

# 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 fail, we will perish amidst the Ruins."

SINKINS, DURISOE & CO., Proprietors.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., JANUARY 20, 1858.

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## Choice Poetry.

### "YOUR NAME"

BY MISS MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

The honey bees are humming it  
Among the clover sweet,  
It trembles in the southern wind  
That ripples o'er the wheat;  
It steals to me through the peasant songs,  
It comes with bridal bells,  
And is as full of music as  
The Ocean's shells.

In silver letters on the sky,  
Away above the sea,  
The clouds so busy all the day,  
Are braiding it for me.

I see it in each drop of dew,  
That like a diamond shines;  
The Iris writes it through the rain,  
In many colored lines.

It is the spell that makes the hours  
Run golden in the spring;  
It's in the notes I love so well  
To hear the wild bird sing.

In starlight and in summer flowers,  
It's the same, the same;  
The music that my heart beats to,  
Is that enchanted name.

### THE WELL DIGGER—AN OWE-THEE BALLAD.

BY JOHN G. SANE.

Come listen all while I relate  
What recently befell  
Unto a farmer down in Maine,  
While digging of a well.

Full many a yard he dug and delved,  
And still he dug in vain;  
"Alack!" quoth he, "e'en water seems  
Prohibited in Maine!"

And still he dug and delved away,  
And still the well was dry;  
The only water to be found  
Was in the farmer's eye;

For by the breaking of the bank  
That tumbled from its station,  
All suddenly his hope was dashed  
Of future hydration!

And now his spade were running fast,  
And he had dug no more;  
But that just when the well eaved in,  
He happened to be o'er!

"Alas! I have a lucky thought!"  
Exclaimed this wicked man—  
"To dig again this wretched well  
I see a pretty plan."

"I'll hide me straight, and when my wife  
And eke my neighbors know,  
What's happened to my digger here,  
They'll think that I'm below!"

And so to save my precious life,  
They'll dig the well no doubt,  
E'en deeper than "was dug at first,  
Before they find me out!"

And so he hid him in the barn  
Through all the hungry day,  
To bide the digging of his well  
In this deceitful way.

But list what grief and shame befell  
This false, ungrateful man,  
The while he slyly watched to see  
The working of his plan;

The neighbors all with one accord  
Unto each other said—  
"With such a weight of earth above,  
The man is surely dead."

And then the wife, with pious care,  
All needless cost to save,  
Said—"since the Lord hath willed it so,  
E'en let it be his grave!"

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### DUTCH COURAGE.

BY JACK LEATHERINGS.

'Twas a dreary night. Dark clouds chased  
Each other with frightful velocity through the  
murky heavens. Vivid flashes of lightning, like  
threads of fire, rung along the sky, while the wind  
from hill to hill, causing the earth to shake and tremble,  
and proclaimed that Heaven's Royal Artillery  
was saluting its great Chiefstain. The rain  
descended in an unceasing torrent, and the  
fiery wind howling through the trees made them  
sway and groan as though sensible of the blows  
given by the ruthless Storm King.

The wooden houses in the Dutch village of  
Skidderdam tottered to their foundations; the  
green blinds were borne from their fastenings,  
and chimney tops swept away like chaff before  
the wind. Oh! it was a fearful night! And old  
and young together clung in horrid fright,  
Dutch supplications were uttered, and prayers  
escaped the lips of many whose hearts seemed  
indurated against the influence of religion.

Hans Vanderplankent was lying on his  
pillow. Thoughts of his beloved Catharina, and  
her widowed mother, languished from his  
eyes. Unprotected in their little farm, and  
away from any assistance, what if a thunderbolt  
should strike their house? What if the robbers,  
who had lately caused such alarm  
amongst the people of Skidderdam, should visit  
them on this dismal night?—so well calculated  
to screen robbers in their predatory excursions.  
The thought disturbed him much. In vain  
he tried to banish it. Already he saw, in im-  
agination, the stealthy step of the robber ap-  
proaching his beloved Catharina's door. He saw  
him climb at the window. He heard the shrieks  
of the unprotected woman, and Hans Vander-  
plankent rose and dressed and armed himself,  
and then resolved to go and shield the widow  
Hos-neclay and her daughter. Valiant Vos-  
plankent! Few indeed dare venture forth  
such a night, but love, with thee, was more  
powerful than the wind or the rain or the thunder  
or the lightning.

Hans wrapped himself up and peered forth.  
It was as dark as Erebus, save when the light-  
ning flashed. The wind and rain increased in  
fury. The road to the widow Hos-neclay's was  
impossible. The water was knee deep. But  
what cared Hans? Leander swam the Helles-  
pont to meet his beloved hero; why shouldn't  
Vanderplankent walk to his Catharina?  
Hans went boldly forth; he was struck with  
awe at the grandeur of the scene. Lightning  
illuminated his way, and his step beat time to  
the music of the thunder. With slow and by  
no means careless step he proceeded on, and ar-

## Brotherly Affection.

In the reign of Queen Anne, a soldier, belonging to the marching regiment which was quartered in the city of Worcester, was taken up for desertion, and being tried by a court-martial, was sentenced to be shot. The Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel being at the time in London, the command of the regiment descended in course to the Major, a most cruel and inhuman man. The day on which the deserter was to be executed having arrived, the regiment as is usual on such occasions was drawn out to see the execution.

It is the custom on these occasions to draw lots from the several companies for the executioner's office; and when every one expected to see these lots as usual, they were surprised to find that the Major had given orders that the prisoner should die by the hands of his own brother, in the same company, and who, when the cruel order arrived, was taking leave of his unhappy brother, and with tears fast flowing, that exhortation to do so by every officer in the regiment; on the contrary, he swore that the brother, and he only, should be the executioner, if it were merely for example's sake, to make justice appear more terrible. When such time had been wasted in fruitless endeavors to soften the rigor of this inhuman sentence, the prisoner, in despair, drew up a petition to the Major, strict to the maxims of cruelty, stands close to see that the piece was properly loaded; which being done, he directs that the third motion of his cane shall be the signal to fire. Accordingly, at the third motion, the Major, instead of the prisoner, received the bullet through his own head, and fell lifeless to the ground.

The man no sooner discharged the piece, than throwing it on the ground he exclaimed: "He that can give no mercy, no mercy let him receive. Now, I submit; I had rather die this hour for that man's death than live a thousand years and take away the life of my brother."

No one seemed to be sorry for this unexpected piece of justice on the inhuman Major, and the man being ordered into custody, many gentlemen present, who had been witnesses to the whole affair, joined to entreat the officers to defer the execution of the other brother till the Queen's pleasure should be known.

The request being complied with, the City Chamberlain very rightly drew up a very feeling and pathetic address to her Majesty, setting forth the unparalleled cruelty of the deceased officer, and humbly entreated her Majesty's pardon for both the brothers.

The brothers were pardoned and discharged from the army.

## FARM LIFE.

Oh, friendly to the best pursuits of man,  
Friendly to the thought, to virtue, and to peace,  
Dome the life, in rural pleasures passed!  
For here the mind and fancy taste thy sweets;  
Though many boast thy favors and affect  
To understand and choose thee for their own.

Education is by no means confined to schools. These are but rudimentary and auxiliary to that training which is begun in the cradle and finished only at death. The nursery days of our life, and its business pursuits, have an important bearing upon the mental faculties of the individual, as well as that he studies in books, receives his education, the problems he daily solves, in earning his bread, quite as much shape character as the scenes and problems of the school-room. Agriculture is the largest and most important of all our material interests, the occupation to which the largest portion of our countrymen are born. It is a matter of course to consider the bearings of this pursuit upon the characters of those who are engaged in it.

There are those who consider this a mental occupation—degrading to the body by the toil it imposes, and belittling to the mind by the attention it requires to its implements as the badges of severity; and look with disdain upon the plow-boy's lot. They depreciate the influence of farm life upon the social and mental culture, and look upon the rustic man as the type of boorishness and ignorance. They think it mainly a business for both sexes, where a mind can achieve no conquests, and where skillful labor finds a poor reward. They think the way of a man of genius is inevitably hedged up by the farm—that there is no heroic work to be performed, no laurels to be won. If he would do deeds worthy of his manhood, gain wealth, gain honor, make himself a name that will live, he must turn to nobler occupations.

If those who are strangers to the farm alone cherish this view, we could add in silence. But when farmers themselves admit this important element of their calling, and the persistence of this heresy finds its way to our firesides, and makes our sons and daughters discontented with their rural homes, it is time to speak out. If comparisons must be made, which are inevitable, the shadows shall not fall upon the farmer's lot. It is time that other callings were stripped of that romance with which they are veiled, and that the sons of the farm should know what they have in prospect when they turn their backs upon the homes of their youth. It is time that they should better understand the blessings of their lot, its capacity for improvement, and its superiority to all other occupations. We would arrest that feeling of despondency which keeps so large a portion of our rural population perpetually longing for new fields of enterprise. We would have them settled, at least a portion of them, in the old parish, and bend all their energies to the improvement and adornment of their homes.

WHY CATS WASH THEIR FACES.—A cat once caught a sparrow, and was about to devour it, but the sparrow said, "No gentleman eats till he has first washed his face." The cat, struck with this remark, set the sparrow down, and began to wash his face with his paw, but the sparrow flew away. This vessel was extremely, and he said, "As long as I live I will first wash my face afterwards." Which all cats do even to this day.

They have a queer way of paying taxes out in Kentucky. The Frankfort correspondent of the Louisville Journal says, "A member from one of the mountain counties has introduced a bill to increase the premium on road and gray fox scalps. This is understood to be a measure of relief to certain tax payers in the mountain regions who pay their taxes in scalps."

A Footman, proud of his grammar, ushered into the drawing-room of a Mr. Foot and his two daughters, with this introduction: "Mr. Foot and the two Misses Feet."

## LETTER FROM GEN. WALKER TO PRES. BUCHANAN.

WASHINGTON, January 4, 1858.

Sir: On the 15th of June last I had the honor to address you a letter relating to the manner in which I emigrated from California to Nicaragua, the events which followed my presence in Central America, and the unjust and illegal acts by which I was forced for a time to abandon my adopted country.

In that letter I stated facts which I defy my enemies to controvert; and I then hoped your Excellency would take pains for the punishment of the wrongdoers, against right, justice and public law, committed by United States officers, if the country of a Nicaraguan vessel in Nicaragua port, Commander Davis has, however, gone unrestrained, so far as I am informed, for his violation of international law, and of the Constitution of the United States; and it grieves to say that I am again obliged to approach you with a complaint against another and yet higher officer of the United States navy.

I am approaching you as a supplicant for justice; I know that it is necessary for me to remove erroneous impressions which have been made on your mind concerning my conduct in connection with Nicaraguan affairs. Corrupt and malignant persons have surrounded your Excellency and poured into your ears false stories concerning events of Central America. I, directly charge, and stand ready to prove what I say, that your officers of the Navy, not only by irresponsible statements through the press, but also in official communications, have misrepresented facts and falsified events. Feeling and believing as I do, that you would not willingly wrong any individual, matter how small, I have stated the facts in an attempt to set you in the right. But your Annual Message to Congress, is the result of incorrect information, and I trust and confidently expect, that when the truth is placed before you, your judgment will acquit me of the grave charges brought against me.

Permit me, then, if you please, before I proceed to call your attention to the conduct of Commodore Paulding, to deny most unequivocally, that I have ever been engaged at any time or in any manner with any unlawful expedition against Nicaragua. In your message to Congress you seem to imply that my first departure from San Francisco was illegal, for you say: "when it was first rendered probable that the United States would be engaged in another unlawful expedition against Nicaragua." With all deference I beg leave to repeat what I said in a previous letter, and to again inform you that I left San Francisco in May, 1855, with the sanction and approval of the Federal officers of the port, and that the Captain of the revenue cutter sent his officers to bend the sails and put to sea with the intention of going to the Government of the United States recognized and legitimized the immediate results of the emigration from California, in the reception of Padre Vigil as Minister of the Republic of Nicaragua. Not only was the first expedition, as it has been called, to Nicaragua entirely lawful in its origin, but all its consequences were marked by strict adherence to the laws of justice. Some of our officers, however, have taken by their own unauthorized hands, the property of the United States Navy. And, Mr. President, in the name of the official oath which you have taken in the presence of Almighty God, I call upon you to punish the offender, and to right the wrong. I presume not to direct your wisdom in the course it shall pursue; but, in the name of the men whose rights your officers have infringed, and whose honor has been most largely and heaviest injured in this and similar cases, I urge the justice of your high prerogative to bestow.

But permit me to conclude by adding that in all events, and under all circumstances, there are duties and responsibilities from which I and the officers and men I represent will not, dare not, shrink. No extent of illegal interference—no amount of hard words and unjust epithets—no deter us from following the path which duty and honor demand. The Government may exact upon me the expulsive of the language—they may insult the public conscience, and degrade their own characters, by applying to us all the epithets their morbid imaginations suggest; but, conscious of the right and justice of our cause, we shall not relax our efforts, nor be driven into a violation of the law. As long as there is a Central American exile from his native land, and deprived of his property and civil rights, for the services he rendered us, in civil as well as good report, so long shall our time and our energies be devoted to the work of their restoration. As long as the bones of our companions in arms, murdered under a barbarous decree of the Costa Rican Government, have not been buried in their native land, and our hands-labor, for the justice which one day we will surely obtain.

Permit your officers, if you can, to trample under foot the Constitution and the laws; pass unnoted, if you will, the most violent invasions of individual rights and public duties; treat with scorn and contempt, if you choose, the demands for justice which we humbly and decently place at your feet—we will not be cast down, nor will we be deterred by any means to retain unsullied the device some of our ancestors have borne on many a field—"None shall wound us with impunity." And so long as our faith in right endures good—our confidence in the God of our fathers remains unshaken, we will retain the rights which we have justly regained which have been wrongfully wrested from us. I have the honor to remain,

With high respect,  
Your obedient servant,  
WM. WALKER,  
His Excellency, the President of the United States.

COOL IMPEDENCE.—The Editor of a western paper, owes a bank about \$1000, for which they hold his note. The delinquent was announced in his paper. "There is a large and valuable collection of the autographs of distinguished individuals deposited for sale keeping in the cabinet of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, each accompanied with a note in the handwriting of the autographist. We learn they have cut the bank a great deal of money. They paid for a thousand dollars for these autographs, and are now offering them at half price, and would rather sell them at half price, in consequence of the very hard times.

INVISIBLE INK.—Procure of the druggist half a dram of nitrate of silver. Dissolve it in half an ounce of rain water, and write with this solution with a quill pen. The writing will not be visible as long as the paper is kept in the dark, but on exposing it to the sun the letters will turn black, so that they are perfectly visible. If the solution be used for writing on cloth, the writing can be washed out, hence it is also an "invisible ink."

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In capturing General Walker and his command, after they had landed on the soil of Nicaragua, Commodore Paulding was, in my opinion, committed a grave error. It is quite evident, however, from the communications herewith transmitted, that this was done from pure and patriotic motives, and in the sincere conviction that he was promoting the interests and vindicating the honor of his country. In regard to Nicaragua, she has sustained no injury by the act of Commodore Paulding.

This has enticed to her benefit, and relieved her from a dreaded invasion. She alone would have any right to complain of the violation of her territory; and it is quite certain she will never exercise this right. It unquestionably does not lie in the mouth of her invaders to complain in her name that she has been rescued by Commodore Paulding from their assaults. The error of this gallant officer consists in exceeding his instructions, and landing his sailors and marines in Nicaragua, whether with or without her consent, for the purpose of making a show of military force whatever which he might find in the country, no matter from whence they came. This power certainly did not belong to him. Obedience to law, and conformity to instructions, are the best and safest guides for all officers, civil and military, and when they transcend these limits, and act upon their own personal responsibility, evil consequences almost inevitably follow.

Under these circumstances, when Marshal Byrd presented himself at the State Department on the 29th ult., informed General Walker in custody, the Secretary informed him that the Executive department of the Government did not recognize General Walker as a prisoner; that it had no directions to give concerning the custody of him, and that it was the duty of the officers of the military that he could be lawfully held in custody, to answer any charges that might be brought against him.

In thus far disapproving the conduct of Commodore Paulding, no inference must be drawn that I am less determined than I have ever been to execute the laws of the United States. This is an imperative duty, and I shall continue to perform it by all the means which the Constitution and the laws have placed in my power.

My opinion of the value and importance of these laws corresponds entirely with that expressed by Mr. Monroe in his Message to Congress of December 7, 1819. That wise, patriotic, and patriotic statesman says: "It is of the highest importance to our national character, and indispensable to the morality of our citizens, that all violations of our neutrality should be prevented. It should be held open for the evasion of our laws; no opportunity afforded to any who may be disposed to take advantage of it to compromise the interest or honor of the nation." This is the duty of the Executive, and it is the duty of the Executive to prevent all violations of our neutrality which would be a disgrace to our arms, and to the honor of the nation.

I need not tell you that I was unable to anticipate the act of Capt. Paulding. Military necessity required me to hold Padre Arenas, and the idea never entered my mind that an American officer, professing to execute the law, would so far forget his duty as to infringe, not only well established international law, but also the requirements of the laws of the United States. Others among them had led your soldiers across the continent, and always in the path of duty and honor. For such men to be told that they disgraced the country they once had served so nobly and so well, was a pang sharper than that of death, and might have wrung a tear from the eyes of the noblest of men, had he not inflicted the irreparable injury.

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This has enticed to her benefit, and relieved her from a dreaded invasion. She alone would have any right to complain of the violation of her territory; and it is quite certain she will never exercise this right. It unquestionably does not lie in the mouth of her invaders to complain in her name that she has been rescued by Commodore Paulding from their assaults. The error of this gallant officer consists in exceeding his instructions, and landing his sailors and marines in Nicaragua, whether with or without her consent, for the purpose of making a show of military force whatever which he might find in the country, no matter from whence they came. This power certainly did not belong to him. Obedience to law, and conformity to instructions, are the best and safest guides for all officers, civil and military, and when they transcend these limits, and act upon their own personal responsibility, evil consequences almost inevitably follow.

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My opinion of the value and importance of these laws corresponds entirely with that expressed by Mr. Monroe in his Message to Congress of December 7, 1819. That wise, patriotic, and patriotic statesman says: "It is of the highest importance to our national character, and indispensable to the morality of our citizens, that all violations of our neutrality should be prevented. It should be held open for the evasion of our laws; no opportunity afforded to any who may be disposed to take advantage of it to compromise the interest or honor of the nation." This is the duty of the Executive, and it is the duty of the Executive to prevent all violations of our neutrality which would be a disgrace to our arms, and to the honor of the nation.

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I need not tell you that I was unable to anticipate the act of Capt. Paulding. Military necessity required me to hold Padre Arenas, and the idea never entered my mind that an American officer, professing to execute the law, would so far forget his duty as to infringe, not only well established international law, but also the requirements of the laws of the United States. Others among them had led your soldiers across the continent, and always in the path of duty and honor. For such men to be told that they disgraced the country they once had served so nobly and so well, was a pang sharper than that of death, and might have wrung a tear from the eyes of the noblest of men, had he not inflicted the irreparable injury.

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## States to regard us with dread and suspicion.

It is our true policy to remove this apprehension and to convince them that we intend to do them good, and not evil. We desire, as the leading power on this continent, to open, and, if need be, to protect, every transit route across the Isthmus, not only for our own benefit, but that of the world, and thus open a free access to Central America, and through it to our Pacific possessions.

This policy was commenced under favorable auspices when the expedition, under the command of Gen. Walker, escaped from our territories, and proceeded to the Pacific Ocean. Should another expedition of a similar character again invade the vigilance of our officers, and proceed to Nicaragua, this would be fatal, at least for a season, to the peaceful settlement of these countries, and to the policy of a serene progress. The truth is, that no administration can successfully conduct the foreign affairs of the country in Central America, or anywhere else, if it is to be interfered with at every step by lawless military expeditions "set on foot" in the United States. — JAMES BUCHANAN.

Washington Jan. 7, 1858.

## CALIFORNIA WINE.—The Washington Correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says:

"Appropos of wine, I tasted yesterday some specimens of the sparkling California wine, the production of one of the Representatives from our Pacific Eldorado, which is decidedly superior to any wine ever produced in this country, and quite equal to the best imported article. It has not the cloying sweetness of the Cincinnati wine, is softer, and leaves none of that acidity which constitutes so great an objection to the sparkling California wine in the production of which much caution or strictness is used to promote fermentation, and subdue the sharpness of the Catawba juice. I learn that the grape is very prolific in California, and obtains a richer and mellow flavor in that fine dry climate than in any other part of the continent. It is destined to be one of the great staples of the Pacific States. To promote the cultivation of grape and the manufacture of wine, it has been proposed to appropriate a small sum, to be placed at the disposal of the Secretary of the Interior, to defray the expenses of some competent person or persons in an inquiry into the culture of grape in the wine growing countries of the old world, and the various modes of making wine. The great success of this business in Ohio has demonstrated that our land and labor cannot be more profitably employed than in the production of wine, whilst the beneficial effects upon the habits and morals of our people from the general introduction of light wines as a popular beverage, instead of the poisonous and maddening alcoholic liquors so commonly used, and which induce crime, vice and misery, must be evident to all reflecting persons."

PARSON BROWNLOW.—Parson Brownlow, in a late letter, thus accepts the invitation recently extended to him by Florence Barker, and says: "I have not yet reached New York, as I expect to do in the Spring, the arrangements are to have my arguments and statements published by E. D. Douglas, one of the colored editors. I have arranged to give my case. I shall take with me a servant, and expand here in the capacity of a laborer, and so on. My wife and I are a large fine looking race, between the years of 25 and 30—and are public speakers—has stentorian lungs—a strong and forcible speaker—rather eloquent than otherwise—and is a native of East Tennessee. He will meet colored orators—advocate and illustrate Southern slavery, and oppose abolitionism. In the meantime, he will continue to work with you upon an underground railroad to Canada, or to remain in your glorious land of freedom, I will let him do either, and give no opposition to stealing him."

## HOW YAKKEE NOTIONS WERE TAKEN.—A hoosier correspondent of the Western (Indiana) Herald, tells in the following letter, how a Yankee notions pedlar was taken in by the people of Spencerville, in that State:

"Notions drove into town and commenced trade, when a merchant stepped up and selected goods to the amount of one dollar, and carried them into his store, and examined them with a cool air, and said, 'Sir, here is your pay for the goods.' 'But, hold on,' says Notions, 'I don't take coin silver for my goods.' 'Can't help it now,' says the merchant, 'the trade is made, and a coin silver is a dollar here—legal tender.' 'Well,' says Notions, 'if there are your laws here, I guess I can stand it.' and at once conceals a plan to get his coin silver into a small package as possible, he makes for a saloon, and there concludes to spend a quarter. Holding one hand under his coat, with the other he beckons up three or four suckers, and after drinking all around, throws down the coin silver, and demands seventy-five cents in change. 'Yes,' says Notions, 'that is a good dollar,' and hands him out three muskrat skin notes, and has his coin silver changed. Notions took his change and started."

AS ESTERLY NEW MEDICINE.—Oil of Brickbats and Compound Undiluted Concentrated Syrup of Paving Stones, manufactured only by Dr. Humburg's Hollowbills, and sold by his regularly authorized agents. Beware of unscrupulous certificates. In the possession of Dr. H. Mr. Hollowbills.—Dear Sir: I kicked the bucket last night, but when the undertaker was placing me in the coffin, a vial of your Essential Oil burst in my pocket and streamed down my face, I opened my eyes, sneezed and arose. The shroud having received a portion of the oil, instantly took root in the floor and expanded into beautiful cotton stalks, each filled with burning buds. The coffin rose on end and grew into a magnificent mahogany tree, which burst of the roof of my house and waved in the evening breeze its luxuriant branches, among which the monkeys chattered and the green parrots fluttered their fan-like wings. I remain your revived friend.

## TIMOTHY TRICKLEBERRY.

MINUTELONG ANSWER TO PRAYER.—Benjamin Prather, an orderly member of the Baptist Church of Christ, at Rehoboth, Wilkes county, Ga., about thirty years ago, was taken sick, and although very sick, yet there was nothing extraordinary in his case, nor convalescence; but before he got entirely well, he was deprived of speech entirely, notwithstanding his mental and corporal faculties were renovated. He has since that time performed no labor, nor has he uttered a word since until Monday night last, about 11 o'clock, while resting off his bed, meditating upon the goodness of his God in his long suffering life, and deploring his sad condition—praying fervently for deliverance from it, when all of a sudden, as from an electric shock, he was entirely restored, and could converse as fluently as ever in his life. — Wilkes Republican.

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