

# 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 XIV.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. JUNE 20, 1849.

NO. 22

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY  
BY  
WM. F. DURISOE,  
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 arrears 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, (12 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.

WM. E. MARTIN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
No. 9, Broad Street, Charleston S. C.  
Over the office of W. M. Martin. Will practice in Barnwell and Columbia, and continue to practice in Beaufort.  
April 25, m3m 14

JOSEPH ABNEY,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
WILL be found in his office at Edgefield Court House, adjoining Bryan's Brick Store, on Saturdays, Sale-days, and Court-weeks.  
He will attend promptly and strictly to business in his profession.  
January 10, 1849 51

## CANDIDATES.

### FOR SHERIFF.

The friends of Col. JOHN HILL announce him as a candidate for Sheriff of Edgefield District at the next election.  
We are authorized to announce T. J. WHITAKER as a candidate for the Office of Sheriff, at the ensuing election.  
The friends of ALFRED MAY, announce him as a Candidate for Sheriff, at the ensuing election.  
The friends of WESLEY BODIE, Esq., announce him as a candidate for the Office of Sheriff of this District, at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce Capt. HUMPHREY BOWLE, as a Candidate for Sheriff, at the ensuing election.  
The friends of Col. THOS. W. LANHAM announce him as a candidate for the office of Sheriff at the next election.

### FOR TAX COLLECTOR.

The friends of Maj. F. W. BURT, announce him as a candidate for Tax Collector, at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce MOODY HARRIS as a Candidate for Tax Collector.  
The friends of Col. J. QUATTLEBUM, announce him as a candidate for Tax Collector, at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce WM. L. PARKS as a Candidate for Tax Collector, at the next election.  
We are authorized to announce Capt. T. DEAN, as a Candidate for Tax Collector, at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce LITTLETON A. BROOKS, as a Candidate for Tax Collector, at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce ROBERT CLOY, as a Candidate for Tax Collector, at the ensuing election.  
The friends of Maj. ISAAC BOLES, announce him as a Candidate for the office of Tax Collector, at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce Capt. B. F. GOUEDY, as a candidate for the Office of Tax Collector, at the ensuing election.  
Jan. 2

### FOR ORDINARY.

The friends of HENRY T. WRIGHT Esq., announce him as a candidate for the office of Ordinary of this District, at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce Maj. W. L. COLEMAN, as a candidate for Ordinary at the ensuing election.  
The friends of HUGH A. NIXON, Esq., respectfully announce him as a Candidate for the office of Ordinary, at the next Election.  
The friends of VIRGIL M. WHITE, announce him as a Candidate for the office of Ordinary at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce EDWARD PRESLEY, as a Candidate for the Office of Ordinary at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce Col. WILLIAM H. MOSS, as a Candidate for the office of Ordinary at the ensuing election.

### FOR CLERK.

We are authorized to announce WM. M. JOHNSON, Esq., a candidate for Clerk of the District Court of Edgefield at the ensuing election.  
The friends of PETER QUATTLEBUM, Esq., announce him as a candidate for the Office of Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, of this District, at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce Col. O. TOWLES, as a Candidate for Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce THOS. G. BACON, a candidate for re-election as Clerk of the Court, for Edgefield District.  
The friends of E. PENN, announce him as a Candidate for the Office of Clerk at the ensuing election.

## LETTER TO COUNTRY GIRLS.

Mrs. Swisshelm, in a late number of the Saturday Visitor, has the following letter to country girls. She talks "right out" to them.

You know I said that I could quilt almost as fast as two of you. The reason is, I take care of my hands. One half of you are too proud to do this. You would not be caught putting a glove on to sweep or hoe, or weed in the garden, because you think it would look as if you wanted to be fine ladies. If you see any one taking care of her hands, or careful to wear a sun-bonnet to preserve her complexion, you say she is "proud and stuck up." But it is you who are proud—too proud to think you require any care to look nice. You have an idea you look well enough at any rate. So you just make yourself as rough and coarse as ever you can, by way of being independent. Your hands grow as stiff and hard as if you held a plow and swung a scythe, and when you take a needle you can scarcely feel it in your fingers. This is wrong. There are many things which women ought to do, which require their hands to be soft and pliable, and they should be careful to keep them so, in order to make them useful. Every woman who lives in the country should knit herself a pair of woolen gloves, with long fingers closed at the tops—no mitts, to let the fingers get hard. There should be a piece of ribbed work at the wrist to make them stay on.

When you use your hoe, rake, or broom put on your gloves—when you take hold of a skillet, pot or kettle handle, take a cloth to keep your hands from being scared and hardened. When you wash clothes or dishes, do not have water so hot as to feel unpleasant. Many girls scald their hands until they can put them into water almost boiling.—Such hands are unfit to use a needle or a pin. They are not so good to hold a baby or a wound. Take care of your hands, and do not forget your faces. I have seen so many country girls who, at sixteen, had complexions like alabaster, and at twenty-six, their faces would look like a runnet bag that had hung six weeks in the chimney corner.—One reason of this is they don't wear a bonnet to protect them from the sun. Another reason is, the habit they have of baking their faces before a wood fire. I have seen women stand before a great roaring fire and cook, until I thought their brains were as well stewed as the chickens; and they would get so used to it they would make no attempt to shield their heads from the heat. Nay, they would sit down in the evening and bake their faces by the hour; and this is one of the reasons why American women grow old, withered and wrinkled, fifteen years before their time.

But another, and the greatest reason is your diet. People in this country live too well, and eat too much hot bread and meat. Country people usually eat richer food than those who live in the cities, and that is a reason why, with all their fresh air, their average is little greater than that of city folks. Thousands of beautiful blooming country girls make old, sallow-faced women of themselves before they are thirty, by drinking coffee, smoking tobacco, and eating hot bread. They shorten their lives by these practices about as much as city ladies with their fashionable follies. I do not know what you think about it, girls, but I think it is about as much a sin for a woman to get old, brown, and withered faces, by eating too much, as it is for men to get red noses by drinking too much. Very few people think it a disgrace to have a bilious fever; but I would just as lieve the doctor would tell me that I was drunk as that I was bilious. The one would come from drinking too much, the other from eating too much; and where is the difference? All this is a very serious matter, for it affects health and life; and the reason why I talk about your complexion in speaking of it, is, that every body loves to look well whether they will acknowledge it or not. Now people cannot look well unless they are well, and no one can be well very long who does not try to take care of herself. The woman who roasts her head at the fire, disorders her blood, brings on headaches, injures her health, and makes her face look like a piece of leather; when she swallows hot coffee, hot bread, greasy victuals and strong pickles, she destroys her stomach, rots her teeth, shortens her life, and makes herself too ugly for any use, except scaring the crows off the corn. J. G. S.

A country greenhorn, after being joined in the chains of wedlock, was asked by one of the guests, a friend, if he had paid the parson, to which he replied—"Oh no he is owing father for a peck of beans, and we'll make a turn."

## PRIVATE PUDDING?

OR HOW THE HOOSIER CAME IT.

Many years ago a Hoosier, who had just struck New Orleans for the first time, after his flatboat was made snug and fast; went up to see the sights of the city. Passing St. Charles he stopped immediately in front of the St. Charles Hotel, and looking up, seemed to scrutinize the building with the eye of an architectural connoisseur.

After satisfying his gaze he asked of a passer-by what building it was; on being told it was a hotel, he inquired for the entrance, and being shown, he ascended the steep steps. Approaching the office, he inquired for the landlord, of whom he inquired if he could get "a bite" to eat. Mr. E. R. Mudge, who was the host at that time, and who is a host at all times, humoring the fellow, told him he could do so by paying a dollar. After considering for some time on this item, and gravely looking his host in the face, he said "Well, I'll go it, that's my dollar, what's your dinner?" "Well," said the other, with a smile, "It is not ready yet, but take a seat at the table there, and you can amuse yourself with the papers for half an hour, when you will hear the gong, which will inform you that dinner is ready." "The gong, what's that?" asked the Hoosier. "Oh you will find out when you hear it," replied Mudge. Satisfied with this answer, the Hoosier, after looking wildly around him, sat down and rummaged over the papers. Time sped on at its customary rate, when suddenly the gong sounded, and as usual the crowd moved for the dining room.

Recovering from his astonishment at the noise of the gong, and scenting the delicious fumes of the dinner, the Hoosier made a rush through the crowd for a seat, but being met by the host he was conducted to his allotted chair. The gentlemen seated on each side of him, as well as the gentlemen opposite him, had their wine before them.

After finishing his soup, and having his plate well filled, the Hoosier observed the gentlemen helping themselves freely to wine, and so, seizing the bottle of his right-hand neighbor, he attempted to help himself, when he was modestly informed that the wine was "private." The Hoosier did not seem to comprehend, and with a blank sort of look, resumed his knife and fork. On laying them down again, and having apparently come to the conclusion that it could not all be "private" wine, he seized hold of his left-hand friend's bottle. "Stop, if you please, sir," said the offended individual with a fierce look, "that is private wine, sir." The Hoosier looked still more astonished, and finding it a hard case, thought he would make another trial any how. So reaching across the table, he seized the bottle opposite to him, and was just in the act of filling his glass, when his vis-a-vis re-echoed "private wine, sir, if you please," and withdrew the bottle from the fearful leakage it was about to undergo.

The "green 'un," becoming enraged at being foiled on every side, and observing that there was a general simpering and tittering among the waiters, turned on the servant who stood at the back of his chair, and who had taken away his plate for the fifth or sixth time, and cried out to him with an oath to bring back his plate, and that if he took it away again, "he'd be dod' rod' if he didn't draw his picker on him," and, suiting the action to the word, but his hand into his bosom, showing the handle of a huge bowie-knife.

After this things went on quietly, till the desert was put on the table, when a large Charlotte Russe pudding was set right before the Hoosier. This he immediately drew near his plate, and looking right and left at his neighbors, he helped himself to a large portion of it. Keeping his eyes fixed on the dish, while eating he perceived his right-hand neighbor attempting to withdraw the dish from him. "No you don't Mister," said the Hoosier to him, "that 'thar puddin' is private puddin'." The left-hand gentleman, not observing what had passed, then said, "Allow me to take this pudding, sir?" "No, you can't take that 'thar puddin'." And he rebuffed himself. Shortly after the gentleman opposite was in the act of drawing the dish over to him. "Hold on, Mister," said the Hoosier, with a look of triumph, "I'd have you to know that puddin' is private puddin'." While at the same time he put his thumb to his nose and made sundry gyrations with his fingers. "You can't come it over me," he continued, feeling that a joke had been practiced upon him. "Private wine, eh!"

The attention of the table being attracted during the latter scene, the gentlemen around burst into a roar of laughter, and soon the whole story was whispered from one to another. The Hoosier took so well that every gentleman was

induced to send his bottle to the Hoosier with his compliments, and our "green 'un," soon became as merry as a lord. Hiccough, as he left the table, he turned round to the gentlemen and said; "Well, old (hiccough) fellows, you (hiccough) could' (hiccough) come it over (hiccough) me with your (hiccough) private wine." The glasses fairly danced upon the table with the uproar and laughter which this last remark created, and the Hoosier, staggering out of the room, made the best of his way to his boat.—N. O. Picayune.

CHARITY.—Night kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. Stars shone, and pure dew-drops hung upon its blushing bosom, and watched its sweet slumbers. Morning came with her, dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it danced to and fro in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence. Then came the ardent sun-god, sweeping from the east, and he smote the young rose with his scorching rays, and it fainted. Dejected and almost heart-broken, it dropped to the dust in loneliness and despair. Now, the gentle breeze, which had been gamboling over the sea, pushing on the home-bound bark, sweeping over hill and dale—by the neat cottage and still brook—turning the old mill, fanning the fevered brow of disease, and frisking the curls of innocent childhood—came tripping along on her errands of mercy and love; and when she saw the young rose, she hastened to kiss it, and fondly bathed its forehead in cool, refreshing showers, and the young rose revived, and looked up and smiled in gratitude to the kind breeze; but she hurried quickly away; her generous task was performed, yet not without reward; for she soon perceived that a delicious fragrance had been poured on her wings by the grateful rose; and the kind breeze was glad in heart, and went away singing through the trees. Thus true Charity, like the breeze, gathers fragrance from the drooping star, it refreshes, and unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its offices of kindness, which steals on the heart like a rich perfume, to bless and to cheer.

BENEVOLENCE IN RECEIVING.—The only certain source of happiness is benevolent action. Hence we more surely promote our own happiness by conferring favors on others, than by receiving them ourselves. Here "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

On the same principle, however, we may often more surely promote the happiness of another by cheerfully accepting an offered favor, than by conferring one, for by cheerfully accepting we allow him the pleasure and blessedness of giving. Here then, though to us it may be less blessed, it is sometimes more benevolent in us to receive than to give. It is hence quite important that we should not only study to confer favors opportunistly but that we should also study to receive them properly. Many a kind spirit has been wounded, by an unthinking or rude rejection of its proposed good offices.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.—The sneers of superficial men upon the weakness which has appeared in the conduct of some inquirers into nature, ought to have no influence to discourage us from those researches. If some few have spent too much time in the study of insects, or the neglect of nobler parts of creation, their error ought to suggest to us, not a total neglect of those inferior parts of nature, but only to avoid the mistake of giving ourselves wholly to them. There is no species which infinite Wisdom has thought worth making and preserving for ages, that is not supremely worthy of our inquiring into its nature. And it is certain that there is more of curious workmanship in the structure of the body of the meanest reptile, than in the most complicated and most delicate machine that ever was or will be constructed by human hands.

A BAD SIGN.—It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of his party to a lamp post. It is a bad sign to see a fellow lie down in the gutter, supposing it to be his bed, and commence calling a poor innocent hog all sorts of hard names, mistaking it for his wife.

No.—John Randolph, in one of his letters to a young relative, says:—"I know of nothing that I am so anxious you should acquire as the faculty of saying no. You must calculate on unreasonable requests being preferred to you every day of your life, and most endeavor to deny with as much facility as you acquiesce."

Love and a cough cannot be hid.

## THE HUNGARIAN VICTORY.

New York, June 8.

The mails of the steamer Europa have arrived, bringing also some important additional items of information. The Zoltung Constitutional publishes Kossuth's proclamation, giving an account of the recent defeat of the Russians by him. In this engagement 36,000 Russians surrendered to the Hungarian forces. All their arms, ammunition, and cannon, were also taken possession of by the Hungarians. This confirms the previous news of the Russian defeat, but no authentic details are received. "The surrender of the city of Bologna is contradicted, though it has been bombarded and reduced almost to ashes. The loss of life was frightful, but the gallant city still held out.

The latest accounts from Europe state that the Russians force, placed in an attitude for operations in central Europe, amounts to 350,000 men, with 600 field pieces. The left wing of this army, consisting of 65,000 men, was beaten by the Hungarians, as reported. The Russian loss was 6000 men killed and 36,000 prisoners.

A letter from Vienna, of the 13th, in the Breslauer Zeitung, states that the Hungarians have occupied Carlovitz, the chief town of the Servian principality.

The news of the occupation of Temeswar, Arad, Carlovitz and Pausthova, by the Hungarians is confirmed.

A rumor was current at Raab, on the 16th inst. of the Russians having entered Hungary, near Dukia, and of their having suffered a defeat from Dembinsky, who engaged them between Bartfeld and Eperies.

The news of the defeat of the Russians by Bem, is confirmed, though we are still in want of authentic details of that important action.

According to the news received from Debreczin of the 9th of May, the President of the Hungarian Council and the Ministers of Justice explained their views to the Upper Chamber. They said they were Ministers of the Revolution, and desire to give a revolutionary direction to the country, and to establish a Republic based on a Democracy. Kossuth has declared his intention to retire into private life as soon as he has accomplished his purpose of freeing his country.

Georgy has addressed a letter to the Commander-in-Chief of the Austrians, calling on him to treat his prisoners with humanity; but he adds, that all the Hungarians found in arms against their countrymen will be put to death.

ALLIGATOR FIGHT.—An Incident of the Crevasse.—The quarters of Col. Claiborne, near Sanve's crevasse, are some four feet under water. Night before last, a veteran alligator from St. Tammany concluded to pay the colonel a visit. Taking his course quietly through the cornfields and pastures, he thought it would be polite to call at the cabin of the "driver," or head man, and inquire if the colonel was at home.— Finding the door closed, he walked under the house, and bellowed hallo! at the top of his voice. Getting no answer, he commenced a tremendous floundering and thumping, lifting up the flooring, and scattering the little "niggers" in every direction. The hubbub soon roused the sleepers. They jumped out of bed in a terrible state, raked up a light, and at the same moment were sent bouncing among the rafters, the visitor underneath lifting up one plank, and then another, flinging the whole crowd off their legs as fast as they could straighten them out. Such a scene of confusion was never witnessed. The darkies were completely bewildered, and their outcries soon drew the whole establishment together. The planks were drawn up, and there was not Old Nick—but a fellow much uglier, a tremendous alligator, with expanded jaws, shaking his monstrous tail in defiance, and sweeping it round in rapid semi circles. The instant he was discovered, two huge dogs leaped upon him, but the contest did not last for a moment. One he struck dead with his sweeping tail, the other he crunched between his bloody jaws. By this time the negroes got their dander up. They rushed upon him with axes, mauls, and bludgeons. The monster stood his ground, and "never said die," until one of them thrust a burning brand down his fetid throat. He is of enormous girth, and measures over 15 feet.—N. Orleans Delta.

PA, ain't I growing tall!" "Why what's your height sonny?" "Why, I'm seven foot, lacking a yard. Ain't that some, old hoss?" Pa faints.

A chap being asked what he took for a bad cold, replied, "four pocket handkerchiefs per day.

Death is the common debt.

HIGH COMPLIMENT TO THE UNITED STATES.—We cannot forbear quoting the following great compliment paid to the United States by Mr. Cobden, in a late speech on his scheme of financial reform: He said:

"America has three times, within the last 10 years been in collision with two of the greatest Powers of the world—twice with England, once with France. We had the Maine boundary and Oregon territory to settle with the United States, and America had her quarrel with France; arising out of a claim for compensation of £1,000,000, which the French government refuse to pay. What was the issue of those controversies? When the claim was refused by France, General Jackson, at the head of the American Government, published his declaration, that if the money was not paid forthwith he would seize French ships and pay himself. At that time—I have it from Americans themselves—the French had three times the force of ships of war that America had; Admiral Macken was in the Gulf of Florida with a fleet large enough to ravage the whole coast of America and bombard her towns; but did France rush into war with America? She paid the money. Why? Because she knew well if she provoked an unjust war with the United States, the men of war nothing compared with the force that would swarm out of every American port when brought into collision with another country. France knew that America had the largest mercantile marine and though at first the battle might be to the stronger in an armed fleet, in the end it would be to that country which had the greatest amount of mercantile ship and sailors.

"What was the case with England? In 1845 there was talk of war with America on account of Oregon. Bear it in mind that America never spent more than £1,200,000 on her navy. We are spending this year £7,000,000 or £8,000,000; but will anybody tell me that America fared worse in that dispute because her resources in ships of war were inferior to ours? No, but we increased our navy, and we had a squadron of evolution, as it was called, America never mounted a gun at New York to prevent the bombardment of the city; but did she fare the worse? We sent a peer of the realm (Lord Ashburton) to Washington; it was on American soil that the quarrel was adjusted, and author does say that America made a very good bargain. [Cheers.] It is the spirit of her people, the prosperity of her people, the growing strength of her people, the union of her people, the determination of her people that command respect. [Cheers.] Now, what I want you as a nation to do is to believe that other countries will just like the same measures of us that we took of America. They want come and attack us merely because we reduce our armaments to £10,000,000. On the contrary, other countries, I believe, will follow our example."

"Proposal for carrying the mails!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, in a tone of virtuous indignation, as she happened to glance over an advertisement in one of the papers, "Has it come to this; that our poor unfortunate female critters are to be made best of burden, are to carry about a pack of good-for-nothing male men on our backs? The shrew down the paper and rose hastily from the chair, and took snuff at a prodigious rate; highly excited at the degrading proposition.

DIAMOND PASTE.—"Really, my dear," said Mr. Jones to his better half, "you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman, but you have turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste."

"Then, my love, was the reply, console yourself with the idea that it is very adhesive, and I'll stick to you as long as you live."

When Mrs. Partington got home from the concert, the question was eagerly asked how she liked it. "Oh, it was delightful!" said she, "it was a full cord, good measure, of sweet sounds, and the gentleman on the trumpet did run up the rheumatic scale most beautifully. Why the music of the old Cornute Band wasn't a comparison to it."

A COLD WATER MONKEY.—Dr. Reid says, "I have been credibly informed that a monkey, having been once intoxicated with strong drink, in consequence of which it burned its foot in the fire, and had a severe fit of sickness, could not afterwards be induced to drink anything but pure water. I believe this is the utmost pitch which the faculty of brutes can reach."

A good example for other monkeys, who don't avoid the fire after having been burnt more than once.

According to Haller, women bear hunger longer than men; according to Plutarch, they can resist the effects of wine better; according to Unger, they grow older, and are never bald; according to Pliny, they are seldom attacked by lions (on the contrary they will run after lions) and according to Guntor, they can talk a few!