

POETRY.

[From the New-York Sun.]
"NEVER SAY FAIL."

When the clouds hang most darkly,
And sick is the heart,
And the spirits are heavy
All despairing and dark;

'Tis Weakness, 'tis Cowardly
To break by the blast
If it bend thee; 'tis well
It will not always last,

JAMES G. COOPER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SKETCH OF A MANAGERIE.

The managerie was in town. A rare occurrence was an exhibition of the wild beasts, lions, tigers, polar bears, and ichneumons, in Baltimore, at the early days of which we are writing, yet they came occasionally, and this time were visited by Old Nat Wheatley, a jolly weather-beaten boatman, well known in Baltimore as an inveterate joker, who never let any get to the windward of him. He was furthermore a stammerer of the first class.

Nat visited the managerie. As he entered, the showman was stirring up the monkeys, and tormenting the lion, giving elaborate descriptions of the various propensities and natural peculiarities of each and all.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, this, I say is the Afrikin Lion. A noble beast he is, ladies and gentlemen, is called the King of the Forest, I have often heard that he makes nothing of devouring young creatures, of every description, when at home in the woods. Certing it is, that no other beast can whip him!"

"M-m-mister!" interrupted Wheatley, "d-do you say he ca-ant be w-whi-whipped?"

"I duz," said the man of lions and tigers.

"What w-will you b-b-bet I c-cant fetch a critter what'll whip him?"

"I ain't a bettin' man at all. But I don't object to taking a small bet to that effect."

"I'll b-bet I c-cant fetch something, that will whip him. What s-say you to a h-hundred d-d-dollars?"

Now there were several merchants in the crowd who knew Wheatley well, and were fully convinced that if the bet was made, he was sure of winning. So he had no difficulty in finding "backers," one of whom told him he would give him ten gallons of rum if he won. The managerie man glanced at his lion.—There he crouched in his cage, his shaggy mane bristling, and his tail sweeping, the very picture of grandeur and majesty. The bribe was tempting, and he felt assured.

"Certing sir, certing; I have no objection to old Hercules, taking a bout with any cretur you my fetch."

"V-v-very w-well," said Nat, "its a bet."

The money was planked up, and the next night was designated for the terrible conflict. The news was spread over Baltimore, and at an early hour the boxes of the spacious theatre was filled—the pit being cleared for the fray.

Expectation was on tip-toe, and it was with great impatience that the crowd awaited the arrival of Wheatley. He at length entered, bearing a large bag or sack on his shoulders, which, as he let it fall on the floor, was observed to contain some remarkably hard and heavy substance. The keeper looked on with indignation.

"Where's your animal?" he inquired.

"Th-there," said Nat, pointing with his finger at the bag.

"Well, what is it?" asked the man with increased astonishment.

"Th-th-that, l-l-ladies and gentlemen," said Nat, gesticulating like the showman, "is a 'wh-wh-whimbamper!'"

"A whimbamper?" echoed the keeper.

"That's certingly a new feature in zoology and anatomy. A whimbamper! well let him out, and clear the ring, or old Hercules may make a mouthful of both of you."

The keeper was excited. Accordingly Nat raised the bag, holding the aperture downward and out rolled a huge snapping turtle, while the cheers and laughter of the audience made the arches ring.

"There he is!" said Wheatley, as he tilted the "whimbamper" over with both hands, and set him on his legs. The snapper seemed unconscious of his peril. Wheatley was about leaving the ring, when the keeper swore that his lion should not disgrace himself by fighting such a pitiable foe.

"Very well," said Nat, "if y-yo-you ch-choose to give me the hundred dollars—"

"But it is unfair!" cried the showman. The audience interposed and insisted upon the fight. There was no escape, and the showman reluctantly released the lion, making himself secure on the top of the cage.

The majestic beast moved slowly around the ring, snuffing and lashing, while every person held his breath in suspense. Lions are beasts, and this one was not long in discovering the turtle which lay on the floor, a huge, inanimate mass. The lion soon brought his nose in close proximity to it, which the turtle not liking popped out his head and rolled its eyes, while a sort of wheeze issued forth from savorous mouth. The lion jumped back, turned, and made a spring at the turtle, which was now fully prepared for his reception. As the lion landed on him, the turtle fastened his terrific jaws on the lion's nostrils, rendered him powerless to do harm; yet with activity of limb he bounded around the circle, growled, roared, and lashed himself, but the snapper hung on, seeming to enjoy the ride vastly.

"G-go it whimbamper!" cried Wheatley from the boxes.

The scene was rich. The showman was no less enraged than the lion.—Drawing a pistol, he threatened Nat that if he did not take his turtle off he would shoot him.

"Ta-take him off yourself!" shouted Nat in reply.

At this critical moment, by dint of losing a portion of his nose, the lion shook his dangerous foe from him, and clearing the space between himself and the cage with a bound, he slunk quietly in, to chew the cud of his defeat and pain.

LETTER FROM HIRAM POWERS.

A capitol story has long been in circulation, respecting a hoax said to have been played off upon Peyton S. Symmes, Esq., of Cincinnati, by Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, now in Italy. As Mr. Symmes felt annoyed about it, he wrote to Mr. Powers to deny it, and received the following answer. It is the best story going:

FLORENCE, March 27, 1849.

My Dear Sir: In a letter from Mr. Kellogg, I am requested to state the facts as to an alleged imposition upon you by Mr. Henderson, the actor. It has been said in some of our papers that you were of the number upon whom Mr. H. imposed himself as a wax figure, in the Western Museum, some fifteen or twenty years ago, and my name has been given as authority for the truth of the story.—It is natural that you should disrelish such an imputation, and as the story, so far as you are concerned in it, is but just that you should desire this refutation from me.

I remember to have said, whenever the story was told, that Mr. Henderson had designs upon several of our most respectable citizens, yourself of the number; but these designs were never executed, excepting upon half a dozen or more persons residing in the immediate vicinity of the museum. This was done in order to satisfy me that the thing was practicable; for Mr. Henderson hoped to prevail upon me to allow him the use of one of the large glass enclosures in the museum for the experiments upon a larger scale. He succeeded perfectly in duping the half dozen individuals above alluded to, but I withheld my consent to any further proceedings, and so the matter ended. I allowed him the use of a small room for performing the experiment—for I thought he would fail, and that thus I should get rid of his request for the use of a case in the museum, without having deny him a favor.

When Henderson had prepared himself, one of his acquaintances was invited into the room to see unfinished representation of "Henderson, the Actor, in the character of Sir Francis Gripe." On entering, the figure was seen standing in a corner of the room, with the head leaning against an old coat, folded in such a manner as to afford a back-ground, and thus prevent unsteadiness, which might lead to detection. A white wig made of horse hair decorated the head. The face was daubed with ochre, vermilion, and lampblack; the features were much distorted, so much so that had my reputation as an artist depended upon their resemblance to the original, I might have feared for the result of the examination about to take place. The visitor, however, seemed disposed to flatter me; and, grateful for the permission to see a unfinished work, assured me that I had been very successful in the likeness. He thought, indeed, that I had improved upon the original. I begged him to suggest any improvement that might occur to him. He replied: "Perhaps you might modify that peculiar cock of the eye a little; and, if I were you, I would give him a better leg, instead of those spindle shanks of his." This last remark occasioned a decided change in the expression of the wax figure, for Henderson thought a good deal of his legs. This change, however, was not observed by the visitor, who still regarded the legs; but I had great difficulty in containing my own countenance,

so ludicrous was the scene. The wax face had now recovered its proper expression, when our visitor took up the lamp, and, against my dissuasive remarks—that the effect was better at a distance; that the thing was not yet finished, and consequently would not bear close inspection—he walked directly up to the figure and stood within a foot of it, face to face.

It was evident that no trick was even suspected, as he held the lamp, now above, now to one side, then below, &c., the better to examine the work. The actor's eyes had now been kept so long open without winking that moisture was beginning to collect in the corners! Observing which our critic exclaimed: "Marvellous! Marvellous! How in the world did you contrive to make these tears? Did you use gum Arabic or copal varnish?" At this the friend who stood by my side could refrain no longer but laughed outright. I was obliged to laugh also; but the actor still maintained the ludicrous gravity of his countenance. The critic appeared confused for a moment staring at us inquisitively; but he soon became aware that a trick had been played upon him, and, suddenly turning again upon the wax figure he seized it by the nose, and the tweak he gave it would have proved fatal to the symmetry of a waxen proboscis. As it was, however, it did no damage to that organ, but it bro't some additional moisture to Henderson's eyes, and an exclamation from his mouth of "d—n it, don't! You forget that my nose is made of wax."

With pleasant recollections of your kindness and civilities at Cincinnati, I beg you to believe me, very sincerely yours, HIRAM POWERS.

A WORD TO BOYS.

BE POLITE.—Study the graces—not the graces of the dancing master of bowing and scraping—not the fopish, infidel etiquette of a Chesterfield—but benevolence, the graces of the heart, whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. The true secret of politeness is to please, to make happy—flowing from goodness of heart—a fountain of love. As you leave the family circle for retirement, say good night—when you rise, good morning. Do you meet or pass a friend in the street, bow gracefully with the usual salutations. Wear a hinge on your neck—keep it well oiled—and above all study Solomon and the epistles of Paul.

BE CIVIL.—When the rich Quaker was asked the secret of his success in life he answered, "Civility, friend, civility." Some people are uncivil, sour, sullen, morose, crabbed, crusty, haughty, really clownish and impudent. Run for your life! "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit! There is more hope of a fool than him."

BE KIND TO EVERYBODY.—There is nothing like kindness—it sweetens every thing. A single look of love, a smile, a grasp of the hand, has gained more friends than both wealth and learning. "Charity suffereth long and is kind." See 1 Cor. xiii.

NEVER STRIKE BACK.—That is, never render evil for evil. Some boys give eye for eye, tooth for tooth, blow for blow, kick for kick.—Awful! Little boys, hark! What says Solomon? "Surely the churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth blood, so the for ing of wrath bringeth forth strife." Recompense to no man evil for evil; but overcome evil with good. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you."

In reply to a question, avoid the monosyllables yes and no, thus: "Is your father in good health?" instead of saying, "Yes, sir," say, "Very good, sir, thank you."

Avoid vulgar, common-place, or slang phrases, such as "by jinks," "first rate," "I'll bet," &c. Betting is not merely vulgar, but sinful; a species of gambling.

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.—Think twice, think what to speak, how to speak, to whom to speak, and with all to hold up your head and look the persons to whom you are speaking full in the face with modest dignity and assurance. Some lads have a foolish, sheepish bashfulness, sheer off, hold down their heads and eyes, as if they were guilty of sheep-stealing! Never be ashamed to do right.—N. Y. Star.

SUN-ROSA.—This compound word is often used in writing and conversation, as significant of secrecy. It is said that its derivation is as follows; anciently, the Greeks consecrated the rose to Hippocrates, the genius of Silence. And either the rose or its representation was placed upon the ceiling of their dining rooms, implying that whatever was done therein should be kept private. It was done sub-rosa, or under the rose.

NEWSPAPERS.—The reading of a good and well conducted newspaper in a family, even for the short space of one quarter of a year, brings more sound instruction, and leaves a deeper impression, than would be acquired, probably, at the best school in twelve months. This is easily proved. Talk to the members of a family who read the papers, and compare their information and intelligence with those who do not. The difference is beyond comparison.—Irish Paper.

NOVEL READING WASTES AND EXHAUSTS THE SYMPATHIES OF THE HEART.

—The theatre and the wine cup have been justly charged with entailing sorrow on many a hitherto happy family; but it is the solemn conviction of the writer, that the novel comes in for its full share of pernicious influence. Follow that young man who has been lolling over the fictitious tale, behind the counter, or at his desk, to the domestic circle, and see whether he meets the glad steps of his sister as in the days of his childhood he was wont; or whether he returns the welcome of his mother with that ingenuous smile which most gladdens a mother's heart. Mark the husband who has sought recreation from the pages of romance, and see whether he enters the home of his wife and children with a lighter heart or a kindlier greeting. Watch the mother who has been forced to descend from the ideal world to the prosaic employment of the needle, and see whether her heart seems to be in the work. Look at the daughter who is accustomed to trim the midnight lamp, that she may pursue the waking dreams; why sits she so languidly by her mother's side? where is the glad voice that would have made labor light, or the willing hand to assist in that labor? Alas! the thoughts, and affections, and sympathies, which should have been consecrated to making a happy home, have been wasted on imaginary sufferings and ideal beauty.

How many a wife owes the averted eye, and heedless manner, and discourteous reply, that chill her confiding heart, to the false sentiments and impressions which her husband has gathered from the page of romance! The wife of his youth is no longer youth. Disease, and perchance affliction, have blanched her cheek, and thinned and silvered her locks; her step is no longer elastic, nor her form erect. True, her heart beats with an affection, if not as romantic, yet more deep and abiding than when she first listened to his early vows; but the fountains of his love have so often flowed out forward toward the creations of fancy, that they have been exhausted, and are dried up.

Trees of India.—Mr. Macgowan, Missionary from China, has sent over to the American Institute seeds of the plant from which the Chinese make their grass cloth—something like silk and linen; the seeds of the tallow tree, from the beacons of which the Chinese make their candles and the seeds of another tree from the berries of which they manufacture lamp oil. If all these seeds grow and thrive here, their introduction into our country will be very useful.

MILITARY STRENGTH OF FRANCE.—The national guard comprises nearly 4,000,000 men, 1,200,000 of whom are with muskets; it possesses 500 guns.

The garde mobile has been reduced from 12,000 to 6,000 men, at a saving of 7,000,000 francs.

The army consists of 451,000 men under arms, and 93,574 horse. It has 16,495 guns of every kind, of which 13,770 are in bronze, and 5,139 are field pieces. The active sailing fleet comprises 10 ships of the line, 8 frigates, 18 corvettes, 24 brigs, 12 transports, and 24 light vessels. The active steam fleet comprises 14 frigates, 13 corvettes, and 34 despatch boats. The advanced ships and ships in ordinary consist of 10 ships of the line, 15 sailing frigates, 10 steam frigates, 6 steam corvettes, and 6 mail steamers. The navy is manned by 950 officers of all ranks, and 28,500 seamen.

AN OUTFIT.—The Union says, the collector of the port of San Francisco and his family have thirty-two horses and fourteen wagons, each drawn by six mules—making in all, 116 horses and mules furnished by the Government to transport him and his family to their destination! It computes the cost of sending out him and the two Indian Agents, one for Salt Lake and one for Santa Fe, at \$75,000.

CHEAP GOODS.

Cheap as the Cheapest!

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is receiving at short intervals a

HANDSOME SELECTION OF

Dry Goods.

GROCERIES, Hardware & Cutlery, CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE, Drugs and Medicines, &c. &c. &c.

All selected expressly for this market and will be sold positively as cheap as the cheapest for cash.

S. R. McFALL.

Pickens C. H., S. C. }

May 18, 1849. } 1 tf

HEAD QUARTERS,

1st Division, S. C. M. }

EDGEFIELD C. H., April 30, '49.

CAPT. W. B. FOOR, having been appointed and commissioned Aid-de-Camp to Maj. Gen. Bonham, with the rank of Major, will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By order of Maj. Gen. Bonham,

W. S. GRISHAM,

Aid-de-Camp.

June 9

JAMES GEORGE, Merchant Tailor,

Would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has on hand a FINE VARIETY OF BROAD CLOTHS, CASIMERES, 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., May 25, 1849. 2-tf

NEW GOODS!!

The subscribers would respectfully inform their friends and customers, that they are now receiving a fresh supply of

SPRING AND SUMMER

DRY GOODS!

—ALSO—GROCERIES, HARDWARE, SHOES, BOOTS, HATS, DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c. &c., which they will sell low for CASH.—Call and examine for yourselves.

P. & E. E. ALEXANDER.

Pickens C. H., 1st June, 1849 3-tf

Look at this!

The firm of Thompson & Keith having been dissolved, those indebted to it will do well to call and settle with

E. M. KEITH.

May 18, 1849. } 1 4t

W. ZACHARY,

Daguerrean Artist.

Notifies the citizens of the Village, and District generally, that he is located at Pickens C. H. for a short time, and will be pleased to furnish, all those who desire, with correct likenesses of themselves and friends. He may be found in the Long Room over the Store of Benson & Taylor.

Pickens C. H., June 15th 1849. 4-tf

COFFEE.

SOW YOUR DIMES AND REAP YOUR DOLLARS—A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY MADE.

TEN POUNDS good RIO COFFEE will be given for One Dollar, and other Goods at corresponding prices, at the

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE,

PICKENS C. H.

BENSON & TAYLOR.

Pickens C. H., S. C. }

May 18, 1849. } 1 tf

New Store.

BENSON & TAYLOR

Have just opened a fine stock of NEW GOODS, in the Store lately occupied by W. D. Steele, which they respectfully invite their friends and the public to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, as their object is to sell.

Pickens, C. H., S. C. }

May 18, 1849. } 1 tf

Look Before You Leap!

ALL persons are forewarned from trading for any or all of certain notes given by myself to James H. Reeder, being six in number, dated January 8, 1849. The first due the 25th of December, 1850, and each of the others due on the same day of each succeeding year; each given for seventy one dollars and forty cents (\$71 40), as I do not intend to pay the same, unless compelled by law,—the consideration for which said notes were given, has in part failed.

THOMAS A. YOW.

May 12, 1849. } 1 4t

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.

Hos. D. WALLACE, Editor S. C.

T. O. P. VERNON, C. H., Spartanburg, S. C.

May 18, 1849. } 1-tf

Notice.

Mary Rogers, the wife of James Rogers, who is a farmer, residing in Pickens District, So. Co., on Little River, 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 date.

MARY ROGERS.

May 18, 1849. } 1 1m

REWARD!

From the subscriber's stable, Spartanburg, S. C., on the night of the 9th inst. a Bay Horse, with no particular marks recollected, except some brand marks. Any information respecting the horse will be thankfully received; and the above reward will be paid for the delivery of said horse to me, together with the thief who stole him, with evidence sufficient to convict him.

THOS. McLELLIN,

June 30, 1849.