

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."

W. F. DURASO, Proprietor.

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Select Poetry.

TWENTY-FIVE.

I'm twenty-five—ah! me how bright,
This period seemed in early youth,
How then did fancy fill my mind
With fictions that I deemed were truth.
How fiction did future hopes appear!
But ah! they were as false as air,
I looked for pleasure unalloyed,
But found, alas! corroding care.

I'm twenty-five—and life appears
To me now in its sober dress;
And sadly I gaze o'er the past,
With feelings I would not suppress.
What thought the world before to me,
Seemed full of all the new and strange,
The real, now is fully revealed,
And I am sadder for the change.

The future then led glorious hopes,
And joy its halo round them cast;
But ah! the future's bright no more,
And joy is found but in the past.
Already fancy's fires grow dim,
And love, once deemed a deathless flame;
Seems like a transient meteor's glare,
And earthly friendship but a name.

I'm twenty-five—life has been bright,
But ah! I'm most torn and see,
Contrasted with its former glow,
Its cheerless, cold, reality—
Must see each rainbow-faded hue,
And warm-lit flames all depart,
And feel the dull, cold core of earth
Come stealing, sadly, o'er my heart.

I'm twenty-five—but ah! 'tis not
That era bright of hope and joy,
Encircled by those fairy scenes,
My fancy painted when a boy.
Farwell, my early, happy dreams,
In earnest life I now will strive
To find the happiness I sought
In visions bright till twenty-five.

PARODY.

'Tis the last cake for supper,
Left steaming alone,
All its light-brown companions
Are buttered and gone.
No cake of its kindred,
No cook's is nigh,
To steam on the platter,
Or near its mate lie.

I'll not leave thee
To meet a cold
Since thy mate is
Come lie on me
Thus kindly I'll
Thy steaming
And think on thee
When thou art

Thus all eases
Three times o'er
When breakfast is ready
They vanish away;
When hunger is mighty,
And sickness has flown,
No cake can inhabit
The table alone.

Miscellaneous.

From the Weekly Universe.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

HOW BLACK DAN SOLD HIS "RED EYE."
Some ten or twelve years ago there lived in the village of Flashing, Long Island, a jovial tavern keeper, known to the drinking community in and about those diggings as Black Dan—was not a nigger, by a long shot, but a burly specimen of a white man, that might very well have passed in the dark, for the Great Expounder himself. Dan was fond of his glass, but was notorious for keeping just the very worst quality of "red eye," or "fire water," to be found in the place, and which none but an experience practitioner would have dared to swallow. Dan, however, knew what good rum was, and took care that whatever the quality he dealt out to his customers, he touched none but the best himself. As temperance got into the village Dan's customers began to thin out faster than he calculated on, and soon he found that his cellar and himself were alone in their glory. This he protested against, and resolved that if people were determined to be temperate, he would make them purchase his liquor whether they chose to swallow it or not.

Accordingly Dan travelled down to the temperance meeting one night, and was prevailed upon by several of the regenerate to sign the pledge. As soon as the hardy feat was accomplished, the excitement became so intense that Dan was actually carried up on the stage and forced to tell his varied "experience," which he did to the perfect satisfaction of the crowd. He wound up by saying: "Now, friends, like yourselves, I've given old King Alcohol the go by, but as you know, I'm poor, and if I lose the value of the liquors I have on hand, I won't have a stiver to purchase the first feed for my family. I'm willing to work—and I mean to stick to the pledge—but it is fair that I should lose some five hundred dollars worth of rum besides. I leave it to yourselves whether I stand the blunt of the affair or not."

"No, Dan!" shouted a four by six enthusiast "you shan't do any thing of the sort! I move Mr. President, that we buy Dan out!" This was agreed to, and forthwith the people were put under contribution. The requisite sum was soon raised. Dan, however, to show he was in earnest, offered to stand a hundred of it himself. This was received as a proof of sincerity. The money was paid over and the crowd adjourned to Dan's establishment, where they soon dragged out the rot-gut into the street, and stove in the heads of the barrels.

The liquor, like a torrent, rolled down the gutters and in less time than you could say "Jack Robinson," was mingled with the waters of Newtown creek.

Dan's liquor was gone; and Dan had

the value in his pocket. Mounting one of the empty barrels, he coolly turned to the crowd and said he wished to remark, "that was the best speculation he had ever entered into. The liquor was of the very worst description. He felt sorry that he had sold such miserable stuff, but as he had that day purchased a primo article in the city, and expected it home next morning, he hoped his old friends and customers would give him a call, and he would guarantee that if they got drunk on it, they would have a headache in the morning!"

The temperance people felt as if they were sold cheap, and there wasn't another advocate to be found in the vicinity of Black Dan's rum hole again, for the space of six months.

WEALTH.

The error of life into which man most readily falls, is the pursuit of wealth as the highest good of existence. While riches command respect, win position, and secure comfort, it is expected that they will be regarded by all classes only with a strong and unsatisfied desire. But the reverence which is every where manifested for wealth, the rank which is conceded it, the homage which is paid it, the perpetual worship which is offered it, all tends to magnify its desirability and awaken longings for its possession it the minds of those born without inheritance. In society as at present observed, the acquisition of money—the great object of living, to which all other purposes are made subordinate. Money, which exalts the lowly, and sheds honor upon the exalted—money, which makes sin appear goodness, and gives to viciousness the seeming of chastity—money, makes silent evil reprobate, and opens wide the mouth of praise—money, which constitutes its possessor an oracle, to whom men listen with deference—money, which makes deformity beautiful, and sacrifices crime—money, which lets the guilty go unpunished, and wins forgiveness for wrong—money, which manhood and age respects, and its commendation surety, and good name for the young—how shall it be gained? by what schemes gathered in? by what sacrifice secured? These are the questions which absorb the mind, the practical answerings of which engross the life of man. The schemes are too often those of fraud, and outrage upon the sacred obligations of being; sacrifice, loss of the highest good.

son as absolute enjoyment and honor, rather than the means of honorable, useful, and happy life. While riches are thus over-estimated, and hold such a power in communities, men will forego ease and endure toil, sacrifice social pleasures and abandon principle, for the speedy and unlimited requirement of property. Money will not be regarded as the means of living, but as the object of life. All noble ends will be neglected in the eager haste to be rich. No higher pursuit will be recognized than the pursuit of gold—no attainment deemed so desirable as the attainment of wealth. While the great man of every circle is the rich man, in the common mind wealth becomes the synonyme of greatness. No condition is discernible superior to that which money confers: no loftier idea of manhood is entertained than that which embraces the extent of one's possessions.

There is a wealth of heart better than gold, and an interior decoration fairer than outward ornament. There is a splendor in uprightness, beside which gems are lustreless; and a firmness of spirit whose beauty outshines the glitter of diamonds. Man's true riches are hidden in his nature, and in their development and increase will find his surest happiness.

There is an old man in Belgrade, on the frontiers of Hungary of the age of one hundred and seventy-two years. He is still in possession of all his faculties, and smokes his pipe regularly. Fifty years ago he used to go out hunting with his grandson, and it is not one hundred years since he made his third quiet marriage with a young girl of nineteen, whom he has outlived by forty-four years.

The man who can truly say, that advertising does not benefit him when he is prepared to supply customers, pays himself the poorest kind of a compliment. The public will decide fairly upon the merits of both seller and his goods, and he will be sure to command success who deserves it.

A fellow laboring along the turnpike under a heavy load of inebrity, was asked what made him stagger so, and gave his answer: "Why—hic—I—hic—I pay rum tax and want to get the worth of my—hic—money by taking a longer route, that's the reason I walks crosswise. Hic—do you see?"

POROSITY OF THE SKIN.—From microscopic observation, it has been computed that the skin is perforated with a thousand holes in a square inch. If the whole surface of the human body be estimated at sixteen square feet, it must contain no fewer than 2,304,000 pores.

A learned counsellor once said to a country man in a smock frock, who was undergoing his examination in the witness box.

"You in the smock frock, how much are you paid for lying?"

"Less than you are, unfortunately, or you would be in a smock frock too."

What is the difference between the school-master and the engine driver? One trains the mind, and the other minds the train.

A Good reputation is better than a fine coat, in almost any kind of business—except wooing a fashionable lady.

Original Story.

For the Edgefield Advertiser.

GERALD FLEMING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO GROOMS FOR ONE BRIDE," "THE ORPHAN," &c.

"He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."
Hazy and beautiful dawned the morning of the 24th December 1849. True, the mill-pond at one back of widow Fleming's Cottage was one broad sheet of ice, and fantastic spars fringed the dam, but they glittered and flashed in the gleaming sunshine like so many ornaments lit up by the flames of the guides in some vast cavern of petrifications.

There was a bustle about the widow's neat Cottage, although her step was more measured and her face wore an expression of sadness that the smiles and cheerful hilarity of Fanny, her little protégée and only companion, together with the braiding party of the atmosphere could not dispel.

Widow Fleming's useful and blameless life was fast merging into its mellow and glorious autumn. Her character was so pure and her deeds had been so like what a true woman's should be, dictated ever by sterling principles and the incentives of a Christian's faith, that instead of old age bringing gloom and dark forebodings to her bosom, it was to her but the peaceful harbinger of a Heaven-born Spring—a Summer-time without heat or storm. She had had her sorrows—she had them now; but it was God's will, and she bore it in her heart—"Not mine but thine be done."

In early life she had been left without an earthly protector. Four years before the era of my story, her only daughter, a lovely and affectionate girl, had married a man who, although worthy in every other respect, was an infidel in principle. Agnes Fleming could not be brought to believe it, but her mother's earnest penetration warned her of the fact. They married and Bruce McDougal, though a kind and tender husband in every other respect, forsake his wife (whom he took to the West) to correspond with her mother. He was aware of Mrs. Fleming's opposition and wished to recant it.

Two years after the marriage of her daughter, Mrs. Fleming read an account of a steamboat disaster on the Mississippi; upon the reported missing were Bruce McDougal and wife. The blow fell heavy but she was sustained. Her son and a little orphan whom she had adopted were all that were left for her to love on earth. Fanny Reed was a

ward, and then Autumn with its glorious tints, its abundant fruits, and she began to store away for the welcome and comfort of her boy. Luscious crimson and yellow apples were barrelled and celeriac, potatoes carefully stored, crisp white cabbages put out of the reach of frost, and home-brewed beer but waited for contact with the Wintry atmosphere to sparkle and effervesce like champagne, and the larder teemed with every thing that her abilities could command, or her ingenuity devise.

The turkey and roaster were getting fat to repetition as the time near'd for Gerald's return. Winter set in very bleak and every bowl of the blast a sickly feeling of dread, a presentiment of some unknown, undefined evil would cause the mother's heart to palpitate; but she plead with Heaven and labored harder for the comfort of her returning wanderer. Another dozen pairs of the soft, warm stockings were piled in a corner of his wardrobe, whilst every other necessary article of clothing filled the shelves and drawers.

On the day before the expected arrival, the finishing touches had been given by the widow's own hands to the nice white bed room of her son. She had, with the assistance of her maid and Fanny, put down the new carpet and thick rug. The heavy warm-looking curtains screened the windows and bed from every breath of air. With her own hands she had smoothed the soft blankets and adjusted the rich Marcellite quilt. The arm chair was drawn to the hearth, Fanny's prettily embroidered slippers placed near, the books he loved on the bright little table, and pots of well preserved chrysanthemums and myrtle-decorated the mantle. The hickory wood was piled on the andirons, the box of rich pine in its place, the towels and shaving materials all arranged. Nothing was wanting but the presence of the absent.

Next day came and wore away, but Gerald did not come. There were yet four days, but oh! what an age they seemed to the expectant mother—four years in length and potency! At last the twenty-fourth dawned as we have stated, bright and cheerful. All were gay but the mother. Fanny and the servants could not restrain their light-heartedness—they were certain that the kind friend, the dear young master would be with them before night, and with enlightening zeal they went on with their preparations until the pantry was filled with its burden of good things. Noon came but it did not bring the traveller; and when the servant came in at four to know if the pigeon-poultry should be killed, she found her mistress sobbing by the fire with a likeness of her son in her hand. The sym-

ptoms, their un-saving watchings to the preservation of a place. In a strange city and without a home or a place to rest my weary head, without friends and without money, my trunk in which I had deposited my pocket-book when taken sick, was stolen from the hotel to which I had ordered it. I was saved from death through the instrumentality of that Order to which we were so opposed. To it you are indebted for the life of your only boy."

"Yes, yes, Gerald," said his mother interrupting him, "I shall bless the Odd-fellows, Masons and every thing else of the sort for your sake. I will never speak against them again. Bless my life," said the old lady, wiping her spectacles dry for the twentieth time, "I would have thought they were the very ones to kill you and to take you of your money—but I shall always love them now I know their principles. The scriptures say, 'By the fruit shall the tree be known.'—But go on Gerald and tell me how you found your sister. Surely God has been most merciful to bring not only my boy, but my daughter whom I thought either burned to death or buried beneath the dark, deep waters."

"Well, mother, among the kindest and most attentive of the brotherhood who waited on me whilst sick, was a gentleman who came on board of the same boat with me. He took passage with his wife a few moments after myself. As I took my berth immediately on going aboard, I did not see them, or know that they were my fellow-passengers. After I had got to that I could converse, my host enquired of me as to my home, destination, &c. There were several of my new friends present—among the rest my fellow-passenger on the Prairie Bird. On hearing my name and place of residence, he seemed greatly agitated and asked me several questions, among the rest, if I had a sister. On my answering that my only sister had married several years before Bruce McDougal, of Mississippi, and had perished in the 'Hells of the West,' he grasped my hand and declared himself to be my brother-in-law. He explained to me that they were on board the ill-fated steamer and were reported as lost, but that by an almost miraculous intervention they were rescued. The horrors of the awful catastrophe made such an impression upon him that he had been convinced of the error into which he had fallen—had diligently sought after the truth, had a short time previous to our meeting joined a Christian Church, and was on the eve of departure, with our dear Agnes and her little girl, to visit us, when he discovered in my sister's wife's brother. You may be sure, mother, that Agnes listened to me as soon as she heard that it was her own brother that had so attracted her attention at the exhibition in Natchez. She detected, as she told me, a strong resemblance to her brother; but as I was not grown when she left us, and she had no means of ascertaining my name, she concluded that it was one of those coincidences with which we sometimes meet."

Bruce and Agnes, with the rest of my friends, nursed me so faithfully that by the first of November the physicians declared me able to travel. As soon as my brother then heard of the loss of my trunk, he took measures to regain it and succeeded. As I know that you are weary, and the clock warns me that it is two in the morning, I will wait another time to tell you how good and attentive were the two beautiful daughters of my kind host, how each morning found fresh and rare flowers in the vases on the mantle in my sick room, how delicacies of every description were showered on me when my appetite began to crave those trinkets which are so grateful to the unweakened, how also the bright and hazel eyes of the sprightly Carrie Edmunds, so

dazzled my weakened optics that I contemplate another journey to St. Louis in the Spring—if you will let me, mother. I have made Bruce and Agnes promise to keep you company until my return."

And the bright Christmas morning found them sufficiently refreshed to enjoy the pleasures of the promised festivities. And this widowed mother was happy with her children!

But Alas! for her who patiently awaits the coming of her absent and only son—the son on whom she has prayed and wept, for whom she has wrestled even as did Jacob for the promise—and when, instead of the treasured features of the child of her hopes, is borne on the unsteady balance of the Autumn gale, a requiem, solemn and thrilling as the expiring sigh of some broken harp string, the deep bass of whose tones has gathered even greater gloom and mystery as it reverberates through the eternal and majestic forests of the mighty West!

Alas! when the pure, deep current of a sister's love is suddenly frozen at its source, and she feels that she is brotherless, and too, that cherished and dependent beings are left to mourn the loss of their highest earthly stay—the husband, father and friend—'Tis then that the stricken heart must endeavor to realize the truth that—

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Where hopes, affections, transient fire,
Like sparks fly upward and expire."

ROSE COTTAGE.

From the South Carolinian, 13th Inst.

GOV. MANNING.

Hon. J. L. Manning was yesterday installed Governor of the State. The following is his inaugural address:

Genitor of the Senate and House of Representatives:

To be elevated under usual circumstances to the first office of the State, would have gratified my utmost ambition; but when thus bestowed upon me by those who represent every shade of political opinion within its limits, the gift is invested with additional causes for pride and gratification. I shall, therefore, regard it as a part of my duty, to represent and cultivate these harmonious sentiments; and trust, that by uniting with a desire to discharge uprightly and zealously the duties which will soon devolve

consequence, diversify the industry of the country; and ultimately take measures for the increase of your commerce, by opening to your markets those great valleys of the west, which at no distant day, are destined by their trade, to make whole continents rich; you will then live under a government which you may proudly compare, either in character, prosperity, or stability, with any which is mentioned in the history of republican institutions.

I am about to take the oath prescribed by law, to preserve, protect, and defend, the constitution of this State, and of the United States. I shall endeavor faithfully to discharge my obligations to both; not less for the respect and veneration in which I hold them, than that the future happiness and prosperity of the country depend upon their maintenance and inviolability. We yet have high duties to perform, touching the welfare of the South, by giving fresh vitality and a more effective organization to those well-tried principles of State Rights, to which this commonwealth has been so long and ardently attached. But should it happen, however, in the Providence of God, that, during the term of my office, obligations to one shall become incompatible with the support of the other, then, both my inclination and duty as a States Rights Republican, will be to sustain the constitution and laws of this commonwealth.

The government of the United States has recently undergone trials of its strength to which it has never before been subjected; and which have threatened to sever, from time to time, the bonds which unite its various parts in a Federative Compact. But the unwillingness of the people to endanger a Government, under which they have enjoyed so much happiness and attained such prosperity, has induced them to rebuke to a certain extent, the tendencies to a reckless fanaticism and a total disregard of the guarantees of the Constitution. As if to carry these views into effect, they have, by an unexampled majority, given the administration of the Federal Government into the hands of those who stand pledged before the country to sustain all these guarantees, and rights of each section of the Confederacy.

But whilst this State has given its support, with remarkable unanimity, to the candidates of the Democratic party for the highest honors of the American Republic, and listened to the pledges which that party has

supervision of the institutions of the State, and the command and inspection of militia, his most responsible duty is the discreet exercise of his interposition, in tempering any undue rigor, in the enforcement of the penal law.

It is scarcely necessary to advert to the importance of a proper attention to those institutions which the State has established for the improvement of education. I shall regard it as one of my most pleasing functions, to do my part in the discharge of this, our common duty. And if I can contribute, in any degree, to raise the standard, or extend the benefits of these wise establishments, I shall regard myself as richly rewarded for the most anxious efforts.

A proper attention to the organization of the Militia is also an indispensable part of my public duty; and if we cannot expect to render our citizen-soldiers equal to those trained in the severe school of military life, we may yet do most important service in keeping up such a system, as will at once remind our countrymen that they may one day have to take their place in the field, and will keep us acquainted with the resources of the State.

The Constitution requires of me to take care that the laws be executed in mercy; and to this end clothes me with the power of pardon and reprieve. In my view, this by no means permits me to indulge my own feelings in the general administration of justice. The expediency of any law is exclusively a question for the Legislature. The correctness of the conviction must rest with the tribunals of the country. In undertaking, therefore, to arrest the course of the law, the responsibility of interposing remains entirely with myself. It is only in those rare instances, in which, consistently with the efficiency of the general law, and without inquiring its sanction, a pardon may be extended, that this power ought, as I conceive, to be exercised; and to these will I strictly confine myself.

For two years, gentlemen, the authority is delegated to us, to administer the affairs of this commonwealth. It is a noble trust, and one which is attended with gravest responsibilities. Possessing myself, neither the rare gift of great abilities, nor a large political experience, I shall rely with confidence upon that prudence, wisdom, and patriotism, which have always characterized your respective bodies. We live in a period of our history, free from cabal and faction at home; and are blessed with institutions honored for their antiquity, and made sacred by the approval of generations of wise and good men. Except those gradual modifications of law, which time and change of circumstance always render necessary, your action, by every dictate of wisdom, should be of a character purely conservative.

Happily for us, we live under a constitution, in which every local interest is blended and harmonized by a judicious adjustment; and whilst it allows to every citizen the largest liberty compatible with order, and gives all due effect to popular conviction; it also affords an adequate representation to the refinement, intelligence, and property of the country. If to these advantages, you add a higher standard of popular education, so as to extend proper encouragement to those liberal pursuits, which elevate the national character; and to apply science to Agriculture and the useful Arts, and as a

individual liberty, through the separate energies of distinct governments, the general interests preserved from the injustice of sectional legislation, and our domestic concerns fortified against the invasions of federal authority.

Having thus briefly expressed my views upon those topics to which it seemed proper to advert on the present occasion, I now invoke the blessings of the Almighty, upon the present and future action of the co-ordinate branches of our government, and hope, that through His mercy, every thing may work well together, to perpetuate the many advantages and blessings, which have hitherto attended the results of our industry, and crown the wisdom of our Magistrates and Counsellors.

CURE FOR CROUP.—Dr. Forbes, of Boston, relates in a late number of the Medical Journal, a case in which a severe attack of croup was cured by the application of sponges out of hot water to the throat, together with water treatment, which he describes as follows:

"Soon after making the first application of sponges to the throat, I wrapped the child in a woolen blanket, I wrung out in warm water, as a substitute for a warm bath, and gave twenty drops of the wine of antimony in a little sweetened water, which she swallowed with difficulty. I persevered in the application of the hot, moist sponges for an hour, when the child was so much relieved that I ventured to leave it."

"These applications were continued through the night, and in the morning the child was well."

"It will never do to tifle with this terrible disease. The quicker the remedies are applied the better. Instead of antimony, we would recommend small quantities of alum water given every ten minutes until the child vomits."

THEN AND NOW.—Fifty years ago, says the Cleveland Herald, steamboats were unknown; and now there are 3,000 afloat on American waters alone. In 1800 there was not a single railroad in the world; now there are 10,000 miles in the United States, and about 22,000 in America and England. Half a century ago it took some weeks to convey news from Washington to New Orleans; now not so many seconds as it did weeks. Fifty years ago the most rapid printing press was worked by hand power; now steam prints 20,000 papers an hour on a single press. Now is a great fellow, but will be much bigger half a century hence.

SUGAR CROP.—The St. Francisville Chronicle, speaking of the sugar crop in that parish says:

The sugar planters of our parish have been grinding for about two or three weeks. The cane crop generally is very inferior, and the yield will be much less than last year. We have not seen a sample of the sugar crop, and cannot, therefore, speak as to the quality.

The eldest son of Queen Victoria, it is said, begins to exhibit military talent, and has at once received an appointment as General or Major General, and an addition of some half a million dollars attached to his salaries. Glory is the shadow of virtue.