

# Edgefield Advertiser

EDGEFIELD, S. C., SEPTEMBER 4, 1873.

VOLUME XXVIII, No. 29.

BY D. R. DURISOE.

**J. W. CALHOUN,**  
JOHNSTON'S DEPOT.  
HAS always on hand a full and well selected Stock of  
**HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,**  
Hardware, Pocket and Table Cutlery,  
**GROCERIES and PLANTATION SUPPLIES,**  
&c., &c., &c.  
All the goods will be sold at the lowest prices. Call on me before purchasing elsewhere. I can please you, and will do so, if you will give me a share of your patronage.  
Highest Cash prices paid for COTTON and COUNTRY PRODUCE.  
Johnston's Depot, July 9, 1873.

**J. H. CHEATHAM**  
—HAS—  
**Reduced the Prices**  
OF  
**Dress Goods, Ready Made Clothing**  
LADIES' HATS, &c.

I AM now selling my Entire Stock at Prices to suit the dull times. I prefer small profits to carrying my Goods to another season.  
July 9, 1873.  
**J. H. CHEATHAM**

**G. L. PENN & SON,**  
DEALERS IN  
**DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS**  
**TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES,**  
GROCERIES,  
TOBACCO, SEGARS, &c.

HAVE now in Store full stocks of all Goods in the **Drug or Grocery Business**, which are Fresh and Genuine, and which we will sell as cheap as any other House.  
77 PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED day or night.  
May 7, 1873.

**DAVID L. TURNER,**  
Dealer in  
**Drugs, Medicines, Groceries,**  
&c., &c., &c.,  
Edgefield, S. C.

WOULD respectfully state to his Friends and the Public Generally that he has purchased of Dr. W. A. SANDERS, his Entire Stock, and will keep on hand full supplies of  
**DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,**  
**Fancy Goods, Foreign & Domestic Perfumery,**  
HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOILET ARTICLES,  
Bathing and Surgeon's Sponges,  
Brandies, Wines and Whiskies for Medicinal Purposes,  
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, GLASS, PUTTY,  
Paint, Varnish and White Wash Brushes,  
**FULL SUPPLY OF ALL KINDS GARDEN SEEDS,**  
Together with a general assortment of  
**GROCERIES, TOBACCO, LIQUORS, &c.,**  
Such as  
BACON SIDES, HAMS, SHOULDER, LARD,  
MACKEREL, FLOUR, MEAL, SALT,  
SUGARS, SYRUPS, MOLASSES, COFFEE, TEAS,  
RICE, CHEESE, MACCARONI, CHACKERS,  
Soda, Starch, Soap, Candles,  
WINE, BRANDIES, WHISKIES, &c.  
Fine White Wine and Apple VINEGARS,  
Chewing and Smoking TOBACCO and SEGARS,  
Citron, Currants, Raisins, Pickles, Jellies,  
Almonds, Pecan Nuts, Brazil Nuts, Walnuts,  
Barkes, Tubs, Brooms, &c.  
All of which will be sold at the lowest rates for Cash. A share of the trade solicited.  
Dr. Sanders will be on hand at all times to COMPOUND PRESCRIPTIONS at the shortest notice.  
D. L. TURNER.

**Dr. T. J. TEAGUE,**  
**DRUGGIST,**  
JOHNSTON'S DEPOT, S. C.  
HAVING just opened a **Drug Store** at this place, I take this method of informing my friends and the public generally that I now have in Store a full and complete line of  
**Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery,**  
GLASS, PUTTY, KEROSINE OIL,  
**Tobacco, Segars,**  
In fact everything usually kept in a Drug Store—all new and warranted.  
Prices are as low as such Goods can be sold in any market in the South.  
**T. J. TEAGUE.**  
Johnston's Depot, Feb 19, 1873.

Last Words.  
And have they told you all? Ah, yes, I see, and that you recognize them as belonging to those "blessed martyrs of Liberty," who in all ages have died for their faith and their fatherland. It is only thus that I can interpret the solemn ceremonies of the day, and it is only on this interpretation that I can be a fit exponent of your motives, your actions, and your feelings. If you feel and know that these men and the tens of thousands of their comrades who are resting in the bosom of the land they loved so well till the last trump shall come them, gave their lives for a cause that was just, you do right to honor them. It makes small difference here, and it will make none at the last great day, when the actions of all are weighed in the impartial scales held by the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, whether that cause was successful on earth or unsuccessful. God does not judge as man judges, and we are nowhere told in the revelation of His Holy Word that the just are to be rewarded in this world and the unjust punished—that truth is here to prevail over falsehood, or that right is to overcome might. On the contrary, we are expressly taught by the whole plan of Christian redemption that this world is but one of probation to fit us for another and better; and history is full of melancholy examples to prove that the men of the noblest causes that ever inspired a people's hopes or evoked their arms, have been allowed to sink apparently forever, under the iron heel of despotism. Do not allow yourselves, my friends, to be misled by that false teaching, false to your faith, to your country, and to your God, which tells you, that as your cause has failed, the principles which gave light and life and truth to that cause are forever obliterated. Any human undertaking, how just soever it may be, may fail, but settled principles cannot die. A great truth, like the golden rule, whence it emanated, is eternal, and it must and will live till the last syllable of recorded time. The evil times upon which we have fallen are prolific of these teachings and dangerous heresies, and the press in some portions of this country offers a ready and willing channel for their dissemination. You are told daily through this medium that our cause was submitted to the arbitrament of the sword, and that the verdict against which no appeal lies has been rendered in favor of our enemies. The doctrine is pernicious; and if we fall in with it, we shall be the non-dead well-to-do, and cover all the ground.

Gen. Wade Hampton's Address Before the Fugitive-Memorial Association, at Warrenton, Va.  
You meet here to-day to discharge one of the most touching and pious duties that human hearts can conceive or human hands perform—that of dedicating with reverence, with love, and with solemn prayer to Almighty God, this monument to the martyred dead of a fallen but just and righteous cause.

In paying honor to the memory of these men you do honor to yourselves; but this will be a mere idle pageant if it has not a deeper significance than the simple dedication of a monument implies. In all ages, in every country, civilized or savage, Pagan and Christian alike have striven to perpetuate the memory of their dead, and to manifest their own affection by honoring the graves that hold the dust of those whom they loved. The severe Muse of History has thought not beneath her dignity to record the fact that the very word significant of a magnificent monument owes its origin to a Pagan widow dedicated to her husband's memory, and while most of the proud temples that have crumbled into ruins, that stone round tower of other days, on the Apennine, that tells of the love of her husband for his dead Metella, yet stands to tell of the respect and admiration of the world. Beautiful as are these memorials of a love that lives beyond the grave, and worthy as they are of commendation, the work you are now engaged in is, unless I misapprehend your purposes and motives, more sacred in its aims and more patriotic in its objects. No keen sense of private bereavement has caused you to rear this shaft. The men whom it commemorates were strangers to you; their memorials were erected in the land of their country, and obeying the command of "Duty, that stern daughter of the voice of God," they left their peaceful homes in the far South to fight on the historic fields of your grand old Commonwealth for the faith of our fathers, for freedom and for our fatherland. The feeling that inspired them was the same which has so nobly expressed by a heroic votary and martyr of Liberty, in those words which should live forever in every heart that is desirous or worthy of freedom: "That I simply offer my life is of little import; but that I offer it crowned as it is with all the flowery wreaths of love, of friendship, and of joy—this is indeed a sacrifice which can only be opposed to such a prize—our country's freedom." These men freely offered their lives crowned as many of them were with every blessing that could make life attractive, and they died in the vain effort, but in blessed hope, to secure the liberty of their country. They died far away from their home, amid strangers, with no kindred hands to alleviate their pain, no tongue of devoted father, or loving mother, or sister to cheer their journey through the dark valley of death, and to whisper those blessed words that tell of eternal peace beyond the grave.

That the women of Virginia ministered with gentle hands and kind hearts to their wants, if they had the opportunity of doing so, I feel well assured, for I have not forgotten their acts of loving-kindness to my men and to myself; but the hands and the voices that belong only to home were absent in that supreme moment when "on some fond breast the parting soul relies, and this abode the dark valley of death, and to whisper those blessed words that tell of eternal peace beyond the grave.

But this is not the time nor the place to discuss these grave questions, and they are touched on only as illustrations. If we believe that justice was on our side, have we a right, in the name of the dead who gave their lives in its defense, that we should live in the land of their fathers, to yield the principle for which we fought? I know that it is the fashion now in certain quarters to tell our people that these are dead issues, and that they should be put behind us as we press on in that new and glorious era which has dawned on the reconstructed South; that we must turn from all that gave us peace, happiness, prosperity, dignity, and glory in the past; that we must cease to honor the men who died for us,

men because they fell in a cause which you believe in—your souls were just, and that you recognize them as belonging to those "blessed martyrs of Liberty," who in all ages have died for their faith and their fatherland. It is only thus that I can interpret the solemn ceremonies of the day, and it is only on this interpretation that I can be a fit exponent of your motives, your actions, and your feelings. If you feel and know that these men and the tens of thousands of their comrades who are resting in the bosom of the land they loved so well till the last trump shall come them, gave their lives for a cause that was just, you do right to honor them. It makes small difference here, and it will make none at the last great day, when the actions of all are weighed in the impartial scales held by the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, whether that cause was successful on earth or unsuccessful. God does not judge as man judges, and we are nowhere told in the revelation of His Holy Word that the just are to be rewarded in this world and the unjust punished—that truth is here to prevail over falsehood, or that right is to overcome might. On the contrary, we are expressly taught by the whole plan of Christian redemption that this world is but one of probation to fit us for another and better; and history is full of melancholy examples to prove that the men of the noblest causes that ever inspired a people's hopes or evoked their arms, have been allowed to sink apparently forever, under the iron heel of despotism. Do not allow yourselves, my friends, to be misled by that false teaching, false to your faith, to your country, and to your God, which tells you, that as your cause has failed, the principles which gave light and life and truth to that cause are forever obliterated. Any human undertaking, how just soever it may be, may fail, but settled principles cannot die. A great truth, like the golden rule, whence it emanated, is eternal, and it must and will live till the last syllable of recorded time. The evil times upon which we have fallen are prolific of these teachings and dangerous heresies, and the press in some portions of this country offers a ready and willing channel for their dissemination. You are told daily through this medium that our cause was submitted to the arbitrament of the sword, and that the verdict against which no appeal lies has been rendered in favor of our enemies. The doctrine is pernicious; and if we fall in with it, we shall be the non-dead well-to-do, and cover all the ground.

Why should we be wrong? Shaft our cause has gone with the funeral dirge has thrown the torture wrung a revelation of the truth from Galileo, did the earth cease to revolve on its axis? Did the waves that swept the shores of Buss to the sea, bury forever the truth he had proclaimed? When our Divine Master perished on the cross, did the doctrines for which he died perish with him? We believe we have truth on our side; let us then assert and maintain our faith, and God will in His own good time, if we were true to our right. If we were wrung in our struggle, then was the declaration of independence in '76 a terrible mistake, and the revolution to which it led a pious crime; Washington should be stigmatized as traitor, and Benedict Arnold canonized as patriot. If the principles which justified the first revolution were true in 1776, the success of the former can add not one jot or tittle to the abstract truth of the principles which gave it birth, nor can the failure of the latter destroy one particle of those everlasting principles. If Washington was a patriot, if the grand enunciation of the truths of the Declaration of Independence made Jefferson immortal, the observance of them cannot make Davis a traitor. It has been urged by our enemies that the Constitution of the United States did not recognize explicitly the right of secession; but does that compact between sovereign States, which was entered into with such solemnity, forbid the exercise of this right, in any case, directly or by implication? Does it forbid to any of our parties to do it right, or the semblance of a right to coerce the others? Does it permit any State or States to wage a war of extermination on the others? If it does not, or rather did not, allow any of these things, how comes it that they are gathered here to-day around the graves of Southern men who were slain only because they believed that the principles of 1776, which gave birth to our Republic, were equally true in 1861? It comes because the people of the North have never studied and do not comprehend that Constitution which they have so nobly defended so madly, because they have not consulted the fathers of the Republic; because their great teachers—blind leaders of the blind—have ignored and often falsified the records of the Convention of 1787, and have led their deluded followers into that downward and crooked path that leads to the destruction of the Republic, and to the subversion of constitutional liberty under republican institutions in the new world.

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who forget that they once were free, who must prove ourselves worthy of the liberty we pray for. If our faith in the justice of our cause was so strong that we ventured life and all that makes life desirable on the dread issue of war, surely we should ever strive to justify ourselves in the eyes of the world. Will history vindicate us if we condemn ourselves? But if we stand manfully by the great principles for which we fought, if we prove that we are worthy of the freedom for which we struck, we shall not have fought in vain. We can no longer defend our faith with our words, but we can defend and justify it by the great tribunal of history, and posterity will do us justice. Many fair-headed have fallen by the way-side, apostates to a cause of which they were never worthy; but thank God, many are left who will never bow the knee to Baal. Chief among these faithful amongst the faithless are the women of the South. Such women can never rear renegades. As long as they are spared to instill into the hearts of our children the sublime lessons of devoted patriotism of which they are themselves the brightest examples, we need not despair of the redemption of our country. They were the real martyrs of the war, as they are its saddest victims. But by a merciful dispensation of Providence, nature brings compensation for nearly every sorrow, and this blessed law will give to them many and rich mercies for the griefs they have borne. The tender care with which they soothed the sufferings of the wounded and ill soldiers of their country is remembered in many a grateful heart, from which daily prayers ascend to the throne of Grace, invoking for them every blessing that a merciful God can bestow. And may we not hope that even our dead, whose memory we so sacredly guard, and whose dust is so reverently honored by those noble women, look down with approving love on the pious work of their loving hands? The consciousness of duty nobly performed to the living and to the dead will bring to them peace, if not happiness. Many of them, through all the orders of the desolate South, like Rachel, "weep for their children, and refuse to be comforted because they are not;" but let them remember the proud words of a bereaved mother, who even over the body of her son could exclaim: "I would not give my dead son for any living son in Christendom." Nor is the death of a loved one who was a patriot.

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should go, accompanied by a solemn procession, to the temple to offer the noble sacrifices. It is related that on one occasion the oxen for the chariot of the priestess were wanting, when her two sons, yoking themselves to the chariot, drew their mother in triumph to the temple amid the plaudits of the populace. The priestess, in the pride of a mother's heart at this act of filial devotion, supplicated the gods to bestow on her sons the greatest good which could be given to mortals. Her prayers were answered; her sons sank into a gentle sleep in the temple itself, and this peacefully passed from life to death, as if to show that the greatest blessing the gods could grant to man was to shorten his days on earth. Our children may have been taken too in mercy; and many of us who have asked of God the dearest blessing of our sons, could feel, in all the moral agony that wrings our hearts, that such a sentiment surely the Christian father need not give as one without hope for the son who lived and died for his country. Let this thought console us for the loss of our kindred who have nobly died, and let us devote all our energies to the patriotic duty of binding up the wounds of our bleeding country. The Roman Senate decreed a triumph to one of their heroic citizens, because, amid the dangers that threatened his country, he never despaired of the Republic. The dangers that surround us may well appear the stoutest heart-father to the stoutest heart-father; from the heart of our people comes up that "murmur of dread sound" that tells of our prostrate country bleeding at every pore; but it does not become us to yield to despair. If we will but be true to our principles, to our fatherland, and to our God, the future may bring us compensation for the past. I adjure you, then by all the glorious memories of the past, by all the urgent duties of the future, to dedicate yourselves to the redemption of your country. Be faithful to the right; "do your duty, and leave the consequences to God." In the early annals of our country a story is told of the heroic conduct of the mother of one of the Galopie who was besieged in Mecca. "When he perceived himself forsaken on all sides," says the historian, "he turned to his mother and said to her, 'Oh, mother! the people, and even my own children, have deserted me. My enemies are ready to give me, if I will submit, whatever I can desire in this world. What do you advise me to do?' 'Son,' said she, 'judge for yourself. If, as you pretend to be, you know that you are in the right, persevere for your friends

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