

# 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. OCTOBER 31, 1849.

NO. 41.

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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.

### H. L. BONHAM

WILL practice Law and Equity in the Southern Circuit, comprising the Districts of Edgefield, Orangeburg, Barnwell, Colleton and Beaufort. His Office is at Edgefield Court House: Aug. 22d, 1849. Gu 31

### 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. 16

### JOSEPH ABBEY,

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

### CANDIDATES.

#### For Sheriff.

HUMPHREYS BOULWARE,  
THOS. W. LANHAM,  
JOHN BILL,  
LEWIS JONES,  
T. J. WHITAKER,  
ALFRED MAY,  
WESLEY BODIE.

#### For Tax Collector.

L. A. BROOKS,  
ROBERT CLOY,  
SAMPSON B. MAYS,  
ISAAC BOLES,  
DERICK HOLSONBAKE,  
MOODY HARRIS,  
F. W. BURT,  
B. F. GOUDY,  
JOHN QUATTLEBUM,  
WM. L. PARKS,  
THEOPHILUS DEAN.

#### For Ordinary.

H. T. WRIGHT,  
VIRGIL M. WHITE,  
HUGH A. NIXON,  
EDWARD PRESLEY,  
W. L. COLEMAN,  
WM. H. MOSS.

#### For Clerk.

THOS. G. RACON,  
EDMUND PENN,  
OLIVER TOWLES,  
PETER QUATTLEBUM,  
WM. M. JOHNSON.

### Fall and Winter Goods.

THE Subscriber has just received, his Fall and Winter Stock of Goods, consisting of all kinds of  
WORSTED GOODS, BLACK BOMBAZINES, ALPACAS AND FANCY SILKS, for LADIES DRESSES.  
A LARGE LOT OF PRINTS OF ALL KINDS.  
Fine Bonnets and Bonnet Ribbons,  
" Muslin Worked Collars,  
" Silk and Woolen Shawls.  
A SPLENDID LOT OF NEGRO SHOES, BLANKETS & KERSEYS.  
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Shoes, Saddles, Hats and Caps of all kinds, which will be sold very low, and a liberal discount for Cash.  
B. C. BRYAN.  
September 26 81 36

### GREAT BARGAINS IN BOOTS & SHOES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

LADIES Kid and Morocco Slippers, Ties, Buskins and Walking Shoes of superior quality, Childrens, Misses and Boys Shoes and Boots. Thick heavy substantial Negro Shoes, all of which is warranted not to rip, and will be sold extraordinary cheap for Cash, at  
WILLIAM McEVROY'S.  
Oct. 17, 1849, 39

#### For Sale.

A GOOD Second-hand Carriage, nearly new.  
W. P. BUTLER.  
Oct. 3, 37

#### Removal.

THE Subscriber having purchased of Mr. S. F. Goude, his residence in the Village, has removed to the same.  
E. F. TEAGUE, M. D.  
Sept. 12, 1849, 34

### The Coming of Winter.

BY T. B. READ.

Autumn's signing, moaning dying,  
Clouds are flying on like steeds;  
While the shadows o'er the meadows  
Walk like widows deck'd in weeds.

Red leaves trailing, fall unfeeling,  
Dropping, sailing from the wood,  
That trumpet, stands defiant,  
Like a giant dropping blood.

Winds are swelling, round our dwelling,  
All day telling us their wo,  
And at vesper, frosts go crisper,  
As they whisper of the snow.

From the unseen land, frozen inland,  
Down from Greenland, Winter glides,  
Shedding lightness, like the birch-leaves,  
When moon-whiteness fills the tides.

Now bright pleasure's sparkling measures  
With rare treasures overflow,  
With this gladness comes what sadness!  
Oh, what madness, oh, what wo!

Even merit may inherit  
Some bare zarret, or the ground;  
Or a worse ill beg a morsel  
At some door sill, like a hound!

Storms are trailing, winds are wailing,  
Howling, ralling, at each door,  
Midst such trailing, howling, ralling,  
List the wailing of the poor!

### I Would I Were.

I would I were you fountain bright,  
That sparkles in the Sun's soft ray;  
To scatter diamonds in the night,  
And glowing rubies through the day.  
Those evanescent gems so fair,  
I'd throw upon the earth around,  
To revel for a while in air,  
And fall forgotten on the ground.

I would I were you silver stream,  
That ripples from the mountain top;  
Now slumbering in the moonlight's beam,  
Now bounding on from rock to rock.  
In some old cavern dark and deep,  
As silent as the grave I'd lie;  
Or o'er some rock as joyous leap,  
And dash the glittering spray on high.

I would I were you solemn tide,  
That slowly winds its course down;  
As gently onward still I'd glide,  
Through flowery banks or cliffs that rise;  
And to my bosom I would take  
The merry stars that shine above,  
Or rippling by, soft echoes wake  
Beneath the feet of flowers.

I would I were you ocean  
That onward rolls its sea;  
Where tempest winds th  
Vex gentle zephyrs love to dwell.  
A spite I'd keep 'neath every wave,  
And scorn to bow with gussy hair;  
To gather in my coral caves,  
The gentle hearts that perished there.

TULULAH.

A celebrated eccentric preacher was once warned that he must be very guarded in his language, in a town at the south where he was to preach, for the people were noted for their highly intellectual and moral character, and especially that he must avoid the most distant allusion to the "peculiar domestic institution." On observing a great number of mulattoes in the gallery, he said, as he arose, "Brethren and sisters! I have been told that I must be very careful in my language, that I am to address a highly intellectual and moral congregation; but I would just like to ask a question of this moral congregation:—Where did all them yaller gals in the gallery come from?"

RESEMBLANCES.—Some philosopher has remarked, that every animal, when dressed in human apparel, resembles mankind very strikingly in features. Put a fook, lunnet and spectacles on a pig, and it looks like an old woman of eighty. A bull dressed in an overcoat would resemble a lawyer. Tie a few ribbons round a cat, put a fan in its paw, and a boarding school miss is represented. A cockerel in uniform is a general to the life. A hedgehog looks like a miser. Dress a monkey in a frock coat, cut off his tail, trim his whiskers, and you have a city dandy. Donkeys resemble a good many persons.

UNFORTUNATE DUTCHMAN.—"Poor Hans! he bit himself with a rat-skin, and wash sick into his bed for six weeks, in the month of August. And he couldn't speak till he complained of being a little petter so ash he could stand up on his elbow and eat a little tea."

TOO LARGE LIMITS.—"Why don't you limit yourself?" said a physician to an intemperate person: "set down a stake that you will go so far and no farther." "I do," replied the other, "but I set it so far off, that I always get drunk before I get to it."

AWAKENING OF CONSCIENCE.—An anonymous letter was received by a mercantile house of this city, on the 13th inst., post marked "New York, October 10th," containing one hundred and fifty dollars, which the writer states is an amount, with interest, of an error in their account of 1837. We have been requested to state that the house to whom the letter was addressed, appreciates the motives that prompted the individual to make the remittance.—Charleston Courier.

Some sensible fellow has said, that where one man reads a merchant's sign, a hundred will read his advertisement.

Coleman the dramatist, was asked if he knew Theodore Hook? "Yes," replied the wit, "Hook and Eye are old associates."

### A TALE OF REVENGE.

A story is told of an extraordinary meeting, and an act of revenge said to have taken place many long years ago, on the fork of the Pawnee. A party of four, who had been roving for many years in the West, all strangers to each other, were one day accidentally thrown together, when a strange and bloody scene ensued. These men presented a striking contrast in feature. The youngest, was delicately made, with long, light hair and blue eyes; his exposure had given him a rich, brown complexion. He was of the medium stature, and made for strength and agility. There was a dark void over his features, which told that with him the light of hope had gone out. He was travelling on a mule, with his rifle in his gun leather at the bow of his saddle, when he overtook a man on foot, with a gun on his shoulder and pistols in his belt, who was over six feet, and had a deep, wide scar on his right cheek. As day was drawing to a close, they proposed to camp, and brought up at the head of the fork of the Pawnee. Shortly after they had camped, a man was seen reconnoitering them with a rifle in his hand, and having satisfied himself that the sign was friendly, he came modily into the camp, and after looking sternly at the two men, was asked by Scar Check to "come to the ground." He was a stout, muscular man, much older than the other two, with a deep, habitual scowl, long, black, matted hair, and very unprepossessing features. Some common place remarks were made, but no questions were asked by either party.

It was near twilight when the young man, who had gathered some buffalo chips to make a fire to cook with, suddenly perceived a man approaching them on a mule; he came steadily and fearlessly on to the camp, and casting a look

He was only half clad by the miserable skins he wore; and, as he dismounted, Scar Check asked "Where from?" "From the Kaw," (Kansas,) he replied, throwing down a bundle of otter skins. After unsaddling and staking out his mule, he brought himself to the ground, and taking his rifle, looked at the priming, and shaking the powder in the pan, he added a few more grains to it; then placing a piece of thin dry skin over it, to keep it from the damp, he shut the pan. The group watched the old trapper, who seemed not to notice them, while Scar Check became interested, and showed a certain uneasiness. He looked towards his own rifle, and once or twice loosened the pistols in his belt as if they incommoded him. The young and the stout man with the scowl exchanged glances, but no word passed. So far no question had been asked as to who the other was; but little conversation passed was very laconic, and not a smile had wreathed the lip of any one of them.

The little supper was eaten in silence, each man seeming to be wrapt in his own thoughts. It was agreed that the watch should be divided equally among the four, each man standing guard of two hours—the old trapper taking the first watch, the young man next, and Scar Check and the man with the scowl following.

It was a bright moonlight night, and over that barren, wild waste of prairie, not a sound was heard as the three lay sleeping on their blankets. The old trapper paced up and down, ran his eyes around the wild waste before him, and then would stop and mutter to himself, "It cannot be he," he said half aloud, "but the time and that scar may have disguised him. That boy, too—it's strange, I feel drawn towards him; then that villain with his scowl," and the muscles of the old trapper's face worked convulsively, which, the moon beams falling upon, discloses traces of a bygone refinement. The trapper noiselessly approached the sleeping men, and kneeling down, gazed intently upon the features of each, and scanned them deeply. Walking off, he muttered to himself again, saying—"It shall be," and then judging by the stars that his watch was up, he approached the young man and woke him, pressing his finger upon his lip to command silence at the time, and motioned to him to follow.

They walked off some distance, when the trapper, taking the young man by the shoulder, turned his face to the moon light, and, after gazing at it wistfully, whispered in his ear, "Are you Perry Ward?" The young man started wildly, but the trapper prevented his reply by saying "Enough, enough." He then

told him that he was his uncle, and that the man with the scar was the murderer of his father; and that he with the scowl had convicted him (the trapper,) of forgery by his false oath. The blood deserted the lips of the young man, and his eyes glared and dilated almost from their sockets. He squeezed his uncle's hand, and then, with a meaning glance as he looked to his rifle, moved towards the camp. "No, no!" said the old trapper, "Not in cold blood; give them a chance." They cautiously returned to the camp, and found both the men in a deep sleep. The uncle and nephew stood over them. Scar Check was breathing hard, when he suddenly cried out, "Did not murder Perry Ward?" "Liar!" said the trapper in a voice of thunder, and the two men started and bounded to their feet. "Red skins about!" asked they in a voice. "No, worse than red skins," said the trapper, "Harry Ward is about!" and seizing his knife he plunged it in Scar Check's heart. "Take that," said he with the scowl, and raising his rifle, the trapper fell a corpse. With a bound and a wild cry the young man jumped at the murderer of his uncle, and with his knife gave him several fatal wounds. The struggle was a fearful one, however, and the young man had also received several bad cuts, when his adversary fell from the loss of blood and soon after expired. Thus ended this strange meeting, and thus were father and uncle revenged.—N. O. Picayune.

THE SAGE'S ADVICE TO YOUNG TALMOR.—"Go, my son," said the Eastern sage of Muza to young Talmor, "go forth into the world, be wise in the pursuit of knowledge; be wise in the accumulation of riches; be wise in the choice of friends; yet little will this avail thee, if thou chooseth not wisely the wife of thy bosom. When the rules of

love—for little will all else avail thee, if thou chooseth not wisely the companion of thy bosom. See, yonder, the maidens of Tinge—they deck themselves with the gems of Golconda and rose of Cashmere, themselves more brilliant and beautiful; but, ah! take them not to thy bosom; for the gem will grow dim, and the rose wither, and nought will remain to thee of all thou dost woo and win. Neither turn thyself to the proud one who vaunts herself on having scanned the pages of the Vedas, and fathomed the mysteries of the Holy Temple. Woman was not born to wield the sceptre, or direct the council; to reveal the mandates of Bramas or expound the sacred verses of Mena. Rather be it hers to support thee in grief, and soothe thee in sickness; to reject in thy prosperity and cling to thee in adversity. Reflect, then, my son, ere thou chooseth, and look to her ways whom thou wouldst make the wife of thy bosom. A wife! what a sacred name, what a responsible office. She must be the unspotted sanctuary to which wearied man may flee from the crimes of the world, and feel that no sin dare enter there. A wife! she must be the guardian angel of his foot-steps on earth, and guide them to Heaven; so firm in virtue that should he for a moment waver, she can yield him support, and replace him upon his firm foundation; so happy in conscious innocence that when from the perplexities of the world he returns to his home, he may never find a frown where he sought a smile. Such, my son, thou seekest in a wife; and reflect well ere thou chooseth. Open not thy bosom to a trifer, repose not thy head on the breast which nurseth envy, and folly, and vanity; hope not for obedience where passions are untamed, and except no honor from her who honoreth not her God who made her. Though thy place be next to the throne of princes, and the countenance of royalty beam upon thee; though thy riches be as the pearls of Omar, and thy name be honored from the East to the West, little will it avail thee, if darkness and disappointment and strife be in thine own habitation. There must be thine hours of solitude and sickness, and there must thou die. Reflect, then my son, ere thou chooseth, and look well to her ways whom thou wouldst love; for though thou be wise in all things, little will it avail thee, if thou chooseth not wisely the wife of thy bosom."

Why are the people of Georgia like laborers grading railroads? Because they are leveling the Hills to build up their Towns.

### PERFECTLY FAMILIAR.

The Cincinnati Chronicle is responsible for the following "yarn."

In the vicinity of Main street, in this city, is a merchant for whom we entertain the highest respect. He is favorably known by nearly all citizens, as an honest, intelligent, Christian man, and has been such since his boyhood. Not a stain rests upon his character, which makes the following incident the more amusing:

A few days since, while standing at his store, a very pleasant looking gentleman passing up the street, stopped before his door and looked in. Our friend, the merchant, thinking he had seen the stranger somewhat, and supposing he desired to make some purchases, opened a conversation with—  
"Good morning sir. Would you like to look at our stock?"  
"No, I am obliged to you, sir. I am surprised to see such immense quantities of goods in Cincinnati and such splendid stores."

"The trade of our city is much increased of late years, sir," said the merchant, adding, "I think I have seen you before, have I not?"

"I presume not," the stranger replied, "I have not been in Cincinnati for many years."

"It is very strange—I feel sure I have met you—where do you reside?"  
"In Kentucky, sir."

The merchant now supposed he had met the Kentuckian during his travels on business in that State—and, offering his hand, remarked in his usual happy manner—

"Your face is very familiar to me—you must be some old acquaintance my name is— Now, sir your name, if you please?"

The Kentuckian smiled and answered, "I think we have met before,

now. We could not keep it.

### ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Rund away or stolen, or was sdrayed, nine large black horse, apout fourteen, oder fifteen hands six inches hie— he has been got four plack legs two behind and two before, and he ish plack all over his body, but has been got some vite spots, pon his pack, when de skin was rub off, but I greased em, and now de vite spots is all plack again. He trods and kanter, and paces, and sometimes he valks, and ven he valks all his legs and feet goes on, von after another—he has two ears pon his head both alike, but von is placker dan toder—he has two eyes, von ish put out, and toder is pon de side of his head, and ven you got toder side he vont see you—ven he eats a good deal he has a pig pelly and he has a long dail vat hangs down behind, but I cut it short toder day; and now it ish not so long vot it was—he ish shod all around, but his behind shoes comed off, and now he ish only got dose before; he holts up his head, and looks gaily ven he ish fritten he jumps apout like ebery ting in de vorld; he will ride mit a saddle, or a chare, or a cart, or he will go by himself without nobody but a pag pon his pack vit a poy on it; he ish now very old, and his head ven he valks or runs, goes before, and his dail stays behind only ven he durns round he come first. Whoever will bring him pack, shall pay \$5 reward, and if he brings pack de tief vat stole em, he shall pay pesides twenty tollars, and ax no questions.

### STAUKEN FONDELENDE.

A POPULAR PREACHER.—A short time ago, or the self elected class of divines, who are not in common excessively college bred, was holding forth to his congregation upon a subject well calculated to arouse the attention of incorrigible hearts. After blazing away with his subject, until he had rendered Pandemonium as hot as Vesuvius, and as black as Milton's Satan, he rounded a sublime peroration with the following sentence:

"Now, hearken, ye sinners! I tell ye that ye'll all go to h—l, as sure as I'll catch the fly on the Bible;" at the same time making a determined sweep with palm across the sacred page, to capture the talismanic insect. He then proceeded to open his clenched fist, finger by finger, until the last digit was released, but, behold! the poor fly had eluded his grasp. Looking surprised and disappointed for a few moments, the minister at once exclaimed, "by the hoky, I've missed him!—there's a chance for you, vet, ye sinful ragmuffins!

### THE LAWYER vs. THE FOOL.

Deacon Frost, a wealthy drover, residing in K—, one of the most beautiful and flourishing towns in the Granite State, was taking a large number of selected heaves to the Boston market. It chanced that on his way thither several of the stock belonging to Christopher Grant, an extensive farmer residing in an adjoining town, accidentally strayed among the drove of Deacon F. The good Deacon, of course, not noticing the addition to his herd, could not be expected to separate them, and in time all, including those belonging to friend Grant, were duly disposed of, (if not according to law, certainly according to his custom,) and the proceeds safely deposited in the pocket of the worthy Deacon.

It so happened, however, that Bil Dykes, better known as "The Fool," saw the cattle as they passed, and recognized those of Grant's.

"Bill," says Mr. G., "are you sure it was my cows you saw in Deacon Frost's drove?"

"Sore," said Bill, "wall now I guess I are; I knows old Brindle and old Lopped horn just as easy as nothing—bant I driv 'em out of our cabbages more time than their pesky necks are worth, anyhow!"

When Deacon Frost returned home he was politely waited upon by Mr. Grant, and requested to fork over a fair amount of the needful for the missing cows, which he as politely declined to do. The result was, councillor Dony's services were invoked. The Fool was the chief witness; and councillor Grey, of K—, a man of some celebrity in his profession, was retained to defend the suit. The trial came on—Dykes was placed on the witness stand. Councillor Grey interposed an objection to the witness being sworn, on the ground of incapacity, and proceeded to state to the court that the witness was a perfect non compos mentis, in other words, a fool, and well known to be so by every body in that vicinity—that he had no definite or fixed idea either regarding himself or respecting any thing else; that he could not give an intelligent answer to the most simple question; and says councillor Grey, with emphasis, "I do not believe he can even tell who made him. If your Honor

G. (addressing the court,) "the witness says he sposes Moses made him; this is certainly a more intelligent answer than I supposed him capable of giving, for it shows that he has some faint idea of the scripture. But I submit that it is not sufficient to justify his being sworn as a witness qualified to testify should give."

"Mr. Judge," says the fool, may I ax the lawyer a question? "Certainly," says the Judge, "ask him any question you please."

"Wa-a-ll, then, Mr. Lawyer, w-h-o'd you s-p-o-s-e made you?"  
Councillor G. (imitating the witness,) "A-n-r-o-a-l-s p-o-s-e."

After the mirth had somewhat subsided, the witness continued, "W-a-ll, now we read in the good book, that A-a-ron once mape a e-a-l-f, but who'd a thought thb d—l eriter had got in here!"

Verdict for the fool.

HISTORY OF AN ADVENTURER TO CALIFORNIA.—A New York citizen, having a capital of \$10,000, managed to make a kind of living with it in Wall street, by shaving. Smitten with the California fever, he purchased one of the vessels sold by the United States Government, by auction, at the termination of the Mexican war. It was a brig, for which he paid \$3,500. He bought wines and other liquors with the balance of his cash, just leaving himself \$500 to pay his expenses, by the isthmus route, to San Francisco. His all was thus risked upon the hazard of the die. The brig, being freighted with this cargo, sailed for the land of gold, and he arrived before her. He sold the cargo at a tremendous profit, 300 or 400 per cent. He was offered for the brig \$25,000. He refused the offer, because he saw he could make more money by a couple of trips to Oregon for lumber, which was then in great demand at San Francisco. At the end of the second voyage, he was offered \$45,000 for the brig. He accepted it, and gathering up his profits on the wines and the lumber, he turned all into gold dust. He returned to New York, a few days ago, in the Crescent City, and deposited \$150,000 worth of the shining particles in the mint in Philadelphia, to be coined into eagles and half eagles. The truth of this narrative may be relied on.—N. Y. Herald.

Recipe for a Lintiment which has long been in use, and has been found highly efficacious in all cases of sprains, bruises, wounds, external or internal, on man or beast. It has been used with great success in severe cases of rheumatism, often effecting a positive cure, and no farmer should be without it who has not something better to substitute in its place: One-half ounce of spirits of hartshorn; two ounces of camphur gum; one gill of spirits of turpentine; one-half pint of sweet oil; one pint alcohol. Shake it well together, and apply it, rubbing it in smartly with the hand.

Any german whose dog is named Pompey, ought not to expect to associate with the german whose dog is named Napoleon.