

POETRY.

'Twill all be Right. There's happiness within this world, If we have learned to love us—

What though the heart is bending down With keen and heavy sorrow;

SABBATH READING.

The Sabbath in Israel.

Scattered up and down through all the land of Egypt the slave's slash on their necks,

Not one child of Israel but would be able to tell to its dying day about the morning when no manna fell.

Remember the Sabbath-day, and how awe-struck must old and young have been that other day,

But time would fail to come down all the stream of Bible time, and stop in every scene where Sabbath light is shining,

Last year a young Chinese teacher had a Bible. Doves he came to Amoy to ask about the Savior of whom he had read;

Late one evening, when the war in Kaffirland was over, two of the missionaries were on their way back to a place where many had believed on Jesus,

They came near the hut of an old Kafir. Will he still love to see us? Does he still fear God?

The missionaries did not need to ask any more. They felt that the Lord of the Sabbath reigned in that poor Kafir's heart.

The Bible.

How comes it that this little volume—composed by humble men, in a rude age, when art and science were but in their childhood,

The Divine Mercy. However old, plain, humble, desolate, afflicted we may be, so long as our hearts preserve the feeblest spark of life,

And after sixteen years is span. Matters will stand where they first began. In conclusion, I must express my satisfaction at the Judge's cash system.

It is felt that a pining God watches who mankind have forsaken; the tender compassion of Jesus is recalled and relied on.

PRAYER—"Hungry persons," says a divine, "who come to my door for bread, do not descend on the beauty of waving wheat-fields, the value of grist-mills and bakeries;

VARIETY.

From the Newberry Rising Sun.

Squibs.

Court, says Squibs, yes, Court, I was up in the Court-house, looked at the Judge, jury, lawyers, clerk, constables, sheriff, and audience,

People must like court powerful well; some I presume come because they have to, some because they want to.

Remember the Sabbath-day, and how awe-struck must old and young have been that other day, when the man who had gone out for sticks to light forbidden fires,

But time would fail to come down all the stream of Bible time, and stop in every scene where Sabbath light is shining,

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Late one evening, when the war in Kaffirland was over, two of the missionaries were on their way back to a place where many had believed on Jesus,

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Life's River.

"A wonderful stream is the river of Time," power can stay its onward course, but its deep waters more on slowly, silently to empty themselves into some great ocean.

How like our childhood's hours; when, secure under a parent's protection, we felt no fear, and busy with childish sports, we knew not our debt of deepest gratitude to those dear guardian angels of our infancy.

Man's life ever changes, and so must change our scene. Once more we see the little bark, but, in the place of the sportive child stands a noble youth.

Ah! this is life. How many a noble youth has forsaken all, eye, even his Maker, to chase that glittering tempter, Worldly Fame,

Youth cannot always last. It must give place, ere long to manhood. Streams do not return to their sources, but forever flow on,

Once more we see our voyager on Life's stream, but he is no longer the eager Youth; it is manhood we now see.

There is great meaning in that word—Manhood. It is man in his highest perfection. He can go no higher. Henceforth his course is downward.

"Why?" demanded the envoy. "Why?—Because—hum!—because my son's origin is too obscure for him to dream of such an honor!"

"Nothing of the sort, sir! And, after all," continued the envoy, with engaging modesty, "what are we? Only parvenus. I myself once peddled oysters!"

"Listen to me. I know Alexander tolerably well. He is continually growling about my ignorance of business; and, as for taking a wife upon my recommendation, he would laugh at the bare idea."

"Nonsense!" interposed Thompson, "I am perfectly sane; it is you who are crazy to refuse such a splendid opportunity."

"Not at all," replied the sagacious Thompson. "You risk nothing whatever. In case of the little accident you mention, you could take the whole concern over to the United States and sell them."

"Cold feet." Cold feet are the avenues to death of multitudes every year; it is a sign of imperfect circulation, or want of vigor of constitution.

The mothershed no more tears, that she might not disturb her child's rest in the grave, its joy in Heaven. For the sake of her infant's happiness, she controlled the anguish of her heart.

"SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY."—Such was the brief but impressive sentence which a friend wished us to add to an obituary notice of one "who has gone before."

What better tribute could be afforded to the loved and lost? Eloquence, with her loftiest eulogy—poesy, with her most thrilling dirge, could afford nothing so sweet, so touching, so suggestive of the dead, as those simple words—"She always made home happy?"

How the Money Goes.

How the money goes?—Well, I'm sure it isn't hard to tell: It goes for rent and water rates.

How goes the money?—Nay, Don't everybody know the way? It goes for bonnets, coats and capes, Silks, satins, muslins, velvets, crapes, Shawls, ribbons, furs and furbelows—

How goes the money?—Sure I wish the ways were somewhat fewer! It goes for wages, taxes, debts, It goes for presents, goes for bets, For paints, pomade and em-de-soise, And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money?—Now, I've scarce begun to mention how: It goes for lace, feathers, rings, Toys, dolls and other baby things, Whips, whistles, candies, belles, and bows—

How goes the money?—There, I'm out of patience, I declare: It goes for plays, and diamond pins, For public alms and private sine, For hollow shams and silly shows—

The Dernier Resort.

They tell the following story of Alexander Dumas, Jr., in Paris, a year or two ago: Soulongue sent an Envoy to France, charged with a private mission, and armed with full powers.

The Haytian envoy, after diplomatically beating about the bush for a considerable time, finally came to business, and wound up by informing the astonished novelist that his (the envoy's) mission to France, was for the purpose of demanding the hand in marriage of Dumas, junior, for her Imperial Highness, Princess Olive, daughter of the Emperor of all the Hayties.

"The hand of Alexander!" cried father Dumas, thunderstruck. "Goodness! gracious! Goodness! The colored pussion must be insane—I say you must be!"

He paused. The fact is, the author of Monte Cristo bears the enviable reputation of never having said a disagreeable word to anybody. So he simply added, by way of saying something: "It's impossible, sir! Utterly impossible!"

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ring, put your feet at once in a basin of cold water, so as to come half way to the ankles; keep them in half a minute in winter, or two minutes in summer, rubbing them both vigorously, wipe dry, and hold to the fire, if convenient, in cold weather, until every part of the foot feels as dry as your hand, then put on your socks or stockings.

On going to bed at night, draw off your stockings, and hold the foot to the fire for ten or fifteen minutes, until perfectly dry, and get right into bed. This is a most pleasant operation, and fully repays for the trouble of it. No one can sleep well or refreshingly with cold feet.

In bivouac all sleep with the feet towards the fire. Never step from your bed with the naked feet on an uncarpeted floor. I have known it to be the exciting cause of months of illness. Wear woolen, cotton, or silk stockings, whichever keep your feet most comfortable, do not let the experience of another be your guide, for different persons require different articles; what is good for a person whose feet are naturally damp, cannot be good for one whose feet are always dry.

The Prisoner's Experience.—"Fifteen years I existed in a dungeon ten feet square! During six years I had a companion; during nine I was alone! I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together; we related our past lives, our joys forever gone, over and over again. The next year we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year we had no ideas to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection. The fourth, at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth we were silent. The sixth he was taken away—I never knew where, to execution or liberty. But I was glad when he was gone; even solitude was better than the pale, vacant face. One day (it must have been a year or two after my companion left me) the dungeon door was opened, and, whence proceeding I knew not, the following words were uttered:—"By order of his Imperial Majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago. Then the door was shut, and I heard no more; they had but flung this great agony upon me, and left me alone with it."

All our readers are not lawyers, says the Knickerbocker, (thank the Fates for that!) but those who are not, equally with those who are, will appreciate the dry satire of the subject. Missouri is the State wherein the scene occurred.

"Being once opposed to Mr. S., late member of Congress, he remarked as follows to the Jury, upon a disagreement between them:—"Love my brother S.—and I differ. Now this is very natural. Men seldom see things in the same light; and they may disagree in opinion upon the simplest principles of the law, and that very honestly; while at the same time, neither can see any earthly reason why they should. And this is merely because they look at different sides of the subject, and do not view it in all its bearings. Suppose, for illustration, a man should come in here, and boldly assert that my brother S.—'s head (here he laid his hand very familiarly upon the large chuckle-head of his opponent) is a squash! I, on the other hand, should maintain, and perhaps with equal confidence, that it is a head. Now, here would be a difference—undoubtedly an honest difference—of opinion. We might argue about it till doomsday, and never agree. You often see men arguing upon subjects as empty and trifling as this! But a third person coming in, and looking at the neck and shoulders that support it, would say at once, that I had reason on my side; for if it was not a head, it at least occupied the place of one, and stood where a head ought to be." All this was uttered in the gravest and most solemn manner imaginable, and the effect was irresistibly ludicrous.

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JEWELRY, GOLD & SILVER.

JEAN BTE. FISCHER, Watchmaker, has just returned from New York with a large and beautiful assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, (Both Gold and Silver) Clocks, Music Boxes, Combs, Brushes, Fancy Articles, Perfumery, Soap, Gold Pens, etc.; all of which has been bought for CASH, and which he offers for sale on the most accommodating terms.

NORRIS, HARRISON & PULLIAM, Attorneys at Law, SOLICITORS IN EQUITY. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Mr. PULLIAM can always be found in the Office.

Blue Ridge Railroad Co. in S. C. CHARTERED, Feb. 19, 1859. SUBSCRIBERS to the Capital Stock are hereby notified that the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Instalments of the old subscription, and Twenty-five per cent. of the new subscription, are required to be paid as follows:

The Eighteenth instalment on the 19th day of April next. The Nineteenth instalment on the 19th day of May next. Ten per cent. of the new subscription on the 19th day of March next. Ten per cent. of the new subscription on the 19th day of April next. Five per cent. of the new subscription on the 19th day of May next. By order, W. M. H. PERONNEAU, Treasurer.

In Equity—Pickens. E. E. Alexander, Survivour by Preston McKinney, et al. vs. The Creditors of Preston McKinney, deceased. Pursuant to an order made by the Court of Equity, in this case, at June term, 1858, the creditors of Preston McKinney are required to come before me and establish their demands against him according to law, within three months from the date hereof; otherwise, they will be forever barred.

State of South Carolina, IN EQUITY—PICKENS. O. M. Doyle vs. J. I. Brown, et al. Petition for Relief. It appearing to my satisfaction that John I. Brown, one of the defendants in this case, resides without the limits of this State; on motion of J. J. Norton, for Petitioner, it is ordered, that the said absent defendant do appear, plead, answer or demur to said Petition within three months from this date, or the said petition will be taken pro confesso as to him.

State of South Carolina, IN EQUITY—PICKENS. J. M. Crenshaw and wife, et al. vs. J. M. Crenshaw and wife, et al. Bill for Relief, &c. It appearing to my satisfaction that Noah Abbott and J. M. Crenshaw and wife Martha, defendants in this case, reside without the limits of this State; on motion of Norton, complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that the said absent defendants do appear in this court and plead, answer or demur to complainant's said bill of complaint, within three months from the publication hereof, or an order pro confesso will be taken as to them.

State of South Carolina, IN EQUITY—PICKENS. B. W. Abbott vs. J. M. Crenshaw and wife, et al. Bill for Relief, &c. It appearing to my satisfaction that Noah Abbott and J. M. Crenshaw and wife Martha, defendants in this case, reside without the limits of this State; on motion of Norton, complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that the said absent defendants do appear in this court and plead, answer or demur to complainant's said bill of complaint, within three months from the publication hereof, or an order pro confesso will be taken as to them.

NOTICE. A FINAL settlement of the Estate of Thos Alexander, deceased, will be had before the Ordinary, at Pickens C. H., on Monday the 13th day of June next. Persons interested therein must govern themselves accordingly. Those indebted must pay up, and those having demands against said Estate must render them to me, legally attested, before that day. DAN'L ALEXANDER, Ex'or. Feb. 7, 1859 29 3m

State of South Carolina, IN EQUITY—PICKENS. B. W. Abbott vs. J. M. Crenshaw and wife, et al. Bill for Relief, &c. It appearing to my satisfaction that Noah Abbott and J. M. Crenshaw and wife Martha, defendants in this case, reside without the limits of this State; on motion of Norton, complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that the said absent defendants do appear in this court and plead, answer or demur to complainant's said bill of complaint, within three months from the publication hereof, or an order pro confesso will be taken as to them.

NOTICE. A FINAL settlement of the Estate of James W. Couch, deceased, will be made in the Ordinary's Office, on Friday the 15th of April next. All persons indebted thereto are required to make payment at once; and those having demands against the said Estate must render them to me, legally attested, on or by that day. CYNTHIA J. HENDERICKS, Adm'x. Jan. 10, 1859 25 3m

NOTICE. All persons are hereby notified not to pay any Notes made payable to that undersigned, or bearer—or any Notes given by the undersigned, payable to other persons, until further orders. D. D. DAVIS. Jan. 17, 1859 26 1f

NOTICE. I hereby give that a final settlement of the Estate of Joseph W. Ross, deceased, will be made before the Ordinary, at Pickens C. H. on Monday the 9th day of May next. Persons interested will take notice and govern themselves accordingly. E. S. HARRISON, Adm'r. Jan. 29, 1859 29 3m

NOTICE. I hereby give that I will not be responsible for interest on the distributive share of Rilla Dawson, in the Estate of Daniel Moody, deceased, on and after this date; and that this notice will be plead in law of interest on the said distributive share. BENNETT MOODY, Esq'r. Feb. 23, 1859 31 1f

A Friendly Notice. All persons indebted to the Estate of A. Joshua Cox, deceased, must settle at once. Those having demands against the Estate must render them in according to law. By his request, the largest notes are in the hands of Mr. Z. B. Cox for an early settlement. I prefer winding up the estate just as soon as the law will admit, as far as I am concerned as one of the administrators. J. R. HUNNICUTT, Adm'r. Feb. 22, 1859 31 1f