

# EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to the South and Southern Rights, Politics, Latest News, 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., JUNE 6, 1855.

VOL. XX.—NO. 21.

## THE EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY W. F. DURISOE & SON, Proprietors.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, if paid in advance—Two Dollars and FIFTY CENTS if not paid before the expiration of the year. All subscriptions not discontinued at the time of publishing, will be considered as made for an indefinite period, and will be continued until all arrearages are paid, or at the option of the Publisher. Subscriptions from other States must invariably be accompanied with the cash or reference to some one known to us.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously inserted at 75 cents per Square (12 lines or less) for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. When only published Monthly or Quarterly \$1 per square will be charged. All Advertisements not having the desired number of insertions marked on the margin, will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.

Those desiring to advertise by the year can do so on liberal terms—it being distinctly understood that contracts for yearly advertising are confined to the immediate, legitimate business of the firm or individual contracting. Transient Advertisements must be paid for in advance.

For announcing a Candidate, Three Dollars, in advance. For Advertising Extras Told, Two Dollars, to be paid by the Magistrate advertising.

## Religious Department.

NEOS EPISCOPOS, Editor.

☞ We regret to say that indisposition, and other causes co-operating have prevented us from preparing our usual amount of editorial this week. We hope, however, to make amends in our next issue, by presenting some thoughts of interest, both to Jews and Gentiles, and on which there will not likely be any disagreement in the household of faith. The discussion of such subjects is generally considered to be of more utility than those of a controversial character, and whilst we are not entirely prepared to admit its correctness, we are nevertheless compelled at present, to "give in" to the general sentiment.

☞ We are requested to say that there will be the Lord willing, an ordination of one or more individuals to the office of the deaconship, at Horn's Creek Church, on the 2d Lord's day in this month. By request of the Pastor we hope to be in attendance.

☞ ALL persons to whom E. L. WHATELY has given, or may hereafter give receipts for subscriptions to the *Southern Baptist*, are requested to enclose them to him at this Post Office, whenever the receipt of the money is acknowledged in the paper. This request it is presumed, needs no explanation.

### IS RELIGION BEAUTIFUL?

Always! in the child, maiden, the wife, the mother, religion shines with a holy, benignant beauty of its own, which nothing of earth can mar. Never yet was the female character perfect without the steady faith of piety. Beauty, intellect, wealth! they are like pit-falls, dark in the brightest day, unless the divine light, unless religion throws her soft beams around them, to purify and exalt, making twice glorious that which seemed all loveliness before.

Religion is very beautiful—in health or sickness, in wealth or poverty. We never enter the sick chamber of the good, but soft music seems to float on the air, and the burden of their song is, "Lo! peace is here."

Could we look into thousands of families to-day, where discontent fights sullenly with life, we should find the chief cause of unhappiness, want of religion in woman.

And in felon's cells—in places of crime, misery, destitution, ignorance—we should behold in all its most terrible deformity, the fruit of irreligion in woman.

Oh, religion! benignant majesty, high on thy throne thou sitest, glorious and exalted. Not above the cloud, for earnestness comes never between thee and truly pious souls—beneath the clouds, for above these is heaven, opening through a broad vista of exceeding beauty.

Its gates are the splendid jasper and precious stones, with a dewy light that neither flashes nor blazes, but steadily proceedeth from the throne of God. Its towers bathed in refulgent glory have ten times the brightness of ten thousand suns, yet soft, undazzling to the eye.

And there religion points. Art thou weary? it whispers, "rest—up there—there forever." Art thou sorrowing, rejoice." Art thou weighed down with unmerited ignominy? "kings and priests are in that holy home."—Art thou poor? "the very street friendless! the angels shall be thy companions, and God thy Friend and Father."

Is religion beautiful? We answer, all its dejection and deformity where religion is not.

RELIGION IN EVERYTHING.—There is religion in everything around us; a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing, as it were, unawares upon the heart. It comes—it has no terror, no bloom in its approaches. It has not to rouse up the passion; it is untrammelled, unled by the cords and unshadows by the superstitions of man. It is fresh from the hands of the author, and glowing from the immediate presence of the Great Spirit which pervades and quickens it. It looks out from every star. It is among the hills and valleys of the earth; where the shrillest mountain-top pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter; or where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong winds with its park waves of green foliage. It is spread out like a leafy language upon the broad face of the unpeopled ocean. It is the poetry of Heaven. It is this that uplifts the spirit within us, until it is tall enough to overlook the shadow of our place of probation; which breaks link after link, the chain that binds us to mortality; and which opens to imagi-

nation a world of spiritual beauty and holiness.—Whittier.

### ONE MINUTE TOO LATE.

A beautiful woman was condemned to die on the scaffold. Her youth, her loveliness and reputed innocence kindled in the hearts of multitudes the keenest sensibility for her melancholy fate. The throne had been besieged with earnest supplications for her pardon—but still without success; while hope yet whispered that at the last moment the heart of royalty might melt and grant the boon. The appointed day has come—crowds gather on the fatal spot—the hour when she must die draws near. The last ray of hope expires, when, afar in the distance, a messenger comes—he rides like lightning over the plain. He comes—he comes. But the fatal hour has come before him—the fatal blow is struck—her life blood mingles with the sand, when, lo! the messenger arrives the pardon is in his hand; but it comes one minute too late. Sinner you are under sentence of death. He that believeth not is condemned already. The hour of execution is rapidly drawing near. Each day that passes, brings that set time one day nearer. It will soon open upon your eyes. The King has pardon in his heart and his hand. But he will be inquired of to grant this boon for you. While you live, perhaps the day of grace lingers. Perhaps it is just closing, and the night of despair setting in. Your suit, pressed now, may prevail. The pardon may be granted.—Your soul may be saved. But soon the fatal hour of death, must come. You are stretched on a bed of pain. Disease has laid his iron hand upon you, and now is feeling for your heart-strings. A moment more, and you are out of mercy's reach. The voice of friendship shouts in your ear, beseeching you to pray. You turn a dying eye to heaven. You raise an expiring voice to God. But the eyelid falls—the voice chokes—the life-blood stops. It is one minute too late.

AN ANECDOTE OF CALVIN.—The late Albert Gallatin, President of the Historical Society, related the following anecdote to the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, from whom we get it: Several years ago, a number of Calvin's letters were found among the archives of Geneva, some of which, relating to his domestic affairs, exhibit a curious picture of the daily life of this great Presbyter, and illustrate strikingly his peculiar habits and temper. In a scolding letter to the syndics, or magistrates of Geneva, he complains that they have filled his collar with wine of poor quality. "I do not keep open house," he says, "nor do I entertain many guests at my table, and therefore the quantity you have sent me displeases me, as well as the quality. I wish, therefore, you would take it away, and replace it with something that I can drink; I do not want much, barely enough for my own use and that of my family; a few barriques (barrels) of about forty gallons each, say four or five, will be sufficient for me once a quarter."

We are afraid the Prysterians of this century have been tremendous backsliders. When shall we see such men as Luther and Calvin.

### THE DAISY.

Not words on words, in phalanx deep,  
Need we to prove a God is here—  
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,  
Tells of His hands in lands as clear.  
For who but He who arched the heavens,  
And pours the day-spring's living flood,  
Wondrous alike in all He tries,  
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?  
Mould its green cup, its wily stem,  
Its fringed border nicely spun,  
And cut the gold embossed gem?  
That, set in silver, gleams within?  
And fling it unrestrained and free,  
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,  
That man, where'er he walks, may see,  
In every step the stamp of God?

ENJOYMENT in religion depends on observing little home duties—or freetime piety. An occasional effort to do some great thing may ease the conscience for a while; but it is only the spirit of Christ carried into the family, every day life, softening the temper and rendering the hearts affectionate, which can impart a habitual elevation and serenity of mind.

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE EARTH.—According to a recent authority the circumference of the globe is twenty-five thousand and twenty miles. It is not so easy to comprehend so stupendous a circle as to put down its extent in figures. It becomes more palpable perhaps, by comparison, such as this:—A railway train travelling incessantly night and day, at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, would require six weeks to go round it. The cubical bulk of the earth is two hundred and sixty thousand millions of cubic miles! Dr. Lardner says, if the materials which form the globe were built up in the form of a column, having a pedestal of the magnitude of England and Wales, the height of the column would be nearly four-and-a-half millions of miles. A tunnel through the earth, from England to New Zealand, would be nearly eight thousand miles long.

"MR. JONES, does the court understand you to say that you saw the editor of the *Anger of Freedom* intoxicated?" "Not at all, sir; I merely said that I had seen him so frequently flurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers—that's all."

MAN ought always to have something that he prefers to life, else life itself will appear tiresome and void.  
A PROBLEM.—"If a lady were lame in the arm and in the left leg, if she were blind in one eye and could not see with the other, if she had no teeth and her gums were worn off, if she were clubfooted, and had a cancer on her nose, and had a spit fire temper, forty-nine negroes and seventy-five thousand dollars, how many suitors would she have?"

## Miscellaneous Reading

### THE BROTHERS.

In '49, the principal "banking institutions of the chance kind," in San Francisco, were the "Bella Trion," "Verandah," "Mine d'Oro," "El Dorado," and "Parker House," all situated about the plaza, and each employed a band of music to lesson the tedious hours of that rainy winter, and to drown the noise of dingling gold and silver and the cursing ejaculations of the gamblers. Many a sad scene has taken place within those saloons, that chilled the blood of the beholders, and is remembered with horror! I was once carelessly sauntering through one of these places. My attention was attracted towards a person who had large piles of gold before him; the starting eyeballs, the swollen veins upon his forehead, the cold sweat upon his face and clenched hands, told of heavy losses; mingled exclamations of horror and contempt would escape him, and he seemed unconscious of all else going on around him; his gaze bent upon the cards as if his life's blood was the stake at issue; and in this case his last dollar was put within the dealer's hand, when, with the frenzy of a maniac, he drew a long dirk-knife and plunged it up to the hilt into his own body and sank a corpse upon the table. A few rude jeers followed the act; the body was removed, and the game went on as though nothing had happened—as though another victim had not been added to the page of the gambler's damning record!—or another soul had not gone to its final account!

I learned this much of his history: He started with a large stock of goods, given him by his father, to sell on commission, and the father's fortune depended upon a sure return of the money he invested; but, as usual with young men, he indulged in the full liberty of unbridled license, and while the ship stopped at one of the South American ports he engendered the first seeds of "play;" but for a while after his arrival, the excitement of trade and the energy necessary to accomplish a successful issue, kept his mind busy. One day, by appointment, he was to meet a mercantile friend at his house, and while waiting for his friend, he staked a few dollars upon the turning cards, when the latent disease sprang into life, and it carried him headlong over the precipice, and ended in the tragic manner related.

The "Mine d'Oro" was situated on Washington street, and opposite the "El Dorado," and in '49 it was the principal resort of the disbanded soldiers of the California regiments, and also of the soldiers who had been engaged in the war with Mexico. Behind one of the largest monte banks in the room, sat a man who had won for himself honorable mention, and an officer's commission was given him for his bravery at the storming of Monterey; but, preferring the climate of California and its golden prospects to a more northern home, he embarked for that country at the close of the war with Mexico, and upon his arrival he opened a bank for gambling.—The emigrants came by thousands, and a few nights after his arrival, a young man entered this saloon and seated himself at the bank, and staked various sums upon the cards, until he had lost nearly all the money he possessed. Excited with the play and maddened by his losses, he accused the dealer of cheating; the dealer replied sharply to the accusation—the life passed, when the young man struck the dealer a severe blow upon his face; as quick as thought the sharp report of a pistol followed, and the gambler's clothing was covered with the young man's blood—he had shot him through the right breast. The room was soon cleared of the spectators present, the doors closed, and medical attendance called in aid of the wounded man. The gambler sat moodily over his bank, running the small monte cards through his fingers, and perhaps thinking over the deed just perpetrated, when the wounded man gave a moan of agony as the doctor's probe reached the bottom of his wound. The doctor inquired what State he was from, and the wounded man replied, "from Vermont."

The gambler raised his head, for it had been a long time since he had seen a person from the home of his childhood, and Vermont being his native State, the mere mention of its name interested him. The doctor inquired the name of the place where his parents resided, if he had any. The wounded replied—"Montpelier."

The gambler sprang to his feet, his limbs trembled, and his face was pale as death, for Montpelier was the home of his youth, and perhaps the wounded man might have been his playmate in childhood—perhaps a schoolmate—knew his parents, his brothers and sisters. He clung convulsively to the table, and with the contending emotions of rapid thought and the weight of the injury he had inflicted, he could scarcely keep up on his feet. A stimulant was given the wounded man, and he was momentarily relieved from that weakness the body is so subject to after a severe wound—when the doctor inquired if there was any friend in the city, he wished sent for—

"Yes," he replied, "my wife—she is at the City Hotel, on the corner of Clay and Kearny streets—tell her to hasten, for I am badly hurt."

A man was sent to bring his wife. "Doctor," said the gambler, "save that man's life, and there is my bank, and \$10,000 in Burgoyne's—you shall have it all!"

The doctor felt the pulse of the man and probed the wound anew. The gambler watched him with great anxiety until his inspection was finished, when the doctor shook his head in token of impossibility; the gambler sat down by the side of the wounded man and bathed his head with water, and stanching the flow of blood from the wound until the arrival of the wife; she came, accompanied by a few friends, and as heroic women bear their misfortunes, she bore hers. Not a word of reproach escaped her—words of cheerfulness only came from her lips as the tears coursed down her

checks. To the inquiry as to the chance of her husband's recovery, the doctor assured her that there was no hope, that the wound was mortal; and that in a few hours he would die. She sank down upon her knees and invoked the mercy of a forgiving God for her dying husband and his murderer. The gambler asked the forgiveness of the wounded man for the wrong he had committed, and also that of the wife, which was readily granted.

"This," said he, "is not for obeying the sacred injunction of my aged father and mother—not to gamble. I have faced death a thousand times, and still I have escaped; the balls of an enemy have whistled past my ears as thick as hail-stones, and the bursting bomb has exploded at my feet; still I have lived—oh, God! and for this! High above the red tide of battle I have carried my country's ensign—and that won for me a name among men—when not one comrade was left to tell of the deeds in the battle, I escaped unscathed. Why was not I killed like the rest! All that was proud and pleasing to man I have had; and if I could recall this last act by living upon carriages, sleeping in a paper's grave, and renouncing every proud act of my life, I would do it. I was born in the same village with that man; we have been classmates together at the same school; received instructions of the same aged man; we were born beneath the same roof, and, oh God! the same mother gave us birth! He must not die—he is my brother!"

And the gambler sank down in a swoon upon the floor. The wounded man raised himself upon his elbows; his glassy eyes wandered about the room as if in search of some particular person—"Mary," said he, "is brother William here? I—" and the words choked in his throat, the gurgling blood stopped his utterance, and he sank back a corpse upon his pillow. The wife knelt again, but it was beside a dead body, and invoked the mercy of God upon his soul, and forgiveness for the murderer.

The gambler awoke from his swoon, and staggered up to his brother's wife and said: "Mary, would it were otherwise, for I have nothing to live for now; the dead and dying do not want anything in this world; take this certificate of deposit to our aged father, and tell our parents we are both dead—but, oh! do not tell them how we died!"

Before the woman could reply or any one interfere, the report of that pistol sounded on the hill—Montpelier Point were two graves, a few years ago, enclosed with a white picket fence, and one tombstone stood at their head with the simple inscription—"Brothers"—Golden Era.

THE "ARKANSAS TRAVELLER." Everybody has heard of, and probably heard this tune, so full of inspiring melody. Probably few, however, in this section, are acquainted with the following dialogue which it is supposed originated its title. A traveller on horseback arrives at the cabin of an Arkansas lackwoodsman, and fling his right leg over the bow of the saddle, while the lackwoodsman, sitting in his door with a don't care sort of an air and a red flannel shirt on, keeps a jerking the strain of the music of this tune out of a time-honored violin, an heir loom in the family. Our hero, the traveller, catches at a pause in the music, and says—

Traveller.—Hallow stranger!  
Backwoodsman.—Hallow yourself!

Traveller.—Coul I get to stay all night?  
Backwoodsman.—You can't get to stay all night, I reckon.

Traveller.—Wh don't you cover your house in?  
Backwoodsman.—Because it is raining.

Traveller.—Wh don't you cover it when it ain't raining?  
Backwoodsman.—Because it don't leak a darn drop then.

Traveller.—Who does this right hand road go to?  
Backwoodsman.—I've been living here fifteen years and it aintn't gone any where yet.

Traveller.—Can cross this pond down here?  
Backwoodsman.—I guess so, all the ducks and geese go on it.

Traveller.—Hawou any spirits about you?  
Backwoodsman.—Do you think my house is haunted you fo? There's none nearer than the grave yard.

Traveller.—How long do you say you have been livin' over?  
Backwoodsman.—Do you see them 'ere hills over yonder?

Traveller.—Yes  
Backwoodsman.—Well they were here when I come.

Traveller.—I a stranger, wouldn't you like to know the face of that tune?  
Backwoodsman.—Yes, I would like to learn it.

Traveller.—Let, stay all night and I'll play it for you.  
Backwoodsman.—Set down you fool, and come out of the raud you may stay a whole week.

Traveller.—I wouid have my horse put up and hight.  
Backwoodsman.—You take this man's horse and put in table—put a bundle of fodder upon the lo high he can't reach it.

Traveller.—Strir have you any thing good to eat about?  
Backwoodsman.—I guess so. Old lady, look up hen the top of the cupboard in that oldt and get down that flour. If that aint I don't know what's

MUSIC AND SUPPER—MUSIC.  
Traveller.—I want to lay down.  
Backwoodsman.—Well kick that dog off that bear skin, I don't reckon you'll get wet much.

MUSIC.  
Traveller.—Would you like to hear the balance of that tune.  
Backwoodsman.—E'en-most as live as not; it's tolerable good for these parts.

PROLONGED MUSIC.  
Traveller.—Well, stranger how you like it?  
Backwoodsman.—Give us your paw. Old woman get out o' that bed and let this stranger have it. Any man that can make that music can sleep in the best bed in my house, and have clean sheets in the bargain. Boy, go and empty a barrel of corn in this man's horse trough, and stop the door with a stack of fodder. Now stranger, good night. Don't forget that tune before morning.

WE PLEAD FOR HARMONY.  
We cannot repress the conviction, that the founding of the Know-Nothing order is a shrewd Yankee trick; cunningly devised to produce discord and confusion at the South. It was not necessary to the success of their intended schemes of fraud and insult, that the Abolitionist of the North should have a co-operative party in the South. By no means. All power is in their hands; the next Congress will be emphatically an anti-slavery Congress, and the Government will be under their control. And so far as the election of the next President is concerned, the popular opinion in the Northern States undergoes no change, they will have a sufficient majority in the electoral college to elect their candidate. They must have had some sinister design, in starting this new order. We believe it.

The last Presidential election, crushed and wrecked, hopelessly and forever, the Whig party. So complete was its overthrow in the South, that its boldest and most far-seeing leaders, abandoned all hope of rallying its members and disbanded. There remained then, but one dominant party in the South; and hence upon all questions she was a unite. And it was precisely this fact, that gave rise to the Know-Nothing party, in our judgment. The entire programme of the North in the next Congress, has reference to slavery. Her members will enter it, not to legislate upon national interests, but to war upon sectional interests and rights.

On the hill—Montpelier Point were two graves, a few years ago, enclosed with a white picket fence, and one tombstone stood at their head with the simple inscription—"Brothers"—Golden Era.

THE "ARKANSAS TRAVELLER." Everybody has heard of, and probably heard this tune, so full of inspiring melody. Probably few, however, in this section, are acquainted with the following dialogue which it is supposed originated its title. A traveller on horseback arrives at the cabin of an Arkansas lackwoodsman, and fling his right leg over the bow of the saddle, while the lackwoodsman, sitting in his door with a don't care sort of an air and a red flannel shirt on, keeps a jerking the strain of the music of this tune out of a time-honored violin, an heir loom in the family. Our hero, the traveller, catches at a pause in the music, and says—

Traveller.—Hallow stranger!  
Backwoodsman.—Hallow yourself!

Traveller.—Coul I get to stay all night?  
Backwoodsman.—You can't get to stay all night, I reckon.

Traveller.—Wh don't you cover your house in?  
Backwoodsman.—Because it is raining.

Traveller.—Wh don't you cover it when it ain't raining?  
Backwoodsman.—Because it don't leak a darn drop then.

Traveller.—Who does this right hand road go to?  
Backwoodsman.—I've been living here fifteen years and it aintn't gone any where yet.

Traveller.—Can cross this pond down here?  
Backwoodsman.—I guess so, all the ducks and geese go on it.

Traveller.—Hawou any spirits about you?  
Backwoodsman.—Do you think my house is haunted you fo? There's none nearer than the grave yard.

Traveller.—How long do you say you have been livin' over?  
Backwoodsman.—Do you see them 'ere hills over yonder?

Traveller.—Yes  
Backwoodsman.—Well they were here when I come.

Traveller.—I a stranger, wouldn't you like to know the face of that tune?  
Backwoodsman.—Yes, I would like to learn it.

Traveller.—Let, stay all night and I'll play it for you.  
Backwoodsman.—Set down you fool, and come out of the raud you may stay a whole week.

Traveller.—I wouid have my horse put up and hight.  
Backwoodsman.—You take this man's horse and put in table—put a bundle of fodder upon the lo high he can't reach it.

Traveller.—Strir have you any thing good to eat about?  
Backwoodsman.—I guess so. Old lady, look up hen the top of the cupboard in that oldt and get down that flour. If that aint I don't know what's

## Choice Poetry.

For the Advertiser.

OUR DEPARTED FRIEND.  
A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF H. H. M., OF THIS VILLAGE, BY AN INTIMATE AND CONFIDING FRIEND.  
Softly blow, wind-scattered zephyrs,  
Round the grave where HENRY lies;  
Gently waft, ye waving breezes,  
Daylight's glory from the skies.

Drink, sweet flowers, drink the dew-drops  
Twilight sprinkles round his rest;  
Night winds whispering o'er my friend,  
Sigh a requiem o'er his breast.  
Dark and lonely is his dwelling,  
Like a star among the clouds;  
Yet his spirit never waning,  
Wings its way to bright abodes.

There, sweet friend, there I'll join you,  
When my life of toil is o'er;  
There we'll dwell in happiness,  
Chanting praises evermore.  
When sorrows cross my peaceful heart,  
And seem to be my portion here,  
Hope bids me look to heaven for rest,  
Eternal, joyful rest is there.

For sorrow cannot chase away  
Those thoughts so dear to me;  
I think of thee by night, by day,  
I think of thee, I think of thee.

But in heaven his voice is ringing;  
Where eternal amaranths blow;  
Cold the grave wherein he slumbers,  
Cold and calm the blue sky o'er:  
We have lent, what God has borrowed;  
Heaven hath now one angel more.

From the Charleston News.

THE AIKEN AND DORN SURVEY OF THE SAVANNAH VALLEY RAILROAD.  
The survey of this route, we perceive, has been commenced; and a considerable portion of it has been completed. We are informed, that so far as the survey has been completed, the most sanguine expectations of its friends have been more than realized. From Aiken to Edgefield there will not be a single culvert required—and the excavations and embankments will be but slight. Beyond Edgefield village, in the direction of Dorn's, so far as the survey has advanced, a distance of ten miles—the grade will be easy, and no serious obstacles are found to exist. It is now understood that in the course of two or three weeks, the able and indefatigable Engineer, Major Arms, will be able to submit a full report to the President and Directors of the Savannah Valley Railroad, on the cost, practicability, &c., &c., of this road, from Dorn's to Aiken. We see from the Edgefield Advertiser that there is considerable enthusiasm felt by the citizens of Edgefield in behalf of this survey; and we doubt not but that they are prepared to come forward, with a hearty will, in furnishing substantial aid toward the construction of this connection with the Savannah Valley Road. The route surveyed will pass within a short distance of the village of Edgefield, and will diverge but little from a direct line from Aiken to Dorn's. The distance will be about forty miles from Aiken to Dorn's. It is supposed that the cost of the whole road will be about \$600,000. Two hundred thousand dollars of this sum will be raised in Edgefield.

Has Charleston any interest in this Road? We think she has. In the first place, by the building of this connection with the Savannah Valley Road, Charleston will have a direct connection with the Rabun Gap Road, at Anderson. We say direct, because it will only be a divergence of about ten miles from an air line between Aiken to Anderson. It is now generally conceded that an air line route from Aiken to Anderson is impracticable—let, because it will then be too near to the Columbia and Greenville Roads for good neighborhood, and hence can have no support along the line already occupied by another road; 2d because the air line route would be much more costly than a slight divergence, as proposed by the route now under consideration. In addition to these considerations against an air line from Aiken to Anderson, and in favor of a slightly diverging line to the West, there are other considerations not less potent. Charleston wants a direct communication with the Rabun Gap Road. But she wants more. She wants as cheap as possible, as profitable as far as possible, and one that will pick up by the way as much new custom as possible. Will the Aiken and Dorn and Savannah Road answer all these purposes for Charleston? We think it will. This connection with the Rabun Gap will be had at a cost to all the different interests concentrated in Charleston of about \$400,000. Could these different interests expect so great a boon at a less cost? Would the great city of Charleston itself, unaided by other interests clustered around her, feel unwilling to tender so small an aid, in the accomplishment of so desirable and important an end? The small interior city of Augusta was willing to have given even more than this sum to the Savannah Valley Road if this company had been willing to have consulted her peculiar interests in the location of the Savannah Valley Road. It cannot surely be that Charleston, in her enterprise, would suffer herself to be outstripped by her country neighbor, Augusta. We undertake to say that Charleston can get no such connection as is now proposed to be given to her, with the Rabun Gap Road, at as little cost as that now asked of her. As to the profitable character of this road, we mean the Savannah Valley Road, with its branches to Charleston, by the way of Aiken, and to Hamburg and Augusta, directly down the valley of the Savannah River, it does seem to us that no proof can be required to make it manifest. The Rabun Gap completed, there is no question but that this road will be the great thoroughfare of travel and transportation, not only for the produce destined for Charleston, but for that intended for Hamburg, Augusta and Savannah. It must be a good paying road. If Charleston wants to open to herself a new field, here again she will be secured by this

road. The Savannah Valley country has always belonged to Augusta, by reason of the Savannah river navigation, and the discharge of Augusta to this portion of Carolina. This valley will be penetrated from Hamburg, almost to the mountains, by the Savannah Valley Road. The connection of the Aiken and Dorn Branch will bring all of the richest portion of this valley into direct communication with Charleston. We risk nothing in saying, that of all the upper portion of South Carolina this is among the most wealthy and highly cultivated of them all; and the new field thus opened to Charleston will be worth all she is called on to subscribe. We think that we have shown that Charleston, in every point of view, is deeply interested in the Savannah Valley Road, as it is proposed to be connected with the South Carolina Road at Aiken. The only remaining question to be propounded is one which Charleston alone can answer: Will Charleston do her duty in this matter, and thus secure herself this rich boon, at a moderate cost? We hope, for the sake of the enlarged interests of the Savannah Valley Railroad, that there is no doubt in this matter. But for the sake of our cherished city, Charleston, we would even make our hopes stronger. Because if she should fail to have the sagacity to perceive her interests in this matter; or, if seeing it, she should lack the enterprise to improve the opportunity; we confess that we should have doubts of her future career in attaining the position, in fact, of the Queen City of the South.

CHICAGO, May 24.  
On Tuesday afternoon a revolving funnel-shaped cloud passed swiftly along near the ground, about sixteen miles north of here, carrying up large sticks of wood, stones, &c. It described a semi-circle towards the southeast, and twisting off large trees and whisking them out of sight instantly.

The whirlwind then broke in two and disappeared, but almost immediately formed again, and passed directly back north and west, with redoubled violence.

It struck a heavy frame house one mile from the Illinois and Wisconsin railroad, tearing the roof instantly off, and almost immediately afterwards taking the whole house instantly up the spout, with all its contents.

Nine persons in the house were drawn up and buried down in different places. Four of them were instantly killed, and others mutilated beyond any prospect of recovery. The whirlwind then passed over a post-and-rail fence, leaving not the slightest vestige of it.

It next took up a barn and threw it upon the horses and cattle it contained, crushing them at once.

The timber of the house and barn were hurled down to the ground with such violence as to bury them almost out of sight. The house belonging to Mr. Page, whose wife, son, and two grandchildren were killed. Accounts are given of persons being carried up one hundred feet in the air, and then hurled down with great violence.

The same afternoon a severe hailstorm occurred in this city, after which the sky presented a singular appearance to the northward, and the weather changed from the most oppressive heat to the most chilling atmosphere.

The census of 1850 show that the oldest person living in the United States was 140. This person was an Indian woman, residing in North Carolina. In the same State was an Indian aged 125, a negro woman 111, two black females 110 each, one mulatto male 120, and several white males and females aged from 106 to 114.

In the parish of Lafayette, Louisiana, was a female black, aged 120. In several of the States there were found persons, white and black, aged from 110 to 115. There were in the United States in 1850, 2,555 persons, over 100 years. This shows that about one person in 9,000 will be likely to live to that age. There are now about 20,000 persons in the United States who were living when the Declaration of Independence was signed, in 1776. They must necessarily be about 80 years old now, in order to have lived at that time. The French census of 1851 shows only 102 persons over 100 years old; though their total population was near 36,000,000. Old age is, therefore, attained among us much more frequently than in France.

ADVICE OF "OLD INHABITANTS."—I. Patronize your own traders and mechanics.—This is doing as you would be done by, and is building up the town you live in.

2. Pay your debts, so that others can pay theirs.

3. Quarrel with no man; and then no man will quarrel with you.

4. Do not steal your preaching; a man was once struck blind, you know, for stealing fire from heaven.

5. Send your children constantly to school; look in now and then yourself to see what they are doing there.

6. Keep all neat and clean about your dwellings; for cleanliness you know is the handmaid of health, and a distant cousin of wealth.

7. Avoid scandal, for this is a pest to any community.