

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, Proprietor.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., AUGUST 4, 1852.

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Select Poetry.

BEN BOLT.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown;
Who wept with delight when you gave her smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown.
In the old church yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the moon-day shade,
And listened to Appletan's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled down;
And a quiet which creeps round the walls as you
Has followed the olden win.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the end of the pathless wood,
And the button-tall tree with its motly limbs,
Which nigh by the doorway stood.
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain,
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
Grow grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook, in running brook,
Where the children went to swim.
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys that were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I.

There's a change in the things that I loved Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelve months—twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends, yet I hail,
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale.

AY! YES I REMEMBER.

AN ANSWER TO BEN BOLT.
Ah! yes, I remember, that name with delight,
Sweet Alice, as cherished and dear;
I seek her grave in the pale hour of night,
And moisten the turf with a tear.
And there, when the heart is overburdened with
I wander and muse all alone,
And long for the time when my head shall repose
In the arms of the sweet Alice above.

I roam through the woods where so joyous we
strayed,
And recline on the green sunny hill;
All things are as bright in the beautiful glade,
But my heart is all to love and child;
The hand that so fondly pressed them in mine,
And the lips that were smiling with love—
Are cold in the grave, and I'm left to repine,
"Till I meet sweet Alice above."

Oh! I remember the school-house and brook
And the master so kind and so true;
And the blossoming flowers in the cool shady nook,
So fragrant with incense and dew;
But I weep not for those, though so dear to my heart,
Nor the friends that have left us alone—
The bosom will heave, and the tear drops will start,
For sweet Alice lies under the stone."

Original Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE ADVERTISER.

THE ORPHAN BROTHERS.

The night was dark and gloomy; the monotonous pattering of the rain was varied only by the chorus of wailing winds, which swept by the solemn and mysterious house of death.

On a bed in a lowly dwelling gazed a fair young widow of eight and twenty summers. Her husband had died six months before and the consequent grief pressing on a constitution naturally delicate, had bowed that young head to the dust.

The only inmates of the chamber, except the dying mother, were her only children—two little boys of eight and ten years—and a faithful female attendant. "Come to me my children," said Mrs. Hays. "Your mother is dying—you will soon be orphans, doubly orphans—for there is no one on earth to whom I can willingly confide my boys."

The poor stricken children crept close to the side of their mother, and their desolate wailings mingled with the sad monotone of the warring elements without.

"Henry!" said she to the elder, "here is my dying gift. It is your father's Bible—Willie! here is mine, and hear this the last injunction of your dying mother. Never allow a day to pass without reading at least one chapter of these sacred pages. Never sleep at night without repeating the Lord's prayer, and at least once, in every week, read the sermon on the Mount. If you fulfil these, my last requests, I feel that strife and unkindness will never come between you. Never, my boys, have the first quarrel and you will never have the second; and never, never forget that you are the children of the same parents. If, in your intercourse with your fellow men, you should meet with opposition and contumely, forget not that as you forgive, so will you be forgiven. Remember that the heart must echo and confirm the sentiments that the lips utter, or they are of no avail. And above all these, my children, allow no lady-body to interfere between yourselves or between you and your fellow creatures. The Saviour said 'Blessed are the peace makers for they shall be called the children of God.' A trust-worthy friend will never repeat things from one to another—for it but engenders strife. If he would do so, is your enemy and not your friend."

With a last kiss, and a faint blessing on her little ones, Mrs. Hays, not long after, died to the sorrows and cold-heartedness of earth.

Mr. and Mrs. Hays were emigrants to the place where they died. An uncle of the former, who lived some miles off, took the brothers; but he was a cold-hearted, exacting man, and night after night did the little boys creep away to their dark, dreary room, and, after praying together, were themselves to sleep with no eye to pity, and naught to comfort, save the Omnipresent and Omnipotent Being, who declares that he will avenge the widow and the fatherless.

Mr. Black their guardian had an only child—a

son, who was near sixteen when the little boys became an inmate of his father's home; and no sooner were they domesticated with him than did Alfred Black commence a series of petty persecutions and annoyances that embittered their youthful days.

Mr. Hays left a sufficiency to educate his boys respectively. After that, they were to be thrown on their own resources for a livelihood. Their uncle placed them at an excellent school in his own neighborhood and they made such rapid progress as to elicit the good will of their teacher.

Henry was seventeen and Willie fifteen, before they had ever had a dispute; they profited by their mother's counsel and lived as brothers should. Young as they were, they acted out the praiseworthy principle of mutual forbearance.

As Henry was a well grown boy, young Black did not dare to continue his former practice of lordship over him or his younger and rather fragile brother—but substituted a plan by which he hoped to create jealousy and dissensions between them. He misinterpreted and misinterpreted their words and actions, until Henry began to suspect that his brother could stoop to weakness and follies that his own proud heart would not condescend to, and Willie was led to believe that Henry's coldness proceeded from declining affection.

Things remained in this situation for some time. Willie was left to read his Bible alone. Frequently would he determine to forget all unkindness and impute his brother's, by the memory of his mother's dying hour to come to him all that had once been. But the cold stern look, the repelling manner, impelled him to resist, and the poor boy shrunk within himself and prayed Heaven that he might go where his mother's sweet smile and endearing tenderness would richly compensate him for the woes and sorrows of his orphanage.

Willie's health began to decline to all eyes save those of his prejudiced brother; still he continued at school seeking no companionship and knowing no sympathy, but bending as a weak and neglected plant before the blast of injustice and oppression.

The summer term of the school was about to close and the class, in which Henry made one, were busy in preparing Latin compositions, as a silver medal was to be awarded to the author of the best.

Henry had striven manfully for the prize, and he felt so certain of success that he would not show his composition to any one except to young Black. He was a great favorite with his teacher and wished to give him an agreeable surprise. On the evening before the exhibition the youths were sitting on the banks of a stream near the house. The weather was excessively warm—they had taken off their coats and had hung them on the branch of a fallen tree. Young Black and Henry were talking

Black proposed to Henry that they should go

to an orchard near by for fruit. After they had got a short distance, Black said he believed he would return for his coat. He had already contrived while getting it, to slip the composition from Henry's pocket to that of Willie and then rejoined Henry. Willie soon after went home. After they had come to their rooms, in the evening, Henry, who, since his estrangement from his brother, occupied the room with Alfred, felt in his pocket for his essay. It was gone. He was greatly provoked, and asked Alfred if he thought it possible that it could have dropped while they were at the stream. Alfred, to carry out his iniquitous scheme, answered that he thought it probable, and offered to get a light and go with him in search of it. They went but soon returned without it. As they were passing Willie's room, Alfred suggested that he might have purchased it while they were absent, and cited Henry to the fact that he had left while they were gone.

"I will soon find out," said Henry, "and if he did I will disown him forever."
They entered the room together, when Henry demanded of his brother his paper.
"I have not your paper, brother," answered Willie—"Do you think me capable of acting so meanly?"
"Yes," said Henry, "I believe your jealousy is embittered by the prospect of my succeeding at the exhibition and I feel certain that you have stolen it."
"Brother!" said Willie, his face assuming the whiteness of marble, and his pale lips quivering, "by the memory of our dear parents—by my hopes of Heaven, I have never wronged you in thought, word, or action." Henry turned to the chair on which Willie's coat was thrown and drew from the pocket the paper.

"Coward and liar," said he, "from this night I disown you."
The poor stricken victim fell senseless on the floor. Alfred assisted Henry to lay him on the bed, threw water in his face, and as soon as they saw him reviving left him. After consciousness had fully returned, Willie raised himself up. He felt crushed to the earth.

"Mother! mother!" he said in his anguish, "are you near me now? Does your gentle presence fail to soothe, as it has done oftentimes before? Oh! why am I left on earth while Heaven is so peaceful—so void of strife, and oppression, and hatred? Oh! bless thy boy, spirit of my angel mother, that he may not murmur in his agony!"
"Oh, God!" he screamed, "have mercy!"—for he felt that his senses were leaving him. He fell back on his pillow and through the darkness and death-like stillness of that weary night, the fatherless and motherless boy wrestled with delirium alone. The next morning a servant went up to see why Willie did not come down and returned stating that she believed he was sick for he did not speak.

Henry did not go to him—but, with Alfred and his uncle, set out for the Academy. The sick brother, nephew, and cousin was left to the mercies of a servant more compassionate than his kindred. The life long day did the faithful negro tend the suffering boy and as evening came on and the brother returned, elated and exulting with success, she ran to meet him. "Go to your poor brother, massa, he no long for dis world—been call you all day. He talk about paper, and call his mother to come for him."

Feelings of the bitterest compunction caused Henry's heart to thrill painfully as he ran up stairs. He had thought in the morning, that Willie's illness was only assumed in order to hide his shame at his detection. What was his horror, on gaining the bed-side, to discover him enduring all the agonies of brain fever, his eyes wild and blood shot, his nostrils dilated and cries of anguish issuing from his parched lips.
"He has not my mother, and I am alone in the world—I never wronged him—I would have excused in his success—I have nothing left but to

die. But I forgive him, yes indeed, I forgive them both."
Henry threw his arms around him and addressed him by every endearing epithet of his earlier years, but Willie did not know him, and as the dying injunction of their mother came thronging back to Henry's memory, he felt that it would have been better if he had never been born.

A physician was summoned, and Alfred and his father accompanied him to the sick room. The sufferer shrieked as he saw Alfred.
"Go away!" said he, "you have taken away my brother. Henry! Henry! A scorpion is on my coat—it will sting us—got it off!"
To satisfy him, Henry took up the coat and shook it—when from the pocket in which the paper had been found, a large red ring dropped.
Alfred picked it up with a trembling hand—he had worn that ring for several years and had missed it the evening before in the orchard. He thought he had lost it there. Instead of that, it had come off as he slipped the paper in the pocket. His guilt was too glaring to be evaded, and he stood before the brothers with a brand as deep as that of Cain on his brow. His father and the physician were not acquainted with the facts and knew not to what to attribute his confusion.

Henry gave him a look that haunted him to his dying hour. Willie became worse and worse and the physician gave but faint hope of his recovery. Henry mourned in dust and ashes his departure from his God, and his consequent cruelty to his brother. After three weeks of the severest suffering, Willie showed slight symptoms of convalescence—and oh! how tenderly did Henry nurse him! How gratefully did he thank Heaven for the restoration of health to his only brother, and peace to their souls!

Suffice it to say that through a long life the confidence, regained there, never wavered—but, as ornaments to society and bright lights in a christian community, they fulfilled the destiny which Heaven had marked out for them.

QUEEN SEMIRAMIS.

"Of all my wives," said Ninus to Semiramis "it is you I love best. None have charms and graces like you, and for you I would resign them all."
"Let the king consider well what he says," replied Semiramis. "What if I were to take him at his word?"
"Do so," returned the monarch; "while beloved by you I am indifferent to others."
"So, then, if I asked it," said Semiramis, "you would banish all your other wives, and love me alone?—I alone should be your consort, the partner of your power, and Queen of Assyria?"
"Queen of Assyria! Are you not so already," said Ninus, "since you reign by your beauty over his king?"
"No—no," answered his lovely mistress; "I am at present only a slave whom you love. I reign not—I merely charm. When I give an order, you are consulted before I am obeyed."
"And to reign, then, you think so great a pleasure,"
"Yes, to one who has never experienced it."
"And do you wish then to experience it? Would you like to reign a few days in my place?"
"Take care, O king! do not offer too much."
"No, I repeat it," said the captivated monarch. "Would you like, for one whole day, to be sovereign mistress of Assyria? If you would, I consent to it."
"And shall all which I command be executed?"
"Yes, I will resign to you, one entire day, my power and my golden sceptre."
"And when shall this be?"
"To-morrow if you like."
"I do," said Semiramis; and she led her head full upon the shoulder of the king like a beautiful woman asking pardon for some caprice which has been yielded to.

The next morning Semiramis called her women, and commanded them to dress her magnificently. Of her head she wore a crown of precious stones, and appeared thus before Ninus, who, enchanted with her beauty, ordered the officers of the palace to assemble in the state chamber, and his golden sceptre to be brought from the treasury. He then entered the chamber leading

me too often of your company; you are constantly in the camp."
This reply, in which caprice and flattery were mingled, enchanted Ninus. "Good," said he laughing. "Here are the first three officers of the empire dismissed for very sufficient reasons."
The gentlemen of the court now came to present their gifts to the queen. Some gave precious stones, others of a lower rank, flowers and fruits, and the slaves having nothing to give, gave nothing. Among these last were three young brothers, who had come from the Caucasus with Semiramis, and had rescued the caravan in which the women were from an enormous tiger.

"And you," said she to the three brothers, as they passed the throne, "have you no present to make your queen?"
"No other," replied the first Zopire, "than my life to defend her."
"None other," replied the second, Artaban, "than my sword against her enemies."
"None other," replied the third, Assar, "than the respect and admiration which her presence inspires."
"Slaves," said Semiramis, "it is you who have made me the most valuable presents of the whole court, and I will not be ungrateful. You who have offered me your sword against my enemies, take this order, carry it to the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon, give it to him, and see what he will do for you. And you, who offer me your life for my defence, take this order to the governor of the citadel, and see what he will do for you. And you, who offer me the respect and admiration which my presence inspires, take this order to the commandant of the palace, and see what he will be the result."

Never had Semiramis displayed so much gaiety, so much folly, and so much grace, and never was Ninus so captivated. Nor were her charms lessened in his eyes, when a slave, not having executed properly an insignificant order, she commanded his head to be struck off, which was immediately done.

Without bestowing a thought on this trivial matter, Ninus still continued to converse with Semiramis till the evening and the fête arrived. When she entered the saloon which had been prepared for the occasion, a slave brought her a plate in which was the head of the decepted eunuch.

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"None other," replied the second, Artaban, "than my sword against her enemies."
"None other," replied the third, Assar, "than the respect and admiration which her presence inspires."
"Slaves," said Semiramis, "it is you who have made me the most valuable presents of the whole court, and I will not be ungrateful. You who have offered me your sword against my enemies, take this order, carry it to the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon, give it to him, and see what he will do for you. And you, who offer me your life for my defence, take this order to the governor of the citadel, and see what he will do for you. And you, who offer me the respect and admiration which my presence inspires, take this order to the commandant of the palace, and see what he will be the result."

Never had Semiramis displayed so much gaiety, so much folly, and so much grace, and never was Ninus so captivated. Nor were her charms lessened in his eyes, when a slave, not having executed properly an insignificant order, she commanded his head to be struck off, which was immediately done.

Without bestowing a thought on this trivial matter, Ninus still continued to converse with Semiramis till the evening and the fête arrived. When she entered the saloon which had been prepared for the occasion, a slave brought her a plate in which was the head of the decepted eunuch.

THE NEXT MORNING Semiramis called her women, and commanded them to dress her magnificently. Of her head she wore a crown of precious stones, and appeared thus before Ninus, who, enchanted with her beauty, ordered the officers of the palace to assemble in the state chamber, and his golden sceptre to be brought from the treasury. He then entered the chamber leading

me too often of your company; you are constantly in the camp."

This reply, in which caprice and flattery were mingled, enchanted Ninus. "Good," said he laughing. "Here are the first three officers of the empire dismissed for very sufficient reasons."
The gentlemen of the court now came to present their gifts to the queen. Some gave precious stones, others of a lower rank, flowers and fruits, and the slaves having nothing to give, gave nothing. Among these last were three young brothers, who had come from the Caucasus with Semiramis, and had rescued the caravan in which the women were from an enormous tiger.

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