

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 XII.

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EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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The friends of Major ABRAHAM JONES, announce him as a candidate for the Legislature, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of James S. Pope Esq.

The friends of JAMES SPANN, Esq. respectfully announce him as a candidate for the office of Tax Collector, at the ensuing election. April 14 if 12

The friends of WESLEY BODIE, announce him as a candidate for the office of Sheriff, at the ensuing election. February 24 if 5

The following gentlemen are announced by their friends as candidates for the Office of Tax Collector, at the ensuing election: Col. JOHN QUATTLEBUM, GEORGE J. SHEPPARD, EDMUND MORRIS, SAMPSON B. MAYS, Lieut. JAMES B. HARRIS, Maj. S. C. SCOTT, LEVY R. WILSON.

The following gentlemen are announced by their friends as candidates for the office of Ordinary, at the ensuing election. Col. JOHN HILL, Capt. W. L. COLEMAN.

From the Illustrated Sun.

THE STUDENTS' BREAK.

Among young men there is not a class so brimming full of mirthful pranks, as College Students. It seems that from the application necessary to college requirements, the natural buoyancy of youth is tied down.

When evening comes, that portion of a college community which love their books in the degree and manner that his satanic majesty is said to love holy water, resort to all sorts of capers which their own desires, or the occasion of the time may prompt.

A western college, long under the supervision of a venerable man, has "seen some" in its day. This good Alma Mater has, with the wealth of learned alumni who have left her walls, given to the community "some" adepts in all the mysteries of fun and devilry. No man can be accomplished in every thing and it is considered by learned men, meritorious to be an adept in any one pursuit of life.

These young bachelors considering the manufacture of mischief one of the pursuits of life, followed it with enthusiasm, and graduated with high honors in this department.

One cold winter night, when two thirds of the college were burning the "midnight oil" in extracting the roots of quadratics, and other such matters, six young aspirants to distinction were burning the same material in the expediency and feasibility of extracting the biped mystries of the President's hen-roost.

"I motion Frank take the chair," said one of this assembly of six, wisely concluding that it was a useless body which had no head. They young gentleman called was duly elected chairman of the secret clique that were there assembled, and immediately entered upon his duties, with a speech, as the archives of that Phi Beta Band fairly prove.

"Gentlemen, I cannot better demonstrate my regard to you for, the high distinction with which you have favored me, than by a summary performance of the functions of my office." Gentlemen, will one of you state the object of this meeting?"

"Did the gentleman never see old Preck's hen-roost?" asked the mover as if astonished at the obtuseness of the interrogator.

All was now as clear as daylight, and resolving themselves into a committee of the whole, under the shades of the night they sallied out to perpetrate their great design.

As they were getting into the yard, an old countryman, with a sort of an overhauled dress on, and a bag under his arm, addressed the students with, "Halloa! young gentlemen—what's the fun?" "Going to rob old Preck's, hen-roost;" was the answer.

"Oh! that's great, Won't the old President look blue in the morning?" said the rustic.

The entrance to the coop was small, and the chairman of the committee of the whole selected the slimest of the company to enter, complimenting him with the assurance, that if he were a ferret he could not better succeed.

"Go in, ferret;" and the youth went in.—Soon he appeared with a fine rooster, and very coolly strangling the fowl. "Here's old Preck!" said he.

"Here's a bag," said the farmer, "put old Preck in it!"

The "ferret," so called, again appeared with a hen. Holding it up to the light, "Oh, ho! this is Mrs. Preck. This is what I call female barbarity," said he twisting off her head.

"Hand along Mrs. Preck," said the countryman, opening his bag.

Some half a dozen of the worthy President's fowls were in this manner consigned to the rustic's bag.

"Don't you think there's enough on 'em?" asked the farmer. All thought that there was.

"What a grand dinner they'll make!" ejaculated the chairman of the committee on the President's hen-roost. "Look here my good fellow," said he addressing the rustic, can't you get these cooked if we promise to dine with you to-morrow?"

"Why, yes; if you'll give me what's left. So come along if you want to know where I live, I'm going home now." The rustic swung the bag across his shoulders so elated with their success, that they laughed and talked most buisterously. The rustic gained a corner and was missing.

"Here's a gin," cried one of the students. "Old Bumpkin has been one too many for us. He's got the spoils, and we shall have to put up with the mackerel."

"After all my trouble!" sighed the "ferret."

"Oh tempora! Oh mores!" ejaculated all with common sympathy.

The students retired to their rooms not quite so elated as when they left them. After the morning lectures, each of the six students received from the venerable president a very polite note of invitation to dine with him that day. Each student as the janitor slyly slipped the note into his hand, involuntarily exclaimed, What is here? High! an invitation to me? Ah! ha! old Preck don't know what I've been doing. Hang it, it's too bad. He thinks I am a fine fellow, and has taken this way to show I've done.

This may be taken as the substance of the cogitations of each of the invited. All felt sorry, that the confidence of the old man was so misplaced. Dinner hour came. A student called on the president and took his seat; soon another came—how was this. And another and another until six were there. Soon as the table was set, the old man invited his company with much suavity to be seated while he and his lady sat at each end of the table.

"Now young gentleman, I beg your pardon, will you make yourselves happy? what shall I help you to? We'll have a good dinner I fancy; I hope as a committee of the whole, we shall make the contents of my hen-roost suffer." Frank, we must nominate you chairman of the eating committee. Will you be helped to some 'old Preck's' perhaps, you would prefer some 'Mrs. Preck'?"

It was enough. With an infinite fund of good humor, the Dr. harassed the hen-roost plunders. All were dumb-founded and though the good old man piled up the plates with delicate slices of Mrs. Preck's fowls, they could not relish a morsel. Indeed it was torture to swallow the little they contrived to do.

The mystery is soon told. The rustic was none else than the old president himself. His knowledge of human nature had conquered difficulties, at which others must have failed. It is useless to add that the students were so thoroughly ashamed of his night's business, as never to attempt the like again. The next meeting of the assembly of six was for

a very different purpose. The met and drew up a paper in which they stated their sorrow, thanked the President for the manner in which he had rebuked them, and begged his forgiveness.

An Incident of the Battle.—We have heard of an incident of the battle of Cerro Gordo, that has not been noticed by the letter-writers, so far as our observation has extended.

It was when the enemy's fortifications upon the heights were hid in mirky shrouds, the dense black masses momentarily lighted up with the red flashes of their cannon, that a youth, not exceeding twenty years of age, espied the head and shoulders of a Mexican officer above the breast-work. Dropping instantly upon one knee, (a favorite position with him,) he brought his rifle up, and just as he leveled his eye with the barrel, a grape-shot from the enemy's batteries, struck a tree immediately by his side, and drove the splinters in his face, but with a coolness and presence of mind which has ever characterized him, he never turned or lowered his rifle, but drawing a bee-line upon the mark, pulled the trigger, and the head and shoulders disappeared—"in course." Coolly picking the splinters from his face and wrapping a fresh bullet, he remarked to a companion in arms—"I reckon that fellow saw sights and suffers reflections;" then raming home the bullet, with a quiet smile of satisfaction on his countenance, again turned to the enemy's works, to find another "head and shoulders."

This intrepid young soldier was no other than Henry M. Shaw, formerly a resident of this city and well known to many of our citizens, who will not fail to reflect his uniform, quite and gentlemanly department, the same under all circumstances, and with whose character the incident above related is so well in keeping. He is now Orderly Sergeant in one of the companies of Gen P. F. Smith's mounted rifle-men. The first vacant commission in the army could not be better filled than by him.—*Memphis Appeal.*

The speed of the Plow.—The usual speed of horses at the plow may be ascertained in this way. A ridge of 5 yards in breadth will require a length of 968 yards to contain an imperial acre; and to plow which at 9 bouts of 10 inch breadth of furrow slice, counting no stoppages, will make the horse travel 9680 yards, or 5 1/2 miles. If 968 yards in length, and as horses cannot draw a plow that distance without being affected in their limbs, and as allowance must be made for time lost in turning at the ends of the ridges, as well as for affording rest to the horses, that speed will have to be considerably increased to do the quantity of work in the time. By experiment it has been found that 1 hour 19 minutes, out of 8 hours, are lost by turning while plowing an acre on ridges of 27 1/2 yards in length, with an 8 inch furrow slice. Hence, in plowing an acre on ridges of 250 yards in length, which is the length of ridge I recommended as the best for horses in draught, when speaking of inclosures, in 10 hours, with a 10-inch furrow-slice, the time lost by turning is 1 hour 22 minutes. I presume that the experiment alluded to does not include the necessary stoppages for rest to the horses, but which should be included; for however easy the length of ridge may be made, draught horses cannot go on walking in the plow for 5 hours together without taking occasional rests. Now 250 yards of length of ridge gave nearly 4 ridges in the every other bout, 18 minutes will have to be added to the 1 hour 22 minutes lost, out of the 10 hours, for turnings and rest. Thus 18,000 yards will be plowed in 3 1/2 hours, at the rate of 1 mile 423 yards per hour.—*Stephens's Book of the Farm.*

Case of Somnambulism.—Altogether the most interesting case of somnambulism on record, is that of a young ecclesiastic, the narrative of which, from the immediate communication of an Archbishop of Bordeaux, is given under the head of "Somnambulism," in the French Encyclopedia. This young ecclesiastic, when the Archbishop was at the seminary, used to rise every night, and write out either sermons or pieces of music. To study his condition the Archbishop betook himself several nights to the chamber of the young man, where he made the following observations. The young man used to rise, to take paper and to write. Before he wrote music he would take a stick and rule the lines with it. He wrote the notes, together with the words corresponding with them, with perfect correctness. Or when he had written too wide he altered them. The notes that were to be black he filled in after he had completed the whole. After completing a sermon, he read it aloud from beginning to end. If any passage displeased him he erased it, and wrote the amended passage correctly over the other; on one occasion he had to substitute the word "adorable" for "divine," but he did not omit to alter the preceding "ce" into "cet," by adding the letter "t" with exact precision to the word first written. To ascertain whether he used his eyes, the Archbishop interposed a sheet of paste-board between the writing and his face. He took not the least notice, but went on writing as before. The limitation of his perceptions to what he was thinking about was very curious. A bit of unseasoned cake that he had sought for, he cut approvingly but when, on another occasion, a piece of

the same cake was put in his mouth, he spat it out without observation.

The following instance of the dependence of his perceptions upon, or rather their subordination to, his preconceived ideas is truly wonderful. It is to be observed that he always knew when his pen had ink in it. Likewise, if they adroitly changed his papers when he was writing, he knew in the sheet substituted was of a different size from the former, he appeared embarrassed in that case. But if the first sheet of paper, which was substituted for that written on, was exactly the same size with the former, he appeared not to be aware of the change. And he would continue to read off his composition from the blank sheet of paper as fluently as when the manuscript lay before him; nay, more, he would continue his amended passage, writing it upon exactly the place on the blank sheet which it would have occupied on the written page.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Mr. Webster.—The Boston papers contained recently a report that Mr. Webster had been dangerously gored by an imported bull which he has. The last Boston Advertiser gives the following witty letter, which while it contradicts the story of the bull, supplies some glimpses of a statesman's relaxation.

Marsfield, July 19, 1847.
Mr. Hale: Dear Sir—I am not able to give you the particulars of the accident to Mr. Webster, but I can state some things which ought, I think, to be known. You are aware how fond Mr. W. used to be of fishing. Well, the accident, as was said, occurred on Saturday morning, he was distinctly seen by several persons on that afternoon to a boat, with the forms of his son and grandson at "Sunk Rock," pulling in the Tautog.

You recollect how Enneas saw the shades hunting down below. I do not remember the Latin and cannot borrow a Vigil. On Sunday many respectable people, as many as ever saw the sea serpent off Nahant, several justices of the peace being of the number, met him, as they believe and are ready to depose, driving a gray horse to Plymouth, and to the astonishment of the congregation, as it will be when they hear of the accident, he walked up the broad aisle of Mr. Biggs church and took a seat in a pew. For a shade he seemed to be warm too, and wiped imaginary perspiration from his brow.

On Monday morning he was seen in a barn-yard with an old white hat that had evidently slipped his last nap; and as if in revenge he poked with a long walking stick the very bull that we heard gored him, and made him get out of his way.

All this I communicate in haste, and without comment. I leave to the learned the task of accounting for these things. I merely state the facts.

Definition of Pleasure.—It is difficult to say what pleasure means. Pleasure bears a different sense to every person. Pleasure to a school boy means—tying a string to his school fellows' feet when he is asleep, and pulling it till he awakes him. Pleasure to a man of an inquiring mind—means a joad inside of a stone, or a beetle running with his head off. Pleasure to a fine lady means—having something to do to drive away the blues. Pleasure to an antiquarian means—an illegible inscription. Pleasure to a connoisseur means—a dark, invisible, very fine picture. Pleasure, to a philosopher, a modern philosopher, a young philosopher, means—liking nothing, despising every thing, and proving every one a simpleton but himself. Pleasure to the sweetest of all tempers—the last word in an argument. Pleasure to the social—the human face divine! Pleasure to the morose—"I shant see a soul for the next six months." Pleasure to an author—the last page of his manuscript. Pleasure to the printer—"I've called to pay you for your paper."

Poisonous Bean.—The New Orleans National says that in Mexico there grows a small bean called *Pison lillo*, pronounced *peno-leo*, which, when infused in milk and drank, causes a chronic disease that soon carries off its victims, they the while unconscious of the real cause. This bean, it is said, was used in Havana, many years ago, with considerable success in destroying the English. The Mexicans use an herb called the *Huaco*, pronounced *wha-co*, to relieve them from the poisonous effects of the *pinon-lillo* and the bite of poisonous reptiles, by chewing the weed and swallowing the extract. The extract is also used to put in the place of a bite of poisonous reptile, and always with success. A Mexican never travels, if it can be avoided, without a small package of the *huaco* weed.

Query for Loafers.—Flour is down to six dollars, and this being the case, it is a question worthy of a metaphysician: how many ounces more do the bakers put in a loaf? We also suggest for Mrs. Partridge's special consideration this other not less abstruse problem: why do bakers as a class, exhibit such prompt and zealous faith in a rise in Flour and such firm and prolonged skepticism as to a decline? *N. Y. Tribune.*

Decoy For Tigers.—A lady visiting the Menagerie in Paris, became engaged in conversation, with her back turned to the cage of a Bengal tiger. Stepping back incautiously, the nearest point of the tempting prey came within reach of the an-

imal's claws, and in a moment the largest apparent portion of the lady was being bit through and through and torn pieces with horrible violence. A board was instantly slipped between the sufferer's back and the cage, and the remainder of her person separated from the fragments which could not be extricated from the grasp of the wild beast, but to the surprise of the terrified spectators, it resulted in a discovery that the lady herself had not lost a single drop of blood nor sustained the least bodily injury in the mastication!—*Home Journal.*

Melancholy End.—Young Semmes, who some years since shot Professor Davis at the Virginia University, brought his life to an end by his own hand, the morning of the 9th instant, at the house of his brother in Washington, Georgia. He shot himself with a pistol, the ball entering the left eye and penetrating the brain and lingered in a state of total insensibility from about 7 o'clock, A. M., when the family was called to his room by the report of a pistol, until half past 1, P. M. of the same day. When his room was entered, he was found in a chair, placed at a table. A pistol was lying across his lap, and on the table was an open razor. On the table was also found a note, stating in the form of a certificate, dated July 9th, 1847, that his death was occasioned by himself, and was brought about either by pistol or razor.

Cure for the Rattlesnake's Bite.—In the year 1750, a slave in South Carolina discovered a remedy for the bite of the rattlesnake, for which the Legislature of the State obtained his freedom, and granted him one hundred pounds in money. His remedy is as follows:— "Take of the roots of Plantain or Hoarhound (in summer, roots and branches together,) a sufficient quantity, bruise them in a mortar, and squeeze out the juice, of which give as soon as possible, one large spoonful; if it is swelled, you must force it down the throat. This generally will cure; but if the patient finds no relief in an hour after, you may give another spoonful, which never has failed. But if the roots are dried, they must be moistened with a little water. To the wound may be applied a leaf of good tobacco, moistened with rum.

The *Macon Messenger* speaks of a cure as a simple and effective remedy for the bite of that venomous reptile. A piece of the size of a hickory nut, dissolved in times, on men and dogs, and they have invariably recovered.

Antidote for the bite of a Rattle-Snake.—An intelligent lady from Tioga county, Pa., informs us that the settlers in that section of the country care little for the bite of a rattlesnake.—She states that a piece of common indigo, made into a paste with spirits of camphor and applied to the wound, will prevent any serious consequences occurring, and in fact at once neutralize the poison.

Plant Trees.—Gerard, a quiet but earnest writer, who flourished long since, gave his fellow men the following good advice. It is as good and applicable now as then: "Forward," says he, "in the name of God, graft, set, plant and nourish up trees in every corner of your ground; the labor is small, the cost is nothing; the commodity is great; yourselves shall have plenty; the poor shall have somewhat in time of want, to relieve their necessity; and God shall reward your good minds and diligence."

In a village of Pitou a peasant's wife, after a long illness, fell into a lethargy. She was thought dead, and being only wrapped in linen, as was customary among the poor, was carried to the place of interment. On the way thither, in passing some briars, the body got scratched, and blood profusely, which caused her to revive. Fourteen years after they took her a second time to be buried, when the husband exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake, take care of the briars!"

Female Loquacity.—Jean Paul says, that a lady officer, if she wanted to give the word 'halt,' to her troops, would do it somewhat in this wise—"You soldiers, all of you now mind. I order you as soon as I have finished speaking, to stand still, every one of you, on the spot, where you happen to be; don't you hear me? halt, I say all of you!"

"The World must be Peopled."—The wife of Mr. William Tinker, a fisherman in New-York, presented him, on Thursday, with three little female Tinkers.—Mrs. Dunn, of Detroit, recently presented her loved and loving lord with three little Dunks. Mrs. B. F. Cannon, of New Salem, on Tuesday night, presented her husband with four small Canons.

All may Learn.—A little girl went to the study of a learned philosopher for fire. "But you have nothing to carry it in," said he. The girl took up some cold ashes in her hand and placed the live coals upon it. The philosopher threw down his book, exclaiming, "with all my learning I never should have thought of so simple an expedient!"—*Scientific American.*

A man is more reserved on his friend's than his own; a woman, on the contrary, keeps her own secret better than another's.

Mail across the Isthmus to Panama.—The Consul to Chagres has been ordered to receive and transport the mails which have arrived at that point, destined for the United States, by the ordinary country mail. The Postmaster General says:—"I hope soon to have a line in operation to Chagres and across the Isthmus during the summer, under the act of last session of Congress. Advertisements are now out for service."

Chloride of Soda is said, in the *London Lancet*, a medical work, to be an effectual cure for any burn. It is stated in that journal, as an example, that an attorney, in attempting to put out the flames that had attacked the curtain of his bed, got his hands burned and blistered, but not broken. He sent for a couple of quarts of the lotion, four ounces of the solution to a pint of water, had it poured into soup-plates, wrapped his hands in lint, as no skin was broken, and so kept them for some time. Next morning he was so perfectly well that only one small patch of burn remained, yet an hour had elapsed before the application. It is added that the same remedy is sufficient to heal scalds and a black eye.

Pine Shavings.—Last year, for want of leaves and other suitable litter, we made use of pine shavings for a covering of our Irish potatoes; the result was, almost an entire failure, so far as that portion was concerned. This year we planted the same lot in corn, which looks fine, except on that part where the pine shavings were put; that has looked yellow and sickly all the season, and at this time is not near so large and flourishing as the rest of the lot. We should like to hear from some of our practical and scientific farmers, some reasons for what is stated above.—*Anderson Gazette.*

Insulting Witnesses in Court.—Among the matters presented by the Philadelphia grand jury of the July term, is that of the unrestrained abuse of witnesses by members of the bar in court. The grand jury consider this license calculated to abridge the dignity of the court and to interfere with the proper course of justice. It will be recollected that a young man named Smith lately made an assault in Philadelphia upon a lawyer named Barton; for this very thing.

[From the N. O. Delta, July 23.]
LATER FROM THE CITY OF MEXICO, which is stated by a person who had the capital on the 6th inst., that the reported commission to treat for peace with Gen. Scott at San Maria Temalcacan, had not been appointed up to that date (the 6th,) and that at the time all the energies of the Mexican Government were directed to the defence of the capital and the means to resist the entrance thereto of the American army.

The Courier is in receipt of papers from the city of Mexico as late as the 12th inst. At that time the Mexican Congress was not completely organized for want of a quorum.

On the 10th, the members present had refused, by a majority of one vote, to declare a recess, in expectation of a sufficient number to commence business, and to take into consideration the American proposals of peace. The Sun of Anahuac says the Congress must either resolve that negotiations shall be opened with Gen. Scott, or authorize the government to do so. It is not within the ordinary powers of the Congress to enter directly upon a negotiation, and therefore it is probable they will give full authority to the Executive to act in this affair.

The Sun thinks that no negotiation will be protracted in, unless it tend to an honorable peace from Mexico, that is, if it be concluded by the Congress. If, on the other hand, Congress confide the negotiations to Santa Anna, it is a sign that they desire peace on any terms.

According to an article in the Monitor Republicano, of the 11th there was a rupture between Santa Anna and Canalizo; but they met together and were reconciled, and Canalizo was to have an important post in the Capital.

The same paper says that Santa Anna was determined to govern with the Minister of War and of Finance, and with the higher officers of the departments of Justice and of Foreign Affairs.

The Monitor of the 12th, contradicts, in very positive terms, the rumor that Santa Anna was to be appointed Dictator, and ascribes it to the enemies of Santa Anna and of the country.

The Republicano, of the 12th, remarks that Gen. Scott will not very soon march upon the capital.

It seems that Santa Anna had again offered his resignation—for we find in the Monitor, of 3d July, that his resignation was refused by a committee to whom the subject had been referred.

A letter from Puebla, July 1, published in the Monitor, of the 3d, states that the American troops were concentrated in the upper part of the town, occupying the heights of San Juan de Loretto and Guadalupe. The same letter states that the troops treat the inhabitants with the utmost respect in the day time, and as soon as the hour of evening prayers strikes, they are confined in their camp! A detachment of 45 or 50 dragoons had gone as far as San Martin, without meeting with any guerillas.

Gen. Valencia arrived at San Luis Potosi on the 5th, and took the command; his former station is filled by Gen. Salas.