

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to Southern Rights, News, Politics, General Intelligence, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &c.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

W. F. DURISOE & SON, Proprietors.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., MARCH 21, 1855.

VOL. XX.—NO. 10.

Choice Poetry.

SPRING.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming!
With her sunshine and her shower;
Heaven is ringing with the singing
Of the birds in brake and bow;
Buds are filling, leaves are swelling,
Flowers on field and bloom on tree;
O'er the earth, and air, and ocean,
Nature holds her jubilee.
Soft then stealing come a feeling
O'er my bosom tenderly;
Sweetly I ponder, as I wonder,
For my musings are of thee.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming!
With her mornings fresh and light;
With her noons of chequered glory,
Sky of blue, and clouds of white.
Calm grey night falls, when the light falls
From the star bespangled sky,
While the splendor, pale and tender,
Of the young moon gleams on high.
Still at noon, at noon, at even,
Spring is full of joy for me,
For I ponder as I wonder,
And my musings are of thee.

Still on thy my thoughts are dwelling,
Whoso'er thy name may be;
Beautiful, beyond words, telling,
Is thy presence unto me.
Morning's breaking, finds thee waking
Wandering in the breeze's flight;
Nightingale's glory mantles o'er thee
In a shower of sunny light.
Daylight dyes leaves thee lying
In the silvery twilight ray;
Stars look brightly on thee nightly
Till the coming of the day.

Everywhere and every minute,
Feel I near thee, lovely one;
In the lark and in the linnet,
I can hear thy joyous tone.
Bad and booming make the coming
Of thy feet o'er vale and hill;
And thy presence, with life's essence,
Makes the forest's rattle fill.
Low before thee, I adore thee,
Love creative, thee I sing;
Now I meet thee, and I greet thee
By the holy name of Spring!

Pleasant Stories.

THE UNKNOWN GUEST.

One pleasant evening in the month of June, in the year 17—, a man was observed entering the borders of a wood, near the Hudson River, his appearance that of a person about a country villager. The inhabitants of a country village would have dignified him with the title of "squire," and from his manners pronounced him proud; but those more accustomed to society, would inform you that there was something like a military air about him. His horse panted as if it had been hard pushed for some miles; yet, from the owner's frequent stops to caress the patient animal, he could not be charged with want of humanity, but seemed to be actuated by some urgent necessity. The rider forsaking a good road for a bye-path leading through the woods, indicated a desire to avoid the gaze of other travellers. He had not left the horse when he inquired the direction of the quietude of the place was broken by the noise of distant thunder. He was soon after obliged to dismount, travelling becoming dangerous as darkness concealed surrounding objects, except when the lightning flash afforded him a momentary view of his situation. A peal louder and of longer duration than any of the preceding, which now burst over his head, seeming as if it would rend the woods asunder, was quickly followed by a heavy fall of rain that penetrated the clothes of the stranger ere he could obtain the shelter of a large oak which stood at a little distance.

Almost exhausted with the labors of the day, he was about making such disposition of the saddle and his over-coat, as would enable him to pass the night with what comfort circumstances would admit, when he espied a light glimmering through the trees. Animated with the hope of better lodgings, he determined to proceed. The more obstacles the farther he advanced, the soil being composed of clay, which the rain had rendered so soft that his feet slipped at every step. By the utmost perseverance, this difficulty was finally overcome without any accident, and he had the pleasure of finding himself in front of a decent looking farmhouse. The watch-dog began barking, which brought the owner of the mansion to the door.

"Who is there?" said he.
"A friend who has lost his way, and in search of a place of shelter," was the answer.

"Come in, sir," added the speaker, "and whatever my house will afford, you shall have with welcome."
"I must proceed," remarked the weary companion of my journey," remarked the other.

But the former undertook the task, and after conducting the new-comer into a room where his wife was seated, he led the horse to a well-stored barn, and there provided for him most bountifully. On rejoining the traveller, he observed, "That is a noble animal of yours, sir."

"Yes," was the reply, "and I am sorry that I was obliged to misuse him so as to make it necessary to give you so much trouble with the care of him; but I have to thank you for your kindness to both of us."

"I did no more than my duty, sir," said the entertainer, "and therefore am entitled to no thanks. But Susan," added he, turning to the hostess, with a half reproachful look, "why have you not given the gentleman something to eat?"

Fear had prevented the good woman from exercising well-known benevolence; for a robbery had been committed by a lawless band of depredators, but a few weeks before,

in that neighborhood, and as a report stated that the ruffians were all well dressed, her imagination suggested that this man might be one of them.

At her husband's remonstrance, she now readily engaged in repairing her error, by preparing a splendid repast. During the meal there was much interesting conversation among the three. As soon as the worthy countryman perceived that his guest had satisfied his appetite, he informed him that it was now the hour at which the family usually performed their devotions, inviting him at the same time to be present. The invitation was accepted in these words:
"It would afford me the greatest pleasure to commune with my Heavenly Preserver, after the events of the day; such exercises prepare us for the repose which we seek in sleep."

The host now reached the Bible from the shelf, and after reading a chapter and singing, concluded the whole with a fervent prayer; then, lighting a pipe knot, conducted the person he had entertained to his chamber, wishing him a good night's rest, and retired to an adjoining apartment.

"John," whispered the woman, "that is a good gentleman, and not of the high way-men, as I supposed."

"Yes, Susan," said he, "I like him better for thinking of his God, than all his kind inquiries after our welfare. I wish our Peter had been at home from the army, if it was only to hear this good man talk; I am sure Washington himself could not say more for his country, nor give a better history of the hardships endured by our brave soldiers."

"Who knows now," inquired the wife, "but it may be himself after all, my dear; for they do say he travels just so all alone, sometimes. Hark! what's that?"

The sound of a voice came from the chamber of their guest, who was now engaged in his private religious worship. After thanking the Creator for his many mercies, and asking a blessing on the inhabitants of the house, he continued, "And now, Almighty Father, if it be thy holy will, that we shall obtain a place and name among the nations of the earth, grant that we may be enabled to show our gratitude for thy goodness, by our endeavors to fear and obey thee. Bless us with wisdom in our council, success in battle, and let our victories be tempered with humanity. Endow, also, our enemies with enlightened minds, that they may become sensible of their injustice, and willing to restore liberty and peace. Grant the petition of thy servant, for the sake of Him thou hast called the beloved Son; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done. Amen."

The next morning the traveller, declining the pressing solicitation to breakfast with his host, declared it was necessary for him to cross the river immediately; at the same time offering part of his purse as a compensation for what he had received which was refused.

"Well, sir," continued he, "since you will not permit me to recompense you for your trouble, it is just that I should inform you on whom you have conferred so many obligations, and also to do them, by requesting your assistance in crossing the river. I had been out yesterday, endeavoring to obtain some information respecting our enemy, and being alone, ventured too far from the camp. On my return, I was surprised by a foraging party, and only escaped by a desire to avoid the gaze of other travellers. He had not left the horse when he inquired the direction of the quietude of the place was broken by the noise of distant thunder. He was soon after obliged to dismount, travelling becoming dangerous as darkness concealed surrounding objects, except when the lightning flash afforded him a momentary view of his situation. A peal louder and of longer duration than any of the preceding, which now burst over his head, seeming as if it would rend the woods asunder, was quickly followed by a heavy fall of rain that penetrated the clothes of the stranger ere he could obtain the shelter of a large oak which stood at a little distance.

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Miscellaneous Reading.

YOUTHFUL DREAMS.

Youth is the time to dream. The young man looks forward with hope to the bright days of the future. The young maiden whose soul is purity and innocence, gazes forward from the threshold of her budding affections to the great realities of existence. She paints a lover all manliness, love and beauty, all virtue and true nobility of character. Even now, in the vividness of her ideal, she loves, worships the bright being, whom, poor, blushing girl we are afraid she will never find. She pictures the bridal day with its mingling joys. How fondly her lover looks upon her—and how earnestly she promises to love, cherish and protect her, till death severs the golden knot.—Then she imagines the home that will smile blessings under her festering guardianship. She dreams how fondly her husband will love her. How fondly she will love her husband—how smooth and untroubled will be the current of their daily joys!

Trusting girl she makes no allowance for family jars, none for washing days or tightness in the money market. She wanders in her simplicity that men have ever quarrelled with their wives, or wives with their husbands. She will have none of it. If she had painted the scene for Paradise it could not have been more harmonious. Thus she dreams, but the reality, alas! is often a sad commentary on the folly of dreaming.

GENS OF THOUGHT.

Abundance is a trouble, but competency brings delight.
A burden which one chooses is not felt.
A man had better be poisoned in his blood than in his principles.
A careless watch invites a vigilant foe.
A virtuous mind in a fair body is like a fine picture in a good light.
Acquire honesty, seek humility, practice economy, love fidelity.
A chaste eye exiles licentious looks.
Against fortune, oppose courage; against passion, reason.
A man that breaks his word bids others be false to him.
A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm.

DYING WORDS OF NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.—The dying hours lingered slowly away, during which inarticulate words were occasionally heard from the lips of the illustrious sufferer. "Twice I thought," says Montholon, "that I distinguished the unconnected words, 'French—army—head of the army—Josephine.' This was at six o'clock in the morning. During the rest of the day, until six in the evening, he was lying upon his back, with his right hand out of the bed, and his eyes fixed, seemingly absorbed in deep meditation, and without any appearance of suffering. A pleasant and placid expression was spread over his features, as if he were sweetly sleeping.

A dark and tempestuous night succeeded the stormy day. The gale, with increasing fury, swept the ocean and the black rocks, and whistled as mournful a dirge as could fall on mortal ears. The very island seemed to shake before the gigantic billows, hurled against its craggy cliffs by the spirit of the storm. In the midnight darkness of that terrific elemental war the spirit of Napoleon tossed the earthly yail, and entered the dread unknown.

"Isle of Elba—Napoleon," were the last words of the gentle and loving Josephine. "France—the army—Josephine," were the last images which lingered in the heart, and the last words which trembled upon the lips of the dying Emperor.

FACT FOR THE TIMES.

A worthy gentleman, now deceased, but formerly a valued citizen and sagacious country merchant of our District, who had sold out (under judgments in his favor) the little farms of many a poor man in his neighborhood, declared a few years before his death, to a friend of ours, that he had been too hard on the poor, with reference to his own pecuniary gain. He said he had not a doubt, but that he would have been better off, as to property, himself, if he had dealt more leniently towards his debtors. He proceeded to explain, that if, instead of selling out his poor neighbor's land, to pay the account the poor neighbor had contracted with his store, he had indulged these neighbors and given them time to pay, as they might be able, he could have worked along paying a little at a time, and continuing to trade with him. But by pushing them for their little debts, he had caused them to be sold out, and in this way, many cases, in order to try to save his debt, he would bid off their land. In this way, while he accumulated on his hands a vast body of land, that he could not turn to any profit, he lost by removals, so many of his neighbors, that his mercantile business was so seriously curtailed, that he was an actual loser by the operation.

Such was the experience of one who had few superiors in practical wisdom, and whom the world called sagacious and shrewd. His experience as related by himself, not many years before his death, to a friend of ours, who related it to us, is full of wisdom, that might be heeded to advantage by some at the present day.—Spartanburg Spartan.

MRS. PARTINGTON AND THE KNOW-NOTHINGS.—Mrs. Partington thus rebukes her promising heir, like, for professing to be a Know-Nothing.
"You poor child, you may not know so much as some, but you apt an idiom nuther, and although it's always well to be humble, and not pretend to know things you don't, it isn't well to go round bragging about know nothing and proving yourself a fool, when folks don't suspect it. You'll find enough to do it without you."

CONGRESS is about erecting a Lunatic Asylum in Washington. We know of no place that stands more in need of such an institution.

THE LATE ADMIRAL PRICE AND THE SAUCY JACK.

A late San Francisco paper says: "The obituaries in the late English papers contain notices of the life and services of this officer on the Southern Coast of the United States during the last war with Great Britain. Admiral Price, in cruising up and down the Southern waters, met in his raids on our commerce, off the Carolinas and Georgia, with the celebrated American privateer, the Saucy Jack. This vessel was fitted out in Charleston, South Carolina, and was owned by Messrs. Everhart & Co., of that city. In a vessel Price commanded he was fallen in with by the Saucy Jack, or Captain Thomas Jervey, from the above port. The privateer was armed, we believe, with some ten guns, and manned with over eighty Carolina and Yankee sailors. The English vessel was said to be of much superior force, but the American vessel, nothing daunted, unhesitatingly engaged her, and had a close and desperate conflict with her antagonist. The action was honorably mentioned by the Government authorities at Washington and some of the histories of the last war, and is still fresh in the recollection of the old sailors of Baltimore, Charleston and Savannah.

The Saucy Jack was one of the most successful privateers of the last war, and is said to have made immense sums of money for her owners only. In a cruise under the command of Captain Taylor, she recaptured from a British prize a French vessel filled with fine paraphernalia and costly wares and merchandise, for the Royal Court of his Sable Majesty, King Christophe, at Cape Haytien. The prize was brought into Charleston, and the cargo, consisting of many articles in great demand, at war prices sold for large sum of money. Both Captain Jervey and Captain Taylor afterwards received appointments in the Custom House of Charleston, under the Administration of that just and true patriot, James Monroe—the man who made an offer of his whole estate to his country when in her extremities for funds. Such a man could not and did not die rich, as one bright Fourth of July plainly showed. Captain Taylor's family still live in his native place of Charleston. He died from the effects of a wound by a cable, in 1823. Captain Jervey was afterwards appointed Captain of the Port, or Naval officer, at Charleston, where he died, we believe, about 1844—leaving a character in every way distinguished as the Sailors' Friend and an old-fashioned Carolina gentleman of a true, liberal and Christian heart. His descendants still live in Charleston. The old Captain, like his companion, Taylor, died without any extra quantity of the world's riches. Taylor died poor, as open-handed sailors never fail to do—witness old Truxton and hundreds of other Ancients of the Sea. There are doubtless at this time in California old officers and seamen who know of the fame of the Saucy Jack of Charleston.

FOREIGNERS.

Now we affirm, says the Richmond Enquirer, speaking of the prevalent abuse of foreigners by the new sect party, that the indictment against foreign-born Americans is a gross and infamous libel; and we challenge proof of the degrading accusations on which they are arranged before the world. Are they a besotted, ignorant, vulgar crew, as painted by Know Nothing scribblers? For answer, we point to Agassiz, Lieber, and other distinguished savants and literati of foreign birth, who contribute their science and their genius to the glory of America. Are they lazy vagabonds, without staidness in the community? The intelligent, industrious and thrifty merchants, of foreign-birth, in our own cities may answer this interrogatory. Have they exhibited incapacity or infidelity in discharging the duties of citizenship? Have they been lukewarm or treacherous in the hour of trial? In reply to this question, and in general attestation of the character of our foreign-born fellow-citizens, we will address the authority of one whom the Know Nothing Whig press will not undertake to discredit. Hear what Winfield Scott, the late candidate of the Know Nothing Whig party for the Presidency, affirms of the patriotism and character of our foreign-born population:
"You have been pleased, sir, to allude to our adopted citizens. I can say that the Irish, the Germans, the Swiss, the French, the Britons, and other adopted citizens, fought in the same rank, under the same colors, side by side with native Americans, exhibiting like courage and efficiency; uniting at every victory in the same enthusiastic shouts in honor of our flag and our country. From Vera Cruz to the capital of Mexico there was a generous rivalry in heroic daring and brilliant achievements. Let those who witnessed that career of valor and patriotism say, if they can, what race, according to numbers, contributed most to the general success and glory of the campaign. In the many hard fought battles, there was no room for invidious distinction. All proceeded themselves the faithful sons of our beloved country, and no spectator could fail to dismiss any imaginary prejudice he might have entertained as to the comparative merits of Americans by birth and Americans by adoption."

And mark, this language was spoken, not in the progress of the canvass, when it might have been the utterance of interested motive and biased judgment; but before General Scott was a candidate for the Presidency, and is therefore the honest and deliberate conviction of his mind. It was spoken at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, immediately after his return from Mexico, in reply to a deputation from the Common Council of New York.

COL. RICE of Hallowell, Me., has invented a press by which he can print upon any kind of carpet cloth, any figures and colors. It is all done by machinery, carried by steam, and the colors are struck through by steam, so that they are permanent as those that are printed by one press each minute.

OUTRAGE UPON AMERICANS IN NICARAGUA.

We have already given an account of some difficulty which occurred at Greytown, (San Juan del Norte,) Nicaragua, in which American citizens were put in peril. It now appears that simultaneously with these transactions outrages of even a more serious nature were being committed upon American citizens at San Juan del Sur upon the Pacific side. The Boston Ledger, after giving accounts of various engagements between the revolutionary and government or Chomoro parties in February, thus details an outrage on the American Consul:
"On the 20th, Col. Xatuch, with 125 men of the government party, arrived at San Juan del Sur, and found the place deserted by the rebels. The Chomoro flag was placed by him over the guard house. During the afternoon the house of our Consul, Mr. Priest, was surrounded by Xatuch's men, and one Charley Partridge, an American, who it was said had been connected with the rebels, and who was supposed to be concealed in the house, was peremptorily demanded by Xatuch.

Partridge not being forthcoming, the house was searched, but no trace of his whereabouts was discovered. Xatuch, in a fit of indignation, then went to Mr. Priest's room, and notwithstanding that gentleman was prostrate upon a bed of sickness, he was informed that if he did not give immediate information of Partridge's retreat, in two hours he would be shot. Mr. Priest replied by saying that such a thing was impossible, as he had not seen nor heard of Partridge for some time.

But this was not satisfactory to Xatuch. He commanded at once the arrest of Mr. Priest, and had him conducted to the guard-house. He caused the horses and mules of Mr. Priest to be taken and appropriated to his own use; a number of other animals were also taken from foreign subjects. For one hour and a half Mr. Priest was detained a prisoner, at the expiration of which he was allowed to return to his house.

In the evening Xatuch issued an order directing the foreigners, Americans, English and French, to assemble, his object being to levy upon them a contribution to the amount of \$5,000. Dr. Flint, an American, was appointed to collect the tax. On the morning of the 21st, Dr. Flint waited upon the foreign residents, but did not succeed in raising the funds.

Xatuch, finding that he could not obtain the money from that source, went to Mr. Priest and threatened that if he did not procure for him the money within two hours he should be shot. Mr. Priest could not obtain the money, and at the expiration of two hours informed Xatuch that he could not and should not raise it.

This was on the day of the arrival of the California steamer, and there was much excitement among the passengers as well as among the foreign residents who had joined themselves under the protection of the American consul. Our informant called at the office of Mr. Priest, and found him writing the particulars of this high-handed outrage to the Department at Washington, and setting forth the imperative necessity for a vessel of war upon that station to protect the interests of Americans.

The difficulty had not been adjusted at the time of the departure of our informant, though it was thought that some settlement would be made through the agency of the Transit Company, which had considerable influence over the natives.

On the same day (the 21st) a government force arrived at Virgin Bay, (where the passengers by the Nicaragua route embark upon the lake), and found that it had been deserted by the rebels. They planted the standard of the government and when the passengers by the steamer passed through much excitement prevailed. An American, named Lee, who was supposed to have been connected with the Government party, had been brought in, and was ordered to be shot. The agent of the Transit Company interfered, and, through the agency of the priest, succeeded in procuring the release of Lee, and hurried him on board the boat. Lee went as far as Greytown, and probably took the New Orleans steamer.

The cause of these outrages upon Americans is undoubtedly to be traced to the prevailing impression that Col. Kinney's Central American expedition was designed to take service with the rebels. The Philadelphia Ledger publishes an extract of a letter from Mr. Priest to his father, which confirms the above. He also says: "The government took possession of my house, and hold their councils in it, and we are all, in fact, treated as though we were slaves. I have studiously avoided mixing up in their quarrels, but neither this nor my position avail me or the Americans any more."

HON. W. C. DAWSON.—The National Intelligencer says: The presentation of a service of plate, on Tuesday evening, by a number of the citizens of this city, to Senator Dawson, of Georgia, is said to have been a very agreeable affair. The present consisted of a splendid silver pitcher, two goblets, and a solid silver salver, handsomely finished at the establishment of the Messrs. Galt. The testimonial was made as a small home of the gratitude felt towards the honorable Senator for his attention to the affairs of the District of Columbia, and as an evidence of their appreciation of his generosity and courteous bearing in all his intercourse with our citizens. The sentiment of regret at his leaving the councils of the nation is universal. Mr. Dawson received the company with great cordiality, and acknowledged the testimonial in neat and appropriate terms, pleading that he had merely done his duty, and that he was but the organ of the Committee of the District of Columbia.

BENTON ON THE VETO POWER.—Hon. Thos. H. Benton, in conversation with a friend of ours on Saturday last, in a very excited manner, said: "If I were President of the United States, sir, I would keep beside me a pile of blank vetoes, and as fast as the plundering bills passed Congress I would send in a veto! veto! veto! sir, send in a veto."

FIDDLESTICKS.—A word strongly expressive of contempt. It crushes all reply. When a lady once says fiddlesticks, he is a bold man who utters another word.

CADETS APPOINTED BY THE PRESIDENT AT LARGE FOR 1855.—Alexander J. McIntosh, of Georgia, son of Capt. McIntosh, of the Navy.

Wm. W. McCreery, of Virginia; father lost in the Grampus, and his uncle in the Albany.

John Birdsall, of New York; father died in the service.

William H. Marriott, of Maryland; family distinguished in the military service of the country.

Dudley Riley, son of the late Gen. Riley. Pierce M. Butler, son of the late Col. Butler, who fell at Churubusco.

Frank Huger, son of Col. Huger, united States Army.

Charles S. Bowman, son of Capt. Bowman.

Robert W. Mitchell, of Pennsylvania