

The Edgefield Advertiser.

"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., FEBRUARY 27, 1861.

VOLUME XXV.—No. 8.

SINKINS, DURISOE & CO., Proprietors.

Edgefield Advertiser.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.
A. SIMKINS, D. E. DURISOE, & E. KREESE,
PROPRIETORS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Two Dollars per year if paid 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.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

All advertisements will be inserted at One Dollar per Square (12 Lines) for the first insertion, and Fifty Cents for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements from strangers and transient persons payable in advance. All others will be inserted when called for.

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Home Religion.

We have no confidence in, love or respect for, that religion which does not go into the heart and home-life of the man, there softening, sweetening and enlightening and lifting up into its own holy atmosphere of love and faith, all his business and daily life.

The religion of our Lord is not simply something to stand up in the need of death and the judgment day. While it is a perfect provision for these appalling emergencies, it is something to live with and by. It must go into the heart, that fountain of man's daily life; and there control, as with the spirit and rule of Heaven; and so, having its holy outpouring in his thought, speech and act, will make of his life, as much as he will, a living and suffering world, a life of heaven's own beauty and bliss.

It is not alone in great emergencies, not alone in the dust and din of the world's public work, that true religion has its least exhibition. It brings heaven nearest to earth, or rather makes this poor earth like to heaven, when it comes into little things, of which most of life is made up, and fills them with heaven's own spirit and temper. It is something to live with and by in all our daily occupations, as for home and hearthstone the holy rule and love of Christ at the fireside, for the husband and wife, parent and child, master and servant, in the daily round of daily duty.

In such walks as these the power and blessing of a Christ-like life shines with heaven's own light; the light of a character daily fitting for residence in that better land, where we shall see Him as He is. Oh! for his temper and spirit! How it would sweeten our own hearts! How it would soften and mellow our words, and how much of beauty and power it would give to our life!

So, like evil birds, should be driven from our heart and homes all littleness and wrath, clamor and evil speaking; with all malice. Try it but for a day; to live that day of yours like Christ would live it, as you know He would have you live it; and you will both lay yourself down in peace and sleep, for your soul shall rejoice in His light and love.—Southern Presbyterian.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

At a Christening, while the minister was making out the certificate, he happened to say:

"Let me see—his is the 31th."

"The thirtieth" cried the mother; "indeed, it is so."

"An ARGUMENT is now made between you and your wife, is it not?"

"Yes," said she, "I am a real laborer."

"No," said she, "I won't—so there."

"Don't you budge an inch!" cried her husband.

"Now—now, Maria, this is the young man to his wife, in a piteous tone, "don't you to cutting up in this way, don't!"

"I'll cut up as much as I want!" she sharply replied.

"Well," roared the desperate man, throwing the door wide open and stalking out among the crowd; "well, just you two women put on your duty and go right straight home and bring back the old man and woman, and your children, who is not; on a hundred; bring 'em all here, and I'll marry the whole caboodle of 'em and I will sleep together!"

The difficulty was finally adjusted by the tall female taking a room also. W. W. L. is enjoying itself over the sensation.—Leland Plainaler.

The S. C. Examination Society has proposed the following sensible queries about this financial period, to every body:

Does it cost anything to print a newspaper?

How long can a printer afford to furnish a paper without pay?

Do printers eat, drink or wear anything?

If so, how do they get it?

Do I owe for my paper?

Is not this particular time a first rate time to call and pay up?

A colored firm in Newark, New Jersey, having suffered some pecuniary embarrassments, recently closed business, and the senior member gave to the public the following notice:

"Notice.—Do not desertion of to parish; heretofore resident with me and Mrs. Jones in debarter profession as hereof resolved. Persons who owe us must pay in debarter. Dem what de firm owe must call on Jones, as de firm is involved.

A school man in one of our district schools was examining a class in orthography.

"Spell an adverb, floweret," she said.

"Flower-et, flower-et, a little flower," went off a town-ward in a perfect streak.

"Wavelet," said she.

"Wavelet, wavelet, a little wave," was the prompt return.

"Bullet," said she.

"Bu-let, bullet a little bullet," shouted a young fellow there, who was innocently permitted. School man eyed.

"To keep apples from rotting—place them in a dry cellar with a family of children.

The Ceremony of Taking the Veil.

The *Journal du Loiret* (France) relates the following:
Mlle. Blanche de Beauval, a wealthy heiress of Orleans, was about eight months ago to have been married to the Viscount de Chamoy, but as the bridegroom-elect was in delicate health he was recommended to go for a short time to Italy, and the ceremony was postponed to October last. The Viscount, however, never reached his destination, having died on his way thither, and the lady, overwhelmed with grief, determined to take the veil. Her resolution was carried into effect three days ago, at the Carmelite Convent in the Faubourg du Roule, at Orleans. At the hour fixed for the ceremony the chapel was filled with persons who had been invited to be present, and soon after a door leading from the interior of the convent opened, and Mademoiselle de Beauval, in the prime of youth and beauty, entered, leaning on the arm of her uncle. She was dressed in a bridal costume of white satin, trimmed with rich lace; a wreath of orange blossoms encircled her hair, and a large white veil was over her head. She took the seat prepared for her, and the officiating priest delivered a short address. She then quitted the chapel, which is divided into two parts by an iron railing, closed by a curtain. In a moment after the curtain was drawn, and she was seen on the other side of the grating on her knees. The priest approached and asked whether she still persisted in her resolutions to quit the world, to which she replied in a firm voice, "Yes." On this, one of the nuns who were standing by raised the bridal wreath and veil from her head, and her beautiful hair fell on her shoulders, and then with a scissor severed the tresses close to her head. A murmur of regret was heard among all the persons present when this sacrifice was commenced. Mademoiselle de Beauval then left the chapel, but reappeared in a few minutes after, dressed in the garb of a Carmelite nun. She lay down on the steps of the chapel, a funeral cloth was thrown over her, the priest recited the prayers for the dead, and *De Profundis* was sung while the persons in the chapel were retiring.

Woman the Source of the Trouble.

A PERRY STORY, BUT A PROBABLE FACTION.—The Washington correspondent of the Commercial writes:

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Comes Beautifully to the Music.

True eloquence is not often found in the columns of a political editor; for his business is more to hash and rehash, cut and slash, guard and give point, in his way along the world. But now and then even a political editor comes to feel the eloquent and, feeling it, nothing is more natural than for him to pen it. The following, from the *New Orleans Picayune*, now some weeks in our drawer, is too good to be laid aside because a little stale. It is that paper's giving-up of the Union ghost and going with the music "away down dar in Dixie." Read it.—Ed. Adv.

"The deed had been done. 'We breathe deeper and freer' for it. 'The Union is dead; and with it all the hopes, all the fears, which divided and agitated our people. It was a great, a glorious fabric; but its timbers had rotted at the heart. Without showing any symptoms of decay, it has fallen like a cedar felled. No government ever rose as she did—none has ever so perished. From the cradle to manhood was a single bond; from manhood to the grave a shifted scene. It grew up in the night like Jonah's gourd, and next day withered as it did. It went through none of the convulsions that marked the decline of other peoples. It was not overthrown by hostile invasions like Greece, nor overrun by Vandals horde like Rome was. Neither did it perish of inanition like Egypt, nor was it conquered as Saxon England was. It was without precedent in its growth, without example in its fall. Peerless alike in its prosperity, it furnishes another memento to the many funeral monuments which give a sombre interest to the highway of time, upon which history, in after ages, will write its own inscription.

But the world was made for the living and not for the dead. With the last chiming of the requiem, which tells the passing away of what was once the cynosure of nations and the idol of the American heart, will end the allegiance which invested the confederation with the attribute of indestructibility. It was a dream. It is gone; the illusion is past, and whilst every heart confesses to feeling, or having felt, a pang at the separation, there is no remorse to obliterate the regret. There is no stone upon our hands, there is no damning proof upon the escutcheon of the South. It was not her deed. Let the Northern assassin

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