THE YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Yorkville Enquirer.

VOICES OF NATURE.

BY J. WOOD DAVIDSON.

"The world! what means it?—*mine is here.*"
Mrs. Hemans.

The outer world is mute, until inspired
By spirit-fire within; when touched by soul
Its million lips respond, and echo back
The soul's deep inner breathings.

I have stood
But twice on ocean's shore. The first, a cloud
Had swept like night across my path of life,
And darkness bowed my buoyant soul to earth.
The ocean spoke that feeling as its face
Reflects the sky above. The heaving waves
Seemed weary—tiring—tortured—agonized,
And wretched at the doom that sealed their lot
In everlastingness of toil and woe!
The ocean-murmur seemed a moan as deep
And wild as ocean's pathless, homeless waste—
A sob as tearful as if tears alone
Made up its mighty mass of briny waves.
The breeze that freely swept its surface seemed
A hiss sarcastic as the cynic's taunt.
The mists that flitted yonder o'er the verge
Looked phantoms of those hopes that die and send
Their goblins back to feind us to despair!
The very sands seemed luring me to tread
Where I might sink, a victim to my trust,
[illegible], *unavenged, time hour*
Of spirit-gloom—so like that ocean's self,
A toiling, whining, hissing, ghostly thing,
As cold as charity and death!

I stood
Again upon that ocean's marge. The cloud
Had gone, my spirit-eye was clear, my soul
Was radiant with the haughtiness of hope.
"*The sea—the sea—the bounding sea!*" burst forth
Unbidden from my grateful lips, in thanks
For so much life and so much sympathy!
The surging billows sung in numbers free
A pean sweetened by a strain of joy.
There were life and lightness in that liquid laugh,
And love in all those gentle voices. Nymphs
Of beauty seemed to smile upon me then
From every mirror-wave that dancing rolled
In buoyant laughter at my feet. The mists
That rose above the water's edge assumed
The lovely form that never wavers dims,
Nor palls upon my mental eye. And all
The voices of that sea—the wave, the plash,
The breeze, the shell—united in *one word*,
That soul of music to my singing heart,
The *name of one beloved.*

* * * * * *

I gazed upon
The crescent moon one summer eve, when thought
Was busy with my gloomy past: a few
Swift, feathery clouds traversed the sky which gave,
Or seemed to give—the Queen of Night a speed,
Wild, fitful, and unsteady, through the void
Of night. It seemed—that crescent moon—a wreck
Hurled wildly from it spheral course, a piece,
A fragment dashed in uselessness away,
The last imperfect and abortive child
Of monster-mothering Night!—Prefigured, too,
In that lost, solitary crum, I saw
The last dark Prince of universal sin,
Dashed down from light, and hope, and heaven: a fiend,
Scathed, singed, and bloody, howling on through space,
Abandoned by a shuddering universe
That hissed him as he fell! Those hisses were
The breeze that fanned my hot and burning brow.
Again: and I have seen that evening queen
Ride as in triumph through her realm of stars,
And owned the purifying presence known
To hallow beauty's train: and gazing then
Upon her smiling face, felt deep within
My soul—to every charm awake, alive
To beauty's majesty in every phase
Of light or life—felt deep the wildering spell
Of loveliness. Each star became a wish,
And every wish concentered in that hour,
And all that hour in but one smile—a smile
Upon the face of her whose heart beat near
To mine! The whispering breezes sung a song
That seemed an echo to the one those lips
That day had taught me. Heart within my breast
In emblem pulsed the glittering night without.—
There, a smile like lunar light shone o'er
A thousand stars of hope, and here and there
A drifty, dreamy cloud shaped fairy forms
That beckoned on to heaven. And softly o'er
The bosom-evening stole a melody,
A wild duet, the burden of whose song
Reechoed in refrain, "*Mine own*—MINE OWN!"

* * * * * *

Thus every form and every scene on earth
Conveys no feeling in itself—The heart,
The heart interprets as it beats, and beats
Beneath some sceptre, or of bliss or woe.
That heart reflected is its highest power,
Like Lilly's, Sibly's, or Agrippa's glass
That calls to light whate'er the heart enshrines.

Winnsboro', S. C.

Humorous Reading.

FUN FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

There *are* objections to Shanghais, no doubt; but we had never thought of *this*. Our Up-River correspondent even, whose 'experience' has been recorded in these pages, makes no mention of it. It is very curious, but it is true. The way of it was this: Mr. S—— an *old resident of Stillwater*, on the upper Hudson, introduced among his family of hens a few Shanghais, including a rooster, of formidable dimensions, who had 'run to legs' a good deal. His 'crow' was peculiar, and easily distinguished from that of the pro-celestial cock. It came to be a second nature for his owner to hear it in the early morning-watches, for which he was wont to wait, as for the coming of a 'celestial morn.' One morning he had waited to hear a repetition of the summons, after being aroused by the 'shrill clarion' once sounded, but he heard it not again. The other roosters were doing their best, but the preeminent chanticleer was still. Mr. S—— went out to see what had caused the silence. He found the rooster lying on his back, with both legs out of joint. After an examination, he set both legs; the cock walked off, and gave vent to his satisfaction in a lusty crow. In the very act he dropped as if he had been shot. He had crowed his legs out again!—He was kept three or four days, and then killed. 'It was too much trouble,' said Mr. S——, 'to set him every time he crowed!'

Extract of a recent letter from a gentleman in the West to his friend in the city. 'I wrote this in much haste, in the court-house, while a '*salt* and battery' suit was being tried, and D—— was making a humorous speech for the defendant, to laugh the plaintiff out of doors. Defendant spoke of throwing Plaintiff out of doors. Plaintiff said he would like to see him do it. Whereupon defendant *did* it. And the question seems to be whether plaintiff has 'his action for battery,' or whether, on the contrary, the suit should have been by defendant against plaintiff, for 'work and labor' done by defendant at plaintiff's request, in putting plaintiff out! *Cur adv. vult.*

'An old woman,' writes a correspondent from Leedsville, New York, 'not many miles from here, went to the store to purchase some crockery.—There was none, however, that quite suited her. There was one suit that would be just the thing, only *they were so light-colored they'd show dirt.* The merchant replaced his earthen-ware, despairing of suiting so *fastidious* a customer.

A pedagogue in this neighborhood related to me a laughable story of one of his scholars a son of the Emerald Isle. He told him to spell *hostility*. 'H-o-r-s-e, horse,' commenced Pat. 'Not *horse*-tility,' said the teacher; 'but *hos*-tility.' 'Sure,' replied Pat, 'an' didn't ye tell me, the other day, not to say *hoss*? Be jabbers! it's *wan* thing wid ye one day, and another the nixt."

THE "ARKANSAW TRAVELLER."

Everybody has heard of, and probably heard this tune, so full of inspiring melody. Probably few, however in this section, are acquainted with the following dialogue which it is supposed originated its title. A traveller on horseback arrives at the cabin of an Arkansas backwoodsman, and flings his right leg over the bow of the saddle, while the backwoodsman, sitting in his door with a don't care sort of an air and a red flannel shirt on, keeps a jerking the first strain of the music of this tune out of a time-honored violin, an heir loom

Traveller.—Hallow stranger!

Backwoodsman.—Hallow yourself!

MUSIC.

Traveller.—Could I get to stay all night?

Backwoodsman.—You can't get to stay all night, I reckon.

MUSIC.

Traveller.—Why don't you cover your house in?

Backwoodsman.—Because it is raining.

MUSIC.

Traveller.—Why don't you cover it when it ain't raining?

Backwoodsman.—Because it don't leak a darn drop then.

MUSIC.

Traveller.—Where does this right hand road go to?

Backwoodsman.—I've been living here fifteen years and it hasn't gone any where yet.

MUSIC.

Traveller.—Can I cross this pond down here?

Backwoodsman.—I guess so, all the ducks and geese go on it.

MUSIC.

Traveller.—Have you any spirits about you?

Backwoodsman.—Do you think my house is haunted you fool? There's none nearer than the grave yard.

MUSIC.

Traveller.—How long do you say you have been livin' out here?

Backwoodsman.—Do you see them 'are hills over yonder?

Traveller—Yes.

Backwoodsman.—Well they were here when I come.

MUSIC.

Traveller.—I say, stranger, wouldn't you like to know the balance of that tune?

Backwoodsman.—Yes, I would like to learn it.

Traveller.—Let me stay all night and I'll play it for you.

Backwoodsman.—Get down you fool, and come out of the rain and you may stay a whole week.

MUSIC.

Traveller.—I wish you would have my horse put up and fed high.

Backwoodsman.—Boy, take this man's horse and put him in the stable—put a bundle of fodder upon the loft so high he can't reach it.

MUSIC.

Traveller.—Stranger have you any thing good to eat about here.

Backwoodsman.—Yes, I guess so. Old lady, look up here on the top of the cupboard in that old shirt and get down that flour. If that ain't good I don't know what is.

MUSIC AND SUPPER—MUSIC.

Traveller.—I want to lay down.

Backwoodsman.—Well kick that dog off that bear skin, I don't reckon you'll get wet much.

MUSIC.

Traveller.—Would you like to hear the balance of that tune.

Backwoodsman.—E'en-most as live as not: it's tolerable good for these parts.

PROLONGED MUSIC.

Traveller.—Well, stranger how you like it?

Backwoodsman.—Give us your paw. Old woman get out o'that bed and let this stranger have it. Any man that can make that music can sleep in the best bed in my house, and have clean sheets in the bargain. Boy, go and empty a barrel of corn in this man's horse trough, and stop the door with a stack of fodder. Now stranger, good night. Don't forget that tune before morning.

☞ When Mr. Adams's dog Carlo was poisoned, Ike attempted an elegy upon him, and began it thus:

"Poor Carlo, he is dead and gone,
And he won't come back any more;
I wish the feller that pisened him
Could be served the same sauce."

The devine "flatness" here gave out, but as he read the lines to Mrs. Partington, her face lighted up with pride, like the bright bottom of her tin pail in the ruddy rays of the coal fire. "There," said she, as she felt in her pocket for a cent, "that's what I call genius, and seems to warrant the predicament that you will some day be a learned man if you only know enough, and write minus poems as all the great writers do. I would be more pround to have it so, than to have you the polphin of France, or the prince of whales." She chased the cent into a corner, and Ike held out his hand to receive a large horn button that she had mistaken for the coin. Four marbles and any quantity of subsequent winnings faded from that young gentleman's mind as the valueless horn touched his waiting palm.

Boston Post.

DUNNING.

A poor editor out west, whose pockets are empty, but whose books are filled with long standing accounts, makes the following novel appeal to delinquents.

We call the attention of those who owe the printer to the notice, and hope they will govern themselves accordingly.—*Carolina Times.*

Friends, Patrons, Subscribers and Advertisers: Here us for our debts, and get ready that you may pay; trust us, we are in need, and have regard for our need, for you have been long trusted; acknowledge your indebtedness, and dive into your pockets, that you may promptly fork over. If there be any among you, one single patron that don't owe us something, then to him we say—step aside; consider yourself a gentleman. If the rest wish to know why we dun them, this is our answer: Not that we care about cash ourselves, but our creditors do. Would you rather that we go to jail, and you go free, than you pay your debts, and we all keep moving? As we agreed, we have worked for you; as we contracted, we have furnished our paper to you; as we promised, we have waited upon you, but, as you don't pay, we dun you! Here are agreements for job work; contracts for subscriptions; promises for long credits; and duns for deferred payment. Who is there so mean that he don't take a paper? If any, he needn't speak—we don't mean him. Who is there so green that he don't advertise? If any, let him slide—he ain't the chap either. Who is there so bad that he don't pay the printer? If any let him shout—for he's the man we're after. His name is *Legion*, and he's been owing us for one, two, three, four, five, six, seven and eight years—long enough to make us poor, and himself rich at our expense. If the above appeal to his conscience, don't awake him to a sense of justice, we shall have to try the law, and see what virtue there is in writs and constables.

A JUDGE'S MUSTARD BATH.

Two or three days ago, a young friend who has recently been spending some time in Georgia, related to us an anecdote which shows how thoroughly scared the people of the interior of Georgia were during the prevalence of the yellow fever. Augustus [illegible], of the Supreme Court of that State, was up in the country at that time, but within twenty-four hours run by rail of the terrible disease.—Quite suddenly, late one afternoon, he was seized with headache, pains in his back and limbs, &c. Having heard that these were the salutations Yellow Jack extended to his victims on approaching them, the Judge, in great consternation, applied to a friend "who was posted" for advice. A *hot mustard bath* was urgently advised, and being prepared, the Judge was soon laving himself with the irritating fluid. Presently he felt better, and finding a cake of soap in the vessel of water, he began to apply it freely upon his person. After quite a pleasant exercise in this way, he looked down on his body and limbs, and discovered that he was *turning black*. Oh, horrors! His friend was hurriedly sent for, came and declared that the symptom was expressive of yellow fever.

"But," said the Judge, shivering the while, "I feel no pain; I feel well!"

"So much the worse; the absence of pain is a marked symptom."

"Good Heaven!" the Judge ejaculated, "what shall I do?"

"The only hope is in the mustard, rub away!" was all the consolation his friend could give.

And rub he did with a will. He used the soap to open every possible pore, and after some minutes sent for a candle, for the twilight was fading, to ascertain his exact complexional condition. On examination, he was as black as a crow, and the soap which a careless servant had dropped into the tub was discovered to be somebody's *Patent Dye Blacking*. We only add that the Judge survived.—*Montgomery Mail.*

TELEGRAPHIC.

When it was first reported that Professor Morse had succeeded in conveying intelligence between Baltimore and Washington, through the wires of the Magnetic Telegraph, one old *sacon*, who had been a school-master, and a member of the Legislature, gave it as *his* opinion that the report was "a humbug." In fact, from his knowledge of "astron-my," he said he *knew* the thing could not be done! Shortly after, O'Reilly's men were seen setting the poles directly by the old man's dwelling. One day, he joined the crowd who were witnessing the operation of stretching the wire. Upon being asked what he thought of the matter *then*, he hesitated a moment—assuming an air of importance—and then replied: "Well, gentlemen, while in the Legislature, I gave the subject considerable attention, and after much investigation and reflection, I have come to the conclusion *that it may answer very well for small packages, but will never do for large bundles—never!*"—*Knickerbocker.*

A "NICE CROW."

A somewhat fond and jealous wife, whose suspicions of peccadiloes had been cavalierly met by her husband stopping her mouth, with the saying—"Oh, that is a nice crow for you to pick," came at last to her dying bed, round which stood her mourning spouse, and fine young family. Heaving a heavy sigh, she thus addressed the former:—

"My dearest Charles, I cannot depart in peace without confiding to you the secret of an inconstancy—the only one of which I was ever guilty towards you—but—but it shocks me to confess that one of these dear children is not yours.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the maddened husband, which of them is it that does not call me father?"

"That," replied the fainting, wife, rallying her last breath for the effort, "thats a nice crow for you to pick!"

GETTING 'EM MIXED.

We once heard an old fellow, famous all over the country for his tough yarns, tell the following. He was telling what heavy wheat he had seen in the State of New York.

"My father," said he, "once had a field of wheat, the heads of which was so close together, that the wild turkies, when they came to eat it, could walk around on it anywhere.

We suggested that the turkies might have been small ones.

"No, sir," continued he, "they were very large ones. I shot one of them one day, and when I took hold of his legs to carry him, his head dragged in the snow behind me!"

"A curious country you must have had, to have snow in harvest time!"

"Well, I declare," said he, looking a little foolish, "I have got two parts of two stories mixed!"

SCENE IN A WESTERN BANK.—One of our Western correspondents tells the story of a man who had a draft on one of the banks of Illinois for three thousand dollars, for which he demanded specie. The bank officers invited the applicant to come behind the counter, which invitation was accepted, when the door of the bank safe was opened, and the officer addressed the fellowing language to his visitor: "Say, stranger, look in that further corner of this safe and you will see a small pile of gold. Now, that pile is the least possible sum that the law will allow us to keep on hand, a waisting, while we are a banking institution; and if you think that I am going to break one of our State laws to pay you in specie, you don't know who I am. You never wronged me, and I have no ill will against you, but take care how you run on our bank, or I will bring out our revolvers." The stranger took bills for his draft.—*Transcript.*

☞ "My love," says Mrs. Foozie to her husband, "oblige me with a five pound note to-day, to purchase a new dress."

"Shan't do any sech thing, Agnes; you called me a bear yesterday."

"Lor, love, that was nothing; I meant by it that you were fond of hugging."

"You little——, I have no five but here's a ten."

Biographical Sketch.

PATRICK CALHOUN.

The name Calhoun was originally written Colquhon, (pronounced Cohoun,) and emanated from the Celtic Highlands of Scotland. There is something more than a tradition that the Clan, living on a dangerous coast of that sea-girt land, were skilful wreckers, and received their name from a French term for a peculiar boat in use among them. Colhoun was the manner of writing the name soon after the appearance of the family in America, but was gradually changed to Calhoun, being so pronounced generally even early in the boyhood of the Senator. There are some old men among us, however, who still speak of Cohoun.

The Highland Clan seems to have been very respectable both in numbers and military character, according to the books of Heraldry, the Bearers *Arbutus mea arsi*, or in Gaelic, *Braoilleag na monadh* was honored as their device or badge of distinction. Their tartan, as we learn from the same source, seems to have been sufficiently magnificent; the following were its colors in the order of their arrangement: blue, black, blue, black, white, green, red, green, white, black, blue, black, blue. A fish has also been claimed by certain knowing ones of the family as part of its ancient coat of arms, in connection with which quite a characteristic anecdote is told of the Senator—illustrative of his republican contempt for all such silly relics of a darker age. A female relative once asked him "how it was the family got this device of the fish?" "Why it is very easily accounted for," he replied: "in their old haunts, they fell into the very bad habit of *stealing* fish, and have judiciously placed a memento of it on their escutcheon."

Patrick Calhoun, the father of the Senator, emigrated at the age of 12, sometime between the years 1735 and 1740, from Donegal county, Ireland, to America, accompanied by his mother Catharine Calhoun, and several brothers.

His father had died previous to this event. They settled first in Pennsylvania; but hearing of better lands in Virginia, the whole family shortly after removed thither, and formed a settlement in Elizabeth county, western Virginia. Here, Patrick having become of age married his first wife, and lost her soon afterwards by death. Overwhelmed with grief at his unexpected misfortune, he resolved to seek relief in exile from a scene in which he could no longer be happy; and setting out alone threaded his way to the wilds of South Carolina. The Waxhaw settlement, on a creek of the same name, in the northern part of the present Lancaster District, had then been established, and he found in it a convenient resting place. At the same period, the portion of country now known as Abbeville, was an unbroken wilderness, except the single settlement of Old Ninety-six, whose village stood on the hill now crowned with the interesting remains of the old Star fort of Revolutionary memory. It had been for ages the hunting ground of the Indians, and was recently become famous among the adventurous, hunters of the nearest white settlements. Calhoun met with a party of these, and received from them so glowing an account of the Flatwoods—of the exceeding fertility of the soil and abundance of game, that he determined to visit it himself. The hunters had scarcely exaggerated their description; he found it the most desirable spot he had seen in America, and being an excellent practical surveyor, laid off a large body of land, and hastened back to Virginia to persuade, if possible, the rest of the family to remove, and occupy it with him. He was successful: all of them joined him, and they found there, 1756, the present Calhoun settlement, just eight years before the arrival in the same neighborhood of the French Refugees from Abbeville on the Somme.

For some time after fixing himself thus permanently, it seems that he was much oftener employed with his compass and staff in the surrounding country, than in the more quiet work of a farmer; and it was in one of these expeditions, that he first met, under somewhat romantic circumstances, the young lady who afterwards became his second wife, and the mother of his illustrious son.

John Caldwell, a citizen of Charlotte county, Virginia, and whose family origin and exodus had, we believe, been similar to those of the Calhouns, found, about the same time with them, a new home in South Carolina. Exploring the country first in search of an agreeable situation, he had settled with his wife on Mill creek, in Newberry District. Miss Martha Caldwell, his sister, was also an inmate of his family; she left a pleasant residence in Virginia, to cheer her sister-in-law in the wilds of Carolina, the business of Mr. Caldwell (he too being a professed surveyor) detaining him frequently, several days together, from his fireside.

This excellent family were living happily on Mill creek, when Pat. Calhoun, surveying on a certain occasion, in the forest of Newberry, met Jno. Caldwell engaged in the same business. They were strangers, but congenial in spirit and blood, a short acquaintance cemented a friendship that lasted through life. Caldwell invited him to his house, and introduced him to his wife and sister, a circumstance quite common in the free, unrestricted hospitality of the country, but which led in this instance to great results. He became enamored with Miss Caldwell, perhaps on first sight; addressing her soon after, they were married, and settled on Calhoun creek in Abbeville District.

Here, happy and respected, they lived through the succeeding Indian Wars, and the dark years of the Revolution, he surviving till 1796, and she to 1802.

The father of Martha Caldwell was a soldier in Braddock's war, and had been long dead; after him they named their first son, William. James, the second son, was named for a venerable uncle, the Rev. James Caldwell, a Chaplain in the army of Washington, and who fell at Elizabethtown, in New Jersey, a martyr, basely murdered by the enemies of his country. A thrilling account of this distardly act, appeared in the Banner some six months ago, under the head of "Revolutionary Martyrs." It seems that he was singled out by the Royalists as a special victim, on account of his talents, influence and devotion to the cause of liberty. The brutal soldier suborned to dispatch him, suffered capitally for the offence. (See Dr. Murray's history of the Presbyterian Church, Elizabethtown.) Besides John Caldwell, there were three other brothers of Mrs. Calhoun, viz: William, James, and David.

Abbeville Banner.

THE
YORKVILLE ENQUIRER
IS
ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
AT
Two Dollars per year, in Advance.

☞ To Clubs or Ten, the paper will be furnished, one year, for Fifteen Dollars—invariably in advance. All subscriptions not specially limited at the time of subscribing will be considered as made for an indefinite period, and will be continued until all arrearages are paid, or at the option of the Proprietors. subscriptions from other States must invariably be Seccompanied with the cash or the name of some responsible person known to us.

☞ Advertisements will be inserted at One Dollar per square for the first, and Thirty-seven-and-a-half Cents for each subsequent insertion—a square to consist of twelve lines, Brevier, or less. Business Cards, of a half-square or less, will be inserted at $5, per year. For advertising Estrays Tolled, $2; Citations, $2; Notices of Application to the Legislature, $5; to be paid by the persons handing in the advertisements. Monthly or Quarterly Advertisements will be charged One Dollar per square, for each insertion. Contracts by the year will be taken on liberal terms—the contracts however, must in all cases be confined to the immediate business of the firm or individual contracting. All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on the margin, will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.

Obituary Notices exceeding one square in length, will be charged for the overplus, at regular rates.—Tributes of Respect rated as advertisements.

Cash Music and Piano Store
OF
HORACE WATERS,
No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.
Opposition to the Combination!
MUSIC AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the combination of Music Dealers to keep up the prices of non-copyright music against the interest of Native Composers, and their refusal to extend to Mr. Waters the courtesies of the trade, he is making immense sales—having abundant evidence that he has public countenance and support in his opposition to the Great Monopoly, and in his efforts to aid native talent and adopt the National Currency. His stock of American and European Music is immense, and the catalogue of his own publications is one of the largest and best selected in the United States. He has also made a great reduction in the prices of Pianos, Melodeons, and Musical Instruments of all kinds. Superior toned 6½ octave Pianos for $175, $200, and $225, interior of a good quality and instruments as strong and durable as those which cost $500. Pianos of every variety of style and price, up to $1000, comprising those of Pond's seven manufactories; among them the celebrated modern improved Horace Waters' Piano, and the new Premium Italian Pianos of T. Gilbert & Co., make owners of the Italian Patents. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains. Prices from $30 to $150. Melodeons from Five different manufactories, including the well known S. D. & H. W. Smith' Melodeons, famed for their fine tone, the best made in the United States. Prices, 65, 80, 75, 100, 115, 125, 150, 175, 200. Smith's Double Reed Melodeon $200. Elegant Piano and Melodeon Combined. The western and southern trade, clergymen, teachers, &c., liberal to Clergymen and Churches. All orders promptly attended to. Music sent to any part of the country post paid, at the subscribers. General and Select Catalogues and Schedules of prices of Music, free to dealers. Forwarded to any address free of charge.

Feb 22 7 3m

A NEW MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA.—The subscriber is now preparing, and will publish as soon as the necessary surveys, &c., can be obtained, a New, Large and Complete Map of North Carolina, drawn by three, well engraved and finished in the best style.

It is admitted on all sides, that such a work is a great desideratum in our state, and it is in consequence of the many enquiries on this subject, that I undertake it.

It is intended to embrace in the enterprise, all the public and certain, accurately laid down, all the Natural Features of the State, the Rivers, Harbors, Sounds, Lakes, River, Creeks and Mountains, &c.

Also, the public improvements and political divisions. The Railroads, Plank-roads, Counties, County towns, Post offices, Cities, Villages, Postroads and Canals, Colleges, Academies, &c. &c.

The Map will be ready by the summer of 1855.

WILLIAM D. COOKE,
SAMUEL PEARCE.

Terms.—In best style Gilt Rollers and Full Impressions, $10,00
In Plain Style, Black Rollers, 5,00

Information from any source, and which may be of service in making the above work, will be thankfully received. All communications should be addressed to WM. D. COOKE.

Raleigh, Sept. 1854. 5 6m

South Carolina.--York District.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

D. J. & L. Twitty, *vs.* William C. Clark.—Attachment.

WHEREAS the Plaintiffs did on the 7th day of December one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, file their declaration against the Defendant who (as it is said) is absent from and without the limits of the State, and has neither wife nor Attorney known within the same upon whom a copy of said declaration might be served: It is therefore Ordered, that the said Defendant do appear and plead to the said declaration on or before the eighth day of December, which will be in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, otherwise final and absolute judgment will then be given and awarded against him. JOHN G. ENLOE, c. c. c. pls.

Clerk's Office, York Dist. }
Dec. 7, 1854 } 45 1yq.

South Carolina.--York District.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

Wylie & Wilkins, *vs.* William C. Clark.—Attachment.

WHEREAS the Plaintiffs did on the 7th day of December, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, file their declaration against the Defendant, who (as it is said) is absent from and without the limits of this State, and has neither wife nor attorney known within the same upon whom a copy of the said declaration might be served: it is therefore Ordered, that the said defendant do appear and plead to the said declaration on or before the eighth day of December, which will be in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, otherwise final and absolute Judgment will then be awarded against him. JOHN G. ENLOE, c. c. c. pls.

Clerk's Office York Dist. }
Dec. 7, 1854. } 42 1yq

South Carolina--York District.

JOHN D. WHITE who is in the custody of the Sheriff of York District, by virtue of a writ of *Capias ad Satisfaciendum*, at the suit of Lanneau & Burckmeyer, having filed in my office, together with a schedule on oath, of his estate and effects, his petition to the Court of Common Pleas, praying that he may be admitted to the benefit of the Acts of the General Assembly, made for the relief of Insolvent Debtors. It is Ordered, that the said Lanneau & Burckmeyer, and all others, the creditors to whom the said John D. White, is in anywise indebted, be, and they are hereby summoned, and have notice to appear before the said Court, at York Court House, on MONDAY, the eighth day of OCTOBER next, to shew cause, if any they can, why the prayer of the petition aforesaid should not be granted.

JOHN G. ENLOE, c. c. c. pls.

Office of Common Pleas, York Dist. }
this 1st day of Feb'y. 1855. } 5—3m

THE HOKEVILLE EXPRESS.—The above is the title of a weekly newspaper published at Hokeville, (Lincoln Factory,) N. C., at One Dollar a year. It is the only paper but one published between Charlotte and Asheville, circulating extensively in ten counties of western North Carolina, it offers a good medium of advertising to the business community. Terms per square of 16 lines: One Dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. To Quarterly and longer Advertisers, a reduction of one-third will be made, if paid quarterly.

J. G. SCHORB, *Editor & Proprietor.*

March 8 9 tf

TO PRINTERS.—The undersigned offer for sale, a first rate second hand, Imperial No. 3, SMITH PRESS; about 200 lbs. of Small Pica, 200 lbs. of Burgeois, with a number of small founts of Advertising Type. The whole, if taken together, will be sold at a bargain. Apply to

MILLER & MELTON.

Yorkville, S. C. April 5, 1855.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1855.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4th, 1821.

Weekly Edition between 80,000 and 90,000.

THE long period of over Thirty-three Years, during which the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been established, and its present immense circulation, are guarantees to all who may subscribe to it that they will receive a full return for their money. Our arrangements so far for the coming year are such as we trust will be thought worthy of the high reputation of the Post. Positive arrangements have already been made for contributions from the gifted pens of Mrs. Southworth, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Denison, Mary Irving, Eliza L. Sproat, Mrs. Carlen, Fanny Fern, and a new Contributor, (whose name is withheld by request.)

In the first paper of January, we design commencing the following Novelet:

Six Weeks of Courtship,

By Mrs. Emilie F. Carlen, author of "One Year of Wedlock," &c., &c.

We purpose following this with an Original Novelet—designed to illustrate, incidentally, the great Evils of Intemperance—entitled

The Falls of the Wyalusing,

By a new and distinguished contributor.

We have also made arrangements for two Stories, to be entitled

The Oneida Sisters and the Nabob's Will,

By Grace Greenwood, author of "Greenwood Leaves," "Haps and Mishaps," &c.

Also, the following additional contributions:

New Series of Sketches,

By Fanny Fern, author of "Fern Leaves," &c.

Mark, the Sexton,

A Novelet, by Mrs. Denison, author of the "Stepmother," "Home Pictures," &c.

Nancy Selwyn, or; the Cloud with a Silver Lining,

A Novelet, by Mary Irving.

And last, but by no means least—from the fascinating and powerful pen of the Post's own exclusive contributor—

Viva, a Story of Life's Mystery,

By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "Miriam," "The Lost Heiress," &c. &c.

In addition to the above proud array of contributions, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of Original Sketches and Letters, Pictures of Life in our own and Foreign Lands, Choice Selections from all sources, Agricultural Articles, General News, Humorous Anecdotes, View of the Produce and Stock Markets, Bank Note List, Editorials, &c., &c.—our object being to give a complete Record as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World.

Engravings.

In the way of Engravings, we generally present at least two weekly—one of an instructive, and the other of a humorous character.

The Postage on the Post to any part of the United States, paid quarterly in advance, at the office where it is received, is only 26 cents a year.

Terms:

Single copy	$2,00 a year.
4 copies	5,00 "
8 copies (and one to getter up of club)	10,00 "
15 copies (and one to getter up of club)	15,00 "
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☞ The money must always be sent in advance. Address, always post-paid,

DEACON & PETERSON,
66 South Third-street, Philadelphia.

☞ Sample Numbers sent gratis to any one when requested.

Gleason's Pictorial,

FOR THE YEAR 1855.

M. M. BALLOU, who has edited the "Pictorial" from the commencement, having bought out the late proprietor, Mr. F. Gleason, will conduct this popular and widely circulated paper on his own account. The new volume will be radically improved in every respect, and will be published on finer paper than ever before, which quality will be continued henceforth without change. Many new and popular features will at once be introduced, and the literary department will present an array of talent and interest beyond anything it has before attempted. The illustrations will be finer, and by better artists than have before been engaged upon the paper, and altogether the publication will be vastly improved and beautified.

Arrangements have been made for representing during the year views of the most notable buildings and localities throughout the United States, as well as giving likenesses of the most prominent characters, male and female, of artists and men of genius, such as have by their own industry and skill made for themselves a fortune and a name. In addition to these, various notable European scenes and occurrences will also be given, from week to week forming a brilliant illustrated journal.

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M. M. BALLOU,
Publisher and Proprietor.
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets, Boston Mass.

January 4, 1855. 5 tf

Southern Quarterly Review.

TO THE PUBLIC.

WE were unable to issue this number at an earlier period, in consequence of the destruction of our office by the late fire in Columbia, S. C. The Books of the concern are so much mutilated that we find it impossible to make out a full list of our subscribers, names and places of residence. We therefore request those of our subscribers *that have paid in advance*, to give notice to us in Charleston, S. C., if they do not receive the January number in due time, in order that we may promptly supply the omission. We shall no longer send the Review to those indebted to us. Hereafter, subscriptions to the Southern Quarterly Review must be paid in advance, or the work will not be sent. Subscription $5 per annum, invariably in advance.

C. MORTIMER, *Publisher.*

Charleston, S. C., January, 1855.

South Carolina.--York District.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

R. H. Johnston, *vs.* D. W. Smith.—Foreign Attachment.

WHEREAS the Plaintiff did on the twenty-sixth day of May, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, file his declaration against the defendant, who, (as it is said) is absent from and without the limits of this State, and has neither wife nor attorney known within the same, upon whom a copy of the said declaration might be served: It is therefore Ordered, that the said Defendant, do appear and plead to the said declaration, on or before the twenty-seventh day of May, which will be in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, otherwise final and absolute judgment will then be awarded against him.

JOHN G. ENLOE, c. c. c. pls.

Clerk's Office, York District, }
May 26th, 1854. } 18 1yq

South Carolina.--York District.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

Jerome C. Miller, Survivor, *vs.* J. M. Happoldt.—Foreign Attachment.

WHEREAS the Plaintiff did, on the twenty-seventh day of March one thousand eight and fifty four, file his declaration against the Defendant, who, (as it is said) is absent from and without the limits of this State, and has neither wife nor attorney known within the same, upon whom a copy of said declaration might be served: It is therefore Ordered, that the said defendant do appear and plead to the said declaration on or before the twenty-eighth day of March, which will be in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, otherwise final and absolute judgment will be awarded against him.

JOHN G. ENLOE, c. c. c. pls.

Clerk's Office, York Dist. }
May 29, 1854. } 18 1yq.

South Carolina.--York District.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

James H. Barry, *vs.* Harvey Hamilton.—Attachment.

WHEREAS the plaintiff did this day file his declaration against the defendant, who, (as it is said) is absent from and without the limits of this State, and has neither wife nor attorney, known within the same, upon whom a copy of said declaration might be served: It is ordered that the said defendant do appear and plead to said declaration, on or before the fourth day of October, which will be in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, otherwise final and absolute Judgment will then be given and awarded against him.

JOHN G. ENLOE, c. c. c. pls.

Clerk's Office, York Dist. }
October 3, 1854. } 36 1yq

BLACK AND GREEN TEAS.—For Sale by BARNETT & WITHERS.

April 5 13 tf

British Quarterlies.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO., New York, continue to republish the following British Periodicals:

1. The London Quarterly Review. (Conservative.)
2. The Edinburgh Review. (Whig.)
3. The North British Review. (Free Church.)
4. The Westminster Review. (Liberal.)
5. Blackwood's Edinburg Magazine, (Tory.)

The present critical state of European affairs will render these publications unusually interesting during the year 1855. They will occupy a middle ground between the hastily written news items, crude speculations, and flying rumors of the daily journal, and the ponderous tome of the future historian, written after the living interest and excitement of the great political events of the time shall have passed away. It is to these Periodicals that readers must look for the only really intelligent and reliable history of current events, and as such, in addition to their well established literary, scientific and theological character, we urge them upon the consideration of the reading public.

Arrangements are in progress for the receipt of early sheets from the British Publishers, by which we shall be able to place our reprints in the hands of subscribers about as soon as they can be furnished with the foreign copies. Although this will involve a very large outlay on our part, we shall continue to furnish the Periodicals at the same low rates as heretofore, viz:

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For any of the four Reviews	$3 00
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For any three of the four Reviews	7 00
For all four of the Reviews	8 00
For Blackwood's Magazine	3 00
For Blackwood and three Reviews	9 00
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Postage.—In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered through agents, free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the United States will be but twenty four cents a year for "Blackwood," and but twelve cents for each of the Reviews.

Remittances and communications should always be addressed, post-paid, to the Publishers,

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.
54 Gold Street, N. Y.

N. B.—L. S. & Co. have recently published