

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 XIII.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. APRIL 19, 1848.

NO. 19.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
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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.

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Communications, post paid, will be promptly and strictly attended to.

FURTHER FOREIGN ITEMS.

Arrival of Louis Philippe in England.

Louis Philippe and his Queen landed in England, at Newhaven, on Friday morning. At Dreux, it appears, a farmer procured disguises for the royal fugitives and suite, the King having hidden himself in an old cap, having first shaved his whiskers, discarded his wig, and altogether so disguised himself as to defy the recognition even of his most intimate friends. The other disguises were also complete.

The King passed off for an Englishman on his travels, employing an interpreter to translate French to him. They proceeded in a boat from Harfleur to Havre. In the meantime information was secretly conveyed to the Express, Southampton steamer, that she would be required to take a party from Havre to England. The fugitives embarked in the Express, and at twelve o'clock on Friday landed. The moment the King set his foot on the shore, he emphatically exclaimed, "Thank God, I am on British ground." Mr. Sims, the landing-writer, who handed them on shore, conducted them to the Bridge Inn. One who was present says, "A crowd of the English people gathered at the landing place, and when the ex-King stepped on shore, many of them pressed forward and shook hands with the exiled monarch. The ex-King appeared very much moved at this exhibition of feeling, and acknowledged the same in a very courteous manner.

The ex-King was very scantily attended. He wore a rough pea-jacket, which it is said he borrowed of the captain of the Express, and gray trousers. He had on his head a close blue cap, and round his neck he wore a common red and white comforter. His appearance was not at all improved by his beard, which was of apparently about a week's growth. In other respects, though apparently suffering from fatigue, the ex-monarch looked pretty much like himself. The Queen wore a large plaid cloak over her dress, and carefully concealed her features with a thick veil.

On the way to the inn the King was met by several of the inhabitants, who offered their congratulations on his safe arrival, and with whom he shook hands most cordially. His Majesty looked fatigued and careworn. The King sent for Mr. Packham, who had been a tenant of some mills belonging to him in France, and who knew him intimately. Mr. Packham waited on him, and it appears that every attention was paid to his wishes by all parties.

Louis Philippe, clasping his hands, as if overpowered by his emotions, began immediately to speak on the subject of the Revolution. "Charles," he exclaimed to the ex-King, "was destroyed for breaking the Charter, and I have been overthrown for defending it, and for keeping my oath. I wish this to be distinctly understood, and I hope it will be made known."

The Duchesse de Nemours, with her three children, accompanied by the Duke de Montpensier, made for Granville. By a fee of £400, they induced the commander of the Princess Alexandra to convey them to Jersey, where they remained incognito until they came to Portsmouth.

Prince Leopold, Count of Syracuse, nephew of the ex-Queen of France, also arrived at London, having escaped from Paris disguised as a laborer.

The ex-King and Queen of the French left Newhaven in a royal carriage shortly after 9 o'clock on Saturday morning, accompanied by several French officers from Brighton, and attended by the Hon. Captain Hothen, one of the directors of the Brighton railway, and they arrived at the Croydon station at precisely twenty millions past twelve o'clock.

The Duke de Nemours, the Duke and Duchesse de Coburg, the Count de Jannau, left London by an early train, to await the arrival of the royal strangers.

When the door of the royal carriage was opened, his Majesty stepped out

and upon seeing him, his daughter, the Duchess of Coburg, gave a stifled scream. He was immediately locked in the arms of his son the Duke de Nemours, whom he embraced with great warmth, and instantly after he pressed his daughter to his bosom in the most affectionate manner. His Majesty was overpowered and shed tears, as did his daughter also. The scene was a most moving one, and one not easily forgotten. The Queen, upon stepping from the carriage, also affectionately embraced her children, and was greatly agitated.

The royal party were then ushered by the directors to the waiting room, where they were left to give way in private to those mingled emotions by which they were agitated. After remaining a few minutes together, the royal party intimated their readiness to depart.

Three private carriages were in waiting at the back of the station in readiness to convey the exiled family to Clarendon. About a hundred well-dressed persons were assembled round the first carriage, eager to catch a glimpse of the King and Queen as they stepped into the carriage. The King made his appearance first, and all present instantly uncovered.

There was no cheering. The reception was cordial, but unimpressive, and was highly creditable to the persons assembled, and might be taken as expressing the feelings of the nation towards the exiled monarch; it was an assurance of hospitality mingled with sympathy for his misfortunes.

Excitement to an Irish Revolution.

The recent scenes in France are producing their natural effect in Ireland; the people are preparing for an outbreak, and the press of Dublin is using every effort to drive them into a state of anarchy and bloodshed.

Though we had reason to expect that the French revolution would be hailed by the Irish press as the harbinger of a similar event in their own country, yet we confess that we were not at all prepared to read the treasonable attempts they are making to rouse the worst passions of the populace, and to embroil them in the horrors of a civil war.

For the information of our readers, we take a few extracts, commencing with the "United Irishman," a paper that sees nothing but blood and carnage, to hear nothing but the clash of steel and the roar of artillery, and to pant for slaughter with a rebel's frenzy. It exhorts the peasantry of Ireland to procure arms and "arise from the dust."

Then follows an elaborate detail of the mode in which the populace should carry on a bloody slaughter through the streets and lanes of a city such as Paris, and such as Dublin; and after a comparison of the localities of both, the plan of carrying on the work is systematically described:

1st. Every street is an excellent shooting gallery for disciplined troops; but it is a better defile in which to take them.

In the vocabulary of drilling is no such phrase as "I saw," prepare for windows, pots, brick-bats, logs of wood, chimneys, pieces, heavy furniture, light pokers, &c., &c.; and these thrown vertically on the heads of a column below, from the elevation of a parapet or top story, are irresistible. The propelling forces, viz: ladies or chambermaids, or men who can do no better, have the additional advantage of security; and the narrower the street and the higher the houses, the worst the damage and the greater the security—a military proposition we recommend to the study of the best lady in the land.

Then follow instructions for strewing the streets with broken glass, maiming men and horses' feet, and making grenades, and then it adds:

"To these missiles, from windows and house-tops, revolutionary citizens, and always boiling water or grease, or better, cold vitrol, if available. Molten lead is good, but too valuable—it should be always cast in bullets, and allowed to cool. The house-tops and spouts furnish in every city abundance, but care should be taken, as they do in Paris, to run the balls solid—you cannot calculate on a hollow ball, and that might be the very one selected to shoot a field officer."

The ripping up of pavements and the raising of barricades are next enjoined and then the result of the Irish insurrection is thus triumphantly anticipated:

"And so we may have a republic nearer home ere long, for in these events lies our fate."

So much for the United Irishman. Now for the Nation, the organ of the confederates, as they call themselves, and the advocates of physical force. In commencing an article headed "The dawn of freedom," the Nation, of Saturday, thus re-echoes the treasonable language of its fellow laborer, the Irishman:

"Hear it and rejoice all men of Ireland, living within the four seas, or eat-

ing the bread of exile—the day of our deliverance is at hand!

"Ireland's opportunity, for which patriots sighed, swearing to make it memorable in the annals of mankind, is coming fast. If we be not baggards and perjurers, accused of God and despised of men, the knell of our slavery has already rung on the night. We were patient; we bided our time, (oh! Heavens, with what bitter and humiliated hearts!) and now by the sacred name of justice and of God, that time is come. Now, now, now. Already the dawn of Freedom bursts like a May morning in the East."

"Ireland's opportunity, thank God and France, has come at last! Its challenge rings in our ears like a call to battle, and it warms our blood like wine. It demands of us what mission we have to entrust to its ministry, so often and so fervently evoked. We must answer, if we would not be slaves forever. We must unite, we must act, we must leap all barriers, but those which are Divine; if needs be, we must die, rather than let the providential hour pass over us unutilized."

"Do not fear that France is exhausted. Event will lead on event, as hour ushers in hour. See how they have followed each other already: within a week the minister's resignation, the King's flight, and the Republic's birth. No Republic can stand in France which is not aggressive; neither can war take place in Europe without England. The first gun England fires will be the sun-set gun of her dominion in Ireland."

"The consideration is not now of when, but of how, Irish independence is to be won. The time is at hand; it comes with the deep sounding of a sea filling its channel. Are the people ready? They must—they must be ready. 'N' or never!'"

"Then, after calling upon the people to be right, 'until the word is given,' he makes no scruple to reveal the extremes to which he and his party ostensibly profess to adhere to the sending of 'canals of blood.'"

"We would rather (quoth he, in his condescending humility, accept our freedom from a chastened enemy than from a wounded friend. We had rather see Dublin streets filled with rejoicing living men, than with canals of blood, even though it were the blood of our oppressors. But if no other way is left us, out of famine, bankruptcy and disgrace, than such a struggle, then may God give us the vantage ground and the victory."

We might add to these extracts others in which hints are given that the short space of "six months" from the present time "the great battle is to be fought and won," and that a "National Guard" ought to be organized.

Louis Philippe's Family.—Louis Philippe was married to the Princess Amelia, second daughter of the late King of Sicily, in 1809. By this lady, late Queen of the French, he has had eight children, of whom six still survive:

1. Louise, Queen of Belgium, (wife of Leopold,) born 1812;

2. Louis, Duke of Nemours, born 1814 married Victoria Augusta, of Coburg, cousin of Prince Albert.

3. Maria Cleopatra, born 1817—unmarried.

4. Francis, Prince de Joinville, born 1818, Admiral of the French Navy, married Francisca, a sister of the Emperor of Brazil, and of the Queen of Portugal.

5. Henry, Duke d'Aumale, born 1822; married to Carolina, cousin of the King of the Two Sicilies.

6. Antony, Duke of Montpensier, born 1824; married to the sister of the Queen of Spain.

The oldest son of Louis Philippe was Ferdinand, Duke of Orleans, born 1810; killed by jumping from his carriage, July 1842. He married, 1837, Helena, daughter of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin—by whom he had two children, viz: Louis Philippe, (Count of Paris) born 1838, and now 10 years of age, and Robert Philippe, Duke of Chartres, born 1840.

The Bonaparte Family.—The only surviving brother of the late emperor Napoleon, Jerome, is, we believe, now in France, having asked leave of Louis Philippe, some time since, to reside in the kingdom. He will be remembered as having married Miss Patterson, of Baltimore about 1833, and by that lady he left a son, now, we believe, living in Maryland. Jerome repudiated his wife, by direction of his brother, the emperor, and afterwards married a German Princess. He was for some time King of Westphalia.

Louis Napoleon, son of the late King of Holland, Louis Bonaparte, and of Hortense, daughter of Josephine, lately escaped from prison in France, and has now returned there from England, on hearing of the Revolution.

He is, we believe, over 40 years of age. In 1827 he visited the United States, and spent some days in this city.—New York Express.

The following complimentary notice of the wise and statesmanlike views of Mr. Calhoun, by the London Daily News, and which has been widely copied by the English papers, is just discriminating:

"The Americans, as well as the English and the French, are discussing the great question of peace or war, with relative profits and expenses of both. Whilst Mr. Cobden was addressing the merchants of Manchester on the expediency of paying too many soldiers, M. Thiers was pointing out to the French chambers how impolitic it was, even with a view to war, to have expenditure yearly exceeding income, whilst loans were unable to fill up the deficit, apparent in the shape of some thirty millions sterling of floating debt. If any power was to insult us, said M. Thiers to ministers, 'you could not raise or dispose of a franc to avenge it.' The very war party amongst our neighbors thus exclaims against military expenditure, and hold up financial economy as the wisest measure of 'national defence.'"

The Americans have followed up the same vein of reflection and argument. It is not merely Mr. Webster or Mr. Clay who repeat their old objections by denouncing the madness of the Mexican war, but the Thiers of Washington, Mr. Calhoun himself, who exclaims against the 30 millions of dollars already sunk in the conquest of Mexico, to be followed by 60 millions more, which Mr. Polk proposes to spend in 1848. We have seldom read a more convincing speech in favor of peace than that of Mr. Calhoun's. Not only does he point out the weakening, prodigal effects of war, its dangers to a free constitution, and its inevitable results in the putting the heads of the middle and industrious classes under the water, whilst the class of those who enjoy government employ the rise above the surface; but Mr. Calhoun shows the impossibility of war at the present day obtaining any of its great objects.

"If any nation could ever hope to conquer another nation it would cost them more to hold it than the subdued country was worth. To exterminate a people is impossible in these days, and anything short of it will never make a population content with foreign rule. 'Therefore,' says Mr. Calhoun, 'take indemnity in the shape of unoccupied territory, in woods or wastes; but let us have nothing to do with any regions containing the unutilized houses of the Mexicans.'"

Mr. Calhoun declared that there never existed a country possessed of such powers and facilities for dominating other countries and colonies as Great Britain, without injuring herself. Rome had not power, he said, and the United States certainly had not. Yet Great Britain had failed in making the dependance of other countries and other populations profitable to her. To say "nothing of India, what had Ireland not cost England? What does Canada not cost England? yet Irish and Canadian were both hostile to England, and becoming more so every day—more hostile and less profitable. Mr. Calhoun entreated the Senate to pass no vote encouraging the United States Government to form an Ireland or a Canada in Mexico."

These doctrines of Mr. Calhoun are most important and are, indeed, but the counterpart of the opinions now rising and spreading amongst us, not only of the impossibility and disadvantage of conquest and of military domination, but even of supremacy and political influence abroad. A great portion of our military and naval expenditure has taken place for the sake of upholding what we call British influence, a secondary kind of empire, and our entire struggle with France, for the last eight or nine years, has been for this influence. We have struggled hard and paid dearly for it in Egypt, in Syria, in Greece, in Madrid, and in Lisbon. When this influence is really exerted for the development of liberal principles and institutions we do not object to it; but how has it been turned in a contrary direction, as at Lisbon, or in no direction at all, as in Syria? The beginning of the struggle in Mexico was, whether the Americans or English should have most influence there and in Texas. We see where it has ended. We might therefore follow up the argument in which Mr. Calhoun proves conquest to be punicious, and not worth its cost, by an argument, showing that the semi-conquest, which is the acquirement of superior influence in other countries, such as France has attained in Spain, is equally pernicious and not worth its cost. The more, in fact, any country dominates and influences the government of another, the more hostility and repulsion does this very influence create, until it ends in the expulsion of the dominator. English over influence has rendered England detested in Portugal, and will end by our utter

expulsion from any power in that country. French over-influence in Spain will do the same for French, nay, would unseat the Duchess of Montpensier from her filched throne, provided we leave the French alone in the task of ruining themselves, for our interference will but delay the catastrophe.

With respect to the United States, it is to be feared that the population in that country are not yet wise and temperate enough to refrain from a conquest and military occupation of Mexico. All indeed, admit the folly, but say at the same time that the country is in for it, and cannot draw back without dishonor. The more promising effort of opposition is, therefore, to give to the war and to military preparations as little of a permanent character as possible. Mr. Polk has demanded ten new regiments of United States regular troops. Mr. Crittenden leads the opposition to the proposal, and says the troops already in Mexico are quite sufficient to triumph over it; but if more be required, let them be raised as volunteers, paid for the days they serve, without officers of a regular standing army, with all the expenses of generals staff, and paraphernalia. Mr. Polk, however, is for a large standing army stationed in Mexico, not living at free quarters, as volunteers would be apt to do, but maintained regularly out of Mexican resources, if such can be raised. General Cass supports this idea, which Mr. Calhoun justly stigmatizes as placing in the President's hand a more than imperial power, endowing him with a patronage as large as that wielded by a European monarch, and consequently overflowing that balance and limitation of power on which depend the freedom and permanence of the American Constitution. The war party in America has in fact, though originally democratic become a high government toy party; and we are not surprised to see the real Republican joining with the Whig in depreciation of it.

In some communities, that young men are fit neither for general or statesman, and that they must be kept in the back ground until their physical strength is impaired by age and their intellectual faculties become blunted by the weight of years. Let us look to the history of the past, and from the long list of heroes and statesmen, select some who have distinguished themselves, and we shall find that they were young men when they performed those acts which have won for them imperishable meed of fame, and placed their names high on the page of history.

Alexander, the conqueror of the whole civilized world, viz: Greece, Egypt, and Asia, died at 33. Bonaparte was crowned Emperor of France when 33 years of age. Pitt the younger brother, was about 20 years of age, when in Britain's Parliament, he boldly advocated the cause of the American colonies, and but 22 when made Chancellor of the Exchequer. Edmund Burke, at the age of 25 was first Lord of the Treasury. Our own Washington was but 25 when he covered the retreat of the British troops at Braddock's defeat, and was appointed to the command in chief of all the Virginia forces. Alexander Hamilton, at 19, was a Lieutenant Colonel and Aid to Washington—at 25 a member of Congress—at 33 Secretary of the Treasury. Thomas Jefferson was but 32 when he drafted the ever memorable Declaration of Independence. At the age 30 years, Sir Isaac Newton occupied the mathematical chair at Cambridge College, England, having by scientific discoveries rendered his name immortal. We might continue the list to a greater length, but enough has been said already, to show that young men are not capable of performing great and noble actions, or of taking a high position in the councils of a nation, is chimerical and visionary. And what has been said, may well serve to encourage the young to set up a high standard and press towards it with arder, suffering nothing to discourage them from soaring "onward and upward" in the paths of fame or in the pursuit of literature and science.—Old Paper.

Poor old Altamont!—Died in Washington city, on the 22d March, Altamont, a colored man, in the 94th year of his age. He was proverbial for stern integrity and fidelity. When the revolution broke out Altamont was given to Col. George Washington, by his nephew, and was with his young master in all the leading battles in the south, ending with the siege of Yorktown.

New Hampshire Election.—The Concord Patriot (Dem.) claims a majority of 2900 for Governor, a majority of ten in the Senate, and 10 in the House.

All is not gold that glitters.

From the Charleston News.
A Question and an Answer.—The Philadelphia North American, in a leading editorial under the title "Progress of Freedom," asks the following question:

What those Americans mean, in New Mexico, who are already calling a convention to introduce slavery into a land which we took from Mexico a land of freedom?

The question is a significant one, and it may be answered with equal significance.—We presume they mean to assert the right of every citizen of this country to be protected in his person and in the property which follows and is attached to his person, in whatever territory acquired by the armies of the U. States, he may choose to make his domicile. Is there any thing extraordinary in this? If there be any one principle which we supposed to lie at the foundation of our constitution of government, it is the essential equality of the States of this Union, and of the citizens of the United States, so far as regards their personal rights. What have the people of the South done to forfeit their claim to equal consideration and equal protection with the people of the North? If the institutions of the former are, at the dictation of the latter, to be placed under the ban of proscription in territories won by common sacrifice of blood and treasure, what a miserable mockery is it to talk of equality of rights, and community of interest! The tone of arrogance in which the North has begun to speak on this subject, has quickened and aroused the pride of the South. If it had not done so, the people of the South would themselves have furnished the best proof, that they were fit only to be hewers of wood and drawers of water in the land of their forefathers.

The Cumberland Mountaineer, says: There has been an order commenced in this city, called the Independent Order or Anti-Gamblers. The object consists in reforming all persons who are now or ever have been addicted to the ruinous and disgraceful habit of gambling. The order now numbers a great many gentlemen of high standing and respectability in this community, and bids fair to compete, in a short time, with other societies similar in object, but which have been in existence for a number of years. It is designed that this will be the Grand Lodge of the Order throughout the United States.—We say

Captivating Bigamist.—One Doctor Steele F. Randolph, is advertised in the Louisville, Ky. papers as a bigamist. He is a tailor by trade, and a native of New Jersey. He has a wife in New Jersey, one in Alabama, one in Missouri, and one in Kentucky. He is about thirty-five years of age, stout built, his right leg six inches shorter than the other, and the hip on the right side, six inches shorter than the other.

A Good One.—We heard the following good one yesterday. Whether it was ever in print before we know not. On a certain occasion there was a promiscuous crowd discussing the chances of success of the several aspirants for Presidential honors. One would have it that Barry of the West will this time carry off the Presidential prize, sure—another, that old Zac would make a Buena Vista affair of it—defeat the enemy, deserters from his own ranks and all—a third hinted at the chances of James K. Polk. Every thing turns up for his luck, so might the treaty of peace. A Millerite, who, up to that time seemed in a state of silent abstraction, in a tone of prophetic piety, remarked—"Trouble not yourselves about such mundane matters, gentlemen: gird not on the political armor; don your robes of ascension, and be prepared for the time which will end all time when it cometh: for I tell you yea, I tell the whole world, that before the 4th of March, 1849, there will be but one President, and he will be the President of Presidents—the King of Kings!"

"Look here, stranger," says an unsophisticated Kentuckian who was present and who, although he took no part in the discussion, paid marked attention to its progress, "you say some feller is to be President, sartin, though he aint yet got a single nomination, nor haint been abused in the papers. Well, praps you know more no a feller like me, from old Greensburgh, but I tell you what it is. I have two hundred and fifty dollars in this here purse, [pulling out a leather wallet,] and I'll wager the whole with you; that he don't get the vote of Old Kentuck no how he can fix it!"—N. O. Delta.

Good or bad fortune is just as it is felt. Masters in general appear no happier than their servants. We are not to look for contentment in palaces, alone, but may as well find it in huts. A gentleman may be poor in the midst of plenty; but to be discontented with riches is accumulated poverty.

"I won't cover your heel; I'll be darned if I do," as the ragged stocking said to the novel reading lady.

A wise man begins in the end; a fool ends in the beginning.