The Edgefield Advertiser.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

WM. F. DURISOE & SON, PUBLISHERS.

TERMS.

Two Dollars per year, if paid in advance—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid within six months—and Three Dollars if not paid before the expiration of the year. All subscriptions not distinctly limited at the time of subscribing, 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.

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at 75 cents per Square (12 lines or less) for the first insertion, and 37½ 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 Estrays Tolled, Two Dollars, to be paid by the Magistrate advertising.

ARRIVAL OF THE NIAGARA.

Halifax, Oct. 8.—The steamer Niagara has arrived and reports that Rosin was steady.—Spirits Turpentine dull. American Stocks inactive. The Broker's Circular states that the sales of Cotton on Friday were 12,000 bales, including 4,000 to speculators and exporters. The market closed firm; Orleans Middling 6 7-16d.; Mobile and Uplands Middlings 6 7-8d. Red Wheat, old, 6s. to 8s. 2d.; new 9s. to 9½s.; white old 8½s. to 9½s.; new 10s. to 10s. 4d.—Flour, Philadelphia and Baltimore 29s. to 31½s.; Ohio 31s. to 33s. Mixed Corn 31½s. to 32.; white 33s. Rice dull at 30s. to 30½s.

The London Times alludes to a rumored alliance of those European powers, who are disposed to adopt it, respecting the immunity of merchant vessels from capture by men of war.

A special meeting of the Berlin cabinet has been considering the Sound Dues questions, and has decided in favor of capitalization.

The Turks are fortifying the North side of the Danube and have moved some troops to Kalafat on the left bank.

Political affairs are unchanged.

The ultimatum of the Allies has been delayed a few days, in order to give Naples an opportunity to make concessions.

The contemplated expedition is of a formidable character, and consists of eight steamers taking provisions, besides seven auxiliary steamers ready to sail. The expedition is very unpopular in France. Austria has been notified of the contemplated expidition, but interposes no obstacle.

Lord Hardings, the Commander-in-chief of the English army, is dead.

The bank of France has raised the rate of interest to 6 per cent.

FURTHER BY THE NIAGARA.

New York, Oct. 9.—The latest news from London is to Friday evening, the 26th Sept. There was a rise in the rate of discount in the Bank of France; and a further decline in the French funds had caused Consols to open heavy. They closed at a ½ per cent decline. It was rumored that the rate of discount in the Bank of England would be immediately raised to 5 per cent. at least. A further decline in all Continental stocks was reported.

Nicaragua.—In a private letter, received by the last arrival, from an intelligent friend of ours in Grenada, we note the following passages:

"Most emphatically, General Walker should be called the *man of silence*. He sees everything, hears everything, reads everything, and, if what everybody says is to be credited, knows everything—but *says nothing*.

"Everything is quiet here. Since the execution of Salazar, the temper of Leon and elsewhere is somewhat lowered. It is the general impression here, and I think not without foundation, that there will be no more fighting within the State. New arrivals of troops in sufficient numbers from the United States will, I feel sure, be the trump that will herald the invasion of Costa Rica and the the other States. The season is getting quite healthy.

"Mr. Soule has purchased a hacienda, and intends living here. His family will be here in a few months. I think he will be made Secretary of State. This alone speaks volumes for us. Our march is onward.—New Orleans True Delta.

The Richmond Duel.—Mr. B. B. Botts, son of John Miner Botts, and Roger Prior, Esq., who went to Washington to fight a duel about a card which the former published about the latter in retaliation for strictures upon the political course of his noble father, were arrested "on the ground," near Mr. Blair's residence, and compelled to return to Richmond. Mr. T. P. Cheseman the second of Mr. Prior, publishes the correspondence with a card, showing that Mr. Botts postponed the time later than was necessary, and that the place of meeting was known to many people not connected with the affair, before it was made known to himself. He says: "Being satisfied from these facts and others any attempt to secure a hostile meeting between Mr. B. B. Botts and Mr. Pryor will be thwarted by persons not connected with the matter, but friendly to the Hon. J. M. Botts, as also *satisfied from the physical condition of Mr. B. B. Botts, as exhibited on the field, that Mr. Pryor ought not to shoot at him*, I can have nothing more to do with the matter, and, giving the correspondence and these facts to the public, close my connection with it." This is a rather ludicrous ending of the affair for the son of the Virginian abolitionist.

Death of Mrs. General Gadsden.—We regret to learn through the *Charleston News* of the 7th inst., that on the previous evening the wife of Gen. Gadsden, late Minister to Mexico, died in the city of Charleston. The *News*, referring to Mrs. Gadsden says:—"Distinguished for her many private virtues, unostentatious in her charities, eminently pious, bland in disposition, and affectionate in all her domestic relations, the deprivation has been a severe blow to him who has to bow to the fiat of fate, but whose affliction meets with the deep sorrow of a large circle of sympathising friends and the sincere regrets of the entire community."

Fire at Hodges' Depot.—The *Carolina Times* learns that a fire occurred at Hodges' Depot, on the line of the Greenville Rail Road, on Monday night last, which destroyed a storehouse in which was deposited groceries and liquors; loss $2,000. The property was owned by Messrs. Roberts & Adams, and was not insured. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Washington, Oct. 6.

Pastor Dismissed.—The Unitarian church dismissed their pastor, the Rev. Moncure D. Conway, yesterday, on account of his preaching against Slavery. The church was divided, but the Pro-Slavery side had a small majority. Some of the Anti-Slavery members were absent from the city.

A hog exhibited at the Chillicothe, (Ohio) Fair, last week, weighed 1135 pounds, and measured nine feet in length, and about the same in girth. He was two years and three months old.

The St. Louis *Republican* says, the Free State party of Kansas run no ticket for Congress or the Territorial Legislature.

The telegraph says 30,000 persons were gathered together at a Democratic mass meeting at Lancaster, Pa., on the 8th instant.

The Cotton Crop—The accounts from the cotton crop continue to grow worse daily, and not one in fifty believes in three million bales. There are many reliable and well informed houses in New Orleans who put the crop estimates at not over 2,500,000.

The British Minister.—The reported appointment of Hon. C. P. Villiers British Minister to Washington is untrue. No appointment was made up to the sailing of the Africa.

Unfortunate Affair at Lecompton, K. T.—The Lecompton Union says that on Wednesday, the 26th of August, while a party of South Carolinians were crossing the river, a dispute occurred between two of them, George W. King, and Frank O. Wells. Some angry words passed between them, when King fired his rifle at Wells, whereupon the latter discharged a musket at King, lodging nearly the whole contents in his body. King lingered until the next day, when he died, and Wells immediately gave himself up.

The Advertiser.

ARTHUR SIMKINS, EDITOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1856.

Our Agent.

Mr. Chas. L. Durisoe is our legally authorised Agent to collect and receipt for all monies due this Office. All persons in anywise indebted will please hold themselves in readiness to settle up like gentlemen, promptly and cherfully.

FINE STOCK.

Messrs. Sullivan & Johnson are carrying around a very superior lot of Horses and Mules. They have purchased, too, with care and judgment; which will enable them to give good trades.

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN H. SAVAGE.

Our thanks are due to the member from Tennessee for a copy of his manly speech upon Kansas matters. An Edgefield subscriber also sends a copy of the same with the request that we print it. But, as much as we like the speech and admire the taste which recommends it, we have to decline its publication at present; several long extracts are on hand demanding our attention, which must appear first. If we find room some other time, we will cheerfully lay Mr. Savage's speech before our readers.

GENERAL QUATTLEBAUM'S ADDRESS.

The proceedings at a dinner in Lexington District upon which occasion Gen. Quattlebaum delivered the address of the day, are on file for publication and will appear next week. The General's speech will be read with interest in Edgefield, containing (as it does) sundry allusions to the District.

THE COURT & JUDGE O'NEALL.

Our Court of Common Pleas progresses with unusual dispatch. Judge O'Neall seems resolved to clear the docket if possible. His energy and ability increase with his gray hairs, and evidence him one of the first Judicial Officers of his day. His Honor was born for the Law, and would have adorned any bench in any country. Now sixty-three years of age, he is still untiring in the discharge of his onerous duties and more than ever, faithful to the almost unerring dictates of an enlightened judgment. A truer public servant, South Carolina has never had. He has won, and wears with veteran propriety, the highest honors of his calling. When we look upon his venerable mein and frosted locks, it is with regret that we remember any lightness of comment heretofore made upon his character and course by the press of his State. May he be spared many years, still further to enstamp his usefulness upon the legal annals of South Carolina!

THE DRAMA.

Our Thespian Company have made a most successful beginning. Two representations of the "Lady of Lyons" have sufficed to give the public confidence in their abilities to "act well their parts," at least in melodramas of that class. They hope, after a while, to show themselves equal to all the requirements of the Stage, whether in Farce, Comedy or Tragedy. They richly deserve (and will receive) a large and liberal encouragement at the hands of their fellow-citizens of Edgefield. Seeing that they are sparing no pains or expense to give universal satisfaction, all friends of refined amusement should (and will) help them on to a series of brilliant successes. The touching play of "The Stranger" is to be given next, to be followed on the same evening by "Born to Good Luck," Tyrone Power's favorite piece. From what we know of the cast in both of these plays, a treat may be anticipated.

☞ See "Childe Childers'" criticism.

OUR AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

This affair, it will be seen, is arranged to come off on Saturday next, in the Male Academy grounds on the outskirts of our village. Ample and well-watered lots are near, for the accomodation of animals to be exhibited. For the reception of domestic fabrics, specimens of garden and field produce, &c., a suitable department will be provided. All who have anything at all worth showing are earnestly invited to enter the lists. If any funds are available, several premiums will be awarded in the more prominent divisions of the show. At all events, premiums or not, we hope to have a pleasant and useful day of it. May we not predict that it will be the beginning of something good amongst us! If all will come forward promptly and spiritedly with whatever they may choose to bring, it may lead to a really fine exhibition another time.—For one, we challenge the District on pigeons. If any one can produce twenty pure-white Carriers prettier than ourn, they can take the cage, pigeons and all.

ECLIPSE.

Monday evening last, a beautiful eclipse of the Moon was visible in this latitude, nearly total at its utmost and lasting all together over an hour.

THE QUART LICENSE.

All have been curious to see how the quart license would work in our village; and last week (the first of Court) was no bad time to test it. At the outset we thought the thing was going to prove something terrible. On Monday and Tuesday, we observed more intoxicated physiognomies than had appeared before our visual organs for many a day. In fact there was a 'general drunk' prevailing. But on Wednesday the signs began to change, and by the close of the week liquor seemed to be flowing again in its usual channels. The present week commenced pretty much as the preceding one; if anything, the whiskey freshet a little higher. And still it rises. But it is the elections that have caused this second overflow. After they are done with and Court is ended, perhaps we can estimate the effects of the Quart Ordinance more correctly.—As matters stand, Liquor and License are certainly "Hail-fellows-well-met."

THE COLUMBIA TIMES.

We neglected to notice at the proper moment that this popular sheet has undergone a change of cast (if we may so speak) within the last month. In other words, it has laid aside the weapons of political warfare and donned the garb of an 'Avant Courier' of News and Intelligence. Situated as the Times is and managed as it will be (and *has been*) by Mr. Britton, it cannot fail to become a more general favorite now than ever. To all who want a real *News* paper, varied, spicy and instructive, we cordially commend the Columbia *Times* as now conducted. The editor promises that no one, of whatever *Southern* phase his politics may be, shall have cause to grumble. But if being *Southern all over* offends any one, he can't help it—the offence must needs come. Persevere in your 'projet,' brother B., and give us, what you are every way capable of, a Journal of the Events of the Day. It is the road that will take you on to prosperity. Leastways, *we trust* it will.

PERVERSION.

The grossness with which foreign prints are accustomed to pervert items of American news, is sometimes too provokingly absurd to be read with patience. From a copy of the Leicestershire *Mercury* before us we clip the following statement, presented by that journal to the British public *as a fact*:

"Messrs. Brooks and Keitt have been re-elected by their constituencies in South Carolina, to the seats in Congress which they *resigned on finding themselves disgraced* by the votes of the majority of the house declaring them unworthy members."

"On finding themselves disgraced!" Stupid stuff. Whar gat ye' the idea, friend of Leicester? From Bennet's lying *Herald*, or from Greely's foul-mouthed *Tribune*, perhaps. Seek better sources for American news, we advise thee, if thou wouldst not continually reprint slanders and libels upon thy trans-atlantic cousins. Brooks and Keitt disgraced! Why they never stood so high in the estimation of all good Constitutional Republicans, as they did immediately after the Abolition vote which attempted to censure them before the people of this Union. *That vote* but made more conspicuous their personal gallantry and the righteousness of their cause.

OUR POETICAL WREATH.

An old and valued contributor re-appears this week, over the signature of "S. A. L." The breathings of her muse are true to the inspirations of the season. Shall we not *now* hear from her often! With "S. A. L.," "Corneille," "Lira," "Daisy," and "E. W. R.," on our side, who can be against us? Form around the arm-chair, ladies, and we'll defy a host. Godey's self, with all his array, will not be able to terrify us from the field.

But suffer us to be specific. Will not "S. A. L." furnish us with a Christmas tale? "Corneille" with a Sonnet? "Daisy" with a Lyric? "E. W. R." with a Ballad? and "Lira" with an Epigram?

However, ladies, choose for yourselves. We'll be only too happy to welcome anything from your graceful pens.

Ye are "Our Poetical Wreath!"

"CORNEILLE."

Thus writes our sweet "Corneille," upon sending the pretty verses over her signature on this page:

"I send you as many thanks as my heart can hold for your gift of "The Three Students." My soul-fires have burned brighter since I read it; but I verily believe that I am utterly incapable of an inspiration. A lover at the feet of his lady-fair could not have been more continuous—more diligent in his addresses, than I have been in my love-making to the moon and the stars, the winds and the clouds. I have besought them for a pretty fancy until I am weary of waiting. Ah! I fear that nothing short of a jaunt, into new lands, can arouse me from my seat among these ugly common-places. O, how I long to behold Niagara—the Alps, and the Eternal City! It cannot be said that we live until we have seen one of these. I sincerely wish that I was blessed with an Ida Pilfer-energy; though unlike her, if *I* had a husband, I would take him along with me in my journeyings—*Wouldn't you?*"

There is the tone of a longing, ambitious soul in this brief note, which makes us hope that our fair correspondent may yet be blessed with the privilege of seeing the great things of earth. By no one, we are very certain, would that privilege be more feelingly appreciated or more beautifully improved. How we should like to *see her* enjoy it! Well, Corneille; as Damas says to Melnotte, in the Lady of Lyons: "*Hope yet.*"—By the way, speaking of plays, you must come and witness the next performance of our Thespians. The bill is a capital one. Bring every body you can, too!

EDITORIAL RESIGNATION.

C. C. Puckett, Esqr., has sold the Abbeville Independent *Press*, to Messrs. W. A. Lee & Wm. Henry Wilson. In the last issue of his paper, the editor takes his leave in terms of gracefulness and feeling. After a warm recommendation of his successors, he adds in conclusion:

"Profoundly grateful to my friends for their generous encouragement to me heretofore, with feelings of unmixed kindness towards those of the editorial profession amongst whom it has been my pride to claim an humble place, and with a devout prayer for the peace, honor and safety of our common country, I resign my position into abler hands."

The Press of the State will most heartily reciprocate the fraternal farewell of Mr. Puckett. We trust his connection with the Brotherhood has been as useful and profitable to himself, as it has been agreeable to his readers and valued by his associates. We beg to offer him at parting the best wishes of our heart, for his future success and happiness.

To Messrs. Lee & Wilson, we extend, at once, our greetings, and our sympathies in the arduous labors before them.

THE CANVASS IN CHARLESTON--COL. CUNNINGHAM.

The canvass for Congressman in the Charleston District has latterly undergone a material change. As a result of circumstances connected with the late duel, the Hon. A. G. Magrath positively withholds his name from the race; and the contest now lies between Col. John Cunningham, General James Gadsden, and Wm. Porcher Miles, Esqr. All these are gentlemen every way worthy the trust sought to be conferred upon them. Of Col. Cunningham, it is our privilege to speak with the confidence of an old acquantance and friend. His independence, his high tone, his talents, his readiness and his intrepidity eminently qualify him for this post in the pending critical juncture of affairs. In no man's hands would the honor of South Carolina be safer. In no man's keeping would her interests be more secure. In no man's zeal would Southern rights find a bolder advocacy. And in the present aspect of matters we do not think our Charleston friends could elect a more faithful representative, or one who would reflect higher honor on his State.

"THE SEASON AND ITS FRUITS."

The above appears among our list of paragraph-captions for the current week; and, although evidently not put there by ourself, we must adhere to the rule and write up to it.

The season, then, is *Autumn*. (For anything poetical on the subject, reference is asked to all the British poets from Chaucer to Thomson, inclusive. For its historical belongings, *vide* Reese's Encyclopedia. And if it be desirable to find out its astronomical or atmospherical peculiaristics, please consult Cavallo and others who have dilated on those points.)

Reader.—But its fruits! What of them?

Editor.—We could easily stop with the remark that *everybody* knows it to be the *great fruit-bearing* season. But, to particularize a few:

There are peas, pindars, persimmons, *pertaters*, and possums. If that don't suit you, ask some one else. Hold! There is one other class of fruits that occurs to us—part sweet, part bitter—which certain mortals, known as candidates, are now about to enjoy in Edgefield—to wit: The Fruits of *Hard Electioneering*. How are your appetites, gentlemen?

COMING BACK.

What is there about Edgefield that attaches people so strongly to the place? Never a man or woman remains here for a twelvemonth, that there does not spring up in his or her heart a desire to hang on, to life's latter end. And if circumstances compel them to leave, we are sure to hear of their wishing and praying to get back again. For instance, now, a letter lies before us from one who left this village a year or two ago, after having lived here a number of years. He sends us $5 for the Brooks Dinner and the following sentiment to back it: "A South Carolina Gentleman—the highest specimen of humanity." He concludes by saying: "*I intend moving back to Old Edgefield, choosing rather to work for my daily bread among gentlemen than remain where I am and live in ease upon the labor of others.*" And thus it is with almost every one who leaves the dear old Carolina State. The *animus revertendi* lurks in some corner of his heart till death ends its pulsations.

JOKES FROM OLD KNICK.

No 1, will show how a cute chap gets out of scrapes:

A tall green sort of a well-dressed fellow, walked into a Broadway saloon the other day, where they were talking politics upon a high key, and stretching himself up to his full height, exclaimed, in a loud voice: 'Where are the Democrats! Show me a Democrat, gentlemen, and I'll show you a liar!' In an instant a man stood before the noisy inquirer, in a warlike attitude, and exclaimed: 'I am a Democrat, Sir!' '*You* are?' 'Yes, Sir, I *am!*' 'Well, just you step round the corner with me, and I'll *show you* a fellow who said I couldn't find a Democrat in the ward! Ain't *he* 'a liar,' I should like to know!'

No. 2, is a Camp-Meeting incident, the like of which occurs mostly 'out west:'

One afternoon during 'religious services,' and while a 'preacher' was in full blast in the middle of an exhortation, a pious-looking 'brother' stept up to the 'stand' or pulpit, and after telling the preacher to 'hold up' for a moment, made the following announcement, in a clear, ringing tone, but with the usual Methodistical 'twang:' '*Sister Stevens is in tent No. 49; and if brother Roberts is on the ground,* she wants the key of her trunk!' Brother Roberts immediately arose and proceeded to the tent of sister Stevens, and the preacher resumed his exhortations, as if nothing unusual had happened.

No. 3, is from the '*little* people's' department and hits off a very obvious *little* truth in a very nice *little* way:

A young friend of mine was engaged in teaching mutes. He was explaining by signs the use and meaning of the particle '*dis*,' and requested one of them to write on the black-board a sentence showing her knowledge of the sense of the prefix. A bright little one immediately stepped forward and wrote the following: 'Boys love to *play*, but girls to *dis*-play.'

No. 4, is a new subject for "debating 'cieties," and reads thus:

'*Which is the proudest, a girl with her first beau, or a mother with her first baby?*'

And No. 5, is a burst of funeral grief, rare upon the record, and which the ladies will keenly relish:

A bereaved husband, standing by the open grave of his deceased wife, 'refusing to be comforted,' said to a friend, as he turned toward him, and laid his head on his shoulder: 'I've lost horses, and I've lost cows—and I've lost likely calves and shoats—*but I never had any thing that cut me up like this!*' Wasn't *that* an 'afflicted mourner!'

THE PROCESS OF DISUNION.

If Fremont be elected, the time for Disunion, it is thought, will have come. The steps proposed to be taken are these:

1rst. The Southern Governors are to call their Legislatures together.

2nd. The Legislatures are to elect delegates to a Southern Congress.

3rd. That Congress is to assemble at Milledgeville, Ga.

4th. Its first work will be the election of a temporary President.

5th. It will then proceed to form a new Constitution.

6th. A Commission will be forthwith appointed to meet a similar Commission from the North to divide the Public Property.

If all this be peaceably carried out, the new Governments will at once go into operation, and probably enter into a treaty of some sort at the start.

If otherwise, we must do the best we can. But no one apprehends either war or any material shock to the business transactions of the world.

GOOD COTTON-PICKING.

Mr. Wm. Rotten sends us the following account of cotton-picking done recently, in one day, on the plantation of Maj. G. A. Addison. It is good for any part of the season, and extra good for this late period of it and in such dry weather. Still, Mr. Rotten, we stick to the opinion that the Cambridge cotton-crop is short. This work was done, doubtless, on a field that happened somehow to be an exception to the general rule:

Morris	344 lbs	Giles	239 lbs.
Zeke	340 "	Dan	231 "
Savannah	307 "	Doch	222 "
Frances	274 "	Lewis	212 "
Zira	244 "	Emma	202 "
Sylvia			200 lbs.
Total			2815 "

This picking was done on Wednesday the 8th inst., a hot, dry and windy day, and from sun-rise to sun-set, with the usual interval at mid-day. Capital for this old country! The same day, on the same place, 24 mixed hands picked 4690 lbs.

MUSIC-MAD.

Won't one of the Dr. Gibbeses, of the Carolinian, *ple-e-ease* hurry up to Yorkville and cup brother Melton-Miller right over the musical bumps without delay? That 'black band,' we sadly prognosticate, will be the death of somebody yet, if a counter-irritation be not speedily effected. Hurry, doctor—(by the way, we had almost forgotten to congratulate *yourself* upon the in-coming of the *oyster*-season)—Hurry, we beseech you, before the 'black band' assumes a typhoid character. "Sudden gush of spirit-stirring sounds," "rich flood of precious freight,"—oh, ye "brass-blowing sable melodists," why passed ye *that* way, *that* night?

We can see him now, as he pushes aside the 'kivering' and gradually uplifts his listening ears in long-drawn silence. Look—he approaches the table—the match suddenly grates upon its parent box—a light flashes upon eyes in 'fine *phrenzy* rolling'—the pen is grasped—another gush of the 'Circus stuff'—he is off on the express-train of the Effusion Line ——

'Ah, dotore!' In pity, hurry!

GUESS AWAY.

A subscriber furnishes the young people with the following material for an hour's guessing around the tea-table:

My *first* denotes a number
Two figures will express;
My *second* is an insect
Whose name you soon may guess;
My *whole* implies a person,
A fact none will deny;
My name pray now discover,
You can, if will you try.

We add an enigma, to fill out the evening till bed-time:

I am a word of Ten letters:—
My 6 7 is a preposition.
My 6 7 8 is a toy.
My 3 2 4 7 is to strike.
My 9 4 1 5 9 is the name of an Italian poet.
My 10 2 4 8 is to jump.
My 1 4 8 is the juice of trees.
My 6 4 3 10 1 is an article of furniture.
My 8 2 1 6 10 2 is a chemical instrument.
My whole is a town of great note.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Advertiser.

OUR VILLAGE THEATRICALS.

Mr. Editor:—It was my good fortune to be present at the second presentation on the part of the "Amateur Thespian Corps" of Edgefield, of Bulwer's beautiful play of the "Lady of Lyons or Love and Pride." This play is founded on the well known French tale, entitled, "The Bellows-Mender," in which the main incidents of the plot will be found; but the author by impressing his genius upon its rude materials, has rendered it entirely his own, having made its identity quite uncertain; he has polished the rough diamond and adorned it with the richest pearls from the vast cabinet of literature.

Long before the time for the play to commence, might have been seen assembled in the spacious Hall, a fair representation of the talent, refinement, fashion, beauty and wit of the entire District—it being Court-week, many from all parts and sections were present. The soft sweet music of "Bohler's Band" from Augusta, was listened to with an eager ear, by the many lovers of harmonious melody, and it was well adapted to prepare the mind and stimulate the feelings for the proper reception of the rendition of this popular play. At the anxiously awaited signal, the dark green curtain arose calmly and slowly, and revealed to a crowded and admiring audience, Mademoiselle M. in the character of "Pauline," languidly reclining upon a sofa; Mrs. G. in "Madame Deschappelles" seated; Master B. as "Marian," in rear of "Pauline," placing the rose "a little more to the left." The rare personal beauty of these two ladies, heightened by their rich and tastefully arranged costumes served to catch the eye; the clear silver toned voice of the one, and the low soft flute-like notes of the other fell in pleasing cadences upon the tympanum of the ear; by their ease and self-possession, quickly evincing, that they had the proper conception of their parts. By their extraordinary combination of the three unities, the mind was completely captivated and led to the irresistible conclusion that "there was no such word as fail" on their behalf. The fascinating beauty of "Madme D." of whom was said,

"Beauty's portrait becomes more prime,
Touched by the mellowing hand of time,"

was only equalled by that of "Pauline"—the bewitching coquette. They thus early became favorites, and were throughout the play the cynosure of all eyes.

Dr. E. B. made his appearance in the difficult impersonation of "Beauseant," the gay beau of the beauty of Lyons. He possesses many personal characteristics, which aid him in the successful rendering of his part. Tall, commanding, handsome and graceful, he assumed with much naturalness the feelings of a disappointed suitor. His earnest desire of revenge, his humiliation of pride, and ambition—his proud-bearing and contemptously curved lip, conveyed well the idea of one piqued at disappointment. In fact he looked, the perfect embodiment of a regular philosophic woman hater.

To Col. S. was assigned the role of "Col. Damas." This is one of *my favorite characters*, and well did the Col. sustain it. He acts, as he does every thing else, par-excellence. He exhibits upon the stage that universality of genius that enables him to shine brilliantly in any sphere. His acting reminded me very much of that of Hackett. In the fourth and fifth Acts, the Col. can not be beaten.

Mr. L. B. as "Glavis," made some decided "hits." He too, possesses the advantage of fine personal appearance. His lively black eye and raven colored locks, in addition to the spirit and abandon of his acting, won the admiration of many a beautiful lady.

I cannot pass on without giving my unqualified approval of the "Landlord," by Mr. R. He played most admirably—he acts with spirit and earnestness, and improves rapidly.

I have now reached the third Scene, in 1st. Act, in which C. W. S. Esq., in the character of the hero of the play, "Claude Melnotte," makes his debut.—This gentleman possesses without doubt, rare histrionic talent. He played to the unanimous admiration of all present. I had expected much from him from hearing that, for his own amusement and gratification of taste, he had appeared upon the regular boards of Augusta and Mexico. He treads the stage with a proud consciousness of his ability to succeed despite all contingencies. I have never witnessed some points that he made, surpassed by any one. His acting is uniform, graceful and appropriate, and he never marrs the taste by over acting. His painting of the scene of Lake Como, was well conceived and rendered.

"Monsieur Dechappelles," by Mr. L. He was dressed in elegant taste, his entire black suit became him most charmingly—he acts an old man to perfection—despite of my knowledge that the trunk was modern, I was forced to think that the face was antique.

Again the fair mother and daughter make their appearance upon the stage. What breathless silence! You could hear a pin drop—Mrs. G. as "Madame D." begins with her fine voice, and each word is heard distinctly at the farthest end of the house. Her playing in the 4th Act, in which *the fan* was used with such brilliant success, can never be forgotten. She has a faultless phisique, her step graceful, her bearing dignified, and her acting superb. The performance of two parts, exhibits great readiness and versatility of genius. All eyes are now fixed upon the beautiful "Pauline," in the 2nd Act. She begins to reveal her nature. Without an effort she brings down the house in tumultuous applause, and by her unparallelled acting, increased the intensity of the enthusiasm of the audience in each successive act. I scarce know when to admire her most, as the haughty coquette, or the subdued wife—in each she was so fascinating. How vividly do I recollect that inimitable look at "Claude," in the 3rd Act. With what pleasure did I gaze upon that miracle of female beauty, a full-head of hair, as it hung in graceful folds upon the neck of the troubled young bride. A pretty lady is never more beautiful than when in distress. Mademoiselle M., had many obstacles to contend with. She had to play in a language not her own, to customs and tastes different from her first associations—but despite all this, how complete was her success. She is a lady of great accomplishments and undoubted genius.

Looking on the play as a whole, we can conscientiously say, that we have seldom seen it equalled. The scenery was fine—the machinery excellent, and the management capital, under the experienced eye of Mr. M. The minor parts were all well performed; and the music the delight of every one.

At the fall of the curtain in the fifth act, the denoument was pronounced to be a most happy one and every body went home delighted, feeling that they were under grateful obligations to the Corps, for the relief of the evening from the dull monotony and tedium of village and country life.

CHILDE CHILDERS.

Edgefield C. H.

Written for the Edgefield Advertiser.

STANZAS.

"The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year."
Wm. Cullen Bryant.

Autumn hath unfurled its banner
Stained with carmine, green and gold;
Never did a fairy's sceptre
Mines of beauty thus unfold.

With a brilliant flush the evening
Doth incarnadine the sky,
While the sun his rays are streaming
O'er yon clouds of royal dye.

Rippling, murmuring, goes the brooklet
On its mossy pebbly way,
Like a wearied child it faulters
'Midst its dreamy, listless play.

How like life the changeful seasons
As they in their orbits roll!
Girdled with a zone as varied
As the tropic to the pole.

Spring comes first in all its freshness,
Strewing every path with flowers;
Like the fleeting cares of childhood
Come anon its mists and showers.

Summer time like sturdy manhood
High in purpose, strong in hope,
Faints not tho' with storms and tempests
He must in his valor cope.

Autumn then with thought and feeling
Calmly reads the chequered past;
Now it hails the glad revealing
Of the mercies o'er us cast.

Mellow as old wine the hours,
Which are speeding on their way!
Quivering in their fleeting glory
Are they fading day by day.

Now the Winter is upon us,
Now the silver'd crown has come;
And the good man meekly bending
Hies him to his long sought home.

Frosts have blighted flower and leaflet
Still the Spring once more will bloom;
Death hath claimed its own—yet brightly
Beams a Heaven beyond the tomb.

S. A. L.

For the Advertiser.

A FRAGMENT.

Tis vain! I cannot reach th' eternal hill
Where the great thought-god reigns; so now I'll rest
Awhile about its base, content and still—
Still as the maid with calm, unruffled breast.

All summer I've kept up a steadfast wooing
Of flower-cups, of waters and of wood;
And though so sweetly blowing, flowing, blooming,
No thought have they yet brought for posy-food.'

How faint the whisperings which sometimes send
A smile into the face, a light into the eye,
Imparting joy so perfect in the end
That we see not the cloud-gloom passing by.

Why, restless spirit, this infinite yearning
For life supernal in the Land-Beyond?
Whence, throbbing heart, is this eternal longing
For things that lie upon the unseen strand?

Whence comes the gentle ether-messenger,
Whose soft words cause a trembling of the soul
With gladness undefined? Sweet spirit-messenger,
Whose breathings ever point a distant goal!

Thus are we all forever questioning,
What means this constant stretching forth of hands
For things invisible! this ardent looking
Into the infinite, *the eternal lands!*

Corneille.

Brooks Dinner Letters.

We continue this week the publication of letters received from gentlemen invited to the late Dinner at Nine-six Depot.

LETTER FROM HON. JOHN McQUEEN.

Pinewood Cottage, near Bennettsville,
Sept. 29th, 1856.

Gentlemen:—I had the honor to receive your kind invitation to the Brooks 96 Dinner on the 3rd proximo, and would be greatly more than gratified, were it in my power to be present, as well to contribute my mite in doing honour to your distinguished Representative, as to form the acquaintance and enjoy the well-known hospitality of his generous constituents; but I am denied the pleasure by circumstances too urgent to be well overcome. After an absence of nearly 10 months at Washington, with a recent excursion among a portion of my friends and constituents, I am but for a few days at home, where I find a large proportion of my fields swept by a freshet, and my private interests greatly impaired; I must therefore, deny myself the pleasure, I would otherwise so highly enjoy. Well may you, however, thus do honour to your Representative, who has triumphantly sustained and vindicated *your* honour, with a head, a heart, and a hand, that should not only endear him to you and to his State, but to every Southron, whose impulses are true to the memory of his ancestors, and to the land that gave him birth.

When his State, and his venerable and distinguished relative, than whom, no nobler spirit, or truer heart, ever adorned the counsels of our once happy confederacy; were ruthlessly assailed with an assassin-like slander, at the hands of a crazy and libellous fanatic, your Representative at the right time, in the right place, and in the right manner, administered to him an argument, the only kind in my judgment, that will now avail against impudent, arrogant and mad fanaticism, that regards no truth, no right, no justice, no honour, no law or compact; And when the fire of black fanatical fury and revenge were kindled around him at the hands of an unscrupulous majority, and the shaft of personal insult was feebly attempted to be hurled at him, he meet it with a firmness, and repelled it with a promptness that would do honour to a Roman, as they well entitle him to the admiration of every one who is at all endowed with true feelings of manliness; the duty could have fallen in no better hands.

We have arrived at a period in the affairs of this Republic as portentous as it is trying and insulting to the South, and those, even, who do not wish to, may as well understand it. Abolition has loomed up with a progress and rapidity, recently, that those of us who were most apprehensive, were scarcely prepared to witness. It is now strong and arrogant enough, to control the most numerous branch of Congress, to elect a speaker who would not decide whether we, or our negroes are the superior race—to clog the wheels of the Federal Government, at will—to engage in open rebellion and war, and murder our friends for daring to claim equality in the Territories purchased with our money and our blood, and more than all, to nominate an ordinary Lieutenant of the army for President of the United States, without even desiring or asking the co-operation of a single Southern State, with the determination, to subdue the South below the condition of a province, to destroy her honour and rights, and ultimately, to reduce us to equality with our slaves, and authorize them to claim, (as now by Law in Massachusetts,) to associate in our families and marry our children. If they succeed in this election, I trust all will agree with me that the Union is dissolved *and ought to be dissolved*, for there can no longer be union of interest, of right, of property, of sentiment, of honour or equality, and the election of Freemont will proclaim it to the world. Should Buchanan be elected, the Union may survive for a time, and possibly be preserved, provided Democrats be Democrats and Statesmen, maintain their position and administer the Government according to their professions and the Constitution, and look, much less, to offices and plunder. In my judgement the year 1860, in any event, will settle the matter, and I think it our duty to await the result of the pending election—watch well the signs of the times, and be prepared to act as becomes men capable of appreciating their rights and honour, and with the spirit to maintain them at any and every cost. If forced by the North into a Southern Confederacy, I have no gloomy apprehensions either for our honour, our happiness or the institution of slavery. Indeed in view of the fate of the Roman Republic and the history of our own Government to the present moment, I am doubting more and more, that a Republic can well exist without the institution of slavery. A very large proportion of the North constitutes now but a mad fanatical rabble, with all the wicked isms of which man can conceive—repudiating God, the Bible, the law, marital rights or the constitution, and if it were not for the extraordinary extent of territory in which their wickedness may be diluted, and the conservatism of the South, they would ere this, have been consumed by the infernal fires of their own abominations. Truly may it be said of them, (with all proper honourable exceptions) "those whom God would destroy, he first makes mad," but I am admonished, I must close this already too protracted letter. Allow me to offer the following sentiment:

The South, the beloved South; she will never be reduced to the condition of Massachusetts as long as the example of Col. Brooks is in the memory of her sons.

Please accept for yourselves and through you, for those you represent, my grateful acknowledgments for your kind invitation.

I have the honor to be
Your ob't Serv't,
JOHN McQUEEN.

Arthur Simkins, E. R. Calhoun, James Gillam, Robert Cunningham, Committee.

LETTER FROM HON. J. GLANCY JONES.

Reading, 30th Sept., 1856.

Gentlemen: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to join the constituents of the Hon. P. S. Brooks in a Barbecue. It would give me great pleasure to accept your invitation, if it were possible for me to leave home at this particular crisis.

My State is on the eve of a very important election, and all the time and labor I can command is due to her in this struggle. Hoping another opportunity may offer, when I may be able to unite with the noble Democracy of South Carolina, I am,

Gentlemen, very Respectfully,
Your Obedient Servant,
J. GLANCY JONES.

A. Simkins, Esq., and others, Committee.

LETTER FROM MRS. COBB.

Athens, Geo., Sept. 26th, 1856.

Messrs. Simkins, Calhoun, Gillam, and others:

Gentlemen: I have been instructed by Gov. Cobb, to inform his correspondents that, at the solicitation of Northern friends, he left home on the 10th inst., for Philadelphia, with the intention of assisting in canvassing the States of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan.

He will be absent from Georgia until about the 10th of October, thus making it impossible for him to accept your cordial invitation to Edgefield.

Very Respectfully.
MARY ANN COBB.

LETTER FROM HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Washington, Sept. 22, 1856.

Gentlemen: I have the honor to acknowledge your polite and very gratifying invitation to a public dinner to be given by the people of the 4th Congressional District, to their Representative, the Hon. P. S. Brooks.

It would give me much pleasure, on any occasion, to meet you, fellow-citizens of the 4th District of South Carolina; and the gratification would be materially heightened by the opportunity to witness their approbation of a representative, whom I hold in such high regard and esteem. Circumstances will not permit me, however, to be with you, as invited, and I have only to express to you my sympathy with the feeling which prompts the sons of Carolina to welcome the return of a brother, who has been the subject of vilification, misrepresentation, and persecution, because he resented a libellous assault upon the reputation of their mother.

With my thanks to you and those whom you represent, for your kind remembeance of me,

I am, very truly,
Your friend and fellow-citizen,
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Arthur Simkins, James Gillam, and others.

LETTER FROM HON. L. M. KEITT.

Orangeburg, Oct. 8th, 1856.

Gentlemen: In consequence of my absence from the village up to Monday the 6th inst., I did not receive your invitation to the Dinner to Col. Brooks, in time to answer it either personally or by letter. It would have given me pleasure, had it been in my power to join you in doing honor to your distinguished Representative.

I saw him perform the act of justice which your demonstration was intended to approve, and I know well also, the annoyance to which northern fanaticism exposed him in consequence of it; and as I know he did the first unexceptionably well, and bore the latter gallantly, I feel that the 4th Congressional District honors itself in honoring Col. Brooks.

I have the honor, gentlemen, to be
Your ob't serv't.
LAWRENCE M. KEITT.

Messrs. Simkins, Calhoun and others.

LETTER FROM HON. JOHN KELLY.

New York, Sept. 29th 1856.

Gentlemen: Your invitation, inviting me to be present at the contemplated Barbecue to be given in honor of Preston S. Brooks, your Representative in Congress, is received, and for which, please accept my warmest thanks.

But owing to the exciting political canvass now going on in this State, and which requires the presence of every Democrat to aid and assist, in defeating the Black Republicans, I will be compelled to decline the anticipated pleasure I am sure it would afford me.

I know your guest well, and know no gentleman in the present Congress, for whom I have any greater regard, he is one of Nature's Noblemen, and this, even his enemies have to admit, outside of the difficulty he has had with their friend. Please convey my warmest thanks to your associates, and particularly to our mutual friend Brooks, who is deserving of any and all honor, you may be pleased to confer upon him.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,
Yours Respectfully,
JOHN KELLY,

Messrs. Arthur Simkins, E. R. Calhoun, J. Gillam, R. Cunningham, W. L. Templeton, Committee.

Death of Capt. John Fountain.—It becomes our painful duty to announce the sudden death of this most estimable and highly esteemed gentleman. On last Friday, he was at our office and apparently in the full enjoyment of health, with a fair prospect of a long life. On the evening of this day, he walked to his lot, and not returning for some time, search was made for him; he was found sitting upon the steps of his gin house—a corpse. Be ye also ready, for ye know not the day nor the hour in which the Son of man cometh.—Darlington Flag.

Large Yield of Wheat.—The St. Louis Democrat says:

"A farmer in the town of Howard, Winnebago county, Illinois, raised the present year 3,200 bushels of wheat on eighty acres, being forty bushels to the acre. Another raised 405 bushels on nine acres, being forty-five bushels to the acre. This was spring wheat, the kind called the Canada club wheat."

A New Dress.—Our old friend, the *Pain Killer*, has come out in an entirely new dress, which greatly improves its appearance. Numerous counterfeits on the old is, we believe, the occasion of it.

New York, Oct. 8.

Capture of a Slaver.—The bark Panchita was seized this afternoon by the Revenue Cutter Washington. The supercargo threw her papers overboard, but they were recovered, and furnished conclusive evidence of her being a slaver.

Private despatches, via Savannah, say that the Democrats are entirely successful in Florida.

If you get ink stains on your linen, saturate the spots with melted tallow, and wash in soap suds.

THE EDGEFIELD DISTRICT
AGRICULTURAL FAIR
Will be held at the Male Academy grounds on SATURDAY NEXT.

The following gentlemen have been appointed judges of Stock, viz: Col. S. Christie, Edward Presley, Capt. R. Ward, John H. Fair, Samuel Brooks.

The Executive Committee will award premiums according to the decision of the above named judges on Stock. They will also, as the judges of Field, Horticultural and Dairy Crops, and also of Aboriculture, Orchard Fruits, Ladies work, ornamental and plain, Specimens of the fine arts, Mechanic and all other articles which may be presented worthy of notice, award premiums, medals or diplomas.

All articles intended for exhibition must be reported early on the grounds, to the Secretary, to be rightly numbered and labelled and properly arranged.

A full attendance of the Members is requested, to meet the Treasurer early in the morning.

J. H. MIMS, Sec'ry.

P. S.—Attention of members is called to the next annual meeting, which will take place on the first Monday in November next, at which time the election of Officers will be held.

HYMENIAL.

Married, on the 5th inst., by A. Hollingsworth, Esq., Mr. Jas. Goleman and Miss Sallie Kelly, all of Edgefield District.

Holloway's Pills.

Wherever Civilization has penetrated, these Pills are in demand. The stomach, the lungs, and the intestines, are the organs most assailable by disease in all climates, and upon these, the remedical action of this medicine is rapid, thorough and invariable.

Sold at the manufactories, No. 80, Maiden Lane, New York, and No 244 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25c., 62½c. and $1 per box.

Extract of a letter received from Rev. B. C. Thomas, Tavoy.

Messrs. Perry Davis & Son—*Dear Sirs*: The Karens here have become with your medicine, and their demand for it is to me very surprising. I have now by me orders for more than fifty bottles; I therefore wish you to send me a quantity, and I will pay you through the Treasurer of the Missionary Union.—There is no medicine which stands so high in the estimation of the Karens of these provinces as your Pain Killer, and I feel willing to gratify them, as I entertain a very high opinion of its worth.

Messrs. P. Davis & Son:—I find it necessary to address you again, as my most sanguine expectations have been more than realized. The call for your valuable medicine is increasing so very rapidly that I fear I shall soon be unable to keep pace with it. My object in writing now is to beg that on receipt of this you will kindly despatch another batch as ordered in my letter of June last. I hope I will not be entirely out before your last shipment reaches me, of which, however, I have not yet heard from you. Yours, sincerely,

J. L. CARRAU, Calcutta.

☞ Sold by all dealers in medicine.

For Sale.

MY BRICKYARD COTTAGE, with about 10 acres attached. Any indulgence, with good Notes.

Possession given 1st January 1857.

A. SIMKINS.

Oct. 15 tf 40

Watch Found.

FOUND on the Newberry Road, near Mr. A. Bland's, a few days since, a Cylinder Escapement, four holes jeweled, WATCH. It is now at this Office for delivery. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take it away, otherwise it will fall into the legal possession of the "Devil."

Oct 15 tf 40

Head-Quarters,

10th REGIMENT, S. C. M.
Dry Creek, Oct. 15, 1856.

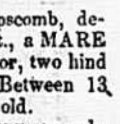
ORDERS, NO.—

BY Virtue of an Order from Brig. Gen. Wever, an election will be held in the 10th Regiment, S. C. M., on Friday the 21st November, for COLONEL, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Col. A. J. Neal.

S. G. WATSON, Maj.
Lower Battalion, 10th Regt. S. C. M.

Oct 15 5t 40

Strayed!



A LARGE Grade Durham BULL. Color red, slightly brindle. Ear marks swallow fork in the left ear and under bit in the right. Any information left at the Advertiser Office will be thankfully acknowledged.

Oct 15 tf 40

Stolen!

FROM the stables of Capt. John Lipscomb, deceased, on Tuesday night, 7th inst., a MARE PONEY, heavy built, of light-bay color, two hind feet white, some white in the face. Between 13 and 14 hands high, and about 8 years old.

A suitable reward will be paid to any one who will deliver her, and any information concerning her thankfully received.

B. WALDO, et. al. Ex'ors.

Oct 15, tf 40

Notice to Bridge Builders.

A contract for building a NEW BRIDGE across Horn's Creek, on the old Augusta Stage Road, below Horn's Creek Meeting House, will be let on Saturday, the 1st November next, to the lowest bidder.

WASH WISE, Treasurer B. C.

Oct. 15. 3t 40

Administrator's Sale.

BY an order from W. F. Durisoe, Esq., Ordinary of Edgefield District, I will proceed to sell, on the 25th inst., at the residence of Mrs. Sarah Morris, near Curryton, all the Personal Estate of Robert F. Cunningham, deceased, consisting of Household and Kitchen Fruniture, and one cow and calf. Terms made known on the day of Sale.

JOSEPH MORRIS, Administrator.

Oct. 15, 1856. 2t 40

Nursing Bottles.

A NEW and improved Style.—Also, Nipple Glasses, Breast Pipes and Pumps, Nipple Shields, Teething Rings, &c. For sale by

A. G. & T. J. TEAGUE, Druggists.

May 23 tf 19