

# The Gadget & Advertiser.

"WE WILL CLING TO THE PILLARS OF THE TEMPLE"

"AND IF IT MUST FALL, WE WILL PERISH AMIDST THE RUINS."

SIMKINS, DURISOE & CO., Proprietors.

EDGEFIELD

FEBRUARY 22, 1860.

VOLUME XXV.—No. 7.

## Original Poetry.

For the Advertiser.  
Words, Words!  
By H. R. GORDON.

Words, written words! the offspring of thought—  
How they have governed the world for years,  
With strange foreboding oft-times fraught;  
Or gay with joy, or sad with tears.

See the reader—man, woman or child,  
The subject simple, the words most wild;  
See them laugh, or cry, by turns—  
Words! they are torches and each one burns!

Words friends have spoken, how cherished by all,  
In silence their accents still ring clear and bright;  
And last until Death hath spread o'er us the pall,  
A cause for our actions—a guide for our feet.  
Think of the power for good, or for ill—  
Father, whilst children attend at your knee,  
Gently and lovingly, precepts instill;  
And their lives' future acts will reflect well on thee.

What a wondrous, strange thing is a word—  
"Caus'g joy or deepest despair!"  
Like a ball—or perchance like a sword,  
Falls the word, and divides in thin air;  
Yet the train of effects hurries on,  
And life of the hearer is rendered,  
Or peaceful, or sad, as it passeth along,  
By the thoughts which the word hath engendered.

What pity that scholars, but most, politicians,  
From the misuse of words should oft-fall,  
And become puny pigmies, who might have been  
Titians.

Words! I say, 'twas but a simple one  
That caused a war in years long fled,  
And wondrous deeds of arms were done,  
And thousands slumbered with the dead.

For the Advertiser.  
Absence.

The grave of the heart, with its long withered roses,  
Its memories vain, its regrets, and its void,  
Soul-like the true grave where all dreams repose  
The still, painless form that chill Death has destroyed!

Ab! this tomb of the heart, all around it entwining  
The sunbeams that glittered in Hope's Long Ago,  
Till the shadows of grief mingling with their  
Bright shining,

Spread a pall o'er the past and its joy-light below!  
Life is too short with its passionate dreaming,  
Its hopes and its fears, and its wild restless love,  
For hearts that adore beyond all earth's seeming,  
To thrall calmly on, when loved forms afar rove,  
Absence, this gloom of the grave not its quiet.

ADAMS, 100 Broadway, New York.

J. L. ADDISON,  
Attorney at Law & Solicitor in Equity,

JACOB BUNGBLOD,  
MAGISTRATE,

DENTISTRY.

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