

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 XII.

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BY WM. F. DURISOE,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
NEW TERMS

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

The following gentlemen are announced by their friends as candidates for the Office of Tax Collector, at the ensuing election: Col. JOHN QUATTLEBUM, GEORGE J. SHEPPARD, EDMUND MORRIS, SAMPSON B. MAY, Lieut. JAMES B. HARRIS, Maj. S. C. SCOTT, LEVI R. WILSON.

The following gentlemen are announced by their friends as candidates for the office of Ordinary, at the ensuing election. Col. JOHN HILL, Capt. W. L. COLEMAN.

The friends of Major ABRAHAM JONES, announce him as a candidate for the Legislature, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of James S. Pope Esq.

From the Louisville Examiner.

DUELLING.

The first time we were called upon to witness a duel was in Augusta, Georgia, in 1820. We were just entering manhood. The parties were from our native State. We knew them both well. They were stationed at their places, and at the word fire, the elder of the two, a man of promise and place, fell dead. We saw him fall, saw his brother who gazed wildly into his pale face, just now so full of life, saw his friends as they hurriedly took up his dead body, and bore him onward to his home. And we saw afterwards the grey haired father as he bent over that body, but tears falling down his cheeks, fall as one struck with palsy, for his prop the boy of his hopes, was taken away, and there was no longer happiness for him on earth.

But the survivor! Business relations brought us together; we were his attorney; and we had to see him at home, and our house. In company we saw no change in him; he was light hearted, almost frolicsome in his gaiety. He never spoke of the murder; by unuttered, but well understood compact, (and how terribly did this describe the deed,) none ever referred to it. But soon we learned he never slept without a light in his room. Soon after we found that he was fast becoming a drunkard—and scarce three years had passed since the duel, ere he was stricken down in early manhood, and laid near his antagonist in the earth.

But this death! we were present at it, and never may we witness such another! That subject so long untouched by family or friend—the murder of his companion and neighbor, was at last broken by himself. 'I could not help it,' said he as his eyes glared upon us, and his breathing became painful from its quick audible action. We knew to what he referred; and endeavored to direct his thoughts into other channels. In vain, I could not help it; I was forced into it; could I help it? and all this was, in duelling sense, true. He had every excuse a man could have to fight; but when so assured he exclaimed wildly, 'It will not do—I murdered him—I see him now—I have seen him as he lay dead on the field, ever since I slew him. My God! my God!' And muttering these, and like sentences, with a shriek, such as I never before heard mortal utter, he died!

Another instance.—A young Scotchman came to Charleston, South Carolina, and settled there. He gave offence to a noted duellist, and was challenged; fought and killed him. He removed afterwards to New Orleans, was engaged in successful business, and was regarded the merriest fellow about. His intimate friends thought the murder had no impression on him; not one of his relatives believed he cared anything about it.

In 1834 or '35, he was engaged in large cotton speculations. News of a rise in price reached New Orleans, soon after he had shipped a large number of Bales to New York. If he could sell, or make some particular arrangements, he could realize a fortune. But it was necessary to go New York. He jumped on board a steamer, went to Montgome-

ry, Alabama, and pushed rapidly on by land for Washington City. Over excitement, brought on fever, and he was obliged to stop in the interior of South Carolina.

Full fifteen years, or more had elapsed since he had killed his man. For the first time he lay on a bed of sickness. He had fever and delirium with it. And in that delirium with terrible anguish and maniac fury, he spoke of this deed of death! It made those of us who heard him, shudder as we listened. Was his laughter, all along, forced? Had his merriment been lip deep; of the intellect and not of the heart? He grew better, and his physician thought him convalescent. Now then he would start in his sleep, and exclaim, 'Take him off me, don't tie his dead body to me,' but the fever had abated, and we all thought he would soon be well. He did grow better, but watching his opportunity, he went to a chest of drawers, as if for some clothing; stealthily took from it a razor, and drew it rapidly across his throat! It was a dreadful gash that he made, and would have been a fatal had not one of his who was near struck upon his elbow, as he was making the attempt upon his life!

Poor man! He knew and had known no peace, since the day he killed his opponent. When he thought his end near he made the confession. 'He felt,' he said, 'as if he was a murderer, though no one charged him with a crime.'

From the N. O. Daily National, 11th inst.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

The fell plague that is hovering over our city, after revelling in the cottages of the poor and humble, seems to have suddenly changed the character of its victims; it has gone into the mansions of wealth, and sought out the favored by nature, and, by striking all alike, showed that it knows no distinctions—that luxury or penury, ignorance or wisdom, are alike unequal to ward off the fatal blow. Richard Henry Wilde, the accomplished gentleman, the ripe scholar, the distinguished statesman and civilian, has fallen; the cunning of the mind has left its mortal temple, and all that was so venerated and esteemed by his fellow citizens reposes in our midst a mass of dust. This news will fall with chilling effect upon the hearts of his ten thousand friends, and upon millions of others who admire genius and respect high moral worth.

Among our great names, that of Mr. Wilde will ever shine with a steady light. His early struggles for the honors of scholarship, his amiability as a son, his exemplary character as a father, his talents as a lawyer, and philanthropy as a statesman, mark him as no ordinary man. While his literary fame, acquired in the leisure of stern pursuits, will ever associate him with letters, his poetry will make him blessed by the fireside, his industry for the muse will associate him, even in foreign lands, with Tasso and Dante.

Mr. Wilde's parents were natives of Dublin.—They removed to America and settled in Baltimore just after the close of the American Revolution. In the year 1803, the mother of Mr. Wilde, a widow with a family of little children, removed to Augusta, Georgia. The struggles of Richard to obtain at this early day, a liberal education, in spite of the want of books or pecuniary means, is one of the most interesting of the struggles of literary men against difficulties. He conquered, however, and so rapidly rose in his profession and in the estimation of his fellow citizens, that he was in 1815 elected to seat in Congress when but a fortnight over the age required by law. He served but one session, but was elected again in 1828, and served through five sessions. As a politician, he was never a partizan; his honesty was above question; he was industrious and always commanded respect.

In 1835 Mr. Wilde sailed for Europe. He traveled through France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy, and finally settled in Florence, where he remained three years, deeply engaged in literary pursuits. As a result of these labors, he published "the Researches concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso." Having completed this work, he endeavored to learn something of the history of Dante, and obtained from the Duke of Tuscany, the rare privilege of examining archives of Florence. By an interesting train of events, Mr. Wilde caused the discovery of an original portrait of Dante that had been hidden for centuries, which discovery created a sensation throughout the whole of Italy.

Upon his return from Europe, Mr. Wilde resumed the practice of law and chose New Orleans for his theatre of usefulness. Here he soon called around him a most numerous circle of admirers, and has ever occupied a most prominent

place in the estimation of our citizens. Whilst not engaged in the active duties of his profession he assisted in forming our contemplated university, and the Regents of that institution with a promptness complimentary to their judgment, elected Mr. Wilde one of the Professors of the Law School, which he was eminently calculated to fill with honor to himself and our city.

The place left by Mr. Wilde in our community, we fear cannot be filled. His presence will be missed in almost every phase of elegant life. The ripe scholar, the elegant gentleman, the polished statesman and lawyer, we do not expect soon to meet again in any one person, as they were happily united in him. In the death of Mr. Wilde the community has lost one of its most distinguished ornaments, the country one of its richest and most cultivated minds.

Rail Road Accident.—An accident occurred on the Baltimore and Washington Rail Road on Friday last, in consequence of the Mail Car having become detached from the train. On discovering the loss the locomotive was reserved and in the act of returning. In the meantime, some of the laborers had taken up a rail for the purpose of replacing it, and when the cars approached, in stead of making a signal for them to stop, they replaced the rail without any fastening, which caused two of the cars to run off the track, one of which was seriously damaged, but without injury to any of the passengers. In consequence of this accident, the mail did not reach Washington until 10 o'clock.

Sad Accident.—A powder mill, on Laurel Run, about two miles east of the borough of Wilksboro, was shattered by an explosion on Thursday afternoon last. One man, named Charles Kinney, was so badly burned that he died next morning. Another man was injured, but it is believed he will recover. The mill was just started by Messrs. Parish & Knapp, two enterprising young men, whose loss is two or three hundred dollars.

A Treasure in a Tea-Kettle.—A clerk in hardware store in Cincinnati, put one hundred and fifty dollars in a tea kettle for safe keeping, and while he was out of the way the master of the shop sold the kettle for seventy-five cents, not suspecting the treasure it contained. The customer was so well pleased with his bargain that he has not been seen at the same store since.

A Discarded Headsman.—The public executioner of Paris however lately been dismissed from his place, without, as he thinks, sufficient cause, has drawn up and published a pamphlet in which he pleads for restoration, on the ground that in the whole course of his experience he has acted with the greatest kindness and respect towards all his clients, that he has invariably cut off their heads in a very neat style and great dispatch, and that he has introduced some important in the guillotine.

Successful Surgical Operation.—The Manchester N. H. American states that a physician of that place a short time since opened the stomach of a patient, and removed several hard lumps which had completely obstructed the passage from it. However singular this may seem, it is nevertheless true.—The patient, is doing well, and will undoubtedly recover. operation was performed in the presence of several gentlemen and occupied from ten to fifteen minutes.

Improved Cotton Gins.—A valuable improvement has been made in Cotton Gins, by E. T. Taylor & Co., of Girard, Georgia, which consists in a new arrangement in the machine for tightening or loosening the main band without cutting or altering the length.

Embalming.—A case of embalming was recently experimented on at our Alms House Hospital by the consent of Dr. Reese, which proved to be unsuccessful. Could this art be simply and certainly practised, it would be consoling to the friends of deceased and beloved relatives.—N. Y. paper.

Freezing Mixture.—Mix sixteen parts of water with five of nitre, and five of salammonac, in fine powder, when the temperature will fall about 40 degrees below the freezing point. This experiment can be conveniently performed at any time.

Oh Dear!—A fashionable young gentleman, who has been in Paris, fainted away, last week, at Saratoga, on hearing that his brother had been seen in New York at an unfashionable period.

From the Hamburg Republican.

A meeting of the citizens of Hamburg assembled on Wednesday the 15th inst., for the purpose of adopting such measures as might be suggested in relation to the late achievements of our Army in Mexico, and of those brave spirits engaged in that affair, on motion of B. C. Yancey, Esq., the Intendant, G. W. Garmann, was called to the Chair, and H. C. Parks, Esq., requested to act as Secretary.

On motion of Maj. W. W. Stark, a committee of seven was appointed by the Chairman, to draft Resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the meeting, whereupon the chairman appointed the following Committee, viz: Maj. W. W. Stark, M. Gray, Esq., Dr. J. F. Griffin, J. J. Blackwood, B. C. Yancey Esq., Dr. J. Stokes and Samuel W. Shelton.

The Committee after retiring for a few moments returned and reported the following Preamble and Resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas intelligence has reached us of the great victories of Contreras and Churubusco, of the glorious bearing of the Palmetto Regiment, and of the untimely and heroic death of many of our brave officers and soldiers.

Be it unanimously Resolved, by the citizens of Hamburg and its vicinity, That we feel proud of our Army, and glory in its military achievements.

Resolved, That the Regiment of Carolina bearing the Palmetto Standard under the walls of Mexico, covered itself and State with immortal honor, and filled our hearts with joy and gratitude.

Resolved, That delightful and patriotic as it may be to rejoice at victory, and exult at the glory shed upon this land and nation, it is a manly, a mournful pleasure to mingle our tears and grief with the families and friends whom the fortunes of war have made heart-stricken and desolate.

Resolved, That we mourn the deaths of our gallant fellow-citizens of Edgefield District, Col. P. M. Butler, Lieut. David Adams, and private Thos. F. Tillman, and sympathize with their families on the melancholy occasion.

Resolved, That a committee of two be appointed to confer with any committee that may be appointed at Edgefield Court House, relative to the taking measures to bring back to their homes the remains of those who have fallen in battle.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be forwarded to the respective families of the deceased, mentioned in the fourth resolution.

During the evening the meeting was addressed by Maj. W. W. Stark, B. C. Yancey, Esq., Maj. C. M. Hammond, Dr. J. F. Griffin and M. Gray, Esq., in a patriotic, eloquent and feeling manner.

On motion of Mr. Jeffers, Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the papers of our Town, and that the Edgefield Advertiser be requested to copy.

The meeting then adjourned.

G. W. GARMANN, Chairman.

H. C. PARKS, Secretary.

On the introduction of the above Preamble and Resolutions, Maj. Stark made a few appropriate and eloquent remarks, from which we have been permitted to make the following synopsis:

Mr. Chairman:—We are assembled on an extraordinary occasion, and under unusual excitement. Intelligence has reached us that two great battles have been fought, two triumphs gained by the American Army. Intelligence also has reached us that the Regiment of South Carolina, contending against powerful odds, and performing prodigies of valor, has lost in killed and wounded; one half of her number. It is known, Mr. Chairman, that I was unfriendly to this war in its outset. Although sensible of Mexican outrages, I believed not in violent measures. I was unwilling that two neighboring republics, eschewing Kings and reverencing the rights of man should be found in deadly array against each other. I was unwilling that such a spectacle should be exhibited in the face and for the amusement of the crowned heads of Europe. But the American government & people thought otherwise. The die being cast, the policy of the war was no longer a question with me. From that moment to this the American Army has been uppermost in my mind. I have sympathized in its triumphs. I am free to confess, that unfriendly as I have been to the policy of this war, I would not take back the victories of Contreras and Churubusco, of Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo and others. I would not extinguish the memory of national and individual prowess so signally exemplified in the campaigns of Taylor and Scott for all the produce of the Mexican mines, since the days of Cortez and Montezuma.

What has the American Army done? Fought against odds of 4 and 5 to 1 eight pitched battles—gained eight victories! Covered with glory this land and nation, shaken the dry bones of despotism throughout the world—impressed upon hoary Legitimacy a lesson of moderation not to be forgotten, and settled the question of foreign invasion for a thousand years. Will a Congress of sovereigns, think you, Mr. Chairman, will the principalities and powers of Europe be found in this day and generation gravely mooting the point of a military occupation of this republic. Will the descendants of Blucher and Suwarrow think of planting their bloody standards on these shores, of sending back for the edification of royalty the triumphant tidings, that "order reigns in the American Warsaw." If liberty here is to be cloven down—if the Union of these States is to become a bye-word, and a dream, foreign prowess is not to be the instrument. The Gorgons of discord and bigotry will be the dramatic personæ of this portentous tragedy. The Cyclopes who are to forge the thunder-bolt that is to rive, this political temple to its foundations.

The Palmetto Regiment! What shall I say of this little Spartan band, of its sufferings and of its valor? We at home, Mr. Chairman, by our families and fire sides, under our vine and fig tree, know not and never will know half of the difficulties of the American Army on the plains of Mexico. They had to battle with open enemies and midnight assassins, with driving sands pitiless sunshine, with rocks and ravines, the chapparel and the mountain.—Their march by day, their camp at night, their long drawn trains were infested and surrounded by wolves and blood hounds, in the shape of men.—The animal, the mineral, the vegetable kingdoms were Mexican bulwarks. Notwithstanding all this, where is the American Eagle? Entangled in the chapparel, bounding in the dust, chained to a calaboose? No! But cleaving the high air, mounting above the clouds, and while gracefully bathing her wings in the upper sunshine, eyeing a magnificent panorama of ocean, mountain and plain.

The Regiment of South Carolina when it crossed the Savannah River ten months ago, numbered more than a thousand men. On the plains of Contreras and Churubusco 273 only appeared in military array. On the memorable night of the 20th August, 137 camped unhurt on the battle field, and 136 were biting the dust and wailing in blood. Where are the 700 Carolina Volunteers, the remnant of this well appointed Regiment? Are they at home amid their families and friends? Did they like Nestor and Ulysses return in safety to their Pylos and their Ithaca? No! they would not leave their comrades in forlorn hope in the midst of eight millions of enemies. Hundreds of them are lingering in hospitals, from Puebla to the Gulf, many have paid the debt of nature, long since, and gone from time to eternity; some perhaps victims to the lasso by the way-side, and like Homer's heroes feeding the vulture and the wolf dog.

Look over the world, Mr. Chairman, box the military compass of nations, and were is there an example transcendent to all this? To the feats of the volunteer and regular, to the battles of Taylor and Scott. Was it at the Straits of Thermopylae? Where Leonidas was protected by the ocean on one side, by precipitous mountains on the other. Was it in the campaigns of the great Napoleon? Of him whose genius eclipsed the blended greatness of Caesar and the Scipios? In which of his bulletins is recorded a greater sacrifice, a nobler heroism? In browbeating the Czar of the Russias, in overrunning the empire of Charlemagne, were against such fearful odds you find him planting his eagle, or scaling and storming a battlement?

Mr. Chairman, let us go into detail. Let us contemplate for a moment the commander of the Palmetto Regiment, Col. Pierce M. Butler. Broken down by lingering sickness, prostrate upon his back with fever, surrounded by surgeon, by medicine, by all the paraphernalia of disease, when he heard that the flag of South Carolina was waving upon the battle field, what did he do? Did he cover himself in his bed-clothes? Did he redouble his groans? No, sir! He threw aside surgeon, and nurse and medicine, sprang from his couch, mounted his charger, placed himself at the head of his regiment, and mingled like Diomed in the bloody strife. His horse being shot from under him, faint with wounds he was taken back to his tent. Did he stay there? No. The body was weak, but the immortal spirit was strong. The tide of life flowed

kindly, a momentary strength returned. Stimulated by the clangor of arms, the roar of artillery, the impulses of a Roman patriotism, again he abandoned his tent, again he appeared at the head of his Regiment; and there amidst the butcheries of the battle field he fell like Montgometry, upon a bed of glory! Ransack the military annals of the world, and were will you find a sublimer death?

Let us come, Mr. Chairman, to our own immediate circle. Hamburg had a noble representative on that occasion. Lieut. David Adams. Born and reared among us, he was known to all; a lawyer by profession; he was remarkable in life for manliness and modesty. Stimulated by a praiseworthy ambition, he made up his mind to go abroad, to test upon no prop but himself, to carve out a fortune, to build up a name. He was surrounded by a large and fond family, father, mother, brothers and sisters. Aware of his resolution, they urged him to remain at home, to leave to others "war and its dire alarms," to spend with them the manhood and evening of his days. But love of personal distinction was the lord paramount of his bosom. Although fond of his parents and kindred he burst asunder all these ties, rose above all these considerations, united his fortunes to the Palmetto Regiment, past unhurt through the horrible indications of a Mexican campaign—was one of the 273 gallant Carolinians who fought in the memorable battles of Churubusco, and one of the never to be forgotten thirteen, who sword in hand, passed "from time to eternity." Like the brave commander of his regiment, he lies upon a bed of glory, and friends who knew him once will know him no more.

WHO IS OLD?

A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe, he will be doing something for himself, his neighbors, or for posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life, Washington was at work. So were Franklin and Young and Howard and Newton. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose we must lie down and die because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy; not the day laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the springs of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. Look at that old man, Farther Sewall, now in his eighty-eight year, who is traveling about our State, and preaching from Sabbath to Sabbath. He has the life and energy of a young man—and for aught we know, may yet live to do the work and accomplish the labors of half a dozen puny, sickly, sentimental youths—who are afraid of the rain-drops, the dews of Heaven, and the grateful shower-bath.

Is he old? should not be the question put; but is he active?—can he breathe freely and move with agility? There are scores of grey headed men we should prefer, in any important enterprise, to these young gentlemen who fear and tremble at approaching shadows, and turned pale at a lion in their path—at a harsh word or a frown.—Sat. Courier.

Talking 'Big.'—We cut this from the Boston Post. 'My dear,' said Mrs. Bell to her companion, Mrs. Popples, as they walked past the excavation for the water works in Washington street, yesterday morning—'can you tell me what their holes are made for?'

'Certainly,' replied Mrs. P. 'They are for the anecdote to bring water from Lake Cochichewick. The limping demented wretch Leander thro' the iron eubes, and irritate all the circumjacent benefices.—They'll have hidras at the corners of all the streets, and probably a 'jetty dough upon the common, for it is a law of hieroglyphics that water always descends up to the level of its source, and this here fountain must rise as high as that 'ere lake. I shall be very glad when the water gets here, for I am as fond of absolutions as a musselman, as I dar'not wash my feet in Jamaiky water on account of the dut of the heels.'

A German writer calls a kiss "a delicious dish, eaten with crimson spoons." We suppose this is what is meant when it is said of a young fellow courting, that "he is after the spoons."

A despairing swain, in a fit of desperation recently declared to his unrelenting lady, that it was his full determination to drown himself or perish in the attempt!

Santa Anna being asked if he had any personal dealings with Taylor and Scott, replied, 'Yes, I have kept up a running account with both of them.'