

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 XIV.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. AUGUST 22, 1849.

NO. 31

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

WM. F. DURISOE, PROPRIETOR.

NEW TERMS.
Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, per annum 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 arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Publisher.

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JOSEPH ABNEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Will be found in his office at Edgefield Court House, adjoining Bryan's Brick Store, on Saturdays, Sundays, and Court weeks.

He will attend promptly and strictly to business in his profession.

January 10, if 51

DR. E. F. TEAGUE

RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services in the practice of Medicine, Surgery, and Obstetrics, to the Citizens of Edgefield Village and vicinity. Office in the Drug Store of Drs. Bland, Teague & Co.

May 9, if 16

A. M. MANIGAULT,

Factor & Commission Merchant,
Vanderhorst Wharf,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Will also attend to the RECEIVING and FORWARDING of GOODS entrusted to his care.

July 18 1849, 2m 26

Planter's Hotel.

CORNER OF CHURCH AND QUEEN STREETS,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

FORMERLY KEPT BY CHARLES H. MORTIMER, JAMES W. LAMKIN & JAMES M. HURST having taken the above extensive and well known Establishment, solicit the patronage of their friends and the public generally.

Charleston S. C. August 1, 1849, if 29

ATTENTION

EDGEFIELD VILLAGE.

OLD C. M. GRAY,
OF COMPANY
"A" 7th Regt.

ment U. S. Infantry, will continue BUTCHERING from year to year, and do the best he can for his patrons.

CHARLES MARTIN GRAY,
July 11 1849, if 25

Boarding for Young Ladies.

The Subscriber will accommodate with boarding, eight or ten Young Ladies. His House is roomy and pleasantly situated, convenient to the Female Academies. Parents and Guardians may be assured that every attention necessary will be paid to Girls committed to his care.

EDMUND PENN.,
May 2, if 15

Notice.

All those indebted to the Estate of Hezekiah Stinson, dec'd., are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those having demands to present them properly attested.

B. F. & S. C. STROME, Adm'rs.
August 1, 4m 25

From the Hamburg Republican.
HAMBURG—HER PROSPECTS, &c.

For some time past it has been our lot to hear our Town traduced by some, and seemingly lamented over by others. It has from some cause, as "baseless as a vision" been asserted by those whose wish was perhaps farther to the thought, that Hamburg was going down hill, and was destined, at no distant day, to relinquish possession to the original proprietors, the "Bull Frog"—but we opine that as Dutch energy roused the original croakers there will be found enough of the same ingredient to thwart the designs of those who now hypocritically mourn at the fate that they seem to imagine awaits the Town.

We notice that the Aiken correspondent of the Charleston News, in a long and very interesting communication, speaking of Hamburg and its founder, makes the following remarks: "But alas, Hamburg does not promise to fulfil the hope or follow up the energy and despatch which presided at her birth. The Augusta Canal has already drawn off a considerable portion of her cotton trade, and the Columbia Railroad to Greenville and Charlotte will in a few years, perhaps, place her among the enterprises that *are* not." Now we have no disposition to attribute unkind motives to the writer of the News, but that he is laboring under the same kind of manomania that pervades many others, is quite apparent. We therefore, from the best of motives, take this matter in hand, and intend trying to put right all whom it may concern, by glancing very concisely at the prospects of our Town. It is true, the business features of Hamburg presents no very exciting views, but that she is in a more healthy, and her Merchants in a more prosperous condition than they have been for years, we believe true. The annual receipts of country produce is such as to show to every business man that our asserion cannot be controverted. What other town in this Union can make such a showing with the same population—the entire number, white and black, being about 1200. Our receipts of Cotton is from sixty five to seventy thousands bales per annum; Flour, twelve to fifteen hundred barrels; Bacon, one hundred and seventy five to two hundred thousand pounds, with a large amount of Lard, Beeswax, Tallow, Feathers, and many other articles of minor importance. The amount of merchandise sold corresponds to these heavy receipts of produce, and makes general business for the town that ought to support a population of four or five thousand instead of twelve hundred.

The fact is, we want more merchants, business men with capital, and our town is bound to increase in population and wealth. As for the Augusta Canal it has taken from us perhaps some ten thousand bales of Cotton, but that is only temporary, for we look forward to an appropriation at the next session of our Legislature that will enable us to clear out the River between our wharves and the head of this canal, so as to bring back all this Cotton; and as for the Greenville and Charlotte Railroads the danger there is more in imagination than reality. The advantages, we possess from our location, puts it quite out of the power of Columbia to compete with us in the prices of heavy goods or in the rates paid for produce. This our Planters generally know, and those who do not have only to look at the extreme low rates of freight on the River to be convinced. It is no uncommon thing for heavy goods to be laid down from Boston or New York to Hamburg for less freight than they would cost from Charleston to Columbia. There is no delay here in the shipment of produce as the Railroad and Boats are always in competition, and the rate of freight kept down to a point that is never dreamed of in Columbia or other points where competition does not exist. It is only necessary for those interested to take these things into consideration to perceive that Hamburg, though not based on a rock, stands like Hamburg of the old world, where her water advantages will always protect her from petty Canals or Railroads on the mountains.

MELANCHOLY DEATH.—We learn that on Saturday afternoon, the 24th inst.—Mr. Ebenezer Hull, a highly respected farmer residing about three miles east of Oxford village was killed in the following manner: While assisting his son in putting a load of hay into his barn, he attempted to jump from the window of the barn to the wagon—the distance being about eight feet, and the wagon containing about half a load of hay. He did not get a firm footing, and slid from the load to the ground. Although the distance was but six feet, and he slid rather than fell, the concussion caused his immediate death. Whether he struck on his feet, head or back, is not known, but on examination, the spine of the neck was found to be partially broken.

Mr. Hull, was one of the most esteemed and respected citizens of Oxford, and a large circle of friends and relatives mourn his death. He was 73 years of age.

—Chenango Union.

The *Piscayune*, speaking of the sentence of one Joseph Marks to eight years in the State Prison, for knocking down a sailor in Boston, and robbing him of \$7 and a watch—says:

"The Bostonians are a queer people. Eight years at hard labor in the penitentiary worth \$7 more! Yet if a black rascal murders his fellow-creature, and is hanged, as he should be, forthwith a public subscription is raised to give him a pompous funeral train!"

ADVICE GRATIS.

BY DOW, JR.

TEXT.—"Fret not thy gizzard."

My Hearers:—Fortitude, patience, and perseverance, are the only teamhorses capable of dragging the lumbering car of man's hopes through the marsh of misfortune. Fretting, flinching, cursing, or swearing can no more extricate one from difficulty than a silly shad can, release itself from the fisherman's net by flapping and floundering. When a man finds himself in the midst of thorns and briars of trouble, the only way for him is to step cautiously and feel his road through them with the utmost care; but if he fret, fruster and bluster, he is sure to effect nothing more than lacerate his bosom and tear his trousers. When he perceives that his feelings are beginning to ferment, through irritation, he ought to keep a small air-hole open to his heart, not only to admit the pure oxygen of reason, but also to allow the gas of excitement to escape by degrees—else he might burst his barrel of forbearance, and lose in a moment some of the sweetest and best of life's cider.

My friends—when your cobweb fabrics of anticipation are swept away by the storms of ill fortune, there is no more use in fretting your gizzards, about it than there is in a young female victim of seduction trying to stick the fragments of virtue together with tears of repentance. To fret and chafe about trifles, like a tender school boy when first initiated into the mysteries of a flannel shirt, is as nonsensical as it is useless. Maintain your ground manfully against the assaults of petty ills, and in due time you will not heed them half as much as the buzz of an October musquito; otherwise you will probably learn by experience that there is such thing as rubbing a pimple till you produce an ulcer. In the hour of adversity, for assistance call upon Fortitude—that bold nymph of the rock, whose dauntless spirit bears the beating storm and bitter winds that howl around her—whose breast braves the bursting waves and who bears the dread thunder with a soul as unshaken as a carpet in a lawyer's office. Yes, my friends, instead of fretting your gizzards when a hoding cloud strikes the horizon of your hopes, you ought to have philosophy about you sufficient to know that, although the coming shower may wet your jackets, it renders the earth fruitful, and bountifully contributes to your wants and necessities. Sorrow himself, when he is kicked out of heaven into the regions of darkness and woe, was too much of a man to whine and fret at his fate. He bore it like a hero, and consoled himself with the reflection that it were "better to reign in hell than to serve in heaven." Exercise patience, and the thick mists of misfortune that bedim your future prospects will disperse the sooner; push ahead with perseverance, unmindful of trifling annoyances, and every bud in your bosom that threatens to disclose a thistle, will bloom a rose; but this worrying and fretting when circumstances clash with one's fond desires, is like brushing a heaver against the nap—the more you attempt to smooth it the rougher it grows.

My dear friends—I am almost induced to believe that some people, instead of being supplied with hearts, have nothing but gizzards filled with grit and gravel.—They appear to have just dined upon pebbles and iron filings, and always laboring under the influence of indigestion. Nothing goes right with them—everything is wrong. The milk of mercy spews upon their stomachs—they turn up their noses at the sweets of salvation—they spit in the hand of charity—spurn friendly solicitude—and care no more for soft soap and sympathy than a dog does for a dollar. All they wish is to be allowed the privilege of fretting, undisturbed by friend or foe—unchecked by fear, unswayed by favor. They fret for fear the morrow may not be brighter than golden to-day; they fret because others are cheerful and contented with their lots; and they oftentimes fret merely because they can find nothing of importance to fret about. Let them go on fretting till they have arrived at the end of life's journey, and I am inclined to think they will eventually find that they have fretted to no purpose. There is no doubt but they would find fault with the arrangements of heaven, were they allowed to enter—and thus go on fretting from everlasting to everlasting. As for me, I put up with the beatings and tumbings of this mortal existence as quietly as a feather-bed; and I trust that most of you, my worthy hearers, are best with the same happy disposition.

Young man!—if you find an occasional tremble of disappointment in blossom-fringed path of youth; "fret not thy gizzard"—for, whatever is, is undoubted for the best. If your parents endeavor to restrain you from paddling in the putrid pools of iniquity, or forbid your travelling the road that leads to rum-shops and ruin, "fret not thy gizzard." Look, my friends, upon the bright side of everything, and fancy that you are happy, whether you are really so or not. Face every ill with the boldness of a lion and bear up with christian fortitude beneath the heavy burden of affliction—be merciful, kind and benevolent to your fellow creatures—and angels of light and loveliness will volunteer to act as your pioneers through the untracked and unbounded wilderness of the future. So mote it be!

"Tell your father," said John Randolph to a young friend, "that I recommend abstinence from novel reading and whiskey punch; depend upon it, sir, they are both equally injurious to the brain."

DISSOLUTION OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

The Baltimore Republican says: The Whig press is re-publishing, with great gusto, some of the wild and amusing sketches of John Van Buren, in which the "foresaid staid and sober geuman proclaims the dissolution of the Democratic party. Now, as it is admitted by all honest men that the Whig party was dissolved by an act of *felo dease*, perpetrated in cold blood at the Philadelphia Slaughter House, if Mr. John Van Buren and his endorsers are to be believed, there is no party existing in these United States at present, and we should have before us an illustration of that era of good felings, when the lamb shall lie down with the lion, and when Whigs and "Loosebros" should alike be fostered and led by the no party President. We would ask the Republic, which seems so vastly tickled with the idea, whether the action of Gen. Taylor authorizes any one to believe that there is no Democratic party in existence at this time? On what ground has that print and its allies been attempting to justify the removals made by Gen. Taylor? But we will for the present close the subject by saying, that if the Republic relies upon Van Buren's declaration, it and its readers will be as thoroughly disappointed as were those who believed in the promises and pledges of the would-be "second Washington!"—Savannah Georgian.

NEW WEAPON.—A new instrument of war is being used in the contest between Austria and Hungary. A corps of bombardiers is attached to each division of the army, each man of which carries three of these projectiles, while another soldier attends with rack, surmounted with a wooden tube, which serves to direct the fuse.

The instrument consists of a wrought iron tube, pierced with holes, sharpened at the point and filled with a fiery matter. They are so arranged that when they have accomplished the required distance a liquid fiery matter gushed from below, and scatters dismay among the horses of the cavalry. The hissing of these fiery pointed projectiles is more terrifying to the horses than the noise of the passage of shells.—One single one of these sometimes succeeds in carrying disorder into a whole squadron.

The Austrians first used them but in the arsenals which have fallen into the hands of the Hungarians, they found large quantities with deadly effect.

THE YEAR OF WONDERS. The New Orleans Courier well remarks that since the commencement of our national existence, there has been no period of twelve months in which so many wonderful events transpired as we have witnessed in the year 1849. Only one half of it has elapsed, and those events are of a deeply calamitous nature. The cholera spread over the country from the Rio Grande to the Hudson; the inundation at New Orleans; the tremendous riots at New York; the conflagration at St. Louis; the unusual number of murder and crimes of every description. These are some of the chief misfortunes which have befallen the American people in the lapse of the last six months. What is to come next is known only to Him who ruleth the destiny of nations.

AN AFFLICTED FAMILY.—The family of Dr. Leke Hassert, Grand Scribe of the Sons of Temperance, residing in Hudson-street, have suffered most severely from the unrelenting pestilence. On Tuesday night, his daughter, a little girl between two and three years of age, was the first victim. Mrs. Hassert, who was in apparently good health, was attacked soon after the death of her daughter, and died at 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning. His nephew, a young man 15 years old, died last night. At 9 o'clock this morning his only son, 10 years of age died. The remains of the first three were taken to Hackensack this morning for interment, where the funeral of the son will take place this afternoon.—N. Y. Tribune, Aug. 2.

POLAND.—The London Quarterly Review for January, in an article on Austria and Germany, has the following allusion to the activity and energy of the countryman of Kosciusko in the late revolutionary movement in Europe: "The Poles have played a leading part in all the insurrections in the capitals of Europe. They have, in fact, become the Free Corps of Democracy, the Knights Errant of Revolution, and like the companies of adventure for the fourteenth century, they proffer their assistance in every quarter where there is a prospect of successful insurrection against monarchical authority."

Dow, Jr. says:—"I believe the simple honesty, the naked truth, pure virtue, and a straight up and down way of dealing with the world, have as much advantage over vice, trick, and stratagem, in the long run, as a good square trotting horse has over pacing poney, or a racker that goes a mile or two like mischief, and is done for the rest of the journey."

Mrs. Spiggs, will you be helped to a small piece of turkey? Yes, my dear Mr. Wilkins, I will. What part do you prefer, my dear Mrs. Spiggs? I will have a couple of the wings—a couple of the legs some of the breast the side-bone, some filling, and a few dumplings, as I do feel very unwell to day?

A THRILLING SKETCH.

"Join us in the pledge, Colonel; surely you will not refuse me," said a beautiful bride, emerging from a bevy of bridesmaids and extending a glass of brimming champagne as she spoke.

The gentleman whom she addressed had studiously refrained, during the evening, from drinking any of the costly wine, prepared for the guests. But finding himself the object of general attention—for when the bride spoke every eye was upon him—he colored, stammered a few indistinct words, took the glass, and bowing gracefully drank long life and happiness to the bride.

"I told you I should succeed," said the young and happy creature, her eyes sparkling with triumph, as she retired into the circle of bridesmaids. "I knew Col. Warren would not refuse me. What a pity he has got such puritanical notions in his head." He used to be foremost with a happy allusion or eloquent sentiment when the wine circulated.

No one was there to contradict this joyous but thoughtless creature, or to tell her that Colonel Warren's indulgence in wine nearly proved his ruin. He had been absent from his native city for some years, during which period he had formed a resolution not to drink, in consequence of a conviction of his own weakness. On his return, his old associates in vain persuaded him to alter his determination. On various festive occasions they had endeavored to induce him to join them in pledging each other, but his answer had always been the same. This was the first time, since his return, that wine had been introduced in the presence of ladies. It was resolved to try whether the influence of the sex would not break a resolution which more than one felt to be a reproach on himself. How the scheme succeeded we have seen.

No pen can adequately describe the emotions of Col. Warren during the moment he hesitated before taking the proffered glass from the bride. He was chivalrous to a fault in his demeanor to the sex, and had never been known to refuse a favor asked by a woman. The bride was the daughter of his early friend, a cherished treasure, whom he had many a time dandled on his knee, and whom he had never done any thing to slight or pain. He stood as he were, irresolute for a moment, hesitating between fears for the result, and a dislike to disoblige his favorite on this her wedding night. But at length he had fatally yielded.

Little did the young bride think of the dreadful issue of her tempting words and smiles. Little did she dream that the hankering love for wine which had once reduced her victim to the verge of confirmed imbecility, would awake again at the taste of that glass and rage with more violence than ever. Young, happy and thoughtless, she looked only at the present triumph without considering the result. How then was she surprised to hear, a few months after her marriage, that Col. Warren had become an imbecile—that he rarely retired to bed unless in a state of intoxication, and that in consequence his fine person was becoming disfigured, and his large fortune wasting away. She shuddered, but still did not think of her own agency in the matter, and, when next she met him, with the privilege of youth and beauty, ventured to plead with him on the subject.

"Madam," said, he in reply, and the melancholy and somewhat stern tone in which he spoke never left her memory, "it is too late! I was once as I am now—I rallied, took a resolution never to drink again—I broke that resolution, you know how, and when; and now I am a hopeless imbecile."

He turned and left her presence. Her eyes were opened. Oh, bitterly did she reproach herself for having spoken those fatal words. For nights she could not sleep. She sought again and again to see her victim, but he shunned her presence. They never met again but once. Reader! would you know how?

Some years after, on a cold, bleak morning in January, a travelling sleigh, drawn by two splendid horses, was thrashing along the turnpike between Norristown and Philadelphia. There had been a snow storm during the night, and flakes lay piled against the fences and banks, where they had been driven by the ice winds which swept down from the hills beyond the Schuylkill. The sky was still overcast; the wind yet raged violently, and it was intensely cold. Few scenes can be more desolate. Houses, barns, trees, and hay racks, were covered with snow, and the cattle covering in the sheds, seemed everywhere to beseech the sky in vain. As the sleigh, with its merry bells, whirled down the long hill that leads to Manayung turnpike, the horses suddenly shied, nearly precipitating the vehicle into an opposite snow bank. A lady slightly screamed and looked out in alarm from the furs that enveloped her; but seeing no cause for danger, she was about to order the driver to proceed, when her little boy, pointing to the object which had startled the horses, said,—"Mother, what can that be in the road? Is surely it is a man's hat?"

The lady turned. In the centre of the highway was a pile of drifted snow a little longer than a human body. One end of the pile had been blown away, disclosing, as the boy said, a man's hat.

"Gracious heaven!" she exclaimed. "can it be that some poor wretch has frozen to death here? James," and she turned to the footman, "go and see."

With interest the lady watched while the servant brushed away the snow. In a few seconds it was apparent that a corpse was indeed there, and not long before the

cause of the man's death was evident in an empty jug beside him. The spectators breathlessly awaited while the ice cakes were being removed from the face, for the lady was within a short distance of her home, and thought that perhaps she might recognize the being. She stepped out of the sleigh and approached the corpse. "Colonel Warren!" she said, becoming ghastly pale, and staggering; "Colonel Warren dying thus, a common drunkard! Oh! just Heaven this is too much!"

And thus the victim and his destroyer met for the last time. It was the once thoughtless bride who now stood above the corpse.

AWFUL SCENE AT AN EXECUTION.—A correspondent of the Jackson (Tenn.) Whig thus notices a scene, at the execution of J. M. Riley, near that place, on the 8th ult., for the murder of William Willis, which seem to have struck terror to the stoutest hearts:

"On arriving at the gallows, a dark cold which had previously arose in the west, over-spread the entire firmament with its murky folds, and caused consternation around. Every thing was now in confusion. As the thick masses of clouds gathered their folds deeper and deeper overhead, the crowd below partook of the character of the descriptive elements above. Nature seemed in convulsions. All was dismay, confusion, and consternation! A single blaze of lightning, in its gyrations, struck a tree near where the gallows was erected, and lighted it up in one sulphurous flame. The rain descended in torrents, the vivid lightning flashed around, the muttering thunder rumbled along the thick folds of clouds, and horror seized upon the hearts of the people. The women fell into swoons, and the men trembled upon them as they hurried to and fro, frightened out of their wits. All was confusion and uproar! Trees falling, on every side—the thunder roaring over-head, and the lightning in their faces—caused in the crowd a panic never before witnessed. Those that were on horses rushed from the place as if Old Nick was after them. All thought they saw the devil, and those that did not leave, staid there from physical inability to get away, for they were too much frightened to leave.

A GEORGIA WEDDING.—The preacher was prevented from taking his part of the ceremony, and a newly created Justice of the Peace, who chanced to be present was called upon to officiate in his place. The good man's knees began to tremble, for he had never tied the knot, and did not know where to begin. He had no Georgia Justice, or any other book from which to read the marriage service. The company was arranged in a semicircle, each one bearing a tallow candle. He thought over every thing he had ever learned even to.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November,
but all in vain, he could not recollect nothing that suited the occasion. A suppressed titter all over the room admonished him that he must proceed with something, and in the agony of desperation he began—

Know all men by these presents, that I—here he paused, and looked up to the ceiling while an audible voice in a corner of the room was heard to say:

He is drawing a deed to a tract of land, and they all laughed.

In the name of God, amen! he began again, only to hear another voice in a loud whisper say:

He's making his will; I thought he couldn't live long, he looks so powerful bad.

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray,—was the next essay, when some erudite gentleman remarked:

He is not dead but sleeping.
Oh yes! Oh! continued the Squire.
A voice replied, Oh no! Oh no! don't let's.

Some person out doors sung out Come into court! and the laughter was general. The bride was near fainting, and the Squire was not far from it; being an indefatigable man, however, he began again.

To all and singular, the shar—
Let's run; he's going to level on us, said two or three at once.

Here a gleam of light flashed across the face of the Squire. He ordered the bride and groom to hold up their hands, and in a solemn voice said:

You, and each of you, do solemnly swear, in the presence of the present company that you will perform towards each other, all, and singular, the functions of husband and wife as the case may be, to the best of your knowledge and ability, so help you God!

Good as wheat? exclaimed the father of the bride.—Stanford Advocate.

A Texas editor gives the following as the most effectual and approved mode of killing fleas in that region:

Place the animal on a pine board, and hedge him round with putty; then read him an account of all the railroad and steamboat accidents which have happened within the last twelve months; when he has become so frightened as not to be able to stir, draw out his teeth, and he will starve to death.

Husband, do you believe in special judgments of Providence upon individuals in this life?

Yes, my dear.

Do you, indeed? Did one of the judgments ever happen to you?

Yes, my love.

When was it, husband?

When I married you, dear.