

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.

Edgefield Court House, S. C., March 18, 1841.

NO. 7.

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER
BY
W. F. DURISOE, PROPRIETOR.

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

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All communications addressed to the Editor, post paid, will be promptly and strictly attended to.



Poetic Access.

ECCLESIASTES IX. 6.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

BY REV. THOMAS RAFFLES.

In the morning sow the seed
Nor at eve withhold thy hand,
Who can tell which may succeed,
Or if both alike shall stand,
And a glorious harvest bear,
To reward the sower's care.

In the morning sow thy seed—
In the morning of thy youth;
Prompt to every generous deed,
Scatter wide the seeds of truth:
He whose sun may set at noon
Never can begin too soon!

Nor withhold thy willing hand
In the eventide of age,
E'en to life's last lingering sand,
In thy closing pilgrimage,
Seed may yet be sown by thee,
Sown for immortality!

"By all waters," be it sown—
Every where enrich the ground,
Till the soil with thorns o'ergrown,
Shall with fruit and flowers abound;
Pregnant with a sweet perfume,
Decked in Eden's loveliest bloom!

Sow it in the youthful mind;
Can you have a fairer field?
Be it but in faith consigned,
Harvest, doubtless, it shall yield,
Fruits of early piety,
All that God delights to see.

Sow it on the waters wide,
Where the seaman ploughs the deep;
Then with every flowing tide,
You the blessed fruit shall reap,
And the thoughtless sailor prove
Trophy to the cause you love.

Sow it 'mid the crowded street—
Lanes and alleys dark and foul,
Where the teeming masses meet—
Each with an immortal soul,
Sunk in deepest moral gloom,
Reckless of the coming doom.

Sow it 'mid the haunts of vice—
Scenes of infamy and crime;
Suddenly, may Paradise
Burst, as in the northern clime,
Spring, with all its verdant race,
Starts from Winter's cold embrace.

Sow it with unsparing hand,
'Tis the Kingdom's precious seed;
'Tis the Master's great command,
And His grace shall crown the deed,
He hath said the precious grain
Never shall be sown in vain!

Long, indeed, beneath the cloud,
It may lie, forgot, unseen—
Noxious weeds may clothe the sod,
Changing seasons intervene,
Summer's heat and Winter's frost—
Yet that seed shall not be lost.

But, at length, it shall appear,
Rising up o'er all the plain—
"First the blade, and then the ear,"
Then the ripe, the gold grain;
Joyous reapers, gladly come,
Angels shout the harvest home.
Edge Hill, Jan. 1, 1841.

Miscellaneous.

From the New Orleans Picayune.
LETTER FROM PARDON JONES.
UP THE COAST, January 26.

Dear Pic.—I see't you've got my mer-ridge printed in your columns, as nice as can be, but you didn't print the pernicklers about it, because you say they was't broad. Well, I s'pect you're right—for I know they was pretty well stretched out—and to tell you the fact, Jerushy tell'd me the same thing 'fore I sent my letter, but I thought you'd like to know all about it, bein' you aint merried yourself, and so I sent it for what 'twould fetch. No 'fence, I hope, was ther? Mistress Jones has ben puttin, a new idear into my head sense we was merried. "Pardine," says she to me one evenin'—"Pardine, I du wish you would turn your thoughts from literature, and employ your gifts in pollyticks. Run for Congress," says she, sparklin' up—"run for Congress, Pardine—you're o'fay, as the French say—you was cut out for a grate man, and you'll succeed, I know you will!" "Lord bless your fond soul," says I, "how in the name of nature do you expect I can get to Congress? Wy," says I, "I haint got no niggers, nor knows, nor hosses, nor land, and can't even vote for another candydate—much more I cant git nobody to vote for me!" "O law," says she, "s'pos'n you haint got no niggers—haint you got me—and aint I worth as much as to or three niggers?" "Yis," says I, "Jerushy—you're a darned sight better than a dozen niggers for my taste—but then you didn't cost so much—and monny is the thing to make a grate man now-a-days—'allants aint nothin' in the scale with monny," says I. Wall, she sort a gin it up then, and haint said nothin, about it sense—but it has ben runnin' in my head, day and night, from then till now and I'm determined to try it! I'm a goin' to put myself up, all ready aginst any body dies or resigns. My spunk is up—my fifty dollars! I've gin up the school—it's tu darned rainy here for a school—so now I must go to peddin', or to teachin' short hand ritin', or to mendin' clocks, or else I must go to Congress—or a'uthin'—it wont du to be here duin' nothin'. I want you to back me. Here's my ticket:—

For Congress—from the fust vacant deestrick in Luzayana, Pardon Jones Esq., son of old Mr. Jones of the Bay State.—Mister Joneses sentiments is liberal and free, and founded on the principles of Washington—Jefferson—Jackson—Van Buren and General Harrison. Mister Joneses opiaions about the banks is pericely the same that them grate men all entertained. Mister Jones will stick up, one side or t'other, for the tariff but don't like to commit himself on that subject till he sees which way the cat is goin' to jump. Mister Jones will go in for the public lands. He is goin' to be the people's man, and he wants to be on the poplar side of every thing, for that is dimmercric. Mister Jones will go in for all the Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, and all the forinners born and brought up in the United States.

There—I guess that will du to start on. Mistress Jones sends her compliments, and says that she has got twenty or thirty strings of dried punkins—the nicest perhaps, that you ever seen—and she has got now near about half a bushel of dried huckleberries, tu. Wont you come and see us? You can bring your press along with you—I guess we'd have room for it in our settin' room. Your ever lov'd friend,
PARDON JONES.

From the Baltimore Clipper.
Use and Abuse of the Press.—The use of the Press is to diffuse correct information—to enlighten and instruct—to inculcate morality—to raise the genius, and to mend your heart.

It is an abuse of the press to misrepresent facts, motives, or actions—to encourage immorality—to use abusive terms, or to expose the occurrences at the domestic fireside. It is not our intention to enter upon this wild field; we shall confine our attention to one point—the abuse of the press in dragging before the public matters which are entirely of a private character. News-mongers, in their eager search after novelty, do not sufficiently discriminate between that which is of a strictly private nature; and hence we have events narrated, which, however they may minister to the morbid appetite, should remain secluded from public view. Petty disputes between individuals—the quarrels of lovers—domestic discord—runaway matches—disappointed hopes—every thing is now thought worthy of being paraded before the public. If the public morals could be improved by such publications, some benefit would result from the violation of propriety; but this is not pretended. The sole object appears to be, to create a demand for the paper in which such things are inserted; and this purpose is answered to a great extent. The press should be a terror to evil doers, but should disdain to resort to the family sanctuary, to drag forth and publish its secrets.

Horrid Murder.—Rumors have reached this city, of the perpetration of a most horrid murder in the adjoining county of Orange. It is stated that a respectable citizen named Pratt, was engaged with one of his negroes in the woods, riving Shingles, when the fellow struck him a violent blow with his hatchet which stunned him, and he then deliberately despatched him. Having concealed the dead body in the leaves, he went to the house and told his mistress, that his master had sent him for his horse and pocket book, intending to go to a neighboring store. They were accordingly sent, but the little son of the deceased accompanied the negro, as bearer of the pocket book. On the way to the scene of murder, the negro felled the child on the earth with a club, and supposing he was dead, made off with his booty. The child, however, came to, gave the alarm, and the negro was arrested at Hillsboro', with the horse and money, in his possession. He was committed to Jail, and will, doubtless, expiate his atrocities on the gallows.—*Raleigh Register, 26th ult.*

Murder.—The body of a man murdered, shot through the head, apparently by a rifle ball, was found recently by some gentlemen in Macon county, concealed in a hollow tree. They were attracted by the buzzards which they observed gathered about the spot. The body, says our informant, was stripped of every thing by which its identity could be determined. Not even an scrap of paper, that would throw any light on the business, name or residence of the deceased; from his dress connected with other circumstances, he was supposed to have been a gentleman from some of the adjacent States in search of land. An individual we have been informed, has been arrested on suspicion of having committed the crime.—*Alabama Journal, 24th ult.*

The Brokers' Tax.—The Court of Appeals gave their decision yesterday on this interesting question. The Court sustained the prohibition of Judge O'Neale on one ground—that the Tax Collector had mistaken the Act in making it retrospective—but they refused to express any opinion on the constitutionality of the tax, or their right as a Court to limit the taxing power of the Legislature. Judge Richardson alone dissented—was against the prohibition on any ground, and very broadly denied the right of the Court to interfere. *Char. Mer. 23d ult.*

The Disputed Territory.—The Portland Advertiser states that the Land Agent has decided to take off the "civil posse" from the disputed Territory, and to leave an agent of the State to look after the trespassers—the Land Agent of Massachusetts agreeing to pay the half of the expenses of the agent who is to be kept there. Mr. Hamblin will go to Fort Fairfield in a few days, to discharge the men that have been kept there by Gov. Fairfield. These men have been doing no good to the State, and have been supported at an expense of probably \$50,000 for the past year.

Judge a man by his actions.—A poet by his eye—an idler by his fingers—a lawyer by his leer—a player by his strut—a boxer by his sinews—a justice by his frown—a great man by his modesty—an editor by his count—a tailor by his agility—a fidier by his elbow—and a woman by her manners.

Quite a Present.—The Richmond Star mentions that a gentleman of the Editor's acquaintance received on Christmas eleven turkeys, forty pounds of butter, one barrel of apples, twelve mince pies, a monstrous cake, a barrel of soft soap, a jar of preserves, a peedle dog, two little pigs, from friends, and twins by his wife. He must be perfectly happy.

The Dayton Journal very wisely observes that, in these hard times, a man should never go any distance from home to collect money, without taking along enough to defray expenses. The Editor observes that "a friend who had neglected this precaution, had to borrow money enough to bring him back."

Alabama.—A bill has passed the Legislature of Alabama "to secure a homestead to every family in this State," which provides—"That in addition to the property now allowed by law, from executions, there shall be exempted from executions upon all debts due hereafter to be contracted, for the use of every family in this State, forty acres of land, which shall be and endure to the use and benefit of settled and permanent families."

Sudden Death.—Duncan Buie, Esq., aged 82 years, of Fayetteville, N. C., suddenly fell and expired on the 12th ult. The Observer says he could boast of what no other man in the country could. He had just completed taking the census of the county for the fifth time. He had performed that duty in 1800, 1810, 1820, 1830 and 1840.

Fire.—A fire broke out in the Stable in the rear of Mr. Samuel Boatright's dwelling, yesterday morning about four o'clock, and consumed it with a large quantity of Oats contained in it. No other buildings were injured. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.—*Southern Chronicle.*

Pope's Oath.—Pope's oath was, God mend me. A little boy to whom he had refused a penny, looked at his diminutive stature, cried out, "God mend you, indeed! it would be less trouble to make a new one."

The following correspondence we presume has fully ended the personal difficulty between Messrs. Pickens and Stanley. The cause and character of that difficulty was sufficiently set forth in the publication we made yesterday. The first stage of the affair was left for the reader to gather from what followed: It appears that after the adjustment, Mr. Stanley published his original remarks, corrected by himself, and thus gave sufficient reason to suppose that notwithstanding his distinct disavowal of all intention to insult Mr. Pickens, he was willing in an indirect way to claim to himself the advantage of having inflicted an unavenged wrong. In the following correspondence Mr. Stanley disavows all such intention—and though every one must feel that he had disregarded, through ignorance or design the proprieties of his then situation, still we do not see how Mr. Pickens could refuse his disclaimer of all intention to offend, as satisfactory. If Mr. Stanley had felt it due to himself to make the explanation of his motive, before it was required.—*Charleston Mercury.*

To the Editor of the Globe.—
Please publish the following correspondence which is entirely satisfactory to both parties.
THOS. D. SUMTER,
K. RAYNER.
February 27, 1841.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25, 1841.
Sir: I perceive in the Intelligencer of this morning what purports to be a report of your remarks delivered in the House of Representatives on the 19th inst., which were the subject of correspondence between us.

This matter, I had supposed was adjusted in a manner satisfactory to all parties. I certainly was so far as I was concerned. I am at a loss, therefore, to account for their publication at such a time, apparently under your sanction, and require some explanation that will be satisfactory as to what I am forced at present to consider an extraordinary proceeding.

I have the honor to be,
Respectfully, your obedient serv't.
F. W. PICKENS.

To the Hon. E. Stanley, by Mr. Sumter.

Sir: In reply to your note of this morning, I have to state, that I deemed it due to myself, that my remarks should be published, because yours, which elicited my reply, had been published.

I deem it due to my constituents that they should be published, for you had spoken of me in terms of ridicule, in the first instance, and there was no evidence that I had repelled it in a proper spirit. As to the "time," I can see no reason why you should be "at a loss" on that score. I would observe, however, that my remarks, after having been most carefully revised, were ready for the press, before the publication of the correspondence between us.

I thought it due to myself, that my remarks should follow yours as soon as possible, that my course might be justly appreciated, as there was nothing to show how the difficulty had arisen on my part.

You say you had supposed this matter was "adjusted," in a manner satisfactory to all parties it certainly was, as far as you were concerned.

I assure you, it was considered in the same light by myself, and I did not, nor do I now, deem the publication of my remarks, at all inconsistent with the satisfactory adjustment of the difficulty, as your offensive remarks had appeared and mine had not.

Understanding your phrase "require" to mean request, I have cheerfully given the explanation, which I hope will prove satisfactory.

I have the honor to be,
Respectfully, your obedient serv't.
EDWARD STANLEY.

To the Hon. F.W. Pickens, by Mr. Rayner.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26, 1841.
Sir: I received yours of the 25th inst., and take no exception to the general tone and temper of your reply; yet as you deemed the "careful revision," and deliberate publication of your "offensive" remarks, and that, too, after a satisfactory adjustment, necessary to a proper understanding before your constituents. I now regard a distinct disclaimer on your part of any intention to wound my feelings again, or reflect on my honor, by this publication, as due to me.

I have the honor to be,
Respectfully, your obedient serv't.
F. W. PICKENS.

To the Hon. E. Stanley, by Mr. Sumter.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 27, 1841.
Sir: I do not hesitate to disclaim any intention to wound your feelings, or reflect on your honor, "by the publication" of my remarks.

I mentioned, in my last note, what my reasons were. I could not, without forgetting what was due to my own character, as well as to yourself, intend to wound your feelings, by the publication of my remarks. I need not repeat my reasons in this letter.

I have the honor to be, respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
EDWARD STANLEY.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT HARRISON.

WASHINGTON, March 4, 1841.
Called from a retirement which I had supposed was to continue for the residue of my life, to fill the Chief Executive office of this great and free nation, I appear before you, fellow citizens, to take the oath which the Constitution prescribes, as a necessary qualification for the performance of its duties. And in obedience to a custom coeval with our Government, and what I believe to be your expectations, I proceed to present to you a summary of the principles which will govern me, in the discharge of the duties which I shall be called upon to perform.

It was the remark of the Roman Consul, in an early period of that celebrated Republic, that a most striking contrast was observable in the conduct of candidates for offices of power and trust, before and after obtaining them—they seldom carrying out in the latter case the pledges and promises made in the former. However much the world may have improved, in many respects, in the lapse of upwards of two thousand years since the remark was made by the virtuous and indignant Roman, I fear that a strict examination of the annals of some of the modern elective Governments, would develop similar instances of violated confidence.

Although the fiat of the people has gone forth, proclaiming me the Chief Magistrate of this glorious Union, nothing upon their part remaining to be done, it may be thought that a motive may exist to keep up the delusion under which they may be supposed to have acted in relation to my principles and opinions; and perhaps there may be some in this assembly who have come here either prepared to condemn those I shall now deliver, or, approving them, to doubt the sincerity with which they are uttered. But the lapse of a few months will confirm or dispel their fears. The outline of principles to govern, and measures to be adopted, by an Administration not yet begun, will soon be exchanged for immutable history; and I shall stand either exonerated by my countrymen, or classed with the mass of those who promised that they might deceive, and flattered with the intention to betray.

However strong may be my present purpose to realize the expectations of a magnitude, and leading people, I do well understand the infirmities of human nature, and the dangerous temptations to which I shall be exposed, from the magnitude of the power which it has been the pleasure of the people to commit to my hands, not to place my chief confidence upon the aid of that Almighty Power which has hitherto protected me, and enabled me to bring to favorable issues other important, but still greatly inferior trusts, heretofore confided to me by my country.

The broad foundation upon which our Constitution rests, being the people—a breath of theirs having made, as a breath can unmake, change, or modify it—it can be assigned to none of the great divisions of government but to that of Democracy. If such is its theory, those who are called upon to administer it must recognize, as its leading principle, the duty of shaping their measures so as to produce the greatest good to the greatest number.—But, with these broad admissions, if we would compare the sovereignty acknowledged to exist in the mass of our people with the power claimed by other sovereignties, even by those who have been considered most purely democratic, we shall find a most essential difference. All others lay claim to power limited only by their will. The majority of our citizens, on the contrary, possess a sovereignty with an amount of power precisely equal to that which has been granted to them; by the parties to the national compact, and nothing beyond. We admit of no Government by Divine right—believing that, so far as power is concerned, the beneficent Creator has made no distinction amongst men, that all are upon an equality, and that the only legitimate right to govern is an express grant of power to the several departments composing the Government.—On an examination of that instrument, it will be found to contain declarations of power granted, and of power withheld. The latter is also susceptible of division, into power which the majority had the right to grant, but which they did not think proper to intrust to their agents, and that which they could not have granted, not being possessed by themselves. In other words, there are certain rights possessed by each individual American citizen, which, in his compact with the others, he has never surrendered. Some of them indeed, he is unable to surrender, being, in the language of our system, unalienable.

The boasted privilege of a Roman citizen was to him a shield only against a petty provincial ruler, whilst the proud democrat of Athens could console himself under a sentence of death, for a supposed violation of the national faith, which no one understood, and which at times was the subject of the mockery of all, or of banishment from his home, his family and his country, with or without an alleged cause: that it was the act, not of a single tyrant, or hated aristocracy, but of his assembled countrymen. Far different is the power of our sovereignty.—It can interfere with no one's faith, prescribe forms of worship for no one's observance, inflict no punishment but after well ascertained guilt, the result of investigation under forms prescribed by the Constitution itself. These precious privileges, and those scarcely less important, of giving expression to his thoughts and opinions, by writing or speaking, unrestrained but by the liability for injury to others, and that of a full partici-

pation in all the advantages which flow from the Government, the acknowledged property of all, the American citizen derives from no charter granted by his fellow man. He claims them because he is himself a Man, fashioned by the same Almighty hand as the rest of his species, and entitled to a full share of the blessing with which he has endowed them.

Notwithstanding the limited sovereignty possessed by the People of the United States, and the restricted grant of power to the Government which they have adopted, enough has been given to accomplish all the objects for which it was created.—It has been found powerful in war, and, hitherto, justice has been administered, an intimate union effected, domestic tranquility preserved, and personal liberty secured to the citizen. As was to be expected, however, from the defect of language, and the necessarily sententious manner in which the Constitution is written, disputes have arisen as to the amount of power which it has actually granted, or was intended to grant. This is more particularly the case in relation to that part of the instrument which treats of the Legislative branch. And not only as regards the exercise of powers claimed under a general clause, giving that body the authority to pass all laws necessary to carry into effect the specific powers, but in relation to the latter also. It is, however, consolatory to reflect, that most of the instances of alleged departure from the letter or spirit of the Constitution, have ultimately received the sanction of a majority of the people. And the fact, that many of our statesmen, most distinguished for talent and patriotism, have been, at one time or other of their political career, on both sides of each of the most warmly disputed questions, which forces upon us the inference that the errors, if errors there were, are attributable to the intrinsic difficulty, in many instances, of ascertaining the intentions of the framers of the Constitution, rather than the influence of any sinister or unpartriatic motive.

But the great danger to our institutions does not appear to me to be in a usurpation, by the Government, of power not granted by the People, but by the accumulation, in one of the departments, of that which was assigned to others. Limited as are the powers which have been granted, still enough have been granted, to constitute a despotism, if concentrated in one of the departments. This danger is greatly heightened, as it has been always observable that men are less jealous of encroachment of one department upon another, than upon their own reserved rights.

When the Constitution of the United States first came from the hands of the Convention which formed it, many of the sternest republicans of the day were alarmed at the extent of the power which had been granted to the Federal Government, and more particularly of that portion which has been assigned to the Executive branch. There were in it features which appeared not to be in harmony with their ideas of a simple representative Democracy; or Republic. And knowing the tendency of power to increase itself particularly when executed by a single individual, predictions were made that, at no very remote period, the Government would terminate in virtual monarchy. It would not become me to say that the fears of these patriots have been already realized. But, as I sincerely believe that the tendency of measures, and of men's opinions, for some years past, has been in that direction, it is, I conceive, strictly proper that I should take this occasion to repeat the assurances I have heretofore given of my determination to arrest the progress of that tendency, if it really exists, and restore the Government to its pristine health and vigor, as far as this can be effected by any legitimate exercise of the power placed in my hands.

I proceed to state in a summary manner as I can, my opinion of the sources of the evils which have been so extensively complained of, and the correctives which may be applied. Some of the former are unquestionably to be found in the defects of the Constitution; others, in my judgment, are attributable to a misconstruction of some of its provisions. Of the former is the eligibility of the same individual to a second term of the Presidency. The sagacious mind of Mr. Jefferson early saw and lamented this error, and attempts have been made, hitherto without success, to apply the amendatory power of the States to its correction.

As, however, one mode of correction is in the power of every President, and consequently in mine, it would be useless, and perhaps invidious, to enumerate the evils of which, in the opinion of many of our fellow citizens, this error of the sages who framed the Constitution may have been the source, and the bitter fruits which we are still to gather from it, if it continues to disfigure our system. It may be observed, however, as a general remark, that Republics commit no greater error than to adopt or continue any feature in their systems of government which may be calculated to create or increase the love of power, in the bosoms of those to whom necessity obliges them to commit the management of their affairs. And, surely, nothing is more likely to produce such a state of mind than the long continuance of an office of high trust. Nothing can be more corrupting, nothing more destructive of all those noble feelings which belong to the character of a devoted republican patriot. When this corrupting passion once takes possession of the human mind, like the love of gold, it becomes insatiable. It is the never dying worm in his bosom, grows