

# The Edgefield Advertiser.

M. LABORDE, Editor.

"We will cling to the pillars of the temple of our liberties, and if it must fall we will perish amidst the ruins."

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

VOLUME 3.

EDGEFIELD C. H. (S. C.) August 23, 1888.

NO. 20.

## The Edgefield Advertiser,

is published EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

TERMS.—Three Dollars per annum if paid in advance.—Three Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid before the expiration of Six Months from the date of Subscription.—and Four Dollars if not paid within Six Months. Subscribers out of the State are required to pay in advance.

No subscription received for less than one year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

All subscriptions will be continued unless otherwise ordered, at the end of the year.

Any person procuring five Subscribers and becoming responsible for the same, shall receive the sixth copy gratis.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at 62 1/2 cents per square, for the first insertion, and 43 1/2 cents per square for each continuation. Advertisements not exceeding the number of insertions marked on them, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

All Advertisements intended for publication in this paper, must be deposited in the Office by Tuesday evening.

All communications addressed to the Editor, (POST PAID) will be promptly and strictly attended to.

## TEMPERANCE.

The following Address was delivered by the Rev. Mr. SEARLES, of Aiken, S. C., before the Central Temperance Board of Edgefield District, in the Baptist Meeting House in March last, and was unanimously requested for publication. (Continued from our last.)

Nor are the effects upon our moral constitution, less to be appreciated.

In the economy of those laws established for the regulation of our conduct, it is so ordained, that virtue is synonymous with happiness, and vice with misery. Reason and experience teach us that this relation has been so strictly, and uniformly observed, that it is morally impossible for a man of vicious and intemperate habits to be happy; as much so as it would be for two bodies to fill the same space at one and the same time. From this principle; and from our knowledge of the constitution of man's moral nature, we are persuaded, that there could not have been a more powerful engine employed in producing such astonishing disorder, as has been so often lamentably witnessed in the moral condition of every intemperate man. Reason, which has been given to man for useful and important purposes, and especially to control and regulate his desires, to rectify the delusions of his senses; to trace effects to their causes; is prevented from performing so desirable an end by the ascendancy, which the passions have acquired. And thus, what is the effect of this? Man, guided by reason, and a slave to his passions, is like the eruption of a volcano, that blights whatever it touches, or like the tempest, that uproots by its desolating power the majestic pine, and the venerable oak. Reason and conscience, both quelled amid the vociferations of the passions, can now do no more, than sit and weep at the awful catastrophe, that is soon to consummate his sufferings, and sink him to the lowest depths of black despair. The salutary restraints of law, and the sacred authority of religion, are alike insufficient to control the boisterous commotions of his nature. To check him in his miserable career, would be as difficult a task, as to force back the waters of a cataract, or stem their current with a straw. Intemperance has cast a dismal aspect over the moral universe. Many a star, that shone with brilliancy in its firmament, has sunk beneath the horizon, and set in darkness forever. It destroys all the noble affections of the soul. It demoralizes the whole man, and makes a fitter subject for the companionship of brutes, than an associate of intelligent beings. It destroys all sense of honor, integrity and moral obligation. It casts its subjects upon wild and tumultuous seas, with no other prospects than the blackness of darkness forever. If they are husbands, they will abuse their wives. If fathers, they will contaminate the morals of their children. If children, they will disobey their parents. How often do we see whole families drunkards, and furies. Sometimes husbands murdering wives; wives husbands; parents—children; and children—parents. Sirs this is but a miniature of the extent to which intemperance affects the moral condition of man. 'Tis no mark of effeminacy to weep over the moral desolation which has so fatally marked the progress of intemperance. If Xerxes wept (when he surveyed his innumerable army at the Straits of Thermopylae) at the reflection, that not one of that extensive army would survive the lapse of a hundred years, what occasion is here for tears? If Caesar shed a flood of tears at the sight of Pompey's head, what occasion is here for tears? Intemperance has, for centuries, been scattering moral death in every direction. The scene of its operation is not confined to place, rank condition or sex. The peasant and the prince are alike subject to its power. Need I tell you that Alexander the Great,

whose conquests knew no limits, but the extent of the world, fell a victim to intemperance? Need I tell you that Xerxes purchased his own death, by his riotous and intemperate habits? These instances of fallen greatness, & many others that might be enumerated, should excite in our minds a just indignation against an evil so malignant in its nature, and destructive in its consequences.

If upon the page of romance and fiction, we read of the distresses of a virtuous family, occasioned by some lawless invader, a strong would be our sympathies for the unhappy sufferers; and how bitter would be our execration upon the offender; and yet, when living examples are exhibited to our notice, they excite no emotion of pity, one emotion of displeasure. If we can gaze upon the broken columns; the decayed abbey; and mounting temple of some once flourishing city, and pause with strange and kindling feelings at such wrecks of its former beauty, and symmetry, are we so insensible to the moral sublime, as not to feel at the sight of moral desolation? Where will you find a ruin so mournful and complete, as that which intemperance exhibits in the moral world? Sirs, you may search creation round for an instance, and I venture to predict, that you will search in vain. The ravages of pestilence are truly frightful. The desolations of war are truly alarming. But how weak and insignificant do these instruments of death appear when contrasted with the mighty engine of intemperance—that extensive and perennial manufacturer of misery, poverty, and death.

Nor is our social condition exempted from its evils.

Man is the master piece of heaven's production. In him are centre'd the ingredients of the divine mind. His social capacities are susceptible of enjoyment commensurate to the dignity of his nature. Divinity has stamped his image upon the features of his constitution; and to deface it, is a gross perversion of the end and object of his being. And yet, in how many instances, do we see this most fatally exemplified in the effects of intemperance. Man under its influence, and borne on by the impetuous current of dissipation, is alike insensible to the natural, moral, intellectual and social attractions of the universe. Nature may spread herself out before him in all her variegated forms; but she will excite no emotions of pleasure. The moral universe may exhibit some of the finest and best productions of moral worth and excellence; but they awaken no expressions of delight. The intellectual world unfolds her golden treasures; but no desires are created for their enjoyment. The social universe for which he is naturally fitted, here loses her genial air; and he tramples upon her sacred rites, as unworthy of his respect. Visit one of the temples of vice, and you may read in living characters the following inscriptions: THIS IS THE WAY TO POVERTY. THIS IS THE WAY TO FATAL DISEASES. THIS IS THE WAY TO MAKE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS. THIS IS THE WAY TO ETERNAL RUIN.—Every sentiment of which is duly cauterized by the fatal cup that is taken to the lips by the foul and obscene language that is used; by the squalidness of the fortunes, that are suspended on the throw of the dice; the turn of the cards, and direction of the ball. From this scene of social derangement, turn to the domestic side. See the tears that are shed upon their altars; and as their sacred fires are laid upon them, and are quenched, see how the spiral columns of smoke ascend; and then compute their numbers! See that kind and affectionate mother, as her venerable form yields to the pressure of her grief; she treads upon her trembling knees, with her arms convulsed, and eyes raised in sorrowful expressions to heaven; mark the silence and solemnity that attend her prayerful attitude! She prays! Heaven gives her audience! 'Tis the prayer of a pious mother for a dissipated son! Here pause, and reflect. Then turn to that wife whose husband to her, is worse than though he were not. Mark her emaciated form; her pale, and wan cheek; her haggard children, how closely they gather around her weak form, to escape the bleak winds that pierce their wretched dwelling; mark well the quivering of her lips; they resp something of wrong; and as the low accents of her voice, break upon the death-like silence that enervate them, then catch the sound; 'tis the groanings of a heart riven with despair! She talls upon the cold hearth, but her heart is in prayer, and breaks upon the repose of heaven; 'tis the prayer of a broken hearted wife! Ye, that are best acquainted with human language, describe it you can, the anguish of her mind. Ye, that can with mastery of skill transcribe the living forms of nature upon the

canvas, give life to the eye, expression to the countenance, and language to the lip, where will you find colors sufficiently deep, and black, to paint the agonies of her mind!

Nor do the evils, terminate here; a scene remains to be exhibited, filled with more sorrowful penetration. The son for whom, that mother has prayed, is yet worshipping at the temple of dissipation. She watches at the midnight lamp for his return. See the deep-drawn sigh that convulses her bosom! the solicitude and anxiety, that settle upon her brow; and as she sits in silent musing, as to the probable fate of her wayward son; see how she starts at every sound that disturbs the midnight slumber! Alas! no longer deceived by false alarms, she hears a faint and low voice like to her son; she hastens to the door opens it, and lo! at her feet he falls in all the loathsomeness of beastly intoxication. He was an only son, the hope of her declining years, and the pride of her life. But this is not all, the husband of that woman, and the father of those children, of whom we were just speaking, at midnight returns, knocks at the door—'tis opened, he enters, and staggers under the intoxicating drink. No affectionate salutation is heard; his children frightened at his approach, seek to conceal themselves, as though he were a demon.—Alas! how changed is the condition of this family. Once happiness, competency and social enjoyment dwelt around its peaceful fireside; now all exhibit one scene of desolation, not unlike where the blasting tornado passed. Cold and famine press hard upon him; unable longer to endure these distressing inconveniences, the angry passions of his soul are kindled to a flame. And as he raises the cursed steel; see how his brutal hands force it to that heart where his best affections once entered! Then mark the agonies of her expiring nature; and as he plucks away the fatal steel, see again how he forces it to the hearts of those children, that once gladdened at the sound of a father's voice, and now witness the scene of a ready awful tragedy, he mingles their heart's blood with his own. Sirs this is no fiction, 'tis the sober reality of intemperate life. Would to heaven, we were more sensibly alive to suffering humanity, and would emanate the worthy precept—

"High on a scroll, inscribed on Nature's shrine, Lay, in bright characters the words divine,— 'In a life's changing scenes, to others do 'What you would wish, by others done to you.' Woe wide o'er earth this sacred law convey; Ye unthinkers heed it, and be all obey."

Nor are the civil effects unworthy of notice.

Experience teaches us, that there is no condition in life, in which a man can be placed, so favourable to the production of crime, as when under the influence of ardent spirit. The testimony of criminals as well as statistical accounts afford remarkable confirmation in proof of this assertion. To the recital of a few instances selected from the Documents of the American Temperance Society, I beg your indulgence. Mr. Pomeroy, before the British Parliament, states, that he is informed by many of the criminals, that they could not commit any very atrocious deed, unless they had previously taken freely of ardent spirit.— "I could not," said one of them "enter your house in the dead of night, and take the chance of your shooting me in it, or of being hung when I got out of it, unless I was well primed."

In the State of N. York there were, in 1833, 9,849 persons in jail! An equal number in proportion to the population, would make in the U. S. about 70,000. Nearly the whole of them drank habitually of ardent spirit.

Mr. Bediam, master of the house of Correction in Boston, says of his inmates, "three fourths were habitual drunkards, and the remainder not fully temperate."

Time will not permit that I detain you longer on this part of our subject. (To be concluded in our next.)

SODA WATER.—Excellent and refreshing as it is, an excessive use of it is very pernicious to the functions of the stomach.—Those who habitually take several glasses a day—who cannot deny themselves whenever they are in sight of a shop—may rely upon having an impaired appetite, a weak digestion and disturbed slumbers. One important objection to a very free use of soda water, is its impregnation by copper, held in solution. A perceptible taste of this metal is a peculiar mark of some of the fountain, owing to the abrasion of the coat of tin, with which the tanks are lined. The sulphate of copper is prescribed as an active purgative—and in minute doses, as when taken from an impurely brewed copper boiler—must certainly have a deleterious effect on the digestive apparatus. Those therefore, who are the most potent soda drinkers, run considerable hazard. And cold water, and less soda, at this debilitating season of the year, would be more conducive to health. The numerous compound mixtures on sale, in hot weather, are far from being blessings to us.—Medical Journal.

## Miscellaneous.

THE SATELLITES.—A person of ordinary feelings, who, on a fine moonlight night, sees our satellite pouring her mild radiance on field and town, path and moor, will probably not only be disposed to "bless the useful light," but also to believe that it was "ordained" for that purpose;—that the "lesser light" was made to rule the night as certainly as the greater light was made to rule the day.

Laplace, however, does not assent to this belief. He observes, that "some partisans of final causes have imagined that the moon was given to the earth to afford light during the night;" but he remarks that this cannot be so, for that we are often deprived, in the same time of the light of the sun and the moon; and he points out how the moon might have been placed so as to be always "full."

That the light of the moon affords to a certain extent, a supplement to the light of the sun, will hardly be denied. If we take man in a condition in which he uses artificial light scantily only, or not at all, there can be no doubt that the moonlight nights are for him a very important addition to the time of daylight. And as a small proportion only of the whole number of nights are without some portion of moonlight, the fact that sometimes both luminaries are invisible, very little diminishes the value of this advantage. Why we have not more moonlight, either in duration or in quantity, is an inquiry which a philosopher could hardly be tempted to enter upon, by any excess which has attended previous speculations of a similar nature. Why should not the moon be ten times as large as she is? Why should not the pupils of man's eye be ten times as large as it is, so as to receive more of the light which does arrive? We do not conceive that our inability to answer the question prevents our knowing that the eyes were made for seeing; nor does our inability to answer the former disturb our persuasion that the moon was made to give light upon the earth.

Laplace suggests that if the moon had been placed at a certain distance beyond the earth, it would have revolved about the sun in the same time as the earth does, and would have always presented to us a full face. It is true, that if the moon were placed at such a distance, it would therefore have other things remaining unchanged, have only been made ten times as large to the eye as our present full moon. We shall not dwell on the discussion of this suggestion, for the reason just mentioned. But we may observe that in such a system as Laplace proposes, it is not only proved, we believe, that the arrangement would be stable under the influence of the disturbing forces. And we may add that such an arrangement, in which the motion of one body has a coordinate preference to two others, is the motion of the moon on this hypothesis would have to the sun and the earth, neither motion being subordinate to the other, is contrary to the whole known analogy of co-ordinated phenomena, and therefore has no claim to our notice as a subject of discussion.

2. In turning our consideration to the satellites of the other planets of our system, there is one fact that immediately arrests our attention; the number of such attendant bodies appears to increase as we proceed to planets farther and farther from the sun. Such at least is the general rule. Mercury and Venus, the planets nearest the sun, have no such attendants; the Earth has one, Mars, indeed, who is still farther, removed, has none; nor have the minor planets, Juno, Vesta, Ceres, Pallas; so that the rule is only approximately verified. But Jupiter, who is at five times the earth's distance, has four satellites; and Saturn, who is again at a distance nearly twice as great, has seven, besides that most extraordinary phenomenon his ring, which, for purposes of illumination is equivalent to many thousand satellites. Of Uranus it is difficult to speak for his great distance renders it almost impossible to observe the smaller circumstances of his condition. It does not appear at all probable that he has a ring like Saturn; but he has at least five satellites which are visible to us, at the enormous distance of nine hundred millions of miles; and we believe that the astronomer will hardly deny that he may possibly have thousands of smaller ones circulating about him.

But leaving conjecture, and taking only the ascertained cases of Venus, the Earth, Jupiter, and Saturn, we conceive that a person of common understanding will be strongly impressed with the persuasion that the satellites are placed in the system with a view to compensate the diminished light of the sun at greater distances. The smaller planets, Juno, Vesta, Ceres, and Pallas, differ from the rest in so many ways, and suggest so many conjectures of reasons for such differences, that we should almost expect to find them exceptions to such a rule. Mars is a more obvious exception. Some persons might conjecture from his case, that the arrangement itself, like other useful arrangements has been brought about by some wider law which we have not yet detected. But whether or not we entertain such a guess, (it can be nothing more,) we see in other parts of creation, so many examples of apparent exceptions to rules, which are afterwards found to be explained, or provided for by particular contrivance, that no one, familiar with such contemplations, will, by one anomaly, be driven from the persuasion that this end which the arrangements of the satellites seem suited to answer is really one of the ends of their creation.

From the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal for October, 1857.

On Extraction of Cataract.—Dr. Robertson says, that the incision of the cornea being completed, if pressure be made on the eye, or if the muscles of the eye contract powerfully, the whole or part of the vitreous matter may be discharged. If the whole runs out, the sight is irretrievably lost.

In his reply to Dr. Keeney, he observes, "I agree with Dr. Robertson in allowing that if the whole of the vitreous humor runs out, the sight is irrevocably gone. But he must frequently have seen a considerable quantity of it escape without any bad consequences ensuing."

"The escape of the vitreous humor after section of the cornea has been completed, in consequence of a disorganized state of the cells containing it, proves that it was not a suitable case for the extraction of cataract. It is the duty of every surgeon, to ascertain, previously to performing extraction, whether the vitreous matter be fluid or not, and this he can easily do by comparing the elasticity and firmness of the diseased with those of the healthy eye. If the eye ball feel preternaturally firm and hard, the vitreous humor may be pronounced to be in a fluid state, and recourse must be had to another operation."

This shows how much ophthalmic science has advanced in America. Dr. Elliott, an eminent oculist of New York, pays no regard to the fluid state of the vitreous humor. If it runs out, as it generally does, as soon as the knife is withdrawn, and the lens is extracted, he fills the eye-ball with distilled water in a tepid state. This is done by means of a small syringe. And in cases, too, where the healthy humor has unavoidably obtained, a circum-stance that is so serious, he and the control of the most skillful surgeon, he injects the tepid water with perfect success.

There need not therefore, be the least hesitation in performing the operation for cataract, through apprehension of a collapse of the eye-ball, from the escape of the vitreous humor, either when healthy or vitiated.— This injected water remains in the eye until secretion goes on again, when the foreign fluid is absorbed.

It is not only the opinion of Dr. Robertson and Dr. Keeney, that the entire loss of the vitreous humor will cause complete collapse, should have a boy, he would take two-thirds of the property, and his mother the remainder, but if it was a girl, then the daughter one-third. Now it happened that a boy and girl were born. The Professor inquired how the property was to be divided according to the wish of the testator. He called up one of his pupils and asked, "Sirs, what was the intention of the testator?" "Sir," answered the student, "it was the intention to have only one child!"

The crown in which her Majesty appeared at the ceremony of the coronation, was made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge. It is exceedingly costly and elegant; the design is much more tasteful than that of George IV and William IV, which has been broken up. The old crown made for the former of these monarchs, weighed upwards of 7 lbs, and was much too large for the head of her present Majesty. The new crown weighs little more than 3 lbs. It is composed of hoops of silver, enclosing a cup of deep purple, or rather blue velvet; the hoops are completely covered with precious stones, surmounted with a bell-shaped cross of brilliant on the top of it.

The cross has in its centre a splendid sapphire, the rim of the crown is encircled with brilliant, and ornamented with four diamonds, and Maltese crosses equally rich. In the front of the Maltese cross which is in front of the crown, is the enormous heart-shaped ruby, once worn by the chivalrous Edward the Black Prince, but now destined to adorn the head of a virgin Queen. Beneath this, in the circular rim, is an immense oblong sapphire. There are many other precious gems, emeralds, rubies and sapphires, and several small clusters of deep pearls. The lower part of the crown is surmounted with a diamond, and is a most dazzling and splendid crown, and does infinite credit to those by whom it has been designed and put together. Her Majesty has expressed herself highly pleased with it.

The following is an estimate of the value of the jewels.

Twenty diamonds round the circle,	£140,000
Two large centre diamonds, £2,000 each,	4,000
54 smaller diamonds placed on the angles of the former,	100
Four crosses, each composed of 25 diamonds,	12,000
Four large diamonds on the tops of the crosses,	45,000
15 diamonds contained in the fleur-de-lis,	10,000
18 smaller diamonds contained in the same,	2,000
Pearls, diamonds, &c., on the arches and crosses,	10,000
141 diamonds on the mound,	500
25 diamonds on the upper cross,	3,000
Two circles of pearls about the rim,	30
	£211,000.

John Van Buren, a son of our President, is in England. He is a man of talents, and of very agreeable companionable qualities.—Mr. Bennett of the New York Herald writing from London, thus speaks of him:—"My friend young John Van Buren is behaving very well here. He puts up at Long's fashionable Hotel in Bond street, and quizzes the English dandies most unmercifully. I understand also that the Queen is much better pleased with our Prince than with the white haired sprig of royalty from France—I mean the Duc de Nemours.—John has a great deal of natural gallantry and wit about him—a little bizarre, it is true—but the poor Frenchman has little of either. Both have long legs, but the form and figure

of the democrat is decidedly much straighter than that of the tri-color. On each side of the Queen, when she is at table, is a chair generally vacant.

"When she wants to talk to any of her guests, she sends her page to the person with a request to drink wine with her majesty. The person thus honored immediately gets up, and walks up to one of the vacant chairs, drinks with her majesty, and enters into conversation. When John had the invitation, he sat down, I am told, into quite an interesting talk with the pretty little queen. He talked of the United States—of our big rivers—big mountains, and big prairies. The queen was highly delighted with young John—indications of which crossed her fair cheeks in the form of smiles. After a little while, her majesty sent her page to another of her guests. This was a signal for John to retire to his former seat at table, which he did with great grace, his little majesty eyeing him from beneath her left eye all the time."

Deadful Superstition.—The Rev. Richard Knill, the zealous agent of the London Missionary Society, at a meeting at Leeds last week, gave a thrilling and dreadful account of a superstition which has lately been discovered to prevail in a part of the Madras Presidency, India, where the farmers are in a habit of fattening and killing boys, and cutting their flesh from their bones, while they are yet alive, and sending a piece of their flesh to each of their fields or plantations that the blood may be squeezed out of it on the soil before the child dies, this being done with the view of making the soil more fertile! Two ty-five boys, among the finest that could be found, were discovered by the British soldiery in one place, under the care of the priests, fattening for slaughter; and in another place fifteen were found. They were of course rescued, and put under the care of the collector; and it was believed the missionaries would take charge of the poor infants, and bring them up in the Christian religion.—Liverpool paper.

Love Case.—The following was stated by a Professor at Paris to his pupils. A gentleman dying, made his will, in which he provided, that if his wife, shortly to be confined, should have a boy, he would take two-thirds of the property, and his mother the remainder, but if it was a girl, then the daughter one-third. Now it happened that a boy and girl were born. The Professor inquired how the property was to be divided according to the wish of the testator. He called up one of his pupils and asked, "Sirs, what was the intention of the testator?" "Sir," answered the student, "it was the intention to have only one child!"

Rise of Waters on Lake Michigan.—The Milwaukee Sentinel says the waters of Michigan Lake have been rising for several years past, as the oldest settlers attest. For a long time the mouth of the Milwaukee river, formerly an Indian race course, and perfectly dry, is now a marsh submerged in places to the depth of three to six feet under water. The statement of Mr. Jenoux, who has resided on the spot where Milwaukee is situated some eighteen years, goes to upset the opinion of some theorists, that there is a periodical rise and fall, and ebbing and flowing tide in all the chain of great Lakes. Mr. Jenoux says there has been a continuous, though gradual rise in the Lake ever since he first located at Milwaukee, without any apparent ebbing of its waters, other than witnessed whenever the wind blows strongly either into or out of the bay.

A gentleman having engaged to fight a man of coeks, directed his feeder in the country, who was son of the sod, to pick out Paddy's best, and bring them to town.—Paddy having made his selection, put the two coeks together into a bag and brought them with him in the mail coach. When they arrived, it was found that upon their journey they had almost torn each other to pieces; on which Paddy was severely taken to task for his stupidity, in putting both coeks in one bag. "Indeed," said the honest Irishman, "I thought there was no risk of their falling out, as they were going to fight on one side."

EXTRAVAGANCE.—Avoid extravagance in every thing, especially in dress and incidental expenses. It is one of the most dangerous habits one is liable to acquire; once firmly fixed, it is an inexorable tyrant, that will drive his victim to the commission of almost every act to satisfy his demand. It is the sworn foe of peace, happiness, wealth and integrity.

Safety.—A preacher being requested to perform the last sad offices, for a young woman at the point of death, pressed her to believe that flesh and blood could not enter the kingdom of Heaven. Then I am safe, said she, for I am nothing but skin and bone.

Irish Trick.—A dandy seeing a newly imported Irishman passing the gates of the Prince's Park, at Liverpool, cried out, "Aren't Pat, what's o'clock by your red stocking?" "Just striking one," said Paddy at the same moment flooring the Erskine with his shillabog.

A man observing another reading about it's a goodly asked a by-stander if he thought that was an actor? No, replied the other, I think he is a juggler.

"Do you like novels?" said a Miss Langhish to her mother's lover. "I don't," answered she. "I never read any; but I like them when I'm tremendous at a young person."