

Edgefield Advertiser.

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1892.

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J. H. PAUL, AGENT,
No. 2 Park Row,
—IMPORTERS OF FINE—
Wines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars,
Stone Mountain Corn Whiskey a Specialty.
Will move to our new quarters in about thirty days in the HUFFMAN NEW BUILDING.

WM. SCHWEIGERT,
The Jeweller,
732 Broad (Under Central Hotel,) Street,
Augusta, Ga.

McHugh Bros.,
Edgefield, S. C.,
We have now removed to our new quarters on the corner next to the Farmers Loan and Savings Bank, where we shall be pleased to see and entertain our friends and the balance of mankind, right royally.
That we are prepared to do this, a bare inspection of our inner adornings will establish. Our
Liquors, Wines, Cigars, Etc., Etc.,
are of the latest, best, and most approved brands. Give us one call and you will need no further invitation.
Respectfully,
McHugh Bros.

B. B. EVANS,
Life and Fire Insurance Ag't,
EDGEFIELD, S. C.
REPRESENTS
The UNION MUTUAL LIFE, of Portland, Maine. Its policies are the most liberal now offered to the public.
The PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, of Philadelphia.
It will be to the interest of parties contemplating insurance to examine their contracts before insuring elsewhere.

Ashley Phosphate Comp'y,
Charleston, S. C.
SOLUBLE GUANO, highly ammoniated; COTTON SEED MEAL; NOVA SCOTIA LAND PLASTER; DISSOLVED BONE, highest grade; SOUTH CAROLINA MEAL; ACID PHOSPHATE, for composition; COTTON AND CORN COMPOUND; SMALL GRAIN SPECIFIC; GENUINE LEOPOLDSHALL KAINIT; GENUINE FLOATS, of highest grade, product of the Duc Atomizer.
THE ABOVE FERTILIZER ARE OF VERY HIGH GRADE AND OF UNIFORM QUALITY.
They are rich in Ammonia, Phosphoric Acid and Potash, and are composed with a special view to the wants of our Staple Crops, and to the permanent improvement of the soil.
Special Formulas made to order of best materials.
Special inducements are offered for cash orders by the car load.
For terms, Hand Books, Agricultural Primers and good articles on Ash Element, Peas, &c., address
Ashley Phosphate Company,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

RAMSEY & BLAND,
Edgefield and Johnston.
We are in the Ring for 1892
With a full line of VEHICLES, WAGONS, BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, ROAD CARTS and HARNESS
ALSO
House Furnishing Goods, such as STOVES, BEDS, BEDSTEADS, MATTRESSES, Cotton and Spring, CHAIRS, SOFAS, &c., &c.
Give us a call and be convinced that we are in earnest in offering good goods and fair prices to the people of Edgefield county.
Ramsey & Bland,
EDGEFIELD and JOHNSTON.

High Prices for Cotton
IS MADE POSSIBLE BY INVESTING WHERE YOU CAN OBTAIN
BEST VALUES FOR LEAST CASH.
A GOOD TEAM } LOWEST PRICES,
BEST GOODS.
We are headquarters for BLANKETS, CLOAKS, DRESS GOODS UNDERWEAR, and everything in Dry Goods.
Come and see us when you come to the city.
MULLARKY & HARTY,
810 Broad St., Augusta, Ga.

GEN'L FORREST. CAREER OF THE GREAT CAVALRY LEADER

Reviewed by General Lord Wolsely—An Interesting Critique of a Daring American Genius. He Was a Soldier by Intuition.

General Wolsely, the highest military authority in the British empire, has for several years been contributing to the magazines and the press, critiques on the careers of generals in the American civil war.

His encomiums on Lee and Jackson are among the strongest ever pronounced, while his criticism of other southern officers has been severe.

Lee, he considers the first soldier of the war, if not of the century.

In the following article, prepared for The Constitution, he writes of General Bedford Forrest, the dashing cavalry leader on the confederate side, whose name, along with that of Stuart, will go down to posterity in song and story.

General Wolsely thinks the American mounted troops were not strictly cavalry, fighting on horseback, but using horses mainly as a means of getting about, and fighting with the pistol oftener than with the sabre.

After the preliminary discussion General Wolsely comes to his subject which he treats in two parts, in this interesting way:

PART I.
You cannot make the cavalry soldier or the mounted soldier, whatever may be his functions in war, think too highly of himself. His training teaches him that he belongs, as it were, to the aristocracy of the army, and that his work, always in the front, is the most important, and places him in a position far above that of what the common soldier thinks of as the "pedal" soldier. The cavalry soldier, therefore, is a man of high spirit, of high courage, of high resolution, and of high self-reliance. He is a man who is not content with the ordinary duties of a soldier, but who seeks to do something that will give him a name. He is a man who is not content with the ordinary duties of a soldier, but who seeks to do something that will give him a name.

A general officer, "who rode with Forrest" for the last year and a half of the war, gives us the following information. Referring to his leader's career, he writes: "Many of his victories were achieved with men who had never been drilled one hour together."

A general officer, who was Forrest's second in command when speaking of his peculiar mode of fighting, said: "His quick, dismounting of his men to fight, showed that he regarded horses mainly as a rapid means of transportation for his troops." If we wish to know what large bodies of mounted riflemen can do, we must study the operations of Forrest and of Stuart, and learn it from what Sheridan accomplished with the splendid force under his command in Virginia. Those leaders were the masters of an old but long-disused fighting art, and it is from their operations we must learn it now.

General Forrest was born in 1821 of very humble parents. He was therefore, just forty when he first donned the soldier's garb as a private in the Tennessee Mounted Rifles. In the wild borderland of civilization, where he had been reared, he had however, been accustomed to the use of arms from earliest boyhood. There life was held cheap, and even the peace-loving citizen went about his ordinary avocations duly armed with pistol and bowie knife. Many were the wounds received by Forrest, and many his hairbreadth escapes in the personal encounters he had to engage in as a young man. "Lynch law" was often resorted to by the community in which he lived and in the rude and reckless society of his early surroundings, the first lesson he learned was that self-preservation and personal defence of one's own property with steel and bullet was the first great and most important law of nature.

His father died when the future general was a boy of only sixteen years. The eldest son of eleven children, upon him

then devolved the care and maintenance of his mother and his many brothers and sisters. They lived on a little rented farm, lately cleared from the wilderness, and it was only by the hardest manual labor he was at first able to provide with food those who were dependent upon him. The locality was unhealthy, and fever carried off several of the family, and very nearly killed him also. But his naturally robust constitution enabled him to pull through, through it was many months before he fully regained his wonted strength.

His education was most meagre, and what he learned as a boy was picked up at odd times from casual schoolmasters. He could just read and write and do some very simple sums in arithmetic. Indeed, it may be assumed that during all his career as general his orders and dispatches were written for him by the educated men he collected round him as staff officers. They put into good clear English the views or orders he dictated, but he was, however, very exacting that his letters and his addresses to the men, and all other papers he signed, should contain his own ideas, and not those of the staff officer who was his amanuensis. But though his book learning was extremely scanty, he was brought up in what Napoleon termed the best of military schools that of poverty. His early years were little more than a continued struggle for daily existence in a lawless borderland of civilization. There he learned the invaluable qualities of endurance, self-reliance, quickness of decision and dauntless courage, which are so necessary for western pioneers. But if these qualities are essential to the man who has to wrest the backwoods from Indian savagery, they are still more so for him who aspires to lead a mounted force such as his was.

Forrest, Fitzhugh, and other leaders of mounted troops were justly the popular heroes of the day. I can only remember the refrain, which ran thus: "If you want to smell hell, just jine the cavalry—jine the cavalry!"

Many stories are told of his prowess with rifle, revolver and bowie knife when quite a youth. A bullying neighbor had a bullock which frequently broke through Forrest's fences to feed upon his growing corn. The owner's attention was repeatedly called to this, but without effect, for he thought he could easily browbeat his hobbiedehoy complainant. Roused at last by the bullock's depredations, Forrest warned him that he would shoot the animal the next time he found him on his farm. This threat he carried out. While Forrest was reloading, his bullying neighbor appeared upon the scene, fully armed in western fashion, and at once proceeded to climb over the fence which separated them. Forrest took in the position in a moment; one or the other must die or run for it; he would not be that one. Now or never, thought he; so, taking steady aim he sent a ball through the bullock's clothes. This shove for his life staggered the would-be assailant, and he fell from the fence to run back home as fast as he could. He never again attempted any trick upon his cool young neighbor, whose reputation for courage and determination to hold his own against all hectoring bluster was thenceforward generally recognized. Without such a reputation, life then on the Arkansas frontier would have been intolerable.

Successful as a farmer, he afterwards took to horse dealing. An excellent judge of that noble animal, he was very fortunate at this business. By thrifty management of his gains, he was soon able to embark in the still more remunerative but most detestable occupation of slave dealing. Even among the planters who used the services of those who bought and sold their fellow man, those engaged in this nefarious traffic were held in very general contempt. By all who then knew Forrest, however, he was regarded as a humane man, who never in his slave dealings, separated the members of the families which he bought and sold. At this disgusting and degrading business he realized a considerable fortune, and soon became himself a planter on a large scale.

His many adventures with pistol and bowie knife on shore and of boiler explosions on the Mississippi river would alone form an interesting article. But I must hurry on to his military career, which began at the opening of the secession war in the summer of 1861.

He was then already a man of mark and influence in his own district, and, like nearly every Southerner, held very strong opinions as to the right of each State to regulate its own destiny. In June, 1861, he joined the Tennessee Mounted Rifles, the cavalry company then being raised in Memphis. He was in the prime of life and vigor, erect in figure, and over six feet in height, with broad chest and shoulders. He required good horses to carry him, for he already weighed over thirteen stone. Like many of the American officers of that time, he allowed his dark, straight hair to grow long and wore it combed back from the forehead; but while he shaved his cheeks, no razor ever touched his lips or chin. Several prominent Confederate officers affected the style and bearing of their cavalier forefathers, and seemed especially to despise the roundhead "crop" of the regular army. Their broad

operations he carefully examined by the most pedantic military critic, they will seem as if designed by a military professor, so thoroughly are the principles of tactics, when broadly interpreted by a liberal understanding, in accordance with common sense and business principles. The art of war was an instinct in him; its objects must necessarily be evident to most men, but the ways and methods by which those objects could and should be secured came of themselves into the untaught brain of this fearless soldier, this general by intuition.

His favorite maxim was: "War means fighting and fighting means killing." Hence it was his track was usually marked with blood, and the dead bodies of his enemies were the records he left of fierce charges down roads and of Federal camps or bivouacs taken by surprise. It may be asserted without contradiction that no man on either side killed so many adversaries with his own hand as he did during that long war.

Forrest's first real fight did not come off until the last week of 1861. Up to that time he had practiced his men in long marches and accustomed them to life in the open air during cold and very trying weather. He thus tempered and hardened his young volunteers to the hardship and rough life of a soldier in the field, and he had time to shake down himself into the, to him, novel position of commanding officer. On the 28th of December, 1861, Forrest had marched his regiment, then 300 strong, about twenty miles over execrable roads, either deep with mud or rendered barely passable from frost. In the neighborhood of Rumsby, Ky., he came upon a fresh trail of the enemy, who he learned from the inhabitants were 450 in number. A gallop of ten miles brought him into contact with the federal rear guard, near the village of Sacramento. Not more than half of his men had been able to keep pace with him, but with them he charged down the road and drove in the rear guard upon the main body. He ordered his men to fall back, in the hope of drawing the enemy after him, and in this way of bringing them nearer to the remainder of his regiment, the men

of which kept dropping in by fives and sixes. In this he succeeded. Dismounting about half his men, he directed them to fall upon the enemy's flank, while with the remainder on horseback he bore down along the road upon his center. The rifle fire in flank from these dismounted detachments was too much for the federal cavalry, who, in spite of their officer's gallant efforts to make them stand, broke and bolted to the rear. Many were the hand to hand encounters and hairbreadth escapes of the southern leader that day, but his loss was small, while the federals suffered very severely. It was not so much the defeat of the enemy he rejoiced at as the confidence this insignificant success gave his men in their own strength and prowess. His second in command, Colonel Kelly, who before the war had been a clergyman—or, in southern language, "a preacher"—was as gallant a soldier under fire as ever smelled powder in any war. In a note written soon after this action Kelly refers to his leader in the following terms:

"It was the first time I had ever seen the Colonel in the face of the enemy, and when he rode up to me in the thick of the action I could scarcely believe him to be the man I had known for several months. His face flushed till it bore a striking resemblance to a painted Indian warrior's, and his eyes, usually mild in their expression, were blazing with the intense glare of a panther's springing upon its prey. In fact he looked as little like the Forrest of our mess table as the storm of December resembles the quiet of June."

Although I cannot pretend to follow this great leader of mounted troops through his many hard fought battles, I have dwelt upon this, his first engagement, because it fairly illustrates his mode of fighting. The backwoodsman, Forrest, the backwoodsman

Distance Covered by a Waltz.
Mr. Edward Scott, in his Dancing and Dancers, makes the following estimate of the distance actually waltzed over in an evening by a belle of the ball room: "Do you, my fair and fragile reader, think you would go six times around a moderate-sized ball room, say, making a circuit of eighty yards during a waltz? Yes, at least, even allowing for rest. That, then, is four hundred and eighty yards, if you went in a straight line. But you are turning neatly all the time, say on an average once in each yard of onward progress, and the circumference of a circle is rather more than three times its diameter, which will bring each waltz to over three-quarters of a mile, or, at least fourteen miles for eighteen waltzes.—Chicago American.

The Nebraska Agricultural Experiment Station after several experiments, has announced that taking the tassels out of every other row of corn lessens the yield instead of increasing it. It is the general belief that if the tassels are pulled out of half the stalks in a field that the stalks, thus treated, will make a larger yield of corn than those left with the tassels in. But science stands against that opinion and says the largest yield is made when the tassels remain.

HAD HER WAY ABOUT

Man Nor the Elements Can Make a Woman Hurry.

She looked very bewitching, standing there before the mirror, in her ball dress of soft, white, clinging stuff. A lovely woman was she, and the stoniest of cynics could not blame her for smiling in admiration of her beauty reflected back to her in the polished glass. As she lingered thus there was a sudden movement of feet in the hall below. She listened.

"Charley mustn't get impatient," she murmured. "I shall not be ready any sooner."
With puff in hand she was enhancing by a deft touch here and there the alabaster whiteness of the glorious complexion. A knock sounded at the door.

"In a minute," she sweetly observed. "Tell Charley I'll be ready in a minute."

She was applying the puff with the most engaging deliberation. The knock was repeated louder than before.
"Run for your life," roared a rough voice through the keyhole, "the house is on fire!"
She was looking archly over her shoulders to gain a side view of her queenly figure.

"In one minute," she softly replied.
One of the golden tresses had escaped from the restraining pins and hung mockingly beside the shell-like ear.

"Dear me," she exclaimed, petulantly, "it does seem as if something must go wrong all the time."

In re-adjusting her coiffure she dislodged some of the powder from her glorious cheek.
"Plague take it, I shant—"
"Fire, fire," rang the distracted shouts through the whole house.

"In a minute, I say. I do wish they would be a little more patient."

Presently the knock of the door was repeated.

"In a minute, I say. I do wish they would be a little more patient."

"I'm ready."
They were obliged, the stair way being burned, to carry her down a ladder, but the triumph was hers. Neither man nor elements could make her hurry at her toilet.

Christian Philosophy.
A lie in the heart is as black as it is in a horse trade.

To love an enemy is the only possible way of destroying him.

When you go to church to help the Lord, don't wear squeaky shoes.

If you have given God your heart, why don't you stop wearing a long face?

There is a deal of praying for missions that never puts any money in the basket.

There are still too many people who enjoy seeing a tin pan tied to the tail of some other man's dog.

It is doubtful whether the Lord ever made a man who could be a church sexton and please the whole congregation.

The religion that proposes to sell oyster soup by the dish whenever the church wants money, is not the kind that the devil is afraid of.

The congregation that will pay its pastor well for telling them the truth about themselves, is one that would be watched with a great deal of interest by the angels.—Ram's Horn.

Evarts says when the Baptists came to Rhode Island they praised God and fell on their knees, then they fell on the aborigines—ness. When I asked the ex-Secretary about the settlement of Rhode Island he said: "Yes, the Dutch settled Rhode Island; then the Yankees settled the Dutch."

Spurgeon: The greatest works have been done by the units, and I would rather choose the solitary hero in truth than go with the majority to the evil.

Alphonse Karr: Some people are always finding fault with nature for putting thorns on roses. I always thank her for having put roses on thorns.

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