

The Late Dr. Abner Landrum.

MR. EDITOR: You will please publish the following notice of the late Dr. Landrum, which is suggested by the announcement of his death, at his residence in the sand hills, near Columbia, April 3, 1859:

He was born in Edgefield District, in the vicinity of the village, and bears a name which in that enlightened community has been long associated with honesty, industry and the sterling virtues which distinguish the good citizen. Dr. Landrum received his education at the celebrated academy of the Rev. Moses Waddel, in Abbeville. Having a good understanding and large industry, those of my readers who have heard the name of that renowned teacher, will feel no surprise when I say that he returned to his home with a mind well stored with elementary knowledge. He determined to pursue the medical profession, and with that view entered the office of one of the most distinguished physicians of Augusta, Georgia. Other pursuits, however, became more attractive to him, and in a short time he abandoned the practice of medicine for the more quiet vocation of the planter. Here he displayed great energy and industry. He believed that science could be brought to bear in the culture of the ground, and to this end he engaged largely in experiment. I will not say that he reaped any pecuniary reward, for I know otherwise; but I will say that he was among the first to direct the attention of the people of Edgefield to scientific agriculture; and that in his case, as in many, others have

reaped the benefit. Dr. Landrum is the father of the *pottery business* in Edgefield, having established a manufactory near the town of Edgefield, at a place which, in the progress of time, became a large and flourishing village, known as Pottersville. I trust that I will give no offence to the citizens of the ancient and worthy town of Edgefield, if I add that little village, which at first seemed but a speck in the distant heavens, increased to such dimensions as to threaten to overshadow it, and rob it of its brightness and glory. There was a time when Pottersville boasted a population of hundreds; when to the factory were added hotels and stores, of every description, the shops of various artisans, a carriage manufactory, a school-house and a church. But this is not all. The editor of the Edgefield *Advertiser*, that most worthy and intelligent gentleman, who is ever ready to baffle for the renown of his ancient city, will pardon me for reminding his readers that there was a period within the memory of man when her citizens looked to Pottersville for food for the body and light for the mind. Never shall I forget that Pottersville was once a young Cincinnati; that she slaughtered hogs by the thousand; that she had houses filled with the precious substance, which makes rich blood and strong muscles, and that a vast multitude, day by day, repaired to the spot, as if to a holy shrine, to make its adorations.

But still more. Time was when the cheering light of the *Advertiser* had not burst upon the world—when, to drop metaphor, no newspaper was published in the town of Edgefield. The "*South Carolina Republican*," the "*Carolinian*," no longer had existence in that community. Was it not a period of darkness? To Pottersville she looked, and from that vil-

~~Wilmington, the first and the last~~
iage went forth the light of civilization. The reader will pardon the train of thought in which I have indulged. The only paper in that portion of the State was published and edited by Dr. Landrum, and I think he conducted it with great ability. In its latter days, it bore the name of the "*Edgefield Hive*." Let not the town of Edgefield forget its indebtedness; let it hold Pottersville in eternal remembrance. It lived freely upon the honey from its hive; and no less a person than Gray tells us:

"The bees collected treasures sweet,
— but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude."

This was the period of the great nullification struggle. Dr. Landrum espoused the cause of the Union party, and was largely in the minority in the community where he resided. But he attracted the attention of the Union party of the State, and was invited to Columbia by a committee of that party, to take charge of a newspaper. Accepting the invitation, he removed to that place in 1831. There he labored with great zeal, but on the termination of the controversy, dissolved his connection with the press. While conducting his paper, he had the honor of being elected State Printer, and he discharged his duty with great fidelity. He retired to the sand hills about 1837, and from that period to his death, was engaged in the occupation of a planter and the manufacture of pottery-ware.

Dr. Landrum was known to the whole community of Columbia. It was his misfortune, if it be a misfortune, to be poor, and engaged in an humble occupation. But poverty is not

a crime. Distinguished for his intelligence, his industry and his integrity, no one was more respected. He was a man of rare virtues. His personal morality was unexceptionable, and he has left to his family a legacy far more valuable than gold or silver.—Carolinian.

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