

# EDGEFIELD

A Democratic Journal, devoted to Southern Rights

W. C. MORAGNE, Editor.  
W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.

EDGEFIELD

# ADVERTISER.

Intelligence, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &c.

must fall, we will perish amidst the ruins."

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From the Southern...  
WOMAN'S RIGHTS  
It is her right to...  
The bed of sick...  
And when the heart...  
To whisper hopes of health again...  
Her right, to make the home...  
With gentle words...  
And when me...  
His wife...  
It is his...  
By a... manly heart,  
When, with... dignity and grace,  
She sets well a woman's part.  
She hath a dearer right than this;  
To be in one truth heart enshrined—  
Who, though the world may all forsake,  
Will cherish still, and still be kind.  
And there is yet a higher right;  
Which, also, is to woman given:  
To teach the insane mind  
That truths divine, which came from heaven  
What would she more, than to perform,  
On earth, life's holiest, sweetest tasks?  
No other rights than these, she asks.  
Washington, Oct. 20th, 1850.

## Indian Justice, or the Cayuga Revenger.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Shortly after the Declaration of the Independence of the United States, a surveyor's party plunged boldly into the depths of the primeval forest, bent on surveying and making out a new settlement. It does not now to point out the precise spot. Sufficient for our purposes to locate it in the vicinity of Cayuga Lake. Strange as it may, and does appear, they were inextricably lost, notwithstanding that there were several expert woodmen in the party. For several days they wandered about in their endeavors to extricate themselves, each succeeding day, only making the confusion in their brains worse confounded. How often do we find the coolest heads in moments of difficulty, lose their way, and there are times, when by an overpowering influence—one cannot call it fear, though gradually and unmistakably it assumes that type—all our knowledge of past events, all our thought of the future is a plain, lazy blank, which, by degrees, assumes a darker cast, unless a master mind is there calmly and deliberately to rend the veil asunder, to restore the fast fading confidence, without which all human energy is nought.

'Tis passing strange how the mind of one man in times of darkness and dread; undimmed by danger, and uninfluenced by immediate peril, can so animate the mass that they would face greater danger than that which totally unmanned them scarce five minutes previously. There was a master with the party I commenced to tell you about, but the mind there was not; hence their total loss and consequent bewilderment.

Many of our readers may not have had the extreme felicity of losing themselves in the bush, and consequently cannot for a moment picture to their minds the sensations likely to be experienced there; there may be many again, who without being absolutely lost, have fancied themselves so, the feeling being rarely second to the reality. Old woodmen, though we be, this fancy in our hunting excursions, has more than once crossed our mind, faintly and dubiously as it were, and ever have we found that, unless the bugbear was eradicated, there and then effectually, that a total shipwreck would infallibly be the result. In one particular instance, we especially recollect following, for several hours fasting, (to which we attribute the disorder), a deer in all manner of directions, till we went up the chase, unable any longer, from want of snow, to track. The bush we were in we had traversed many a time, we knew that a N. E. course would bring us out from any part of it, somewhere near where we wanted to go, and yet when we did see about returning our compass lied, the moss on the trees lied, every thing lied but our fancies, which pointed out quite a contrary direction.—We sat down to argue the point, bring reason to combat prejudice, and yet then every argument failed to convince the wandering mind. We had to walk back seven miles for letting the mind overcome reason. But even after that we have been sensible that it is not possible at all times to control the mind. We were nervous, irritable, and fancied ourselves half lost—why we cannot tell—and when we got out of the bush we were totally lost, for we did not recognize a building which we had seen for years, and yet we were not afraid in this particular instance, tho' in all probability in another hour's time we should have been that also.

If then at times vague fears will seize the mind, spite of better judgment, in an almost well-known small bush, 'tis easy to account for the total bewilderment of the party whose entrance into an unknown wild we chronicled some time back. That this particular party were lost is evident from their having wandered for several days, until at sundown one evening, with

which he had not scrupled to...  
the party, triumphantly displaying the...  
prize, for which he told them that he had...  
paid the Indian most handsomely.  
The party soon found the place and finished their survey, and returned to their homes. Shomberg, in high spirits at his successful exploit, bent his steps to New York, where he at that time resided—without a care or thought of the poor being he had so unscrupulously deprived of life.  
Let us turn for a moment to the scene of bloodshed and murder. As soon as the retreating footsteps of the intruder were no longer audible, the old crane, unable to walk, commenced to crawl towards the body of her fallen son. Slowly and painfully did she drag her weary way, fearful lest her long coming might prove fatal. Who can express the hope or fear that possessed that poor, forlorn, miserable cripple? No fear for herself, her lonely and melancholy condition, for a moment entered her mind, her whole thoughts were in the senseless and inanimate form that lay now but a little distance from her. At last she

reached the body, and...  
her eyes...  
she saw...  
the dead...  
she found...  
the old woman...  
she learned...  
the body...  
she assisted...  
she hastened...  
the spot.

The daylight was just breaking when the Indian again made his appearance, accompanied by eight others. Again the body was inspected, the old squaw was questioned, and the appearance of the murderer so impressed on their minds that one and all were satisfied, they could recognize him without trouble. His footsteps, however, were examined and noted. The Indian was consigned to his lowly bed, the old squaw removed, and to all appearances the affair was ended.

Not so, however, was the case. The Indian who first discovered the deed had silently followed the trail to where the survey had been made, and then to the nearest settlement, where, in his broken English, he managed to gain information that the head of the party had gone to N. York, and that he had a rifle along with him purchased from an Indian, and that his name was Shomberg. With this information, he rejoined the tribe.

In less than a week after, various parties of strange Indians were noticed in the streets of New York. Who they were, whence they came, or why, none could tell. Their faces were painted black—all were fully armed, and might be seen day by day prowling, now in detached parties, now singly through every street.

At length, Shomberg was seen, instantly recognized and followed. His residence discovered, day by day, and night by night, a red skin might be seen either watching his residence, or dogging his steps. Twice did they attempt his life, but were foiled each time. Shomberg, however, saw enough to satisfy him that he was "doomed." For several days he did not stir out; but still from his window he could always see an Indian somewhere.

prey, for they were...  
On a...  
several...  
consider...  
to bid...  
Scarcel...  
stant fr...  
down, g...  
accuse...  
dragged...  
his tong...  
was ins...  
led by...  
the last...  
jut cover...  
offend...  
perish...  
of tort...  
His na...  
burning...  
ing; his...  
arrows;...  
inflict a...  
did he th...  
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all our...  
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above...  
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the North...  
in a more...  
intimate...  
with the...

stalking, he wakens the old woman, and learns from her what has occurred. Carefully does he remove the body into the hut, and assisting the old squaw, and supplying her with food, he hastens away from the spot.

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manufacturers raise a concerted cry about low duties, and foreign competition, blame the Government for not protecting them, and then suddenly stop, throwing their operatives out of employment. These poor people never receive more than enough to keep soul and body together; they work virtually for board and lodging; they are in fact, in a state of quasi-slavery, and when out of employment of absolute suffering. When the manufacturer has reduced them to the starving point, he says, "I sympathize with you, we will put our looms in operation again, but I cannot afford to pay the former wages; the rate must be reduced."

What can the operatives say? They have no roof over their heads but the potatoes attached to the mill, where they have no right to remain longer; they have no money to remove elsewhere; there are no public lands to settle upon rent-free; they can get no employment at another mill without credentials from their present employer; they see their wives dejected; their children suffering for bread, and are forced to accept the reduced wages proposed to them. And then the mill drives on as usual—merrily singing the spindle—fast in the snowy line—bats after hole of the "Lovelace" is shipped away—the manufacturer grows rich and richer every day; and the tears and wretchedness wearing labor of his white fellow citizens, a free man like himself, eat as his mouth, with noble heart, but cramped with poverty, and thus compelled to crouch—N. O. Courier.

A union party, it seems, must be formed at the South to class more tightly, in its fraternal embraces, once fierce and inexorable enemies of the South, and her interests. A union party, forsooth, a union of the robber with the robbed! There is sometimes much of (humbug) in a name. How plain is this truth shown in the present case. Here we have a humbug of "immense magnitude, and huge preponderance." The members of this party will doubtless endeavor to persuade themselves that they are the duly constituted protectors of the Constitution—a Constitution, however, which is almost worthless, and "the security" we enjoy under which is "based solely upon good faith"—the good faith of the North, which is almost if not entirely equivalent to "Panic faith" broken whenever convenient or politic. They will persuade themselves that the Union is in their hands as a sacred legacy—but this Union, what is it but the Union of the weak with the strong, of the oppressed with the oppressor, of the long suffering with the presumptuous and arrogant. They will doubtless raise a great hue and cry against the Southern Rights Republican party, as being for disunion—but let them remember that "this cry of Union is the masked battery, from behind which the Constitution and the rights of the South are to be assailed."

We belong, as heretofore, to the Southern Rights party. Defeat, sometimes, is more than victory. As such, do we look upon the late defeat of the great cause in this State—the fall only of those in advance; soon to rise with the coming up of the reserve behind—the great body of the people. The principles of the Southern Rights party in some slight degree triumphed in the late State Convention, despite the large majority of the so called Union men. These principles are yet dear to every Southern Rights man. They are in his heart and cannot be thrown away or disregarded. They are destined yet to triumph, despite the opposition of demagogues and office-seekers. The instinct of self-preservation, if no nobler motive, will yet unite the people of the South as one man, to repel the attack of enemies, and break the potent spell of fanaticism.—Augusta Republic.

A few weeks since the cotton lords at Fall River, Massachusetts, combined together to turn the screw a little tighter, by reducing the wages of the operatives. Many of the workmen and women opposed this reduction of their wages and refused to work. By the last accounts we perceive that capital has conquered labor, and that those who turned out have been compelled to resume their work at the reduced prices, and the owners are chuckling that "their factories are in operation again."

This is one of the mean devices resorted to, to swindle the workingman. The

lay the foundation for the prosperity and perpetuity of our institutions, in the education and training of the rising generation—then may we hope to see them worthy of their noble heritage. In every branch of education we are abundantly blessed at this day in the South. It is only necessary in order to render these institutions superior to those at the North, that they should be patronized. We hope the claims of all may be regarded—the primary schools for the preparation of students for College are abundant and worthy, the claims then of Southern Education we earnestly hope, may not be disregarded.

PREACHING TO THE NEGRO.—The treasurer of the South-Carolina Conference Missionary Society, of the M. E. Church South, reports the sum of seven thousand seven hundred dollars, as the amount collected during the past year, within the bounds of the Conference, for the support of Missions. When it is known that the most of this is expended in the support of the preachers to the slaves on our plantations, it will be seen that the people of our State have nobly discharged their duty in this respect; and such a liberal contribution for this purpose affords a practical illustration of the only true philanthropy ever extended to the African race. Do Massachusetts, Vermont, New York expend as much in twenty years for the moral-culture and social elevation of the deluded beings they entice from their masters and families? No; instead of such teachings, they inculcate violence by precept, and robbery and theft by example.

The past year has witnessed much excitement on political matters in our State—the institution indispensable to our social and political welfare has been again assailed in the worst form of attack, covertly and insidiously—the State has determined to resist these aggressions, and has made most ample provisions for this resistance—even to an extent of an increase of fifty cents in her taxation.

JOHN ADAMS.—In the 30th year of his age, John Adams made the following entry in his Diary. He was then practicing law in Boston, though living in Braintree. "It has been my fate to be acquainted in the way of business with a number of very rich men—Gardiner, Bowdoin, Pitts, Hancock, Rowe, Lee, Sargent, Hooper, Doane. Hooper, Gardiner, Rowe, Lee, and Doane, have all acquired their wealth by their own industry; Bowdoin and Hancock received theirs by succession, descent or devise; Pitts by marriage. But there is not one of all these who derives more pleasure from his property than I do from mine; my little farm and stock and cash afford me as much satisfaction as all their immense tracts, extensive navigation, sumptuous buildings, their vast sums at interest and stocks in trade yield to them. The pleasures of property arise from acquisition more than possession, from what is to come rather than what is. The rich are seldom remarkable for modesty, ingenuity or humanity. Their wealth has rather a tendency to make them penurious and selfish."

INSULT TO THE SOUTH.—Some time last summer a great excitement was occasioned at Macon by the publication in the Citizen of a certain letter on the subject of slavery. A public meeting was called, and the Editor declared that it had been set up without his knowledge, and that he disapproved its sentiment and regretted its appearance. We now learn from the Atlanta Intelligencer that C. R. Hanleiter, the author of the incendiary letter, has been appointed by Fitz Warren and Co. mail agent on the Georgia railroad. A fit subject for appointment by the abolition dynasty at Washington. This man Hanleiter having made himself most obnoxious to a Southern community, thereby lessening his chances, peculiarly, for a support, is taken up by a department of the Federal Government, and placed in lucrative office in the midst of the very community he has insulted.—Louisiana Courier.

WAR.—Late advices from Nicaragua announce a declaration of war between Nicaragua and Costa Rica. So says a telegraphic despatch from New York.

The Calm before the Storm.  
The Washington correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce truly interprets the present calm aspect of affairs, in the following extract: "All who dare to think for themselves will agree with him that it is not peace, but a hollow truce, the insincerity of which is proven by the attempt of the so-called Northern 'Unionists,' and 'friends of the Constitution,' to take advantage of the interval to fasten another scheme of plunder upon the South; as adherents to the principles of the Constitution, at the late robbery of the common territory."  
"The Congress now prevailing in the country was the other day...  
Mr. Clay...  
Mr. Clay did not assent...  
real and would continue...  
a hope that it may...  
"A truce has been...  
the administration...  
and Mr. Seward is...  
White House. The...  
their offices in New England...  
York, and are quietly making...  
arrangements to control the White...  
York and in the country generally...  
friends of the late anti-con...  
administration show a good deal...  
but most of their strength...  
comes from the Seward...  
"I do not know what...  
Scott forward as a candid...  
sincere or not.—Perhaps...  
up as a decoy. The game...  
same for the Presidency as for the gov...  
norship of New York...  
"The Sewardmen will...  
upon Seward anti-national...  
the regular Whigs will...  
only for the purpose of falling in with...  
the fair game. They will be in time for...  
a first rate thrashing. The Hunt game...  
will never succeed again...  
"The determination of the Whigs...  
in the North, to adhere to their old...  
organization is now...  
nothing more nor less than an...  
identification of...  
Abolitionists...

LINEN AND COTTON.—We referred some days ago to an invention said to have been successfully tested in England for converting flax by a cheap and summary process into the form of what is styled flax cotton, which may be woven by the same machinery now used in cotton factories. It is said that samples of this fabric will be exhibited at the World's Fair.

SOME OF THE KENTUCKY PAPERS are showing an earnest desire that the account of this invention may be correct. The price of hemp being some four and a half cents, while that of raw cotton is nearly three times as much, the successful introduction of a cheap and expeditious mode of manufacturing the former material would indeed form an era in the culture of hemp in the U. States.—The invention of the cotton-gin had a great deal to do with the rapid increase of the cotton crop from year to year in the Southern States; and a similar result might be expected with regard to hemp and flax, particularly the former, if science and machinery could be made equally available in preparing it for manufacture. The superiority of linen over cotton fabrics—to say nothing of the difference of price in the raw material—would give to linen goods a superior demand if the expenses of manufacturing in both cases could be equalized.—Baltimore American.

WHEN Dr. Johnson courted Mrs. Porter, whom he afterwards married, he told her "that he was of mean extraction; had no money; and that he had an uncle hanged." The lady by way of reducing herself to an equality with the Doctor, replied that she had no more money than himself; and that though she had not a relative hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging.

WEBSTER'S WORKS.—The Hon. Daniel Webster is about to publish a new and elegant edition of his works, in six or seven volumes. It will embrace his political speeches, literary addresses, legal arguments, and diplomatic papers.

REVENGE, however sweet, always costs more than it is worth.