

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 VII.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. JANUARY 27, 1847.

NO. 1.

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

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

Any person procuring five responsible Subscribers, shall receive the paper for one year, gratis.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at 75 cents per square, (12 lines, or less,) for the first insertion, and 50 for each continuance. Those published monthly or quarterly, will be charged \$1 per square. Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on them, will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Communications, post paid, will be promptly and strictly attended to.

POETRY.

From the Poughkeepsie Telegraph.
ODE FOR THE OLD YEAR.

There was sound of mirth by the lowly hearth,
And in lordly mansion high;
For the gray Old Year, in his mantle sere,
Had folded him down to die.
And the midnight clang of the death-knell rang
O'er a hundred blazing pyres,
As they gathered him there, by the fire-light's
gleam,
To the tomb of his hoary sires.

Yet my heart was sad, and the voices glad,
For I thought of the Old Year's grave—
Or the warm tears wept for the brave who slept
In the narrow life-worn caves.
I am old, I am old!—There were locks of gold,
There were cheeks that bloomed like May;
And the homing fonn, and the young heart
warm,
They have passed from my side away.

There were eyes of light on my pathway bright,
There were arms that around me clung;
They sleep in the field of the death-should cold,
The benighted tomb among.
When the icy creeps, where the night wind
sweeps,
Where it lingers the warm, Decay
They are there, they are there! thro' the mid-
night air
They are beckoning me away.

O, the New Year will come from his far-off
home,
O'er the frost-bound Arctic wave;
And the ice-shod feet of his courier's fleet,
Will wear o'er the Old Year's grave.
He is near, he is near! the hale New Year!
They have killed an hundred foes;
By my heart, lies cold, with the Monarch old,
In the tomb of his hoary sires.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Southern Recorder.

FACTS TO THINK OF—GOOD PRICE FOR CORN.

Messrs. Editors.—It is admitted by all, that we are more interested in the production of cotton than in that of any other commodity. The price of our labor and the value of our property, both depend on its price. If it rises, they go up—if it falls, they fall. Now, it is universally admitted that demand and supply regulate the price of everything. The quantity of cotton being great, the price paid for a few years past, has not remunerated us more than the cost of production. To increase the price we must hunt out new modes of its consumption, we must bring it into use in every possible way. In the first place we require bagging, annually, for about 2,300,000 bales, which at 5 yards per bale, is 11,500,000 yards.—Each yard weighs one and three-fourths pounds, making 30,125,000 pounds.—Add one tenth for waste in manufacturing, and the amount of cotton consumed in making bagging would be 22,137,000 lbs. equal to 53,342 bales of 400 lbs. each. Now almost this entire amount of bagging is made of hemp instead of being made of cotton, consequently instead of consuming the amount, by conveying it into bagging, we throw it upon the market to help diminish the price, and we take from our cotton crop the cost of the bagging, say \$2,000,000 to pay for it. Had we not better save it?

Again—we have in Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, 1,700,000 slaves, and for these, we pay annually, \$2,125,000 for blankets—which goes entirely out of our country to add to the wealth of others. Can we not save this at home, by using cotton instead of woolen blankets? It would consume, 37,000 bales of cotton per annum, which is thrown upon the market and serves to reduce its value. I was conversing with a very intelligent and worthy farmer, who resides in Putnam county, a few days since, who made this statement to me. That for the three last years he had used nothing but bagging made from cotton, which he procured at the Eatonton Factory; that he found it the cheapest and best bagging he could use. It weighed about 1 3/4 lb. per yard—was well made—strong and durable—

that he could pack a good deal more in a five yard bag of it, than any other kind of bag of the same size. He further stated that he had for the same time used cotton blankets for the negroes instead of woolen; that they were equally as warm, lasted longer and were much cheaper. He purchased cotton bagging for the purpose, and after washing it once, it becomes very thick. He sews two breadths together and thus gets a blanket ninety inches long by eighty inches wide. This is larger than the common blanket. They weigh eight pounds—twice the weight of any others. And then, says he, I pay out no money either for bagging or blankets. The Factory company are willing to exchange with me for corn, wheat, bacon, laid or cotton, at the usual prices.

Now, Messrs. Editors, here are facts reliable and truthful, which point clearly to the interest of the farmer. The facts I have stated come from a farmer who well knows his interest, and who seldom mistakes the true line of policy. Are they not sufficient to enlist the attention of every one, and ought not every farmer to turn his attention to their consideration? Let him make the experiment, and see if he cannot be successful. The bagging may be had at the Eatonton Factory, and in exchange for other articles. Try the experiment, and then let the public know the result. Let us live at home and within ourselves; and we cannot learn how to do so until each one gives us his experience.

AGRICOLA.

From the Correspondence of the Chars. Mercury.

SALTILLO, (Mexico) Dec. 6.

LIFE IN SALTILLO.

The annals of warfare record no bolder movement than the recent occupation by eight hundred men of the far-famed mountain defiles of the Rinconada and of this strong city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, with all its advantages of position and structure. When the little band of Regular troops under Gen. Worth wound the crowded streets to the Plaza of Santiago, they were scouted upon by enough of dark swarthy savage looking wretches to have driven them back with pebbles and broom-sticks. Saltillo, thus interesting from the extraordinary character of its capture, from its being the key to Northern Mexico, and from its being the largest city ever taken by an American Army, has much of the curious, the novel and picturesque to claim our attention. Overlooked by the bold height of La Garita* and encircled by two lofty ranges of mountains, whose rugged ramparts appear to shut it out from the world, it raises its turrets and spires upon one of those spots where we may imagine that in ages past Our Lady of Solitude mourned over the follies and frailties of erring humanity. But the barbarous Mexicans came to destroy this holy quietude and to make the beauty of a scene more lovely than the happy valley of Rapelas, with its green groves, sparkling fountains and running waters. So rarely indeed do the mud houses, the rude images and superstitious devices of Church and Chapel, contrast with the flowing plains and the stupendous Sierras eternally robed in clouds. From the Hill of the Hermitage, the spectator can best view the magnificent landscape and best observe the sad alterations and defacements caused by ignorance and superstition. Above his head are clear and serene skies, around him a pure and exhilarating atmosphere, on his right the jagged peaks of the Sierra de Doves, softened by a thin veil of mist and clouds, on his left the parallel strata and smooth surface of the Sierra de Guajado, at his feet rivulets of bright waters flashing in the sunbeams, dense forests of Sabinas and Nogales, and clusters of Myrtles, altheas and flower gently waving in the breeze. He turns with sorrow from the lovely panorama to the evidences of Mexican life with its superstition and barbarism. Near him are groups of half naked women engaged in washing at the aqueducts leading into all parts of the city from the circular domes covering the *ajos de las aguas*—the springs gushing out of the cliffs of La Garita.—Each group is guarded or rather watched by a villainous looking wretch, with trousers open at the side, leather jacket, open collar, sandals and enormous sombrero. Drives of asses pass, driven by ragged boys, and laden with huge cargoes of wood, sacks of grain and bundles of corn-stalks. Occasionally a dandy in white roundabout and pantaloons covered all over with buttons, dashes by on his richly caparisoned and spirit poney, erect as a may pole, in the deep saddle but incessantly moving his legs and jingling his long spurs. Sometimes an independent looking *Ranchero* trots past on his shaggy-coated mule, his feet in the stirrups; but the saddle occupied by his slatternly *esposa*, adorned with

a leather hat of no trifling dimensions. Sometimes two or three boys gallop down the hill, seated upon the same brideless donkey, directing his movements solely with a stick. Sometimes a cart, with a small frame and gigantic wheels of almost solid wood, rolls along drawn by oxen yoked by the horns. If the day be bright and fair, uncouth coaches may be seen nearly as large and not unlike the dromedary, slowly dragged by six mules, with drivers on the backs of three of them, and with armed footmen in the rear.

Below lies the city, built principally of adobes, (unburnt brick) and looking like a confused jumble of mud walls, above which rise the rudely painted spires of the four chapels, the dome and Arabic facade of the cathedral. A visit to the latter will be well repaid.—'Tis a vast pile of stone, quaintly carved in front, and decked on top with grotesque figures, richly and expensively fitted up in the interior and adorned with many fine images and paintings by celebrated Spanish artists, all however betraying wretched taste and gross superstition. The altar piece and candlesticks are of massy silver, and several figures representing the Virgin are crowned with pure gold. In a beautiful painting near the altar, God the father, is depicted in the attitude of blessing Jesus, Mary and Joseph, (*Jesus, Maria y Jose*) the earthly Trinity as they are universally called. Another painting represents the three persons of the Heavenly Trinity standing on the head of Cherubim—while Mary, not needing such support, is seated on other near by. A third shows Mary, Mother of God, as the people most commonly name her, in the act of drawing a soul out of purgatory with her rosary—the other lost spirits are gazing at her very respectfully, and are too polite to overtake her powers by taking hold of the string two at a time. A little image, perched in the highest part of the totunda, we were told, was the Father of the World or God of the Universe. A revolting figure of wax, encased in a box, and intended to represent Christ in the Sepulchre, the Mexicans solemnly assure us, was covered all over with perspiration at the very moment in which Ampudia signed the articles for the capitulation of Monterey. In another vase labelled *El Nacimiento*, (the Birth) Mary is exhibited, gaudily dressed in the extreme of Mexican fashion, the shepherds have golden crooks and the stable is elegantly fitted up with modern furniture.—San Francisco is portrayed as receiving into his heart and veins, blood from the pierced side of the Redeemer of Mankind, suspended from the cross.—Another painting, called "The Bleeding Christ," represents him bowed forward on his hands, and with blood gushing out from every pore—a more shocking sight would be hard to conceive of.

'Tis a singular fact that in all the paintings of the Virgin under her different appellations of Our Lady of Guadalupe, of Sorrow, of Solitude, &c., she is invariably represented as young and beautiful, whilst all the pictures and images of the Saviour are well calculated to excite loathing, horror and disgust. Great as are the distinctions of society, and unbounded as is the difference to rank and wealth, a perfect equality exists in Church and Chapel. There are not, as is too often the case with us, luxuriously cushioned pews, from which the wealthy listen to the soft tones and swelling periods of courtly Priests. The different classes and sexes kneel side by side on the same hard floor; the costly *ribosa* of the beautiful and refined *Senorita* is frequently in contact with the blanket of the coarse and brutish *Ranchero*. Spite of the listlessness of the worshippers, there is something imposing in their humble posture, and their total disregard whilst in the sanctuary of the despotic relations existing beyond its walls between master and peon, proprietor and dependent.

San Jose, next to our lady of Guadalupe, is the favorite Saint in Mexico.—One of the most common amulets is a tin frame suspended from the neck, containing a rude lithograph of Maria and Jose, leading the youthful Saviour between them. As the *Rotulo* or inscription on the lithograph reads, *Jesus, Maria y Jose*, the word Maria being placed directly under the middle figure, all the lower class are deceived by it, and we have never yet seen one who did not insist that the child was Mary and Mary was Jesus. We have a little book of devotions addressed to San Jose, in which he is entreated to pardon sin and to grant a seat among the blessed. We have also before us a prayer composed by a Mexican Bishop, calling on Joseph, "the being whom heaven and earth obeys, the disposer of all terrors"

What effect their religion has on the

masses is well exemplified in Saltillo.—Perhaps no where in the world are the rights of the Church more strictly observed, and external reverence to holy things more universally accorded. During service, the Cathedrals and Chapels are crowded to overflowing with both sexes, many of whom are in their usual places, after having walked on their knees over the gravelly pavement in front. No male ever goes by these houses of devotion without uncovering the head, and the females usually kneel before passing the principal door. All salute the Priests whom they meet with the greatest respect; at the tolling of the vesper bell, the men, however occupied take off their *sombreros*, and the women cross themselves most devoutly. And yet, two thirds of the inhabitants are thieves, and a large portion of them assassins. It has never been considered safe for any one to go alone three hundred yards beyond the main Plaza.—The *Sacristans*, whose functions are next in importance to those of the Priests, are perhaps the most irreligious men living; they laugh heartily at the tricks played off upon the people, and think it an excellent joke that they are so easily gulled. The Priests live in open concubinage, some of them have families that they acknowledge, maintain and educate. All the shops, eating-houses, gambling stews and billiard rooms, are open on the Sabbath, and were it not that the streets are more thronged, and traffic and business more lively on that day, it would be impossible to distinguish it from any other.

AN ACTOR.

The sentry box, so called because the Mexican troops always kept a guard or look-out on the eminence. Saltillo, being partly built on La Garita, the abruptness of which makes it seem but a leap to the plain, derives its name from this circumstance, the word Saltillo meaning leap.

Literally the eye of water, the rather poetical name for all fountains in this country.

From the N. O. Picayune, January 26.

MEXICO.

Later from the United States Gulf Squadron.
Santa Anna President of Mexico—Gomez Farias, Vice President—War Measures—Condition of Yucatan, &c.

By the arrival of the bark John Barnes, Captain Staples, we have dates from Anton Lizardo up to the 31st ult. and a letter from one of our correspondents dated on the 28th. The John Adams was still blockading Vera Cruz, while the rest of the squadron were to the leeward on a cruise.—The only vessels at Anton Lizardo when the John Barnes sailed were the frigate *Rarian*, the storeship *Relief*, and the steamer *Poirita*.

We are indebted to the promptness of a friend for the faithful delivery of the following letter from one of our correspondents. It contains the intelligence of interest brought by this arrival.

It is a remarkable feature of the news, and one which exhibits the vicissitudes of public life in Mexico in a striking pliancy; that Gomez Farias is Vice President under Santa Anna. Farias was once before Vice President during Santa Anna's Presidency.—His wily superior, knowing the hostility of Farias to the hierarchy, and desirous of improving the finances by a confiscation of the church property, set him to work to digest a plan and prepare the public mind for seizing upon the ecclesiastical estates. The effort failed utterly, and the Government was about being made to feel the power of an interest it had alarmed, when Santa Anna deserted Gomez Farias, threw upon him the odium of the scheme, and escaped himself from the storm he had helped to raise. Gomez Farias was banished the State and for a number of years resided in this city with his family, pinched by necessity and oppressed with care. Santa Anna in time was overthrown and banished by Paredes. Farias, immediately upon the fall of the dictator, returned to Mexico, where he has ever since taken a conspicuous part in the political affairs of the country.—Santa Anna, by a sudden revolution in public opinion, was recalled from banishment, and now these two politicians, as opposite as the poles in principles and hating each other with a rancor that has been nurtured in disgrace, occupy the first and second offices in the Republic. Farias is a reformer of the progressive party; his opinions are of the most liberal character. He is a republican at heart, a federalist in the Mexican sense of the term, and as bitter against religious as political trammels. Santa Anna is just what his interest for the time being requires him to be. The close proximity of two such men does not augur well of the durability of the Government which they administer, nor of the suavity that may qualify their counsels.

In so far as the elevation to office of two men occupying the extremes of political faction that may interest the public opinion of Mexico, it may indicate a

fusion of all parties, a union of all cliques, sects, divisions and classes of the people in one great war party. Gomez Farias was, if anything the most violent of all Mexican politicians against the dismemberment of Texas, and he may have united with Santa Anna to set an example of the suppression of personal and political hatred in forming an alliance for the object of consolidating the strength of the state against a common enemy.

U. S. Squadron, Dec. 28, 1846.

Gentlemen—The mail from Mexico to-day confirms the election of Santa Anna for President, and Gomez Farias for Vice President. The extraordinary Congress have been hitherto engrossed with the preliminaries for this election to the entire exclusion of other business. One or two speeches have, however, been made upon the state of the national finances, and the means for raising money to carry on the war. It is estimated that a loan of a million is indispensable to furnish arms; and it is stated that Santa Anna is urgently calling on the Government to supply him with arms and munitions of war. The corps of the National Guards of Mexico are very poorly supplied.

There is no indication that the peace propositions of the United States will receive any favorable consideration.—The subject has not yet been broached in Congress. Some of the Mexican papers ascribe all the evils which afflict the country to the intrigues of Mr. Poinsett, which have eventuated in the present open attempt of the United States to subjugate the "most generous and magnanimous people of the universe."

A new pronouncement has been promulgated at Campechy announcing the neutrality of Yucatan during the war but contemplating a future re-union to the Mexican Government, under the treaty of December, 1843. Fifteen hundred troops from Campechy have marched upon Merida to coerce that State into an acquiescence into the terms of this last pronouncement.

The anomalous position which Yucatan assumes, and her indecision in taking any decided stand in the present war, can only be explained by her past history and a full consideration of her whole resources.

Yucatan has always been a poor country. Under the Colonial Government, in consequence of her destitution, her lack of mines and her inability to produce rich staples, all contributions to the home Government were limited, and the other and more favored Colonial Departments were compelled to furnish Yucatan with one or two hundred thousand dollars annually for the support of domestic government. When the rest of Mexico declared for independence, Yucatan for a long time remained loyal and finally united her fortunes to the Republic, under express or implied stipulations at her relative position and share in the burden of the State should remain unaltered. This agreement was adhered to in a manner satisfactory to Yucatan, until the tariff of 1836 imposed upon Yucatan the same high duties, equally with the other States of Mexico. Subsequently her quota of men and money were demanded for the general defence and support of the Republic. Yucatan remonstrated against these exactions as contrary to the spirit of the compact which united her to the Republic. Failing of obtaining any remission of the tariff as a peculiar exception in her favor, Yucatan declared the compact dissolved and resumed her sovereignty. A constitution to meet the new state of things was adopted in March 1841.

Then came the war with Mexico, the capitulation of Ampudia, the promise of a satisfactory treaty, and the final adoption and ratification of the treaty of December, 1843, by Santa Anna. This treaty was confirmed by only one branch of the Mexican Legislature. Before the other house could act upon it Santa Anna was overthrown. Yucatan sent deputies to push the ratification of the treaty with the Provisional Government, and subsequently with the administrations of Herrera and Paredes. During the interval Yucatan was *de facto* independent. Though represented by deputies in the General Congress and maintaining commercial intercourse under the Mexican flag, she neither paid taxes nor contributions of any kind into the general treasury. She was governed by her own President, her own officers, and her own laws, without any sort of reference or subordination to the General Government. After the declaration of war with the United States, Mexico solicited from Yucatan her quota of men for the defence of Vera Cruz. Yucatan refused to comply with the demand until the treaty of 1843 was acknowledged and ratified. The decision of the extraordinary Congress to decide on the

fate of the Peninsula, resulted in the affirmation of the resolution. On the recent return of Santa Anna, Yucatan pronounced for him and re-union with Mexico, and the Provisional Government, in turn, granted the treaty of 1843. Yucatan, now politically united to the rest of the Republic, was of course in a hostile attitude towards the United States. The bombardment of Tabasco brought forth a new pronouncement on the part of Campechy, proclaiming neutrality in the war. A force was marched against Merida to compel her to adopt this plan; but Merida having also marched out her soldiers, a compromise ensued, and Campechy came into the former order of things. In the meantime the vessels of Campechy are detained in New Orleans; the coast is declared in a state of blockade and there are other significant indications that the United States do not intend to remain passive while Yucatan is playing a diplomatic game and declaring for neutrality or war, independence or re-union with Mexico, with a single eye to her own interest with that Government. The last pronouncement is accordingly promulgated on the 8th inst., ("may it be the fast,") and despatched to Com. Connor, under a flag of truce, which arrived on the 28th instant.

According to the best of my information, the above is a succinct account of the political history of Yucatan. Two things are obvious: Yucatan has never seriously intended to become absolutely independent of Mexico, and always intended to be on terms of amity with the United States. Both countries are necessary to her support. Mexico is the principal and almost the only market for her products, for which she receives silver which is transported to the United States to pay for flour. To separate Yucatan from Mexico and to subject her products to the same duties which other nations pay to Mexico would ruin her; to remain united to Mexico, under a system of high tariffs, without some exceptions in her favor, like the provisions of the treaty of 1843, would be equally ruinous. War with the United States would be the greatest calamity of all. Yucatan has no resources to meet any of these contingencies; and here is the explanation of her anomalous and undecided course, which has for its object amity and commerce with the U. States during the war and eventual re-union with Mexico, under the provision of Santa Anna's treaty, after the war is finished.

The United States can well afford to let Yucatan alone. It has been charged against the Yucatenos that they are Mexicans at heart. This is unquestionably true, for they would naturally sympathize with their race. It is also alleged that they have been taking advantage of our forbearance to furnish the Mexicans with aid and munitions of war. Any one who will look at the geographical position of Yucatan will see the impossibility of any overland trade beyond the base of the mountains; and whatever their sympathies or their cupidity might prompt them to undertake, nature still interposes insuperable barriers. If Mexico demands money or men, Yucatan diplomacy will invent a reason for not complying with the request. The same exigency which compels Mexico to send for men and money to carry on the war acts also on Yucatan, and obliges her to keep her troops and funds at home to defend herself. The effect of a blockade upon the ports of Yucatan will in a great measure be obviated by an inland trade with the British colonies at the Balize. Yours, &c. W.

In that prayer of Solomon, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," there is an excellence of wisdom of great practical value for us all to consider.—Where except in the Bible do we find recorded so strong a prayer. Give me not poverty but riches seem to be the universal prayer. It is almost the first prayer that the little child at our feet is taught to know, and no day thereafter will our example allow that child to forget that petition. In living characters it is inscribed on the heart and life.

Lead Mines and Trade of the West.—Dr. Owen, who was appointed by the Government to make an examination of the mineral lands of Iowa and Wisconsin, states, as the result of his inquiries, that the region produces at this moment nearly as much lead as the whole of Europe, with the exception of Great Britain; and that it has indisputable capacities of producing as much lead as all Europe Great Britain included.—Georgia Constitu.

A writer in the New York Journal of Commerce suggests that the disease in the potatoes may be checked and eradicated, by the free use of "unstacked lime." By it, he thinks that the eggs of the insect, by which the potato is rotted, will be entirely destroyed.