THE CHANGE-SEEKER. BY CALDER CAMPBELL. Who to unknown lands would wander, Having health and hope at home? From the spot where he abideth W. erefore should the happy roam? Love-like ivy to the ruin-

Chageth where it hath been bred; Peace of mind forbids ambition, With its schemes, to vex the head.

'Tis the spirit, disappointed In its wayward hopes and cares, That for novel pleasures seeketh Foreign shores and new-despairs; Meeting, neath the alien sun-line, For the treasures missed at home, Pangs that fret the weary body, Joys that go, and griefs that come.

"Give me change!" the morbid spirit Calleth, with a voice that tells How its inner sense hath suffered From the world's pernicious spells; "Give me changes, give me chances, Friendships new, and new desires; I would blot from memory's page: Thoughts that scorch like fever's fires.

"For the fields where roved my childhood, Give me scenes that have no look Of the garden or the wild wood Where I studied first Love's book. I all each tree that 'mid those forests ave me shelter from the sun: In their stead plant stronger foliage, 'Neath whose shades new river: run!"

So says-the disappointed-Tired and fretted, soured palled; Wishing still for alterations, Finding fears that come uncalled. Those who have no wish to wander (Lapped in ease, and rich in health) Look with wonder at the longings That can ne'er be quenched by wealth.

There is sorrow in the knowledge That the gayest heart may find, Ere the head hath gathered snow drif, Fresh desires to haunt the mind: But the loved, the loving, healthy, Hold alone contents true gem; What they know, and what they live in, This is all the world to them.

From the Chambers (Ala.) Tribune. JIM WILKINS AND THE EDITORS. BY T'OTHER ONE.

[I respectfully dedicate the subjoined reminiscence to the junior editor of the Montgomery Flag and Advertiser. It burst in upon my memory, the other morning, while reading a pungent political article which emanated, as I supposed, from his pen.]

During the exciting Presidential cam-paign of 1844, there were published in thriving village in this State, two political papers, which (as 'twould not be proper to give the real names,) we will call the "Star" and the "Gazette." The "Star" was a Democratic sheet; and of course battled enthusiastically for Mr. Polk. The "Gazette," on the other hand, was thoroughly Whig, and no more—at the period to which we refer—doubted the election of Henry Clay, than it did the shining of the sun, or any other 'fixed' physical fact. These two papers were edited by gentlemen of about the same age, and of not dissimilar temperaments. In fact they had not strong social proclivities, and were very good friends ninetenths of the time; there being only an occasional interruption of good feeling, when something rather too 'spicy' ap peared in the columns of one paper or the other. These disagreeable things, however, became more frequent as the p-litical battle waxed hotter; but even then, at the end of every week, there was a general adjustment of all personal matters-the hoys Pickwicked, and-shall I tell it? generally got gloriously fuddled together. They both, I believe, do better now, but then ! ah, the head tches.

One Siturday afternoon, at the end of

a particularly spicy week between the papers-the Star, having spoken of the "damask cheek of its neighbor," and the Gazette having retorted upon the "Bar-dolphian nose" of the Star's edi or-the two gentlemen were seen to enter an establishment where "sugar and water with the privilige" might be obtained in one room, and a game of billiards played in mother. They had had perchance, an explanation, in which mutual declarations of Pickwick had been made. However, they went in lovingly, rm in arm,

Walking up to the bar, "What shall it be ?" asked Star "Cocktails," said Gazette; and

wills it was. "Here," said Star, touching the rim of his companion's glass with the bottom of his own; "here is to the Freedom of the Press, whether the same advocate the claims of the exalted patriot dames K. Polk; or takes ground for the embodimen!

of all that is-"Hold on there! You'll be on my toes directly, exclaimed the Gazette; "drink simply to the freedom of the Press; tho' one would think it was sufficiently a free thing already, seeing how many take the papers without paying for them!"
"The freedom of the press, hen!"
"The freedom of the press!"

Having deposited their cocktails; our

worthies agreed to play a game of billiards and passing into the back-room, closed and locked the glass door behind them, and adjusted the curtain so as to conceal themselves as much as possible. About the time they had done this, Jim Wilkins, About a strong Whig and one of the Gazette's subscribers, came in to take a stirrup cup. Jim was already quite groggy.
"I'll meet you on fair terms, but you

shan't have all advantage," said Gazette, in a loud, excited tone.

"Well, let's toss up for choice or ball," rejoined Star, petulantly—"one of us must have the broken one."
"What's that?" asked Wilkins, in the

bar-room, pricking up his ears; "aint that them eddyturs?"

"It's no business of yours," replied the bar-keeper to Jim; "they're only settling same private business."
"It is my business," said Jim, eagerly,

and he pressed closely to the door, to he r more distinctly—"it is my business!" Go it, Gazette! I'm wi' ye! Balls or no balls! Sticks or knives! Fight hin enny way he wants to!"

Clack-lack went the billiard balls. "Then I took you, you red-mouthed locofo!" exclaimed Gazette triumphantly. "Stand up to him, my little coon!" shouted Jim-"them's the licks! Hoorow for Henry Cay of Kentucky! Open the door, or I'll bast it down! Fair play!"

"If you'll ever leave me a cannon," said Star, with feeling, ,'I'll give you the dev-

"Cannons or pocket pistols! Fight him enny way he wants to, my crownin' Clay-bird!" routed Jim. almost phrenzied-"hoop-a-diddle dee!"

"Keep still you jackass," said the barkeeper; "they don't want your interference."

"You'll run out your string before I get another lick," said Star.
"I'll be \_\_\_\_\_ if he erer runs." shouted

the excited Wilkins—"ef he does I'll cut his throat myself. Stand up, my little ring tail, 'tell I git in to you." Jim violy shoved the door, and the bar keeper collared him; whereupo, there was a considerable scuffle, Jim shouting, "stick to him, little one-draw your knif hash bim!"

All this while the clacking of the balls, and the frequent violent exclamations of the players, confirmed Wilkins' illusion that a fight growing out of politics, was going on. But he could not release himselt from the grasp that held him.

At length the Gazette exclaimed. "I give in-whipped! let's liquor!" The whole expression of Jim's countenance changed—his struggling ceased.
"What's that?" he asked, in a low,

doubting tone. "Your man's whipped," as the reply

of the bar-keeper, to humor the joke. Mr. Wilkins walked away from the door, and took a position in the middle of the room, with folded arms. Presently the editors came out, and instantly decanters and glasses were in requisition.

As they were about to drink, Wilkins stepped up, and attracting the attention of Gazette-

"Stop Jim Wilkins' paper," said he.
"Very good," was the reply.
Jim walked to the door and then wal-

ked back:

"Stop my paper—you understand."
"Certainly. But you seem excited;
what's to pay?"

"It's well enough," returned Jim, white with rage and indignation; "it's well enough after all's said and done, for you to ax me what's to pay! But I can tell ou! In the fust and fomost place, you let that feller," pointing to Star, "whip von like a --! In the second place you hollered like a dog, and then you treated to git friends again! I say, stop my paper! I won't read arter no sich a cowardly, no 'count, sow-pig of an eddytur!" And Jim took himself off in high

"The freedom of the Press forever!" shouted the Star.

"Forever!" responded Gazette.
And the frolic the boys held that Suturday night, was a regular old fashioned affair. For a month afterwards, you might have squee, 'd brandy out of the pores of either, as you do the juice out of a fresh orange.

THE FLY ON THE CHARIOT

WHEEL. The Yankee Blade says: There are some little fellows in the world who fancy that they have a finger in the production of every hig pie with which they are thrown into juxta-position. Some satiririst who has no great reverence for Lilliputions, thus amplifies the old fable f the fly on the chariot wheel for their

"Put on the steam! I am in haste." cries a small that has crept into a Railroad Car. 'Crack it again, my good fellow!' ejaculates a fly who has lit in the folds of a thunder cloud. What a prodigious reverberation" says a woodpecker tupping a hollow tree on the rowing verge of Ningara. 'I fear my house will be shaken down,' mutters a mouse as the walls of the cathedral shake with the throes of an earthquake. 'What a deal of observation we excite,' says a bumble bee buzzing along in the trail of a comet.
'We leave the very ocean split asunder!'
exclaims a perch durting along in the self.

wake of a whale. 'Bury me with my face to the foe!' cries a cockroach dying in the bettle of the Nile. What a long shadow I east!' hoots an owl gazing at an eclipse of the sun. 'The spoils of victory!' screams a hardy hawk, pouncing on an elephant struck by lightning.

ABSURD CALCULATIONS. Every now and then, at regular intervals, we come, in the papers, upon an elaborate table, stating and making known to us the immense sum we might realize by foregoing eigars and tobacco, or mint juleps, or something else in the small expenditure line; in other words, we are old if we should lay by sixpence a day and put it out at interest for forty years, we might come into possession at about the time we were sixty or seventy years old of some twenty or thirty thousand dollars. This is certainly a very agreeable prospect for enterprising young men; but it has one or two little drawbacks worth noticing. In the first place, the the little problem we refer to requires a successful solution that the sixpence aforesaid should be invested at compound interest. Now, we are not acquainted with any bank, broker, or other corporation or gentleman in the money business who has made arrangement to take sums of that amount on deposit. If we could find a stock jobber of an extraordinary imagina tio, a little hard up for a drink, we might perhaps persuade him to accept a loan of that size; but how it is to be effected in the ordinay course of dealing we are not sufficiently familiar with the market to see just at the present time. In the second place, the tables in question o accurately prepared, go upon the ingerious supposition that man is especially constructed for a sixpenny saving machine, and that the gratification of his and idle perversion of the original design.

To save sixpeuce a day it is taken for granted is the sole end and purpose of his being. If he had been formed of wood or cast iron or sheet tin, like a child's money box, this would be an exceedingly plausible theory; but as he happens to have a heart, a pulse, a tongue, and two or three other lively appliances, he is very apt to forget the necessity of laying by sixpence a day and clapping an extinguisher on all his frailties and enjoyments, while the investment is accumulationg at compound interest in some imaginary and impossible bank.

Were we disposed to deal further with our profound and far seeing table-ma-kers, we should humbly suggest that most men would like to have a little return for their economy some time this side of seventy, when we would suppose, according to the Psalmist's computation, that promissory personal notes drawn upon this world are very likely to run out. To have twenty thousand dollars just when you don't want it is neither mercantile nor religious, nor say even common cense; it isn't good husbandry nei ther for the present nor the next world. thrift is very well in its way; without economy of some kind or other no man can make sure of a day's peace or happi ness, but vague and impracticable propositions for saving, like those oft-repeated calculations of the newspapers, are likely to bring discredit on everything in the name of economy. By presenting impossible and unbusiness like statements they discourage the young from the very idea of prudence, and drive them abroad into a still freer indulgence in the very ney are meant to warn them from. Figures, as a great philosopher once said, do some:imes make awful blun ders .- Merchants Ledger.

How to get up a Row with your WIFE .- Take her to the theatre. Select the prettiest girl in the house, and keep your lorgnette pretty constantly fixed on her. Remark to your wife that that is the style of beauty you admire. Wife will get fidgety and cross. Observe what an odd thing it is, no woman can bear to be told of anybody being prettier than herself. The row will thus be put in good train, and you can make it more or less strong, as you please. Second plan .- Wait until your wife is at her toilet, preparing to go out. She will be sure to ask you if her bennet is straight. Remark that the lives of mine-tenths of women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, scasoning the observation with a general series of reflections on the whole sex as being a set of dressy humbugs, and winding up with a remark, that you never saw but one girl who had any common sense about Wife will ask who that was. You with a sigh reply "Ah! never you mind," Wife will ask why you did not marry her then. You say abstractedly "Ah! why indeed?" The row is safely under weigh. Third plan. Tell your wife that you are going to Paris for a month. She will ask to accompany you. Reply that it is out of the question you are going upon business. Wife will ask what business. Answer that it is a secret which I am not justified in revealing. Wife will say "Ah! a pretty ort of business, that you're afrad to tell your wife of." Do you now keep silent, and the lady will finish the operation of greating up. the operation of getting up a row her-

Speechmaking,-It is well known all men are not "orators as Brutus" was, and some men of fine talents have been found utterly wanting in the gift of speechma-Some of the journals are laughing at Gen. Taylor's attempts upon the rostrum, but he is not the only distinguished man who has made a bad fist of speechmaking, as the following anecdote proves:

When the chivalrous Hull broke the spell of England's supremacy on the ocean, by the capture of the Guerriere, on his return to port he was complimented by the citizens of Boston with a public dinner. The cloth being removed, after a few preliminary toosts, came that to the honor of the captain "Our gallant guest, who has secured to himself a name and a praise among his countrymen, and added terror to the courtesy of his country' flag." The toast was drunk with enthusi-

asm, and then all was quiet. A friend, sitting next to the gallant captain, said, "Sir, we are waiting for your speech." "A speech!" said the chivalrous but modest Hull, "I can't make one-I don't know." A gentleman on the onposi'e side of the table exclaimed, audibly, "Sir, you are in for a speech. Don't you see that the President is waiting for your response to the toasts?" The noble tar rose up and said :-- "Mr. President, the gentlemen round me say that you and the other gentlemen are waiting for me to make a speec Sir, I never made one in my life. I can't do it, sir. I don't know how, sir. By - , I'd rather fight the battle over again than try it!"

Penredations upon the Mails.-Since the beginning of June, says the New York Sun, there has been robbed from mails between Batavia and Rochester, in drafts and certificates of deposits \$4,500. The Bank of Geneva alone has lost in that way \$3.500. A large amount of money has also been abstracted from letters going east from Buffelo.

# AT PUBLIC SALE, At Pickens Court House.

BY ORDER OF THE COURT OF EQUITY,

On the first Tuesday after the fifth Monday in October next, several tracts of valuable Land, appertaining to the Estate of the late J. E. Colhoun, lying on the Twelve Mile and Keowee Rivers, in the nieghborhood of Pendleton Village, to wit:

Tract No. 2, containing 524 acres, on the Western side of Twelve Mile River, on the road leading from Pendleton Village to Pickens Court House, adjoining the lands of J. and E. Laurence, F. N. Garvin and others.

Tract No. 4, 432 acres, on the Eastern side of Twelve Mile River, (called the Saw Mill tract,) adjoining lands of John T. Sloan.

Treet No. 5, 134 acres, adjoining the same, Z. Powers and others, and also on the public road.

Tract No. 6, 548 acres, the central

Tract No. 7, 426 acres, adjoining lands of J. W. Crawford, J. C. Calhoun and

Tract No. 8, 291 acres, within 2 1-2 miles of Pendleton Village, adjoining lands of Mrs. J. P. Lewis, S. Maverick and others.

Tract No. 9, (Waugh Branch tract) 220 acres, lying on the Eastern side of Twelve Mile, containing some of the most valuable low grounds, both on the River and Waugh Branch, to be found in

The above Lands are well known to be valuable and advantageously situated, and particularly adapted to the culture of cotton.

Terms of sale will be a redit of One, Two, and Three years, to be recured by bonds and mortgages on he places, with interest from date.

In the mean time applications for private sale will be received by the Administratrix and Guardian. M. M. COLHOUN.

Sept. 22, 1849.

## 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 a cheap as the cheapest for eash.

S. R McFALL. Pickens C. H., S. C. May 18, 1849.

# NOTICE.

Application will be made at the next session of the Legislature for a Charter for Jenkin's Ferry, on Tugalo River, 8 miles below Jarrett's Bridge on the road leading from Pickens C. H. to Carnsville, Georgia.

Sept. 3, 1849.

Administrator's Sale.

Will be sold at the late residence of J. P. Archer, deceased, near Pickensville, on Tuesday 13th November next, all the personal property of said deceased; consisting of Four Negroes, Cattle, Hogs, Corn and Fodder, Oats, Wheat, Cart and Oxen, Carryall and Harness, Household Furniture and Kitchen Utensils: and other articles too tedious to mention; on a credit of twelve months for all sums of and over three dollars, with interest from date, with note and approved security—under three dollars, cash.
B. F. MAULDIN, Adm'r.

Sept. 14, 1849.

All persons having demands against the Estate are requested to hand them in, legally proven; all indebted are requested to make immediate payment. B. F. M.

# 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 purchesing else

Pickens C. H May 25, 1849.

### LAND FOR SALE.

The subscriber having more Lands than he can cultivate, offers for sale a valuable Plantation situated in Pekers District, on Fuller's Creek, waters of Conneross, containing 399 neres; about 150 of which is cleared and mostly fresh, there is a large quantity of Fottom land ditched and drained. The Plantaground, as any in the up-country, urder good fence and in a high state of cultivation. On the premises is a good Dwelling House Vitale. ling House, Kitchen, Negro House, Cot-on Gin and Thrashing Machine, and all necessary out buildings.

He will also sell 272 acres of Woodland lying near the above tract, situated near one road leading from Pickens C. H. to Carnsville, Ga., by way of Bachelor's Retreat, the other road leading from Andersonville to Clarksville, Ga., both roads running through the tract. On said tract is a small improvement; the balance well timbered land-the greater portion of it good farming land.

Persons desiring to purchase would do well to call and judge for themselves. Terms made to suit purchasers. Ap-

ply to THOMAS W. HARBIN.

August 25, 1840. 14-1f Notice.

Application will be made at the nex Session of the Legislature, for a Charter for a Turn-pike Road from Pickens C. H. through Jocassee Valley to the White Water Falls.

September 1, 1849.

[CONRAD ZINCK.] H. HUGHES.

#### NEW FIRM

The subscribers have entered into Copartnership in the Cabinet Making Buspartnership in the Cabinet Making Bus-iness; and will keep constantly on herd a variety of Bureaus, Side-beards, Ladies' Toilettes, Tables, fancy or plain.

Together with a general assortment of plain Furnituic, which they will sell low

Furniture of any description made to order with neatness and dispatch, with prices to suit the times.

Repairing done at short notice.

ZINCK & HUGHES.

Pickens C. H., July 21, 1849. 10

# NOTICE.

I, Nancy Cantrell, wife of John Cantrell, a farmer residing in Pickens Dis-trict, So. Co., 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 notice.

Occupation, IVener and Seamstress, August 25, 1849.

TOUT RECEIVED!

A Fresh Lotor Gent's Boots and Shoes,
Boys and American Muses Slippers
and Ties, Gent's and Lates Saddles, Whips, deade.
Iron, Caster and Muses Mails, cheup for cash.
Toget terminated all supply of Dr. D.
Jaynes' Fame Senses; Dr. Rogers'
Compound Syr Senses; Dr. Rogers'
Lew David's House Senses or Pain Compound Syrun Jew David's He

Killer, &c., &c., As an inducement subscriber will take in a Goods, Beeswax, Tallow, R. S. R.

4114

Pickens C. H., July 14, 1849.