

# 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. DURISOE & SON, Proprietors.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., APRIL 4, 1855.

VOL. XX.—NO. 12.

## Choice Poetry.

**SILVER MOON.**  
As I strayed from my cot at the close of the day,  
To muse on the beauties of June,  
Nearth a jessamine shade I espied a fair maid,  
And she said complin'd to the moon:  
"As a hart on the mountain my lover so brave,  
So handsome and manly to view,  
So kind and sincere, and he loved most dear,  
Oh Edwin, no love was more true.  
"But now he is dead! and his youth once so gay,  
Is cut down like a rose in full bloom;  
And he silently sleeps, and I'm thus left to weep,  
By the sweet silver light of the moon.  
"But his grave I'll seek out 'till morning appears,  
And weep for my lover so brave;  
I'll embrace the cold earth and bedew with my tears,  
The flowers that bloom o'er his grave.  
"Oh never again can my heart throbb with joy—  
My lost one I hope to meet soon—  
And kind friends will weep o'er the grave where he  
sleeps,  
By the sweet silver light of the moon.  
"Roll on silver moon, guide the traveller on his way,  
While the nightingale's song is in tune;  
I never, never more from my lover will stray,  
By the sweet silver light of the moon."

## Fun for All.

**A PRIVATE ROOM.**  
OR, THE EFFECT OF PUNCH DRINKING.  
One particular dark, damp, dull, drizzly and disagreeable day in the latter part of November, a tall, gaunt, queer-looking customer, dressed in a blue coat, with metal buttons, with "yaller" striped pantaloons, and calf-skin terminations, sat "solitary and alone," in a little room, situated in a certain little tavern, in—street, Philadelphia.  
Before him was a little, round table, on whose marble top was "not a little" pitcher of smoking punch, "screachen hot" and a wine glass. The solitary individual was York—notin' else—dear child—and that was his second pitcher full—nigh his second empty. One minute after, and you couldn't—fact, you see—have squeezed a drop out of either pitcher or glass, by a forty-two pounder hydraulic press.  
York rang the bell. The waiter popped his head in the door.  
"Ring, sa?"  
"Of course I did. Is it clearing off?"  
"No sa—damp, sa—fog so thick, sa, you could ladle out 'th a spoon, sa. Have anything sa?"  
"More punch, and strong."  
"Yes, sa—immediately sa."  
The waiter withdrew and in a few seconds the third pitcher of punch, and was beginning to feel glorious, when, on raising up his eyes, he saw his own figure in a pier glass, directly opposite him. He rubbed his eyes again.  
"By thunder!" said he, "here's some fellow sitting right before me, I'll swear there's impudence for you! This is a private room, sir, for my sole accommodation."  
He waited a minute, expecting an answer, but his reflection only stared at him and held his peace.  
"I was saying, sir, that this is my private room, mine sir," cried York, fetching his voice an octave higher than it was before. No answer was made, and he rang the bell furiously. The waiter made his appearance again.  
"Ring, sa?"  
"Yes I did ring. Did't I ask for a private room?"  
"Yes, sa, this is a private room, sa."  
"It is! Why there's a fellow sitting right opposite me now, on the other side of the table. Rot his impudence."  
"Table, sa—follow, sa."  
"Yes there is. Well, just never mind. Bring on some more punch and a couple of glasses."  
In a very short time, the fourth pitcher, with two glasses, made its appearance.  
York filled one of the glasses, and then showed it over the table.  
"Will you drink, said he addressing the figure in the glass.  
"Oh you won't eh? Well, I will."  
And so he did.  
"Better drink, old fellow," continued he. "Your liquor is getting cold," and you look as if you was fond of the thing."  
No answer being returned, York finished the pitcher, and rang the bell again. In popped the waiter.  
"Ring, sa?"  
"To be sure I did. Did't you hear the b-b-bell?"  
"I did."  
"Did't I order a p-p-private room? Eh?"  
"Yes, sa, this is a private room, sa."  
"A pretty private room this is, with a f-f-fellow sitting right opposite that won't take a glass of punch when it's offered him, and a r-red nose man at that. O, well, never mind, bring me more punch, and t-t-t-dampers. I'll try him again."  
Presently pitcher number 5, and glasses to match, was borne in with due state.  
"Better try some, old boy," said York, coaxingly, to his double. The reflex merely looked good natured, but said nothing.  
"Well, continued York, with a sigh if this is't the most infamous. Never mind, I'll drink the punch."  
And so he did, every bit of it. About five minutes sufficed to end the pitcher.—York rang the bell superfluously. The waiter came again.  
"Ring, sa?"  
"Why, certain. Why should't I?—Where's the man—who keeps the—place?"  
"Boss, sa? I'll see 'im sa."  
Shortly after, mine host, a quiet-looking little man, with a mottled, calico-patterned face and a shining bald head, made his appearance.  
"W-w-what's to pay?" demanded York, rising and assuming an air of dignity.  
"Five punches—five leavies, sir."

## Religious Department.

**NEOS EPISCOPOS, Editor.**  
**SALUTATORY.**  
"WREX in the course of human events" it is deemed expedient for one to take upon himself the responsibilities which attach to the editorial profession, "a due regard for the opinions of others" requires that he should set forth, to some extent at least, the reasons which influence him to the assumption of its duties, and to indicate the position he proposes to occupy in relation to such matters as may pertain to so important a calling. Let the following then be submitted to the reading public.  
As respects the importance of the undertaking, whilst the editor feels that he places a proper estimate upon it, and whilst he is conscious of possessing a good share of self-esteem, he yet cannot promise that anything very extraordinary is likely to result from it. It may not be that any "vacancy which has been long and seriously felt," will be filled, nor that "the long expressed wants" of a large circle of readers will be met. Should he be able, under more favorable circumstances, to accomplish things so desirable—the lack of experience, the lack of space in a paper already crowded with other matter, together with other duties calling imperatively for attention, all combine to render the task difficult, if not impossible. It is hoped nevertheless by the arrangement, something will be added to the benefit of at least a certain class of the numerous readers among whom this paper circulates, especially of those who, by not subscribing to a religious journal, are not posted up in the history of the Church's progress and various matters which affect the doctrine and practice of the Christian Israel. In the prosecution of this design, we may say some things not suited to the taste nor in accordance with the doctrinal views of some readers, but certainly nothing will be said in the spirit of intolerance, nor with an intention to injure the feelings of any, even the least of those who, striving to live with "a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man," are acting out the part assigned them in the great drama of the world's recovery from the ruins of "the fall." And if by reason of anything herein contained, any one should feel himself aggrieved, the editor hereby engages to make such explanation as shall maintain the point at issue, or such retraction as shall acknowledge himself mistaken.  
We also invite communications from any quarter, suited to this "Department," and any criticisms which our readers think fit to bestow upon the subjects presented in it. No one will be excluded by name or faith. Be he Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Mahomedan, believer or infidel, he shall as far as our limits will allow, have a fair showing in the expression of his honest convictions. All that we stipulate for, is that all contributions in this line shall be brief, chaste, dignified and respectful in thought and language, and the right claimed by and conceded to the whole fraternity, to make such replies as we think proper. Living in the freest land on which the sun shines, and under a dispensation which in its every feature, forbids the persecution of men for "conscience sake," and accustomed ourselves to speak out on all matters relating to the spiritual interests of our race, we hold it the right, sacred and inviolate, of all honest men to be heard on the subjects connected therewith. We fear not the powers of evil, relying as we do on the maxim that "truth is mighty above all things and will prevail." And instead of treating with contempt the views of those who may differ from us, we will try to follow the admonition of an Apostle, to "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."  
Lastly, we request such communications from the friends of religion and benevolence as may be useful in benefiting humanity, and thus lend a hand to "hasten the time" when the curse shall be removed; when throughout the domains of sin's desolation shall ring the trumpet of the gospel jubilee, proclaiming freedom from the dominion of Satan, and when every heart shall respond to the angelic benediction, "Peace on earth—good will to men."  
The above we offer as our salutatory, though necessarily brief and to ourselves not satisfactory, we hope will answer the purpose, and therefore dismiss it with the promise to try and do better in the future communications which we trust, the Lord willing, to hold with our friends and readers.  
We send copies of this paper to the address of several friends who will oblige us by reading and circulating them, and also by returning their own and other names as subscribers. See terms on next page.  
**WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH OUR PEOPLE?**  
It was said of the Jews of old that they had a "zeal for God, but not according to knowledge." This indeed was not a desirable state of things, but it may at least be made a question whether a mistaken zeal is not almost as good as a stolid indifference which takes no interest in anything. If there be any part of our country where the charge of apathy does not, in some degree, lie against the Church with which it is our lot to be connected, it is more than can be said of that with which we are acquainted. That it does, with but little variation hold the truth, as respects the theory of doctrine and government, we fully believe, and this latter as regards both civil and ecclesiastical polity. But it must be confessed that in zeal for the truth, in interest manifested for the prosperity of pure and undefiled religion, it is in many instances sadly wanting. Such has not always been the case, and why should it be so now? But does any one deny that it is so? Then look through the country at the old shapeless shells called "Churches," blackened with the weather, with doors-blinds hanging by one hinge, with cracks innumerable, in roof, floor and ceiling—no, begging pardon for the mistake, weather-boarding we mean, not ceiling—opening their hospitable

## A True Narrative.

**THE PROFLIGATE'S DREAM.**  
WHAT are dreams? To this question, so often so earnestly asked, there never yet has, most probably never will be, a satisfactory answer given. It is one which seems most particularly to rouse the impishness of human nature, and has, accordingly, drawn forth from a thousand minds a thousand speculations and hypotheses. Some clever and ingenious—many more innately silly than ever was dream of a half-wakened idiot.  
To these I have no intention of adding one, good or bad. I am content to observe, that while Judgment sleeps, imagination wakes; and relieved from the surveillance of her staid sister, she revels amidst the inexhaustible stores of fancies which she finds in the mind; and weaving these in heterogeneous handfuls, she trusts them into her kaleidoscope and then forces the helpless and unresisting soul to gaze at the sometimes gorgeous and bewitching, sometimes hideous and appalling, scenery she has thus created.  
Who can wonder if, amidst the interminable sometimes mingling of a little truth should the phantasmagoria, they should occasionally assume the attitude of the future, as well as of the past? Nay, which of us, whose mental vision is bounded to each successive point of our own existence, shall venture to assert, that these combinations are not at times permitted, if not ordained, by "Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being" to think these ideas combined or otherwise by the following dream. I do not know—nor, in very truth, do I much care, since it is not for the purpose of supporting any preconceived theory that I relate it here, but merely as a most uncommon instance of continuity of purpose and of imagery in a dream, and a graphic force of delineation, that might almost suit for the subject of a drama; and which readers rest assured that the dream was dreamt, and the descendants of the dreamer's relatives are among the most wealthy and respected families in Glasgow.  
About ninety years ago, there was in Glasgow a club of gentlemen of the first rank in that city, for the meetings of which card-playing was the ostensible cause and purpose; but the members of which were distinguished by such fearlessness and boundless excess of profligacy, especially in the orgies of this Club, as to obtain for it the cognomen of "The Hell Club." They gloried in the name they had given or acquired for themselves, and nothing that the most restrained licentiousness could do to merit it was left untried.  
Whether the aggregate of vice be greater or less in the present age, than the one by me, I am not prepared to decide; but of this I am certain, that among the upper and middle ranks of society, it is forced to wear a more decorous disguise; for assuredly, in this our day, habitual drunkenness and shameless licentiousness dare not prance themselves forth in the eyes of all beholders, as if they thought they derived a glory from the conduct, too degrading for the brute creation. Still less would such men be now unhesitatingly received into the best society—that of cultivated, refined, and virtuous women—as if they were indeed the "fine fellows" they chose to call themselves.  
Perhaps it may be that vices—those diseases of the soul—run a round like the diseases of the body; and some rage with virulence in one age or period, and die away only to give place to others that succeed to their devastating prevalence and energy.  
But I have wandered from the Club. Besides their nightly or weekly meetings, they held a grand annual Saturnalia, at which each member endeavored to "outdo all his former outdoings" in the united forms of drunkenness, blasphemy, and unbridled license. Of all who shone on these occasions, none shone half so brilliant as Archibald Boyle. But, alas! the light that dazzled in him was not "light from heaven," but from the dread abode which gave name and energy to the vile association destined to prove his ruin—rain for time and eternity!  
Archibald Boyle had been at one time a youth of the richest promise—possessed of the most dazzling talents and most fascinating manners. No acquirement was too high for his ability; but unfortunately, there was none too low for his ambition! Educated by a fond, foolishly indulgent mother, he too early met in society with members of the "Hell Club." His elegance, wit, unbounded gaiety de cairs, and versatility of talent, united to the gifts of fortune, made him a most desirable and a most successful victor in the game of life, and a victim very quickly become. Long ere he could count twenty-five as his years, he was one of the most accomplished blackguards it could number on its lists; even his very talents—those glorious gifts of God—had served to endow him with the power of being more exquisitely wicked than the brute creation. Still less would such men be now unhesitatingly received into the best society—that of cultivated, refined, and virtuous women—as if they were indeed the "fine fellows" they chose to call themselves.  
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