

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 VIII.

Edgefield Court House, S. C., May 17, 1843.

NO. 16

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.

No subscription received for less than one year, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Publisher.

All subscriptions will be continued unless otherwise ordered before the expiration 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, (12 lines, or less,) for the first insertion, and 43 1/2 cents, for each continuance. Those published Monthly, or quarterly will be charged \$1 per square for each insertion. Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on them, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

All Job work done for persons living at a distance, must be paid for at the time the work is done, or the payment secured in the Editor.

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



Poetic Success:

From the Christian Intelligencer.

THE DEPARTED SAINT.

Thou art gone, thou art gone
To the ark, call to him
Thou art sleeping in silence,
Down, down in its gloom.
Thou art gone, thou art gone
To the cheerful tomb;
Thou art waiting, waiting,
Far down in its gloom.

Thou art gone, thou art gone
To the awful tomb;
But sleeping in silence,
For thy spirit has fled
To the land of the blest,
Where the soul is at peace.
And the "weary, weary rest."

Thou art gone, thou art gone,
And the tears we shed,
Have watered the grave
Where we laid the dead;
But thy spirit released,
In its home on high,
Sheds not one tear,
Breathes not one sigh.

Thou art gone, thou art gone,
Nor the voice of love
Can lure thee back
From thy dwelling above;
Nor the anguished cry
Of those who mourn,
Can may the sweet peace
Of the seal new-born.

The grave is dark,
But thy home on high,
Is brighter far
Than a midsummer sky;
Cheerless the tomb,
But the spirit above,
Is singing the song
Of redeeming love.

AGRICULTURAL HYMN.

Great God of Eden! 'twas thy hand
That first clad earth in bloom,
And shed upon the smiling land
Nature's first rich perfume;

Fresh at thy glance the flowers sprung,
Kissed by the sun's first rays;
White-plum, and hill, and valley rang
With life, and joy, and praise.

Gods of the clouds! thy hands can ope
The fountains of the sky,
And on the exultant thirsty crop
Four down the rich supply.

The farmer, when the seed time's o'er,
Joys in the mercies given—
Thanks of thy promised harvest's store,
And smiling, looks to heaven.

God of the sheaf! to thee alone
Are due our thanks and praise,
When harvest's grateful labor's done,
On plenty glad we gaze.

Then shall our thoughts on Heaven rest,
Thy grace we will adore,
And thank that God, whose money's blest
Our basket and our store.

AGRICULTURAL.

Sweet Potatoes for Hogs.—It is generally admitted that our sweet potatoes constitute an excellent article of food for hogs, and it is well known too, that few plants yield a greater amount of nutritious matter to the acre. Heretofore, however, planters have generally neglected to avail themselves of the advantages of this crop for their stock. It is true, if the potatoes are to be dug and thrown to the hogs, the planter loses much valuable labor from his crop, at a very important season. But this is not necessarily; by making the potato patch long and narrow, (say a half or a fourth acre wide) and a few hours labor once a week in running a cross fence, a stock of hogs may be kept fat from the first of August, until the pea fields are open, with very little expense. For example, let a planter devote five acres to potatoes—having his patch a fourth acre wide—the first of August, let him run a low fence across, so as to cut off a small

portion of the patch and turn his hogs on this. While they are consuming the vines and roots on this portion, the potatoes in the other part are still growing undisturbed. When this portion has been eaten out entirely, let the planter have his cross-fence moved up a little farther, and thus give his hogs access to a fresh portion of the potato field. This plan, we think, commends itself to the attention of planters on several accounts. The cheapness of the food; its being ready for use at an important season for pushing forward young hogs, (and nearly every Southern planter kills his hogs young,) the greater amount of pork it enables him to raise, and the less corn it requires in the fall to make his hogs fully fat. And we may add to these, that every hog is thus made to gather his own harvest. The cheapness of this article of food, (when the labor of harvesting is saved) certainly cannot be questioned. For from two to four hundred bushels of roots, besides the vines, per acre, is a small amount of nutritious matter for the labor bestowed in culture. If any one objects to be convinced that August is an important month for pushing forward hogs that are to be killed in the fall, let him try to fatten a very poor hog—he will eat more than his bacon will be worth. And, in fact, a year-old that has been kept poor until the pea fields are open, will yield very little bacon. This plan enables the planter to keep his hogs fat and growing rapidly from the first of August until killing time. For by the time the potatoes are fully eaten out, the pea fields may be opened, and by the time they are done and the hogs confined ten days on corn, to harden the fat, the weather will probably be cold enough to kill. And here another advantage is gained. For the most successful curers of bacon we know, all agree that the earlier you can kill your hogs, the surer you are to have your bacon free from bugs in the summer.—*Columbia Planter.*

Deep Ploughing.—In regard to the subject of deep ploughing there is much difference among farmers, some contending that the deeper the furrow the more advantageous it is to the soil, and others having their doubts about such a mode of proceeding. It is a general fault, however, to give less depth to the furrows than is needed for sufficient moisture in a dry season. In preparing the ground for Indian corn not less than five or six inches should be thought of if the farmer wishes to provide against a dry summer. For potatoes, it is safe to go deeper and for carrots, beets, and other top rooted plants, much deeper still. On old ground that has been long tilled, good judgment is essential to determine the proper depth. Clayey soils require less depth of ploughing than sandy or gravel land. Indeed there is no danger in ploughing quite deep a soil composed principally of gravel. It is so porous that the sun draws out the moisture to a great depth, and but little harvest can be expected in a dry season, unless the plough goes deep. It will not answer to plough when the earth is wet, any other than sandy and gravel soils. If clays or heavy loams are turned up when they are wet, they are liable to become hard, and lumps will remain hard through the summer, in spite of all the harrowing you can give them. It is better, therefore, not to begin to plough till the earth will crumble. For spring planting, clayey soils must be turned in the fall, and only harrowed in the spring, if it be a hard land.

Shade Trees.—If you have no shade trees about your house, go at once into your woods and select some thirty saplings of any kind you may admire, and plant them in the front and rear of your dwelling. A house in the country which is not thus provided, is a gloomy thing at best, and speaks but little in behalf of its owner's taste.

Peach Worm—Tar.—A neighbor informs me that the application of hot tar to the roots of peach trees, effectually excludes the worm. The earth is removed for a few inches down, and the tar applied. It is not intended, of course, to destroy the worm, but to prevent its entrance in trees yet uninfested.—*Cultivator.*

Claver, Sainfoin, Lucerne. and all grasses of this family require that there should be lime in the soil on which they may be grown, and indeed, it may be said to be labor lost, to attempt to cultivate them advantageously on lands in which this mineral does not form a constituent element.—*Baltimore Farmer.*

Orchards should never be cultivated in grass or small grain. Corn or roots of any kind may be therein grown with decided advantage to the trees, and where these are not cultivated, the ground should be ploughed.

Limewater to kill Worms.—To six quarts of water, add half a pound of caustic lime, and after letting it stand a few minutes, commence watering the ground infested by worms, and they will soon be seen rising to the surface writhing about, and will die in a few minutes, especially if a little more of the lime-water is then sprinkled on them.

The *Picayone* thinks that a man who could systematically and willfully set about cheating a printer, would commit highway robbery upon a crying baby, and rob it of its gingerbread.

Bad Times.—Money is so scarce now that when two dollars meet, their owners are obliged to introduce them to each other, they are such strangers.

From the American Farmer.

Seed Corn.—The following method of preparing corn for seed, has been pursued by the subscriber, with uniform success, for several years, to prevent its destruction after being planted, by fowls, birds, or even hogs.

Take a bushel shelled corn in a basket, and immerse it in water, so hot, as scarcely to endure the hand in it—the corn to remain in the water until thoroughly warmed; raise out the basket, with the corn to drain, have then ready some suitable vessel in which to pour it, and put thereon a pint of tar well warmed, stirring it immediately, until each grain is coated with the tar, which will easily be accomplished while the whole is warm) and this is the whole design in warming them) then have 4 lb. copperas ground, or finely pulverized, thrown upon the tarred corn and well stirred; and dry the whole by mixing slacked lime, ashes, plaster, or gypsum therewith, when it is ready to plant.

This coating of tar, copperas and lime, &c., is exceedingly unpleasant to the taste, which is the cause of its being free from depredation, and its unpleasantness will not be affected by the moisture of the ground.

I have kept what has been left after ploughing for 2 or 3 weeks and then used it for replanting, and it would vegetate will, but not so quickly.

I have also thrown what has been left from ploughing, of this prepared corn, where pigs and swine had free access to it, without their eating a grain. It looks very dark and ugly in appearance, but it nevertheless comes in and grows well.

JAMES C. ALTEE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

PAY THE PRINTER.

At the particular request of the editor of the *Yorthead Herald* I will preach, on this occasion, from the following text:

If ye are honest, honorable men, Go ye and—pay the Printer.

My hearers:—There are many seeming trifles in this world, which you are too apt to overlook on account of their apparent unimportance—the neglect of which has ploughed thousands into the deepest mire of misery, and sunk their characters into extricable degradation. Among those ostensible trifles, that of neglecting to pay one's honest debts is the most common, and attended with the worst consequences. It takes off all the silken furze from the fine threads of feeling—creates a sort of misanthropic coldness about the heart—skins off all the cream that may chance to rise on the milk of generosity—and makes man look as savagely upon his brother man as a dog upon one of his species while engaged in the gratifying employment of eating his master's dinner. One debt begets another. I have always observed that he who owes a man a dollar is sure to owe him a grade; and he is always ready to pay compound interest on the latter than on the former. Oh my friends, to be over head and ears in love is a bad predicament as a person ought ever to be in; but to be so deep in debt that you can't sleep at nights without being haunted by the ghost of some insatiate creditor, is enough to give a man the hydrophobia, make him bite a wheelbarrow—cause him to run mad, and create a general consternation among the lamp posts.

My dear friends—the debt that sits heaviest on the conscience of a mortal—provided he has one—is the debt due the printer. It presses harder on one's bosom than the nightmare, galls the soul, frets and chafes every ennobling sentiment—squeezes all the juice of fraternal sympathy from the heart, and leaves it dried with the surface of a roasted potato. A man who wrongs the printer, put of a single cent can never expect to enjoy comfort in this world, and may well have doubts of finding it in any other. He will be sure to go down to the grave ere, time shall have bedecked his brow with the silvery hoariness of age, and the green leaves will fall before the first bud of enjoyment is expanded. It is true mushrooms of peace may spring up during the short night of forgetfulness, but they will all wither beneath the scorching rays of remorse. How can you my friends, ever have the wickedness and cruelty to cheat the printer, when you consider how much he has done and is every day doing for you? He has poured into the treasures of your minds some of the most valuable gifts that anything short of a God can bestow—aye, riches with which you would not part for the whole world and a mortgage upon a small corner of heaven. With the keys of magic, as it were, he has opened them iron cased doors of human understanding—dispelled the darkness of ignorance, and lit up the lamps of knowledge and wisdom. The mighty engine—the Press, is surrounded by a halo of glory, and its influence extends all over the broad empire of the mind, illuminating the darkest avenue of the heart; and yet the printer, the man who toils at the lever of his soul enlightening instrument—is often robbed of his hard-earned bread by those whom he has delivered from mental bondage and placed in a paradise to lay off and get far upon the fruits of his labors.

Oh, you ungrateful sinners! if you have a heart moistened with the dew of mercy, instead of gizzards filled with gravel, take heed what I say unto you. If there be one among you in this congregation,

whose accounts are not settled with the printer, go and adjust it immediately, and be able to hold your head up in society, like a giraffe, be respected by the wise and the good—free from the tortures of a guilty conscience—the mortification of repeated duns, and escape from falling into the clutches of these licensed thieves, the lawyers. If you are honest and honorable men you will go forthwith and pay the printer. You will not wait for the morrow—because there is no to-morrow; it is but a visionary prospect for unredeemed promises; an added egg in the nest of the future; the debtor's hope, the creditor's curse. If you are dishonest, low minded, sons of Satan, I don't suppose you will ever pay the printer, as long as you have no reputation to lose—no character to sustain; and no morals to cultivate. But let me tell you, my friends, that if you don't do it your path to the tomb will be strewn with thorns; you will have to gather your daily food from brambles; your children will dye of the dysentery and you yourself will never enjoy the blessings of health. I once called on a sick person whom the doctors had given up as a gone case. I asked him if he had made his peace with his Maker? He said he thought he had squared up. I asked if he had forgiven all his enemies. He replied yes. I then asked him if he had made his peace with the printer. He hesitated for a moment, and then said he believed he owed him something like about two dollars and fifty cents, which he desired to have paid before he bid good-by to the world. His desire was immediately gratified; and that moment he became convalescent. He is now living in the enjoyment of health and prosperity—at peace with his own conscience, his God and the whole world. Let this be an example for you my friends. Patronize the printer, take the papers, pay for them in advance; and your days will be long upon the earth, and overflowing with the honey of happiness.

My hearers: pay all your debts, and keep an honorable reckoning with your fellow men; but, above all, keep paying, by daily instalments, that everlasting debt of gratitude which you owe to Him from whom you obtained capital sufficient to begin the first transaction of life, so that when you come to balance accounts at the day of general settlements all things may appear fair and above board.

A TIRESOME GUEST.

"HE SITS AND WILL FOREVER SIT."

There is belonging to the race of human bipeds, a sort of troublesome being, who setting no value on their own time, care very little how much they trespass upon that of their more industrious neighbors. They are a sort of stay-for-ever persons, who, having talked over the whole world of one sitting, commence again and talk it over anew from beginning to end before they are ready to take their leave. In a word, they sit and sit, and sit, long enough to fully justify the motto we have just quoted. Beside their disposition to hang on, there is generally about these persons a wonderful hesitancy, a slowness in taking a hint, unparalleled with the rest of the human race. To give a single instance of this sitting propensity, we will introduce the story of a plain spoken old lady, from the land of steady habits:

"I never see the beat of that era Captain Spinout," said she; "would you believe it, he called at our house last night just as I had done milking, and wanted to borrow my brass kettle, for his wife to make apple sauce in. Oh yes, says I, she may have it and welcome, Captain Spinout; and I went directly and fetched it out of the back room, and set it down beside him. Well, presently our tea was ready, and I couldn't do no more than sit him to take tea with us. Oh no, he said, he couldn't stay a minute; but, however, he concluded he'd take a drink of cider with my husband; and so he did. Well, after I'd done tea, I took my knitting work and sat down 'till I rather thought it high time that all honest people should be a bed. But Captain Spinout had forgot his hurry and that he was still sitting and talking with my husband as fast as ever. I hate above all things to be rude, I couldn't help hintin to the Captain that it was growin late, and maybe his wife was waitin for the kettle. But he did not seem to take the hint at all—thar he sot, and sot, and sot.

Findin that words wouldn't have any effect, I next rolled up my knitting work, sot back the cheers, and told the gals it was time to go to bed. But the captain did n't mind it no more than if it had been the bite of a flea—but thar he sot, and sot, and sot.

Well, next, I pulled off my shoes, roasted my feet, as I commonly do just afore going to bed; but the Captain did n't mind it no more than nothing at all—thar he sot, and sot, and sot.

I then kivered up the fire, and thot' he could not help takin the hint; but la me! he did n't take no notice on't at all—'till the least in the world—but thar he sot, and sot, and sot.

Thinks I, you're pretty slow at takin a hint, Captain Spinout; so I sed sot o' plainly, that I thot' it was bed time—speakin' always to my husband—but just so as I thot' the Captain could not help takin it to himself—but la! it did n't do no good at all—for thar he sot, and sot, and sot.

Seeing thar warn't no likelihood of his goin home, I axed him to stay all night. Oh no, he sed he couldn't stop a minute; so seeing thar warn't no use in sayin anything, I went to bed. But la me! would

you think it, when I got up in the mornin', as sure as you're alive, there was Captain Spinout sitting just where I left him the night before—and thar, I concluded, the old lady, lifting up her hands in a despairing attitude—"and thar he sot, and sot."

ALABAMA COURT SCENE.

An Amiable and Kind-hearted Judge.—We have heard a capital story told of a judge in the interior of Alabama, whose decision, in a case of great perplexity, has won for him a name for goodness of nature the greatest law dispensers in our land might envy.

A case was going on involving many intricate questions of law; and while the lawyers on either side were engaged in fortifying their points, and considering perfectly clear the justice of their clients' claims, one of the spectators quietly laid himself down upon a bench in the courtroom, and after settling himself into an easy position on his back soon fell asleep.

He was a most inveterate snorer—as great a one as a friend of ours who, while in a sail boat on Pascagoula Bay early one morning, cruising about in search of the "mysterious music," fell fast asleep in the bows. He was no sooner asleep than he was snoring—and the trombone-like tones rose upon the still and calm morning air with an effect approaching the astounding. The black helmsman, who had been listlessly whistling for a breeze, pricked his ears as the first notes from the sleeper's nose rose above the waters—he could not, at first, conceive from whence came the strange and most unnatural sounds. He looked first to windward, and then to leeward, and finally over the bowsprit and ahead, vaguely imagining either that some high pressure steamer had found her way into the quiet waters, or else that the "mysterious music" had caught cold and was hoarsely endeavoring to pitch its notes to a more seemly key. The cause was finally ascertained, however, and the affrighted helmsman's mind set at rest—but to return to our other snorer.

The cause went on and the snoring continued in court, and the judge sat uneasily upon his seat. From very goodness of disposition he did not wish to break the man's nap; and upon referring to authorities in his mind, and hastily glancing over a few pages, where "disturbances" are defined, with his eye, he found the statutes and common law of Alabama gave him no positive jurisdiction—there was no enactment "made and provided" for such cases.

Still louder and louder, the nasal notes continued. The judge was in a quandary—the decorum of the court was fast losing itself. Wound up, finally, to a pitch of desperation entirely unwonted for him, the judge, beseeched for the sheriff, "Go to that gentleman on the bench there, Mr. Sheriff," said he, pointing at the same time to the snorer, "go to that gentleman and quietly and carefully turn him over!" I am extremely reluctant to run any risk of disturbing or waking him, but if that snoring continues, this honorable court will itself be fast asleep in ten minutes!"—*N. O. Picayone.*

THE TREE OF DISSIPATION.

The sin of drunkenness
drains memory,
disfigures the body,
deface, beauty, diminishes strength, corrupts the blood, inflames the liver, weakens the brain, turns men into walking hospitals,—causes internal, external, and incurable wounds,—it is a witch to the senses, a devil to the soul, a thief to the pocket, the beggar's companion, a wife's woe, and children's sorrow,—makes man become a beast and self-murderer; who drings to others' good health and robs himself of his own! Nor is this all it exposes to the

Divine DISSEMINATOR HERE! AND HERE! TO ETERNAL MISERY!!! THE root of all is DRUNKENNESS!!! The above is rather odd, but its age does not detract from its truth.

Easy.—We invariably envy those we deem more fortunate than ourselves; but if we could only look into the private life, or read the secret souls of those whom we envy, we should soon feel convinced that happiness and misery are tolerably fairly portioned out to us all, and that the distribution of sources of pain and pleasure to the individuals who form the human race, has been conducted with an impartial and equitable hand. The world would be far a more happy one, were all people made aware of this great moral truth.

(From the Raleigh Register.)

Art of Printing.—No man can reflect for a moment upon the art of Printing, without acknowledging the powerful influence exercised by the Press over every class of Society, where it is free and independent. Whilst it is, emphatically styled the "art preservative of all arts," it is the most powerful auxiliary in the dissemination of knowledge, Literary, Religious and Political, and in the preservation of the political and religious rights of a people. Nor is there any vehicle, by which information, on all subjects in which the generality of mankind are interested, can be communicated in a cheaper form, or with more immediate effect, than by means of Newspapers. So important is the Press considered in this country, and so well in its liberty secured, both by law and public opinion, that any attempt to restrain it, or put it down, would be regarded as a most outrageous violation of the rights of the people, and would be treated accordingly. The security of the liberty of the Press is one of the happiest features in our form of Government. It stands a striking monument of the influence of free principles, and the difference between our Government and that of some of the nations of Europe, where the Press is under the control of a Censor appointed by the Sovereign, without whose authority nothing can be published, at least of a political character, least something might go forth, calculated to produce excitement against the "powers that be," and cause even the "sacred throne," itself to totter.

An old man was remarkable for his lack of knowledge, and his irreligious habits. His sheep had wandered from home: Sunday was a leisure day, he devoted it to hunting them. His search conducted him to the meeting house, just as the congregation was about going in. He entered with them, and sat down with his back to the preacher, and near to his brother-in-law. The text was "I will smite the shepherd and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad." In the course of the sermon, much was said about the wandering sheep. At last G. could stand it no longer:—"Ade," said he, punching his brother-in-law, "I reckon them are my sheep, if they have bob tails, I'll be derned if they ain't!"

Good Advice.—Is thus given in the Louisville Pennant:—"Cease your grumbling about dull times; lying in your advertisements, and if you then have a chance to complain of your business being dull, grumble as much as you please; but until the proper means of what you have to dispose of, have been resorted to, never expect any improvement in your business.

If there is one creature we abominate, it is he who will smite upon you and feel you with soft words, but the moment your back is turned will thrust a dagger into your honor and reputation.

An itinerating Dentist lately called at a house and applies for business. "Don't you want your teeth drawn?" "No!" "None of your children?" "No!" "Can't you give me some sort of a job?" said the Dentist. "Why," said the gentleman, "I have got an old cross-cut saw, the teeth of which are out of order. You can have that job, if you'll fix 'em."

Buried Treasure.—An old French lady died a few days since in the Parish of St. Landry, of general debility. A few minutes before she ceased to breathe, she disclosed to her children who hung over her bed, that many years before she had buried fourteen thousand dollars on the spot where her own crib stood. Sure enough, when the old woman was buried, the money was found as she stated.—*N. O. Pic.*

Lynn, in Massachusetts, must be the largest city in the world—last year it contained one million pairs of women's shoes, and not out told then; when we arrive at the last, we will tell how many males there are, and who have aspired to the bench—real lads of war, who never stall.—*Philadelphia Forum.*

Curious Advertisement.—This is to certify that I am not the person was tarred and feathered by the Liberty mob on Tuesday last; and I will give any one twenty guineas who will lay me down fifty, that I am not the other man who goes by my name.
PHELM O'ELANAGAN.

State of South Carolina,
ABBEVILLE DISTRICT,
IN THE COMMON PLEAS.
William Smith, }
vs. } Trespas, Attachment.
Alex. Simpson, }

THE Plaintiff having filed his declaration in my office against the said defendant: Ordered that the defendant do appear and plead thereto within a year and a day from the filing of the same, otherwise final judgment will be awarded against him.
JOHN F. LIVINGSTON, C. C. P.
Clerk's Office, 24th Sept. 1842.
Sept. 23 1y 35

Notice.
SOME person has borrowed from my Library, an English edition of Shakespeare, and also an American edition of the same, in 2 vols. 3rd vol. Johnson's Lives of the Poets, and 1st vol. of Thier's French Revolution, and I would be much obliged to them to return them, or let me know where they are.
F. W. PICKENS.
May 3 21 14