

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 IX.

Edgefield Court House, S. C., April 3, 1844.

NO. 10.

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER

W. F. DURISOE, PROPRIETOR.

NEW TERMS.

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, per annum, if paid in advance—Three Dollars 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 arrearages 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 village. All communications addressed to the Editor, post paid, will be promptly and strictly attended to.

THE FIFTH VOLUME

Hamburg Journal.

FOUR years have nearly elapsed since the Journal first made its appearance before a generous public; and although having met with a due portion of support, the Editor would at this time, invite the attention of his old friends, and those who may feel a desire of sustaining his efforts, and extend additional encouragement, to lend a helping hand towards the commencement of a new volume.

We make an earnest appeal to our friends in South Carolina, as well as those in other States, to assist us in the circulation of the Journal, and clear away those weeds that have grown around the Old Palmetto Tree. Now that we have preferred Henry Clay to Martin Van Buren, we can only expect a desperate effort to be made to crush us, and consign the HAMBURG JOURNAL to oblivion. Though we fear not those who would injure our interest, because the more we are trampled on, the better we will thrive; still, we wish to have the consolation of knowing that our course meets with response from the hearts of freemen. To conduct a Press in South Carolina in opposition to the established mandates of those who dictate, is like treading on the forbidden ground of some eastern mosque—no christian dare pass it, unless barefoot. Yet we have dared to make a venture on this land, and ferret out that which should be removed.

And now we leave our cause in the hands of our friends, and present our efforts to their consideration, to say, whether we must be disappointed or be supported with liberality and kindness.

The Journal is published once a week, at the very low price of two dollars per annum, in advance, and contains at least twelve columns of reading matter.

Will our brother editors, of either party, extend a friendly act, by giving the above a few insertions? J. W. YARBOROUGH.

Hamburg, S. C., March, 1844.

March 27

offices.—Postmasters are authorized to forward letters containing money for a publication of this kind, free of postage.

The work, when completed, can be bound in any style to suit the taste of the purchaser. Terms.—For a single copy, \$2 50. Five copies, \$10. Ten copies, \$17. Twenty copies, \$30. The postage will be the same as on newspapers. Each number will be carefully folded in an envelope, and forwarded to each subscriber separately.

Address, free of postage, F. S. BRONSON, LaGrange, Ga.

Those editors who receive this prospectus will confer a favor by publishing it in their columns for a few weeks. The numbers of the Pocket Book will be sent to all who publish as requested.

March 27



Poetic Access:

From the Baptist Advocate. CHINA EVANGELIZED. "The Lord of hosts methereth the host of the battle." Isaiah xiii. 4

Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass! Ye bars of iron! yield! And let the King of glory pass— The Cross is in the field.

That banner, brighter than the star, That leads the train of night, Shines on their march, and guides from far His servants to the fight.

A holy war those servants wage; Mysteriously at strife, The powers of heaven and hell engage For more than death or life.

Earth's ranklest soil they see outspread; So through'd it seems within One city of the living dead, Dead while alive to sin.

The forms of life are every where, The spirit nowhere found; Like vapors kindling in the air, Then sinking in the ground,

No hope have these above the dust, No being but a breath; In vanity and lies they trust: Their very life is death.

Ye armies of the living God, His sacramental host! Where hallow'd footsteps never tread, Take your appointed post.

Follow the Cross, the ark of peace Accompany your path; To slaves and rebels bring release From bondage and from wrath.

A barley-cake o'erthrew the camp Of Midian, tent by tent, Ere mourn the trumpet and the lamp Through all in triumph went.

Though China's sons, like Midian's, fill As grasshoppers the vale; The sword of God and Gideon still To conquer cannot fail.

As Jericho before the blast Of sounding rams' horus fall, Sin's strongholds here shall be down cast, Down cast these gates of hell.

Truth error's legions must overwhelm, And China's thickest wall, The wall of darkness round her realm, At your loud summons fall.

Though few, and small, and weak your bands Strong in your Captain's strength; Go to the conquest of all lands, All must be His at length.

The closest seal'd between the poles, Is open'd to your toils; Where thrice a hundred million souls Are offered you for spoils.

Those spoils at his victorious feet, You shall rejoice to lay, And lay yourselves as trophies meet, In his great judgment day.

No carnal weapons those ye bear, To lay the aliens low; Then strike amain, and do not spare, There's life in every blow.

Life! more than life on earth can be; All in this conflict slain Die but to sin—eternally The crown of life to gain.

O fear not, faint not, halt not now; Quit you like men, be strong; To Christ shall Buddha's votaries bow, And sing with you this song:

"Uplifted are the gates of brass, The bars of iron yield; Behold the King of Glory pass! The Cross hath won the field."

JAMES MONTGOMERY. The Mount, Sheffield, Feb. 2, 1843.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Things that I have seen.—I have seen a farmer build a house so large and fine that the Sheriff turned him out of doors.

I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn merchant, break and die in an insane hospital.

I have seen a farmer travel about so much, that there was nothing at home worth looking after.

I have seen a rich man's son begin where his father left off—wealthy; and end where his father began—pennyless.

I have seen a worthy farmer's son idle away years of the prime of life, in dissipation, and end his career in the poor house.

I have seen the disobedience of a son "bring down the gray hairs of his father to the grave."—Farmer's Cabinet.

Singular Fact.—In the last Report of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, the following interesting fact is stated: A patient, advanced in life, of athletic frame and extraordinary activity and ingenuity, was regarded as particularly dangerous, from the violence of his mental excitements. He required constant watching, and in despite of all precautions, he availed himself of every opportunity of concealing; during the day, articles which he would spend the night in fabricating into dangerous weapons. He was eventually discovered picking up in his daily walks materials which he formed into rough tools with which he was found repairing old shoes. This afforded a hint to his attending physician, and having exacted a promise from the patient that he would not use them for the injury of any person, he furnished him with a complete set of shoemakers' tools, knives, awls, hammers, &c. He seemed delighted with the privilege, and with the confidence reposed in his promise, and immediately set to work, having two or three of the patients as his assistants, and from the strict decorum which he afterwards evinced, never in a single instance gave reason to regret at the indulgence allowed him. The regular employment had a most wholesome influence on his mental disease, and he is now in the bosom of his family, fully restored to reason, after being deranged for three years. This example may serve to show the judgment with which the insane are treated in this admirable institution. They are not regarded as madmen to be dreaded, but in a kind of sympathizing spirit they are dealt with, and few are so bereft of reason, as not to be sensible of such treatment. The patients are furnished with the means of riding, amusing themselves in several ways, have musical entertainments, a good library, and during the last year, originated among themselves a weekly newspaper, containing original articles, many of which, says the physician, "would compare favorably with much of the periodical literature of the day."

How must it gladden the heart of every philanthropist to see these human changes in the treatment of persons laboring under so dreadful a malady! The effect of it has been proved in the increased number of radical cures.—Presbyterian.

An Amusing Lunatic.—They have a crazy man in the Ohio Lunatic Asylum whose eccentricities are said to produce great mirth. In the appendix to the report of that institution, recently published, we find the following description of this man and the strange method of his madness: We must not omit a passing notice of an incurable, but occasionally useful, and on many accounts an interesting patient, styling himself "the cattle drover, sportsman and financier extraordinary to the institution and mankind at large." He also claims to be clerk in the new buildings, superintendent of the public works in the State, proprietor of the steamboat Lehigh, mineral and botanical doctor, &c. His delusions are as numerous and capricious as his character and qualifications are unique and surprising. He is a stout, active, well built man, with a handsome sincere countenance, who is sure to be the first to meet you in the gallery, and endeavor to slide into your good opinion with a sly wink, a coaxing smile, and a gentle voice—wishing immediately to buy six hundred head of fat cattle, four years old, or ready to loan any amount of money that can be desired, which is forthwith produced in large packages of bank bills, manufactured by himself, and payable to his order, at every corporation in the Union, from Florida to Maine.

He is never supplied with a less sum than a hundred and seventy-five millions, upon the "best specie paying banks." But if you do not need money, he is very entertaining with a description of his farming and extensive pasture lands—with accounts of his milling and steamboat racing—blooded cattle—and muleteer of his own invention; or, as a physician, he is always ready to attend the most difficult cases, will exhibit his lancet wire, and prescribe infallible cures for every disease from a sore eye to the gout or consumption.

Notwithstanding his singularity, he is kind and attentive to those needing assistance around him, taking great interest in the affairs of the house, and constantly talking about the expense of providing for so many patients, the difficulty of keeping them in order, and the necessity of employing more help, &c. He also excels in complimentary notices of the ladies, and is always ready either to dance a jig, or hold the candle, sing a song or preach a sermon, and if need be, take a fight or run a horse race.

The parties are respectable and wealthy and are every way worthy and respectable of each other. It was the result of a banter on the part of the lady, which was promptly complied with on the part of the young man, by his offering to go immediately and have the ceremony performed. They went to the Alderman, communicated to him their business; and in "less than no time" he went through the marriage ceremony; and declared them "man and wife." But when the functionary requested them to kneel down with him for prayer, the parties hesitated, and inquired of him whether he had really lawfully married them. To this he replied in the affirmative, and they left his office much alarmed at what had been done, and which they intended for a joke. Whether they have agreed to live together as they should we have not learned. It has been the occasion, however, of some considerable "town talk" for the last few days.

Going it.—We have been informed, says the Middletown Md. Enterprise, by a gentleman of standing, that Mrs. Rarger, living near Petersville, in this county, in the latter part of February last, was delivered of four fine healthy children, at one birth, and from last accounts are all doing well. This is the same woman who gave birth to three children about 18 months since, and was noticed in the Frederick Examiner.—Middletown Valley well deserves the name of having a fertile soil—seven children in eighteen months!—Cope with us if you can.

A Singular Incident.—A gentleman from Marlborough informs us, says the Hartford Times, of a singular circumstance connected with an affray between a hawk and a hen, on Sunday last. The hawk was a very large one measuring from wing to wing, over four feet, pounced upon a hen, and raised her a short distance in the air, when from some cause, the hen became disengaged, or so much obstructed the progress of the hawk, that he pitched downwards and went directly into a well! A colored woman named Clara Burden, seeing them go into the well, ran to see how matters progressed and found the hawk lying upon his back in the water, and the hen standing upon him! The woman lowered the bucket and safely secured the hen. She then held the head of the hawk under water with a pole and finally secured him also. All hawks should learn from this that they cannot steal with impunity.

The chicken-hatching machine now being exhibited in the city of New York, is thus noticed in the Tribune: Chicken Manufactory.—Nature is getting superfluous. We rather think she will soon be voted out of fashion and dispensed with. There is a chap just over our publication office hatching Chickens in a big box, fifty a day, having a thousand eggs always doing. The trouble of attending them is slight, the heat costs very little, and the chickens crack their several shells and walk up to their dough and water like wood choppers to dinner or sailors to their grog. They are clean, strong and lively, grow fast and rarely die, (not being draggled through the grass,) and whoever has a hatching machine can have 'Spring Chickens' every week in the year, and at small expense. If you could only invent a machine for laying eggs now, hens would be done with.

Hints to Lovers of Flowers.—A most beautiful and easily attained show of evergreens in winter may be had by a very simple plan, which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches taken from healthy and luxuriant trees just before the winter sets in, cut for slips, and immersed in soap and water, they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigour all the winter. By placing a number of bottles filled in flower baskets, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is easily insured for a whole season. They require no fresh water.

An old gentleman not one hundred miles from this place, after a long fast had the agreeable news announced him by his charming spouse Betsy, that "Dinner was ready."—"Dickey, one of the children, as hungry as his father, began pulling at his knee, when the old gentleman had seated himself at the table. He asked the following blessing; "Lord bless us in dinner—hand the bread Betsy—git away Dickey, (with a slap)—for Christ's sake. Amen." Anderson Gazette.

Charity Sermons.—"A specious appearance does much," said a begging preacher to his decorous looking flock, "but an appearance of specie does more. Last year when I preached for the Penitentiary, I saw nothing but shillings in the plate. You must have thought, my brethren, that I was preaching for a twelve penny tontary. What is the height of imagination?—Having dined at a tavern to imagine you have paid the waiter, and for him to suppose so too!"

What cause for lasting gratitude have our readers that they have not been brought up in the same state of deplorable ignorance? But, dear reader, remember to whom much is given of the same shall much be required. God has so decreed. What improvement have you made of the privileges you enjoy? To what use have you applied, the superior knowledge you possess? Propound those queries to your own souls and hearken, fellow-immortal, to the answer which your conscience gives. Christian Index.

The Old Flag of the United States.—All our readers may not be aware that the original flag hoisted on board our vessels during the Revolutionary war had a rattlesnake upon it. In a recent Philadelphia Forum we see that John H. Sherburne, Esq., author of the life of Paul Jones, "Naval Sketches," &c., in reply to the colors of the American Flag of the revolutionary war, and the position of the snake; remarks—The flag was thirteen stripes, red and white, with a rattlesnake extended, mouth open and stung out, toward the outer folds of the flag—the tail just touching the staff, as if springing on a foe; under the snake the following words—"Don't Tread Upon Me." There was no field of blue and white, or stars, but simply as above stated—and it was that VERY FLAG, while proudly floating from the main royal of the frigate Alliance, (the hull of which now lies opposite the city,) under the gallant Paul Jones, that dashed through a British fleet of twenty-one sail of the line, in the North Sea; the intrepid Jones delivering his starboard and larboard broadsides under a ten knot breeze into the Admiral, and received the fire of the whole fleet as he passed, and under full chase of the formidable foe, arrived in safety at Brest.

Wrought Iron Guns.—A reader of the National Intelligencer has communicated to that journal the following passage, transcribed from Day's Historical Collections: "Died, on Sunday, the 18th December, 1830, at his residence in Millin township, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, William Denning, in the 94th year of his age. The deceased was an artificer in the army of the Revolution. He it was who, in the days of his country's need, made the only successful attempt ever made in the world to manufacture wrought iron cannon; two of which he completed, at Middlesex, in this county, and commenced another and larger one at Mount Holly, but could get no one to assist him who could stand the heat, which is said to have been so great as to melt the lead buttons on his clothes. The unfinished piece, it is said, lies as he left it, at either Holly forge or the Carlisle barracks. One of those completed was taken by the British at the battle of Brandywine, and is now in the tower of London. "The British Government offered a large sum and a stated annuity to the person who would instruct them in the manufacture of that article; but the patriotic blacksmith preferred obscurity and poverty in his own beloved country, to wealth and affluence in that of her oppressors." Honored be the memory of this patriotic artificer!

A Panic in the Army.—A panic, equal to that which spread among Napoleon's Imperial Guards at Waterloo, seized the battalion of Fusilier Guards, stationed in Winchester, on Sunday, the consequences of which were, fortunately, more ludicrous than injurious. It seems that they were attending divine service in the lobby of the country hall, "their custom always in the afternoon," and the chaplain had just delivered his text—"Why stand we in jeopardy every hour?" when a door leading from the vaults under the Crown Court suddenly opened with a violence that prostrated a tall serjeant standing near it, and a form covered with dust and soot, and quite as appalling to the military congregation as that which "drew Priams curtain in the dead of night," stood before them, bellowing as well as fright, and ashes would allow him, "Cut for your lives, cut for your lives!" At these appalling words, and on looking on the spectre who uttered them, a universal panic seized officers, non-commissioned officers and privates. *Sauve qui peut* became the order of the day, and a most tremendous rush was made to the only outlet to the place. All distinctions of rank and subordination were for the time lost, and officers were overturned and trampled on with as little consideration as drummer boys. The fright was fully participated in by the Rev. chaplain himself, who threw off his surplice, jumped over the front of the pulpit into the hall, and fought his way to the door with a vigor that showed his apprehensions to be equal to those of his congregation. Fortunately all gained the outside of the building without loss of life or limb, the only danger sustained being some few bruises and torn regimentals. It appears the hubbub was caused by some trifling derangement of the hot water apparatus that warms the building, and which was caused by the inattention of the attendant, the spectre, whose sudden appearance and ominous warning we have alluded to.—Hamp. (Eng.) Independent.

MARCH OF MIND IN SOMERSETSHIRE. At the session held at Taunton last Monday, the chaplain of the prison said that no less than 360 prisoners had come under his notice during the last three years who were ignorant of the name of the Saviour, and unable to repeat the Lord's prayer; he did not mean to say that they never heard the name of Christ but they nothing of its meaning, and only used that sacred name in their profane oaths. If he asked them who was the Saviour of mankind they could not tell; if he asked them who was Christ, they did not know. They were in utter darkness and ignorance as to religion; as to moral and religious duties, they were just as ignorant as the heathen.—Bristol Times.

Oil from Corn.—The St. Louis Reporter says, Mr. Wm. Watson, who resides in St. Louis county, at a place called Cold Water, has undertaken the manufacture of oil from corn. The new oil is said to burn with a clear and steady light, and without the smoke common to most vegetable oils. It can be manufactured at 75 cents per gallon, and will probably become ere long, an important branch of business in the west.

The use of Spiders.—The following anecdote shows very clearly that spiders were not made merely to spin webs and catch flies; that those things are only means not ends—their way of getting a living, not the object of life. The story is told in the last number of the London "Foreign Quarterly Review," in an entertaining article on "Calanders and Almanacs," and it is related as being a perfectly authenticated historical fact.—The spider that taught patience and perseverance to the "Bruce of Scotland, was not a more important historical personage than the spider of the dungeon of Utrecht. The story runs as follows: Quartremer Disjonval, a Frenchman by birth was adjutant general in Holland, and took an active part on the side of the Dutch patriots when they revolted against the Stadholder. On the arrival of the Prussian army under the Duke of Brunswick, he was immediately taken, and having been condemned to twenty five years imprisonment, was incarcerated in a dungeon at Utrecht, where he remained eight years. Spiders, which are the constant and frequently the sole companions of the unhappy inmates of such places, were almost the only living objects which Disjonval saw in the prison of Utrecht.—Partly to beguile the tedious monotony of his life, and partly from a taste which he had imbibed for natural history, he began to seek employment and eventually found amusement in watching the habits and movements of his tiny fellow prisoners. He soon remarked that certain actions of the spiders were intimately connected with the approaching changes of the weather. A violent pain on one side of his head to which he was subject at such times, had first drawn his attention to the connection between such changes and corresponding movements of the spiders. For instance he remarked that those spiders which spun a large web in a wheel-like form, invariably withdrew from his cell when he had his bad headache; and that these two signs, namely the pain in his head and the disappearance of the spiders were of all things best fitted to give accurate intimation when severe weather might be expected. In short Disjonval pursued these inquiries and observations with so much industry and intelligence, that by remarking the habits of his spiders, he was at length enabled to prognosticate the approach of severe weather, from ten to fourteen days before it set in, which is proved by the following fact, which led to his release.

When the troops of the French Republic overran Holland in the winter of 1794, and kept pushing forward over the ice, a sudden and unexpected thaw in the early part of the month of December threatened the destruction of the whole army unless it was instantly withdrawn. The French generals were thinking seriously of accepting a sum offered by the Dutch, and withdrawing their troops, when Disjonval who hoped that the success of the republican army might lead to his release, used every exertion, and at length succeeded in getting a letter conveyed to the French general in January, 1795, in which he pledged himself, from the peculiar actions of the spiders, that within fourteen days there would commence a severe frost, which would make the French masters of all the Rivers, afford them sufficient time to complete, and make sure of the conquest they had commenced, before it should be followed by a thaw.

The commander of the French forces believed his prognostication and persevered. The cold weather which Disjonval had announced, made its appearance in twelve days, and with such intensity that the ice over the rivers and canals became capable of bearing the heaviest artillery. On the 25th of January, 1795, the French army entered Utrecht in triumph; and Quartremer Disjonval, who had watched his spiders with so much intelligence and success, was, as a reward for his ingenuity, released from prison.

GIVE ME BACK MY HUSBAND.

BY ELIHU BURRITT. Not many years since, a young married couple from the far, fast adored Isle, sought our shores with the most sanguine anticipations of prosperity and happiness. They had begun to realize more than they had seen in the visions of hope, when, in an evil hour, the husband was tempted "to look upon the wine when it was red," and to taste of it "when it gives its color in the cup." The charmer fastened around his victim all the serpent-spells of his sorcery, and he fell; and at every step of his rapid degradation from the man to the brute, and downward, a heart string broke in the bosom of his companion.

Finally, with the last spark of hope flicking on the altar of her heart, she threaded her way into one of those shambles where man is made such a thing as the beasts of the field would bellow at. She pressed her way through the bacchanalian crowd, who were revelling there, in their own ruin. With her bosom full of "that perilous stuff that preys upon the heart," she stood before the plunderer of her husband's destiny, and exclaimed in tones of startling anguish, "Give me back my husband!" "There's your husband," said the man, as he pointed towards the prostrate wretch. "That my husband! What have you done to him? That my husband! What have you done to that noble form, that once like a giant oak, held its protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter? That my husband! With what torpedo chill have you touched the sinews of that manly arm? That my husband! What have you done to that noble brow which he once wore

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