

# EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to Southern Rights, News, Politics, General Intelligence, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &c.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

EDGEFIELD, S. C., SEPTEMBER 1, 1852.

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W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.

## Select Poetry.

### LIFE'S SEASONS.

There is a Springtime of the heart—  
The found in infancy—  
When on its mother's breast the babe  
First smiles in dimpled glee:  
When, like the bud upon the stem,  
Its life is but begun,  
And pearly tear-drops fleck the eyes  
As shadows flee the sun!

There is a Summer of the heart—  
The found in early youth—  
When life is full of joyousness,  
Of innocence and truth:  
When clouds but seldom intervene  
To mar the sky so bright,  
And all is but a fairy scene  
Of exquisite delight!

There is an Autumn of the heart—  
The found in riper age—  
When sorrow's a familiar thing,  
And grief a heritage:  
When shadows thick and dark come o'er  
The beauty of the sky,  
And, by their dim obscurity,  
Foretell some danger nigh!

There is a Winter of the heart—  
The found in later years—  
When life is full of bitterness,  
Of vain regretful tears,  
When stormy winds and chilling blasts  
Blow with so fierce a breath,  
That we would fain seek shelter in  
The anchorage of Death!

Who-ne'er the Autumn of the heart  
Shall cloud our lives with gloom,  
And Winter's cold and chilling blasts  
Remind us of the tomb,  
If we but act our parts aright,  
On Time's uncertain shore,  
Our souls may know, in purer climes,  
A Summer evermore!

### THE SHOEMAKER.

"ACT WELL YOUR PART, THERE ALL THE HONOR LIES."  
The shoemaker sat amid wax and leather,  
With lap-stone upon his knee,  
Where, saug in sleep, he defied all weather,  
Drawing his quarters and sole together—  
A happy old man was he.

The worth of his time he knew,  
He bridled his ends and kept them going,  
And felt at each moment a stich was owing,  
Until he got round the shoe.

Of every deed his wax was swelling,  
The closing was firm and fast;  
The prick of his awl never caused a feeling  
Of pain to the toe; and his skill in heeling  
Was perfect and true to the last.

Whenever you gave him a foot to measure,  
With gentle and skillful hand  
He took its proportions with looks of pleasure,  
As if by giving the costliest treasure,  
Or dubbing him lord of the land.

And many a one did he save from getting  
A fever, or cold, or cough,  
And many a foot did he save from wetting,  
When, whether in water or snow 'twas setting,  
His shoing would keep off.

When he had done with his making and mending,  
With bow and a peaceful breast,  
Resigning his awl, as his thrival was ending,  
He passed from his bench, to the grave descending,  
As high as the king to rest.

## Miscellaneous.

### How Jim Blander Salted and Pickled the Quaker "Friend."

There lived in a certain neighborhood not far distant from here, a roysing, rowdy, called Jim Blander. Jim was "sum" in a fight, a kind of pugilistic Napoleon. Many and bloody were the affairs he had had in his time, and he had invariably come off first-best. Jim not only considered himself invulnerable, but all the fighting characters in the surrounding country conceded it was no use fighting Jim, as he was considered to be a patent thrashing machine, that could not be improved on. In Jim's neighborhood had settled quite a number of Quakers. From some cause or other Jim hated the "shad-bellies," as he called them, with his entire heart—he often declared, that to whip one of these inoffensive people would be the crowning glory of his life. For years Jim waited for the pretext. At last the longing desire of his soul was to be gratified. One of Jim's chums overheard a "young" Quaker speak in disparaging terms of him. The report soon came to Jim's ears, not a little magnified. Jim made desperate threats that he was going to do with Nathan, the meek follower of Penn, on sight—besides various bruises and contusions he meant to inflict on Nathan's body, in his chaste language, he meant to gouge out both his eyes and chew off both his ears.

Nathan heard of Jim's threats, and, very properly, kept out of his way, hoping that time would modify Jim's anger. It seems, however, this much-to-be desired result did not take place. One day, friend Nathan was out riding, and in passing through a long lane, when about mid-way, he espied Jim entering the other end. Nathan might have turned and fled, but the flesh rebelled at this proceeding. "I will pursue my way peaceably," said the Quaker, "and I hope the better sense of this man of wrath will not permit him to molest me, or allow him to do violence to my person." Nathan's calculations as to the lamb-like qualities of his adversary were doomed to be disappointed.

"O, ho!" thought the bully, as he recognized Nathan, "I have him at last. Now I'll make quince-meat of Shad-belly, I will salt him and pickle him too."

"Will you please dismount from thy horse," said Jim, seizing the bridle of Nathan's horse, and mimicking his style; "my

soul yearneth above all things to give you the d—dest mauling that ever a man received."

"Friend James," replied Nathan, "thou must not molest me, but let me go my way in peace. Thy better judgment will surely tell that thou cannot possibly be benefited by personally injuring me."

"Get down in a moment," thundered Jim; "get down, you canting, lying, mischief-making, cowardly hypocrite. I'll drag you down if you don't dismount."

"Friend James, I remonstrate against thy proceedings and against thy language," replied Nathan. "My religion teaches me sincerity—I am neither a liar, a mischief-maker, nor hypocrite; I am no coward, but I am a man of peace, I desire to pursue my way quietly—let me pass on."

"Get down," persisted Jim, "down with you, I want to beat some of your d—d religion out of you. I must give you a h—l of a flogging before I leave you. I think, by the time I am through with you, you will pass for a tolerably honest man; I will teach you, in a short and easy lesson, the importance of minding your own affairs, and the risk you run in slandering your neighbors."

"I will not dismount," said Nathan firmly; "loosen thy hold from the bridle."  
"You won't, won't you?" said Jim, "then here goes," and he made a desperate lunge to collar the Quaker.

Nathan was on his feet in an instant, on the opposite side of the horse. The Quaker, although of much smaller proportions than his persecutor, was all sinew and muscle, and his well-knit form denoted both activity and strength. His wrath was evidently unkindled.

"Friend James," he implored, "thy persistence in persecuting me is exceedingly annoying; thou must desist, or peradventure I may so far forget myself that I may do thee some bodily harm."

"By snakes!" said Jim, coming towards Nathan, "I believe there is fight enough in 'Broad him' to make the affair interesting. I wish some of the boys were here to see the fun. Now," continued Jim, "friend Nathan, I am going to knock off the end of your nose—look out!"

Snatching the action to the word, Jim, after various pugilistic gyrations with his fist, aimed at him.

"Friend James," said Nathan in the heat of the contest, "this is more child's play. It gives me that thou hast forced me into resistance, but I must defend myself from bodily harm. I see there is but one way of bringing this scandalous and wicked affair to a close, and that is by conquering thee; in order to do this I will inflict a heavy blow between thine eyes, which will prostrate thee."

Following out the suggestion, Nathan struck Jim a tremendous blow on his forehead, which brought him senseless to the ground.

"Now," said Nathan, "I will teach thee a lesson, and I hope it will be a wholesome lesson too. I will seat myself a straddle of thy breast—I will plant my knees upon thy arms thus, so that thou cannot injure me when thou returnest to consciousness. I hope I may be the humble instrument of taming thy fierce warlike nature, and making a better and more peaceable man of thee."

As the Quaker concluded, Jim began to show some returning signs of life. The first impulse of Jim, when he fairly saw his condition, was to turn Nathan off. He struggled desperately, but he was in a vice—his efforts were unavailing.

"Friend, thou must keep still until I am done with thee," said Nathan. "I believe I am a humble instrument in the hands of Providence to chastise thee, and I trust, when I am done with thee, thou wilt be a changed man. Friend James dost thou not repeat attacking me?"

"No, by G—d," said Jim, "let me up and I will show you."

"I will not let thee up, thou impious wretch!" replied Nathan, "darest thou to profane the name of thy maker—I will punish thee for that—I will cheek thy respiration for a moment!"

Nathan, as good as his word, clutched Jim by the throat. He compressed his grip, a gurgling sound could be heard; Jim's face became distorted, a tremor ran through his frame. He was evidently undergoing a process of strangulation. The Quaker relaxed his hold, but not until the choking process had sufficiently, as he thought, tamed the perverse spirit of Jim. It took some moments for Jim to inhale sufficient air to address the Quaker.

"I will kneel under," said Jim; "enough! let me up."

"No, thou hast not got half enough," replied Nathan. "Thou art now undergoing a process of moral purification, and thou must be contented to remain where thou lovest until I am done with thee. Thou just profaned the name of thy Maker, friend James," continued Nathan, "confess, dost thou not repent thy wickedness?"

"No, d—d if I do," growled Jim.  
"Thou perverse man," replied Nathan, in an imploring tone, "say that thou repentest thy wickedness."  
"I'll be d—d if I do," said Jim.  
"Will thou not," replied the Quaker; "must I use compulsory means? I will compress thy wind-pipe again unless thou givest me an answer in the affirmative—say quick, art thou sorry?"

"No, I-y-e-s!" shrieked Jim in a gurgling tone, as the Quaker's grip tightened, "yes, I am sorry."

"Is thy sorrow a Godly sorrow?" enquired Nathan.  
Jim rather demurred to give an affirmative

answer to the question, but a gentle squeeze admonished him he had better yield.

"Yes," replied Jim, "my sorrow is a Godly sorrow."

"And sorrow leadeth to repentance," replied Nathan; "we are progressing finely. Thou saidst but just now," he continued, "that I was a canting, lying, cowardly, mischief-making hypocrite. Thou wronged me in asserting these things, and slandered my persuasion. Dost thou recall these assertions?"

"Yes," replied Jim, "I do; now let me up."

"I am not done with thee yet," said Nathan. "Thou has been a disturber of the peace of this neighborhood time out of mind—thy hand has been raised against every man, thou art a brawler. Will thou promise me that, in future, they will lead a more peaceable life, that thou wilt love thy neighbor as thyself?"

"Yes," answered Jim, hesitatingly, "all but the Quakers."

"Thou must make no exceptions," replied Nathan; "I insist on an answer."  
"I will be d—d," said Jim, "if I say yes to that—I will die first."

"Thou must yield James," said Nathan, "I insist on it," and he again grasped Jim by the throat. "I will choke thee into submission; thou must answer affirmatively—say after me, 'I promise to love my neighbor as myself, including the Quakers.'"

"I will not promise that," replied Jim, "I'll be cursed if I do."  
"I will cheek thy respiration if you don't," replied Nathan. "Wilt thou yield?"

"No, I won't be blasted if I do," answered Jim.  
"Thou had better give in," replied Nathan, "I will choke thee again if thou does not—see my grip tightened."

And Nathan did compress his grip, and the choking process again went on. Jim's face first became distorted, then purple—his tongue lolled out, and his eyes protruded from their sockets—his body writhed like a dying man's. Nathan persisted in holding his grip until Jim became entirely passive, he then relaxed his hold. Jim was slow in recovering his speech and his senses, when he did he begged Nathan, for mercy's sake, to release him.

"When thee will make the promise I expect from thee I will release thee, but no

more peaceable citizen of thee, and I hope a better man."

Poor Jim was completely humbled; he left the field with his spirits completely cowed. Not long after this occurrence the story became bruited about. This was more than Jim could bear. He soon after left the scene of his many triumphs and his late disastrous defeat, and emigrated to the "Far West." The last I heard of him, he was preparing to make another move. Being pressed for his reason why he again emigrated, he said a colony of Quakers were about moving into his neighborhood. He was under an obligation to love them, but he was of opinion that distance would lend strength to his attachment.

Madison, Ind, Feb. 21, 1832.

ANECDOTE OF REV. SAMUEL MOODY.—When Mr. Moody was on a journey, I think in the western part of Massachusetts, he called on a brother in the ministry, on Saturday, thinking to spend the Sabbath with him, if agreeable. The man appeared very glad to see him, and said, "I would be very glad to have you stop and preach for me to-morrow but I feel almost ashamed to ask you."

"Why, what is the matter?" said Mr. Moody.  
"Why, our people have got into such a habit of going out before meeting is closed that it would seem to be an imposition upon a stranger."

If that's all, I must and will stop and preach for you, was Mr. Moody's reply.  
When the Sabbath day came, and Mr. Moody had opened the meeting and named his text he looked round on the assembly and said, "My hearers, I am going to speak to two sorts of folks to-day, sinners and sinners. Sinners, I am going to give you your portion first, and I would have you give good attention." When he had preached to them as long as he thought best, he paused and said, "There sinners, I have done with you now; you may take your hats and go out the meeting house as soon as you please!" But all tarried and heard him through.

HERE is a specimen of the oft-times quick wit of children:  
"Elder Root," as he was always called, was rather a sour old deacon of the strictest sect; and hence he was not over-much beloved by the young folks of the parish. One Sunday morning he saw a lad pulling something up in the corner of the garden by the road-side.

"What are you doing there, at work in the garden on Sunday morning?" growled the deacon. "I was only pulling up this nasty pison Elder Root!" was the prompt reply.

Mrs. Partington, upon reading in a paper that the Boston Light Guards appeared last evening in "undress uniform," said:  
"Well, if soldiers will go naked I am glad that they don't train in the day time. I am."

MANY men lose much by being too communicative in their matters of business. The great laconic philosopher, Bark, says:  
"Keep shady; and if you see a quarter on the ground—put your foot on it."

### A WHISPER TO GENTLEMEN.

BY FANNY FEHN.  
Jupiter Ammon! don't I wish I was a man, just to show the masculines how to play their part in the world a little better! In the first place there isn't a mother's son of you that has got as far as A B C in the art of making love, (and I've seen a few abortions in that way myself, as well as the rest of the sisters.) What woman wants to be told her that "her feet and eyes are pretty," or, "her form and smile bewitching?" Just as if she didn't know all her fine points as soon as she is tall enough to peep into a looking-glass!

No you ineffable donkey, if you must use the small coin of flattery to pay toll at the bridge of her affections, let me whisper a secret in your long ears. Compliment her upon some mental attraction she does not possess, (if you can find one), and don't wear the knees of your pet pants threadbare at her feet, trying to make her believe that she is your first love. We all know that is among the things that were, after you were out of your jacket and trousers.

What a splendid husband I (Fanny) should make, to be sure! had Providence only ordained it! Do you suppose when the mother of my glorious boys wanted a sixpence to buy their shoe strings, I'd scowl at her like a hyena, and pull my port-monnie out of my pocket as if I were drawing a tooth? Do you suppose, when her blue eyes grew lustreless, and the rose paled on her fair cheek, trotting round the domestic treadmill day after day, that I'd come home at night sulky and silent, and smoke my cigar in her face till her eyes were as red as a rabbit's or take myself off to a club or a game at nine-pines, or any other game, and leave her to the exhilarating relaxation of darning my stockings!

Do you suppose I'd trot along like a loose pony at her side in the street, and leave her to keep up with me or not as her strength would permit? Do you suppose I'd fly into a passion and utter words to crush the life from out her young heart, and then insult her by offering a healing plaster in the shape of a new bonnet? And don't you suppose, when the anniversary of our wedding day came round, I'd write a dainty little note and leave it on her toilet table, to let her know I was still a married lover!

Pshaw! I'm sick of you all! You don't

For corrosive sublimate, give the white of eggs mixed with water until free vomiting take place.

THE TRUE INDEPENDENCE.  
The true policy of our State is to make all we can out of our resources—turn every dollar of available capital into some useful and profitable enterprise. Within the borders of our State, may be found large quantities of pine and other valuable timbers, into which the woodman's axe has scarce been put. What valuable products these may be made; and all that is required to turn our interminable pine forests into ready money, is a little energy and some effort.

When we see a fellow-citizen, or several of our citizens uniting their efforts, for the improvement of the means which have been placed within their reach, we are obliged to admire to some extent at least, the spirit of improvement which is manifested by them. We venture there is no District in the State with greater diversity of soil—and consequently better adapted for carrying on a large lumber business—than ours, and yet, how little are the blessings prized which we enjoy? Until within a year or two, such a thing as a steam mill was altogether unknown in our District, and even now, we have only one in operation, and another nearly ready to be worked. The first belonging to the Messrs. Love, has been in operation about two years; the first in progress of erection by the Messrs. Tryon, will be ready to saw before long. We are always glad to see any kind of public spirit among our citizens.

Steam mills, we believe, have proved very profitable in every section of the State wherever erected, and there is no reason why they should prove otherwise with us.

The great advantage they possess over other mills, is, that they are not dependant upon a good head of water, or rain for running; they can also be removed to another locality when timber gets scarce, and thus they may be regarded very profitable. The time will come when our people will see where they have been in their own light too long, by not giving greater attention to such matters. Our planters, particularly the largest, have been too much absorbed with the idea of making tremendous profits, to see the advantage of other interests, less

WORKING ON THE SABBATH.—There are a great many people who profess to keep the Sabbath, according to the fourth commandment, but who somehow or other always find a multitude of "works of necessity" to be attended to. We have seen a capital anecdote lately, about a family of such people, who were pretty severely rebuked by a colored man in their employ. The family were farmers. One Sabbath morning, the colored man was not up, as usual, at breakfast. The son was sent to call him; but Caesar said they need not wait for him as he did not wish for any breakfast.

"Why, Caesar," said the young man, "we shall want you, as soon as the dew is off, to help about the hay."  
"No," said he, "I cannot work any more on the Sabbath, it is not right."  
"Is not right?" said the other, "is it not right to take care of what Providence has given us?"

"O, there is no necessity for it," said he "and 'tis wrong to do it."  
"But would you not pull your cow or sheep out of the pit on the Sabbath Caesar?"  
"No, not if I had been trying all the week to shove them in; I would tell them to lie there."

PADY'S EXPEDIENT.—An Irish weaver, just imported from the sister isle, took his employer in Kilmarnock, the other day, the first cloth he had woven since his arrival.

His employer detected in the cloth two holes, within half an inch of each other, and told him he must pay a fine of a shilling for each hole.

"And plaze ye," returned Pat, "is it by the number of holes, or by the size of them, that ye put the fine on?"  
"By the number of holes, to be sure."  
"And a big hole and a small one is the same price?"  
"Yes, a shilling for each hole, big or little."

"Then give me a hould of the piece," replied Paddy; and getting the cloth into his hands, he tore the two holes into one, and exclaimed:  
"By the bill of Howth, and that saves me one shilling any how."

PROTESTANTS IN ITALY.—A correspondent of the London Daily News says, the Jesuits have determined to press for the removal of all Protestant places of worship beyond the gates of Italian cities. They are not to be allowed, as at present, to be attached to British missions—to prevent Italians associating with foreigners, especially English, (this move has begun in Naples)—to enrol no more Swiss Protestants in the legions which support Italian Princes; to allow no education to Protestant youths throughout the Peninsula; to prohibit all books which even indirectly refer to the Reformation.

POISON ANTIDOTES.—For oil of vitriol, or aquafortis, give large doses of magnesia and water, or equal parts of soft soap and water.

For exalac acid, give an emetic of mustard and water, afterwards mucilages and small doses of laudanum.

For opium or laudanum, give an emetic of mustard, and use constant motion, and if possible the stomach pump.  
For arsenic, doses of magnesia are useful, but freshly prepared hydrated oxide of iron is best.  
For insects taken into the stomach, drink a small quantity of vinegar and salt.

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### TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE.

The following despatch gives an account of a terrible steamboat collision on Lake Erie:

ERIC, N. Y., August 20.  
The steamer Atlantic last night came in collision with the propeller Ogdensburg, and sank in a half hour. There was a dense fog prevailing at the time.

The Atlantic had on board an immense number of passengers, and it is estimated that about two hundred and fifty of them perished—chiefly Norwegian emigrants.—When the collision took place the passengers were all in bed, and the utmost consternation ensued, especially among the steerage passengers, many of them jumping overboard.

The emigrants, who could not speak a word of English, or understand a word spoken to them, added to the horror of the scene by their cries of terror.

The cabin passengers and others who could understand the exhortations of the captain, were completely calm, and provided themselves with chairs, settees and beds. All who had patent life preservers, a number being on board the boat, were saved. The emigrants jumped overboard in their terror, and rushed to certain death.

The water gained very rapidly, and the fires were soon extinguished, the boat sinking amid a scene of the most terrible and heart-rending confusion. At half-past two o'clock, amid the wildest shrieks from a thousand voices, the boat settled and sunk.

The officers of the propeller Ogdensburg did all in their power to preserve the lives of the hundreds of human beings struggling in the water, and many were rescued. The whole number picked up by the propeller was two hundred and fifty, and they were taken to Erie. A large number of these left at once on board the steamer Sultana for Cleveland, and others came down in the progress of erection by the Messrs. Tryon, will be ready to saw before long. We are always glad to see any kind of public spirit among our citizens.

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"And a big hole and a small one is the same price?"  
"Yes, a shilling for each hole, big or little."

"Then give me a hould of the piece," replied Paddy; and getting the cloth into his hands, he tore the two holes into one, and exclaimed:  
"By the bill of Howth, and that saves me one shilling any how."

PROTESTANTS IN ITALY.—A correspondent of the London Daily News says, the Jesuits have determined to press for the removal of all Protestant places of worship beyond the gates of Italian cities. They are not to be allowed, as at present, to be attached to British missions—to prevent Italians associating with foreigners, especially English, (this move has begun in Naples)—to enrol no more Swiss Protestants in the legions which support Italian Princes; to allow no education to Protestant youths throughout the Peninsula; to prohibit all books which even indirectly refer to the Reformation.

POISON ANTIDOTES.—For oil of vitriol, or aquafortis, give large doses of magnesia and water, or equal parts of soft soap and water.

For exalac acid, give an emetic of mustard and water, afterwards mucilages and small doses of laudanum.

For opium or laudanum, give an emetic of mustard, and use constant motion, and if possible the stomach pump.  
For arsenic, doses of magnesia are useful, but freshly prepared hydrated oxide of iron is best.  
For insects taken into the stomach, drink a small quantity of vinegar and salt.

### GOING HOME AGAIN.

The Charleston Courier of Monday relates the following:  
On Saturday last a gentleman of Alabama arrived in this city from Baltimore, having with him a negro, who had run away from his plantation sometime since, and whom he had recovered under the following singular circumstances. Standing one morning recently in front of the Hotel at which he was sojourning at Baltimore, he was accosted by a half-starved and pitiable looking negro, whom he presently recognized as the fugitive from his estate. Asking him what he wanted, he stated that he had been residing in Canada, and after having suffered innumerable hardships he had determined to retrace his steps and return to the horse which he had so abruptly quitted, and had got so far when providentially he found his master, and now entreated him to take him back with him. The warm hearted Planter at once consented, fed and clothed him, and the negro passed through this city with him as contented and