

POETRY.

From the Temperance Banner.

By Mrs. R. H. Rich.

The tempter calls! yet leave me not, oh leave me not to-night, Stay with me now, I would ye win, from that dark tempter's might;

How can ye turn from me away, from her who loves thee well, To bask for hours with revelers, and quaff that liquid hell!

See on my burning cheek there glows, a feverish flush to-night, Oh husband, leave me not I pray! for dimly grows my sight;

And then their very hearts stand still, with dread when thou art near, To hear thy deep toned curses burst so full of rage and fear;

Oh husband I have struggled long, with negligence and want, And meekly borne each angry word, each dark and biting taunt;

My life was fragrant as the dew, upon the scented flower, My life was joyous as the bird's that trilled in eastern bower—

Look on our starving children, look, and on this wretched hut; See on my youthful face is stamp'd, the signet of decay,

One thing of perfect form and face, is nestling by my side, One image of thyself when first I was thy happy bride;

My heart is broken! I can bear no longer this fierce strife, For feebly ebbs my sluggish blood with joy and health once rife;

I feel that I am sinking fast, take, take my starving child, Its cries of hunger wring my heart, and make my brain grow wild;

The screaming blast goes hurrying by, and colder grows the night, No bread for these our little ones, no fire our hearth to light;

Enough, he's gone! his coming steps I ne'er shall hear again, The darkest dregs of bitterness, alone I'm left to drain;

Kind Providence, how wise thou art, in screening angels sight, For could my mother now behold, her stricken one to-night,

She'd die amid thy golden realms, as dies the wounded dove

"Oh, Thou who hearest in heaven our thro'ts," protect my children dear,

"Thou who dost mark the sparrow's fall and dry'st the orphan's tear," Take them beneath thy sheltering wing, and guide them day by day,

MISCELLANEOUS.

A FEARFUL DREAM—THE LAST SATURNALIA.

Some ninety years ago, there flourished in Glasgow a club of young men, which, from extreme profligacy of its members, and the licentiousness of their orgies, was commonly called the Hell Club.

One morning, after returning from this annual festival, Mr. Archibald B. having retired to bed, dreamed the following dream:

He fancied that he himself was mounted on a favorite black horse that he always rode, and that he was proceeding towards his own house—then a country seat embowered by trees, and situated upon a hill, now entirely built over, and forming part of the city—when a stranger, whom the darkness of the night prevented his distinctly discerning, suddenly seized the horse's rein, saying, "You must go with me!"

"And who are you?" exclaimed the young man, with a volley of oaths, whilst he struggled to free himself.

"That you will see bye and bye," returned the other, in a tone that excited unaccountable terror in the youth, who, plunging his spurs into his horse, attempted to fly, but in vain.

At length a period being put to this mysterious descent, he found breath to inquire of his companion, who was still beside him, whither they were going.

"To hell!" replied the stranger, and immediately interminable echoes repeated the fearful sound, "To hell! to hell! to hell!"

At length a light appeared which soon increased to a blaze; but instead of the cries, and groans, and lamenting, the terrified traveller expected, nothing met his ear but sounds of music, mirth and jollity; and he found himself at the entrances of a superb building far exceeding any he had seen constructed by human hands.

He soon perceived that he was among all acquaintances whom he knew to be dead, and each he observed, was pursuing the object, whatever it was, that had formerly engrossed him; when finding himself relieved of the presence of his unwelcome conductor, he ventured to address his former friend, Mrs. D—, whom he saw sitting, as had been her wont on earth, absorbed at loo, requesting her to rest from the game, and introduce him to the pleasures of the place, which appeared to him to be very unlike what he had expected, and indeed an extremely agreeable one.

At this crisis of his dream the sleeper awoke, feverish, and ill; and whether from the effect of the dream or of his preceding orgies, he was so unwell as to be obliged to keep his bed for several days; during which period he had time for many serious reflections, which terminated in a resolution to abandon the club and his licentious companions altogether.

He was no sooner well, however, than they flocked around him, bent on recovering so valuable a member of their soci-

ty; and, having wrung from him a confession of the causes of his defection, which, as may be supposed, appeared to them ridiculous, they soon contrived to make him ashamed of his good resolutions. He joined them again—resumed his former course of life, and when the annual saturnalia came round, he found himself with his glass in his hand at the table; when the President rising to make his accustomed speech, began with saying, "Gentlemen, this being leap year, it is a year and a day since our last anniversary."

Now, as I have said, introducing this story, it is no fiction. The circumstances happened as here related. An account of it was published at the time, but the copies were bought up by the family. Two or three, however, were preserved, and the narrative has been re-printed.—Crow's Night Side of Nature.

THE ROMANCE OF THE GOLD FEVER.

The New York Evening Post, among other touching incidents, relates the following as having occurred on the departure from that city, of the Peytona for California:—

As usual, a large crowd had gathered on the pier, including several females, to bid a last adieu to relatives, friends and lovers. One girl who had probably seen seventeen summers, particularly attracted our attention. She was a beautiful blonde, clothed in a plain, though neat, dress—with remarkably rosy cheeks—a lip the bees might swoon on, and soft dark eyes, now a little dimmed by the gathering moisture of sadness.

Just as the vessel began to move in the water, and recede from the wharf, the tears unbidden started from their repose, tears in whose dumb grief there was a powerful eloquence, filled her large melting eyes, and stretching out her hands to him, in a most thrilling plaintive whisper, she said, "Charley, ain't you sorry now?"

"When eyes are beaming, What never tongue may tell? When tears are streaming From their crystal well, When hands are linked that dread to part And heart is met by throbbing heart— Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart Of them that bid farewell."

A MOTHER'S TEARS.—There is a sweetness in a mother's tears, when they fall on the face of a dying babe, which no eye can behold with a heart untouched. It is holy ground, upon which the unhallowed foot of profanity dares not encroach. Infidelity itself is silent, and forbears her mocking, and here woman shows not her weakness but her strength: It is that strength of attachment, which man never did nor ever can feel. It is perennial, dependent on no climate, no changes, nor soil, but alike in storms as in sun-shine, it knows no shadow of turning.

LAND LOCOMOTIVE AND STEAM PLOUGH.—We saw yesterday the model of a machine invented by Mr. Henry Cowing, and styled by him the Land Locomotive

and Steam Plough. If the machine answers the purpose for which it is intended, it will almost entirely supplant the use of animals for draught and ploughing. The ploughs attached to the machine are intended specially for the sugar plantations of Louisiana; and Mr. Cowing proposes passing through the different parishes in order to explain his invention and engage, if possible, the co-operation of the planters in bringing the machine into practical use.

Meteoric Iron in South Carolina.—The last number of Silliman's Journal contains an account of a mass of meteoric iron which has been discovered in South Carolina. It was found several years since by a laborer on the plantation of Mr. S. M. McKeown, situated in Chesterfield district. On being accidentally shown to a blacksmith a few weeks ago he proved it to be malleable, for out of it he made a pair of hinges, a few nails, and a horse shoe.

On being analyzed this iron was found to contain nickel, traces of chromium, cobalt, and nodular masses of magnetic pyrites. Its most remarkable peculiarity, according to Professor Silliman, consists in the appearance of its polished surface when treated with dilute nitric acid, which is then covered with a great variety of beautiful figures. It is very dense, and takes a brilliant polish; but its etched surface immediately distinguishes it from every other iron hitherto described.

WHAT THOU DOEST DO QUICKLY.—Quick, young man! life is short. A great work is before you, and you have no time to lose. If you would succeed in business, win your way to honor, and save your soul, you must work quickly. The sluggard dies. The wheels of time roll over him while he sleeps. Aim high, and work hard. Life is worth the living, death is worth the dying, because worth gaining.

Quick, ye men of might in the road of life! Your life is more than half gone already. You are going down the hill, and the shadows begin to fall around you. If you have ought to do before you die, do it quickly. The morning has fled, mid-day has passed, and the night cometh.

Quick, ye aged men, quick. Once you thought three score years to be an endless time, and that they could never pass away. They have come, they have gone—man, what have they left? The days of pleasure have past, and the days of darkness are here—have you left any work undone? Have you come to infirmities and trembling, and no preparation for death? Ah, quick, ye aged father and gray bearded sires. Already are the messengers of death beginning to render their services to bring you to the sepulchres of their fathers.

RULE FOR WEARING RINGS.—For the benefit of the "craft," as the bachelor's say, we copy the following rule for wearing rings, for the special benefit of those ladies who are desirous of wringing into the affections of young gallants:

When a lady is not engaged she wears a ring on her first finger; if engaged, on her second; if married, on her third; and if she intends to remain unmarried, she wears the ring on her fourth finger. This is the rule laid down in the latest work upon female proprieties that we have seen, and it appears to be generally recognised among the sex as one that should be scrupulously observed.

Intercourse of the Sexes.—Neal asks the question—"What makes those men who associate habitually with women superior to others. What makes that woman who is accustomed and at ease in the society of men superior to her sex in general? Why are the women of France so universally admired and loved for their colloquial powers? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, and continual conversation with the other sex.

wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of woman, than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of the character are hidden, like the harness and armor of a giant, and studs in knots of gold and precious stones when they are not wanted in actual warfare."

NOT MUCH MORE ABSURD THAN SOME OF THE TEMPERANCE MEASURES SERIOUSLY PROPOSED.—During the waggery session in the House on Tuesday afternoon, the following resolves were sent to the chair, and, having been gravely read by the clerk, were ordered to be printed.—Boston Statesman.

Resolved, That the Governor shall appoint no person as a commissioner, as aforesaid, who shall not previously have signed and sworn to the said revered instrument.

Resolved, That the estates of all persons refusing to sign the said instrument, shall, upon such refusal, be confiscated to the use of the commonwealth, and shall thereafter be distributed among said commissioners in proportion to their zeal in the execution of the duty hereby assigned to them.

Resolved, That the Constitution of the United States, so far as the same applies to this commonwealth, and the constitution of this commonwealth, are hereby annulled, and that the said revered pledge shall take their place in the hearts of the people.

Resolved, That when the Governor shall be satisfied that the commonwealth is effectually purged from all the recusants above referred to, he shall declare that the millennium has arrived.

Resolved, That when the millennium shall have arrived, as aforesaid, the Governor is to declare himself our supreme law-giver and judge, and shall take the name of Moses.

Resolved, That our sainted puritan fathers now behold us with enormous satisfaction.

Resolved, That our coordinate but not cooperating branch, is hereby extinguished.

Resolved, That if the clerk send these resolves up for concurrence, he shall be included among the recusants above-mentioned, and that the resolve for his pay, is hereby repealed.

Resolved, That we won't go home till morning.

THEY DON'T LIKE THEIR FREEDOM.—A negro family from Cincinnati, Ohio, says victoria (Texas) Advocate of the 11th ult. passed up this morning in a small wagon, on their way to the neighborhood of Seguin. We learn that they had been freed some time since by their master and have been living at Cincinnati. But preferring slavery to the miserable life of a free negro at the North, they return to request their old master to take them back again and let them live with him. What a commentary on abolitionism!

HOW TO DO IT.—Punch says: To resuscitate a drowned Yankee, commence searching his pockets. To resuscitate a drowned Englishman, broil a beefsteak under his nose. A Frenchman may be brought to life at any time by a skilful imitation of a gullfrog in his ear. A Spaniard, by applying garlic to his olfactory.

Letters

Remaining in the Post Office at Pickens, C. H., Quarter ending 31st March, 1849, which is not taken out within three months will be sent to the Post-Office Department as dead letters.

May 18, 1849.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS PICKENS DISTRICT.

Henry Whitmore, Dec. in Attachment. vs. E. M. Keith, Piffs Atty.

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 18, 1849.