

POETRY.

LYNS ON THE DEATH OF EX-PRESIDENT POLK.

BY JOHN R. PEASE.

The eagle has stooped from his aric on high, A star has gone out from its path in the sky, A Statesman has fallen in his blaze of renown, His brow all encircled with Fame's laurel crown.

Then hallow his grave—lay him down in his rest, Where Memory shall water the turf on his breast, And the soft winds of summer sigh o'er his repose In his own Tennessee, where the Cumberland flows.

His name is enrolled with each mighty name That Glory or Country shall hand down to fame, Intervene in the annals of the brave and the free, To echo forever from sea unto sea.

His career was all finished, his laurels were won When the race of the foremost is scarcely begun, And the finger of Glory shall point at his name; As the greenest in years, but the equal in fame.

While red Buena Vista looms up in the fight, Like a meteor's blaze in the darkness of night, While the gates of the mountains their secrets unfold,

While California o'erflows with rivers of gold; While the sweet name of Freedom is our glory and pride, While the broad wave of Empire rolls up like the tide;

While new States, like new stars, on the horizon shall shine, What name shall be brighter emblazoned than thine?

Then hallow his grave—lay him down in his rest, Where Memory shall water the turf on his breast, And the soft winds of summer sigh o'er his repose, In his own Tennessee where the Cumberland flows.

[Washington Union.]

OUR OWN FIRESIDE.

I've wandered far, I've wandered wide, O'er the country vast and sen; But still my own dear fireside Is the only hearth for me.

It seems to throw a brighter glow, To warm the heart's full tide; It bears a spell that cannot dwell But by that fireside.

The hearth of friends has welcome kind, And words that cheer the heart, And eyes that all a language find And say "Thou welcome art."

But oh, though free the welcome be Of friends by years allied; Can it bestow the warm, warm glow Of our own loved fireside.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CZAR'S REVENGE.

Peter the Great, the great reformer—we might almost say the founder—of the mighty empire of Russia, the conqueror of Charles of Sweden, the conqueror and gross sensualist, a bad father, a cruel and unfaithful husband. Indeed some of his acts seem inexplicable otherwise than by that ferocious insanity, manifest in more than one of his descendants. Even his rare impulses of mercy were apt to come too late to save the victim. As illustrating one of them an incident, nearly the last event of Peter's life, is given by M. Blanc, in more minute detail than we ever before met with it. Peter's whole life was a romance; but this is assuredly one of its most romantic episodes. A short time before his death, Peter was violently smitten by the charms of a young girl named Ivanowa. Altho' tenderly attached, and about to be married to an officer of the regiment of Schouvaloff, she dared not oppose the Czar's wishes, but became his mistress. Peter, who took her repugnance for timidity, fancied himself beloved, and passed much of his time in her society, in a charming cottage in which he had installed her at one of the extremities of St. Petersburg. He had enriched her family, who were ignorant however of her retreat. Her betrothed, whose name was Demetrius Daniloff, was in despair at her disappearance, and made unceasing efforts to discover her, but all in vain, until Ivanowa, having made a confidant of a Livonian slave, had him conducted to her presence.—The lover's meeting were then frequent, so much so, that Peter received intelligence of them. His anger was terrible; he roared like a tiger.

"Betrayed! betrayed everywhere and always!" cried he striding wildly about the room and striking his brow with his clenched fist. "O! revenge! revenge!" Before the close of the day he left the palace alone wrapped in a coarse cloak, his feet in nailed shoes whose patches attested their long services, his head covered with a fox-skin cap which came down over his eyebrows and half concealed his eyes. He soon reached Ivanowa's house, where the lover's deemed themselves perfectly secure, for the Czar had spread

a report of his departure for Moscow.—Moreover, the faithful Livonian slave kept watch in the antechamber, to give an alarm at the least noise. Peter knew all this, and had taken measures accordingly. Opening an outer door with a key of his own, he bounded into the ante-room, upset the slave, and with a kick of his powerful foot burst the door that separated him from the lovers. All this occurred with the speed of lightning. Daniloff and Ivanowa had scarce time to rise from their seats, before the Czar stood over them with his drawn sword in his hand. Ivanowa uttered a cry of terror, fell on her knees, and fainted. Prompt as the Czar Daniloff bared his sabre and threw himself between his mistress and Peter. The latter lowered his weapon. "No," he said, "the revenge were too brief."

He opened a window and cried "hurra!" At the signal a hundred soldiers crowded into the house. Mastering his fury, the Czar ordered the young officer to be taken to prison, there to receive one hundred blows of the battoques, or sticks.—Ivanowa was also confined until the senate should decide her fate. The next day Daniloff received his terrible punishment. Before half of it had been inflicted, his back, from the loins to the shoulders, was one hideous wound, &c., We omit the revolting description. Nevertheless the executioners continued to strike, and the hundred blows were counted without a complaint from the sufferer. The unfortunate Daniloff had not even fainted; he got up alone, when untied, and asked to have his wounds carefully dressed.

"I have need to live a short time longer," he added. Meanwhile Ivanowa was brought before the senate and accused of high treason and of trying to discover state secrets—a charge of Peter's invention. The supple senate, created by the Czar, condemned her to receive twenty-two blows of the knout in the presence of her accomplice, Daniloff, already punished by the emperor's order.

On the day appointed for the execution, Peter stood upon the balcony of his winter palace. Several battalions of infantry marched past, escorting the unfortunate Demetrius, who in spite of the frightful sufferings he still endured, walked with a steady step and with a firm and even joyful countenance. Surrounded by another escort, was seen the young and lovely Ivanowa, half dead with terror, supported on one side by a priest, and on the other by a soldier, and letting her beautiful head fall from one shoulder to the other, according to the impulse given it by her painful progress. Even Peter's heart melted at the sight.—Re-entering his apartment, he put on the ribbon of the order of St. Andrew, threw a cloak over his shoulders, left the palace, sprang into a boat, and reached the opposite side of the river at the same time as the mournful procession which had crossed the bridge. Making his way through the crowd, he dropped his cloak, took Ivanowa in his arms, and imprinted a kiss upon her brow.

A murmur arose amongst the people, and suddenly cries of "pardon" were heard.

The knights of St. Andrew then enjoyed the singular privilege that a kiss given by them to a condemned person, deprived the executioner of his victim. This privilege has endured even to our day, not without some modification.

Daniloff had recognised Peter. He approached the Czar, whose every movement he had anxiously watched, stripped off his coat, and rent the bloody shirt that covered his shoulders.

"The man who could suffer thus," he said, "knows how to die. Czar, thy repentance comes too late! Ivanowa, I go to wait for thee!"

And drawing a concealed poignard, he stabbed himself twice. His death was instantaneous. Peter hurried back to his palace, and the stupid crowd slowly dispersed. Ivanowa died shortly afterwards in the convent to which she had been permitted to retire.—Blackwood's Magazine.

HURRAH FOR CULLOM.—One Gen. Cullom is a Whig candidate for Congress in the Nashville, Tenn., district, on his own look. The Nashville Union gives the following as a verbatim and correct report of his speech:

CULLOM'S ORATION.—My countrymen! I am a candidate to represent you in Congress. My countrymen, I was a candidate two years ago, and at that time my opponent was my friend and your distinguished fellow-citizen, Gen. Barrow. My countrymen, Gen. Barrow then came to me and said, "Cullom, you are a much younger man than me, let me run this time, Gen. Taylor will be elected;" and here Gen. Barrow intimated that Old Zack would provide for him; and therefore I declined. His prediction, my countrymen, has been fulfilled. Old Zack has been elected, but Gen. Barrow refuses to yield me the track. He has sucked so long, my countrymen, at the public teat, that he has become—shall I say, bloated. Like a big calf, he will suck up all the milk. My countrymen, I was born in old Kentucky—I was born a Whig!—a poor boy, I came to Tennessee and worked

an infernal flatboat to this town at the very time the city hotel and the steam saw mill at the mouth of the branch was conflagrated! My countrymen, I am no beggar! I have a competence for myself and children, and sop and corn bread for my friends. My countrymen, I have no great family influence, no royal ancestors. I am one of the b'hoys! The "upper ten thousand" want a convention. They want to bind me and sacrifice me; but, my countrymen, I will call in the hands. It can't be done. How greedy, oh, my dear countrymen! how greedy are the "upper ten!" The post office in Nashville—the best office in Tennessee—has been given to the head of the Barrow family; and the gazettes of the day announce that an Indian agency has been given to the brother of my distinguished competitor! Oh, my countrymen! I wish I belonged to the Barrow family. I believe I will have myself made a barrow!

DOW JR'S CREED.

Dow, Jr., in a late discourse, in the N. Y. Saturday Mercury, gives the articles of his creed, and concludes with:

"I believe the most industrious are the most contented and happy. Idleness is an incubus upon the bosom of enjoyment. It is the hardest work in the world to do nothing by the month, and have nothing to do with it.

I believe that kicking against custom, and spitting in the face of fashion, is a futile and foolish endeavor. Both may need correction,—but they must and will have their own way.

I believe that girls are like kittens—gently smooth them the right way; and they rub and purr most affectionately; but give them the contrary brush and their back is up in the most disdainful manner. They like to be kissed, but sham a delicacy about the operation.

I believe that human flesh is hard to digest. Jonah didn't sit easy upon the stomach of the whale.

I believe that simple honesty, the naked truth, pure virtue, and a straight, up-and-down way of dealing with the world have as much advantage over vice, tricks and stratagem, in the long run, as a good square-trotting horse has over a pacing poney or a racker that goes his mile or two like the mischief, and is done for the rest of the journey.

THIS IS LIFE.—If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly and the birds sing as sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be suspended for a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought to our memories. "Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry of a few, as they pass to their pleasure or their work. But no one will miss us, except our immediate connections; and even in a short time they will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them.

Thus shall we all, now in active life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years not a living being can say "I remember him." We live in another age, and did business with those who have long since slumbered in the tomb. This is life. How rapidly it passes! O blessed are they who are held in everlasting remembrance!

SUDDEN MADNESS.—One of those frightful and startling incidents which seem to happen in Paris more often than elsewhere as if to now and then recall the artificial and hollow world in which we live to a sense of the vanity and nothingness of its pursuits, occurred a short time since, and has helped to sober us for a while. The Apollo Belvidere of Paris, the glass of fashion for some years past, the observed of all observers, who was married only a week ago to an English lady of immense wealth, while riding in the forest of St. Germain, with his bride, was suddenly seized with a fit of raging madness from which he is not yet recovered, and which the doctors declare must terminate either in death or confirmed idioey. The event has caused universal consternation in the world of fashion, and every ball and party announced for some time to come has been countermanded in consequence.—Paris correspondent of the Atlas.

SEVERE RETORT.—A man who marries a rich wife must expect occasionally to have it flung in his teeth. We have heard a report, however, which we think must have silenced such thrusts. A gentleman who had the misfortune to marry a fortune, was once exhibiting the fine points of his horse to a friend. "My horse, if you please," said the wife, "my money bought that horse." "Yes, madam," replied the husband, bowing, "and your money bought me."

ABSENCE.—A fashionable Doctor lately informed his friends in a large company that he had been passing eight days in the country.

"Yes," said one of the party, "it has been announced in one of the journals." "Ah," said the Doctor, stretching his neck very importantly, "pray in what terms?"

"In what terms? Why, as well as I can remember, in the following: "Thee were last week seventy-seven interments less than the week before."

PROSPECTUS

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

JAMES V. TRIMMIER, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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REFERENCES: Hon. D. WALLACE, Union, S. C. T. O. P. VERNON, C. E. S. D., Spartanburg, S. C. May 18, 1849 1-1f

HEAD QUARTERS,

1ST DIVISION, S. C. M.

EDGEFIELD C. H., April 30, '49, CAPT. W. B. IOOR, 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 4-3w.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

PICKENS DISTRICT.

Hannah Clayton, Applicant.

vs.

Charles Allen and Wife, Sarah A. Allen, James Young and Wife, Mary Elizabeth Young, John Thos. Clayton, Robert C. Clayton, Stephen G. Clayton, Margaret Clayton, Jesse M. Clayton, Defendants.

For the sale of the Real Estate of John Clayton, deceased, not disposed of by Will. And it appearing that John Thomas Clayton resides without the limits of this State: it is therefore ordered, that he do appear within three months from the date hereof, or his consent to said sale will be taken as confessed.

W. D. STEELE, o. r. d. Ordinary's Office, June 1st, 1849. 3-m3

SOUTH CAROLINA.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS

PICKENS DISTRICT.

Henry Whitmore, Dec. in Attachment. vs. E. M. Keith, Plff's Atty. John Bishop.

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. r. Clerk's Office, May 10, 1849. 1

For Sale.

A pair of FRENCH BURR MILL-STONES, measuring 8 feet 10 inches ches in diameter and 11 inches in depth. The above may be seen at the Grist-mill on the Estate of the late Col. John E. Colhoun. June 30, 7 1f.

PROSPECTUS

—OF—

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BEING a new and much enlarged series of the "Southern Literary Gazette,"—the only weekly Journal, South of the Potomac, devoted to Literature and the Arts in general—and designed for the Family Circle.

The Proprietor begs leave to announce that, on Saturday, the 5th of May, he issued the first number, for the second year, of this popular and well established paper,—the name and form of which he has changed, to enlarge the scope of its observation, and to otherwise increase its attractions.

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STOLEN from the subscriber's stable, near Storeville, S. C., on the night of the 9th, inst., a Bay Horse, with no particular marks recollected, except some harness 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.

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.

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Pickens C. H., May 25, 1849. 2-1f

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 4f.