

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."

EDGEFIELD, S. C. JULY 11, 1849.

NO. 25

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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 arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Publisher. Any person procuring five responsible subscribers, shall receive the paper for one year, gratis.

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DR. E. F. TEAGUE

RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services in the practice of Medicine, Surgery, and Obstetrics, to the Citizens of Edgefield Village and vicinity. Office in the Drug Store of Drs. Bland, Teague & Co. May 9, 1849.

A Card.

DR. G. G. BIRD, respectfully offers his professional services to the Citizens of Edgefield and vicinity. Office opposite Compt's Hotel. May 9, 1849.

CANDIDATES.

FOR SHERIFF.

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. HUMBERT ROEMER, as a Candidate for the Office of Sheriff, at the ensuing election. The Friends of THOS. W. LANHAM, Esq., announce him as a Candidate for the Office of Sheriff, at the ensuing election. 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.

FOR TAX COLLECTOR.

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. 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, at the ensuing election. 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.

FOR ORDINARY.

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. 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.

FOR CLERK.

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. 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.

From the New York Herald.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

We have been favored with the following very interesting letter from Colonel Jonathan D. Stevenson, descriptive of the gold mines of California, the mode of life, cost of provisions, health of the diggers, and other topics of importance. The Colonel being so well known here, his statements cannot fail to be received with great interest. James H. Brady, Esq., of this city, a son-in-law of Colonel Stevenson, to whom we are indebted for this letter, sails in a few days for the land of promise. But here is the letter:—

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1849. The first mail by steamer from New York, brought me so many inquiries about the gold region, the prospects for business, and the chances for getting rich by gold digging, &c., &c., that I find myself unable to answer each separate inquiry. I have, therefore, determined to write you fully upon all the points of enquiry.

At the time the official letters of Col. Mason were written and forwarded to the United States, I was still in service, and stationed at Los Angeles, some seven hundred miles from the gold regions, and was ignorant of the truth of the reports that reached us on the subject, as you were in the United States, and remained so until my command was disbanded, in September. My official duty called me to Monterey, where I remained until November, when I started for the gold region, with a party of the volunteers, from Los Angeles. We reached the "gold diggings" on the Mokelumne, very late in November. I remained in the gold region some six weeks before I returned here, and fully satisfied myself, from personal observation that none of the statements made by Col. Mason came up to the real facts, as to the extent and richness of the gold region. New discoveries of gold are daily made by the miners, and at this time the region from which gold is daily taken, extends North and South a distance of five hundred miles; along this whole distance there is not a river, stream, valley, or region, in which gold is not found, and that, too, in great abundance, and any sober, industrious, prudent man, can, in my judgment, realize at least an ounce per day, besides his board; and this, I assure you, will not more than pay him for the toil and privation he is forced to endure; for he labors upon the rivers and streams, he must stand with his feet in water every moment he is laboring; if he works at the dry diggings, picking and sifting, he is constantly in a cloud of dust and dirt, and no man can distinguish his best friend by the color of his skin.

This labor would be more endurable, if, at the close of day, he could enjoy the comforts of good food and rest; but this is out of the question—he must cook his own food, or go without it. 'Tis true that in some places boarding tents are established; but they have more than they can accommodate, and the food is rarely such as will satisfy the appetite of a fatigued and hungry man. Most of these boarding tents are kept by highly respectable people, who do all they can to make their boarders comfortable; but 'tis out of their power—the means are not within their reach.

Much sickness and suffering are anticipated in the mines this season, and my own opinion is that such will be the case; for the sun, when I was there in midwinter, was excessive at midday, and the night freezing cold; and I cannot doubt but, exposed as the miners must generally be, that many who go to them with high hopes will never return, or if they do, they will return broken entirely in constitution.

Let no man flatter himself that gold is to be gathered without toil and peril; toil the most severe must be endured, and peril to life, health, good morals and habits, hourly surround them; and many who leave their homes pure and good, free from the terrible vices of gambling and drunkenness, (if indeed they ever do return) with gold, without those possessions infinitely more valuable than gold or diamonds to the man, his family, or his country.

No one but those who have witnessed it, can form the least idea of the perils and temptations that surround all, and more especially the young and inexperienced. When the day of toil is over, they have no home or social circle to enter. The tavern is the resort of all; here the cards are the only books that are to be found or looked into. At first, they drink and play lightly; but if successful, the thirst increases, and stakes are doubled, more liquor is drunk, and many seek their bed (mother earth and a blanket—few have any other) with aching heads and empty purses. The latter is regarded as of little importance, when from \$20 to \$50 can be earned by the next day's toil. Many avoid gambling at the mines, who fall into the vice when they come here and in other towns; they find themselves suddenly possessed with more wealth than they ever had before; as they have no home but the bar room, the gambling table is the resort for excitement and amusement, and a few days find them, like the sailor returned from a long voyage, and at the end of his frolic, "cleaned out," and ready to embark again for the golden ocean.

An immense number of emigrants, from all parts, have arrived, and are continually arriving here; the hills and valleys in the neighborhood of this town, are covered with the tents of the emigrants. 'Tis most fortunate for those who bring tents, else they would be without shelter; for \$50 per month is paid in a shanty, for a part of a room not more than 12 by 16 feet. There are many houses here that did not

cost or exceed \$1,000, which rent for \$200 per month. Property has advanced in proportion, and at this time there is scarcely an approachable point in the neighborhood of this bay where new towns are now being laid out, mapped, and sold. From all the accounts we receive from the States, large quantities of goods must be coming out here, and I apprehend the shippers will suffer severe losses. I hope not; but I do assure you there is great danger, large as the population will be in this country, that they cannot consume, for a long time, the quantity of goods said to be on the way, and, although we are in the midst of the gold region, where men set as little value upon money as in any part of the world, yet, at this time gold dust is valued at \$16 the ounce.

At this time, laboring men in stores get \$125 per month; negro cooks, \$125; boys, to clean boots and knives, \$60; a woman servant, Indian or Chilian, from \$40 to \$50, washing, \$6 per dozen; and every thing in proportion. I am paying \$61 per month for my board, \$40 for my bedroom, and every other necessary convenience in the same proportion.

I greatly fear the number of professional men who are coming to this country will be sadly disappointed, unless they turn diggers, for, there are no courts of law yet established, and cannot be for some time after Congress shall extend to us the benefits of its laws; and as for the doctors, they are coming in such numbers that the market will be largely overstocked; for, until the sickness at the mines commences they have nothing to do. It is a great mistake to believe that none but poor men should come here. No where, in my judgment, could the men of substantial capital so rapidly increase, his wealth as in this country, and very few or none have yet come. Young men who have been delicately reared, and whose habits are not firmly fixed, should not come, except under the guidance and control of men of fixed and firm character; for I again repeat, that no where upon the habitable globe do I believe the same temptations to vice await the young and inexperienced, as in California.

As regards myself, as usual, the papers speak falsely of me as to wealth; yet I hope to return to my native city at no distant day—perhaps only as a visitor—will meanly employ sufficient to meet every legal or equitable claim against me, and have sufficient left for all the purposes of my after life. More I do not require; and beyond this, 'tis of little consequence to any one in New York to know whether I have pounds or tons of gold.

Yours, &c., J. D. STEVENSON.

RISE FROM HUMBLE CONDITION.

In a speech delivered by the Hon and Rev. the Dean of Ripon, at a late soiree of the Mechanics' Institution, Leeds, England, a few passages occur worthily of being widely circulated:

"I like to think with pleasure, and satisfaction and wonder, of the extraordinary advancements which in the providence of God, particular individuals have just been able to apply the operation of their minds according as they were able to exercise them, and thereby to place themselves in extraordinary positions both in relation to their own prosperity and to the advantage of the country. It may be a very familiar subject, but it is one which I do like to think of, and I will just allude to it. There was a young man who was the youngest of thirteen children, and his father a very poor man; and the best that his father could do for him was to apprentice him to a barber. In that humble and praiseworthy class of public life, that respected individual demeaned himself honorably, as long as he chose to continue in it. He then bestowed his care and attention and enterprise upon preparing the beautiful hair of our heads—improving it to that degree that it should be fit to make a wig of. In that he excelled also. Then, gentlemen, he took himself to the improvement of a weed, I have seen—and which is little more than like a weed—I mean the cotton plant of Carolina. He took himself to improve the manufacture of cloth made out of that weed. He gained great success, adding merely to the acquisitions which he possessed—which you may suppose were very slender—the knowledge which he could pick up by associating with his fellow-men; he gained that success which enabled him to decide the wares of linen and cotton, so that a vestment should be made all of cotton. That barber's apprentice, gentlemen, that honorable improver of our hair for the purpose of a wig, was Sir Richard Arkwright, afterwards high sheriff of his county; and who left his family half a million of money. Well, gentlemen, I only put that as one instance of a simple, plain man, honestly following the call of Providence, using the mind according as God's providence gave him the opportunity of drawing forth its resources—throwing himself into the opening which was prepared for him, and thus gaining a prosperity exceeded by no man in this country; and I am sure that language is not equal to say the advantage which our nation has received from his invention, enabling him thus to show the benefit of the ex-

ercise of the mind, and talent, and energy, and reflection, and desire for improvement in the humblest station of life. I will mention another case, because I do dwell upon it, I confess, with exceeding interest, from my personal acquaintance with the individual.

Gentlemen, it is now more than forty years since, in my travels in America, I came to New York, and I called upon the famous General Moreau, with whom I had the pleasure of being acquainted. He said to me, 'Well, here's a strange thing, here's a ship to go by hot water! and to-morrow the trial is to be made, and I am invited to be of the party, and my friends. Will you go with me?' I accompanied General Moreau in the first steam-vessel that ever sailed upon the Hudson in America, under the auspices of Mr. Fulton, the inventor, a man of a similar cast to Arkwright, perhaps with some greater advantages from his early education, but of a similar tone and cast of mind; unsatisfied with what he had done, and what he could do, and always thinking that he could do something better, and thankful for every information he received, and every opportunity he could gain in making progress in some improvement; so that from a painter in portraits, from a designer in a variety of ways, at last he arrived at the extraordinary eminence and success of making the first practical efficient steam vessel, which could navigate so severe a river as the river Hudson. Now gentlemen, I remember with pleasure standing upon the deck, with Robert Fulton, and dwelling with him on the subject. I remember asking him, 'Do you think it will be of any good?' I recollect his countenance lighting up almost with indignation at the idea that any invention of his could fail of being useful. I remember very well, just as we approached the mouth of the Hudson, just as it abuts on the Atlantic Sea, saying—'What will become of us if we drift out to sea? How is it possible that a vessel of this sort can stand the waves of the ocean?' Well, now gentlemen, when I come and bring together that day, with the fact of the steamers now crossing the Atlantic in eleven or twelve days, with a regularity and precision which is almost marvellous, why, how is it possible not to see and to be persuaded that there is not a man that lives and comes within the arena of popular and scientific institutions like this, who has not an opportunity given him of being distinguished by giving his talent, industry and energy to whatever subject in the course of his investigations and inquiries the finger of providence may point to him? It is impossible to say, unless we believe that we have arrived at the acme and fulfillment of everything for the good of man—it is impossible not to think that we may be conferring some great blessing upon our country—that we may, through the means of some individual in the very humblest class, whose mind we may touch, by just giving him a perception an intuition of some combination connected with science and art—we may render him an instrument of great good to his country and the world, and a source of great happiness and pride to himself."

"NOTHING BUT A PRINTER, ANYHOW!"—Some person having uttered this sneering expression within hearing of the editor of the Cincinnati Times, he indignantly replies as follows, in defence of the profession he follows in pride: Nobody but a printer, forsooth!—it makes our free blood run rampant through our veins to hear such expressions from the lips of those nursed on republican soil.

And has labor become disgraceful? Is the name of a Printer a reproach in the land? We cannot believe it. Who ever gains a livelihood by toil, is a nobleman. Let those who scorn the laborer look back to their grandfathers, and they will see noblemen after the make of God's own hand—men who stood and sung among the waving corn—men who wore their human nature like a crown!

"Nobody but a printer, anyhow!"—Who was William Caxton, one of the fathers of literature? "Nobody but a printer!"—Who was Earl Stanhope? "Nobody but a printer!"—Who was Samuel Wordsworth, the poet? "Nobody but a printer!"—Who was Benjamin Franklin, the great American philosopher and statesman? "Nobody but a printer!"—Who was Gov. Armstrong, of Mass.? "Nobody but a printer!"—George P. Morris, James Harper, Horace Greeley, N. P. Willis, Robert Sears, and Senators Cameron, Dix, and Niles, and a host of no less conspicuous names—who are they?—"Nothing but a printer, anyhow!"

Let the mistaken souls of our land scorn those who honestly work out the penal condition prescribed by the Creator, and if justice is not gone forever

they will blister their hands with manual labor. We have seen justice even in our day!

A ROADSIDE COLLOQUY.

"And so, Squire, you don't take a country paper?"

"No, Major; I get the city papers on much better terms, and so I take a couple of them."

"But Squire the country papers often prove a great convenience to us. The more we encourage them the better their editors can make them."

"Why, I don't know any convenience they wre to me."

"The farm you sold last fall was advertised in one of them, and thereby you obtained a customer. Did you not?"

"Very true, Major; but I paid three dollars for it."

"And made much more than three dollars by it. Now if your neighbors had not maintained that press, and kept it ready for your use, you would have been without the means of advertising your property. But I think I saw your daughter's marriage in those papers did that cost you any thing?"

"No, but—"

"And your brother's death was thus published, with a long obituary notice. And the destruction of your neighbor Biggs' house by fire. You know these things were exaggerated, till the authentic accounts of your newspapers set them right."

"O, true but—"

"And when your cousin Splash was out for the Legislature, you appeared much gratified at his newspaper defence which cost him nothing."

"Yes, yes; but these things are news to the readers. They cause the people to take the papers."

"No, no, Squire Grudge, not if all were like you. Now I tell you the day will come when some one will write a very long eulogy on your life and character, and the printer will put it in type with a heavy black line over it; and with all your riches, this will be done for you as a grave is to a pauper. Your health, liberality, and all such things will be spoken of, but the printer's boy, as he spells the words in arranging the type to those sayings, will remark of you, 'poor mean devil! he is even sponging for an obituary!' Good morning Squire."

WILD CAT, THE SEMINOLE.—A letter from Cross Timbers, Arkansas, published in the Little Rock Banner, of the 20th ultimo, contains the following passage: "The Indians begin to assume a savage appearance about here; they all paint and wear scalp locks; we met two the other day almost entirely naked, with the exception of a blanket and a small piece of cloth about their loins; they were armed with bows and arrows, rode with saddles and in lieu of a bridle had a piece of rope about the lower jaw of the horse; they belonged to the Wachita tribe. About two miles beyond Little River we met the celebrated Seminole chief, Wild Cat, with twelve warriors, all painted and in their war dress; they had plenty of whiskey, which sold for twenty cents per pint, and were of course very drunk. Old Wild Cat is a fine looking Indian, but he has a countenance that would do honor to an imp of Satan. His neck, wrists, arms, and waist were encircled with silver plates given him at Washington, and engraved with his name. The current report here is, that he is in league with the Gaminches, and appearances seem to favor it. A few weeks ago he was at Fort Smith with some of his people, and there bought a quantity of gunpowder, and whiskey; with these he returned, and is now on his way to the Grand Prairies; what his real intentions are, is not known, but I think that he intends nothing good. One thing is certain, as all the reports confirm, that the Camanches and other tribes are on the offensive."

THE PENNSYLVANIA BENCH.—The Philadelphia Sun gives the following affecting description of the drowsy state of Justice in that quarter:

"JUSTICE NEVER SLEEPS.—Our friend, Col. Clark of the Huntingdon Journal, who has recently been on a visit to Harrisburg, and while there occasionally attended the Supreme Court, says that with all respect for the admitted legal abilities of the Court he cannot but entertain the opinion, that it is incapable of truly judging the merits of a case, when three of the five Judges are asleep!"

HOT WEATHER AT THE NORTH.—The weather has been excessively warm at the North. At Baltimore on Thursday, the mercury went up to 93 in the shade, and the ship-carpenters and other mechanics engaged in out door work were compelled to suspend operations during a considerable part of the day, in consequence of the excessive heat.

A 'BAD OYSTER' STORY.

Scene—An oyster Cellar.

Enter Frenchman, 'Sair, you keep de raw oystair?

Opener, 'Oh, yes, sir, fine, fat Prince's Bay.'

Frenchman, 'Tres bien, I will eat some raw oystair.'

The man opens a fine fat one and put it on a plate before the Frenchman, who eyes it some time, and says:

'Monsieur, you call dis de good oystair?'

'Yes, sir, prime.'

The Frenchman swallows it, (it was the first he ever ate,) opens his eyes at mouth, puts his hand to his bread basket and 'B.l.u.u.p!—' and up comes the oystair on the plate.

'Scarce dam! by gar, dat is not d good oystair!'

You didn't put on salt and pepper, sir

'An! pardonnez moi?—Puts peppei and salt on the same one. Swallows it—and 'B.l.u.u.p!—' up it comes again.

'How you tell me zat oystair bief?'

'Why, sir, you must put on vinegar.'

'Ah! oui! certainement be-ne-gar! oui, and he swallows the same again.—'B.l.u.u.p!—' and up it comes again on the plate.

Just then a gent enters.

'Give us a dozen o'raw.'

The Frenchman turns to him. Ah! my fren, you eats ze raw oystair?

'Of course.'

'You call zat ze good oystair?'

'Yes, fine fat one.'

'Ha! you tink dat be a good oystair, suppose you eat him!'

'With pleasure, sir!' and the gent gave it a dart of pepper sauce and bolted it.

The horrified opener stood agape, he didn't mind 'sawing' a Frenchman, but an old customer was a rather thing.

The Frenchman turned on his heel. Ah! my fren, zat may be ze good oystair, I no, like him. I swallowed zat oystair tree time.

'B.l.u.u.p!—' up come the oystair, and the Frenchman danced with delight.

'Ah! Monsieur! zat dam bad oystair! oui, certainement!'

The gent, speechless with horror, run to the bar and seizing the brandy decanter, swallowed about half a pint and mizzled. The Frenchman followed, saying:

'Zat dam bad oystair.—Spirit of the Times.'

MASTERS AND APPRENTICES.—An interesting case, in which were involved the rights and duties of masters and apprentices, was decided in Lancaster, Pa., a few days ago. The Lancaster Union gives the particulars of the case, which are given as follows:

In the Commonwealth vs. Humphrey it appears the defendant was a house carpenter by trade, and ordered his apprentice to saw and split wood, for household uses in no way connected with the "art, trade or mystery" which the young man was bound to learn and the master to teach. The apprentice objected to cut the wood because the axe was out of order. The master undertook to enforce his authority by beating the boy with a stick—the boy resisted, and afterwards indicted the master for assault and battery. Judge Lewis charged the Jury—

1. That a master who takes an apprentice, for the purpose of instructing him in any particular art or trade, has no right to withdraw the time and attention of the apprentice from the proper business which he is to teach and the other to learn; and that the highly respectable condition of an Apprentice cannot be degraded to a level of a menial, or mere family servant.

2. That a master house carpenter has no right to direct his apprentice to cut and split firewood when such cutting and splitting of firewood has no connection with the "art trade or mystery" of house carpenter.—[Scientific American.

A LOCAL ROMANCE.—A lad, seventeen years of age, son of a respectable baker of Market-street, St. Louis, was missing after the fire, and it was feared he was one of the victims of the explosion. Next day the parents were informed there was a mutilated boy at the hospital answering to the description of the boy, so far as any marks could be designated. The parents hastened to examine the mutilated remains, and become convinced of the identity of the body, principally from the fact that a certain finger of the right hand of their son had been amputated, and the right hand of the boy in question corresponded precisely in this particular. The body was interred and the parents mourned their boy as dead.

Yesterday the lost boy made his appearance at home, jolly and well. At the alarm raised by the cry of "powder," he had hastened away from the scene of the intended explosion, and unfortunately had become involved in a crowd of thieves who were pursued by a strong party of police and captured. The baker's boy being among the rogues at the moment, was hurried to prison with the crowd, and it was not until yesterday he was recognised by a friend, who immediately obtained his release, and the mourning family were made happy by his restoration.—St. Louis Recreille.