

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.

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THE EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER

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TERMS.—Two Dollars per year, if paid in advance. Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid in advance. Three Dollars if not paid before the expiration of the year. All subscriptions not distinctly limited at the time of subscribing, will be considered as made for an indefinite period, and will be continued until otherwise ordered. Subscriptions from other States must be accompanied with the cash or reference to some one known to us.

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For Advertising Extraordinary, Two Dollars, to be paid by the Magistrate advertising.

Select Tale.

FANNY.

A Tale from Real Life.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Fanny Austin stood at the window while the sun was setting—an open, French window, whose flowing white curtains half hid the slender form of the young girl. She was not looking towards the west; though the sunset pageant was beautiful to behold—she was looking toward the east, not at the shadowy sky, not at the dark, forest-crowned hills, but far away down the dusty road, with her lovely, smiling, expectant eyes. The gold and crimson of sunset passed away, the dews and shades of twilight came on—and still Fanny stood at the window. A servant entered and lit the lamps, and as he went out, looked back at the fair girl with a pleasant, knowing smile; then Fanny's mother came in—quietly arranged a slightly disordered table—looked at her abstracted daughter silently, but with a fond, proud, most motherly expression, and

The twilight deepened, and the stars of a glorious June evening came out in heaven.

Fanny steps through the open window into the piazza, and bends forward, as listening intently. Surely she hears the distant gallop of a horse! Yes, now it comes across the bridge, down in the ravine!—now it ascends the hill—now comes the gleam of a white horse dashing up the road, urged by an eager rider; and Fanny Austin turns quickly, and re-enters the parlor, where she demurely seats herself at a table, and takes up a book.

Through how many twilights during the past year had Fanny waited and watched for the coming of that milk-white steed! She had grown to know his gallop across the bridge as well as she knew the voice of his master. Fanny's lover lived in the city, five miles away—and in all seasons and all weathers came to visit his liege lady on this favorite horse, a beautiful and powerful animal. But this was the last time that Fanny would watch with loving anxiety at that eastern window for the coming of the bold impetuous rider—for to-morrow they were to be married.

A sweet ideal of early womanhood was Fanny at that moment, with her love-radiating face bent over her book, of whose contents she saw not a word—with the forward fall of her light, wavy blue hair, half shading her shy, tender, soft blue eyes—with the tremulous play of her parted lips and the vivid flushings of her fair rounded cheek. She was dressed with child-like simplicity, in a lawn of that most delicate blue we see in the far sky—with flowing sleeves, half revealing arms of faultless symmetry. Her white neck was uncovered, and, in place of a brooch, she wore at her bosom a bunch of pale blush roses. How her high-beating heart rocked them, and shook out their perfumes!—how eloquent, how fitly, her love spoke in the rise and fall of those rose-buds, and breathed in the fragrance they exhaled!

There is a quick step in the hall without—the door is flung open! Let us look up with Fanny at him, who stands on the threshold.

A figure of medium height, manly yet more delicate than robust—a face intellectually handsome, though exceedingly fresh and youthful—the full red lips all smiles, the large brown eyes all tenderness, a deep flush on the slightly bronzed cheek—the dark curly hair somewhat disordered and blown about the broad brow by the fresh night wind; so stood Henry Lester—but only for an instant stood, a little blinded by the light—then stepped joyfully forward. Fanny rose, half fond, half fearful, the passion of the woman as trite with the shyness of the child, to meet his glad embrace.

"You are late to-night, dearest," she said, in an inquiring tone.

"Yes, my groomsmen, Charles Mason, came to-night. I had not seen him for nearly a year, and so we had many things to talk about. I never liked the fellow so well. Indeed, I believe I love all my

friends the better for loving you so truly, Fanny. Like Juliet, 'the more I give, the more I have to give.'"

"Such, dear Henry, is the infinite, divine nature of love. Did you find the evening pleasant?"

"Glorious! The air was both soft and invigorating, the starlight is very pure, and there is a trifle of a moon, you know, just enough to swear by. Oh, Fanny, I never was so happy as to-night! My heart was as the heart of a child, brimming and bubbling over with happiness. I sung in riding through the dark pine woods—little beside your name, I believe, I took off my cap, and let the winds frolic as they would with my hair; feel now, Fanny, and see how damp it is with dew."

Fanny laid her hand caressingly among the shining curls, then drew it away with a blush, while her lover continued—

"I remained so unspeakably happy—sometimes urging on Selim at a furious rate, the sooner to quench the hot thirst of my heart in your presence—sometimes checking him up and sitting quite still, to let the great waves of joy dash over me—till I came to the burial ground on the hill beyond the ravine. I had passed this a hundred times with only a momentary shadowing of my heart, as a swift stream is shadowed by flowing under a willow; but to-night, at the first sight of the gleaming, ghastly tomb-stones, I reeled in my saddle and groined aloud!"

"Why so, dear Henry?"

"Because, love, I remembered that you were mortal, and not one of God's own imperishable angels, as I had dreamed you—that you might leave my love, my bosom, for one of those low, cold, lonely beds of sleep and dark forgetfulness. Oh, great Heaven, the agony of the thought! I cried, hiding his face against Fanny's breast, while tears, that were no reproach to his manhood, dropped fast upon those pale blush roses."

Fanny bowed her head over him, and said with tender solemnity:

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The Washington Monument.

The huge obelisk which is in course of erection at the Capital, costs a thousand dollars a foot, and it goes towards heaven at the rate of four or five feet a month, and consequently requires a monthly expenditure of four or five thousand dollars. While the work goes on, there is, of course, a steady drain upon the treasury; but the receipts fluctuate, and have of late so much fallen off, that unless the subscriptions speedily and materially increase the work must stop. It should be borne in mind that the blocks which have been forwarded to Washington by the different States of the Union, and by other countries, though they add much to the interest of the monument, contribute very little to its bulk and height, and diminish the cost of each course of masonry only in a very slight degree.

To complete the monument will require a sum which, if contributed in equal proportion by the citizens of the United States, would tax each individual to the amount of Three Cents, and yet the subscription languishes, and the building committee is embarrassed. The ladies finished the Bunker Hill Monument, and it may perchance be theirs to bring the present enterprise to completion. We learn from the *Boston Transcript* that there is a rival in the field. The preliminary arrangements for the erection of a monument on Plymouth Rock, to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers, are in progress, and the sons of New England, in all parts of the country, will soon be called upon to contribute. One at a time, say we. Let not the claims to honor of the Father of his Country and the Fathers of New England be brought into anything that even looks like competition.

OPINIONS IN WASHINGTON.—The Washington correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury* says:

"The proceedings of the South Carolina Convention attract great interest. The opening address of Gov. Means has excited great admiration, as it ought to. It was nobly conceived and beautifully

expressed. Not the apparent unpopularity of the policy indicated in the Committee's report will be adopted. Next to decided action in all cases of invaded rights, the expression of the principle, and avowal of a determination to carry it out when practicable, is the best thing to be done. Since the result of the popular vote last fall, it was not expected that South Carolina would immediately secede, as was at first contemplated."

ELECTRIC CLOCK.—The Boston Journal describes as one of the curiosities of the age an electric clock, recently completed by Mr. N. Farmer on an entirely new principle, and pronounced by scientific men to be the most perfect and simple of any. All wheel-work in the time-keeping part is dispensed with, therefore all friction is overcome. The time-keeping part of the clock is simply a pendulum, an electro magnet, and two armatures. The vibration of the pendulum break and close the circuit of electricity, while the combined action of the electro magnet and armatures keep it in motion.

It is a clock that runs without weights or springs or anything of the kind. Its moving power is a galvanic battery, which requires a small quantity of sulphuric acid once or twice a year; or if the workmanship of the clock is delicate, a copper plate buried in the ground will keep it in motion. There is no friction to be overcome save the suspension points of the pendulum, and the two armatures—Hence it approaches the nearest to perfection as a time-keeper of anything in existence. One hundred or a thousand clocks all over the city all ticking at the same instant, and keeping the same time, may be carried by the pendulum.

EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES IN LOUISIANA.—A law has passed the Louisiana legislature, and goes into effect in six months' time, which prohibits the emancipation of slaves in that State, except upon the express condition that they shall be sent out of the United States within twelve months; and requiring the payment of \$150, to be deposited in the treasury for each slave, to be applied in payment of passage to Africa, and support after arrival.

HOTEL RESPONSIBILITIES.—Two brothers, named Simons, who stopped at the Indian Queen Hotel, New Orleans, on their way from California, and while there had their trunk robbed of \$5,245 in gold, have recovered a judgment for that amount against the proprietor. Judge Buchanan, of the fifth district court, decided that inn-keepers are liable for the property stolen from strangers and travelers sojourning at their inns.

A MARRIED MAN who was out at a whist party, when he proposed going home was urged to stay a little longer. "Well," he replied "perhaps I may as well; my wife probably, is already as mad as she can be."

A Father's Advice to his Son.

BY GOETHE.

The time draws nigh, dear John, that I must go the way from which none returns. I cannot take thee with me, and leave thee in a world where good counsel is not superabundant. No one is born wise, Time and experience teach us to separate the grain from the chaff. I have seen more of the world than thou. It is not all gold, dear son, that glitters. I have seen many a star from heaven fall, and many a staff on which men have leaned break. Therefore I give thee this advice, the result of my experience: Attach not thy heart to any transitory thing. The truth comes not to us, dear son; we must seek for it. That which you see scrutinize carefully; and with regard to things unseen and eternal, rely on the word of God. Search no one so closely as thyself. Within us dwells the judge who never deceives, and whose voice is more to us than the applause of the world, and more than all the wisdom of the Egyptians and Greeks. Resolve, my son, to do nothing to which this voice is opposed. When you think and project, strike on your forehead and ask for his counsel. He speaks at first low, and lisps as an innocent child; but if you honor his innocence he gradually loosens his tongue and speaks more distinctly.

Despise not any religion: it is easy to despise, but it is much better to understand. Uphold truth when thou canst, and be willing for her sake to be hated; but know that thy individual cause is not the cause of truth, and beware that they are not confounded. Do good for thy own satisfaction, and care not what follows. Cause no gray hairs to any one; nevertheless, for the