

# 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., JANUARY 24, 1855.

W. F. DURISOE & SON, Proprietors.

VOL. XX.—NO. 2.

## THE EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY W. F. DURISOE & SON, Proprietors.

ARTHUR SIMKINS, Editor.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, in advance—Two Dollars and Fifty CENTS if not paid within six months—and THREE DOLLARS if not paid before the expiration of the year. All subscriptions not distinctly limited at the time of subscribing, will be considered as made for an indefinite period, and will be continued until arrears are paid, or at the option of the Publisher. Subscriptions from other States must invariably be accompanied with the cash or reference to some one known to us.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously inserted at 75 cents per Square (12 lines or less) for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. When only published Monthly or Quarterly \$1 per square will be charged. All advertisements not having the desired number of insertions marked on the margin, will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.

Those desiring to advertise by the year can do so on liberal terms—it being distinctly understood that contracts for yearly advertising are confined to the immediate, legitimate business of the firm or individual contracting. Transient Advertisements must be paid for in advance.

For announcing a Candidate, Three Dollars, in ADVANCE.

For Advertising Extraordinary, Two Dollars, to be paid by the Magistrate advertising.

## Law Notice.

**MESSESS, SPAN & MAGRATH,** in partnership, will practice in LA & AND EQUITY. Office opposite the residence of Mr. G. Addison. One or the other will always be in office. Jan 3 3m 1855 51c

## Law Notice.

**THE UNDERSIGNED** have formed a Partnership, and will practice LAW in Edgefield, Abbeville and Lexington.

**GEORGE W. LANDRUM,** ANKER PERRIN.

Edgefield C. H., Sept 21, 1854. 3m

## DENTAL SURGERY!

**DR. H. PARKER,** respectfully informs the citizens of Edgefield District, that he may be found during the week at the Hotel, Edgefield C. H., and at his residence, on every Friday and Saturday following. Specimens of his work, put up on the latest and most improved principles, can be seen at his Office. His address, when in the country, is hereafter, Sleepy Creek, P. O. Dec 27 50

## Practice of Surgery!

**DR. JURIAH HARRIS,** Augusta, Ga., is prepared to accommodate with Lodging and Nursing, such patients as may be directed to him for SURGICAL OPERATIONS or Treatment. His Masters may be assured that their Servants will have every necessary attention. Augusta, May 26 1854 19

## Law and Equity.

**THE UNDERSIGNED** have formed a partnership for the practice of Law and Equity.

**OFFICE** at Edgefield C. H., S. C.

**W. W. BARNHAM,** S. W. MABBY.

Sept 13, 1854. 3m

## FRESH ARRIVALS.

**DR. A. G. TEAGUE** respectfully informs his friends in Edgefield generally, that he has just received a LARGE ADDITION to his already extensive Stock of fresh and genuine

**Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, &c.**

His Drugs are carefully examined by himself, and all that are found worthless, rejected; and those that are approved may be relied on as efficient and of uniform quality.

All of his Medicinal Compounds, Tinctures, Pills, Ointments, &c., are put up under his own supervision and in strict accordance with the United States Dispensatory.

From his long and extensive experience in the practice of Medicine, he has made several Compounds of his own, not to be found in the Dispensary, viz:—A Preparation for the CROUP, which he has used extensively for eighteen years, and recommends with confidence; a VERMIFUGE, safe and efficient; and many others, which he has used for many years, and which he has used with the most successful results.

It would require more space than could be obtained in a Newspaper to give a Catalogue of the Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals kept and sold by him—Interested parties are invited to call on his Office COMPLETE, with Furniture and Furnishings.

He has added to his former Stock some of the most reliable Vegetable extracts, viz: PODOPHILIN, LIN, STILLINGIA, LEPTANDRIN, &c.

Plasters and families can be supplied with all Medicines necessary in a family—and when desired, directions put up with each article.

All of the most reputable NOSTRUMS may be found in his Establishment. Also,

**Candles, Kisses, Sugar Plums and SHEET.**

**ALSO, FINE WINES AND BRANDY,** for Medicinal purposes.

**TUNE TOBACCO & SEGARS,** Perfumery of his own and Northern make, hard to beat.

**SOAPS**—A large and extensive variety.

**CANDLES**—Wax, Sperm and Adamantine.

**Paints, Oils and Yarn Stuffs,**

**WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, VARNISHES, &c.**

**BRUSHES**—Marking, Sash, Tooth, Paint, Grain, Towel, Nail, Fish, Crumb, Shoe, Horse and Tanners Brushes.

**PENCILS**—Gambel's and Sable Hair, large size. And last though not least, the finest HAIR BRUSHES ever offered in the place, of various patterns and qualities.

**Dressing and extra fine COMBS.**

**DUSTING BRUSHES**—An excellent article.

**PAPER**—Fools Cap and Letter Paper, common and fine.

**NOTE PAPER**—Various sizes and fancy styles.

**ENVELOPES**—Common Buff, Plain White and Fancy Note Envelopes.

**INK, PENS, PENCILS AND CRAYONS,** Osborne's American Water Colours.

**Gum Elastic Balls**—Solid, Hollow and Fine.

**Parlor Balls** for the Ladies, inviting them to exercise within doors, when the weather is too inclement to be out.

Nov 18 18

## For the Planters!

**150,000 Lbs. Peruvian Guano,** 100 bbls. Kettwell's GUANO and SALTS.

70 Bbls. Kettwell's CHEMICAL SALTS, 30 Pure ground PLASTER.

The above celebrated Manures for sale by

**HAMBURG, Nov 14, J. SIBLEY & SON,**

The Laurensville Herald, Independent Press and Anderson Gazette will copy the above four times, and forward bills to

**J. S. & SON.**

## Saddlery and Harness.

A FINE assortment to be found, and at low prices, at

**ROBINSON & JACKSON'S,** Hamburg, Dec 4 47

## Miscellaneous.

### The Maid of the Inn, or Female Intrepidity.

It was in the month of November, a light snow, mingled with sleet, was whirled about by a mild, road-side inn, situated between Horuberg and Rottwell, on the frontier of the duchy of Baden.

Two travellers, driven by the bad weather to the shelter of this humble inn, were forgetting their hunger and weariness in the comforts of the hearty repast of smoked beef. The hissing and roaring of a large stove, with the loud moaning of the north wind without, and disposed them still more to the enjoyment of the good things within.

The innkeeper and his wife had for their only domestic, a young girl of Baden, whom they had brought up from childhood. Kretzel, for such was her name, was a stout, well-proportioned young woman, who had been brought up in the kitchen, valet de chambre to the stray visitants in the best room, grown in the stable—the hardy and good humored German girl fulfilled all the duties usually shared by the travellers, establishing of servants.

Ten o'clock struck, and the travellers, having finished their supper, drew nearer to the group that had collected round the stove, Father Hoffkirk, the minister, their host, and some neighbors who had entered by chance. The conversation turned on the fearful and murderous events of which the neighboring forest had been the scene, and each one had his own story to tell, surpassing the rest in horror.

At length, the foremost in terrifying his audience by the different adventures, all more or less tragical. The worthy father had just finished a horrible story of robbers, quite a *chef d'œuvre* in its way. The scene of the legend was a little more than a gun-shot from the inn door; it was a tradition, unfortunately; but an ancient gibbet, which still remained on the identical spot, gave to the narration an air of gloomy veracity, which no one dared to question. This place was, indeed, made famous, the rendezvous of a troop of bandits, who held there, every night their mysterious meetings.

All the guests were still under the influence of the terror which the story of Father Hoffkirk had excited, when one of the travellers, mentioned off to bet two ducats that no one dared to set off at that moment to the fatal spot, and trace with charcoal a cross on the gibbet. The very idea of such a proposition increased the fears of the company.

A long silence was their only reply. Suddenly, the young Kretzel, who was quietly spinning at the corner, rose up and accepted the bet, asking her master's consent at the same time. He and his good wife at the first refused, alleging the loneliness of the place, in case of danger. But this fearless damsel persisted, and was at last suffered to depart.

She only remained that the inn door should be kept until her return, and taking a piece of charcoal, to prove on the morrow that she had really visited the spot, she rapidly walked toward the gibbet. When close beside it, she started, fancying she heard a noise. However, after a moment of hesitation, she stepped forward, ready to light the least danger.

The noise was renewed. Kretzel listened intently, and the sound of a horse's feet struck upon her ear. Her rent petticoat he at first from seeing how near it was to her—that the object of fear was fastened to the gibbet itself. She took courage, darted forward and traced the cross. At the same instant, the report of a pistol showed her that she had been deceived. By a sudden start, she retreated, and, in an unconscious manner, leaped on the saddle, and fled like lightning. She was pursued, but, redoubling her speed, she reached the inn yard, called out to them, she closed the gate, and fainted away.

When the brave girl recovered from her fright, she told her surprising story, and was warmly congratulated on her courage and presence of mind. All admired the horse, which was of striking beauty. A small leather valve was attached to the saddle; but Father Hoffkirk would not suffer it to be opened, except in the presence of the Burgomaster.

On the morrow, which was Sunday the innkeeper, his wife and their guests, all set off for the neighboring town, where they intended, by reaching the service, to acquaint the Burgomaster with the last evening's adventures. Kretzel, left sole guardian of the house, was advised to admit any one until her master's return. To admit a young girl who had trembled at being in her situation; but this young, fearless maid, having seen her duty, she performed it with heart and a clear voice some pious hymn which her kind mistress had taught her.

An hour had scarcely passed, when there came a knock on the outer door. It was a traveller on horseback, who asked leave to rest for a little while. Kretzel, at first refused; but on the promise of the cavalier that he would only break and depart, she agreed to admit him. Besides, the man was well dressed and alone, so she was little to fear from him. The stranger wished himself to take his horse to the stable, and remained a long time examining and admiring the noble steed which had arrived the previous evening in a manner so unexpected. While breakfasting he asked many questions about the inn and its surroundings, and when he had finished, he asked her to accompany him to a place where he had a horse that attracted his attention so much; and in short, acted so successfully that the poor girl, innocent of all deceit, told him of her late adventure, and ended by confessing she was all alone. She instantly felt a vague sense of horror, and she could not resist the temptation of going to see the horse, and to see if she could find any clue to the mystery. She went, and she found the horse in the stable, and she saw the man who had been with her. She was terrified, and she fled, and she reached the inn, and she told her story.

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## Select Poetry.

### AN AGED PASTOR.

He stands in the dock—'tho' his grave old man,  
With an eye still bright, that his cheek is wan,  
And his long white locks are backward rolled  
From his noble brow of classic mould;  
And his form, though bent by weight of years,  
Somewhat of its prime beauty wears.

He opens the page of the sacred word;  
Not a whisper, not a low nod, is heard,  
Even fully assumes a serious look,  
As he reads the words of the Holy Book;  
And the thoughts and his eye grow reverent there,  
As he opens his lips in fervent prayer.

He stands as the grave old prophet stood,  
Proclaiming the truth and the living God;  
Pouring rebproof on the ears of men,  
Whose hearts are at ease in their folly and sin;  
With a challenge of guilt still unforgiven,  
To the soul untaught—'dumbest for Heaven.

Oh, who can but honor that good old man,  
As he reads the words of the Holy Book;  
Who has made his work of his life to be;  
Whose world in its own wickedness;  
Still guiding the few who were wont to stray  
In the paths of sin, to the narrow way.

With a kindly heart through the hatching year,  
He hath shared your joys, he hath wiped your  
tears;  
He hath bound the wreath on the brow of the  
bride;  
He hath stroked the cheek when your loved ones  
died;  
"Yes a sword hath pierced through his own  
soul;  
Oh weep for him, who had wept for you.

He thinks you will grieve another day,  
When the good old man hath passed away;  
When the last of the ebbing sands have run,  
When his labor is over and his work is done;  
Who will care for the flock and keep the fold  
When his pulse is still, and his heart is cold?

We will miss him then, every look and tone,  
So familiar now, forever gone,  
Will thrill the heart with inward pain,  
And long will he listen for their vain;  
When a stranger form and a stranger face  
Shall stand in your honored Pastor's place.

### THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Gen'ts may sigh for their regalians,  
Maid's for their dainty cups of tea,  
But something in this pleasant world  
Has greater charms for me.

'Tis not exchanging gossip  
With your neighbors as they pass,  
Glancing o'er the latest fashions,  
Nor yet looking in the glass.

It is sitting, nice and easy,  
In a cosy old arm-chair,  
With the open evening paper,  
And the "weekly parlor" lying,  
With its choicest gems of thought,  
Wholesome stories, poets musings,  
From the far of city brought.

Dropped into your quiet window,  
In the leafy corner here,  
Where the cricket low is chirping,  
And no jarring sounds are near.  
Food it gives so sometimes cheering,  
For your somnolent dozing mind,  
And it brings with modest teachings,  
Truths that you could never find.

And I know that you will join me,  
When I wish there some might be  
One in every cottage window,  
From Nebraska to the sea,  
And that all their happy inmates,  
On the prairie, in the glade,  
Knew to read them and to love them,  
And would see the printer paid.

### TEST OF AFFECTION.

Mr. Archibald Stanhope—a Groggy sentimentalist, residing in the city of Charleston, S. C., was one day sitting at his table, and was engaged in reading a newspaper, when he perceived a young man, who he had never seen before, standing at his door, and looking in at him with a look of great interest.

"What is the matter with you?" said Mr. Stanhope, looking up at the stranger.

"I am very much interested in you," said the stranger, "and I wish to know more of you."

"I am a young man of the name of Stanhope," said Mr. Stanhope, "and I am a member of the church."

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