

Edgefield Advertiser.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, or, if we fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

VOLUME VII.

Edgefield Court House June 29, 1842.

NO. 22.

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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Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on them, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

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

Candidates.

For Legislature.

For Senate.—Maj. J. S. Jeter, T. J. Hibler Esq.

For House of Representatives.

Col. John Hunt, Maj. Tillman Watson, Dr. J. O. Nicholson, Maj. George Boswell, Col. James Tompkins, Dr. R. C. Griffin, Wiley Harrison Esq., Dawson Atkinson, Esq.

The friends of H. R. WILLIAMS, announce him as a candidate for the Office of Sheriff.

June 15 if 20

The friends of Capt. J. J. SENTELELL, announce him as a candidate for the office of Sheriff.

March 28 if 9

The friends of Scar-

announce him as a candidate for the office of Tax Collector.

March 9 if 6

The friends of Shubel ATTAWAY, announce him as a candidate for the Office of Tax Collector, of Edgefield District.

March 9 if 31

The friends of Capt. W. L. COLEMAN, announce him as a candidate for Ordinary of Edgefield District.

Jan 19 if 51

The friends of Wm. J. SIMKINS, Esq., announce him as a candidate for the office of Ordinary, of Edgefield District.

September 2 if 31

The friends of Colonel J. HILL, announce him as a candidate for the office of Ordinary, of Edgefield District.

August 26 if 30

The friends of Col. W. H. MOSS, announce him as a candidate for the office of Ordinary of Edgefield District.



Poetic Access.

From the N. Y. Mechanic.
TRYING TO PLEASE EVERYBODY
HINTS TO EDITORS.
One reader cries, your strain's too grave, Too much morality you have, Too much about religion; Give me some witch and wizard tales, Of slipshod ghosts with fins and scales, And feathers like a pigeon.
I love to read, another cries, Those monstrous fashionable lies— In other words those novels, Composed of kings, or priests, or lords, Or border wars, and Gothic horrors, That used to live in novels.
No, no, cries one, we've had enough Of such confounded love-sick stuff, To craze the fair creation; Give us some recent foreign news, Of Russians, Turks, the Poles, or Jews, Or any other nation.
The man of dull eccholic lore Would like to see a little more Of first rate scraps of Latin; The grocer-fair would learn the price Of tea and sugar, fruit and rice; The draper, silk and satin.
Another cries, I want more fun, A witty anecdote, or pun, A rebuff, or a riddle; Some wish for Parliamentary news, And some perhaps of wiser views, Would rather hear a fiddle.
The critic, too, of classic skill, Must dip in gall his gander's quill, And scrawl against the paper; Of all the literary fools, Bred up in colleges and schools, He cuts the greatest caper.
Another cry...
A jumbled...
A mo-...
I want to hear of deaths, says one, Or people totally undone; By losses, fire, or fever; In answer, full as wise, I'd rather have the fall and rise, Of racoon skins and beaver.
Some signify a secret wish For now and then a favorite dish Of politics to suit them; But here we rest with perfect ease, For should they swear the moon was cheese, We never should confute them.
Or grave, or humorous, wild or tame; Lofly or low, 'tis all the same, Too laughtly or too humble; So, brother editors, pursue The path that seems the best to you, And let the grumblers grumble.
From the same.
Friends of Freedom, swell the song, Young and old the strain prolong, Make the Temperance army strong, And on to Victory.
Lift your banners! let them wave! Onward march a world to save, Who would fill a drunkard's grave, And bear his infamy.
Shrink not when the foe appears, Shun the coward's guilty fears, Hear the shrieks, behold the tears Of ruin'd families.
Raise the cry in every spot, "Touch not—Taste not—Handle not," Who would be a drunken sot, The worst of miseries.
Give the aching bosom rest, Carry joy to every breast, Make the wretched drunkard blest, By living soberly.
Raise the glorious watchword high, "Touch not—Taste not—ill you die," Let the echo reach the sky, And earth keep jubilee.
God of mercy, hear us plead, For thy help we intercede, See how many bosoms bleed, And lead them speedily.
Hasten, Lord, the happy day, When beneath thy genial ray, Temperance shall the world sway, And reign triumphantly.

der females themselves give of the 1 slips they undergo. One says, "I was in Hardhill mine. We hurry the carts pushing behind, but I frequently drag with ropes and chains as the horses do—It is dirty, slavish work, and the water quite covers our ankles. I knock my head against the rocks, as they are not so high as I am, and they cause me to stoop and makes my back ache." Another gives the following dreadful description of what they have to undergo: "My employment carrying coal. Am frequently waded from four in the morning till six at night and every other week I work night work. I then go down at two in the day and come up at four or six in the morning. "Two years ago the pit closed in up thirteen of us, and we were without food and light two days; nearly one day we were up to our chins in water." On space will not permit us to multiply such extracts; and we must therefore content ourselves with stating generally that there is no variation in any part of the voluminous evidence collected on this subject, except that their labor is more severe, and treatment more cruel, if possible, in the east of Scotland than elsewhere.
Nor are young, or even married women, much better off than the girls. Anne Harris, aged 15, "heartily hated it—no woman's work, nor is it good for any body; but I am obliged to the work as father hawks (he) the coals below." Janet Duncan, aged 17, "was a coal bearer at Henmuir pit. The carts she pushed contained 3 cwt. of coals, and it was very severe work especially when they had to stay before the carts to prevent their coming down too fast; they frequently run too quick and knock us down. Is able to say that the hardest day-light work is infinitely superior to the best of coal work." Margaret Drysdale, aged 15, "did not like the work, but her mother was dead, and her father took her down, and she had no choice. Her employment is to draw carts, and she had harness or drag ropes on, like the horses." One more: Kathar

form an adequate idea of it without inspecting the plates which represent it in the parliamentary report.
Well may the report say, that "when the nature of this horrible labor is taken into consideration—its extreme severity—its regular duration of from 12 to 14 hours daily—the damp, heated, and unwholesome atmosphere of a coal mine, and the tender age and sex of the workers—a picture is presented of deadly physical oppression and systematic slavery, of which I conscientiously believe no one unacquainted with such facts would credit the existence in the British dominions."
Married women are chiefly employed in filling, riddling, and carrying, and the labor imposed upon them is excessive. The reason given by one witness (herself married) why they undertake such work at all, is "that if the women did not work below, the children would not go to school." The same witness says that she wrought till a stone 14 months ago—washed her leg and foot that she could not gang; and that the oppression of it all bearing is such as to injure them in after life, few existing whose legs are not injured, or else their haunches, before they are 30. What other troubles married women undergo from an occupation so unnatural for them will be seen from the following brief abstracts:
Jane Johnson, aged 29—"I could carry two hundred weight when 15 years of age but now feel the weakness upon me from the stone stuns. I have been married nearly 10 years and have had four children, and have usually wrought till within a day of the child's birth. Many women lose their strength early from overwork, and get injured in their backs and legs."
Jane Peacock, aged 40—"I have wrought in the bowels of the earth 33 years. Have been married 23 years, and had nine children, two still born, and they were so from oppressive work. A vast number of women have dead children and false births, which are worse, as they are not able to work after the latter. It is only horse work, and runs the women, it crushes their haunches, bends their ankles, and makes them old women at 40."
Isabel Wilson, aged 38—"When on St. John's work I was a carrier of coals, which caused me to miscarry five times, from the strains, and I was very ill after each."
Elizabeth M'Neil—"I knew a woman who came up, and the child was born in the field next the coal hill. Women frequently miscarry below, and suffer after."
Jane Wood—"The severe work causes women much trouble. They frequently have premature births. My neighbor Jenny M'Donald has lain ill for six months, and William King's wife lately died from miscarriage, and a vast number of women suffer from similar causes.
Indeed, all the married women, and there were many, examined, relate their experience to the same purport, and it may be asked without exaggeration, whether such a system can be regarded as anything less than murderous. It is not for us

assign where the blame must be placed, not for inserting a signature from the evidence of an ignorant girl. "The work," says the report, "is not fit for women, and the masters never interfere to prevent it if they labored more and lived with them in much harmony; frequently employing them to row him up and down the lake as he had occasion. One stout fellow by the name of *Bigbear*, had his wigwag at no great distance from the Colonel's dwelling, and was often there.—The Colonel, having occasion to visit some distant shore of the lake, employed *Bigbear* to row him in his canoe. On their return, they passed near a high, yet sloping ledge of rocks, on which lay an immense number of rattlesnakes asleep and basking in the sun. The Indian gave a penetrating look at the Colonel, and thus inquired, "Raymun love you?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well then, Raymun have fun; mind Indian, and hold a gum." So he rowed along silent and slow, and cut a croch stick from a bunch of hazels upon the bank. "Steady now, hold a gum, Raymun," said he as he clapped the croch stick to the neck of a serpent that was asleep close to the edge of the water.—"Take up now, Raymun; hold fast!" The Colonel then took hold of the stick, keeping the serpent down, while *Bigbear* tied up a little sack of powder, putting one end of a slow match therein. He then made it fast to the snake's tail and touched fire to the match, gave orders to "let um go," at the same time pushed off from the shore; the snake being liberated, crawled away to his den. The Indian immediately then stood up and clapping his hands, making as loud a noise as possible, and

clusion of all female workers, except in one old colliery belonging to the Earl of Lonsdale."
We may conclude this branch of the subject in the words of sub-commissioner Symonds, that "under no conceivable circumstance is any one sort of employment in collieries proper for females; and that the practice is flagrantly disgraceful to a Christian as well as a civilized country."
Indian Fun.—One of the earliest settlers around Lake Champlain, was Col. Edward Raymun. He understood the character and disposition of the natives of the forest, and lived with them in much harmony; frequently employing them to row him up and down the lake as he had occasion. One stout fellow by the name of *Bigbear*, had his wigwag at no great distance from the Colonel's dwelling, and was often there.—The Colonel, having occasion to visit some distant shore of the lake, employed *Bigbear* to row him in his canoe. On their return, they passed near a high, yet sloping ledge of rocks, on which lay an immense number of rattlesnakes asleep and basking in the sun. The Indian gave a penetrating look at the Colonel, and thus inquired, "Raymun love you?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well then, Raymun have fun; mind Indian, and hold a gum." So he rowed along silent and slow, and cut a croch stick from a bunch of hazels upon the bank. "Steady now, hold a gum, Raymun," said he as he clapped the croch stick to the neck of a serpent that was asleep close to the edge of the water.—"Take up now, Raymun; hold fast!" The Colonel then took hold of the stick, keeping the serpent down, while *Bigbear* tied up a little sack of powder, putting one end of a slow match therein. He then made it fast to the snake's tail and touched fire to the match, gave orders to "let um go," at the same time pushed off from the shore; the snake being liberated, crawled away to his den. The Indian immediately then stood up and clapping his hands, making as loud a noise as possible, and

AMERICAN FRUITS.
One of most successful and intelligent cultivators of the grape in this country is Mr. Longworth of Cincinnati. He, however, has given up most, if not altogether, the attempt to cultivate the European species, and has taken pains to procure some of the best varieties of the indigenous vine. There are as many different kinds of the native grape as of the European, and our forests have been imperfectly explored for the finest.
In the May number of the Horticultural Magazine, just published by I. Post, of this city, is the following letter from Mr. Longworth.—*New York Post*.
"I was surprised on reading a communication in your Magazine, (Vol. VII. p. 311.) from an intelligent gentleman at Marietta, Ohio, in which he speaks of the Isabella grape as the best native grape cultivated by them, and that they commence using it for the tables as soon as it assumes a red color. I should suppose he alluded to the Bland Madeira, did he not speak of that grape in a subsequent part of his letter. I have ceased to cultivate the Isabella for near twenty years, deeming it inferior, as a table and wine grape, to most others.—He gives it the preference over the Catawba, as a table grape with us, it ripens badly, and is subject to rot, and in its state far inferior to the Catawba either for the table or for wine. I have had bunches of the Catawba to weigh twenty four ounces.
I have a white variety of the Catawba, and another Catawba producing fruit a third larger than the Catawba of Allum. I say the Catawba of Allum for Major Adlum was the first to bring it into notice.
I have three varieties of native grapes, which I consider far superior to the Catawba for the table. They have none of the hard pulp common to the Catawba, and are sweet, like the Isabella.—
I will give five hundred dollars for a root of a native grape that, in quality of the fruit and size of the bunch, shall surpass it.—The other two are equally good for the table, perfectly hardy, great growers, but the bunches of the fruit are not so large.
I was surprised, when cast to find no good native grapes. At my different vineyards, I have about sixty acres in grapes, but not all in bearing. Last season, I had not half a crop, with the exception of one vineyard, where the fruit was abundant and fine. I made about two hundred barrels of wine and some brandy. I am now raising large quantities of vines from the seed of my best varieties of native grape, having cleared a piece of new land expressly for that purpose.
"The Bland grape is not a native. It was introduced into Virginia from France, about fifty years since, by a French gentleman, as I was informed by General Harrison, who knew the gentleman, and had seen the fruit on his table, more than forty years since. It is a good table grape, but subject to mildew, and does not always ripen its wood or its fruit.
Yours, respectfully,
N. LONGWORTH.
"Cincinnati, Ohio, March, 1842."

ASPLES OF COTTON.
We copy the following extract from a letter received by the editor of the Cultivator, from S. W. Cole, Esq., of Wadesboro, North Carolina.
"This Co. (Anson) is a fine farming section, and is the only county in the state well adapted to the raising of cotton. Here we raise a large quantity for this section of the union, and one planter is devoting more care to the improvement of their plantations. The best nursery for cotton is ascher. My mode of putting it on is this: I run a sifter furrow, then from a basket or box scatter about 35 bushels per acre in the furrow thus opened, and then with a dagon make the cotton ridge. I tried ashes and cotton seed as a manure last year, in the same field, and used the same quantity of each. The ashes made for the best cotton; it took an early start, looked green and fresh, whilst that planted on the ground manured with cotton seed, looked yellow a long time, and never recovered the check it received at first coming up."
WHEAT IS GREAT BRITAIN.
It is stated in 1789, 150,000,000 bushels were the entire product of Great Britain. In 1840 it had increased to 410,000,000. The entire grain product of England is now seven hundred millions of bushels per annum, and it is believed by scientific authorities, that this vast amount may in a few years be doubled.
LARGE PIGS.
Messrs. Editors—I would beg the liberty of sending you the weight of four pigs reared, fatted and killed by M. Vandlerin, Esq., of this town. They were a cross of the Berkshire with the common hog. The four were all of one litter, and 9 months and 5 days old, when killed. They were fed with slop from a tavern house, until Sept. 1st, then they received boiled potatoes, with one bushel of meal, made of equal parts of corn, oats and peas, to six bushels of potatoes, until the 20th of December, when killed. No. 1, 483 lbs.; No. 2, 404 lbs.; No. 3, 368 lbs.; No. 4, 328 lbs. Gross weight, 1,583—Average weight, 395½—*Ibid*.
Vermont, next to Louisiana, produces more sugar, according to her population, than any State in the Union.

Miscellaneous.
EMPLOYMENT OF FEMALES IN THE ENGLISH MINES.
It appears that the employment of females in the coal mines is chiefly confined to Yorkshire, Lancaster, Cheshire, and the east of Scotland and South Wales; and the revolting cruelties practised on boys, as detailed in our first notice, is equally extended to girls. In fact, not only are girls preferred as "burriers," for their greater docility, but they are taken in the mines at even an earlier age than boys, from a supposition that when infants they are the most "cute" of the two. It is distressing to read the accounts which some of the ten-

der females themselves give of the 1 slips they undergo. One says, "I was in Hardhill mine. We hurry the carts pushing behind, but I frequently drag with ropes and chains as the horses do—It is dirty, slavish work, and the water quite covers our ankles. I knock my head against the rocks, as they are not so high as I am, and they cause me to stoop and makes my back ache." Another gives the following dreadful description of what they have to undergo: "My employment carrying coal. Am frequently waded from four in the morning till six at night and every other week I work night work. I then go down at two in the day and come up at four or six in the morning. "Two years ago the pit closed in up thirteen of us, and we were without food and light two days; nearly one day we were up to our chins in water." On space will not permit us to multiply such extracts; and we must therefore content ourselves with stating generally that there is no variation in any part of the voluminous evidence collected on this subject, except that their labor is more severe, and treatment more cruel, if possible, in the east of Scotland than elsewhere.
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