

with victory and another wreath enfolded around the brow of our cavalry - Petersburg Express.

THE ADVERTISER.

JAMES T. BACON, EDITOR.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT 14, 1864.

Trinity Church.

Rev. EDWARD WALKER requests us to say that although he will be absent on the coming Sabbath, his pulpit will be filled on that day by the Rev. ARTHUR WICALL.

A New Candidate.

His friends in the Army of Tennessee announce Major ALFRED L. BRANCO as a candidate for the Legislature at the ensuing election. This high-toned gentleman is in service with our Army in Georgia. Let us not lose him from our memory because he is left to our sight.

Blacking.

Mr. J. B. HOBBS has on hand a lot of very superior Blacking-made by a Southern woman. It is unquestionably as good as any we need to get before the war.

Qui Fulman meritis ferat!

With much pleasure and with real pride in our handsome and gallant young townsman—we give place to the following letter, received from Petersburg: Lieut. Col. W. G. BERRY is the oldest son of our widely known and much esteemed fellow-citizen, Dr. WILLIAM M. BERRY. He is not yet twenty-two years of age. For two years past he has been 1st Lieut. of Co. A, 22d Regt. S. C. V. To cultivate his character and services, in the face of this distinguished and most unusual promotion, would be "to gold refined gold." The facts speak too clearly for themselves:

Mr. BERRY—Allow me a short space in your valuable columns to mention the fact that for distinguished valor and skill, 1st Lieut. W. G. BERRY, of Co. A, 22d Regt. S. C. V., has been promoted by the President to Lieutenant Colonel 22d Regiment, S. C. V., with the approval of Gen. R. E. LEE, Commission to date from 18th Aug., 1864. There are few officers in the army more deserving than Col. B., and under his direction, the Regiment will continue to gather new honors,—weaving imperishable laurels around the names of WAZZLER, FLEMING and BERRY.

E. V. COOPER, D. S. 22d S. C. V. PETERSBURG, Va., Aug. 31st, 1864.

The Armistice.

SHERMAN, the head devil of the Yankee pandemonium in Georgia, has proposed an armistice of ten days—ostensibly for the purpose of sending off every white man, white woman, and white child from Atlanta. The Yankee sympathizers are to be sent North; the good and true are to be sent South. The black men, and especially the black women, are to be kept in the city. The black men however will soon be guarded by the ground miscegenation cavalry will go on better without them. Gen. BERRY, from a sense of humanity towards the loyal people of Atlanta, has acceded to SHERMAN'S proposition. The armistice began on Monday last.

Gov. Bonham's Proclamation.

We call the attention of every man in Edgefield District to the wise, patriotic, well considered and eloquent address of his Excellency Gov. BONHAM. He sets forth our present peril and urges us to come forward for the purpose of self-defense. He tells us this stern and incontrovertible truth: "Peace is to be obtained only, under the blessing of God, through your fortitude, your sacrifices and your own strong arms." Atlanta has fallen, and clearly and indisputably for the want of more men. Gov. BONHAM calls for 12,000 State Troops. There are no men in progress of organization. We hope it is his intention to offer their services to the President for duty in Georgia—or elsewhere. There must now be a confederation of hearts as well as of States; we must not brook the ravages and depredations—nay, even subjugation—now threatened. We must not deliberate steidly circa a necessity, nor must we shake off our temporary fears by flattering ourselves that the enemy cannot reach us. We must prepare immediately for action, and follow the sublime example of those who have long since gone forth with unflinching steps, and hearts yearning for liberty.

Wade Johnson and Randolph Bacon.

They fall around us thick and fast, the heroes of this bloody war! Wade Johnson and Randolph Bacon, two noble soldiers well known to many of us, fell in a skirmish near Charles-town, in the Shenandoah Valley, on the 26th of the past month. WADE JOHNSON was 1st Lieutenant of Co. H, 7th Regt., but if we mistake not, had been for some weeks before his death, acting as Adjutant of the Regiment. Who among us does not call to mind the keen, though good-tempered, wit, and the exhilarating humor of the popular and beloved WADDE JOHNSON? Our country has lost one of her bravest and truest sons; another soldier is numbered with the countless thousands that are dead. We mourn his untimely fate, and in our hearts we erect a monument to the memory of the brave one who is now sleeping far away among strangers.

RANDOLPH BACON, a young man of three and twenty, was Color Sergeant of the 2nd Regt. S. C. V. His last words were: "Hold on to the Flag!" When the tocsin sounded, three years and a half ago, he volunteered his services in his Country's cause. And right nobly has he borne himself! In the humble yet glorious station of private soldier, he fought and died for his native land. The South has not a true son blemished in soul, and in saying this, we have in memory the countless graves that hold the ashes of heroes from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. With a feeling therefore, made up equally of love and pride, with regrets as deep and lasting as life, but with hopes just as deep, just as lasting, we close the simple story of this young soldier's life.

"Bring ye the flag he bravely died defending, Wrap it about his form, so straight and chivalrous, What though its folds have lost the power of sending, Into his heart one patriotic thrill? He hath no right to rest beneath it still, Bring ye the flag."

As will be seen by the notice of the Rev. M. W. SAMP, the opening of the Edgefield Female College is postponed until the first Monday in October.

We acknowledge the courtesy of Corp. W. S. COVAN in handing us the Chronicle & Sentinel of Monday afternoon, from which we make the following interesting selections.

Relentless and Unmolested.

We are now suffering under what appears to us a relentless and unmolested drought. It is full five weeks since it has rained either upon the just or the unjust. In the meantime we have had one or two disagreeable and aggravating sprinkles. In some portions of the District it is not quite so dry, but taken upon the whole, the dearth of rain is appalling. Late corn, and potatoes, and peas, and turnips, and garden truck, are all "suffering." We talk about rain now in the same vague manner as we do about the end of the war. Do, every one that prays well, pray hard for rain!

To our Soldiers.

After four days pleasant experience of the meeting at Stevens' Creek, we concluded to pull up stakes and pitch our tent in another quarter of Vanity Fair. By Vanity Fair we do not mean Stevens' Creek, nor any other particular locality, but all the world at large; an assertion which we presume no one will wish to refute. So, bidding adieu to our kind acquaintances, we turned our steps towards the goodly trees of Mr. AMOS STALLWORTH, Sr., living near the Abbeville line, between Ninety-Six and New Market. On our way we spent a night with Dr. THOMAS LACE—a very pleasant night at "the Brick House." Dr. LACE, though living almost entirely in Greenville caring several years past, for the purpose of educating his children, was at home just at this time—attending to his planting interest—and after entertaining us most cordially, kindly provided us with a steed and a guide, and forwarded us on to our destination. To reach said destination speedily, we took a short cut, which led us through the largest flourishing plantation of Mr. LEXINGTON BROWN (a model farmer). Mrs. ORTZA and Dr. BERRY, and nobody through their plantations, but through their private yards. Being entirely out of our range, and having on a jaunty blue jacket, we were in momentary dread of being taken up as a wandering Yankee, a stray "blue belly," who had crept from some point on the neighboring Railroad. But not so; we made the trip successfully.

And being arrived at the haven where we would, what befell us? A hearty welcome, and a week in the lap of plenty—under the bright light of the burning sun of hospitality, in the enjoyment of much good cheer and much hearty laughter. Yes, we laughed until we retched upon it; for our venerable host is a drill and joyous humorist. His Hamlet's Yorick, "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy." May he live to be one hundred and seventy years old, thereby outstripping Methuselah one year; and may we be allowed to visit him ever and anon during the term of his natural life. After we both attain the age of nine hundred, we will have a still more joyous time; for then we will be safely beyond the frontier age. And, oh! what sublime Blackberry-brandy toddy be cheered us up with! We don't know how to define the memory of it—can't determine whether it is a joy forever or a deep and bitter regret. Old Dr. SAM. JOHNSON, of English fame, left such a maxim as this: "Marching days, Port for men, Brandy for heroes; and had he lived in these days and experienced the pleasingly vexatious to us, he would undoubtedly have added: "And Blackberry-brandy toddy for Gods."

While in this neighborhood, we attended an interesting exhibition of tableaux at Pine Bluff Academy, near the residence of our well known fellow-citizen, Major ISAAC BOLDS. To reach this point we had to travel nine miles, and after many perils from Confederate roads, and seeing our Confederate banner broadcast over every foot of the way, we arrived on the ground at 7 P. M., in the midst of a violent storm. This exhibition, consisting of tableaux, dramatic scenes and music, was set on foot and carried through by the fair and aristocratic young ladies of the vicinity—assisted of course by the gentlemen. The proceeds of the entertainment, of which we did not hear the amount, but which we guess to be some \$200, have been devoted, as first intended, to the benefit of our Soldiers.

The audience on this occasion, notwithstanding a fiercely threatening sky, was large and lively. Soon after the commencement of the performance, it rained and stormed in the most absurd manner about, because after all there was only rain enough to get into the heads of the ladies, who were seated beneath a large bush arched, closed in on the sides with stout cloth. This circumstance necessarily interrupted the smooth flow of the evening's performance most sadly. Why do the elements always get into their tantrums when people are giving a disinterested exhibition of this kind? Notwithstanding those unbecoming capers of the elements to be sure, the affair passed off well. Our space forbids us to give any lengthy account of the performance, but we cannot close without saying that the comic scenes, illustrative of household life in those troublous times, were the best we ever saw—apropos and laughable in the extreme. We should like very much to see them again. The exhibition was opened by an admirable off-hand speech by Mr. JESSE HOWARD, for whose able assistance throughout the evening, the young ladies should be much indebted. We were somewhat of a stranger in the neighborhood and could not learn the names of all the fair young girls who took part on the occasion. We soon discovered our fair friend and neighbor, Miss JENNIE WARR, who is now conducting the flourishing school at Pine Bluff; and we were glad to have pointed out to us, daughters of our old friends, Major BOLDS, SERBON STALNAKER, Esq., and Mr. ERVY KRASKEY; and a sister of our quondam comrade of Co. K, 6th and 8th Regts. WARR. Some one behind the scenes played in the most charmingly natural manner on the violin—all sorts of pretty pieces in a style which betrayed great native talent. And who do you suppose this hidden musician turned out to be? Why, TOBY CARROLL, who, during the first year of the war, was a mere stripling, not weighing as much apparently as his musket, but who has now grown into a fine young man. He is at home with a wound in the foot, and as long as he cant fight with muskets and Yankees, is fighting with violins and pretty girls.

And here again, we met another batch of our brave defenders, many of whom however we did not know the names of. Capt. JAMES M. BERRY of Co. K, 7th Regt., one of the noblest fellows and one of the noblest companies in service. Lieut. WILLIAMS of Co. G, 7th Regt., terribly wounded in both legs at the Wilderness or Spottsylvania, and still on crutches; this brave officer has lost four brothers during the war, and of five sons of his father, he alone survives. Sergeant WILLIAM DUNN of Co. A, 1st Regt., wounded in the leg during one of the great engagements of the present campaign; he was on the eve of return to Virginia, and the ladies were making their adieux to him in the most charming and flattering manner. And our well remembered friends of Co. K, LUNNY COLEMAN and GUS WARR, patterned with wounds, bruises and hard service, but "flying around" notwithstanding.

On our way to and from Pine Bluff, we passed the home—saddened now, and sorrowful—of the lamented Capt. JOHN KERR, of the 7th Regt.; he was a man and a soldier whom we were very proud to call our friend, and as we gazed upon the house which had sheltered his childhood, "fond memory brought the light of other days around us."

Our next achievement was attending divine service at Bates' Spring Church, in Shatterfield, where we met a large and intelligent congregation, and heard an excellent and very polished discourse from the Rev. Mr. SLYBORN, formerly of Charleston.

Normans forget two days of refined and hearty entertainment at the mansion of Dr. E. AGNEW, the father of Lieut. WISMAN AGNEW of the 24th Co. 60th Regt., a younger son of this most estimable gentleman, was shockingly wounded in the face during the great fight of the 22d before Atlanta—and his servants killed by a shell. This young soldier has since arrived at home, the gallant fellow is getting well, but we fear he will bear forever upon his manly face a souvenir

of the war. Not only, though, when we think how it came.

And after this, our friend, Sergeant-Major STALLWORTH, brought us home; and we have been deeply dissatisfied ever since, and shall never cease to sigh for the dear post of Egypt."

But hold; we have traveled far and near, and still have said nothing about the crop. The rains have been more partial this season than we have ever known them; in some neighborhoods corn is decidedly fine, while in other and very adjacent neighborhoods, it is burnt up and well nigh ruined. The elderly gentlemen throughout the country seem to be well satisfied however with the Corn prospect, and say, viewing the matter from a stand-point outside their immediate fields, that we shall make plenty and to spare. The potato crop and the pea crop are at present as promising as could be desired, while molasses is going to abound as if flowing from the pores of the earth. Our people are preparing for the scarcity of sugar, consequent upon their deprivation of the market of Louisiana. Everywhere throughout the country the Sorghum may be seen growing in vast quantities, and preparations are being made not only for the manufacture of syrup, but also of sugar. A little more experience, and we shall be able, every man, to make all that is needful for health and comfort, without the aid of Yankees or Englishmen.

In the meantime, a great reverse has befallen us at Atlanta, and the people here are looking rather blue; but the gloom is already past, and men and women seem to look the ugly matter in the face with firm hope and stern determination. The Militia, the Exempt, and the Detached Men are now being organized, and got ready against the time when their services shall be needed. Croaking has fallen entirely into disrepute; we are glad to say so. War is a visitation of Providence, which man's grief can neither avert nor arrest. Let us mourn the "doubly dead, in that they died so young," but abate no jot of hope or manly endeavor; for we battle in a just cause and must necessarily pay the great price of liberty. Let us accept our lot such as it is, with its shine and shade, its joy and anguish; it comes to us without our seeking, and whatever it brings with it, it comes from no other source than the will and permission of God.

Irregular.

Those excellent newspapers and highly interesting dailies, the Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel and the Columbia Guardian, are frequently not received at this office until three days after publication. That the fault does not rest with the mailing clerks of either of these establishments we are fully satisfied, and only give the existing state of affairs public attention that the Publishers of said journals may assist us in remedying a gross neglect of duty, chargeable somewhere, that is very annoying to subscribers to those papers.

Confederate States Medical and Surgical Journal.

A number of this Journal has reached us from its office in Richmond, Ala. We are quite in capable of judging of its merits or demerits! It is full of alarming names of diseases and fearful pictures of peoples' misdeeds. As we have to do directly with the outer man, we leave this scientific journal quietly upon our table, and invite our physicians and medical men to come in and inspect it. Perhaps some of them would be so pleased as to subscribe for it; more especially as we are now getting a hospital in our midst.

May the Devil get Her!

The noble Gen. MOREAN was betrayed by a woman—a Southern woman under whose roof he was sleeping. Her name is WILLIAMS. "Weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth" ought certainly to be her ever lasting portion.

A Hint to the Ladies.

We tread on dangerous quicksands when we touch petticoats, but we prefer to be blown up by and with hoops rather than dragged in the mud. Ladies, we admire hoops, but not draggle tail dresses so allow us to copy from a Georgia contemporary—something from his local column written by a bachelor. Pray shorten your dresses; you will save the ladies some trouble, please the gentlemen, have something in your pocket for the Soldier's Way-side, and when you come to repair "the wear and tear," you will find that you have saved enough to give the soldiers a new suit of under-clothing, and thus gratefully attach them more than ever to your skirts. The extract reads thus:

"We admire the ladies—we might say we love them. It seems to be natural to us. We have been, too, generally an admirer of their habits and fashions. However, inquisitive, odd or seemingly in want of taste at first, our eyes soon become reconciled to their fashions. If viewing at first with "wonder," we would soon learn to "love" and "praise." Bathrobe is one fashion that has long been in vogue, to which we shall never become reconciled. It is a fashion which must be odious to the eyes of all who have a true perception of what is becoming and admirable in woman—one that is not only offensive to good taste, but is peculiarly odious and hateful.

"We allude to the fashion of long skirts, trailing through mud and mire, and filth of every sort. Can any person be found who says they admire such a city and indecent fashion? Not one! A disgusting, yet the abominable fashion is still persisted in, to the great destruction of good taste, silks and calicoes. The fashion, we learn, was first introduced by a club-footed woman. Have all our ladies club feet? And will not some pretty girls, with pretty feet, discard the fashion, and introduce a more becoming one?"

A RATHER SINGULAR ADVENTURE.—A day or two since a number of workmen were engaged in digging a well-back of some new house being erected in Webster street, between Nineteenth and Twentieth streets. Twenty sixth work Terrence McIlvaine, one of the workmen attempted to descend in the bucket, and when half way down was precipitated to the bottom by losing his hold. He was intoxicated at the time. One of McIlvaine's companions volunteered to go down for him; but upon reaching the bottom found the well to be filled with foul atmosphere; so much so that for the time being, he became totally blind. He immediately fastened the rope around what he supposed to be Terrence's body, but which unfortunately proved to be the poor fellow's neck. He then gave the word to those above to hoist at the same time clinging to Terrence's legs, in order that both might reach terra firma at one time. Of course, upon reaching above, Terrence was in a state of exhaustion, having been nearly hanged, in addition to a broken collar bone and serious injuries sustained by the fall. He was conveyed to the hospital, where he lies in rather a critical condition. Pall. Age.

Governor Watts, of Alabama, regarding the present extraordinary occasion, has issued a proclamation directing that the General Assembly of Alabama shall convene in the Capitol at Montgomery, on the 20th of the present month.

It is said that Hardee's Corps, in the late fight at Jonesboro, where it so heroically held off six corps of Yankees, killed and wounded fifteen thousand of the enemy. No wonder the soldiers are proud of being under "Old Reliable."

LATEST NEWS.

Official Report from Gen. Wheeler.

RICHMOND, Sept. 11.—Official dispatches from Gen. Hood state that Gen. Wheeler reports as follows:

"We destroyed the railroad and bridges on the Nashville Railroad, then worked down on the Alabama and Tenn. Railroad.

"We destroyed fifty miles of the Tennessee Railroad, also several trains and much property.

"In every fight since far with the enemy we have been successful, captured and destroyed a large number.

"Our loss is about 100 killed and wounded.

"No prisoners were captured in action from us."

From the North.

RICHMOND, Sept. 11.—The New Constitution for Maryland has been adopted by a Convention on the 6th—yesterday, 63 yeas & 25.

Don't, who voted in the negative, said the constitution is an instrument of wrong and oppression unparalleled in the history of the American Constitution.

The convention adjourned subject to the call of the President.

Beauregard has written a lengthy letter in reply to Judge Ould's recent proposal for an exchange of prisoners.

He says if the Confederate authorities are willing to exchange colored soldiers heretofore claimed as slaves in the Confederate States, the principal difficulty of effecting an exchange will be removed.

The New York Mercury asserts that the Chicago Convention tacitly agreed upon a plan for a reconstruction of the Union which contemplates the organization of five separate Confederacies, each independent of the others in the management of their local affairs, and bound to each other by alliances offensive and defensive.

The Confederacies to consist of the Cotton and South Atlantic States, the Trans-Mississippi States, the States of the Northwest, the Middle States and New England States.

A similar plan was proposed by Vallandigham in Congress, February, 1861.

From Atlanta.

The latest accounts from Atlanta are as follows