

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHILDREN.

BY MRS. HARRIET DEACHE STOWE.
"A little child shall lead them."

One cold morning I looked into a milliner's shop, and there I saw a hale, hearty, well-browned young fellow from the country, with his long-tart-whip and a lion-shag coat, holding up some matter, and turning it about in his great first.—"And what do you suppose it was? A baby's bonnet! A little soft blue satin hood, with a swan's down border, white as the new-fallen snow, with a fringe of rich blonde around the edge."

By his side stood a pretty woman, holding with no small pride the baby—for evidently it was a baby. Any one could read that fact in every glance, as they looked at each other, and at the little head, and then at the large blue unconscious eyes and fat dimpled cheeks of the little one. It was evident that neither of them had ever seen a baby like that before.

"But, really, Mary," said the young man, "is not three dollars very high?"

Mary very prudently said nothing, but taking the hood, tied it on the little head, and held up the little baby. The man looked and grined, and without another word, down went the three dollars, (all that the last week's butter came to, and as they walked out of the shop it is hard to say which looked most delighted with the bargain.)

Another day, as I passed a carriage factory, I saw a young mechanic at work on a wheel. The rough body of a carriage stood beside him, and there wrapped up snugly, all hooded and cloaked, sat a dark-eyed girl, about a year old, playing with a great shaggy dog. As I stopped, the man looked up from his work, and turned admiringly to his little companion, as much as to say "See what I have got here!"

"Yes," thought I, "and if the lady ever gets a glance from admiring swains as sincere as that, she will be lucky."

Ah, these little children! little witches! pretty even in all their thoughts and absurdities! See, for example, yonder little naughty fellow in a fit; he has shaken his long curls over his deep blue eyes; the fair brow is bent in a frown; the rose leaf is pushed up in infinite defiance, and the white shoulders thrust forward. Can any but a child look so pretty even in their naughtiness?

Then comes the instant change; flashing smiles and tears, as the good comes back all in a rush, and you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises, and kisses. They are irresistible, too, these little ones? They pull away the scholar's pen, tumble about his paper, make somersets over his book, and what can you do? They tear up newspapers, litter the carpets, break, pull, and upset, and then jabber unintelligible English in self-defence, and what can you do for yourself?

"If I had a child," says the precise man, "you should see!" He does have a child, and his child tears up his papers, tumbles over his things, and pulls his nose like all other children; and what has the precise man to say for himself?—"Nothing! He is like every body else: 'a little child shall lead him.'"

Poor little children, they bring and teach us human beings more good than they get in return. How often does the infant, with its soft cheek and helpless hand, awaken a mother from worldliness and egotism to a world of a new and higher feeling. How often does the mother repay this by doing her best to wipe off, even before the time, the dew and fresh simplicity of childhood, and make her daughter, too soon a woman of the world, as she has been.

The hardened heart of the worldly man is touched by the guiltless tones and simple caresses of his son; but he repays it in time by imparting to his boy all the crooked tricks and hard ways and careless maxims which have undone himself.

Go to the jail, the penitentiary, and find there the wretch most sullen, brutal, and hardened—then look at your infant son.

Such as he is to you, such to some mother was this man. That hard hand was soft and delicate—that rough voice was tender and whispering; fono eyes followed as he played, and he was rocked and nursed as something holy. There was a time, too, when his heart, soft and unworn, might have yielded to questionings of his Maker, and been sealed with the seal of Heaven. But harsh hands seized it, and all is over with him forever.

So of the tender weeping child—he is made the callous, heartless man; of the believing child, the sneering skeptic, of the beautiful and modest, the shameless abandoned; and this is what the world does for the little one.

There was a time when the Divine One stood upon the earth, and little children sought to draw near to him. But harsh human beings stood between him and them, forbidding their approach. Ah, has it not always been so? Do not even we, with our hard and unsoftened feelings—our worldly and unscriptural habits and maxims—stand like a dark screen between our child and its Saviour, and keep even from the choice bud of our hearts the radiance which might unfold

for Paradise? "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not," is still the voice of the Son of God, but the cold world still closes round and forbids.

When of old, the disciples would question their Lord of the higher mysteries of his kingdom, he took a child, and set him in the midst, as a sign of him who would be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. That gentle teacher still remains to us. By every hearth and fire-side Jesus still sets the little child in the midst of us!

Wouldst thou know, O man, what is that faith which unlocks heaven? Go not to the wrangling polemics or creeds and forms of theology, but draw to thy bosom thy little one, and read in that clear and trusting eye the lesson of eternal life. Be only to thy God as thy child is to thee, and all is done. Blessed shalt thou be indeed: "a child shall lead thee."

KOSSUTH'S APPEAL TO THE HUNGARIANS.

The following is the substance of Kossuth's last appeal to the Hungarians, furnished by the Frankfort correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser. It will give some idea of the character the war is likely to assume:

Our Fatherland is in danger! Citizens! to arms! to arms!

If we thought ourselves able, by ordinary means, to save the country, we would not cry out it is in danger. If we were at the head of a cowardly, childish nation, ready rather to fall than defend itself, we would not order the alarm bells to ring through the whole land. But as we know that the people of our country are a manly race, resolved to defend themselves to the last against godless oppression, we lay all unworthy concealment of our position aside, and call out openly that the country is in danger! Because we know that the people are able to defend themselves and the country, we lay open the danger in all its magnitude, calling upon every citizen in the name of God's country, to look it in the face, and seize arms to meet it.

We will neither flatter nor discourage, but we declare openly, that unless the whole nation rise up to defend itself to the last drop of its blood, all the noble blood shed already is in vain, and our country will fall, the Russian knout then ruling over an enslaved people, on the ground where the ashes of our ancestors repose.

We therefore here, in fulfilment of our duty, communicate to all the inhabitants of Hungary, that the Austrian Emperor has let loose upon us the barbarous hordes of Russia, that a Russian army of 46,000 men has broken into our country from Galicia, and marched continually forward, that Russian forces have also entered Transylvania, against whom our troops are struggling, and that finally, although our fall would be followed by the enslavement of the people of all Europe, we can expect no foreign assistance, as the people that sympathize with us are kept down by their rulers, and gaze only in dumb silence on our struggle.

We have nothing to rest our hopes upon but a righteous God and our own force. If we do not use our own force, God will also forsake us.

Hungary's struggle is no longer our struggle alone. It is the struggle of popular freedom against tyranny. Our victory is the victory of freedom—our fall is the fall of freedom. God has chosen us to free the nations from bodily servitude. In the wake of our victory will follow liberty to the Italians, Germans, Gzeches, Poles, Wallachians, Slavonians, and Croations. With our fall goes down the star of freedom over all.

People of Hungary; will you die under the exterminating sword of the savage Russians? if not, defend yourselves! Will you look on while the Cossacks of the far north tread under foot the bodies of your fathers, mothers, wives and children? if not, defend yourselves.

Will you see a part of your fellow citizens sent to the wilds of Siberia, made to serve in the wars of tyrants or bleed under the murderous knout? if not, defend yourselves!

Will you behold your villages in flames and your harvests destroyed? Will you die of hunger on the land which your sweat has made fertile? if not, then defend yourselves!

We, the free elected government of Hungary, call upon the people in the name of God and the Country, to rise up in arms, ordering, in virtue of her powers and duty, a general crusade of the people against the enemy, to be declared from every pulpit, and from every town-house of the country, and made known by the continual ringing of bells; every healthy man under 48 years of age to take arms, whatever he can get hold of, an axe, scythe, or hook, if no better to be had;—notice to be given of the approach of the enemy by the ringing of bells, and that preparation be made to resist or harass him, but particularly to destroy all forage and food, quitting and setting fire even to the villages;—the priest to seize the cross, and lend the people in the name of religion and liberty

One great effort is only necessary, and

the country is forever saved.

We have indeed an army, which numbers about 200,000 determined men, but the struggle is no longer one between two hostile camps; it is the struggle of tyranny against freedom, of barbarism against all free nations. Therefore must all the people seize arms and support the army, that thus united the victory of the freedom of Europe may be won. Fly then united with the army to arms, every citizen of the land, and the victory is sure.

Buda Pesth, June 27, 1849.

KOSSUTH, GOVERNOR.

Szemeré, Esauya, Georsey, Kukovich, Baltoyrany, Horvah, Ducheck, Ministry.

The last advices from Hungary, published yesterday, state that this proclamation to the people was being fully carried out. The Hungarians have burned their corn and provisions, and driven their horses and oxen to the mountains. The imperialists had no means of transport. Kossuth has returned to Pesth amid much enthusiasm.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S OPINION OF AMERICA.—Mr. Mackay, in his recent work on this country, says "that America is the only power on earth that Great Britain has to dread." It is not the political or military power of the United States that the British Government has to dread, according to Mr. Mackay, but the "silent and unostentatious operation of nature, and the progressive achievements of art on the continent of America."

The Connecticut dame, the mother of a large family, was one day asked the number of her children. "La me!" she replied, rocking herself to and fro, "I've got fourteen; mostly boys and girls!"

DESERVING.—"Do you know Mr. Smith?" "Yes, my dear." "Is he not a very deserving man?" "Yes, he deserves a flogging, and if he ever gallants you home again, I will give it to him!" *Exit wife, in a fright.*

A bed of oysters, 40 miles long and 8 or 10 wide, has recently been discovered in the Channel, about, 50 miles S. S. W. of Shoreman. The oysters are large, delicate and delicious.

In sickness there is no hand like woman's hand—no heart like woman's heart—no eye so untiring—no hope so fervent. Woman by a sick man's couch is divinity impersonated.

St. Louis, Aug. 13.

A deficit of \$127,000 was discovered in the Bank of Missouri on Saturday last.

The disclosure has caused much excitement in our community, though no fears need be entertained as to the solvency of the Bank.

It appears that on Friday afternoon a heavy draft was presented by Page & Bacon, in paying which the paying teller had occasion to resort to some boxes containing foreign coin. These boxes, together with a number of others, had been laid aside to await an opportunity to be sent to the mint for recoling their contents; and, as the key of the vault containing the American gold had been temporarily misplaced, these were resorted to. On opening the first box, the teller was astonished to find that a bag of ten thaler pieces had been abstracted—the immediately opened another box, when, lo! a bag of sovereigns was gone—and so on through the remainder of the boxes.

The Teller immediately made the President of the Bank acquainted with the deficit, and a meeting of the Directors was held on Saturday morning for the purpose of investigating the matter. It was made apparent that some thirty-three boxes of foreign coin—*one hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars*—had been abstracted!

The coin was all counted and sealed up last March. So far, only the foreign gold has been counted, but a thorough examination will be had to-day.

It is thought the defalcation will not be found materially greater.

Suspicion having rested on the late Paying Teller, Nathaniel Childs, he was arrested and held to bail in the sum of \$30,000, until Wednesday, when further investigations will be made.

The required amount of bail was furnished, but the accused is not permitted to leave his residence.

Mr. Childs has heretofore borne an irreproachable character, and was universally esteemed. He was at the head of one of our principal Sunday Schools. He has also been an officer of the Bank since its foundation.

TEMPERANCE.

The District Meeting will be held at Pickens C. H. on Wednesday before the 3rd Lord's day in September next; instead of the 3rd Monday in August, as on that day many persons will be engaged at a Camp-meeting and drilling for Regimental Review.

JOSEPH GRISHAM, President.
July 26, 1849. 11

PROSPECTUS

—OF—

THE SCHOOLFELLOW
A MAGAZINE FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

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THE Publisher of Richards' Weekly Gazette announces that he issued the first number of the above work last January, with a view of affording to the Boys and Girls of the South a journal of their own, in which instruction and amusement shall be happily blended.

The Schoolfellow contains articles, both original and selected, from many pens that have written charmingly for the young. We will mention the names of Mary Howitt, Miss Sedgwick, Peter Parley, Miss McIntosh, Mrs. Gilman, Mrs. Joseph C. Neal, Mary E. Lee, Miss Barber, and many others might be added. Many of the articles in *The Schoolfellow* are beautifully illustrated, and the twelve numbers of one year make two volumes of nearly 400 pages and one hundred engravings, of which, every boy and girl who may own it may be proud.

TERMS.—1. Each number contains 32 pages, and at least 8 engravings, and is issued on the first of every month. 2. The subscription price is One Dollar a year, in advance. To Clubs: 5 copies for one dollar, \$4; 10 do., \$8; 20 do., \$15.

There are many schools in which at least twenty copies may be taken, as the price to each one will be only SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Communications must be post-paid and addressed to

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JAMES V. TRIMMIER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SPARTANBURG, C. H., S. C.

Will practice in the Courts of Union, Spartanburg and Greenville.

All business committed to his care will receive prompt and faithful attention.

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

ESTRAY.

John Lukeroy, two miles East of Cherry's Bridge, tells before me a Bay Mare, 16 or 17 hands high, and supposed to be 19 or 20 years old, dim star in forehead, no brands perceivable, collar marked, right eye out. Appraised at fifteen dollars.

J. B. E. CARADINE, M. P. D.
Pickens Dist., July 6th, 1849. 1c

SOUTH CAROLINA,
PICKENS DISTRICT.

Hannah Clayton, Applicant.

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. P. 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
John Bishop.) P. P. Att'y.

The Plaintiff having this day filed his declaration in my office, and the defendant having neither wife nor attorney known to be in this State,—On motion: It is ordered, that the defendant do appear, and plead or demur to the said declaration, within a year and a day from this date, or Judgment will be entered by default.

W. L. KEITH, C. C. P.
Clerk's Office, }
May 10, 1849. } 1

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, SATINETTS, TWILDS, 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

PROSPECTUS

—OF—

RICHARDS' WEEKLY GAZETTE.

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.

Less exclusively devoted, than heretofore, to

Literature, the Arts, and Sciences, it will be the aim of its Proprietor to make it, in every respect,

A CHOICE FAMILY NEWSPAPER, "as cheap as the cheapest, and as good as the best!" Utterly discarding the notion that a Southern journal cannot compete with the Northern weeklies, in cheapness and interest.

RICHARDS' WEEKLY GAZETTE shall be equal, in mechanical execution to any of them, and, in the variety, freshness and value of its contents, second to none. Its field will be the world, and it will contain, in its ample folds

Every Species of Popular Information, Especial attention will be paid to the subject of

SCHOOLASTIC AND DOMESTIC EDUCATION., Numerous articles, original and selected from the best sources, will be published weekly, on

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in Commercial, Civil, Political, and Ecclesiastical Affairs. At the same time there shall be nothing in its columns that can be considered either Partizan or Sectarian.

The following distinguished writers will contribute to the Journal:

- Wm. Gilmore Simms, LL. D.
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- J. M. Legare,
- T. Addison Richards, Esq.,
- Hon. B. F. Porter,
- Henry R. Jackson, Esq.,
- Jacques Journal,
- Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz,
- Mrs. Joseph C. Neal,
- Mrs. William C. Richards,
- Mrs. E. F. Elleh,
- Miss Mary E. Lee,
- Miss Mary Bates,
- Caroline Howard,
- Mrs. W. DuBose,
- Miss C. W. Barber,

besides many others, whose names are highly esteemed in the "World of Letters."

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ATHENS, GA.

\$25 REWARD!

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.

For Sale.

A pair of FRENCH BUREAU MILL-STONES, measuring 3 feet 10 inches 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 1st

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

JULY 11, 1849.

ALL Communications addressed to His Excellency, Governor SEABROOK, should be directed to Columbia, until the 1st October next.

B. T. WATTS,
Executive Sec'y.

NOTICE.

Is hereby given that application will be made to the next Legislature for an Act incorporating the Village of Pickensville.

August 11, 1849.

12-3m.