

# Edgefield Advertiser.

## The Connecticut Tragedy.

The Hartford Times furnishes the annexed detailed account of the fearful tragedy enacted in the town of Manchester, Connecticut, Tuesday, of which the telegraph has given a brief notice:

The quiet village of Oakland, Manchester, about one mile east of this city, was aroused this morning by the news of the most fearful crime ever perpetrated in this vicinity. At the early hour of four o'clock, or a little sooner, Mrs. Benjamin Starkweather, sister-in-law of Nathan Starkweather, of this city, aged 46 years, and her daughter, Harriet Ella, aged 14 years, were both found murdered while sleeping together in their house. They were killed with an axe, but they were also stabbed in various places with a butcher knife.

We saw the bodies after they had been laid out, and hope never to see another such sight. The mother's face was cut in two with a powerful blow from an axe, which divided the nose crosswise, and cut open the face entirely across, crashing through the bones of the upper jaw and cheeks. Over the right eye was another gash from the axe, sinking through the skull and into the brain, and there was another which cut open the side and back of the head, and also a great gash near the right temple. Besides these wounds there were others made by a butcher knife—one through the lower part of the chin, the blade penetrating deep into the throat; one deep into the right breast; and another deep one in the left breast.

Ella, the daughter, presented a still more shocking sight. Her right eye was entirely gone. The axe had cut a terrible gash across the brow, eye and cheek, evidently at one blow, letting out all of the eye, breaking in the skull and cleaving down to the cheek bone. Above the right eye, near the top of the forehead, was another fearful gash from the axe sinking into the brain; and she was stabbed through the bosom with a butcher knife.

The information of the murders was given by the son, Albert Starkweather, at 4 o'clock. He came to Mr. Horace White, a neighbor, rattling, or rather falling heavily against the back door, and arousing the inmates with this call:

"Get up! get up! Come over your house, I don't know but our folks are all killed, and the house is on fire!"

Mr. White ran over, followed by Albert, and found his (Albert's) room full of smoke and the bed on fire. He took the bed and put it out the window. Then he went up stairs, though the smoke was so thick he nearly suffocated. Albert did not follow him, but paced hurriedly up and down the lower rooms, sobbing and crying.

On getting into the chamber, Mr. White found the bed all in a blaze, and the bedroom covered with blood. He lifted up Ella and found her still alive, though bathed in blood and presenting a shocking sight. As he lifted her a bloody axe slipped off upon the floor. Mr. White took it, and lifting the window, placed the axe under it to let out the smoke, while he next got Mrs. Starkweather off the burning bed, and finding her dead, placed her on the floor while he rolled up the bed and threw it out of the window. His hands were blistered and his clothing rendered very bloody.

The dying Ella he carried in his arms to a back window in the adjoining room, in order to give her fresh air; and then sent his hired man (who with others had arrived) at once for a doctor. But the poor girl died in a few minutes. Her blood covered the window sill on which she rested and the floor near by.

Mr. White at once instituted a search for tracks about the house, but was unable to discover any distinct marks of feet except in the garden.

Albert Starkweather, 24 years of age, slept on the lower floor in the north east room above. His mother and Ella slept in the west room above. He says a noise up stairs just before dawn, awakened him, and rushing out of his room he was knocked down near the foot of the stairs, by a man, or men, coming down; that he recovered, and a scuffle in the dark and was overpowered, thrown down, and the man, or men escaped. He shows a scar over one eye which he says was caused by the blow the murderer gave him. This mark, unfortunately, was obviously of an older date than this morning.

At a coroner's inquest on the bodies Albert's butcher knife was suddenly brought out, and its appearance before his eyes made him start and tremble. A very ugly fact is that the knife was found in a drawer in his own bed-room. Albert's reputation is not good. He has been a rather 'fast young man,' and his associations are said to have been none of the best. We hear that he was soon to be married. In his bureau was found a sum of money in National Bank bills, amounting to about \$362. There were three \$100 bills, one \$50, and some smaller. He is an ordinary looking young man, but with an unpleasant expression, a look of weakness and incapacity. He says \$200 of the money was his and the rest his mother's. The family were in moderate circumstances, and had but little spare money.

One theory is that as Mrs. S. was a witness against the negroess Jane Fuller of that village in the poisoning case lately tried, she was murdered out of revenge; but this lacks plausibility. Albert has shunned a sight of the victims.

From the Hartford Times, August 2.

The shocking revelations of the Manchester murders received on Wednesday afternoon the addition of the climax of horror in the confession of Albert L. Starkweather, the son, who acknowledges that he perpetrated the crime—that he, and he alone, butchered his own mother and sister, as they lay asleep in bed together.

The confession—which was not unexpected by those best informed of the facts—was made by the prisoner in the jail in this city, to Mr. James Campbell of Manchester, the father of the girl to whom the prisoner was engaged to be married. The chief of police, believing that he would acknowledge more to Campbell than to anybody else, induced the latter to go to the jail yesterday afternoon, where the wretched young man, discarding all his previous lies and contrivances to avoid detection, made a clear breast of it, and confessed the awful crime.

He acknowledged after some questioning that he had butchered his mother, and then his sister, with the axe, and to make certain of the fiendish job, he had repeatedly plunged his butcher knife into their throats—and bosoms, winding up the deed of horror by setting the bed on fire, and then his own bed down stairs.

"I did it," he said, "I did it, Mr. Campbell, out of love for your daughter, and nothing else." "I felt I must have that money, for without it she wouldn't marry me; and I got the money."

The letter alluded to yesterday was written by the murderer to Mr. Campbell. It filled nearly four pages, and the statement was made that the writer was now in a condition to marry Miss C., as he had succeeded through forgery in getting money to the amount of \$1,000; and it also stated that he was about to commit an atrocious crime.

Jealousy, the intended crime unmasked. The forgeries alluded to are believed to have never been committed, and his own inability to this letter as proof of the prisoner's insanity;

though it may have been written to deceive the girl's father into the belief that the prisoner had money enough to get married with.

The Port Byron (N. Y.) Times relates the following as a "curious" matter: "A man dropped dead in the harvest field, near Northville, in this county, the other day. The coroner was called, and, on examining the body, found in his pockets one thousand silver ones, besides a certificate of deposit for eight hundred dollars more. The man carrying all this property about his person, was a work by the day."

Peter R. Mumford, of New York, who was reported to have failed last Monday, was on the 17th, arrested on the charge of having defrauded Greenleaf, Morris, & Co. with a worthless check of \$28,000 on the Mechanics' Bank of that city, given in payment last week for \$20,000 in gold, on a presentation check. He was committed in default of bail.

A. P. Stone, collector of internal revenue in Ohio, was, it is ascertained, a defaulter to the amount of nearly \$90,000. His sureties are bound in the sum of \$100,000, and are perfectly responsible, and will satisfy the Government.

The storm in Wisconsin laid waste two hundred farms.

Flora Tempio has been sold for \$15,000.

A person who has made the complete tour of the watering places and summer resorts informs the stay-at-home public that there is no danger of having the gout from high living, at any of them.

A Cincinnati dispatch to the Chicago Times says: The Hon. George E. Pugh has received an intimation that the trial of Jeff Davis will soon take place in a civil court, and he has commenced preparations for the defense, which promises to eclipse, in criminal proceedings, any defense ever known in this or the old country. Mr. Pugh will join Mr. O'Connor of New York in Washington in a few days.

The courts in Southwestern Missouri are steadily refusing to take the oaths of returned rebels in civil and criminal cases, in accordance with the new Constitution. The rebel sympathizers are in tribulation accordingly.

It was stated, at the temperance convention at Saratoga; that the names of thirteen hundred rich men's daughters, in New York, are on the list of applicants for admission to the Asylum for Inebriates at Binghamton, in that State.

A wholesale dealer in metallic coffins in New Orleans recently sent a lot to a customer in Baton Rouge, one of which was found to contain a body in a full army captain's uniform.

A Western paper intimates that the Government is swindled at the rate of two million dollars per week on whisky.

A fellow known as "Old Jim Smith," who had been a leader in outrages upon Union men in Tennessee, was recently arrested near Nashville. The Sheriff stepped aside to give some curious persons an opportunity to look at the outlaw, and instantly several bullets went buzzing through Old Jim Smith's body.

Two young competitors for the love of the same girl at Fort Edward, N. Y., met the other evening, when one proposed to drown their enmity in friendly drink. The invitation was accepted, but there was poison in the cup; and the poor girl finds one lover dying and the other waiting to be hanged.

Henry B. Jenkins, paying teller of the Phoenix Bank, New York, has been arrested on a charge of being a defaulter to the amount of \$250,000.

W. S. W. Tingle, of Virginia, sentenced by a military commission to Fort Mifflin for life, on the charge of being a spy, has had his sentence remitted, and been restored to liberty.

We learn, says the *Opelika Record* of the 17th, that four of Mr. J. Dumas' children were struck by lightning on Monday evening last, and two of them instantly killed; the others it is believed will recover.

A terrible affray occurred at a barbecue in Desoto county, Mississippi, a few days since. An attack was made on James C. Brown by ten men, which resulted in the death of Brown and a Miss Collins, and the wounding of Brown's wife, a man named McClure, and one of the attacking party.

The losses by the late storm in five or six counties of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, amount to at least \$600,000.

**AN ADVENTUROUS FEMALE.**—An evening or two since, a well-known gentleman and lady, in this city, both single, made a wager of \$100 for the performance of a specified act, by the lady, to which the gent staked his two fifties that she would not have the courage to fulfil her promise. The wager was as follows:

"That on Friday morning, August 4, between the hours of 10 and 12, the lady would go up to a strange gentleman, on Fourth, between Main and Ludlow streets, and kiss him, the said gentleman kissed to be a person who never chewed tobacco." The bet was a curious one, but our heroine determined to make the effort to win, and being nearly related to an ex-congressman, she felt that her adventurous conduct would not, if discovered and made public, be regarded as impertinent or indecent.

On Friday morning she dressed herself in her prettiest, and leaving the fine stone residence of her parents she sauntered to the Fourth street race course, where \$100 was to be lost or won, and as a conquest for boldness and female chivalry verified. The hour of ten arrived, and as the blushing maiden gazed wistfully on the lips of every male passer-by to detect the tobacco juice, its inevitable results on the teeth, she discovered that her friends knowing the secret, were in advantageous positions, anxiously awaiting the sequel of her cool and intrepid action. Time flew by, and the indications were apparent that the young lady must lose. Still, nothing daunted, she continued her quest, searching pursuit. At a few minutes past eleven o'clock, a gray headed veteran, an old and highly respectable citizen, walking westwardly on Fourth between Broadway and Ludlow, was suddenly brought up standing by the lady, who, throwing her arms around his neck, kissed him fairly in the mouth.

The old gentleman was completely non-placed, and while standing all amazed and nervously excited at the public ordeal he had just passed through; the friends came up and asked, "Do you chew tobacco, Mr.?" "No, gentlemen; I never used tobacco of any kind in my life." The gentlemen then explained the why's and wherefores of this episode, or street rencontre, and apologized to the aged citizen for the assault and battery which he readily accepted, with an intimation that the assault might be repeated with no serious objections. The two fifties were then paid over, and the happy party returned to their homes, highly delighted with their morning's amusement. We may add that the lady very gracefully tendered the old gentleman one of the fifty dollar bills.

which he modestly declined; and added, "I should be the giver, Miss, not the receiver." The parties then made each other's acquaintance, and separated.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Brazil—Emigration from the South.

The New York Herald's Rio Janeiro correspondent, writing on June 6th, presents us with certain facts and opinions, on the important subject of Brazilian emigration, which we commend to the large class at the South, "whose homes" (as the writer says), "have been broken up by the war, and who have yet saved a few thousands from the wreck."

What induces me to resume my correspondence is the having noticed on the streets of this city so many new faces of the unmistakable American type known as "bohemians" "away down South." Upon inquiry I found that they were but the advance guard of the exodus that is commencing from the Southern States to this country, and what Paris is to France, so Rio Janeiro is to Brazil, the hub, as it were, of the whole country, and headquarters of emigration.

For years past I have wondered that so few Americans came to Brazil, where we can find all that is worth living for on this earth. A climate unequalled, a soil unsurpassed for fertility, a government that which there, is none more free and liberal, a people more polished or hospitable, fruits more delicious; all these, and yet other blessings, await the emigrant as he steps on the soil of Brazil.

The line of steamers to the United States, soon to commence, will bring the two countries still nearer to each other, and make the two people better known and appreciated one by the other, and cannot fail to give a grand and lucrative impetus to their mutual commercial interests.

"Those whom God had joined together," I anticipate, will prefer to spend the honeymoon on a trip to the "land of the cocoa and the palm," instead of on the stale track of a European tour. Invalids will seek in the genial climes of Brazil the health denied them in northern latitudes. Capital will find here new investment per cent; American enterprise and invention will meet with fresh fields of conquest. The artist and tourist will have realized their dreams of paradise on earth—their eyes and taste, gladdened by the varied and gorgeous scenery of the tropics; and planters and farmers will settle here, and literally verify poor Tom Hood's graphic saying, "Tinkle the ground with a hoe, and it smiles with a harvest."

That "irrepressible" can't wait for any body—must go ahead monster—the ocean steamer—is destined to work greater changes in Brazil in twelve months than could be accomplished in a hundred years without it. The climate and soil are particularly adapted to the habits and crops of the Southern States. From the Amazon on the north to the Rio Grande on the south is a wide range of climate and every quality of soil. Sugar, cotton, tobacco, corn, rice, &c., give a rich return for a little labor; and though all cannot get fortunes, no one here need call himself poor, so easy is it to gain a comfortable livelihood.

Planters whose homes have been broken up by the war, and who have saved yet a few thousands from the wreck—men of capital who desire new fields for speculation and investment—can nowhere do as well as in Brazil, especially if employed in agricultural pursuits, as these give the surest results, with the least chances of failure or loss; and it will be a source of gratification and encouragement to this government when its soil shall be dotted here and there with plantations of cane, cotton, tobacco, &c., cultivated with the energy and skill that mark the North American wherever he may be or in whatever occupation engaged.

In connection with the article on Brazil, which we publish above from the New York Herald's correspondent, the following extracts from a letter to the *Selma Messenger*, written by a distinguished gentleman, formerly U. S. Minister to Brazil, will be found interesting:

First—Brazil is, in my opinion, a most suitable and desirable country for Southern raised people. Its government is a mild monarchy, well and evenly administered. The rights of persons and property are sacredly respected, and when invaded, as speedily vindicated as anywhere in the world.

Second—The climate of many portions of the empire is very fine—the thermometer ranging from 80 to 59. Much of the country is mountainous, and the supply of water is very fine, fresh freestone.

Third—There are large tracts of unimproved lands, much of which is vastly rich, and penetrated by good, and in many cases, navigable rivers.

Fourth—The country produces sugar, cotton, rice, tobacco, coffee, limes, rosewood, medicinal plants, and fine roses, cotton, sugar and rice. Bahia produces sugar and coffee, and Rio Janeiro the fine woods, coffee and medicinal plants. The Rio Grande is the great district for hides, horns, tallow, etc. Many of the minerals are found in the St. Paul's province, where are situated the diamond, gold and silver mines. A railroad has been constructed penetrating the country from the great city of Rio Janeiro to the city of St. Paul's, a distance of 150 to 170 miles. The city of Rio Janeiro in 1856 had a population of 500,000; St. Paul's, 80,000. The latter has greatly increased in the last five years.

Fifth—I would prefer a settlement on the St. Francisco river, or in the province of St. Paul's. Both are rich and healthy countries, and accessible. The one is in the interior, the other from seventy to eighty miles from the coast. There are other very desirable districts which hold out strong inducements for settlement. There are large tracts of very fine lands in Rio Janeiro, suitable for cotton, and especially for coffee, which is the great staple of the country, the empire having exported as much as 3,500,000 bags in a year. Coffee is very easily raised. The third year after it is planted it produces a fair yield, and then progresses, increasing in proportion from year to year. There are fair producing trees fifty years old. The negroes from each hand was, when I left Rio Janeiro, counted as from four to six hundred dollars.

Sixth—Emigrants should take with them a supply of plain, strong, light clothing, in clothing boots, hats and shoes to last them a year, also some furniture.

Seventh—The Government grants four hundred acres of land to actual settlers. Some wheat and Indian corn is raised in the country. But the arrow-root, banana and orange, yield so abundantly that they furnish large supplies for food. The arrow-root is an admirable article for use. The price of beef ranges from five to seven cents per pound.

Eighth—The entire population in 1856 was about seven millions and a half; of these, four millions were free whites, three millions were slaves, and five hundred thousand were free negroes.

Ninth—The writ of *habeas corpus*—trial by jury, religious freedom of speech and of the press, are all guaranteed by the Constitution, and practically prevail. Many of the people are highly educated, and in the province of Rio Janeiro they have in full operation a pure system of free schools.

A Texas correspondent asserts that Kipby Smith and Magruder, who are generally supposed to have made fortunes in cotton, are not worth a dime.

## The Cholera in Egypt.

The accompanying official dispatch to the Secretary of State from Mr. Hale, Agent and Consul General of the United States at Alexandria, Egypt, gives a vivid picture of the ravages of the cholera at that place:

AGENCY AND CONSULATE GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, July 7.

Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State:

Sir:—I have the honor to report that the number of deaths from cholera in Alexandria according to the official reports per each day, since my dispatch, No. 34, has been as follows:

June 27, 214; June 28, 209; June 29, 197; June 30, 184; July 1, 195; July 2, 227; July 3, 170; July 4, 118; July 5, 132; July 6, 112.

It will be observed that the greatest mortality occurred on the 2d, when the number of deaths was 228, but that two days afterward the number was reduced to 118—nearly one-half. This favorable change is due to a strong north wind, which has prevailed during the week, and which, it is earnestly hoped, may continue. Moreover, the beginning of the rise of the Nile has been reported by telegraph from the upper country; a favorable effect is expected when the wave shall reach the Delta, now in about twelve days, by covering with water the low and stagnant places.

From the interior we continue to hear the most distressing reports. At Cairo the mortality is very great, as many as 457 deaths having occurred in a single day, while private reports, perhaps exaggerated, estimate the deaths at 1,200 daily. At Tanta, at Zagazig, at Damietta, Rosetta, and other places, the deaths are frightfully numerous. At most of these places there are no physicians, and the sufferers receive no assistance.

It is estimated that more than 30,000 people have left Alexandria since the malady appeared on the 11th ultimo. It is ascertained that 18,000 passports have been granted; if it be assumed that an average of two persons travel under each passport, the number of departures has been 36,000.

For three weeks after the outbreak of the malady the American community was happily spared, but it is my painful duty to report the death, yesterday morning, of Mr. A. C. Pangelaki, a citizen of the United States by naturalization. His father, I believe, was one of the victims of the massacre at Seio. The orphan boy was brought to the United States, and I have heard that he was employed in the Greek department at the University press in Cambridge near Boston. After several years' residence in America he returned to the East, never forgetting, however, his adopted nationality.

In Smyrna in the year 1846, he published a little book of lessons designed to facilitate the study of the English language by foreigners. For at least ten years past he has been a resident of Alexandria, where his mild manners and blameless character have contrasted him favorably with some others of the same nativity who have sought to live here under the American flag. His age was 60. I should mention that it is said, by the physician, that the disease of cholera he died was congestion of the brain, not cholera; but as I met him in perfect health thirty-six hours before the sudden illness which in two days more ended his death, I am still inclined to regard him as one of the victims of the existing unhealthy state of the atmosphere.

The present is the sixth time that Egypt has been visited by the cholera—renewing in destructiveness the mortality of ancient plague. The first outbreak of the cholera was in 1817, the next in 1838, the third in 1840, the fourth in 1850, the fifth in 1855. The period of exemption has never exceeded ten years—the term between the preceding and the present visitation.

It will be readily understood that, in times like these, no festivity was appropriate on the Fourth of July, but I may report that on that day their Excellencies, Clerriff Pacha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Mourad Pacha, Governor of Alexandria—without standing their severe duties and anxieties did not fail to visit me officially, and offered their congratulations on the happy recurrence of our national anniversary and their best wishes for the prosperity of the Union.

But our American vessel remains in port, and she clears to-morrow for England.

I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

CHARLES HALE, Agent and Consul General of the United States at Alexandria, Egypt.

A letter from Syria to the Christian Intelligencer, dated July 8th, speaks of the cholera in Alexandria as confined principally to the poorer classes as follows:

In that city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, about two hundred die daily of this disease—principally among the poor wretches who so largely stock that city, and who have no choice of home or food, but at best are just able to support life, and find a cellar or hole in which to live and sleep. These, too, are compelled to drink the water of the Nile unfiltered, and which, owing to the extreme, unusual lowness of the river has been very muddy and wretched of late, enough to breed sickness from its misgives, even was there no necessity to drink it in its filthy state. The disease first showed itself in the region of Mecca, where it raged with awful violence, and the pilgrims who returned alive thence to Alexandria, were at once admitted to the city against the protests of all the foreign consuls, but the Government replied: "The holy pilgrims should never be quarantined," and the result is Egypt is filled with the plague.

**EFFECT OF POLYGAMY.**—Mr. Rowles, of the Springfield Republican, who accompanies Mr. Colfax in his Western trip, writes from Utah the following account of the Mormon women:

How do the Mormon women like and bear polygamy? Is the question most people ask us to the institution. The universal testimony of all but their husbands is that it is a grievous sorrow and burden; only cheerfully submitted to and embraced under a religious fanaticism and self-abnegation rare to behold and possible only to women. They are taught to believe, and many of them do believe that through and by it they secure a higher and more glorious reward in the future world.

"Lord Jesus has laid a heavy trial upon me," said one poor, sweet woman, "but I mean to bear it for his sake, and for the glory he will grant me in his kingdom." This is the common wall, the common solace. Such are the teachings of the church; and I have no doubt both husbands and wives alike often honestly accept this view of the odious practice, and seek and submit to polygamy as really God's holy service, calculated to make saints of themselves and all associated with them in the future world. Still a good deal of human nature is visible, both among the men in embracing polygamy and in their wives in submitting to it.

An order has been issued to the effect that where a loyal person's horse was taken during the war, if he can prove his loyalty, he can get his animal returned to him, or if the animal is needed by the Government, he can get the value of it.

## "A Tight Squeeze."

The sudden acquisition of wealth in the cotton growing region in the United States, in many instances by planters commencing with very limited means, is almost miraculous. Patient, industrious, frugal, and self-denying, nearly the entire amount of their cotton crops is devoted to the increase of their active capital. The result is, in a few years large estates, as if by magic, are accumulated. The fortunate proprietors then build fine houses, and surround themselves with comforts and luxuries to which they were strangers in their earlier years of care and toil.

No planter in all the region round about him had started with such slender means, and had been more successful in speedily growing rich, than John Woolton. Having arrived at a period in his affairs when he thought he could venture to indulge himself and family with a more elegant and comfortable dwelling, he selected an eminence in the middle of his plantation, as the spot on which to erect his splendid mansion. Several years before he had left untouched the native growth on this hill, indulging then the hope of one day displaying there his architectural taste. Before determining positively whether that elevated plot of ground should be the site of his new settlement, he concluded to have a well dug—obtaining water being his responsibility for any further progress, etc. With this view, he put three of his negroes—like Jake, and Ben—to digging. Before commencing, however, he procured the services of Moses Doggett, celebrated for his success in the use of the divining rod. This "water wizard," as he was called, after repeated trials with a hazel switch, selected a spot very near a low partition fence running through the centre of the elevation, and dividing two contending fields. His verdict had gone some forty feet in search of water, when an accident occurred which frustrated Woolton's plans and hopes, occasioned the cutting down and destruction of all those old and venerable oaks, and converted that high and beautiful spot next spring into a small patch of new ground.

As the negroes engaged in digging the well were eyewitnesses to a disastrous occurrence, like shall describe it in its own way: "You see de 'water kunger,' Moss Doggett cum dar wid his forked-peach-tree twig, and he hole 'em in both hand, and walk and walk round dar, till, time-by, dat ting fall down, and pinte out de place whar de water lay sholler. Dat was rite by de back of dat low fence. It mout be de rite place for de dug well, but mighty unlucky for de ole man, as you see t'er a while. He drive up a stake dar, and told us to dug away. We 'gin, out to work under ground, two to drag up dirt wid basket and rope turn and turn about.

"When we did get dar well 'bout forty foot into de ground, and had went to dinner, one day, de ole man he walk up dar to see how he was coming 'long wid de operation. When he grove dar he let down de empty basket, set down on side of de well, tuck hold on de rope, put he foot in de step we dig in de sides, and did went down. Now, you know he low man, and mighty big, I didn't thought he ritch dem steps, tis legs so short; but he did! When he was down dar, looking for wet yeth, he dog, which follow him out dar, tuck arter de sheep in toddler field; and bere de whole moutis come rining, carrying, and jump ober dat fence rite by dat well. Furt thing dar ole man know, he went big run down dat well on em! Sheep, you knows, is mighty big flob; whar one does jump, all fobbers, and dar jis crowded on 'em down dar ferty head! You ort to see de fob; as ef de well want deep nuff, ebery one jump 'bout five foot nigh 'fo, he left downward!"

"I nuber hear sich noise under de yeth an dat ole man make fure. He holler'd, 'Dew-me! draw me!' We seed de sheep running in de way as was coming back from dinner, but didn't know de ole man was in dar till we hear him holler. Den we run by, bless God! 'twas too late. De last sheep was in, and de dog was rippin, barkin, shirrin 'bout dar, look like he gwine to jump in he-self—thought he dun hg things, troing de ole man on head yeth ruck; and when he come to, he left, woe'er hurt dar anything, come outen dar, well dat day.

"We tuck hold dat windlass, and try to drag up de whole confinement; couldn't budge 'em; steam engine gwine to still wid dat pile! All dem sheep lay still and say nuffin; but de ole man he make noise down dar like bull-dog wid cold. Ef he want crowded, dis nigger wouldnt say so! Jake, he did tun d'wn, and did cut de rope above dem sheep, which we 'plice it, and den we did work hard to 'bere sheep, ole man and all. Dem sheep, when de was pulled out, was bigger nuff dan ebery dog know not which way to go; ebery one go de own way; no two did went together; de all did fall out wid one another, and 'gived de gang. Dar was twenty-seven sheep, on de ole man, and thirteen underneath 'em! He dun his best to keep on top, but didn't get quite to de middle of de excitement!

"When we did got de ole man out he look was for war; he smell like whole pang of sheep—was mighty skint all ober his face and hand. He didn't have breff nuff to talk much; he jis say, 'Full up dat well, and go to picking out cotton.' Now we did thought de ole man's head been wot-peddlering, and dat he had his mind, so we dig on dat evening. Next mornin' we did went back to dig in dat well 'gin; but soon de ole man cum out dar in big 'gin. When he cum in 'bout twenty foot of dat well he stop quick, and look round to see of sheep was about. He say, 'You black scamps, didn't tell you to full up dat well? Full her up; ram dirt all back in her hard; plant timothy grass over her; never want to see dat place no more!'"

"We dun so and left. De ole man send all dem sheep off; he got de pride of motion; full up de well at de bot'om, and drink no well water since. He found spring down de branch, but he new home down dar ole by, have little new ground up on dat hill next year. De ole man, de say, dan left it in his will he must not be buried under de ground. I tell you what, if de ole man, and sheep cum grazing about dar, he gwine to left off plac. Now dey say de devil punish man in de bad world wid fire and brimstone. I don't know's well 'bout dat; but sure as you are born, ef eber he ge de ole man, he gwine put him in deep well, and get sheep browning 'bout dar, and put dar dog arter 'em!"

**A FELL STOR.**—An innocent old lady, who never before had "rid on a railroad," was a passenger on one of the Vermont railroads at the time of a recent collision, when a freight train collided with a passenger train, smashing one of the cars, killing several of the passengers, and upsetting things generally. As soon as he could recover his scattered senses the conductor went in search of the venerable dame, whom he found sitting solitary and alone in the car (the other passengers having sought terra firma), with a very placid expression of countenance, notwithstanding she had made a complete emerald over the seat in front, and her handbox and bundle had gone unceremoniously down the passage way.

"Are you hurt?" asked the conductor. "Hart! why?" said the old lady. "We have just been run into by a freight train. Two of the passengers have been killed, and several others severely injured."

"La, me; I didn't know but that was the way you always stopped."

# NEW STORE

## Great Attraction!

THE Subscribers have just received a FINE STOCK OF GOODS, consisting of COFFEE, SUGAR, MACKEREL, RICE, CHEESE, CANDLES, SPICES, PEPPER, SINGEL, STARCH, SODA, SEGARS, TOBACCO, &c. And in fact, every article that is to be had in a Well-Furnished Family Grocery.

We also have in Store a fine collection of Men and Boys' HATS, Ready-made DRAWEES, &c. Also, an excellent assortment of SHOES.

**CHAMPAGNE CIDER.**

Those fond of this excellent beverage will find a good article at our Store.

We will be constantly receiving additions to the above mentioned articles, and will endeavor to please all who favor us with a call.

The highest market price will be paid for all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

**JOHN R. CARWILE & CO.,**  
Under Masonic Hall,  
Aug 23

# ATKINSON & SHECUT,

## FAMILY GROCERS,

## AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Sullivan's old stand, (opposite Post-Office) Edgefield, S. C.,  
And 131 Broad Street, (Front Monument) Augusta, Ga.

KEEP constantly on hand FAMILY SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. We also receive PRODUCE IN PARTIES at the highest market price.

# NEW STORE.

## NEW GOODS!

THE Subscribers beg leave to inform the citizens of Edgefield and the community generally, that they have opened a NEW BUSINESS HOUSE, at the old stand of M. Lebeschultz, next door to Mr. W. P. Butler's, and directly opposite the Park in this place.

They are now receiving, and have in Store, a FINE STOCK of

## FAMILY GROCERIES.

SHOES AND HATS, For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children,

## DRY GOODS,

&c., &c., &c.

And in fact, a little of EVERYTHING that is necessary and suited to the times. Their motto is: CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine our Stock themselves.

**M. LEBSCHULTZ & CO.,**  
Aug 3

## Professional Notice.

MESSRS. DACON & BUTLER will practice in the Courts of Law and Equity in this State.

Old Office of M. C. Butler and Carroll & Bacon. JOSE H. DACON, M. C. BUTLER,  
May 23, 1857

## T. H. CLARK,

## ATTOR