

The Edgefield Advertiser.

"WE WILL CLING TO THE PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE OF OUR LIBERTIES, AND IF IT MUST FALL, WE WILL PERISH AMIDST THE RUINS."

SINKINS, DURISOE & CO., Proprietors.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., NOVEMBER 27, 1861.

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Thirty Years Ago.

I've wander'd in the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school house play ground,
Which sheltered you and me.
But none were there to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know.
That played with us upon the green,
Some thirty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom;
Barefooted boys at play,
Were sporting, just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay.
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill,
Which coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place,
Just thirty years ago.

The old school-house is altered some—
The benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same
Our penknives had defaced.
But the same old bricks are in the wall.
The bell swings to and fro—
It's music just the same, dear Tom,
'Twas thirty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game,
Beneath that same old tree—
I do forget the name just now—
You've played the same with me
On that same spot: 'twas played with knives
By throwing sand and so,
The loser had a task to do—
There, thirty years ago.

The river's running, just as still,
The willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom,
The stream appears less wide—
But the grape vine swing is ruined now,
Where once we played the beat,
And among our sweethearts—"pretty girls"—
Fall thirty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm,
I've known I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,
And you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch had peeled the bark,
'Twas dying sure but slow,
Just as the one whose name you cut
Died thirty years ago.

My lips have long been dry, Tom,
But tears came in my eyes,
I thought of her I loved so well,
Those early broken ties.
I visited the old church yard,
And took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
Some thirty years ago.

Some are in the church yard laid—
Some sleep beneath the sea,
But few are left of our old class
Excepting you and me.
And when our time is come, Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played,
Just thirty years ago.

pen to load me gun at all at all, and the bloody thafe mut-ov knew it, for he made at me wid his bay'net, like a two legged locomotive. By the powers, but I was frightened. As he was coming down, laping several fate at a time, says I to meself, "Pat, me boy, mind yer eye. Now's yer time to kape wide awake, or you'll have a ginlet hole through yer valuable bow'ls, and Biddy Mullooney will be a widdier." But bad luck to the drillin, sure its meself forgot how to come to the charge. So I tuk me goon by the middle just as ye wad hould a good ould fashioned black thorn shillaly, and balanced meself fur it. As he come down, the devil take me if I knew how to git that bay'net pint out o' the way. I twirled me musket around me bed till me fingers ached; and suddenly, bliss all the Howly Saints fur it, a root tuk the fut of the bloody minded rascal, an he wint a sprawling on the turf lookin as pretty a letter X as ye iver signed to yer name, at the same time that his bayonet struck a fut in the ground. I giv a yell and was on him before a pig could grunt, and put me fut on his neck. "Surrender ye devil," sed I, but the devil a word did he spake. I thought I had his throte too tight, an I let him go to give him a fair chance to utler his sentiments. What d'ye think the spalpane thimted to do? Sure it was to git his musket out of the ground and struck me wid it again. But still I didn't want to hurt the baste, so I jist hit him a little crack in the head wid the butt o' me goon, and broke his jaw. Then he became quiet, an I made him take his musket and coast the crake, when I drew him to the hospital and the devil of a dacester better behaved feller ye niver saw after that: He laid in bed six wakes and didn't spake nary word. That's what I did at Bull Run. Who'll give me a poteen or whiskey?

The above is but a mere straw of humor floating upon the surface of camp life. The floater, whose task it is to collect them all in a sheaf, could find thousands as fresh and happy as that which I have related. A camp fire, or circle, is sure to bring out all the good nature in a man, and woe be to the lugubrious individual who will not contribute his mite to the general stock. The little community is as closely interwoven in their sentiments, associations, and dependencies, as the wythes of a basket, and each of its members have their fitting place. Good nature is the prevailing spirit. Whether on duty or at leisure, cutting wood, building roads, doing picket duty, on the march, or sleeping upon the wet ground without a cover, a word of complaint or ill humor is the rarest sound that falls upon the ear. In fact it would seem as if the greater the hardships the higher the mercury rises in the thermometer of life and gaiety.

The question was once asked me whether in the course of my rambles I had discovered a difference between Southerners, as peculiar to their several latitudes. In this connection it may be worth answering again. Between Virginians and the remainder of the Couleed crake, the distinction is, to my mind, clearly marked. In what it consists is beyond analysis, but both physically and mentally there is an essential difference. Taking the mass of Virginians, they show the effect of sharp attrition with their fellows. Frequent intercourse with the large towns and cities in which the State abounds, has polished off the rougher angles which accumulate upon the surface of a man's character, enlarged the views of the people, and vested them with a degree of confidence, which is manifest in both their acts and conversation. In a word, they look more like citizens than countrymen. The Louisianians to a great extent may be embraced under the same general observations. They, however, possess personal characteristics which distinguish them from the majority of the representatives of other States. There are more dark eyes and brown features among them as well as a peculiar pronunciation which indicates the cosmopolitan mixture of the people.

Among South Carolinians, Georgians, Alabamians and Missisippians, the predominant expression is that of innocence and ingenuousness. You see at a glance that as a general thing they are not acquainted with the ways of the world, and that they have brought from their homes all the freshness of an untutored experience, tempered only by the sturdy, unyielding common sense which is their birth-right. You may deceive them once because you can impose upon their supineness, but you cannot practice your imposition twice.

In dress there is no difference. They will now all bear the application of the nursery lines:

"Some in rags, some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns."

Many a man who used to sport his broad-cloth and diamonds, white kids and fast horses, visit the barber's twice a day, and change his shirt three times in the same period, is now so metamorphosed that his sweetheart would not know him. He has worn the same old clothes for the last six months. They are patched perhaps in the rear and on the knees. May be he has not had them off for three weeks; his shirt is a cross between coal black and red mud, and sees a washerwoman only when the owner himself has an opportunity of viding it out in an adjoining mud pool. His shoes (boots are only twenty-five dollars a pair) are the coarsest brogans, such as a

first class nigger used to disdain. His hair is cropped close to the caput; whiskers grow on negligé; white face and hands are brown as sole leather. Instead of a walking stick, he carries a musket. His fast horses, if any, are a couple of Virginia skeletons in front of a baggage wagon, to whom he is a monster. Cannymede in the way of bringing water, fodder, carrying, etc., etc., while his barber-shop is on the rim of the puddle that makes the clearest mirror. Such is the present picture of your Southern gentleman. God bless him!

Here he has stood for the last five months, with a hundred thousand more or less of his compatriots, waiting to receive the vaunting enemy who was to sweep whirlwind-like across our country. What a spectacle is presented to the nations of the world! An army of two hundred and fifty thousand men, the best equipped that ever went into the field, held in check by less than half their number, upon the very border of the country they have sought to repress. Nay, not only held in check but driven behind fortifications to prevent the "rebellion" from rebounding upon themselves! What a contrast, too, between these contending forces! The Southern army representing in its elements the patriotism, courage, intellect, manhood, and wealth of a nation; the Northern army composed of mere hirelings—a single stratum, and that the lowest of the hybrid humanity which populates the North, whose interest in the perpetuation of the Government is no deeper than their appetites. On the one hand we see the great men of the country serving in the ranks as common soldiers, defending on the field the principles they enunciated in the forum. On the other, the politician seeks his reward under the glittering epaulettes of a General, or wisely remains at home, interested in the success of his cause only to the extent of his personal aggrandizement.

The same correspondent writing from Massachusetts, on the 12th says:

The army is quietly settling down into a permanent institution. Now and then a stray rumor reaches camp that the enemy are on the advance, but we have become so used to these startling reports, that nothing short of actual presence can disturb the monotony of existence. Men and officers both seem determined to make the best of their situations, and are now sparing no means to render themselves comfortable. Taking it for granted that winter quarters will be provided at last, though no orders have been issued to this effect, many have built substantial huts in which they live. Furnaces have likewise been built in large numbers of the tents, and other arrangements made to compensate for the inclemencies of autumn weather.

I find too that there is a general giving way to amusement. Dinner parties are now a frequent occurrence. Last week there were given no less than thirty in one brigade. One of these cost the officers who acted as host not less than five hundred dollars—the wines and provisions being ordered from Richmond. A short time ago a dinner was given by Gen. Tombs, at which were present Johnston, Smith, Gov. Letcher, and some ten or twelve Brigadiers and Colonels, and since then a dozen others of the same general description have followed.

HOSTAGES CONVEYED TO JAIL.—The several field and company officers selected by lot from among the Federal prisoners at present in this city, as hostages for the safety of the Southern privatesmen on trial in the North were on Thursday last transferred from the tobacco factories in which they had previously been confined, to the county jail, where, in compliance with the orders of the Secretary of War, they are to be closely imprisoned "in cells reserved for prisoners accused of infamous crimes." The purpose of the Government is to deal out to these hostages precisely such treatment and such a fate as may be imposed upon our men now in the power of the North. Among those thus transferred are Col. Lee, Cogswell and Wood; Lieut. Col. Bowman; Majors Potter, Weaver and Vogdes; and Captains Ricketts, McQuade and Rockwood.—Richmond Enquirer.

Mrs. JACKSON.—The Richmond Enquirer says:

The Charleston Mercury is mistaken in the amount which has been contributed to the family of Jackson, the Alexandria hero. Instead of \$30,000, the amount has not reached \$6,000. We should be very happy if the Mercury's figures were the true ones.

TENNESSEE ELECTION.—Accounts from Tennessee report large gains for the State Rights party. Gov. Harris has probably been re-elected by a very large majority, and the adoption of the permanent Constitution is not doubted.

THE SEQUESTERATION LAW.—Hon. John H. Gilmer, of Va., in a letter to the Receiver for the city of Richmond, takes the position that the Confederate Congress had no power to pass such a bill; 2d admitting the power, that the bill in its face is clearly unconstitutional.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says that, under feeling at the capital, publicly expressed, is that our foreign relations are in a critical state. Secretary Seward is not at present upon the best terms, personally, with the foreign ministers.—Cincinnati Gazette.

Yaukee "Calculations" in Regard to Beaufort District.

The N. Y. Herald of the 12th inst., publishes the following:

The Beaufort District or county of South Carolina, now in the occupation of our land and naval forces is literally swarmed with negroes. According to the census of 1850, which is not materially varied in this case by the returns of 1860, the population of this district was as follows:—

| | |
|-----------------------------|--------|
| Total White Population..... | 5,947 |
| Free Colored..... | 579 |
| Total Free Population..... | 6,526 |
| Slaves..... | 32,270 |

This will give us an average in numbers of five slaves for every white inhabitant of the district, so that no better point than this district could be selected at this crisis for a trial of the temper of this vital cotton State institution of slavery.

The agricultural returns of the census for this district embraces the following very interesting statistics, and the reader will bear it in mind that the whole district or country is flat and swampy, and made up almost entirely of sea islands, separated from each other by a very remarkable network of inlets, estuaries and bays.

BEAUFORT (S. C.) DISTRICT.

| | |
|--|-------------|
| Farms..... | 842 |
| Acres improved..... | 239,280 |
| Acres unimproved..... | 687,469 |
| Value, improvements, &c..... | \$5,601,350 |
| Horses, asses, and mules..... | 7,026 |
| Neat cattle..... | 48,338 |
| Swine..... | 37,855 |
| Wheat, bushels raised..... | 2,465 |
| Rye and Oats..... | 29,913 |
| Indian corn..... | 492,671 |
| Irish and sweet potatoes..... | 485,209 |
| Peas and beans..... | 76,353 |
| Buckwheat..... | 25 |
| Butter and cheese, pounds..... | 89,421 |
| Hay, tons..... | 20,000 |
| Cane sugar, pounds..... | 6,221 |
| Molasses, gallons..... | 47,230,082 |
| Rice, pounds..... | 12,672 |
| Cotton ginned, bales 400 lbs each..... | 24,730 |
| Hogwax and honey..... | 7,575 |
| Animals slaughtered, value..... | \$121,317 |
| Produce of market gardens..... | 200 |
| Orchard produce..... | 1,185 |
| Wine, gallons..... | 300 |

Manufactories.

| | |
|---------------------------|----------|
| Capital employed..... | \$63,800 |
| Hands employed..... | 75 |
| Product..... | \$5,080 |
| Produced in families..... | 10,000 |

Reduced to an analysis, these are exceedingly interesting statistics. First we find this district of Beaufort divided into 842 farms; or in other words, the whole district is divided among 842 land owners, allowing an average of nearly 3,000 acres of improved land, forty negroes, and only six horses, mules and asses to each farm, all told. This will give us an idea of the vast amount of labor performed by the negro with the hoe, the spade and the shovel; and then it must be remembered that cut up as the district is with inlets, boats discharge to a great extent the duties performed elsewhere by horses, asses and mules.

In the matter of pork and bacon, an allowance of one hog to each inhabitant will, perhaps do. The great cash productions of the country are rice, cotton (sea island) and Indian corn. At the present price of sea island cotton in England the crop of Beaufort district may be put down at two million five hundred thousand dollars, and at six cents a pound we may set down his rice crops at the same figure, and, at a dollar a bushel, its Indian corn crop at half a million, making an aggregate product from these three staples of \$5,500,000.

Now, with our land and naval forces in occupation of this district, a splendid market will at once be opened for all this vast surplus in corn, rice and cotton of this Beaufort district upon the simple test of allegiance to their loyalty to the Union they will be paid for their produce, and such prices as they have never been paid heretofore, and they will be supplied in exchange with many necessary articles of which they are surely in need. Above all they will be protected in the enjoyment of their slave property and 32,000 slaves are equal to the respectable item of sixteen millions of dollars. On the other hand, if these Beaufort planters adhere to the rebel cause, they must be treated as rebels, and they must run the risk of the confiscation of their beautiful rice, their lovely cotton and their desirable Indian corn, to say nothing of their 32,000 fat and lusty negroes.

Thus, the reader will appreciate the importance of our armed occupation of this Beaufort district, from the powerful Union arguments which it will bring to bear upon the planters thereof. They have from twenty to thirty millions of moveable property at stake, and the integrity of their institution of slavery. Will they sacrifice their cotton, corn, rice and negroes in behalf of the popular cause of this suicidal rebellion, or will they return to the Union, and be protected, enriched and secured against the grinding despotism of Jeff. Davis? An interesting question, which we hope will be solved in a general Southern reaction for the Union, beginning at Beaufort.

THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.—The Memphis Appeal says the following is a recapitulation of the killed, wounded and missing of the Confederates at the battle of Belmont: 13th Tennessee, 149; 2d Tennessee, 114; 21st Tennessee, 80; 22d Tennessee, 80; 15th Tennessee, 13; 11th Louisiana, 56; 13th Arkansas, 79; Watson's Battery, 7; Mississippi Battalion, 1. Total, 585.

upon and accept inadequate advancements upon their crops, paying heavy commissions, interest, insurance and storage, ruinous to the producers of this great Southern staple, and for other purposes.

The Capture of our Commissioners.

Of the effect of this measure of the Lincoln Government, the Charleston Mercury says:

With the seizure of Mason and Slidell, in its relation to the neutral rights of the British Government, we have no direct concern. There are, however, certain well established principles of public law, to which the present case will necessarily be referred, and from these, we may anticipate the views of the English jurists in regard to its merits.

The highest legal authorities unite in pronouncing despatches "the worst kind of contraband." They consider the transmission of a dispatch abroad as capable of conferring greater advantages upon a belligerent than the introduction of any cargo forbidden by the laws of war. A distinction, however, is drawn between despatches coming to, and those going from the belligerent. The former are deemed to partake of the peaceful character of the neutral nation from which they come; the latter are presumed to be of a warlike import, and subject the neutral vessel carrying them to capture and condemnation. Such being the law, the analogy between the contraband letter, or dispatch, and the person bearing it, seems plain. The Ambassador, whether he carries his communication in writing or in his memory, is the substitute for the dispatch, and would seem to become, like it, liable to capture.

But we are not left to form this conclusion from analogy alone. Strangely enough, although the present case is one quite novel in its circumstances, a distinguished English Judge has given an opinion directly bearing upon it. In the case of the Caroline (English Admiralty Reports), Sir William Scott, in defining the rights of belligerents in respect to neutral vessels, says with singular terseness, "You may stop the Ambassador of your enemy on his passage." Certainly, nothing could be more distinct, or more directly applicable to the case of Messrs. Mason and Slidell.

Disagreeable as it is, we cannot resist the inference, that the English Government will decline any interference in behalf of our captured commissioners. If so, it is better that our people should know the sober truth, at once, than that, impressed with a vague belief in the protection afforded by a foreign flag, they should cling, week after week, to expectations, which must end in disappointment and bitter chagrin.

What the Yankees think of Hatteras.—An Enchanting Spot.

The following letter from Hatteras Inlet is published in the Indianapolis Journal. It gives a droll, but we doubt not truthful, account of how the Yankees are enjoying themselves on the North Carolina coast.

PORT CLARK, HATTERAS ISLET,
October 1, 1861.

After two days of gloomy storms, the sun is shining down on us with tropical heat. There are many peculiarities in this isolated spot. Cut off from the main land for supplies, and suspicious of the few fishermen that visit us, we look to the ocean for every new sail that brings us food and news from home. Our band is playing "Our flag is there," and it is still there on the coast of North Carolina.

The sea bounds the view on one side and Pamlico sound on the other, and in connection with the beauties of the spot on which we are encamped, it brings to mind the hymn, "Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
Betwixt two boundless seas I stand"

The verse need not be finished, for most of us are rapidly becoming Universalists—believing that we receive our punishment as we go along. The dry Tortugas may be held up as a terror to offenders. It has no terror to us—for we are on the sandy Tortugas, where sand crabs reign supreme. When it storms the fine sand mixes in equal particles with the rain, and a fleet of horizontal rain and sand fills eyes, ears, mouth and food, with judicious impartiality. The sugar sands itself.

Fort Clark is built of sand, piled up, covered with turf to keep it from blowing away. It mounts ten guns and is bomb proof. Going along the beach half a mile to the inlet, you come to Fort Hatteras—a little more sand, a little more turf, a few more guns. When the tide rises everything is covered with water; when it falls everything blows away. So dreary is the spot that neither will birds sing nor grass grow near it. The first night we got here we slept in the sand with no blankets. For a change we now sleep on a soft plank in a shanty. Men and officers lie spoon fashion till one side gets sore; at a signal they turn over, and remain in that posture till the other side is worn out. It is a good country for health—chills, fevers, cramp cholera and other luxuries are plentiful. To-day I saw a tree three feet high—an evidence of the luxuries of vegetation. Some of our men had jet black heads in Indiana, but all are now of a sandy hue. "Sandy" is a pet name in the regiment.

W. L. Yancey and C. C. Clay, Jr., have been elected Confederate Senators from Alabama. Yancey on the first ballot received all the votes save two.

The Herald's Newport News Correspondence.

In the New York Herald we find the following correspondence from "Camp Butler, Newport News, Va., Oct. 27."

Last night, at seven o'clock, two deserters from the rebel camp at Big Bethel came to our outside pickets for protection. Their names are Wm. Dennis and Andrew J. Smars, and they are both natives of Augusta, Ga., and privates in the tenth regiment Georgia volunteers. The word "volunteers" must not, however, be taken in its literal sense, for those men, with others, were impressed into service. Of course all of their protestations were unheeded. They left Big Bethel at six o'clock in the morning, and by keeping in the woods and wading through swamps they succeeded in making good their escape, although at one time they were very closely pursued. They state that the camp at Bethel is about five thousand strong, an equal quantity of them from Louisiana, Georgia, and Virginia; besides these there are three hundred cavalry, under the name of "Cobb's Legion." The camp is under command of Brigadier General McClaws.

There exists a good deal of dissatisfaction among the men on account of the insufficient clothing, the cruel treatment, and the want of promptness in the pay department; since May last they have only received two months' pay, and that, of course, in shipplatters, which they are unable to get rid of except by buying sutler's goods at exorbitant prices. Tobacco costs 50 cents a plug; butter 60 cents a pound; salt 25 cents a pound; and so on in proportion. The men are only furnished with flour and meat; tea and coffee are luxuries unheard of, and to procure an antidote against the fever, which makes such havoc among them, they dig up sassafras roots and make a kind of tea of them, which they drink on getting up in the morning. During these five months they have had to work constantly on the batteries, and all the spare time has been filled up with fatiguing drills. While the men are forbidden the use of liquor, the officers are drunk most of the time, and it is surprising, with all the discontent prevailing in the ranks, that no mutiny has yet taken place. Gen. Magruder, who is commander of the entire force in that neighborhood, occasionally visits their camp, and to use the very words of the deserters, "Whenever he is in whiskey he always talks of coming down to Newport News to whip Gen. Phelps." But not having come here yet, and not being willing to receive any of our invitations, it is supposed that when he has got over his "drunk" better reason prevails. The battery at Big Bethel consists of twelve pieces of small rifled cannon, and is said to be well manned.

These deserters were this morning turned over to General Wool by Lieutenant Christensen, aid-de-camp to General Phelps. Gen. Wool, after having examined them very closely, had them sent over to the Rip Rap, where they will find work, and receive food and clothing, and where they will also be out of harm's way.

Yesterday afternoon General Phelps sent out a detachment of Company D, First New York volunteers, under command of Lieut. Ingersoll, to a house belonging to Baker P. Lee, about three miles from camp. For the last month the only occupants of the house have been a poor white woman and three negroes. Some days ago Lee sent a messenger to this white woman, warning her to leave the house, as he purposed to burn it down over her head. The woman was, of course, frightened, and fled in the direction of Back River, and when one of our scouting parties, on Friday last, came to the house, they found one of the negroes in a dying condition, and the other two, being old and diseased, unable to take care of themselves. Out of feelings of humanity, Gen. Phelps yesterday ordered the above mentioned detachment to proceed to the house, and after they had buried the dead woman, they brought the other two, with all their baggage, into camp, and had them sent by steamer to Fortress Monroe, where the old ladies have friends and relatives. One of them is "going on a hundred years," and seems, considering her age, to be quite smart. Her eyesight and hearing were as good as in a young person, and she seemed much affected at leaving the old homestead, where she has worked so faithfully, and seen generation after generation pass on before her. It was a touching sight to see her carry from the house, as the last relic, her washing board.

POWDER.—We are gratified to know that the Confederate States will not be wholly without sources of supply of this indispensable article as the war progresses. The Government Powder Mills, at Augusta, have not yet been completed, but temporary works have been erected, which are now turning out three hundred pounds daily.

There are several other mills in the Confederacy, which are working to the full extent of their capacity.—Savannah Republican.

The Richmond correspondent of the Charleston Mercury says:

Mr. Blakey, of the Virginia Convention, proposes some very radical changes in the Constitution, as, for example, that no one who shall become a citizen of the Confederate States after the war, Yankee or otherwise, shall ever be entitled to a vote, or be eligible to any important office.