EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to the South and Southern Rights, Politics, Latest News, 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."

SIMKINS, DURISOE & CO., Proprietors. EDGEFIELD, S. C., OCTOBER 21, 1857. VOL. XXII.---NO. 41.

FALL TRADE!

H. L. CUNNINGHAM & CO.,
GROCERS AND PROVISION MERCHANTS,
AND DEALERS IN
FOREIGN WINES & LIQUORS,
HAMBURG, S. C.

WE take this opportunity of returning thanks to our patrons and friends for the very liberal encouragement and favors we have received for several years past, and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Our highest aims, and best endeavors will be to merit and deserve the patronage of our old customers, friends and the public generally, by conducting our business as we have done heretofore, and increasing our reputation for

Low Prices and Fair Dealing,

And making it to the decided advantage of all who favor us with their trade.

The increased patronage we have received and are continually receiving has induced us to BUY A LARGE and WELL ASSORTED Stock of Goods, in order to meet the growing demands and increase of trade.

The Superior Quality

Of all Goods offered to the Public at this establishment, is so well known that very little need be said upon this subject. But with the unity of LOW PRICES, and the VERY BEST QUALITY OF GOODS, is the system of business the subscribers are determined to carry out. This will be made applicable to every branch of their business.

Our Goods in all instances will be what they are represented to be—and when sold by sample, shall always be in conformity with the sample.

We are constantly receiving and have in Store a COMPLETE ASSORTMENT of

GROCERIES,

—consisting of—

LOAF, CRUSHED, CLARIFIED, ST. CROIX AND ORLEANS SUGARS,
ORLEANS SYRUP & CUBA MOLASSES,
TENNESSEE AND BALTIMORE BACON,
LARD, SODA, STARCH,
SOAP, CANDLES,
WHITE WINE AND APPLE VINEGARS, &c.

—Also—

A large assortment of

WINES AND LIQUORS,

Consisting of Pipes, Half Pipes and Quarter Casks of

IMPORTED BRANDIES,

Of the following celebrated Brands and Vintages,

Otard, Dupy & Co.,	1838, 1844, 1847.
Alex. Signett,	1852, 1855.
Martel & Co.,	1847.
Azarat Signett,	1849.
J. J. Dupy,	1848.
P. Sigbett,	1850.

OLD BORDEAUX AND CHAMPAGNE BRANDIES.

—ALSO—

MADEIRA, PORT AND SHERRY WINES,
HOLLAND GIN,
JAMAICA AND ST. CROIX RUMS,
GIBSON'S EAGLE WHISKEY, AND
Domestic Liquors of all kinds!

THE ARRANGEMENTS of our Store are such as to make this Establishment in fact the substitute of the cellar of every consumer.

HOTELS and persons wanting small assorted lots of Choice Wines and Liquors for special occasions, can be supplied at the shortest notice.

COUNTRY TRADE supplied at the wholesale prices.

☞FAMILIES can command the best Table Wines at very low prices, as also the cheapest sorts of Wines and Liquors for culinary purposes.

PHYSICIANS requiring fine Liquors for medical purposes are particularly solicited to call and examine our Stock.

We keep constantly on hand a

LARGE VARIETY

Of Saddles, Bridles, Martingales, Whips, Saddle Blankets, Bed Blankets, several Cases of fine Sewed and Pegged Boots and Shoes, Ladies, Misses and Children's Shoes, Waterproof Hunting and Ditcher's Boots, Boys and Men's Brogans from No 1 to 15, Fur, Wool and Silk Hats, Cloth, Plush and Fancy Caps, Osnaburgs, Sheetings, Shirtings, Stripes, Georgia Plains, Gunny and Dundee Bagging, Bale Rope, Twine, &c., &c.

We solicit CASH ORDERS from parties not visiting our Town, and will endeavor in all instances to satisfy in every particular, all who confide their orders to us.

Persons visiting this Market are earnestly solicited to give us a call before they make their purchases. We are determined to make it to their advantage by selling them their supplies LOWER than they can buy them elsewhere.

☞ We will give the market price for Cotton, and every other kind of produce offered.

HENRY SOLOMON.
H. L. & G. C. CUNNINGHAM.
Hamburg, Sept. 30 1857 6m 38

CORN SHELLERS,
—AND—
Self-Sharpening Straw Cutters!

E. PENN, Agent, has just received and offers for sale a supply of the most approved article of CORN SHELLERS. Also, a large Stock of those celebrated Self-Sharpening STRAW CUTTERS. The farmers will please send in their orders.
Sept 2 tf 34

Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature, to vest one half of the escheated estate of Charles McGregor, late of Edgefield District, in the Trustees of the Edgefield Male Academy.
Sept. 30 3m 38

Head-Quarters,

9th REGIMENT, S. C. M. }
TUCKER'S POND, Oct. 12, 1857. }

IN Pursuance of an order received from Gen. W. C. MORAGNE, an election will be held at the Company Muster Grounds of the Upper Battalion, on the 27th November, for MAJOR of said Battalion. By order of J. W. TOMPKINS, Col.
Oct 14 7t 40

Notice

IS hereby given that Mrs. EMILY CARROLL, wife of EDWARD G. CARROLL residing in Hamburg, but late of Graniteville, Edgefield District, intends to become a sole trader in one month from this date. EMILY CARROLL.
Witness, BENJAMIN BAIRD.
Hamburg, Oct. 6th 1857 4t 39

Notice

IS hereby given that CATHERINE H. GREENE, the wife of COLUMBUS A. GREENE of Edgefield District, residing near Hamburg, in said District, intends to become a sole trader within one month from this date.
CATHERINE H. GREENE.
Witness, BENJAMIN BAIRD.
Hamburg, Oct. 7th 1857 4t 39

Notice.

ALL Persons indebted to the Estate of James S. Shadrack, dec'd., are earnestly requested to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the said Estate will render them in properly attested. H. BURNETT, T. M. FISHER. } Ad'ors
Mar 11 tf 9

Choice Poetry.

THE OLD FOLKS ARE GONE.

Far, far in distant lands I've wander'd,
Sadly and lone,
My heart was ever turning southward,
To all the dear ones at home;
Here, after all my weary roaming,
At early dawn,
I've come and find the cot still standing,
But, oh, the Old Folks are gone.

CHORUS.—Here I wander sad and lonely,
In the dear old home,
Those that I loved so well and fondly,
All, all the old folks are gone.

Here's where I frolick'd with my brother
Under the tree,
Here's where I knelt beside my mother,
From care and sorrow free.
Still sing the little birds as sweetly,
At night and morn,
Still runs the little brook as sweetly,
But O, the old folks are gone.
Here I wander sad and lonely, &c.

Down where the old banana's waving,
They're laid to rest,
Where Swanee's peaceful water's laving
The green turf o'er their breast;
But there's a home I know, where parting
Never can come;
Oh, for that home I must be starting,
There's where the old folks are gone.
Here I wander sad and lonely, &c.

IF YOUR FOOT IS PRETTY, SHOW IT.

If your foot is pretty show it
No matter where nor when;
Let all fair maidens know it,
The foot takes all the men.
The face so fair and lovely,
May charm the gazer's eye;
But if the foot is homely,
He'll quickly pass her by.

If your foot is pretty show it,
When you trip along the street;
For it will catch the eager eyes
Of every man you meet;
Don't toss your glossy ringlets,
Nor pout your lips so sweet,
But gently lift your petticoats,
And show your handsome feet.

If your foot is pretty, show it,
At concert, ball and fair;
For the small pedal index,
Tells WHERE your GRACES are.
The figure may deceive me,
All hooped and padded o'er;
But let my eye survey the foot,
I ask to see no more.

If your foot is pretty show it,
If you wish to catch the beaux,
No longer hide the tell-tale charm
Beneath so many clothes.
A graceful foot betrays a form,
Of rare and faultless grace;
Full, rounded limbs it doth reveal,
For FANCY's eye to trace.

If your foot is pretty, show it,
Yes show it when you can;
'Twill help your other lovely charms,
To win some nice young man.
The practiced eye may well distrust
A nicely PADDED BREAST;
But when it rests upon your foot,
It KNOWS OF ALL THE REST.

Miscellaneous Reading

ANOTHER HORSE STORY.

A keeper of a hotel not fifty miles from Boston is, or was, a famous man for horses—owned many, and was always ready for a trade in such cattle. He was sharp at a bargain, and was never known to make a move that did'nt count on his side, until the following happened, that proved an exception to the rule. He always had some particular horse on hand for every particular emergency of trade, and the adroitness of his operation in putting off a beast, was a subject for delighted approval on all hands among connoisseurs of that delightful and much-abused animal, the horse. No one ever traded with Staffle that did not confess himself satisfied, through satisfaction being a latitudinal word, did not always mean that the satisfaction was the ultimate of happiness in the trade—like the same term in connection with the duello.

There was a jolly cobbler whose name was Wax, that occupied a small shop near the hotel, to whom Staffle was accustomed to refer in case of any stick in a transaction, and he being a disinterested man, would decide on the matter of difference, always, however, by what was deemed a strange fatality, deciding in favor of Staffle. Some, however, went so far as to intimate that Staffle and the cobbler had talked the matter over previously, and had certain signs by which they understood each other.

When the stick came, then Staffle would say, "Well, well, we can't get a long any further. Now I'm willing to leave it out to a third party, and as Mr. Wax, round the corner, knows the value of the horse of I am swapping with you, he will be as good and candid an arbiter as we can find, and I guess I will call him." Mr. Wax would accordingly come out, leather apron and all, and, after looking at the matter candidly, would decide that Staffle receive a smart consideration as the difference in value, and this would settle it nine times in ten.

One day there came along a stranger with a pretty good horse, and it was at once the object of Staffle's interest. He examined the horse in all his points, and determined to have him. The determination worked itself up to a positive fever by the next morning, and when the stranger's horse was led out to be harnessed, Staffle stepped up and asked the owner, who was looking on seeing that the harness was properly adjusted, if he did'nt want to swap horses.

The stranger told him he had'nt the least objection, provided he could make a little something out of it.

"Well," said Mr. Staffle, "I am glad to hear you say so. John, bring out the red colt."

The red colt was accordingly trotted out. Its name was a misnomer. It was one of those animals that, having been called a colt when legitimately entitled to the appellation, had forfeited it by the offence of age, and was now sailing under false colors. The stranger looked at the 'colt,' and gave a whistle as he saw the discrepancy between the age and the title.

"Well," said he, at last, "how shall we trade? What are you willing to give to boot?"

"Boot!" said Staffle, with feigned surprise, "the boot must be on the other leg, I think."

"Ah!" said the man, "well, if you think so, we will stop negotiation. Good morning."

"Hold on," cried Staffle, "hold on—don't be in such a hurry. Suppose I should offer you—say, twenty-five dollars—how would that please you?"

"It would not please me at all," was the reply, "I shouldn't want to take less than eighty dollars."

"Well," said Staffle, "I can't do that, but I'll tell you what I will do—I'll leave it to somebody."

"Done," replied the stranger, "anything for a trade. Whom will you leave it to? Somebody, I hope, that knows what a good horse is."

"Never a better, sir," said Staffle, delightedly, "and here's just the man, of all others, that I would like to see, coming into the yard. Good morning, Mr. Wax."

Wax nodded good morning back again, and said so, and then stood with his hands under his apron looking at the horses.

"Mr. Wax," continued Staffle, "this gentleman and myself are about trading horses, and we want you to decide on the amount of boot that I am to pay him. You know what an excellent horse the "colt" is, and can judge by comparing the two what the difference should be."

"Mr. Wax, are, you a good judge of horses?" asked the stranger.

Mr. Wax nodded, and looked up into his face, as much as to say, "I should like to have you find a better one." He then proceeded gravely to examine the two, and after standing with his arms akimbo for some minutes said:

"I should think seventy-five dollars would be about right."

"Good," said the stranger, "five dollars isn't much in a trade. Give me seventy-five and take the horse."

Staffle was as red as a beet, and drawing out his pocket-book, he counted out seventy-five dollars, and paid them over. The transfer was made in silence and the stranger drove away. After he had gone, Staffle turned to Wax, who stood there very smilingly, saying:

"That was a devil of a trick you played me. What was you thinking of? Didn't you understand that the "colt" was mine?"

"Yes," replied Wax, "but you did'nt suspect that the other horse was mine, did you? I bought him yesterday on speculation."

A WOMAN'S ADVANTAGES.—A woman may say what she likes to you without the risk of getting knocked down for it.

She can take a snooze after dinner, while her husband has to go to work.

She can dress herself in neat and tidy calicoes for a dollar, which her husband has to earn and fork over.

She can go forth into the streets without being invited to treat at every coffee house.

She can paint her face if she is too pale, and flour it if too red.

She can stay at home in time of war and wed again if her husband is killed. She can wear corsets if too thick, other fixins if too thin.

She can eat drink and be merry without it costing her a cent.

She can get divorced from her husband whenever she sees any one she likes better.

And she can run into debt all over, until he warns the public by advertisement, not to trust her on his account any longer.

A humorous young man was driving a horse which was in the habit of stopping at every house on the roadside. Passing a country tavern, where were collected together some dozen countrymen, the beast, as usual, ran opposite the door, and then stopped in spite of the young man, who applied the whip with all his might to drive the horse on. The men on the porch commenced a hearty laugh, and some inquired if he would sell the horse.

"Yes," replied the young man; "but I cannot recommend him as he once belonged to a butcher, and stops whenever he hears the calves bleat"

The crowd retired to the bar in silence.

EXERCISES IN THE CATECHISM.—The great advantage of these is, that they secure the doctrinal instruction of the young. And for this their is, there can be no substitute. Religious history is good, and the precepts of religious knowledge is good; but doctrine is not only good, but it is better; nay, best. Doctrine is the substance of history, of precept, of all religious knowledge. Children brought up on sound doctrine are of more mature and vigorous growth, better able to comprehend the preaching of the Word, and thus in a position more favorably to salvation. And when regenerated, they are far more likely to continue steadfast in the faith, and to adorn their calling.

THE NEGRO'S HEAD—KEEP OUT OF THE WAY.—On Monday of last week, says the Tampa Peninsula of the 5th instant, While Capt. Parkhill was returning from his camp, from this place, the horse his servant (a strapping negro man,) was riding took fright and threw the rider. The head of the negro, in his descent, struck the leg of Capt. Parkhill's horse, breaking it, when it (the negro's head) glanced and struck a tree on the side of the road, peeling off the bark for several feet. The negro was stupified for an instant, but received no injury. It is supposed that he belongs to the "hard shell" persuasion.

SENTENCE OF DEATH AFTER TEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT.—The case of James Copeland which has been pending for some ten years, was tried a few days since, at Augusta, Mississippi, and resulted in his conviction of murder in the first degree. Copeland was charged with killing one James A. Harvey, and has been found guilty twice before by the juries of the country, yet, by resorting to the technicalities of the law, he has been enabled to gain trial after trial to the present time. On the verdict being rendered the Judge pronounced upon him the sentence of death, ordering him to be executed Friday, the 30th of October. To be hung, after ten years, awful imprisonment in a miserable county jail, is rather a hard case.

HONOR BRIGHT.—Times like the present, test the integrity of men of business. Like the crucible to gold, so is a panic to the characters of those affected by it. An exchange says truly that:

The men who will best succeed in these times will be men of courage, who will struggle to the last to pay every claim. Compassion will also be much needed, for there must and will be much suffering. And of all the community he will be the most deserving who can find profitable employment for the greatest number of working people. Above all things, let personal honor and integrity be kept above suspicion by those who have yet retained it. There is no loss so great or so injurious to society as the loss of these. The word of an honest man, his bearing and his very look, will inspire wholesome confidence when banks fail, and all securities are prostrate. The real bankruptcy of the country would be the bankruptcy of these, should they fail. Alas! they have already failed in individual cases of high trust; but the great majority of our people will rise from all these troubles with a firmer conviction that "righteousness exalteth a nation."

From the Marion American.

THE PALMETTOES IN MEXICO.

BY ONE OF THE TWO HUNDRED.

NEW SERIES—NO. IV.

In writing these chapters, I must parenthesize occasionally, a little conversation with the Palmettoes. Within the last week I have been pleased to receive many new subscribers. Among them is Col. A. H. Gladden. He was at Buncombe Springs in North Carolina, and will soon return to New Orleans. Captain Sumter writes me a letter in regard to the members of his company. It tells a sad tale.

"There are few of us here indeed; some are dead, and some are gone to the West."

Lt. Secrest sends me an interesting letter communicating some important facts. Speaking of the youthfulness of his company, (co. I,) which numbered 77 men he says.

"There were but four men over 30 years of age. The ages of the remainder ranged from 17 to 28, and most of them were from 20 to 22 years old." I hope *all the survivors*, privates as well as offices will write me a letter. I wish to hear anything they may remember, which they think worth recording. I also wish to hear how many of each company, are now living, their place of residence, and the names of those who have died since their return.

A lady writes me,

"I received the two last Americans to-day. I am very anxious for the Palmettoes to get to fighting. My scrap book is increasing now. You remember I told you that I was preserving the sketches of the Palmettoes in Mexico." Shame on your bloody mindedness, Miss Rebecca. Do you want the poor fellows to be killed over again, before their time? Be patient and I will let you sup on horrors, dream of ghosts, and breakfast on blood.

"If you have tears prepare to shed them, *then*
The subject will deserve it."

The hardships of the Palmettoes began from the very day when they left home. The call was sudden and unexpected, the response was immediate, and the march was hurried, and precipitate. In the bleak month of December, through mud and rain, they made forced marches to the place of rendezvous. It was a commingling of men from mountain and from sea, from highland and from lowland. The city, the town, the village, the hamlet, and the country each sent its representatives who met as strangers, strangely united in a common cause, and a common fate.

"Each valley, each sequestered glen
Mustered its little horde of men,
That met, as torrents from the height
In highland dales their streams unite,
Still gathering as they pour along
A voice more loud, a tide more strong
Till at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds, prompt for blows and blood."

About the 20th of December all had reached Charleston. Having been mustered into service, to serve "during the war with Mexico," the regiment was ordered to strike camp about five miles from Hamburg. We received orders to march to Mobile, Alabama, which was selected as the port of embarcation. On the 1st day of January, 1847, the right wing of the regiment, under command of Lt. Col. Dickenson crossed the Savannah river at Augusta. "The Governor accompanied them to the middle of the bridge, the limit of his jurisdiction, and having blessed them, and sent them forth to serve their country, there he stood until the new bright banners of the companies disappeared from the view, and he heard the booming cannon of Augusta's hearty welcome. Then silent and *in tears* slowly he turned his steps,—his warm and swelling heart, no doubt, oppressed by some sad presentiment of the fate of many a joyous youth sent forth never to return."*

The right wing was taken by railroad to Griffin, Georgia, from which point they marched on foot to Notasulga, Alabama.

On the second day of January, the left wing, under Major Gladden, was conveyed on the cars to Atlanta, Georgia. We struck our tents in the morning, and marched to Augusta, where cars were engaged to convey us to Atlanta. About four o'clock in the evening we crossed the Savannah. We were halted upon the bridge, to take a last, lingering, and fond look upon our native State, which so many of us were never to see again. We fired a salute of musketry to "our native land," cast the last look upon its blue horizon, and wiped the involuntary tears that flowed from eyes unused to weeping. But the struggle of feeling was soon over,—the order to "march" was given, and to the sound of martial music, the booming of hospitable cannon, the wavings of ladies' handkerchiefs, and with every demonstration of welcome, sympathy, and admiration, we marched through Augusta. I received one act of humble hospitality which I can never forget. Near the depot was a poor and humble family, who lived in a neat little cottage. A little girl about ten years old, came to me, and begged me to go home with her. There was in her face such a genuine expression of benevolence and sympathy, that I accepted the invitation. Her mother and father who were French, gave me the warmest and kindest welcome, and soon the little table was set, and a hot supper spread before me. The mother and daughter evinced the most affectionate solicitude for me. "Had I a father?" No. "Had I a mother?" No. Poor little fellow so lonely and bereaved, and I was "going to the bloody wars to be killed?" Amid a shower of prayers and benedictions, from the kind old woman, and the tears of her little daughter, I left them, under a promise that if ever I got back, I would call at "the little house with two chimnies" and see them again.

The old lady had sent her daughter with instructions to bring home "a soldier" with her. She was to make the selection, and I was the fortunate favorite. I was then a stripling, smooth-faced boy, pale with study, and I suppose my youthfulness excited the sympathy of the little girl. It was singular good fortune to have got a good hot supper just before starting, for it was the only meal I had for nearly two days. This may be thought, and doubtless is, a trifling incident, but it illustrates, the kindness and *patriotism* of a poor, ignorant woman. Her country was at war, its soldiers were at her door, and she felt a patriotic wish to do an humble act of kindness to one of them. She therefore cooked a hot supper and commissioned her little daughter to go and bring home "a soldier."

About sundown on the 2d of January we left and on the next night reached Atlanta. Then Atlanta was a little village of 300 population. The railroad had just reached there and it had just begun its magical rise to importance. It now has 10,000 population. The weather was raw, cold, and wet. The rain fell in a constant sluice, the heavens were dark as Erebus, and the cold chilling wind blew fiercely upon us. We had nothing to eat, and nowhere to sleep. My supper that night was a hard sea-biscuit and a fat slice of bacon, broiled on a sharp stick, over a pine knot fire. My bed that night was on unplained plank, six inches wide, in a damp and foetid box car.

The next day we struck camp about a mile from Atlanta. We were poorly provided with tents, and the continuous and pelting rains kept us wet to the skin. We were detained two or three days at Atlanta, before we could get waggons to transport our baggage and equipage. About the 6th of January we took up the line of march for Notasulga, Ala., a distance of 150 miles. Our hardships were very great. The government had not furnished tents or equipage, or given us a dollar of money. We had no government officer with us with funds or credit, to supply us even with provisions. The State of South Carolina lent us the few tents we had, and also our arms. At our own expense, and with our private funds we supplied ourselves. It rained nearly every day, during the ten days of our march, and with clothes saturated with water, we laid down at night upon damp ground and wet blankets. Pneumonias and other diseases were thus contracted which in a few weeks decimated the ranks of the regiment. Most of us were boys, inexperienced in hardships, tenderly raised, and not capable of making the best of our circumstances.

The Georgians treated us generously, and hospitably. In every village we passed, the whole population turned out to greet and welcome us, and many gentlemen hearing of our coming had large quantities of provisions cooked which were freely given to us. Others, of less soul, furnished it for the money.

I will here digress a little to tell a romantic little incident. As we passed the village of Newnan, late in the evening, I determined to remain that night, as I had several letters to write. I told my college chum, who was with me, of my intention. He also concluded to stay. Our extreme youthfulness and *handsomeness* (we were handsome boys) obtained for us peculiar favor, especially with the ladies. A beautiful girl was one of our company at tea. My chum was an eloquent talker, and a captivating fellow every way, and before we rose from the table he had won at least one heart. I went to my room to write—he went to the parlor, and remained there till eleven. He came up late, and told me he intended to stay "a few days." I left him next morning, and did not see him again until he overtook us at Mobile. He showed me a lock of silken, jet-black hair. He was engaged to the beautiful maiden, but death forbade the bans. He was killed at Chepultepec. As I stepped over his body, weltering in blood, I thought of his beautiful betrothed—not to be his bride. Poor Heyward—

"Green be the turf above thee
Friend of my better days."

After a march of ten days we reached Notasulga, which was then the terminus of the Alabama railroad. A pleasant ride of a few hours in open cars, brought us to Montgomery about 4 o'clock in the evening, about the 17th day of January. We were drawn up in a line to receive the visits and congratulations of the citizens, and then marched to the river, where the Steamboat William Bradstreet, which had been chartered, was waiting for us.

* Gen. McGowan's address before the Palmetto Association.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE.

It is a common impression that the spirit of religious intolerance does not exist in this country—yet we have received evidence enough to convince us that this is a great mistake. In our own State, intolerance and bigotry have exhibited themselves in a marked manner. We do not hesitate to say that the proceedings to which we refer call for the greatest rebuke from those who would oppose, as exceedingly pernicious, such narrow and contracted views of things.

We allude to the recent action of the *Associate Reformed Church*, as reported in the *Telescope* and epitomized in the Yorkville *Enquirer*. That paper says:

"Dr. Boyce, from the committee to furnish suitable testimony against dancing, submitted the following objections: '1. It has a dissipating effect upon the mind and disqualifies it for sober thought or religious duties. 2. We testify against promiscuous dancing because it leads to excess.
* * * * * * *
3. We testify against it because it brings its votaries into contaminating associations.' These sentiments were adopted by the Presbytery.

Again:

"A member of the Tirza congregation was suspended from the church for marrying the sister of his deceased wife, and required to appear at the bar of Presbytery and show cause for his delinquency."

These now are the two points of the proceedings of the Church referred to, upon which we are animadverting. They involve matters with which we think that body have nothing to do. To characterize thus, without Scriptural warrant, the acts of dancing, and marrying a deceased wife's sister—this, we contend, is an unwarrantable interference with the freedom of private action. We shall not attempt to prove that there can be no sin in dancing, nor that there is no sin in marrying the sister of a deceased wife—these matters we are content to leave to the judgment of impartial christians. When we read of the threatened censures of the *Associate Reformed Church* with regard to things that concern not it, we turn to Papal Bulls of by-gone days, and ask are extremes going to meet.—*South Carolinian.*

THE APPRENTICE SYSTEM IN CUBA.—Late letters from Havana state on the island the landings of slaves were frequent and carried on in the most undisguised manner. The flags of France, Holland and the United States were displayed by the traders. Five hundred and ninety-nine free colonists from China had been sent ashore from two vessels, one of which lost sixty coolies by death on the passage. They come by way of St. Helena. On some of the estates these unfortunates were cruelly lashed, and suicides were so frequent amongst them that a government investigation of the causes which led to it took place, when a revolting state of management was exposed. Fourteen thousand eight hundred and ninety one Asiatics had been set ashore during the year up to the 23d ult., and two thousand three hundred and four others had died on the passage. A cargo of Africans was landed at the Punra Castle on the 18th, which filled forty volantes, in which these were driven off to the plantations. The captain and crew escaped. The American bark Mazeppa had been captured by a Spanish cruiser as a slaver. She had severel hundred negroes and the small pox aboard.

PORTER'S SPIRIT, in "answers to correspondents," has the following. Wonder how the applicant felt when he perused it:

"HARD ROAD."—We cannot get you a set of loaded dice, but we can get you a pair of handcuffs.

WHAT SAY THE ABOLITIONISTS TO THIS?—Kelley Lowe, pastor of the African Church, Augusta, Georgia, was originally a slave, but his people bought him some years ago, and (as Zion's Advocate says) "he is their servant pecuniarily as well as spiritually." They allow him a salary of from $800 to $1,000 per annum.

"Turn out, turn out, or I'll serve you as I did a man t'other day," hallooed a Jonathan, who was about comming in contact with a dandy in a fine gig. The affrighted beau turned, sadly terrified at the mysterious threat, and as Jonathan was passing asked him how he served the other man? "Why, I turned out myself."

From the Greenville Patriot & Mountaineer.

THE NEXT SENATOR—COL. PICKENS.

We have already expressed our preference of Col. Pickens as the successor of Judge Butler in the Senate of the United States. We know of no one in the State more fit for the position, under existing circumstances. Col. Pickens has been long in the service of his State, and was for many years distinguished as a debater in the House of Representatives of the United States. He has shown his disinterestedness and patriotism by refusing all the high federal honors which have been tendered him. He is a ready debater, and that is what the State needs in the Senate at this time, to repel the assaults made on her, and vindicate her policy and the policy of the country. Col. Pickens is a gentleman of great information, and a ripe scholar. No one has more thoroughly studied the true principles of our Government and the policy of the State. He has always been a State Rights man of the strictest school, and yet a liberal statesman, with enlarged views of public policy. He is the owner of a large fortune invested in South Carolina in lands and negroes. If any son of the State is worthy of being trusted by her, we think Col. Pickens is, from his interest in the State, his honor and integrity and disinterestedness as a politician, his talents and ability, his ancestral inheritance, and every feeling of pride and duty which can operate on the human mind.

Col. Pickens is a Democrat in feeling and principle. He believes in the intelligence and patriotism of the people. He recognizes the people as the source of all power, and thinks they should exercise directly as much political power as is consistent with their feelings and wishes. He is for maintaining the rights of the South by acting with the Southern people, who have a common interest and a common cause with us in South Carolina. In thus maintaining and defending our constitutional rights, he will gladly accept the aid of the Democrats, North, East and West, who will fight with us and stand on our platform. Whilst we can maintain our equality in the Union, he will gladly preserve the Union, and no longer.

At present we have the Executive, a majority of the Senate, a majority of the House of Representatives, and the Federal Judiciary with us, and he is not disposed to despair of the Republic. The South is united, and a portion of the North, sufficiently strong to give us the power of the Government, is acting with us. In other words, the South is at the head of the Government, and with a party at the North, has the control of it. This is the very condition we remember to have heard Mr. Calhoun express his ardent desire to see the country in. In regard to the present administration, Col. Pickens is disposed to sustain it, so long as it sustains the Constitution and the rights of the States.

DARING BALLOON ASCENSION AT ALBANY.—*Narrow Escape.*—Professor Marion made a balloon ascension from Albany on the 1st inst. At the first attempt the balloon struck against a tree and was badly torn. The *Journal*, however, says:

"The rents were at once sewn up, and, considerably excited, the professor determined to try again. He cut loose the basket, tied the suspension ropes in a knot together, and seating himself on the knot, clinging with his hands to the ropes, away, in his critical position, he went, leaving ballast, grapnels and everything else behind, and rose with considerable rapidity, having for his support only the cords pendent from the balloon. It was really a fearful sight to see him clinging to the little net-work of cords which was alone interposed between him and certain destruction. When about two hundred feet up, in attempting to change his position, he appeared to lose his hold, and pitched head downward, as though about dashing to the earth, which caused a thrill of horror to the spectators. It was at this time he lost his cap. He, however, recovered himself, and the ascension to quite a distance was grand, when the balloon took a southerly direction, and the last seen of it was at the hills back of Greenbush. He landed in a swamp five miles beyond Sand Lake, having traveled fifteen miles. He was almost perished with cold, and was taken to a farmer's house, where he was kindly cared for.

HALL'S STUMP MACHINE.—The Maine papers comment very favorably on this new machine. They say it can be easily worked by three men. It consists merely of two upright wooden posts about two feet apart, standing on feet and supporting a three inch iron shaft having a small rachet wheel at each end. A chain is passed under one of the main roots of the stump, and attached to the shaft—and then with capstan bars of eight feet in length, an immense power is brought to bear on the shaft, and the stump raised so far that the roots are detached from their hold upon the ground. The stump is then propped up on one side three feet high, and the earth on the stump soon dries and can be rattled back into the hole, leaving the ground smooth. They saw the stump of a tree three feet in diameter, raised in about fifteen minutes. With three men the machine, it is said, will remove sixty or more ordinary stumps per day.

SOME of the papers are lecturing women upon extravagance in dress, and advising them to retrench, especially during the present financial difficulty. Doubtless there are many cases of an unwarrantable extravagance in this way; but do people ever consider that two or three glasses of brandy and half a dozen regalias indulged in daily by a man, to say nothing of five and ten dollar dinners, amount to more in a year than would be required to dress a woman up to the full requirements of fashion?

A PHYSICIAN PUTTING TOO MUCH CONFIDENCE IN HIS OWN MEDICINE.—A German doctor at Urbana, Ill., the manufacturer of snake bite medicine, caught a rattlesnake on the prairie, and took it home and offered to let the snake bite him every time any person bought a box of his medicine, for one dollar. On Sunday of last week, while fooling with his pet, it bit him in his hand. He applied his medicine without effect. On Monday he sent for a doctor, but too late—he died the same day.—Chicago Journal.

TRIPLES.—A lady residing near the Augusta Springs, in this county, presented her husband with three fine boys, on the night of the 27th ultimo. The weight of the smallest was 5¾ pounds, and the aggregate weight of the whole amount to 17½ pounds. The little fellows and their mother were doing well when last heard from. This has been a great crop year.—Staunton Vindicator.

OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.—Under this caption, the editor of the Raleigh Register indites the following very pertinent interrogatories:

It is estimated that 100,000 operatives at the North will be out of employment at the end of this year. Will the Abolitionist, the philanthropists who discourse so touchingly on the horrors of slavery, tell us what is to be done with these poor people thus turned adrift in the depth of a Northern winter? Will their condition be comparable in point of comfort, with that of the Southern slave, warmly clad and sheltered; and sleek with his "hog and hominy?" Cuffee knows nothing and cares as little about pressures, protests and discounts. He knows he will be fed and clothed, and that if his owner cannot do it, he will be sold to another who can. Isn't *Cuff* better off than *Pathric* or *Hans*, Mr. Greely.

For the Advertiser.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF W. H. ALDRICH.

Sadly we think of thy too early doom!
Mournfully gaze on thy newly made tomb!
Strew lovely flowers above thy young breast!
Bedew with love's tears the green spot of thy rest!

No longer thy voice shall among us be heard,
No longer thy heart by wild passions be stirred;
No longer will hope thee confiding deceive,
No longer will sorrow terrestrial grieve.

No! ne'er shall we gaze on thy manly young form,
Cold is the heart that beat ardently warm;
Fixed is the eye brightly beaming, for now
The sod of the valley rests on thy young brow.

Friends, loving hearts will your mem'ry embalm;
And tho' thoughts of your bliss our sorrow will calm!
Yet still must affection repiningly weep,
O'er the mound where in death you now silently sleep. BENARDO.

Graniteville, S. C., Sept. 28th 1857.

For the Advertiser.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a Conference Meeting of the members of Providence Church, Cherokee Co. Ga., held on the 19th Sept. 1857, the following Preamble and Resolutions, in regard to the death of JEREMIAH COOK, Sr., were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, death has once more been in our midst. The object of its prey has been our beloved and esteemed brother JEREMIAH COOK, Sr. And Whereas, it pleased Almighty God on the evening of the 11th of August last, to remove from our midst, our aged and esteemed brother Jeremiah Cook, Sr. Be it therefore

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of our heavenly father, yet we deeply deplore his absence from among us.

Resolved, That we entertain due regard and cherish the kindest feelings to the memory of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That we recognised in him the true friend, the substantial citizen, the good neighbor, and above all, the devoted Christian.

Resolved, That in his death this Church, has lost a worthy member; the community, an exemplary citizen; the poor, one who never had a deaf ear to their cries; his companion, an affectionate husband; his children, a tender parent; and his servants, an indulgent master.

Resolved, That although his seat in this Church is forever vacant, yet we anticipate he is

"With Christ at rest—
Our brother now inherits
Thro' his atoning death and precious merits,
Eternal joys."

"The purchase of his blood
Redeemed from world, and sin, and cares terrestial,
He joins the hosts of ransom'd souls in songs celestial;
And in salvation's garments drest,
Enjoys sweet rest."

Resolved, That in regard for our deceased brother, we will cherish his memory in transmitting these Resolutions on our Church book.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the Editor of the Edgefield *Advertiser*, with a request that he publish them.

F. M. HAWKINS, Mod'r.
J. S. JAMES, Clerk.

HUGH SWINTON LAGARE.

Now that the remains of this gifted South Carolinian have been committed, or are about to be committed, to the soil of his native State, the following allusion to him will be perused with interest. The extract is from R. Barnwell Rhett's oration on Calhoun:

"Hugh S. Legare was a man of too much heart for politics. His French temperament, quick to resent, yet easy to forgive, warm, guileless and confiding, rendered him too unhappy and too disappointed when tossed on the boisterous and adverse waves of public life. He had none of that cold patience or buoyant hope, which often makes disaster the occasion of after rejoicing, or defeat the means of awakening new and higher energies. Yet he had a genius capable of mastering every science—an industry which traveled with untiring steps over the whole domain of literature—and a spirit of blazing intensity, which drew to itself and consumed all that was great or truthful or beautiful in the thoughts of other men. How often did his oratory resound in this hall—filling us with admiration at its pure and deep cadences? Vigorous thought, clothed in the drapery of the warmest and most nervous language, and borne on the wings of a lofty and impetuous spirit, characterized his striking powers in debate. Alas! the eagle fell as he reached the mountain top! He died on the very summit, where his glorious scholarship, mighty attainments, and brilliant genius would have made him a name amongst the greatest statesmen of the world. Although he deemed himself slighted and wronged by his native State, he turned to her, to the last, with a full and yearning heart.

"Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versare,
Quam tui meminisse."

WELL SAID.—The New York Journal of Commerce says that "if the people showed half as much fear of the banks as some of the banks do of the people, not one of these institutions could maintain specie payments for eight and forty hours."

And yet there is no truth more palpable to the mind than that the people are far more solvent than the banks.

Scientific grape eating is as follows: In health, eat only the pulp; as a laxative, combine the seeds with the pulp; as a tonic, the skin with the pulp, ejecting the seeds. Thus you accomplish the gratification of your taste and ensure health.—Eat immediately after a regular meal.

The Atlantic cable is about the size of a dime in diameter. The outside is composed of eighteen strands of small wire; next is six strands of yarn; next three coats of gutta percha; inside of all are seven copper wires for telegraphing. The aggregate length of smaller wires required in the manufacture of one mile of the cable is 126 miles. It weighs 1,800 pounds to the mile, is quite flexible and it was estimated to be strong enough to bear in water over six miles of its own length if suspended vertically.

The whole capital of the company is $1,750,000, and has been taken in shares of $5,000 each. The proportions in which these shares have been taken are 101 in London, 88 in America, 86 in Liverpool, 37 in Glasgow, 28 in Manchester, and the remainder in other parts of England.

AN UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.—At an association dinner, debate arose as to the benefit of whipping in bringing up children. Old Mr. Morse took the affirmative. His opponent, a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not very high, affirmed that parents often did harm to their children by punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well" retorted the doctor, "it cured you, didn't it?" The doctor beat.—Evansville Journal.