

# Edgefield Advertiser.

June 25, 1862

SIMKINS, DERISOE & CO., Proprietors.

No. 25

## Darby and Joan.

The annexed fable, although perhaps not new to every reader, possesses a great deal of merit, and will richly reward all who read it for the few seconds they exhaust in attending to its details and moral. It teaches an admirable lesson, and one that may be diligently and profitably studied. The story of Darby and Joan is as old as the poles; but, we do not know to whom we are indebted for its funniest version.

When Darby saw the setting sun,  
He swung his scythe, and home he ran;  
Set down, drank off his pint, and said,  
"My work is done, I'll go to bed."  
"My work is done," retorted Joan—  
"My work is done," your constant tone;  
But hapless woman never can say  
"My work is done," till judgment day."

Here Darby heaved and scratched his head,  
To answer what his Joan had said;  
But all in vain, her clock went on—  
"Yes, woman's work is never done!  
You men can sleep all night, but we  
Must toil." "Whose fault is that?" quoth he.  
"I know your meaning," Joan replied,  
"But, sir, my tongue shall not be tied;  
I will go on and let you know,  
What work poor women have to do."

"First in the morning, though we feel  
As sick as drunks when they reel,  
We rise, we wash, we dress, and then  
As would confine you men to bed;  
We ply the brush, and wield the broom;  
We air the beds, and right the room.  
The cows must next be milked, and then  
We get the breakfast for the men;  
We take the scythe, and mow, while I  
Will fill your boiling sauce supply."  
"Content," quoth Joan, "give me my flax,"  
This Darby did, and out she went.

At early dawn, ere Phœbus rose,  
Old Joan resumed her tale of woes,  
When Darby there, "I'll end the strife,  
Be you the man, and I the wife;  
Take you the scythe, and mow, while I  
Will fill your boiling sauce supply."  
"Content," quoth Joan, "give me my flax,"  
This Darby did, and out she went.

Old Darby rose and seized the broom,  
And whizzed the dirt around the room;  
Which having done, he started up to bed,  
And snored as loud as he could bed.  
The dawn, perplexed with grief and pain,  
Saw he'd never try to milk again;  
When turning round in sad amaze,  
He saw his cottage in a blaze.  
For as he chanced to brush the room,  
In careless haste, he fired the broom:  
The fire at last subdued, he swore  
The broom and he would meet no more.  
Prayed by misfortune and perplexed,  
Darby prepared for breakfast next.  
But what to do he knew not how:  
The bread was spent, the butter too,  
His hands labored with dust and dirt,  
Old Darby looked full of dirt;  
But, hapless wife, he could not make  
The bread take form of loaf or cake.

## How the Richest Man in New York Spends His Time.

A correspondent of the Rochester Democrat sketches the richest man in New York in this manner:

Mr. R. Astor.—Mr. Astor's office is in Prince street, near Broadway, where he may be found daily between the hours of "nine and three." He is a large, stout built man, with coarse features, stiff, rough, sandy colored hair, and a cast of countenance of a very ordinary type. He dresses plainly but neatly, has a somewhat careworn look, and appears to be fifty to sixty years of age. His private office is of moderate size and of plain furniture. On a table are a few books, and on opening that one which appears most thumbed, you perceive that it is a volume of maps of city property, carefully and elegantly executed, and as a whole, embracing the sundries of an enormous estate, estimated at over \$25,000,000.

Mr. Astor resides in Lafayette Place, in one of a row of dwellings which, twenty-five years ago, were the grandest in the city, though now they are distanced by the palaces of the Avenue. Near by is the magnificent library founded by his father, to which he has added a fund nearly equal to the original endowment. Here he spends a small part of his time, the remainder being occupied by his duties in Prince-street, where, Sundays excepted, he does a full day's work every day in the week. Thus the whole routine of life of the richest man in America is a walk to

and from home of a half mile attention to business. The car estates is a vast burden. I hundred tenants of all grades, from the \$300 cottage to the \$300,000 stone. To relieve himself of this vexatious duty, he has committed it for years to an agent, who does the work well.

He collects rents and makes quarterly returns, and thus pays a sum which would be almost incredible, and which we may roughly estimate at \$300,000 per annum. This man employs a small army of painters, carpenters and other mechanics, in order to keep up repairs, and superintends the whole of this department. As a large part of Mr. Astor's property consists of vacant lots which are in continual demand, and which he will not sell, he is much employed with architects and master builders, and generally has one or two large blocks in course of erection at a time. This is a very serious burden. His son John Jacob is quite a business man, and bears his share of the load. Besides this, some fifteen years ago a talented and elegant young merchant (Franklin Delano) married one of the daughters, and also affords assistance.

In addition to these labors, the attention to the collection of interest on bonds, dividend &c., is a heavy item, since in the little brief office (which is, of course, fire-proof) are the several millions of Government and State securities. His daily income is computed at \$50,000. It is said that a certain person indicated Mr. Astor on his wealth. Pointing to his piles of bonds, maps, &c., the capitalist replied: "How would you like to manage all these matters for your board and clothes?" The man demurred to the idea. "Sir," said the other, "it is all I get." Mr. Astor, it is said, gives but little away.

## Soldiers Clothing for the winter Campaign.

As we look for no relaxation of the blockade or cessation of the war until the Yankees shall be taught the impossibility of conquest, we ask the attention of the Government to the important subject of clothing the soldiers next winter. There is a great deal of wool in the country, and a large crop of flax will, no doubt, be grown in many parts of this indispensable article? The coarse yarn spun by machinery is scarce and very costly; and, though we see the cotton burned in the face of the invader, raw cotton cannot be obtained in many portions of the interior at any price.

There is a mechanical difficulty, also, which has impeded domestic manufacture. Hard cards cannot be had at any price. While our soldiers are in the field, there are at home thousands of patriotic mothers and sisters, willing to toil in any way, and under any disadvantages, for those who defend them. But in many cases, these patriotic women have neither material nor machinery to manufacture the clothing and blankets their friends require.

We may anticipate a similar difficulty in regard to shoes and boots, though there will be, we suppose, leather enough to produce a winter supply of so indispensable an article.

Now, what can our Government do to provide for the winter wants of our army? We answer, let it appoint commissioners of manufactures within the sections of country prepared to conduct the operations referred to, and assign to them as many skilled artisans, detailed under authority of the Act of Congress, as may be necessary to give effect to the object of army supply.

In the meantime the Government should purchase and distribute, at low prices, quantities of raw cotton, and if possible wool, so as to employ the industrious poor, who have the will to work, without the means to work. These measures will cause domestic manufactures which still linger in upper Virginia, Carolina and Tennessee, to revive and furnish important aid to the cause.

This plan, for the manufacture and distribution of hand carriages, will meet the emergency; for though the goods thus made may not be so good as we would wish, they will be infinitely better than rags.

We are aware that the Confederate Government cannot so well conduct enterprises of the description referred to as the States, and it would perhaps be well if the Confederate Government should confer with the State authorities, and employ their agencies in carrying out the details of the plan, bearing of course the expense which may attend it. It may derive advantage from consulting the 1st and 21 Auditors of Virginia, who are required by a late Act of Assembly to inquire into the condition of manufactures of Virginia, and who will give patriotic and useful assistance in the object proposed.

If the government will organize a Bureau for the general purpose of developing the materials of war, and clothing for the troops, a little systematic attention will do wonders. The industry, the will, and the materials for the work exist, nothing but superintendence and instruction is required to make them effectual. When the next winter comes let not complaints and reproaches come up from our unclad soldiers. Let not our ranks be weakened, and our hospitals filled with the victims of nakedness,—but let there be timely attention by the authorities of the Confederate States government.

## The Late Fight at Secessionville.

From the Charleston Mercury, June 17.  
THE ADVANCE OF THE ENEMY.  
About dawn yesterday morning our pickets in front of Lamar's battery were driven in, advancing with the bayonet, at double-quick, to the assault. Our troops with the battery had been hard at work the evening before, in throwing up another battery, and were almost worn out with fatigue. The first round that was fired at the Yankees was by Col. T. G. Lamar, himself. His men hastened with alacrity to their pieces, and were soon pouring grape and canister against the rapidly approaching enemy. At each discharge great gaps were visible in the Yankee ranks, but still they came on without firing a single volley. It was afterward ascertained that their

column, reinforced by infantry and artillery, reformed and again came forward. This time they did not disdain the use of cartridges, but poured heavy volleys against our battery as they advanced. But again the terrible discharge of grape and canister mowed down the approaching line, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of their officers, again the Yankees broke and retreated, pell mell, from the field. A third time the enemy formed his line, and advanced in a last desperate effort to gain the battery, but again in vain. The assailants had reached the ditch, and the embankment with them, taking once more, a position between the ditch and the battery. A cross fire was also steadily maintained against us from two land batteries which the enemy had erected—one on the edge of the wood in which the fight with the 4th Georgia Regiment occurred last week, and another between that point and the position occupied by the gunboats. Silverman's famous field battery also took part in the engagement, being divided into two sections, which played upon different parts of our works.

It has now become evident to the enemy that the men who held our battery had no idea of yielding it, and the plan of attack from the front was given up. Flanking bodies were thrown forward to assault our works from the direction of the sea. On the east side of the battery the movement was speedily frustrated, and the few bold men who ventured close enough to pour their fire into the post, soon fell. No less than seventeen were killed just outside the ditch, and one who had mounted the parapet, fell on the top, pierced by eight balls.

## THE PLANK ATTACK OF THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT (HIGHLANDERS).

On the west side of the battery the attack was more serious. The famous New York Seventy-ninth Regiment took up a position so as to enfilade our guns, and kept up a constant and effective fire of musketry to drive off our gunners. They were met by the Charleston Battalion and the Equaw Regiment. For a time the fight was desperate, but the Louisiana Battalion, under Lieut. Col. McHenry, came up at the critical moment in gallant style, and the repulse of the Highlanders was no longer doubtful. The enemy was, for the last time, forced back with great slaughter, and the day was won.

## THE CASUALTIES IN THE CHARLESTON BATTALION.

We give below a list of the casualties in the Charleston Battalion. The commanding officer, Lieut. Col. P. C. Gaillard, was wounded in the knee, but kept his place in the action, notwithstanding.

Sumter Guards—Capt. H. C. King—Killed—Lieut. J. J. Edwards, Corp'l Isaac Valentine, and Private G. Pozanski. Wounded—Capt. H. C. King, mortally, in the breast; Private H. S. Nettles, slightly, in the neck; H. Valentine, shot through the right arm; H. C. Evans, in hip; Dr. E. S. Tennant; G. W. Dingle, left shoulder; S. P. Edgerton, slightly; T. P. Lockwood, slightly in the foot; A. Bonham, R. L. Terry, W. W. Johnson, and Serg't Joseph T. Wells.

Charleston Light Infantry—Capt. T. Y. Simmons—Killed—Private J. N. B. Hammett. Wounded—Private J. Lacy, slightly.

Irish Volunteers—Capt. Ryan—Killed—Private D. Howard. Wounded—Lieutenant Burke, slightly; Private Fitzgerald, slightly; John May, seriously.

T. Miles; Lieut. J. W. Axson, Serg't S. C. Black, Privates C. B. Burst, C. Pinckney Brown, thigh and head; H. E. Choate, Isaac Holmes, left hand, and J. E. Smith. Union Light Infantry—Captain, Sam Lord—Killed—Serg't R. S. Henry. Wounded—James Davis, seriously; W. Cummins, in the foot. Charleston Riflemen—Capt. Julius A. Blake. Killed—None. Wounded—Capt. Julius A. Blake, and Lieut. F. Lynch, slightly.

## THE EUTAW REGIMENT—LIST OF CASUALTIES, ETC.

About half-past one o'clock the men of the Eutaw Regiment were startled from their slumbers by the long roll. They were encamped on the spot occupied many weeks ago by the city troops, some two or three miles from Secessionville, and some distance this side of the entrenchments which stretch across James Island. They were promptly formed by Col. Simonton, and double quickened towards the scene of action, which they

reached at about half-past two. In this movement, however, the Eutaw boys encountered a very heavy fire of musketry. The members of the Regiment speak in high terms of the cool and skillful manner in which Colonel Simonton handled his command. The following is an official list of the casualties in the Eutaw Regiment:

St. Matthew's Rifles—Capt. Sellers—Killed—none. Wounded—Private E. V. Shuler and Private G. L. Dautzler, in hand. Yeoman Light Infantry—Capt. S. LeRoy

Another account of the fight. To the Editor of the Charleston Mercury: The following is a correct list of the casualties in Smith's Battalion, S. C. V., at the lines at Secessionville this morning.

Co. A—Capt. Smart—Killed—none. Wounded—Sergeant Privates Henry Cooper and Alexander Brown, slightly; Sergeant Wm. T. Smith. Captured on Picket—Brevet Second Lieutenant Harris and Privates Wm. Ross and S. M. Jordan.

Co. B—Capt. E. S. Killed—Private Duncan Dean. Wounded—Sergeant W. L. McFarland—since died. Private Reese Pierce, seriously. Private John R. B. Morse and Isaac Hurst, slightly.

Co. C—Capt. Davis—Killed—none. Wounded—Sergeant Privates Wm. Coleman and Oxendine. Slightly: Private Thomas Cole, Corporal John Roller, arm shot off.

Co. D—Capt. Best—Killed—Private J. T. Alford and J. H. Ray. Wounded—Slightly: 1st Sergeant H. Beatty and Private S. Jones and Stalvey.

Co. F—Capt. Carter—Killed—none. Wounded—Sergeant Corporal E. P. Langbar, Slightly: Privates W. D. Hollins, J. E. P. Hickman, and C. G. Anderson.

Co. G—Capt. Graham—Killed—none. Wounded—Sergeant Private L. Strickland and Wilson Elliot. Orderly Sergeant John H. Williamson and Private John W. Frapp.

Total killed, 3; since died, 1; wounded, 21; captured, 3. Aggregate loss, 28.

I will further state that the place has been held for the past two weeks by the Charleston Battalion, Lieut. Col. A. D. Smith, assisted by a detachment of Col. Lamar's artillery. The entire force was at the entrenchment—erecting batteries, at least five hundred yards from their quarters, when the enemy came on. Before the two battalions, numbering not more than three hundred and fifty effective men, could rush to their quarters and return with their arms, the enemy had mounted the parapet and were sealing the embankment. Nothing but the bravery and deadly aim of the two small battalions saved the day. Two more great cannon were awarded to Col. Lamar's Artillery for keeping the enemy in check until we came up. Three times were the enemy repulsed, but as often returned to the fight. At last the Louisiana Battalion coming up, were hastily placed in position by Major Hudson, under a heavy fire from the enemy. The Louisianians behaved nobly, and again put the vandals to flight. The field is ours, with a large number of killed, wounded and prisoners, on the part of the enemy, together with guns, and equipments captured. Our troops behaved gallantly—nobly and forcibly illustrating the truth that "the battle is not to the strong alone."

THE LATEST FROM JAMES ISLAND.  
The lowering aspect of the sky on Monday was succeeded about midnight by a light misty drizzle, which, on Tuesday morning, had become a settled rain, transforming James' island into one vast expanse of mud, of course, effectually checking all active military operations.

last night, to obtain the full list of casualties in this line command, which contributed so materially to the repulse of the enemy. The companies engaged were those of Captains Keitt and Reed. For fourteen days, while having the most arduous and laborious duties to perform, they had been constantly exposed to the shelling of the enemy's gunboats. Of course the attack found them very much wearied, yet they fought with all the spirit and persistence that could have been expected from fresh troops. Among the casualties were the following:

Col. T. G. Lamar, wounded by a minie ball passing through the ear and back portion of the neck. Capt. Samuel J. Reed, of Company B, from Barnwell District, killed.

Sergeant Raggott, of the same company, killed. Lieut. Humbert, of the same company, slightly wounded.

## OTHER CASUALTIES.

Of the casualties in other commands we have no full accounts.

greater part of the forenoon. During the day Gen. Pemberton, accompanied by Adjutant General Cooper and Commodore Ingraham, visited the scene of the late action, and after inspecting the positions and lines of attack, expressed themselves as highly pleased with the manner in which the defense had been conducted. Gen. Pemberton has issued the following General Order on the subject:

CONGRATULATORY ORDER OF GEN. PEMBERTON.  
HEADQUARTERS DEPT. S. C. AND GA.,  
Charleston, June 17, 1862.

[General Order No. 27.]  
The Major General, Commanding the Department tenders his heartfelt thanks to every officer and soldier of this command whose happy fortune it was to participate in the glorious work of Monday, the 16th June last. To the gallant and indefatigable Colonel T. G. Lamar, and to the brave men who so steadfastly supported him, especial thanks are due. And to the noble dead, a debt of duty

of Tuesday is, as near as may be, correct. The number of prisoners captured was larger than at first reported, numbering 107 in all. Of these 40 are wounded. Several were brought to this city yesterday. The prisoners say that their first party, in advance, the 8th Michigan, was nearly annihilated. They estimate their force on James' Island at nine thousand, all under the command of General Stevens, formerly stationed at Beaufort. They state that the five regiments engaged on their side were the 8th Michigan, 47th New York, 79th Highlander, 21 Rhode Island, and a

which constituted a detachment which was sent to Secessionville early Monday morning for fatigue duty. The detachment numbered 100 men, 10 from each company, under command of Captain J. Jackson who was at Reids battery during the fight:

COMPANY A—CAPT. ADAMS.  
Killed—Robert Cowan, Benjamin Harris.  
COMPANY B—CAPT. FORTY.  
Wounded—Jno. Wheeler, severely in the arm.  
COMPANY C—CAPT. WAKEFIELD.  
Wounded—Edward Sizemore, both thighs, severe.

COMPANY D—CAPT. O'CONNELL.  
Killed—Henry Prosser, Wm. Roach.  
COMPANY E—CAPT. HUKLE.  
Killed—Jeff. Spray.  
Wounded—W. R. Connell, ankle, very severe, leg amputated; F. Connell, ankle, slight.

COMPANY F—CAPT. STUART.  
Wounded—W. R. Gilstrap, arm, severe.  
COMPANY G—CAPT. JAMISON.  
Killed—Horacy Gray, Thos. Strilling.  
Wounded—Berry Sizemore, shoulder and hand, severe.

COMPANY H—CAPT. PEACE.  
Wounded—Thos. Bowers, chest, slight.  
COMPANY I—CAPT. MILLHOUSE.  
Killed—Duncan Woolly, L. Justice.  
COMPANY K—CAPT. MEISER.  
Killed—Alfred Carter.

C. E. FLEMING,  
Surgeon 22d South Carolina Regiment.  
Capt. Henry C. King, of the Sumter Guard, Charleston Battalion, who was announced as mortally wounded in our last issue, died this evening. Private Samuel L. Edgerton, of the same company, whose wound was at first reported as serious, also died yesterday—Charleston Mercury.

A REMARKABLE BALLOON ASCENSION.—On the last of the two agreeable fairs at Cremona, Mr. Lytgoe, the celebrated aeronaut, made his ninety-fifth balloon ascent, accompanied by two gentlemen, who were desirous of the excitement of a balloon voyage. The balloon was the Royal Normandie, constructed for Mr. Simpson at a cost of £200. On being cast loose, at eleven at night, the balloon rose rapidly, and then was carried by a strong wind for many miles in the same direction. The velocity at which they were travelling rendered it a very difficult matter for the aeronauts to effect a landing, and one effort made by Mr. Lytgoe to arrest their progress by means of the grappling iron having failed through the snapping of the rope to which it was attached, the only course open to him was to dash the balloon against a tree or other obstacle, which would have the effect of bursting it and releasing the gas. This was accordingly attempted, but only resulted in the loss of Mr. Anderson, one of the voyagers, and a great quantity of ballast. Mr. Anderson found himself, after performing a comical feat in the air, in a bean field at High Edding, a village in Essex, about thirty miles from London.

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ing relieved of three miles and a quarter.

After travelling for some distance at this almost incredible height, the two remaining travellers began slowly to descend, and before long heard the dull murmur of the ocean, which they shortly afterwards caught sight of through a break in the clouds. Fortunately, however, they found the balloon was taking an inland course, and immediately on coming over the land Mr. Lytgoe let the gas out rapidly, and they came to the ground with a severe shock. The gas, however, had not all escaped, and for two miles the balloon was carried along the surface of the earth, the two voyagers hanging on by ropes. At length they both lost their hold at the same moment, and fell unhurt on the marshy ground, which turned out to be near Lowestoft, in Suffolk. The hour was two in the morning, and the distance traversed at least 114 miles, giving an average speed of 33 miles an hour.—London Paper.

sanctuary, perhaps more, seems to be a sanctuary. This would be lamentable, and, judging from what has taken place elsewhere, would probably be unavailing. The attempt, as has been the case, might be opposed by the rule of violence—the application of brute force. I recommend, therefore, that in the contingency supposed, the pastor (or if there be no pastor) the vestry of the parish, should inquire of the officer in command of the army of occupation, whether he desires to interfere, as has been elsewhere done, with the worship of the sanctuary. Should he

evade the point of honor, which is ever coincident with that of duty. The glory of God and the good of man, to achieve which is the end of the worship of God, can never be advanced by the sacrifice, or the evasion of principle. It can never be our duty to celebrate the worship of God at the expense of principle. The kingdom of God is not the author of confusion. It is our duty, however, to worship Him "in spirit and in truth." The channel of communication with the throne of grace are not obstructed when we close the doors of the earthly sanctuary, rather than lend ourselves to an unworthy evasion of our duty. The compensations of Divine Grace and Providence will supply all our needs. This war is not as ordinary wars, a combat between governments, merely; it is a struggle on our part for liberty of thought and speech. We, of the clergy, are not called to the field of combat, but we must meet the issue where the issue finds us—at our altars, and standing in our lot.

The course recommended may, possibly, lead to serious consequences; but "duties are ours, events are God's." It is no where declared to be our duty—to live; but it is declared to be our duty—to live uprightly—to be strong and quit ourselves like men."

USELESS LABOR.—Benard's evacuation of Corinth has rendered useless all the vast labor the Yankees have expended in preparation to reduce the fortifications prepared by him at Corinth. To show what has been done, a correspondent of a Northern paper says:

Since Gen. Halleck took command at Pittsburg Landing, our army has built, incredibly, as the story may sound, more than fifty miles of entrenchments, and full two hundred miles of wagon roads! Four parallels, each more than twelve miles in length, three or four roads—wide, corded, and bridged—leading from the landing to each corps d'armee—all the works of our men, many of whom never before handled a spade or an axe in all their lives.

FROM SALT.—Messrs. Messaburg, Higgins and Long send us a specimen of epsom salts manufactured by them from a cave in Smokey Mountain, between North Carolina and Tennessee. They are now making 300 lbs. of epsom salts, and 400 lbs. of clean daily. The salts are said to be superior to any heretofore sold in the South, and the alum is equal. The manufacturers say they will be able to supply the whole Southern Confederacy with these necessary articles. Any one interested can take the salts sent us and try their effects.—Augusta Chronicle.

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