

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to the South and Southern Rights, Politics, Latest News, 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., SEPTEMBER 12, 1855.

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A True Narrative.

FANNY TALBOT.

A TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

There was a certain heart-sinking look about the stranger as Mr. Talbot told him he was in need of no help in his ware-rooms, which caused that gentleman to look up again from his ledger and eye the young man closely.

With a half audible sigh, and with an air of hopeless, utter despondency, the object of his scrutiny had turned to leave the counting-room.

"Stay a moment, young man—what can you do?"

"I have never been accustomed to any kind of business except that of secretary, but I possess an excellent education, and sufficient energy to undertake and persevere in any pursuit that may offer itself."

There was a certain something in the young man's manners that interested the good Mr. Talbot. So he told him to take a seat beside him and answer a few questions.

The young man pleased Mr. Talbot. A mutual confidence springing up between them, the stranger confided to the good merchant his pressing necessities.

He was a Pole by birth; he had been despoiled of home, fortune and country at one blow. He had served as private secretary for several years to an English nobleman, but a misunderstanding occurring between them, he had come to this country, had been here several months, but not being able to get anything to do, he had spent his last penny, and had not tasted food for two days.

Mr. Talbot did not read him a lecture on the uncertainty of human prospects, but he put his hand into his pocket, and handing a well-filled wallet to the stranger, bid him go and make himself comfortable with good cheer and then to return to the counting-room, that he would take him in his own employ for the present, and that the contents of the wallet were but a part of his salary.

With an expression of gratitude the stranger left Mr. Talbot, wallet in hand. There was something in the lustre of his large, earnest grey eyes that told the worthy merchant that he had not misplaced his confidence.

Ildo Sternberg entered into his new occupation with a zeal and occupation that showed Mr. Talbot had not over estimated either his mental or moral capacity.

Sternberg was employed to write Mr. Talbot's most confidential letters, and to attend to his most private accounts; and for the merchant at that time was deeply involved in several complicated speculations, all of which, if successful, were to benefit the whole system of commerce.

After several months of unremitting labor, the schemes ended in a sudden failure. After honorably satisfying the calls of all creditors who were involved through the unfortunate speculations, Mr. Talbot was enabled to continue his regular business, though on a very much reduced scale.

"A professional friend of mine wishes a secretary; will you accept the situation, Ildo? The salary is good—far better than anything I can offer you, for just now, alas, I can offer you nothing. I mentioned you to my friend, telling him he could not find one more capable and more unexceptionable in every way than yourself."

"I cannot sufficiently thank you for your good opinion of me, and of your care for me," replied Sternberg warmly. "I will accept your friend's offer, whatever it may be, on your recommendation, and I hope the result may prove your good word for me not an unjust one."

Mr. Redfield, the professional gentleman with whom Sternberg now took up his abode, was a lawyer of much repute, practicing in the city, and dwelling in much style, a short ride in the country.

"Take care of yourself, Ildo, my boy," said Mr. Talbot, shaking Sternberg's extended hand, and looking upon him with the fondness of a father.

"I hope you will not forget your old friends for your new ones," said Miss Talbot with a pretty blush. "Father and I shall expect to see you as often as you can make it convenient to give us a call."

Fanny Talbot's bright eyes lingered with him as he entered his new abode. They looked up from the paper on him, day after day as it lay on his desk. They accompanied him in his outgoings and incomings, their light had become the guiding star of his life. But yet in his numerous visits to the merchants house, Ildo preserved the same respectful behavior towards the bright Fanny that had marked his conduct from the first.

Mr. Talbot was, once more prosperous, and learning wisdom from experience, he pursued the beaten path to wealth, leaving chimeras to the uninitiated.

It had grown to be towards the close of summer when Ildo Sternberg entered the office of Mr. Redfield one morning somewhat later than usual, and told him he could no longer remain in his employ. In vain Mr. Redfield urged him for a reason, he would give none, merely saying he had made up his mind to go to South America.

In about an hour after Ildo left the office, Mr. Redfield was summoned home; his eldest daughter had been found dead in the grove of woods by the seaside; which had ever been her favorite walk. Her sister had seen her start in the direction of the grove, in the early morning, and had also seen young Sternberg take the same path a short time after, seemingly following in her footsteps.

Isabel Redfield was a belle; a dark, willful beauty, full of headstrong passion, and from her wit and the imperious mistress of both father and mother, and in fact the entire household. Some of the field laborers had seen Sternberg closely conversing with the beautiful Miss Redfield in the grove, and as the news of her death reached them (for it spread like wildfire) they came forward to give in their testimony. One of the laborers

said that the young man seemed to be ex-postulating with her, supplicating her to do something that she seemed very resolute in refusing.

The testimony crowded in so closely against poor Sternberg, that a warrant was issued to apprehend him, and so rapid had been all the proceedings that he was taken on board of a South American Packet, within five minutes of the time of sailing.

"Suspected and apprehended for murder," exclaimed Fanny Talbot. "The murder of my friend Isabel? Oh, papa, how horrible! but he is innocent. He never could commit murder. The court will find the real murderer and will acquit him," and Fanny Talbot spoke confidently.

"I hope so my child, but appearances are strongly against him."

"But papa, you do not believe him guilty?"

"My child, I will not say what I believe. I dare not believe anything. My good wishes are for the youth, but I fear it will go ill with him at the trial."

"Oh, papa, responded Fanny fervently, do not say so, even if you think so."

Meantime, the day of the trial approached. Fanny Talbot had watched the tide of public opinion to discover that the universal voice was against the ungrateful man who could murder his liberal employer's daughter. Fanny also watched her father's countenance to gain some consolation from him as to Ildo's chance of acquittal, but she could glean nothing there.

"To-day the trial takes place, dear father."

"Yes my daughter."

"You are to sit in the jury box—one of the twelve?"

"It is a terrible thing to decide upon the fate of a human being, and terrible must be the remorse of him who sentences a brother to an ignominious death, and afterwards when it is too late finds the murdered man as innocent as the one he was supposed to have murdered."

"How strangely you talk!" exclaimed Mr. Talbot, startled by her words and manner.

"Father, Ildo Sternberg is innocent."

"Very like," gloomily replied the father. "And dear father, you must not permit his death; if all the other insist, you must refuse to be convinced. They cannot hang him without your sanction."

"But, my child, my friendship towards him is known—my reputation may suffer, may be ruined in consequence."

"But then, you will have saved an innocent man from a frightful death. And dear father, no one can suspect you who are so upright of partiality."

"Well, dear child, we will see what can be done to save him."

"Father you must promise me," exclaimed Fanny Talbot with unwonted vehemence; and then she poured into her father's ears the deep abiding interest she took in the young man, also her deep seated convictions of his truth and innocence, and the grounds of those convictions, saying that if he were hung and could have been saved by her father, she could not live to bear the horror of the thought.

Deeply affected by his daughter's pleadings, Mr. Talbot left her to attend the trial, with a solemn promise to do all in his power to save the prisoner.

The trial proceeded—the evidence was all convincingly against the young Pole. His own words were few and pointed; he declined any explanation of the case, but distinctly and firmly pronounced that he was not guilty of the awful charge preferred against him.

His calm, majestic manner did much towards establishing his innocence in the minds of some. But all the evidence being so strange and decided against him, the presiding judge closed his speech with pronouncing the prisoner "guilty," and recommending the jury to remember the responsibility resting on them and their duty to society.

The impatient multitude without and within awaited the decision of the panel for twelve long hours. At length they returned and the crowd was hushed into silence.

"We cannot agree!" was the response of the foreman to the usual question.

The bench was perplexed. The president went all over the whole of the evidence, again dilating upon the point which proved so conclusively the prisoner's guilt.

The jury withdrew, and thirty hours, time was passed before they pronounced a second decision, and then the verdict of eleven was guilty, whilst the twelfth juror firmly persisted in the belief of the prisoner's innocence, and solemnly avowed he would suffer death himself before he would assist in his condemnation.

Finding this man so solemnly impressed with the prisoner's innocence, and his arguments in his favor still sounding so convincingly in their ears, to the astonishment of all present, the eleven unanimously concurred with the one in a verdict of acquittal.

The prisoner being therefore set at liberty narrowly escaped the lynch law of the infuriated mob without. A strong police guard alone protected him.

Once more Ildo Sternberg stood upon the deck of a vessel bound for South America. A boy whom he recognized as one in the employ of Mr. Talbot, approached him and placed a letter in his hands. The captain's orders meantime had been given, the anchor was drawn up and the brig under way.

With a cat-like spring the agile messenger jumped upon the wharf, receiving a lusty cheer from the jolly jack tars who witnessed the feat.

Ildo leaned his head mournfully upon his hands, and gazed abstractedly upon the receding shore.

Suddenly he behought him of his letter. He opened it, and to his surprise a roll of bank bills fell from it. They were all bills of large amount. The letter merely said:

"You will not refuse the enclosed from one who believed in your innocence. When you make the fortune which I know your energy will achieve in the new country to which you are going, you can repay them, if you like, to your sister."

FANNY.

Three years after the above occurrences a young man lay sick to death upon his bed

raving in his delirium to see Mr. Redfield, the father of the murdered Isabel.

"I am sorry to see you so low, my poor Augustus," said Mr. Redfield kindly.

"Oh, speak not to me! It was I who stabbed Isabel!" exclaimed the young man wildly.

All were horrified at these words. His mother and sister imputed them to the delirium of the disease; but when he grew more calm, and solemnly repeated the asseveration, they were forced to believe him.

Before his death he related the particulars of this unnatural deed.

It seems that the proud Isabel, from the time the handsome Sternberg entered her father's house she had smiled less graciously upon her affianced Augustus Raymond. Stung to madness by jealousy, he had watched them together, had heard Isabel, the evening previous, appoint the grove as a meeting place, that she had something very particular to say to Sternberg.

Augustus repaired himself to the spot before day-break, secreted himself—heard the passionate Isabel avow her love for him, and urge him to make her his wife. Sternberg refused her gently but firmly. At first she was angry but he soothed her into quiet, and left her after confessing to her that he loved another. She acquitted him of attempting in the slightest to gain her love, and as he turned to depart, she smiled sweetly upon him, and said she would try to forget him except with the love of a sister, but that none other could ever supply his place in her affections.

Perfectly infuriated with passion, Augustus Raymond stood before her upon Sternberg's departure, and reproached her more like a demon than a man, with her perfidy.

Her manner was so haughty and indignant that, insane with jealousy and passion, he discarded his lover plunged the fatal steel into her fair bosom, and then dashing into the thicket made his escape with the cunning caution that eluded the eyes of all, and locking the fearful secret up in his own breast, he escaped without being suspected even of the foul deed.

The repentant lover died and the father of the murdered girl wished to make reparation to the falsely accused Sternberg.

Finding the turn affairs had taken, Fanny Talbot confessed to her father that she knew the hiding place of the acquitted Ildo. She had corresponded faithfully in his exile.

A few weeks more, and the now happy Ildo returned to his friends more highly in favor than he had ever been before.

It was with a proud and reluctant heart that the fond father placed his daughter's hand in that of Ildo Sternberg, who under an assumed name, had won both fortune and fame during his exile—who had also proved himself in all ways so well worthy of the trust now reposed in him—the sacred trust of the safekeeping of a woman's heart and happiness.

TAKING A POSITION.—Joe Dovetail had a wife, a strong-minded wife. She looked upon Joe as a sort of necessary evil, treating him very much as the lady did her husband on the North river steamboat who ventured to object to some of her arrangements for travel, when she shut him up suddenly by telling him in the hearing of a dozen passengers:

"Why, what is it to you? If I had known you were going to act so, I would not have brought you along." But Joe and Mrs. Dovetail never travelled. They were always at home, though Joe was rarely seen there or elsewhere. She had long trained him to the habit of retiring under the bed when company called, and so familiar was he with that retreat, it was a question whether in default of personal service, a warning to militia training would hold him unless left under the bed; as being his last usual place of abode. During the stay of Mrs. Dovetail's friends, he occasionally thrust out his head like a turtle, but a glance of the loving eye of his spouse would send him under, with cold shivers rushing upon his back. One day as she was hobnobbing over the fire with a friend and social glass, Joe thrust out his figure head, and defied the shakes and frowns of his wife, till growing valiant desperate, he sang out:

"My dear, you may shake your head just as you please, but I tell you, as long as I have got the spirit of a man I will peep."

SPLENDID PROJECT.—We find the following in an exchange:

"Send me three million dollars. (As to what I want of it a word in your ears privately.) I intend to lay down in every street, court, lane, place and alley of Boston 10,000 miles of Iron main, 4 feet diameter, with 12 inch service pipes entering each house; so far, so good. Then I shall commence at the top of the White Mountains to lay a pipe ten feet in diameter into the ground six yards deep, from the said white mountains to the main in Boston, which will have been already constructed as before remarked; this done, I shall build a steam engine seven hundred and eighteen thousand horse power, and (lean over this way if you please, I'm afraid somebody might hear) force the freezing atmosphere from the mountains into every house in B!"

There is no mistake about this—it's bound to go; and when it's finished I mean to buy me a pair of boots and go in flat-footed for a line of pipes to the tropics, to pump hot air into the houses in winter. These little jobs completed, and we will have our cool weather in July, and in January it shall be warm and comfortable, as it always ought to have been; I guess Nature's jig is about up, ain't it?"

When the enterprising patentee of the above invention gets through his job, he will please turn his steps in this direction. An importation from the North Pole would be exceedingly acceptable about now.

Mrs. PARTINGTON expresses great apprehension that the people in California will bleed to death, as every paper she picks up announces "another vein opened."

Choice Poetry.

CONTRAST.

We have rarely read, any English writer, anything more simple and touching than the following contrasted poems. We cannot ascertain the name of the writer. They will please every reader, even those who can see no beauty in really fine poetry. And we are free to confess, however humbling to our sex, that the pictures are too true.

MAN'S LOVE.

When woman's eye grows tall,
And her cheek paleth,
When fads the beautiful,
Then man's love fadeth;
He sits not beside her chair,
Clasps not her fingers,
Twines not the damp hair,
That o'er her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in,
Though her eye lightens,
Though her cheek, pale and thin,
Feverishly brightens;

He stays but a moment near,
When that flush fadeth,
Though true affection's tears,
Her soft eyelids shade.

He goes from her chamber straight
Into life's jostle,
He meets and the very gate
Business and bustle;

He thinks not of her within,
Silently sighing,
He forgets in that noisy din
That she is dying!

And when her heart is still,
What though he mourneth,
Soon from his sorrow chill
Wearies her turneth;

Soon o'er her buried head
Memory's light setheth,
And the true-hearted dead
Thus man forgetteth!

WOMAN'S LOVE.

When man is waxing frail,
And his hand is thin and weak,
And his lips are parched and pale,
And wan and white his cheek;
Oh, then doth woman prove
Her constancy and love!

She sitteth by his chair,
And holds his feeble hand;
She watcheth ever there,
His wants to understand;

His yet unspoken will
She hasteneth to fulfil.

She leads him, when the moon
Is bright o'er dale and hill,
And all things, save the tone
Of the honey bees, are still,
Into the garden's bowers,
To sit midst herbs and flowers.

And when he goes not there,
To feed on breath and bloom,
She brings the rose rare
Into his darkened room;
And 'neath his weary head
The pillow smooth doth spread.

Until the hour when death
His lamp of life doth dim,
She never wearieth,
She never leaveth him;
Still near him night and day,
She meets his eye away.

And when his trial's o'er,
And the turf is on his breast,
Deep in her bosom's core
Lies sorrow unexpressed;
Her tears, her sighs, are weak,
Her settled grief to speak.

And though there may arise
Balm from her spirit's pain;
And though her quiet eyes
May sometimes smile again;
Still, still, she must regret;
She never, never can forget!

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

BE CAREFUL OF SMALL THINGS.

Irving, in his life of Washington, dwells on the particularity with which the great hero attended to the minutest affairs. The Father of his Country, as his correspondence and account books show, was "careful of small things," as well as of great, not disdainful to scrutinize the most petty expense of his household; and this even while acting as the first magistrate of the first republic in the world. In private circles in this city, tradition preserves numerous anecdotes of this characteristic, which, if necessary, we could quote.

The example of Washington, in this respect might teach an instructive lesson to those who scorn what they call "petty details." There are thousands of such individuals in every community. We all know more or less of them. Nothing is worthy of attention, in their opinion, unless it can be conducted on a grand scale. They will not condescend to the pennies, it is only the dollars that they will attend. They spur a small business. They talk superciliously of those who overlook the little leakages that waste so much money in every concern. To hear, one might think they were above the ordinary affairs of life, and that nothing was worthy of their time except discovering a California or conquering a kingdom.

Yet no man ever made a fortune, or rose to greatness in any department without being "careful of small things." As the beach is composed of grains of sand, and the ocean is made up of drops of water, so the millionaire is the aggregation of the profits of single ventures, often inconsiderable in amount. Every eminent merchant, Girard and Astor down, has been noted for his attention to details. Few distinguished lawyers have ever practiced in the courts, who have not been remarkable for a similar characteristic. It was one of the most striking

peculiarities of the first Napoleon's mind. The most petty details of his household expenses, the most trivial facts relating to his attention, or the tactics of a battle, the plan of a campaign, or the revision of a code. Demosthenes, the world's unrivalled orator was as anxious about gestures or his intonation, or about the texture of his argument or his garbure of words. Before such great examples, and in the very highest walks of intellect, how contemptible the conduct of the small minds who despise small things.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

The glory of a sacred edifice lies not in its vaulted roof, and lofty spire, and pealing organ, but in the glory that fills the house—the divine presence; not in its fabric of goodly stones, but in its living stones polished by the hand of the Spirit; not in its pointed windows, but in its Gospel light; not in its choir of singing men and of singing women, but in the music of well tuned hearts; not in its sacred priesthood, but in the great High Priest. If every stone were a diamond, and every beam of cedar, every window a crystal, and every door a pearl; if the roof were studded with sapphires, and the floor tessellated with all manner of precious stones; and yet if Christ and the Spirit be not there, and the building has no glory beyond what Solomon's cunning workmen can give it, even the Lord God, who is "the glory thereof."

SAD SIGHT AND ITS MORAL.—The Philadelphia Sun of Thursday says: A society of some kind, the members of which were unmistakably German in their appearance, white boys probably, for they were all arrayed in unimpeachable snowy blouses, passed our office yesterday morning, preceded by an immense barrel drawn by horses and accompanied by a brass band. The mammoth barrel was devoted and inscribed to Lager Beer; and was on one of the heads ornamented with a wreath of grape clusters, and an angel flying in the centre. At the tail of the cart sat a fine looking lad with a beer tumbler in his hand, from the crowds on the sidewalks, as much as to say, "here's your good health." What a lesson to teach a boy, and how significant the place of teaching, "the tail of the cart!"

From such a position many equally impressive lessons have been given, and many recitals in olden times, when criminals were conveyed to execution in such a vehicle, have shown that drink and the passion for it, instilled in early life by indiscreet and thoughtless parents, had brought the speaker to his last extremity. What a mockery too was the unspoken salutation of this really pretty lad, "your good health." What would we place the worm in the bud, the serpent of the still around our hearths, and indulge vauntingly in an appetite for what the law has condemned, and expect health and happiness? Sad picture in the City of Brotherly Love! May "He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," protect the boys of our country from such demoralizing influences.

SOMEbody closes a story on "Imprisonment for Debt" with the following: Poverty, in short, is a heinous offence now-a-days. Commit a murder, and if you are a woman, Pharisism will go on its knees to secure for you the Executive clemency; if you are a bold man, it is a chance that your name will be sung in heroic stanzas, and yourself made the theme of daily eulogium and the popular admiration. Appropriate the legacy of the widow and orphan, take advantage of the confidence of your associates, and issue fictitious certificates of stock, or obtain a public situation and turn out a defaulter for half a million—do any thing, provided you get rich, and you will be respected.—Society will forget the sin in the substantial nature of its results; but never be suspected of poverty, as you value "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." A want of money is only another expression, in these times, for a want of character, a want of friends, and a want of protection from social injustice and civil wrong.

ACCIDENT ON THE GREENVILLE RAILROAD.—The non-arrival of the Greenville train on Saturday evening was a source of much anxiety, until the sound of the steam whistle was heard early on Sunday morning. Upon the arrival of the car, it was learned that the train had run off in Capt. Cochran's field, a few miles below Cokesbury, in consequence of some miscreant having removed a bar of the track's iron. There was abundant evidence of it having been intentionally done, and the tracks were supposed to be those of a white man. The locomotive and tender, the mail and baggage cars were thrown off the track, but not the passenger car, which had only the front trucks displaced. We understand either the brakeman or a fireman had both his legs broken, but the engineer escaped. None others were injured except a boy belonging to Mr. J. G. Gibbes, who had his ankles sprained from jumping off. No passenger received any injury.—South Carolinian.

ABUNDANT CROPS AT THE WEST.—A letter from Washington county, Ohio, states that along the banks of the Ohio river, at any point of which the farmers always find a ready market, wheat is selling at one dollar a bushel, and plenty to be had. Oats are held at twenty-five cents, but would have to fall before sales could be effected, and potatoes were offered at present at twenty-five cents; but says the writer, the latter article will soon be down to eighteen cents, as the stock on hand is enormous. Another letter, dated Terre Haute, Indiana, says:

"Corn and all other crops are wonderful out in this Western country. Oats are down from 40 cents per bushel to 15 cents.—Wheat is at \$1. Contracts have been made for corn at 25 cents per bushel, deliverable between now and January 1st, 1856.

"There is one stalk of corn tied to an awning post near my office, which measures seventeen feet and four inches in length, and there is now at Indianapolis, seventy miles

distant, a stalk measuring eighteen feet two inches. Pretty "tall corn." It averages about thirteen feet in height throughout this country. Farmers are grumbling at the prospect of a very large surplus."

THE YELLOW FEVER IN NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH.

The accounts from these cities continue to be of the most gloomy character.

Among the many deaths, is that of Hunter Woodis, the mayor of Norfolk. He died on the morning of 26th instant, in the 34th year of his age. A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says:

"No man of his day had more warm personal friends, or elicited more general respect wherever he went. To know him was to love him. His appearance; the open and manly expression of his countenance; his full, rich voice; his mild and gentle manner, indicating the warm heart and open hand; his brilliant intellect; his truth and honor; his bold and fearless spirit—all combined to elicit the love and esteem of all who came in contact with him. His loss will be deeply mourned by thousands. To his wife and numerous devoted friends it will prove irreparable. His funeral was attended by the largest concourse of citizens I have ever seen assembled together since the pestilence broke out. No other man among us, be he high or low, rich or poor, could have had such a funeral, in times like these; and the death of no other man among us could have added so much to the general gloom and distress."

From the Norfolk Argus of Saturday.

SAD! SAD!

Truly our soul is sickened and depressed at the gloom now hanging over our devoted city. The sword of the Destroyer is still suspended above us, and ever and anon descends and sweeps from our midst some of the noblest of our people. All that human effort—all that the self-sacrificing spirit of the few who remain with us, can accomplish, has been done to turn aside the devastating progress of the scourge, which the Almighty in His wisdom has inflicted upon us. Mercilessly has it taken friend from friend, parent from offspring, offspring from parent, brother from sister, sister from brother, husband from wife, wife from husband; sparing neither youth, nor age, nor lovellness. There is nothing to relieve the darkness around but the exertions of those gallant spirits who seem determined to do their duty with a self-devotion which will ever reflect honor upon their efforts. May they reap the Christian's reward.

THE PESTILENCE.

To one who has never witnessed a city suffering from a pestilence, I can convey no adequate idea of the weary desolations of Portsmouth. It looks like the fallen city of the Arabian Nights, in which everything was suddenly petrified and frozen into silence and death. Closed stores, perfectly deserted streets, window shutters everywhere fastened, and nothing to relieve the frightful and unattractive blankness of the scene but hearse and coffins and corpses! We are humbled, scourged, bowed in the dust before a power in whose hands the strength of man is weaker and his wisdom folly. Doctor S—, of New Orleans, who has himself lost three children, I believe, by the fever, and whose experience of its ravages is second to that of few men of his age in the world, perhaps, informed me a day or two since that, in his judgment, yellow fever was a bane for which no antidote had yet been discovered, and that human skill was entirely inadequate to its management.

When I tell you that such a disease is seizing our citizens at the rate of over fifty a day, in a population of certainly not more than twenty-five hundred, you may have some idea of the fearful nearness with which death stares us all in the face. There is no civil government, no printing press going, scarcely a store open, no buying or selling, save for the trade in drugs, no banking, no legislation, no visiting save death's visitings, and, worse than all, no hope.

The following letter appears in the Norfolk Argus of Wednesday:

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, August 23, 1855.

A. F. Leonard, Esq.—Dear Sir.—We have just held a meeting in the hall room, on behalf of the afflicted people of Norfolk and Portsmouth. Col. Pickens, of South Carolina, made a stirring appeal, which was responded to by an immediate voluntary offering of \$900.

Gov. Manning, of S. C., is the chairman of the committee appointed to procure additional contributions.

Thomas C. Tabb, of Norfolk, is the Treasurer of the fund.

Col. Wm. B. Whitehead, of Nansemond, and Dr. J. P. Tabb, of Gloucester, deserve much credit for the energy they displayed.

THE CURRYTON ACADEMY.

Eleven miles from this place, by the plank road, on a high, pleasant and healthy pine grove hill, is situated this temple of learning. In the midst of a community justly celebrated for its morality, piety and virtue; surrounded by a society pleasing and attractive; and conducted by able, efficient and unexceptionable teachers, the Curryton Institution possesses advantages, and offers inducements equal to any school in the country. The institution merits, and should receive the patronage and support of the entire district, for certainly there are no schools in the district that can boast superiority over it; and every citizen of Edgefield should feel interested in advancing her educational facilities, and in building up for her a reputation for learning and for a love of the fine arts, commensurate with her wealth, her civility and pride. It is almost culpable to go off to other districts or States in search of schools, when we have in our midst, and at our very doors, such superior advantages, as are presented by this Academy.

The Male department is now conducted by Mr. James L. Lesley, a gentleman and a

scholar, whose character as a teacher is too well known to need the brightening of commendation. The Female department is under the control and management of Mr. A. P. Butler, assisted by Miss Arthur. Mr. Butler is a gentleman of high character, of great literary attainments, and possesses in an eminent degree the extraordinary powers of imparting instruction to the mind and virtue to the heart. His assistant, Miss Arthur, is a lady in every way capable and worthy to instruct the daughters of Old Edgefield, in all the arts, sciences and accomplishments of their highest aspirations.

A beautiful little villa is springing up at Curryton, and several boarding houses of first class, are now open there for the reception of young ladies and students. Parents of Edgefield, send your children to Curryton Academy, build up your own institutions, the glory of your birth the pride of your heart.—Valley Pioneer.

ITEMS FOR THE MULTITUDE.

NEWSPAPER SUSPENSION.—A Missouri editor announces that the publication of his paper will be suspended for six weeks, in order that he may visit St. Louis with a load of bear skins, hoop poles, shingles, oak bark and pickled catfish, which he had taken for subscription.

A CONTENTED WIFE.—