

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 VI.

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NO. 1.

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER

BY W. F. DURISOE, PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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Poetic Access.

THE WISHING-GATE.

In the vale of Gramere, by the side of the high-way leading to Ambleide, is a gate which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-Gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there, have a favorable issue.

Hope leads a land for ever green; All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen, Are confident and gay; Clouds at her bidding disappear;

Points she to aught!—the bliss draws near, And Fancy smooths the way. Not such the land of wishes—there Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer, And thoughts with things at strife, Yet how forlorn, should ye depart, Ye superstitions of the heart, How poor were human life!

When magic lore abjured its might, Ye did not forfeit one dear right, One tender claim abate; Witness this symbol of your sway, Surviving near the public way, The rustic Wishing-Gate!

Inquire not if the fairy race Shed kindly influence on the place, Ere northward they retired; If here a warrior left a spell, Panting for glory as he fell; Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair, Composed with nature's fustest care, And in her fondest love; Peace to embosom and content, To overawe the turbulent, The selfish to reprove.

Yea! even the stranger from afar, Ecce! on this moss-grown bar, Unknowing and unknown, The infection of the ground partakes, Longing for his beloved—who makes All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious Spirits fear The mystic stirrings that are here, The ancient faith disclaim? The local Genius ne'er befriends Desires, whose course in folly ends, Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn, If some, by ceaseless pains outworn, Here crave an easier lot; If some have thirsted to renew A broken vow, or bind a true, With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast Upon the irrevocable past, Some penitence sincere May for a wofuller future sigh, While trickles from his downcast eye No unavailing tear.

The Worshipping, pining to be freed From turmoil, who would turn or speed The current of his fate, Might step before his favored scene, At Nature's call, nor blush to lean Upon the Wishing-Gate.

The Sage, who feels how blind, how weak Is man, though loth such help to seek, Yet, passing here, might pause, And yearn for insight to ally Mingling, while the crimson day In quietness withdraws.

Or when the church-clock's knell profound To Time's first step across the bound Of midnight makes reply; Time pressing on with stately crest, To slial sleep upon the breast, Of dread eternity! [WORKS WORTH

From the Cincinnati Daily Gazette.

WESTERN AMBITION.

BY DIKE TINTO, GENT.

"What shall I do," said to himself one night Ambitious Hodge, "to win myself a name, And from obscurity awake to fame? Shall I a poem or a novel write— Or run for Congress at the next election— Or rival Brandreth, and invent a pill— Or get a license legally to kill— Or with Drake's College shall I form connexion— Or study law?" Hodge paused and mused awhile.

Leaped up at length and shouted thus aloud, While as a sunbeam shooting 'thwart a cloud, Along his swarthy face there gleamed a smile, "Egad I have it!—yes—it is the best— I'll raise the biggest Hog in all the West!"

Miscellaneous.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

The old bachelor is a kind hearted, busy old soul, quizzed and loved by every one in the sphere of his acquaintance. His methodical precision of word and action draw down upon him the laughter of the young and the approbation of the old. His warm heart makes him beloved by all who dwell within the circuit of his kindly feelings. He is a favorite amongst the ladies, from the fat widow at the manor house to the laundress who sings over the washing tub at the door of her humble cottage, and gives a threefold attention to the pleasing of the bachelor's shirts. She knows the worth of her particular customer, and for him alone does she re-starch and re-iron every rebellious fold in his linen, as if she were anxious to preserve his character for unrivalled cleanliness and neatness without a sarcasm. The old bachelor is a being predestined from his cradle not to marry, and yet he is universally gifted with a most susceptible heart. There is no man more alive to the fascinations of female beauty and intelligence, there is no heart which has received Cupid's arrows more often, and sighed more tenderly over their wounds. At college he stood alone for romance and dress; his host fitted him exquisitely; his coat was perfect; and his gloves!—our bachelor was the best dressed man you could meet on a being of the man. His heart was a mixture of pride, vanity and generosity, kind and yielding to a fault, with a warm spirit of the devil to temper it, withal, if offended. His first love was enthusiastic and ardent. The lady of his love was older than himself by a few years, and, of course his cousin. Most men begin life by worshipping a cousin; the tie of relationship does away with that chilling reserve and awkward timidity, inseparable companions of passion, when it awakens for the first time in the human breast. He loved her like a fool; cherished a withered lover she had worn; sang the songs she liked—would have served her on his knees had she required it; and died for one kiss from her rosy lips! She inspired the first outburst of the muse—for the bachelor writes poetry—it is indispensable; for her he used brush and crayons, he was artist, musician, poet; he would have been anything she required, for he was an enthusiast and in love. But the fair cousin married, and left the student to forget her if he could. He thought to break his heart in despair, and found that he lived only a little sadder than usual. Even then his fellow students named him the bachelor, he was so peculiar in his ideas, so neat, so orderly, so methodical. It would be too long to trace him through his different adventures; it is sufficient to give a general outline of his life it would be, also, almost impossible to trace him in his different passions. Ah! naughty old bachelor, you have fallen in love too often, and to every lady you have sworn eternal constancy. You have written the sweetest poetry, sang the sweetest songs, and forgotten—each. Naughty old bachelor! parents and friends have vainly sought to make him enter the respectable ranks of married men; but he never could find a wife who united all the perfections of womanhood in her person.

At thirty he had already acquired a thousand bachelor traits—not a speck of dust was visible on any article appertaining to him; his clothes fitted better than ever; he was more punctual to his exercise and diversion, his watch was wound up exactly at the same hour every night, and deposited on exactly the same spot in his sleeping apartment. He dislikes dogs, cats and other animals, and was a very child with children, so long as they did not make a noise when he wished peace, and were not allowed to interfere with his usual employments. He was as great a lover of the fair sex as ever—and generally, alas! only too successful, for who could withstand his winning address, his flattering attentions. What woman was not proud to inspire a passion which called forth all the energies of a first rate genius. And so our bachelor went on his way through life, stringing hearts like beads, and flinging them away when they were no longer new, to hear them break beneath his feet; until now, when he has passed into the "sere and yellow leaf," he returns to the remembrance of those he wooed and won, and wishes he could make them his again. Yet he would not marry—he could not, so long has been in the habit of adorning all the sex, that unless he could wed them all he could not wish to be a husband, neither would it be possible to find happiness in the married state. He could not sing to his wife, when she was his own forever—

"Then thou art the life pulse of my heart, My very soul is thine; Why did we meet love, but to part, Why canst thou not be mine? I saw the bright tears in thine eyes, And yet mine dared not start; I listened to thy stifled sighs, And felt that we must part; Go, and be thine a proud career; My fate lies hid in gloom, For the life's smiles, for me is tear, Love's anguish and the tomb."

And so our bachelor has lived, sighed and flattered his little day upon earth—flirted with all the married ladies, danced with all the young debutantes at their first ball, and made many a light heart heavy, and a gay one ache, at his inconstancy. His talents have driven him into the world—he has a name and a standing, and no small portion of literary fame; but with all he is not a little sad and lonely in his comfortable home—he misses something and cannot tell what, and it would rank heresy to hint that it was a wife. In his old age, he is the beau of the spinster's tea-table, the delight of the widow's card party, he has all the news of the day, the gossip of the town at his finger's ends; and with the young people he is an equal favorite, he shows them tricks on the cards, tells fortunes, sings comic songs, and makes himself a fool for their amusement. With mamma he is an invaluable creature. He can give his arm to Isabella on leaving the ball-room, and thus screen her from the soft nothingness of a penniless adorer; or if a rich aspirant escorts the fair daughter, mamma seizes the ready arm of the bachelor, who possesses neither eyes or ears when he sees they were inconvenient to his partner. He makes one in a round game, is ready to take part in charades, he godfather at a christening, and guardian at neck; every body loves him, from the servant, whom he plagues with his quaint notions of neatness, to the beggar at his gates; not one voice is raised against the old bachelor, for all agree that whatever be his failings he has a generous hand and a good heart, is kind as a master, and sincere as a friend.

The following description of himself, given by Loren Dow, jr., a popular preacher through the columns of the New York Sunday Mercury, is at once eloquent, graphic and true. It is as true to nature as the lineaments of the face in the most natural miniature ever depicted by the hand of the most skillful limner: "What a precious piece of goods I am! hardly fit for a mock auction shop—a damaged remnant of youthful ambition—mole-eaten by time, grown flimsy by age, and scratched to pieces by the cares, disappointments and trials of a vexatious world.—I feel myself to be nothing more than a soap bubble, blown into existence by the breath of Omnipotence, and I expect to be blown out of it by a puff from the same source. "When my old coat shows evidence of decay, I can't get it sewed and mended—a superannated pair of boots can find renovation in the lap of the cobler—but when the body grows the worse for wear, no mortal hand can stay its destruction. Time has used me pretty well, however, considering the liberties I have sometimes taken with it. It has gently brought me to the calm evening of my days, when life's second twilight gathers round, and as it deepens, discloses the hand-writing upon the golden wall of the west—a fair to-morrow for the weary pilgrim. I have not descended, my friends, into a gloomy vale. Not a bit of it! I have reached the summit of a glorious hill, where the eternal sun of Hope shines down and warms my back, as an offset to the chill winds that whistle in my bosom. Here I can mount a stump, and look over the whole landscape of past existence. I can point to the dim blue horizon, and say—"There, behind that misty veil, lies the region of infancy, where I first pecked the shell, and came squalling into the world with an eloquence that foretold my future calling; a little this side, I behold the blooming garden of childhood, in all its pristine loveliness, where I plucked the roses of joy, suckled all the sweet cider of life, mugged at care, and drove sorrow with a single boo-hoo; this side of that, are the green pastures of youth, over which I bounded with the blood of young boiling ambition in my veins, striving to imitate and emulate; nearer still, extended the broad plains, fertile valleys, rugged hills, and wooded lawns of manhood, with an extensive variety of prospect; here a gleam of sunshine, and there a gloomy shadow."

Election Joke.—At the late election in this city an old and well known gentleman presented himself at the window where he had voted for twenty years. His vote was challenged by a young whipper-snapper who officiated, and who knew that the old gentleman differed in politics with him. "It is necessary for you to swear that you have lived in this ward more than ten days," said the challenger. "Why you know that I have," replied the voter, "for more than a year ago you came to my shop and purchased the hat you have on, and have never paid for it yet!"—Saturday Courier.

Singular Escape.—A vessel was recently capsized near the Sicily Islands so suddenly that it did not fill with water, the internal air being confined, and three men and a boy who were in the cabin were shot in and remained three days without food, and were afterwards rescued.

CULTIVATION OF PEAS.

There are probably but few crops that more amply remunerates the grower for the cost of cultivation, when rightly managed than peas. They constitute a most excellent and nutritious food for hogs, and as they may be raised on almost any soil that is moderately fine and dry, they are justly preferred by many of our most judicious and enlightened agriculturists, to meal or corn.

Land naturally abounding in red soil, even if it has been rendered sterile and unproductive, by long and excessive cropping, will generally, if subjected to a cleansing crop the year previous, produce good peas.

I have upwards of an acre of "Marrow-fat" now growing on a soil of this description, and which, judging from present appearance, will yield a heavier net income than any other piece of similar dimensions of the farm; many of the vines having already attained the length of four feet, and presenting in their innumerable pods and leaves, the most promising indications of an abundant yield.

I ploughed the first of May, and sowed (about three and a quarter bushels to the acre.) On the Furrow: The ground was thoroughly and carefully harrowed with a light two-horse harrow, and the surface smoothed with a "Drag Roller,"—an implement by the way, of such essential utility, that no farmer should, according to my view, be without one, and which any person possessing the most ordinary attributes of "constructive genius," may furnish in a few hours, for himself.

Some farmers prefer drilling their peas. This system is indubitably a good one, but will be found, I think by many, and especially by those who are scant of "helps," to involve many and serious inconveniences, from which the more ordinary and expeditious method of broad cast sowing, is exempt.

I have known an excellent crop to be obtained, by simply depositing a few peas—say six or eight in a hill with potatoes. They are no detriment either to the growth or cultivation of the latter, as they require a specific nutriment, which they are enabled to obtain without infringing in the slightest degree upon the *pabulum* specifically appropriated to the potato. The fact is now, I believe generally recognised by all judicious farmers, that *leguminosion* of their *stratum* from the soil, a fact which is amply and incontrovertibly established by the circumstance of their growing and flourishing in full vigor, for weeks after the *pedicel* root stalk, has become dry for several inches above the surface of the soil, and consequently incapacitated either to inhale or transmit moisture in sufficient quantity for the growth and sustenance of the plant.

By practising this system, several objects of essential importance with farmers are obtained. First, purity of seed—a very important consideration with the *Neat Farmer*, certainly; and, secondly, cheapness of cultivation, which under present exigencies, is of no less importance, probably, than the first. More on this topic anon. EXPERIMENTALIST.

Many will doubtless regard this as an error, but in my opinion the practice of sowing one and two, and sometimes two and a half bushels to the acre, which has generally prevailed among us, is the radical and efficient cause of failure in the cultivation of peas. I have made several experiments in order to ascertain the right quantity, and have invariably succeeded best when I have been liberal of my seed. The smaller the size of the pea, the smaller of course will be the quantity required.

New Products.—There are doubtless sections of the American continent, in the soil and climate of which all the fruits and vegetables of the different continents of Europe would flourish and reach maturity. Many excellent foreign and tropical plants have been already naturalized within the boundaries of the United States, and we are pleased to see that efforts are making to introduce and cultivate others. Experiment has shown that several of the most valuable productions of the West Indies grow readily in some sections of the Florida; and we think there can be no doubt that the choicest fruits of France would, in several of the American States so flourish as richly to reward the enterprise and means necessary to their introduction.

It is stated that an eminent horticulturist in New York has recently gone largely into the culture of Languedoc Almond, the best variety of this fruit raised in France. He has raised in the vicinity of New York city, this year, 10,000 of these trees, many of which are five feet high, having made a most luxuriant growth.—He is confident the trees will prove perfectly hardy, and on the third season will yield fruit abundantly.

In Texas, an enterprising horticulturist has a nursery of olive trees, which, we have seen it stated are growing fully.—This is among the most valuable of all the vegetable productions of the earth. The tree begins to bear when it is three years old, and continues to produce largely to a very great age, improving its fruit every season for many years after its first yield. It may not be known, as purchased at the fruit stores in this country, will vegetate and grow thrifty. Such is the fact. We have had a number shoot up strong and vigorous spears, growing from six to eight inches above the ground the first summer, and sending out a couple of strong roots of even greater length.—The other olive trees, or the act of

transplanting in the fall, we have never preserved the plants over the first winter. Cause and effect are generally traced further apart than most people are in the habit of supposing. Who knows but that the extraordinary exertions now making by Great Britain to supply herself with raw cotton from the East Indian possessions may among their very first results, add \$50,000 per annum to the wealth of the American People, by introducing in the United States a home supply of silks, wines, and foreign fruits. This is looking far away for a cause, but such a result is certainly among the strong probabilities of the time.—Cincinnati Advertiser.

From the New York Star.

SOMETHING NEW.—The onerous duties of our daily calling are occasionally relieved by the pleasant employment of chronicling some labor-saving invention; and a case of the kind we have just been called upon to notice.

Col. James Hamilton, one of the Vice Presidents of the American Institute, a mechanic of great ingenuity and of most praiseworthy industry, has just completed and patented a *New Saw-Mill*.

His chief recommendation is great simplicity and cheapness of construction. It is believed that the cost of making one of the largest class will not exceed two hundred dollars. With trifling expense it can be removed and re-established in any spot where the land is tolerably even. In short, it can be taken into the midst of a forest and fully set at work with a few hours of preparation. Again, it can be used with any kind of power; but what constitutes another and one of its best recommendations, is that it can be successfully used by manual labor.

It will prove invaluable in the construction of Rail Roads. It can be moved to keep pace with the kind of lumber in the road, sawing any kind of lumber in the making of them; and is of so simple a construction that scarcely any instruction is necessary in order to enable common laborers to work it. Another striking feature of its usefulness is, that the logs to be sawed are not elevated much above the level of the ground; and that the saw passes through the log, instead of the log passing through the saw. This is a very great and important improvement. It saves all the vast labor of hoisting up heavy logs which is now done them to their proper place; penive, and it also saves one half of the usual space required in the common way to cut up a log in.

There are many districts of our wide spread country where the face of it is flat, and where the timber abounds of the very best quality, but where it is almost valueless, because of the great distance to saw mills. This invention will enable the owners of such lands to transport the boards and planks to the nearest point of navigation, and by it can successfully compete with other manufacturers of lumber.

"Getting Comfortable."—Croton Crocker tells a wonderful story of the quantity of liquor necessary to get a man "comfortable." It is that in the case of a gentleman whose life was insured, the company resisted payment, on the ground that the death of the insurer had been hastened by hard drinking. To combat this, the heirs would of course introduce witnesses to prove how much could be taken daily, before a man would be subject to the charge of being a hard drinker. Hard drinking witnesses would of course be best to establish the quantity; and one of them swore that for the last eighteen years of his life he had been in the habit of taking every night four & twenty tumblers of whiskey punch. "Recollect yourself, sir," said the examining counsel. "Four and twenty! you swear to that. Now did you never drink five and twenty?" "I am on my oath," replied the witness, and I will swear no further, for I never kept count beyond the two dozen; though there's no saying how many beyond I might drink to make myself comfortable; but "twenty-four is my stint!" We should think that a man might ordinarily get comfortable on such a stint, without going beyond it, but there's no accounting for habit.

Very Affecting.—A sentimental youth, having seen a young damsel shedding tears over something in her lap, took the first opportunity to be introduced to her, and made no doubt she was a congenial spirit.

"What work was it that affected you so much the other morning? I saw you shed a great many tears. Was it Bulwer's last?"

"I don't know what Bulwer's last is," returned she, "but I assure you I was doing a job which always almost kills me. I was peeling onions."

Comforts of the Poor.—The poor man has his wife and children about him—and what has the rich man more? He has the same enjoyment of their society, the same solicitude for their welfare, the same pleasure in their good qualities, improvement, and success; their connexion with him is as strict and intimate, their attachment as strong, their gratitude as warm. I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in a morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages at night.

Innate reserve.—No man or woman ever told all they thought to any other man or woman. There is always a reserve and a reserve productive of a thousand vital consequences to ourselves and others. It does not spring from hypocrisy, deceit, or even dissimulation, but often from a want of moral courage, and other times from the best and kindest of feelings.—They dislike to hurt and be hurt—the wish not to offend, self love and many subtle causes, tend to confirm this innate and immovable principle in human nature; and it is probable, that even in the transports of the deepest and most impassioned affections, the whole bosom thoughts of one were never disclosed to another.

The Boston Courier says.—"We know of but two classes more contemptible than sheep stealers, and those are the writers who are in favor of the present shipmaster system of Middle and Southern States and those who send anonymous communications to editors." There is another class, perhaps unknown to the editor of the Courier, but quite too common in these diggings, upon whom sheep stealers would look with contempt—we mean that class who are in the habit of taking a newspaper some two or three years and cheating the printer out of his pay! You have none of these kind of customers down in old Bay State, have you, Mr. Courier?

Farmers, Mechanics, and Working Men, generally, are the bone and sinew of democracy. They seldom ask offices; but they are always seen sighted in penetrating the difference between the true-hearted democrat and the mere time-serving demagogue; between him who lives that he may aid the cause of democracy, and him who aids the cause of democracy that he may live. They are always for principles, not men; reality, not fiction.

Those men are always found to complain the most of hard times and bad prices, who add least to the productive resources of the country. The farmer who, by his labor creates value from the earth, rarely complains; and need never if he diligently follows the plough. Let those who complain, remember there is an infallible cure for hard times—honest industry.—Genesee Farmer.

"You ought to be ashamed of Yourself." How very common and at the same time how been kissed by a chap, who had a pout her pretty lips as though she was mad, and say, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself," when every one must know she means nothing by it. It is all nonsense, girls, to make remarks of the kind, and you really "ought to be ashamed of yourselves" for using them. Why don't you "come right out," like the Yankee girl who was kissed by her lover, and tell him "you darsn't du that again." That's the way.—Pic.

Steel Ore.—In the town of Duane, Franklin county, a vein of magnetic oxide of iron has been discovered, distinguished from the other minerals of that region by its capacity of yielding, directly from the process of smelting, a substance possessing all the physical and chemical properties of manufactured steel.

Accommodated in full.—Two sailors were sitting on the gunwale of their ship, drinking grog. "This is meat and drink, said Jack and fell overboard as he was speaking. "And now you've got washing and lodging," coolly replied Tom.

Happiness Enjoyed.—A captain in the navy meeting a friend as he landed at Portsmouth Point, boasted that he had left his whole ship's company the happiest fellows in the world.—"How so!" asked the friend. "Why, I have just flogged seventeen, and they are happy it is over: all the rest are happy they have escaped."

If married ladies would consult their husbands instead of their friends, on matters concerning both, there would be less harsh feeling and more comfort among the parties.

When the question was agitated in London, which would be the safest place to put Napoleon, so that he could not get out, a gentleman who had a suit long depending, advised ministers to put him in a court of chancery.

It being proved, on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really *Inch*, who pretended that it was *Linek*: "I see said the Judge, "the old proverb is verified in this man, who being allowed an Inch, has taken an L."

Help others and you relieve yourself. Go and drive away the cloud from that distressed friend's brow, and you will return with a lighter heart.

Time to Blush.—'Blush not now,' said a young Italian to his young relative, whom he met issuing from a haunt of vice; 'you should have blushed when you went in.'

'I say, Tom, why do you hang your head so these days?' 'I'm looking after the money they said would be lying about the streets when 'old Tip' was elected President.'

"Let every one take care of himself," as the jackass said when he was walking among the chickens.