

POETRY.

The following truly exquisite gem may be appreciated at the present moment by many a fond mother, who has a son about to depart for California.

THE MOTHER AND SON.

Oh waken up, my darling,—my Dermot, it is day,—

The day—when from the mother's eyes the real light dies away!

For, what will day-light be to me, that never more will see

The fair face of my Dermot, come smilin' back to me!

Arise, my son—the morning red is wearing fast away,

And through the gray mist I can see the mast rock in the bay.

Before the sea-fog clears the hill, my darlin' must depart—

But oh the cloud will never lift that wraps the mother's heart!

Sure then I'm old and foolish! what's this I'm sayin' now!

Will I see my fair son leave me with shadow on his brow!

Oh no! we'll bear up bravely, and make no stir, nor moan—

There will be time for weepin' when my fair son shall be gone!

I've laid the old coat ready, dear—my pride this day has been

That on your poor apparel shall no rent, nor stain be seen—

And let me tie that kerchief, too;—it's badly done I fear,

By my old hands tremble sadly—with the hurry—Dermot dear!

And are you ready, darlin' Turn round, and bid farewell

To the roof tree of the cabin that has sheltered us so well—

Leave a blessing on the threshold, and on the old hearthstone—

'Twill be a comfort to my heart, when I sit there alone.

And often at the twilight hour, when day and work are done,

I'll dream the old time's back again—when you were there, my son.

When you were there—a little thing that prattled at my knee!

Long ere the evil days had come to part my child and me.

The dear arm still around me, the dear hand guides me still!

'Tis but a little step to go—see now we've gained the hill!

Is that the vessel, Dermot dear!—the mist my eye-sight dims—

Oh shame upon me! now—what means this trembling in my limbs!

My child! my child! oh let me weep awhile upon your breast;

Would I were in my grave! for then—my heart would be at rest—

But now the hour is come—and I must stand upon the shore,

And see the treasure of my soul depart for evermore!

I know, my child! I know it—the folly and the sin!

But oh, I think my heart would burst to keep this anguish in—

To think how in yon sleeping town, such happy mothers be,

Who keep their many sons at home! while I—I had but thee!

But I have done, I murmur not—I kiss the chastening rod—

Upon this hill—as Abraham did—I give my child to God!

But not like him, to welcome back the precious thing once given—

I'll see my fair son's face again—but not on this side heaven!

From Punch.

GET MARRIED.

Snobs and Marriage.—Everybody of the middle rank who walks through this life with a sympathy for his companions on the same journey—at any rate, every man who has been jostling in the world for some three or four lustres—must make no end of melancholy reflections upon the fate of those victims whom Society, that is Snobbishness, is immolating every day.

With love and simplicity and natural kindness Snobbishness is perpetually at war. People dare not be happy for fear of Snobs. People dare not love for fear of Snobs. People pine away lonely under the tyranny of Snobs. Honest, kindly hearts dry up and die. Gallant, generous lads, blooming with hearty youth, fall into bloated old bachelorhood, and burst and tumble over. Tender girls wither into shrunken decay, and perish solitary, from whom Snobbishness has cut off the common claim to happiness and affection with which Nature endowed us all.

pot in Snob Castle, who holds so many gentle hearts in torture and thrall.

When Punch is king, I declare there shall be no such things as old maids and old bachelors. The Reverend Mr. Malthus shall be buried annually, instead of Guy Fawkes. Those who don't marry shall go into the work-house. It shall be a sin for the poorest not to have a pretty girl to love him.

The above reflections came to mind after taking a walk with an old comrade, Jack Spiggot by name, who is just passing into the state of old bachelorhood, after the manly and blooming youth in which I remember him. Jack was one of the handsomest fellows in England when we entered together in the Highland Buffs; but I quitted the Cuttykilts early, and lost sight of him for many years.

Ah! how changed he is from those days. He wears a waistband now, and has begun to dye his whiskers. His cheeks, which were red, are now mottled; his eyes, once so bright and steadfast, are the color of peeled plovers' eggs.

"Are you married, Jack?" said I, remembering how consumedly in love he was with his cousin Letty Lovelace, when the Cuttykilts were quartered at Strathbungo some twenty years ago.

"Married? No," said he. "Not money enough. Hard enough to keep myself, much more a family, on five hundred a year. Come to Dickenson's—there's some of the best Madeira in London there, my boy!"

So we went and talked over old times. The bill for dinner and wine consumed, was prodigious; and the quantity of brandy and water that Jack took, showed what a regular boozier he was.

"A guinea, or two guineas. What the devil do I care what I spend for my dinner?" says he.

"And Letty Lovelace," says I.

Jack's countenance fell. However, he burst into a loud laugh.

"Letty Lovelace?" says he. "She's Letty Lovelace still; but Gad, such a wizened old woman!—She's as thin as a thread-paper, (you remember what a figure she had;) her nose has got red, and her teeth blue. She's always ill; always quarrelling with the rest of the family; always psalm-singing, and always taking pills. Gad, I had a rare escape there. Push round the grog, old boy."

Straightway memory went back to the days when Letty was the loveliest of blooming young creatures; when to hear her sing was to make the heart jump into your throat; when to see her dance, was better than Montessu or Noblet; (they were the Ballet Queens of those days;) when Jack used to wear a locket of her hair, with a little gold chain round his neck, and exhilarated with toddy, after a sederunt of the Cuttykilt mess, used to pull out his token, and kiss it, and howl about it, to the great amusement of the bottle-nosed old Major, and the rest of the table.

"My father and her's could 'nt put their noses together," said Jack. "The General would 'nt come down with more than six thousand. My Governor said it should 'nt be done under eight. Lovelace told him to go and be hanged, and so we parted company. They said she was in a decline. Gammon! She's forty, and as tough and as sour as this bit of lemon peel. Don't put much into your punch, my boy. No man can stand punch after wine."

"And what are your pursuits, Jack?" says I.

"Sold out when the Governor died. Mother lives at Bath. Go down there once a year for a week. Shilling whist. Four sisters—all unmarried except the youngest—awful work. Scotland in August. Italy in winter. Cursed rheumatism. Come to London in March, and toddle about at the Club, old boy. And 'we won't go home till maw-aw-rning, till daylight does appear."

"And here's a wreck of two lives!" mused the present Snobographer, after taking leave of Jack Spiggot. "Pretty, merry Letty Lovelace's rudder lost, and she cast away, and handsome Jack Spiggot stranded on the shore like a drunken Trinculo."

What was it that insulted Nature, (to use no higher name), and perverted her kindly intentions towards them? What cursed frost was it that nipped the love that both were bearing, and condemned the girl to sour sterility, and the lad to selfish old-bachelorhood? It was the infernal Snob tyrant who governs us all, who says, "Thou shalt not love without a lady's maid; thou shalt have no wife in thy heart, and no children on thy knee, without a page in buttons and a French bonnet; thou shalt go to the devil unless thou hast a Rroughman; marry poor, and society shall forsake thee; thy kinsmen shall avoid thee as a criminal; thy aunts and uncles shall turn up their eyes and bemoan the sad, sad manner in which Tom or Harry has thrown himself away." You, young woman, may sell yourself without a shame, and marry old Croesus; you, young man, may lie away your heart and your life for a jointure. But if you are poor, wo be to you! Society, the brutal Snob autocrat, consigns you to solitary perdition. Wither, poor girl, in your garret; rot, poor bachelor, in your Club.

In conversation with a friend, we had just remarked, after reading the list of "Acts" passed by the late Legislature, "here is that everlasting Lynch's Creek fish obstruction business again," when our eye fell upon the words "Rather Fishy," at the head of a column, in that excellent and spirited paper the "Columbia Telegraph." It is good, we therefore give it to our readers. As far back as we can recollect, the Legislature has been engaged in passing these fishy Acts, to protect the fishy rights, of the fishy people, of this fishy creek.

RATHER FISHY.—In addition to the Bank Question, another topic has greatly excited the attention of the Legislature and absorbed the time devoted to the reading of Bills and such small matters. We allude to the condition, comforts, and free passage of the fish, being dwelling and propagating in and about the waters of Lynch's Creek.

In almost every interval of debates on financial topics, when the exhausted lobby members would step out to take either "a private smile," or a draught of fresh air—on their return they would hear the Clerk droning away on 'a Bill to prevent the obstructions to the passage of Fish up Lynch's Creek." Nay, on one occasion some of fish-us Senator objecting to this species of Lynch's Law against the finny denizens of the Creek aforesaid—a fierce debate thereon ensued, the final result of which we have recorded.

Now as an English critic has been much mystified to know, what "perils real or imaginary beset Daniel Tucker which he was so constantly enjoined to get out of the way of,"—so we, with the refrain of that "Act to amend an Act entitled an Act to prevent the obstruction of the passage of Fish up Lynch's Creek" ringing in our ears, desire to know from the friends of the measure.

1stly. What those fish want to go up that Creek for?

2dly. Why they don't go up the Creek aforesaid?

3dly. If the Act can force them to go up the Creek above-mentioned?

4thly. If there are any fish left in that Creek, and if so, whether the obstructions could not be removed by a box of Brandreth's Pills?

And 5thly and lastly. If the Act was intended to "wind up" the fishes, or "to put them in liquidation?"

Having had "other fish to fry" we have not been able to satisfy ourselves on these points; and, like many of the members after "rising for information," sit down as wise on the subject as when we made the inquiry.

TWO IMPORTANT COMPROMISES.—The New York Dry Goods Reporter says, and repeats that Mr. Clay is about to introduce a compromise tariff bill, to stand for twenty years, wherein specific and ad valorem duties are combined. It is not acquainted with the details, but understands that he does not propose to raise the present scale of duties, but only to substitute the specific for the ad valorem where it can be done.

Mr. Forney, of the Pennsylvania, writes from Washington that he has every reason to anticipate that Gen. Cass will early take occasion to bring forward a compromise proposition upon the exciting slavery issue.

"Father, ain't you opposed to monopoly?" shouted a little fellow as his parent took up the bottle. "Yes, my boy." "Then give me a drink too." The father broke the bottle on the floor, and since then has not tasted liquor.

The meeting of the Boston lawyers, for the 'Purification of the Bar,' ended with a supper at the Revere House, upon which a poem written by A. C. Spooner, was read. Two lines convey its moral: The truest account of our troubles by far, Is that lawyers too often attend the wrong bar.

Punishing Liars.—In Turkey, whenever a storekeeper is convicted of telling a lie, his house is painted black, to remain so for one month. If there were such a law in force in this country, what a somber and gloomy appearance some of our cities would present.

A chap in England when sentenced to be hanged, made his best bow to the judge, and said: "Thank your worship kindly, I had intended to hang myself, but your worship has saved me the expense of buying a rope."

Brown Pardoned.—The Camden Journal says: James Brown, convicted of burglarizing, at the spring term, 1849, of the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions for this District, and sentenced by Judge O'Neill, at the following court of Appeals, to be hung on the 18th July, last, has been pardoned by his excellency Gov. Seabrook, upon the condition that he will leave the State as soon as his physical condition will enable him.

The Superintendent of the Coast Survey left Washington for Charleston on Monday, to measure a base line on Edisto Island, for the survey of the coast of this State.—Carolinian 31st ult.

Notice to Distributees. The Heirs of Elizabeth Henderson, deceased, are hereby required to appear in the Court of Ordinary on the third Monday in January next, for a final settlement of said Estate. Each Distributee will be required to render on oath a schedule of their advancements. Demands against said Estate must be presented before that time, or they will be barred by the settlement. JOHN BOWEN, Adm. Nov. 10, 1849, 26

SOMETHING NEW GREAT BARGAINS AT Bachelor's Retreat.

I am now opening at this place a hand some assortment of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting in part of Cloths, Cassimere, Tweeds (all wool) Kentucky jeans, a fine assortment of late style Vestings. A great variety of winter good for Ladies' wear. Fancy Prints, of entirely new patterns, at 5 cents per yard and upwards. Muslins, Cambrics, Gingham, A large assortment of well selected Shawls, Blankets, Shirts, Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Boots, Shoes, Saddles, Bridles, Crockery, Hardware, Medicines, Sugar, Coffee, Salt, Nails, Bagging, Rope and Twine; as well as all other articles usually kept in a country store, all of which I will dispose of on the best terms.

I will always be pleased to shew my Goods to those who favor me with a call, free of charge.

W. J. NEVILL, Bachelor's Retreat, S. C. Nov. 3d 1849

PERRY & KEITH, Attorneys at Law. Will Practice in the Courts of Law and Equity for Pickens District. OFFICE, Pickens C. H., S. C. October 1, 1849. 12f2

JAMES V. TRIMMIE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SPARTANBURG, C. H., S. C. Will practice in the Courts of Union, Spartanburg and Greenville. All business committed to his care will receive prompt and faithful attention. REFERENCES: Hon. D. WALLACE, Union, S. C. T. O. P. VERNON, C. E. S. D., Spartanburg, S. C. Ma y 8, 849

Dr. J. N. Lawrence. Will attend punctually to all calls in the line of his profession. Unless absent on professional business, he may be found at his Office, or his private residence in the Village. He also, has on hand a general assortment of medicines which he will furnish to customers at reduced prices. Pickens C. H., S. C. } May 18, 1849. } 1. 11

DR. J. W. EARLE, TENDERS his Professional Services to the citizens of Pickens Village and the District. He can always be found at his Office, or at the residence of MAJ. W. L. KEITH, unless professionally engaged. He has received a fresh assortment of Drugs and Medicines, which he will sell low. Pickens C. H., July 28, 1849. 11

SOUTH CAROLINA. IN THE COMMON PLEAS PICKENS DISTRICT. Henry Whitmire, Dec. in Attachment vs. E. M. Keith John Bishop. Piff's Att'y. The Plaintiff having this day filed his declaration in my office, and the defendant having neither wife nor attorney known to be in this State.—On motion; It is ordered, that the defendant do appear, and plead or demur to the said declaration, within a year and a day from this date, or Judgment will be entered by default. W. L. KEITH, c. c. p. Clerk's Office, } May 10, 1849. } 1

THE Pickens Academy. APPLICATIONS will be received by the Board of Trustees until the first Monday in December next, for a competent teacher to take charge of the Academy in this Village. At that time a selection will be made; undoubted credentials will be required. E. M. KEITH, Sec'y and Tres. Board of Trus. Pickens, C. H., S. C., Oct. 27, 1849. 1f

NOTICE. All Persons having demands against the Estate of Sheriff Haynes, deceased, will hand them in legally attested Those indebted must make payment. W. D. STEELE, Ordinary & Adm'r. Noa. 17th 1f

MONEY! ALL Persons having demands against the Estate of Maj. Hamilton deceased will present them to me duly attested. Those indebted to the Estate will do well to call and pay up. A. M. HAMILTON, Adm. Nov. 10, 1849. 26

NOTICE. I, Nancy Cantrell, wife of John Cantrell, a farmer residing in Pickens District, So. Co., do hereby give notice of my intention to trade as a Sole-Trader, and to exercise all the privileges of a Free-Dealer after the expiration of one month from this notice. Occupation, Weaver and Seamstress. August 25, 1849. 15-1m

JAMES GEORGE Merchant Tailor, Would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has on hand a FINE VARIETY of BROAD CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETS, TWEEDS, KENTUCKY JEANS, &c ALSO AN ASSORTMENT OF READY-MADE CLOTHING, which he will sell cheap for Cash. The public are invited to call and examine his Stock, before purchasing elsewhere. Pickens C. H. Ma y 25, 1849.

[H. J. JEFFERS,] [W. S. COTHRAN] [E. J. BUCKMASTER.] WAREHOUSE AND

Commission Merchants. Market-Street, HAMBURG, S. C.—WATERPROOF McIntosh-Street, AUGUSTA, GA.—FIREPROOF. Take this method of informing their friends and the public generally, that they still continue the WAREHOUSE and COMMISSION business in this place and Augusta, Ga., where they offer their services to RECEIVE, STORE OR SELL COTTON, FLOUR, BACON, &c., RECEIVE AND FORWARD MERCHANDISE, BUY GOODS, FOR PLANTERS OR MERCHANTS. Their Warehouse in Augusta is on McIntosh-street, in the centre of the Cotton trade. Their Warehouse in this place is safe from water and isolated, therefore not exposed to fire. As they will be constantly at their post, promoting the interest of their friends (which they are aware will add to their own.) They solicit and hope to merit and receive a full share of that liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, and, for which they now return thanks. Liberal cash advances will be made, when required, on any produce in store. JEFFERS, COTHRAN & Co. Hamburg, Sept. 1st, 1849. 18

THE OCOREE STATION FOR SALE.

This place, situated in Pickens District, on the Oconee Creek, 12 miles North of Pickens C. H., and immediately on the road leading from the latter place to Clayton, Ga., contains 1000 Acres of fertile Land, which will be disposed of on terms the most advantageous to the purchaser. As a grain and stock farm, the Oconee possesses many peculiar advantages; its fields producing abundant crops of Corn, Wheat, Rye, Oats, and Potatoes, while the hills for miles around are covered during 9 months of the year with coats of the richest grasses. On the premises there are all the necessary buildings for a well regulated Farm, including a two-story Brick Dwelling. The narrative of this Station forming as it does, an important chapter in the early history of our State, is well known to every Carolinian, and it is equally celebrated for the purity of its atmosphere, the exuberance of its soil, and for the beauty and romantic wildness of its Scenery. Persons wishing further particulars will please communicate with J. A. DOYLE. Pickens C. H., S. C. The South Carolinian, Pendleton Messenger, and Laurensville Herald, please give the above three insertions, and forward their accounts to the

NOTICE TO BRIDGE BUILDERS.

THE Subscribers have become owners of Thayer's Patent Improved plan of Building BRIDGES, for the Districts of Anderson and Pickens, and are prepared to sell single rights or to take contracts for building bridges in the above districts. The above Patent is pronounced by all scientific mechanics, who have examined it, to combine more advantages than any other bridge ever known—for cheapness, beauty, strength, and durability it cannot be surpassed. The great advantage over all other bridges is, that any piece of timber in the bridge, can be taken out and replaced at pleasure, without endangering its strength in the least; a bridge once built need never be rebuilt entirely anew. For further particulars inquire at this office, or address the subscribers at Anderson C. H., S. C. HARRISON & WYNNE Jan. 5, '50 33 1m