

# 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.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. OCTOBER 13, 1847.

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**PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.**  
**BY WM. F. DURISOE.**  
**EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.**  
NEW TERMS

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, if paid in advance—\$3 if not paid within six months from the date of subscription, and \$4 if not paid before the expiration of the year. All subscriptions will be continued, unless otherwise ordered before the expiration of the year; but no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Publisher. Any person procuring five responsible Subscribers, shall receive the paper for one year, gratis. Advertisements conspicuously inserted at 75 cents per square, (13 lines, or less,) for the first insertion, and 37½ for each continuance. Those published monthly or quarterly, will be charged \$1 per square. Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on them, will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly. Communications, post paid, will be promptly and strictly attended to.

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, LEVI 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.

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

From the Tuscaloosa Observer.

The following lines were written last night, in a few minutes, by a Carolinian, to please a circle of young persons, who seemed deeply affected by the fate of the Palmetto Regiment. Sept. 21, 1847.

**THE BALLAD OF CHURUBUSCO,**  
**OR, THE MEXICAN TRAGEDY.**

Woe, woe to ye my countrymen,  
There's guilt upon the land;  
There's wailing at the warrior's hearth,  
There's blood upon his hand

Where yonder happy cottage home,  
Stands sheltered in the vale;  
I heard the children's merry laugh,  
Come floating on the gale.

The plough is idle in the field,  
The home is drear and lone;  
And fast adown the mothers cheek,  
The scalding tears they run.

There's a cry of battle on the ear,  
Of mighty hosts without;  
Of gallant men who went to war;  
Of laurels dyed in blood.

What boots it that a thousand die;  
What of great battles won?  
Can these give to that home again,  
The father and the son?

The trumpet rang from hill to hill,  
The drum it rolled from far;  
O'er all the land the old and young,  
Went rushing to the war.

Six thousand men, all bold and true,  
In all their pride and show;  
With gallant chiefs to lead them on,  
To foreign realms they go.

O'er rocky steep, o'er passes drear,  
With gleaming arms they vie;  
Where the mountains tall like pillars grand,  
Uphold the southern sky.

Lo! yonder now, the foe they seek,  
In all their martial pride;  
Full twenty thousand men, secure,  
In ramparts strong they hide.

Our men of might they onward press,  
A shout the welkin rends;  
Dark sulph'rous clouds enshroud the air,  
The iron hail descends.

Against th' embattled wall, that pours  
Its flood of murky flame;  
A hand conspicuous lead the van,  
Palmetto is his name.

Their standard broad that beats the wind,  
A green Palmetto bears;  
In gold, "Dum spiro spero spes,"  
The motto that appears.

And what of him, that God-like man,  
Who leads that band so free?  
Pierce Butler is that chieftain's name;  
None braver lives than he.

Beshrew me, 'twas a noble sight!  
To see that host combined;  
They seemed a field of ripening wheat,  
All bended by the wind.

All eager for the dang'rous post,  
They move across the plain;  
Fast as death's sickle reaps them down,  
Their columns fill again.

Far in the front on milk white steed,  
Pierce Butler's blade it shone  
And when his noble steed it fell,  
On foot he cheer'd them on.

And thrice he rear'd that banner high  
And led the foremost rank;  
And thrice the bullet furrow'd earth,  
The heroes' blood it drank.

Now faint and bleeding from the field,  
The chief they led away;  
They look again—his flashing sword,  
Is foremost in the fray.

At fatal chance—deaths fiery shaft,  
Thrice marks him as its own!  
Was ever life more nobly lost,  
Or fame more dearly won?

When time shall cool the heated blood,  
And tranquil days restore;  
And men shall speak amidst battle fields,  
Of heroes then no more—

When days of strife and angry wars,  
Shall once again return;  
And deeds of valor sung to youth,  
Shall cause their cheeks to burn—

No name in peace shall softer sound,  
In War, none brighter shine;  
Like trumpet rouse to greater deeds,  
Pierce Butler, sure than thine.

And you brave Dickinson whose arm  
Aloft the standard bore,  
When twice its faithful bearers fell,  
All weltering in their gore—

To you, and all who on that field,  
Immortal triumphs won,  
The sculptured pillar high shall rise—  
Each was Carolina's son!

Then let us sing, God save the land!  
May foul ambition cease;  
May clouds of vengeful war, no more,  
Obscure the rays of peace;

Whether to California's steeps,  
Its icy peaks to brave,  
Our eagle flies; or dips its wing,  
In the Pacific's wave.

**The Female Army of Switzerland.**  
—We have mentioned in a previous number of two regiments of the women of the Canton of Uri, but we find in a French paper a notice of them which we translate literally: "The two battalions, numbering fourteen hundred females in military dress, present an aspect at the same time formidable and captivating. In their evolutions and discipline they are drilled to perfection. Curiously enough, superiority of form and beauty has been very much the reason of difference of grade; the handsomest are of the advanced guard, and this post of distinction and danger seems willingly conceded them by their companions who are less favored by nature. Some classification has been guided by temperament also. The more vivid and lightly have been enrolled as voltigeurs, or light-horse—the more phlegmatic as grenadiers. Those who have figures of more *embonpoint* are stationed at the wings. The coarse and rude are enrolled as dragoons and *carabiniers*. The creation of this corps (which, with its discipline and enthusiasm, seems likely, at the first throes of the coming political movement of Europe, to take possession of the Helvetic soil) is an exercise of the powerful genius of Salisoglio, who has reserved to himself the general command.

**LIFE AT THE SPRINGS.**  
We clipped the following from one of our exchanges a few days since, but cannot at this moment recollect to which one belongs the credit of bringing it to the light. Whether the incident happened at Dr. Wren, or Blue Lick, or Harrodsburg, we are not advised. It is a "good 'un," and will create a hearty laugh wherever it is read:

A few days since an elegantly dressed and handsome young gentleman arrived at the Springs. Curiosity was on tip-toe; nay it leaped into the very air, to discover all about the stranger. The register was examined; his name was entered in a plain round hand—Willie P. Mangum, Jr. North Carolina. The sensation produced by this discovery was tremendous and unparalleled. He was the son of a Senator—his father was once Speaker of the United States Senate, and his family connection had long been distinguished for their enormous wealth and unquestionable ability.

The ladies immediately emptied their trunks—spent hours in dressing, and appeared at dinner arrayed in all the splendor of beautiful laces and costly silks. At the table all eyes were directed towards the Senator's son, and many a fair one anxiously desired an introduction. The afternoon passed by— evening approached—and an hour before the usual time the company assembled in the dancing room.

At nine o'clock, precisely, young Mangum entered the hall, and a buzz of admiration followed. One of the belles fortunately attracted his attention and he led her to the dance. His every movement was closely observed, and from the ladies such exclamations as: "What princely manners! Such a magnificent figure! Such graceful dancing! A love of a foot! O, he is a duck of a dear, charming fellow!" and other similar expressions peculiar, I believe, to the sex.

During the entire evening the favorite Belle received the most devoted attentions from Mr. Mangum. Many of the ladies, who thought they possessed some attractions, were greatly mortified at his marked preference, and two or three of the gentlemen evinced the strongest symptoms of laboring under the influence of envy and passion. Your friends the witty and graceful Col. —, and the accomplished and handsome Major, — were completely thrown into the

shade, and your humble servant, Rustic, was driven from the list of competitors. The Senator's son was declared victor, and nobly did he bear his honors. The next day Mr. Mangum was again the reigning lion. He was flattered, admired and courted by all the ladies; but the superior tact of the charming Belle enabled her to engross the attention of the ardent Southerner.

Evening once more advanced and the company again assembled for the purpose of dancing. Mr. Mangum was again by the side of the happy miss, admiring her appearance and complimenting her beauty in the most extravagant language, when a steamboat captain entered the room. Looking around him for a moment, he remarked to the writer—

"Well, he's cutting it fat."  
"Who?" I inquired.  
"My steward," he answered, pointing to the Senator's son.

I replied that he was mistaken—"the individual was Willie P. Mangum, Jr. of North Carolina."

"Mangum, indeed," was the reply, "it's Tony Welch—my steward, and a very good Steward."

The news circulated—Tony saw the captain and disappeared—the mortified Belle took the first stage, and is now at home, deeply regretting that she met and admired the Senator's son!

**THE DE PRASLIN MURDER.**  
The N. Y. Express contains a full report of the proceedings of the French Court of Peers in relation to the murder of the Duchess De Praslin, accompanied by a plan of the chateau in which the crime was committed. Some of the proceedings appear to be of quite an extraordinary character as the murder itself. That the Duke De Praslin was the assassin of his wife, is placed beyond all reasonable doubt by his suicide, by his partial confession, and by a mass of strong circumstantial evidence; but the species of moral torture to which he was subjected after he had taken poison and was in near contemplation of death, is revolting to all our ideas of public and private justice. The Chancellor interrogated him before the Chamber of Peers and assuming his guilt, charged him directly with the crime. He told him "it was impossible for him to deny it—that he did not dare deny it;" and notwithstanding the evasions and partial denials of the miserable man, he pertinaciously insisted upon a categorical answer of *yes* or *no* to the question of his guilt. According to the principle, of our criminal law, no one is bound to accuse or condemn himself; and a confession to be of any value, must be perfectly free and voluntary. Besides, there was evidence enough, apart from the confession to satisfy any rational mind of the criminality of the accused; and the application of this sort of *experimentum crucis* to drag out an acknowledgment of guilt from a dying man, was unnecessary in point of fact, as well as dangerous and unsound in principle.

We append the partial confession finally made to the Duke Decazes, Grand Referendary of the Chamber of Peers, and by him communicated to the Court of Peers.

**The Murderer's Confession.**—"On Tuesday morning," said the Duke Decazes, "at the request of the family and to accomplish what I considered a duty, I waited on the accused in his prison. The Duke De Praslin having complained of excruciating sufferings, I observed to him that he must have anticipated those sufferings, since they were the result of the poison he had taken, and that the physicians, being ignorant of the nature of the poison, had hesitated to prescribe for him, when they were informed that two phials of landanum nearly empty had been discovered in his desk. The prisoner replied that 'he had not taken landanum.' In answer to a second question, he said he had swallowed arsenic, which the small bottle found in his *robe de chambre* on Friday had contained." I then asked him how he procured the poison. He assured me that 'nobody had given it to him,' and he brought it, on the eve of the crime, from Praslin.—He moreover protested with warmth against the supposition that he had intended it to poison the Duchess."

"He added, that 'he had swallowed that poison on the day of the crime, at the moment when he perceived, by the measures adopted with regard to him, that he was seriously suspected.' His suicide, in the face of such an accusation, was confession. Having remarked to him, he remained silent, but he 'denied with considerable vivacity having confided to any person the project of his crime; and, as his explanations were interrupted by means caused by pains he experienced. I asked him if the sufferings of his mind were

not still more poignant than those of his body, and if they did not inspire him with a desire to allay them by the expression of the repentance he must feel in his heart, adding, that his family was inclined to believe that he must have committed so barbarous a crime in a paroxysm of furious insanity, which he had no doubt bitterly deplored.

"The unhappy man, raising his eyes and hands towards heaven, then exclaimed in a broken but strong voice, 'Oh, I do deplore it!' I next took occasion to say that, in that supreme moment—in order to satisfy both the justice of God and man, it was desirable that the expression of his repentance should be as public as his crime, and that a full confession should explain, at last, if it were possible, the delirium under which he acted. Offered, if he were disposed to make that confession, to send for the Grand Chancellor, or to write it down and certify it myself. These last words, which he listened to with a lively emotion, seemed to excite a struggle in his breast; and, after a moment of hesitation, he replied, 'I am too fatigued—too suffering, at present. Tell the Chancellor that I request him to come to-morrow.'"

"The disturbed state of the mind of the accused was too visible, and his suffering condition too serious, to permit the prolongation of our conversation. The physicians, besides, had just declared that it was urgently necessary to offer to the patient the last consolations of religion. The family having made choice of one clergyman, in the absence of the venerable parish priest of St. Sulpice, the Chancellor entrusted that mission to the parish priest of St. Jacques de Haut Pas. The court is aware that, after the pious ceremony, which appeared to have restored a little strength and calm to the accused, the Chancellor offered once more, but in vain, to receive the declaration he had manifested a willingness to make."

**Days of Chivalry not yet over.**  
The following sketch of a single handed Mexican officer, we copy from an exchange paper, and it truly shows off the General in a brilliant character and recalls to the mind the days of chivalry:

"I must relate an interesting and an exciting incident that occurred during the rage of the battle. A Mexican officer being seen by one of Pillow's aids to leave the enemy's lines, and to advance several yards nearer our position, the general, as soon as he heard of the impudent rashness of the Mexican, put spurs to his charger galloping full speed towards him. As soon as he got near to the Mexican, the general called out in Spanish, *Saque su sable para defenderse*—let the honor and prowess of our respective countries be determined by the issue of this combat. Straightway the Mexican drew his sword with one hand and balanced his lance with the other, and rushed towards our general, who, with a revolver in the one hand and his sabre in the other, waited the onset of the Mexican.—The combat was a long and severe one. The Mexican was a larger, muscular man, and handled his arms with great vigour and skill, but our general was his superior in dexterity and coolness. At last the Mexican made one terrible charge at our general with his lance, which the latter evaded with great promptitude and adroitness, using his sword, tossed the weapon of the Mexican high in the air, and then quietly blew his brains out with his revolver. Both the American and Mexican armies witnessed this splendid effort."

**Novel Swindle.**—Several of the fashionable novelists of Paris have recently had a laugh together—for which, however, they had pre-paid rather a high price. A chance inquiry, by one author, into the cause of another's unwonted depression of spirits, exposed a mutual experience, which was found afterwards to be the exact counterpart of the experience of half a dozen others. Eugene Sue was one of the sufferers, and his account of it, given at some length in the French journals, is briefly as follows:

He was called upon one morning, after breakfast, by a person who begged a private interview on a matter of importance. The stranger was a melancholy, but rather fine looking man of forty-five or fifty, of prepossessing manners and very simple dress, who, after some preliminary embarrassment, told his story. He had once been the possessor of a fortune, had wasted the greater portion in the excesses of youth; and finally, sick of the world, had given the remainder of his means to the Convent of La Trappe, and entered the cloister of the speechless brotherhood.

Here he was at last content. Years rolled on, and he grew happier and happier in his seclusion, till, one fatal day, changing his cell to one which had been occupied by a passing traveller, he found—a copy of one of the novels of the author he was now addressing! In the fascination of this intoxicating cup of genius—by its bewildering and vivid pictures of life—by its adorable portraits of women and wild passions—the dormant nerve of his turbulent soul was electrified anew! His brain was fired as he read. His blood kindled to a fever. He lost control over his thoughts and limbs, and in frantic thirst for life once more in a world so bewilderingly pictured, he tore off his monkish cowl and rosary, dashed his missal into the corner of his cell, and fled by night to Paris. He had revealed here for weeks, he knew not how long—when his strength gave way—illness followed, and he was just now creeping forth from a hospital. Sick and in want he had come to the author of all this evil—sure that in the genius where resided this wondrous power, there must be also a feeling of justice and compassion, to which he could look for a partial reparation. The victim needed money—he required means to return to the convent he had deserted, and something to present to the treasury of the brotherhood as an expiatory peace-maker to insure his reception.

Such an appeal, of course, was not to be resisted. The convicted and flattered luncher of the thunderbolt pulled out his purse in pity—gave the scathed sufferer a handful of gold—and grew (not unpleasurably) pensive over the new view of his responsibility as a possessor of appalling power.

Called upon by a brother author, during his contrite reverie, he disclosed the cause of his sadness—which was received with a roar of laughter. The listener had just been "done brown" by the same eloquent impostor, only it was his books, and not Monsieur Sue's, that convulsed the soul of the apostate Trappist! As the story got about, there was a general confession—every man in Paris, who had been victimized, paid handsomely to undo the fatal mischief of his fascination! The melancholy monk, it need hardly be said, turned out to be one of the most accomplished swindlers of the continent.

[Home Journal.]

**The Slavery Question at the North.**  
—The determination everywhere apparent throughout the South to resist, at all hazards, the threatened invasion of her rights, has brought the leading politicians of the North to a pause. While the Whigs are endeavoring to evade the Wilmot Proviso, by substituting a new issue—against the further acquisition of territory, many of the Democrats are quietly laying it on the shelf at present, and others are openly taking ground in favor of the Missouri Compromise. These results are the best evidence of the propriety of the policy advocated in our columns, and of persevering in it until such a union and organization of the Slave States is effected as will enable them to resist with promptness and efficiency any invasion of their rights. Upon this alone can they depend for safety.

Of the recent indications in the North of a return to a more healthy public sentiment upon this subject, none are more gratifying than the proceedings of a large meeting of the Democracy of Pittsburg, Pa. on the 18th inst. It was addressed by Hon. Geo. M. Dallas, whose remarks, we are told, were received with the most enthusiastic applause. We annex that portion of them relating to the Wilmot Proviso and the Missouri Compromise, to both of which expresses his opposition, for reasons that are forcibly and felicitously stated. The South has already cause of gratitude to Mr. Dallas for his independent and patriotic course upon the Tariff, and his bold and explicit avowals upon the subject of Slavery give him additional claims to her consideration.—*Charleston Mercury.*

**Prime Ward & Co.**—A New York letter of Wednesday says:  
"The suspension of Prime Ward & Co. will fall very heavy on this side, but not on the creditors in England. By the safest calculation, there is more than sufficient remitted to pay every dollar in London, and it is expected there will be a surplus there of over 100,000. This will leave a large deficiency to the American creditors. It is expected that the house will not be able to meet their engagement in full."

**Financial Strategy.**—The Philadelphia Pennsylvania tells a story of a speculator who has a great habit of riding in omnibuses, and who always hands up the change from passengers who sit betwixt himself and the door. It seems that he buys up tickets by the quantity at 4½ cents a piece, and when a sixpenny bit is handed him for the fare of a passenger, he

pockets the cash and gives the driver one of his tickets instead, by which he makes a clear profit of 33½ per cent.

**Real Estate and Robt. Rand.**—Within the past few days, an article headed "Rise in Real Estate"—which, so far as it goes, is literally true,—has been going the rounds of our papers, and has called to the memory of our somewhat aged and highly esteemed friend "Senex," a matter of fact from which we create the following story, which will undoubtedly be recognized by some of our older citizens as true to the letter. One day in the month of December, A. D. 1818, our friend "Senex" (who by the way, is a lawyer by profession,) called upon to visit a tenant of the "old Alms-house," then situated on Leverett street. The name of the tenant alluded to was Robert Rand, familiarly known at the time as "Rob Rand," and for several years previous employed by the late Shubael Bell, Esq. at the jail office, in writing for him, but who after ward had the misfortune to become very intemperate, and was sent to the Alms-house.

At the interview, Bob informed Mr. "Senex" that he believed he was legally entitled to some "flats" near the bottom of Poplar-street, and wished him to examine the records, and if his title was found to be good, to cause his right in the property to be sold at auction for cash, for the most that was offered. Upon examination of the records, it was ascertained that Bob was legally entitled to the "flats" as represented, and also, that he was the rightful owner of one-sixth of "Homer's wharf," situated on what is now called Fulton-street. According to Bob's request, the flats were duly advertised and sold at public auction, by Mr. Jutan, an old auctioneer, doubtless well remembered by many of our citizens. After deducting the necessary expenses, Bob received from the hands of "Senex" that sum of \$160, being the proceeds of an estate which, together with the subsequent improvements, is at the present time valued at not far from \$75,000.

At the time of paying Bob the proceeds of his flats, "Senex" informed him of his title to a part of "Homer's wharf." Shortly after this Bob left his quarters at the Alms House, and directed his legal friend and adviser to dispose for his right in the wharf, which was then valuable property. After some deliberation about the matter, Mr. Jutan, who owned the remaining

part of the wharf, declined to sell, and instead of conforming to the custom, as practised now-a-days, of taking all one can get, Bob, on condition, would consent to receive more than \$2300 for an estate, including improvements, which is now worth nearly \$200,000. The terms of payment were \$900, cash down, and three notes with interest, given by Mr. Homer, on six, twelve, and eighteen months.

A deed of the estate was made, signed, sealed, and delivered—the cash payment was made, and Bob came out a dashing beau. Feeling himself, perfectly independent, and that he had sufficient means to secure to himself a "living in high life" for the remainder of his days, he made arrangements to be master of a house, situated at the "North end," the reputation of which was by no means the best that could be desired. It is unnecessary to say that a life of dissipation was commenced, and thoroughly persevered in, until his "mint of money" had been squandered. The sequel to this simple story is, that in less than six weeks afterward, all his ready money had disappeared, and, in order to replenish his stock, he was compelled to get his three notes discounted, paying therefor enormous per centage; and in less than six months after the sale of the "flats" at the foot of Poplar-st., Bob Rand was again a penniless tenant of the "Old Alms House," where he shortly after breathed his last.

[Boston Mercantile Journal.]

**The Cotton Crop.**—The Jackson Mississippiian of the 17th says: "We regret to state that our advices from the country continue to be unfavorable. Nor is the ravage upon the Cotton crop confined to Mississippi alone. The whole cotton growing region is complaining. Our exchanges, received during the past week, from Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, and Arkansas, speak of extensive damage already done. The work of destruction is from the boll worm, not the caterpillar which visited our plantations last year."

The Nashville Whig of the 18th says: "The weather continues as fine in this quarter as could possibly be desired. Three weeks more of such, and our cotton planters will be 'out of the woods.'" Every day it is good to them for thousands and tens of thousands of dollars. North of Vicksburg, the hope and prayer of the planters are a late dry fall. In some places the crops have been seriously and permanently injured by the wet weather and the boll worm, but good weather and a late fall will still insure for the most part an average crop. South of the point we have designated, the crop has been so far placed beyond the reach of contingency, as to leave no doubt of its being a full one. Whether there will be two million of bales made this season is a mere question of weather. It will require a very favorable season, in our opinion to make that amount.

**Wealth of Harvard College.**—The bequests made to this Institution are enormous. In the annual report of the overseers of that institution we notice not less