say as true, and all that I do as right; and, despite of all that reason and experience can say, with all the confirmations and truths of Scripture, your conscience shall be healed, and hell shall be avoided: whatever the fault or folly of your lives. In both cases, also, there is a similar claim to infallibility and individual importance. The medical impostor can cure what no other physician can relieve, and he demands a reliance on this ostentatious claim, until the victim's dead; but the religious impostor affirms his exclusive infallibility in stronger terms, demanding the confidence of his victim until the soul is damned.—C. Steele.

Welding Iron and Steel.—Perhaps many of our smiths, who have not seen the following, may derive some advantage from its perusal.

As iron and steel are compounded more or less with sulphur, copper, and arsenic, which, if they predominate too much, will prevent their being welded sound, it may be of some importance to blacksmiths to know what remedies to apply in such cases. When iron is compounded with sulphur, it is apt to burn before a welding heat can be raised. In this case, a little unslacked stone lime, pounded up very fine, to be used instead of sand, will absorb the sulphur, and enable the smith to weld it sound. If but a small quantity of copper enters into the composition of iron, it will render it brittle when hot, and tough when cold. In this case, salt or sal ammoniac, should be used with the sand, which evaporate the copper and prevent the iron from breaking when it is very hot. Arsenic generally predominates in iron that is very brittle when cold. A small quantity of saltpetre should then be used with the sand for welding. Iron or steel is entirely free from either of those pernicious substances, will work sound, weld with ease, and be very tough when cold. This is what is called good iron. The same may be said of steel.

A fault too often found with blacksmiths is, that their work is not sound, when in fact the fault is in the iron they work. A little attention to ascertain the qualities of iron, and to apply the proper remedies, will enable them to make their work sound, or, at least, as good as the quality of the iron will admit. In welding iron and steel together for edge tools, it will be of service, (at least it can do no harm even if the iron and steel be ever so good,) to have a little lime, salt, and saltpetre mixed with the sand commonly used in welding. This mixture makes an excellent flux for welding, and at the same time prevents the iron from burning, and enables the smith to raise a sufficient heat to weld it perfectly sound, even to the very centre of the bar.—Mechanic's Magazine.

Thoughtless Marriages.—It is unwise to indulge any presentiment that we are born to ill fortune and that the issue of our undertakings will be unprosperous. We are most of us apt to pitch our expectations too high, and when disappointed we score the result to any cause but our imprudence. A girl, for example, makes an imprudent marriage; she puts her neck into the noose with her eyes shut, and when she finds it an iron chain instead of a silken cord, she lays the fault, not upon her own indiscretion, but upon her destiny; while her friends, not more reflective than herself, console her with the assurance that marriages are not made in Heaven. Love is certainly a most delightful feeling, but unhappily it is not like the widow's cruse of oil. There may be here and there, a heart—a female heart—that has an exhaustless store but such a treasure is not to be reckoned upon. The tender passion—like every thing that is tender—must be fostered, and fed, and nourished, or its strength will imperceptibly fade, and its energies die away. Above all, it must be sheltered from the blight of poverty. Those who have been from birth accustomed to struggle on without repining, and those who have never known what it is to be poor, should never, by an imprudent marriage, expose themselves to become so.

There is a great difference between the necessities of life, and the necessities of our condition in life. Both parties would do well to consider the great importance of this distinction before they enter into that for better for worse tie, which should the cares of life overtake them, will undoubtedly be anything but a true lover's knot.

### LIFE SAVED BY LAUGHTER.

"The health of Marasmus," says Mr. Charles Butler, "was always very delicate, and he now began to feel the infirmities of old age. He was afflicted by an imposthume, and the worst was feared, when he was cured of it in an extraordinary manner. The perusal of the celebrated "Literæ Obscurum Vivorum," threw him into a fit of immoderate laughter, the imposthume burst, and the patient was cured. A like tale is told of Dr. Patrick Scougal, a Scottish Bishop, in the seventeenth century. An old woman earnestly besought him to visit her sick cow; the prelate, after many remonstrances, consented, and walking round the beast, said gravely, "if she live, she live; and if she die she die, she die, and I can do no more for her." Not long afterwards he was dangerously afflicted with a quinsy in the throat; the old woman having got access to his chamber, walked round his bed, repeating the charm which she believed had cured her cow, whereat the Bishop was seized with a fit of laughter, which broke the quinsy, and saved his life.—Ten. Farmer.

Warm and Cold Baths.—On the healthfulness of warm bathing there can be no doubt; indeed, it is astonishing that it is not more generally known and practised, that a clean and healthy state of the skin contributes essentially to promote not only health and cheerfulness, but also longevity; the light and agreeable feeling consequent on the use of warm baths, fully confirms this—not only from the peculiar softness of the skin which is the result of it, but the muscles and limbs seem to acquire from it increased elasticity.

Some persons imagine that warm bathing exposes those who practice it to "catch cold." Nothing can be farther from the fact. Colds are oftener produced by impeded perspiration, caused by an accumulation of matter which has filled the pores: warm bathing opens them and promotes a free and healthy perspiration; and its repetition takes off those impurities which otherwise attach to the persons of those of the most healthy habits, who do not practice warm bathing.

Cold bathing is quite a different thing; with young, strong and healthy persons, it is a bracing luxury and an agreeable exercise; the sick and weakly should never practice it except under the instructions of their medical advisers.

Paint your tools.—Every farmer should be provided with a small quantity of coarser kind of paints—a few pint pots and brushes and paint oil. It is very easy to mix them, and by keeping a small supply, he might keep his implements always in a good state of preservation. The expense would be trifling, and the trouble next to nothing; and besides it is wisely ordained that we can neither sow nor reap without trouble. The greatest of all troubles must be that of having nothing to do. To have a place for every tool on the farm, and to keep them all painted and in good order, and when not used, protected from sun and air, ought to be an amusing, as it is undoubtedly a shining obligation on every farmer.—American Farmer.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune.—Those disasters which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous path of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitter blasts of adversity.—Irving.

Friends.—There are few persons in the world, who are so poor, that they have no friend to share their sorrows and partake of their joys. But while we are blest with kind friends, it should be the warm desire of our hearts to promote their interest.—They "should live in our hearts by the emotion which subsist there—in our memory, by our fragrant remembrance of them—in our voice, by our eulogiums—in our conduct, by our imitations of their virtues."

Peaches.—An old lady said her husband was very fond of peaches, and that was his only fault. "Fault madam," said one, "how can you call that a fault?" "Why, because there are different ways of eating them, sir. My husband takes them in the form of Brandy."

Young man, or young woman—young husband, or young wife—or old of either, for that matter, remember the maxim of Franklin—never buy a thing you don't want because it is cheap.

No truly good man ever waited till he made his will for an opportunity to do good.

### COUNTING HOUSE CALENDAR. 1841.

	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
JANUARY,						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
FEBRUARY,		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28						
MARCH,		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
APRIL,					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	
MAY,							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
JUNE,			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30			
JULY,						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
AUGUST,							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
SEPT.,					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	
OCTOBER,							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
NOVEMBER,							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30						
DECEMBER,						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						

New way of raising Beets.—A writer in the Farmer's Cabinet says that the best crop of beets he ever raised, was in alternate rows with corn; the corn was full crop, and he obtained 300 bushels of beets to the acre besides. The shade of the corn seems to be useful in dry weather, as the beets with the corn did better than others in an open path alongside. This was practised in Pennsylvania, where it may be more successful than in colder climates; but we would suggest to farmers who have a warm, dry soil, an experiment on a small scale.—Yankee Farmer.

The Ten Words.—The Jews call the ten commandments by the name of The Decalogue, which signifies The Ten Words. As these precepts cannot be learned in too many ways, we here give the substance of them in ten lines, which will help the memory to recollect them in full.

1. I am the Lord thy God—serve only me;
2. Before no idols bow thy impious knee,
3. Use not my name in trifles, nor in jest;
4. Dare not profane my sacred day of rest;
5. Ever to parents due obedience pay;
6. Thy fellow creature, man, thou shalt not slay;
7. In no licentious conduct bear a part;
8. From stealing keep with care thy hand and heart;
9. And false reports against thy neighbor hate;
10. And never indulge a wish for his estate.

Love.—I distinguish four seasons in love. 1st comes love before betrothal, or spring; then comes the summer, more ardent and fierce, which lasts from our betrothal to the altar, the 3rd, rich laden, soft dreamy autumn, the honey moon; and after it, the winter bright, clear winter, when you take shelter by your fireside from the cold world without, and find every comfort and every pleasure there.

Making out a Case.—A Dutchman's defence upon an indictment for bigamy, is now going the rounds of the papers. We do not know whether it is a new story, but certainly it is a very ingenious defence. "You say," said the Judge, "that the squire who married you to the first wife, authorized you to take sixteen? What do you mean by that?" "Well," said Hans, "he told me that I should half four better, four vorser, four richer, four hoorer—and in my country four dimes four always makes sixteen."

A person speaking to a very deaf man, and getting angry at not catching his meaning, said—"Why it is as plain as A B C." "Ay, sir, but I am D