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WRITTEN FOR THE ADVERTISER. MOUNTAIN DEW.

Of morning or of evening dew,
Sings not my soul-enraptured Muse,
But what the sly Highlander stills,
Upon his wild romantic hills.
One drop of this delicious "dew,"
With such a friend, dear Judge, as you,
Makes all the kind affections flow,
And e'en the coldest heart to glow.
Soon as we taste the "Mountain dew,"
The past is of a brighter hue;
Like heat applied to secret ink,
It brightens memory's duldest link.
And, if a little more we take,
Our thoughts still brighter will make;
And scenes long faded and forgot,
Become once more a shining spot.

Then, like old soldiers fight we o'er,
Our battles, fought in days of yore—
(Our battles in the field of Venus,
No others ever came to us.)

The "dew" that sparkles now so bright,
Makes all the cares of life look light,
Makes life itself, tho' dry and dead,
Still fresh and green as youth appear.

Like oil once poured on Aaron's head,
The "dew" is o'er our feelings shed;
The kindly influence we feel,
Upon our inner senses steal.

Not Helicon's long-boasted Spring,
Whence issues all our power to sing,
With such inspiring nectar flows,
As that which in this goblet glows.

THE MOCK MARRIAGE. A PHYSICIAN'S SKETCHES.

How truly pitiable it is when talent and genius are arrayed against the simplicity of innocence—when those rare qualities—given to their much favored possessors for noble purposes, are diverted from their proper channels, and made to pander to vice and iniquity.

I was sitting one morning in my study, culling from my notes some of the most interesting records of my diary, when my servant came to tell me that a young lady wished to see me.

"She seems sir, very ill," he said, "and in great pain."

"Indeed," said I, "where is she?"

"In the patient's room, sir. She is as pale as death."

I immediately rose and hastened to the room where she was, and there, half lying on a sofa, with her face hidden in her hands, I saw a young and apparently delicately formed female. She was sobbing piteously, and scarcely heeded my entrance.

I went up to her and said—

"My name is —. You wished to see me?"

"Oh, help me—help me!" she cried, vehemently, falling on her knees at my feet. "Save me, for the love of God—oh, save me from eternal perdition. I—I have taken poison!"

"Poison?"

"Yes—yes. Even now 'tis burning thro' my veins like liquid fire. Oh! save me, doctor—save me! I thought to end all my miseries, and to rush to the oblivion of the grave; but now, now—oh, God! my guilty soul shrinks in horror from death. Give me life—life—life!"

"For Heaven's sake," said I, "waste no words in explanation now, but tell me what you have taken?"

"Arsenic—arsenic," she gasped.

I immediately rang the bell, and when my servant appeared, I said—

"Bring me eggs, and soap and water here immediately."

Accustomed to obey me promptly, the man instantly left the room, when there came such a thundering knock at my street door, that I thought it must have broken in.

"Never mind the door," cried, "bring me what I have ordered you."

"Yes, sir," said my man, and away he ran; at the instant that another appeal, more loud than the former one, was made upon my knocker.

"Save me, save me!" the young lady kept crying, "I dare not die now. Oh, I cannot die!"

directed him to procure; but they were of no avail in her present state, and with utmost exertions it was full ten minutes before I could restore her to consciousness.

"As you value your life," said I, handing to her the antidote I had now thoroughly prepared, "take this draught—drink—drink—drink."

"I burn—I burn!" she cried; "oh, heavens, I burn! George, forgive me!—say you forgive me."

"Ellen—Ellen, you will kill me," he cried.

"Drink—drink," said I.

She gave a convulsive shudder, and fell back upon the sofa. I saw that there was no hope—she was dying. My looks, I suppose, told the melancholy truth, for the young man she called George burst into tears, crying.

"Save her—save her, sir—oh, surely something can be done?"

"While poison is in the stomach we can do much," said I; "but this case has gone too far."

With a deep groan she now drew up her limbs as if in great agony, then a damp cold dew came upon her brow; she gasped convulsively for breath, and then all was over.

There was an awful silence of a moment or two. The young man seemed stupefied by the suddenness of the event. He glanced wildly around him like a maniac; then clutching his hands above his head, he shouted in a tone that made me shrink from him,

"Vengeance! vengeance! I will have his life!"

"My good sir," said I, trying to stop him, "allow me, if you please, I—"

"A thousand arms should not stay me," he cried; "I will have his life. I will—by heaven—I will have his life!"

"But, sir, before you go, permit me to ask who you are, and who this young person is?"

"Ellen, Ellen, I will revenge you," he shrieked, not at all heeding my question. "I will crush him to the earth, were he ten times what he is. Oh, Heavens! have we thus met? Is this the end of the bright dream that lit my youthful fancy? Save me from madness!"

I stood between him and the door, as I said—

"Compose yourself, sir, and tell me who you are. What am I to do with the body of this young lady?"

He rushed to the corpse, and seizing one of the cold lifeless hands, he called upon her frantically to speak to him. He conjured her by every tender epithet to say but one word—to tell him she lived, and would live for him. He kissed the pale lips, and then, with a cry of despair, he rushed past me, and was out of the house before I could interpose to prevent him from going.

My position was anything but an agreeable one. Here was a poisoned young lady lying upon my sofa, and without the least means of ascertaining who she was. I rang the bell hastily, and when my servant came, I said,

"Thomas, run down the street, and see if you can catch the young man who was here. If you do, detain him anyhow, till I get my hat and follow you."

Thomas ran out, and in a few moments I ran after him, but the young man was gone, and we were compelled to come back as wise as we went.

"Upon my word," said I, "this is an awkward predicament as any man could well be placed in."

There lay the body—a hideous spectacle—upon my sofa, and the hour was close at hand when my usual patients would arrive.

"Thomas," said I, "you must assist me to carry this body somewhere else."

"The—the body, sir?" said Thomas.

"I—oh, yes."

While Thomas said "Oh, yes," he backed towards the door with an evident repugnance to the job.

"Come, come," said I, "you must not have any of these foolish scruples; I cannot carry it by myself. It must be removed somewhere till I can see the parish authorities, and have it taken from the house, so do you take the feet; between us we must carry it into the back parlor."

"I—I—never took hold of the feet of a corpse in all my life," stammered out Thomas.

"But you must now; so come, be quick."

but when I entered the room, I was struck by the peculiar paleness of his face, and the agitation that seemed to pervade every limb of him.

"Doctor," he said, "although unknown to you, I have heard your name very frequently."

"I trust I may be of service to your lordship," said I; let me beg of you to be seated."

"My visit," he continued, speaking evidently with difficulty, "is not a professional one. Do you know a family named Sarsfield?"

"Sarsfield," said I. "Yes. Some years ago—at least seven, I should think—I knew intimately a family of that name. They went to settle at Boulogne permanently, since which, my professional engagements have prevented me from seeing them. I know them very well indeed."

"At that time," he continued, "there were two young children—the one a little over ten years of age, and the other younger."

"There were, and Ellen, the elder, was as beautiful a child as ever—"

He sank into a chair with a deep groan.

"What is the matter, sir?" said I; "are you ill?"

He looked up at me with an expression of face I shall never forget, and in a hollow tone, he said—

"Doctor, you have read Shakspeare, no doubt, often attentively, and I may say in the words of one of his bright creations, 'Who can minister to a mind diseased?' I am ill, but it is a sickness of the soul. I have come to say, that should a young lady come here, and announce herself as Ellen Sarsfield, that is Ellen Sarsfield."

"Indeed, sir, and under what circumstances do you expect her to come here?"

"She recollects your address as a friend of her father, and might come to you as a mediator. She was seduced by—by one who—"

"What?" cried I, "Ellen Sarsfield, the beautiful creature who a few short years ago was the darling and the pet of a large family, has been seduced by a villain?"

"Yes, sir, she has been seduced by a villain. Heaven! what a sight! I saw her last night, and she was so pale, and so—"

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who loved her so far a piece of nature's workmanship as ever blessed the world. You have seen her, sir—you know her. Let me get at the villain. I will tear his black heart from his breast!"

"Keep him off—keep him off!" said Lord Mandelholme. "I would not have his blood upon my hands, but I will defend my own life."

"You may well do so," cried his opponent; "for no man should be more afraid to die."

"Gentlemen," said I, "I will not have violence here. Go both of you into the street, if you must fight, but it is most unseemly here."

Lord Mandelholme drew a pistol from his pocket, as he said—

"I will defend my life—I will defend my life."

"Fiend," cried he, whom the unhappy girl had called George; "fiend—monster in human form! you have made many hearts desolate, and I will not now be balked in my revenge. Nay, it is justice—a more sacred name. I too am armed. Here are weapons."

He struggled so much with me, that I saw there was no chance of holding him much longer; therefore, as a last resource to stop bloodshed, I suddenly let him go, and in a moment throwing open the folding doors which divided my two parlors, I cried—

"Behold! let that sight disarm you both in this house. Profane not death by a contest in its awful presence."

On the table lay the corpse, as I had placed it, and for a moment, they both stood as if paralyzed. Then Lord Mandelholme, with a loud cry, strove to leave the parlor by the door leading from the passage, but his opponent darted after him, and ere he could accomplish his purpose, dragged him back again. Before I could interfere, Mandelholme fired his pistol; in an instant there was another report—a loud terrific shriek, and the noble seigneur lay weltering in his blood.

"Good Heavens! what a sight!" I cried.

"What have you done?"

"Taken wild justice."

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then, his voice was much weaker, as he said,

"She consented. A note was left with her father, and she eloped with me. We were married in London—"

"Married!" said I.

"Yes, yes, a mock marriage. My valet was the mock priest; she believed herself my wife, and then she claimed my promise of returning the following day to her parents. By one excuse and another I put her off, and then I wrote a note to her parents as if from her, bidding them adieu forever. The reply came. It did not suit me, for it was full of love and exhortations. I wrote an answer myself, imitating the handwriting as well as I could, and that plunged her in despair, for it harshly discarded forever. Well, she insisted upon going to throw herself at her father's feet. I entreated, I commanded, and finally I told her all. She rushed from my house, and—there she is, dead—dead! Oh, Heavens, have mercy upon me!"

He tossed his arms wildly in the air for some moments, and then lay perfectly still, the only indication of life being an occasional low moan.

"Go to the next street," whispered I to my man, "and call M. —, the surgeon."

Thomas ran off, and in less than ten minutes came back with the eminent practitioner I had named to him.

"A bad accident have you here, doctor?" he said.

"Yes; look at him, I fear—"

Mr. — shook his head, after carefully examining the eyes of the dying man.

"No hope?" said I.

"None!" was the reply.

Suddenly Mandelholme sat upright, and, stretching his arms up towards the ceiling, he cried—

"Help, help! Helen, save me—save me!"

He gasped for utterance; a dull, rattling sound in his throat succeeded, and the seigneur expired.

"Help, help! Helen, save me—save me!"

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"Help, help! Helen, save me—save me!"

World's Fair.

We copy below a notice of things and thing-um-bobs, already arrived at the great World's Fair. What a Babel will old London be during that multitudinous and multifarious carnival! We understand that even the old back-woods district of Edgefield is to have two Representatives at the grand Exhibition. What shall they carry up? Why can't we think of something! Can any one else think of anything? We hope so, but we have our doubts.

The London correspondent of the Scientific American, speaking of the approaching World's Fair, says:

There are arrivals every day of articles from foreign countries, and a keener excitement among the masses is perceptible respecting what is to be seen at the great range-show. Some wonderful things have already arrived from distant places. Scotland and Ireland; have sent up some rare curiosities, among which there are from Edinburgh, model of modern Jerusalem; sculpture in freestone and plaster of Paris; imitation of Mosaic tables; model of John Knox's house; design of Free Church College; Plaster of paris models of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Craigs, air-tight vessels to support persons in the water in case of ship-wreck, land cultivator or digging machine, model of a steam plough, paper cutting machine, paper folding ditto, model of high-pressure steam boiler for preparing bone manure and steaming food for cattle, model of steam-ship, fire escape, machines for sowing and dressing corn, railway signal lamps, model of house, illustrating a simple mode by which ordinary rain water may be rendered available in cases of fire, model of a carriage constructed so as to prevent horses from running away, a portable shower bath, a set of miscellaneous acting lever crossing gates for railways, a locomotive and complete sleep dipping apparatus, model of a patent steam up-ress-apparatus, steam and iron, and a set of tools for road-works.

He had 40 specimens of pictures taken by his discovery at the date of his letter to the Journal spoken of. Three of these are thus described:

1. A view, containing a red house, green grass and foliage, the wood color of the trees, several cows of different shades of red and brindle, colored garments on a clothes-line, blue sky and the faint blue of the atmosphere; intervening between the camera and the distant mountains, very delicately spread over the picture as if by the wind.

2. A sunset scene, in which the play of colors upon the clouds is represented with a truthfulness and gorgeous beauty which I cannot describe.

3. Several portraits, in which I have the true complexion of the skin, the eyebrows and lips, fine and hazel eyes, auburn, brown, and sandy hair, and every color of the drapery. Changeable silk is given in all its fine blendings of colors, and delicate richness of hues. I not only get red, blue, orange, violet, &c., but their various tints. The whole impression, including the lights and shades, is far more brilliant, round, and mellow than the most superb daguerrean image I have ever seen."

He adds:

"I have a most exquisite type of my little girl, (one year old), taken in the act of crying, the plate not having been exposed a full second. At the same time, my light required fifteen seconds for a daguerreotype. This picture has caught the expression perfectly both of the eye and whole face. On one cheek is seen a bright tear drop, and the color showing through it much deeper than the surrounding parts; which latter, I suppose, is owing to the refractive action of the fluid."

The discovery is named Heliotype. The only difficulty now experienced is in taking yellow colors. We hope this discovery is all that it is stated to be—Scientific American.

A NEW KIND OF FENCE.—Mr. John R. Remington, of Montgomery, Alabama, (the inventor of the Remington Erial Bridge) has patented a new and useful invention. It is a cement, for making solid fences, as durable as granite, and at a very reasonable cost of construction. The chief ingredient is sand, and it can be easily manufactured by plantation hands. The cement panels are conveyed to the spot where the fence is to be located, and the two legs of each let into the ground like common posts. The cost to the planter is estimated at 10 cents per panel of ten feet by five—four inches thick—far cheaper than the wire fence. It does not, or at least should not detract from the merit of this invention that it hails from Alabama, this time, rather than from Maine or Pennsylvania, or that the modest little town of Montgomery ventures competition with the great manufacturing cities of the East for the honor of originating some of the useful discoveries of the age.—Charleston Courier.

MANUFACTURE OF SILVER-WARE.—One young fellow citizen, Mr. Wm. H. Ewan, who has succeeded to the business carried on here for many years by his father, continues to manufacture at his establishment, 127 King st., every variety of silver-ware, waiters, castors, goblets, cups, forks, spoons, &c. and sets diamonds, pearls and other precious stones. Mr. Ewan received the highest premium at the late Fair of the Institute, for the best articles in his line made in the city. Our steady and industrious young men deserve to receive a share of patronage, and Mr. Ewan has enlisted these valuable qualifications in a branch of manufacturing both useful and ornamental.—Charleston Courier.

EXCELSIOR.

DON'T HURRY.—We heard a pathetic tale of a gentleman, now very poor, who was deprived of a large estate once in consequence of being in too much of a hurry. A dying man had quarreled with his heirs, and was determined they should not have his money. He had made a will, giving all his money to this individual, which only wanted his signature. His hands were running low, and calling his friend, bade him take the will from the drawer and bring him the inkstand. Tears blinded the unfortunate donor's eyes, as he executed the command. He seized a small bottle from the mantle piece, and dipping the pen, the testator wrote his name, lay back and died. The will was put back in the chest, and the old man was buried, but when they came to look for the will they found it had no signature. Alas! the truth was plain—in his haste for the ink, he had got the wrong bottle, and the will was signed with paragon. So the heirs got it after all.—Pathfinder.

A CHAPTER OF DON'TS.—Don't get tipsy, don't smoke, don't chew, don't quarrel with your friends, don't fancy yourself the nicest man in Christendom, don't despise the poor, don't condemn any body unheard, don't strike a man beyond your reach, don't pay particular attention to more than one lady, and don't forget to pay for your paper.

TO MAKE FINE HAND OR SHAVING SOAP.—Cut up a bar of good white soap, and moisten into paste with sweet oil, and scent with rose, lemon, musk, or any other smelling flavor you like.

SHEEP.—A gentleman who had reached San Francisco by land, from Santa Barbara, stated that he had passed on the route eight thousand head of sheep, which were being driven from the State of Sonora to the San Francisco market.

A happy home is a glorious and instructive sight; one which it does the heart good to see, and which, once beheld, leaves an ineffaceable impression on the mind.