The Dying Girl.

Farewell, dear mother, shades of night
Are softly falling round me now;
And Death's cold touch doth stamp a blight
Upon my pale and throbbing brow.

I feel my strength is failing fast;
And round my heart an icy chill
Is gathering—it will soon be past—
My feeble pulse is growing still.

Dear mother, kiss my cheek once more,
And let these tears be now forborne:
I go to seek a blissful shore
Above: and 'tis not well to mourn.

Oh! press me, mother, to thy heart.
And let my eyes gaze but on thee,
I'll see thy face as I depart—
'Tis all of earth I wish to see.

List! mother, angels call away
My spirit from this earthly sphere
I have a glimpse of lasting day—
Farewell forever, mother, dear.

From the Bainbridge (Ga.) Argus.

THE SHIPWRECK OF THE HEART.

BY JENNY WOODBINE.

Our travels were ended. The recollection of those idle days spent in wandering about amid the wonders of the old world, were fading away like a glorious dream. The stately pyramids had passed forever from our gaze, and the banks of the Nile had been left far behind, never to be revisited. The glorious East, and scenes of Oriental splendor, still lingered on our minds, and tinged our musings with a soft melancholy.

Moonlight on the ocean!—how grand and solemn it was. Light, fleecy clouds floated overhead, and the stars paled mirrored themselves in the glassy depths of the water. A light pleasant breeze fanned our sails, and the vessel sped smoothly on its homeward journey.

We sat on deck smoking our cigars lazily, Henry Clifton and I. The blue smoke curling upward and wreathing itself into fantastic shapes, suggested thoughts of pleasing sadness. I hummed snatches of old songs; among the number, "Do they miss me at home," "Ocean Burial," and lastly, "My last cigar." Clifton sat for a long while in silence, gazing on the dark, purple waves, as though he would penetrate their mysteries. At length he said:

"Did it never strike you, Horace, that this ocean, now so still and peaceful, is like the lives of some men—calm in the intensity of their despair? See how smooth the waves are—how deceitful in their flow—telling no tale of shipwreck or storm;—bringing back no tidings of anguish. Thus it is with me. The waves of my heart are closed over its dead. Many a "golden venture" has been wrecked on the sea of life. Many a ship laden with the freight of hope has returned to me nevermore; and yet, although my soul is haunted with the ghosts of murdered ambition, perished joy, and buried love, my face is as calm as this motionless wave. Have you ever seen the hull of a dismasted ship, floating on the waste of waters, robbed of its beauty and splendor, floating on, on, unconsciously, motionless in itself, and at the mercy of every wind and wave, with the moonlight shining down on the noble wreck as if in pity? And did you ever, at such a time, think of the shipwreck of the heart? Could you fancy a being whom a sudden storm had visited, leaving the chambers of the heart desolate; taking from Hope the lyre which it had touched so sweetly, and given it to Sorrow, who breathed upon the strings, taking away every note of sweetness, and causing it to send forth songs of sadness forevermore?"

I made some appropriate reply, and he continued:

"You, Horace, are returning home—I have no home. You will be greeted by loving ones; I shall hear only the voice of careless strangers, feeling myself a stray waif, which the billows of life may toss on whatever shore they please. There was a time when I loved to quote the lines—

"'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come;"

but now they are without meaning, and at twenty-eight I find myself without relatives, without friends, without home."

"Not without friends, Clifton; and as to a home, why a man of your good looks, talents and wealth, has only to say the word, and a hundred fair damsels would be ready candidates to 'share your cottage' or palace."

I shall never forget the look of anguish which settled on his fair, almost boyish features, as he raised his eyes to Heaven, and seemed breathing some inward prayer. Then he turned to me and said:

"Light your cigar, Horace, the curling of the blue smoke soothes me; and now I will tell you why I choose to remain unmarried.

"In my nineteenth year I first met Annie Summers; and from that time I date the beginning of a new life. We met at an evening party in one of those delightful summer resorts with which our country abounds. A single glance told me that she was no hot-house plant, but a wildwood flower, transplanted to an uncongenial atmosphere. Bashful boy though I was, I contrived to linger near her; and once her eyes met my own, with an earnest, penetrating gaze, that seemed to drink in every lineament of my face. Although we had never met before, that one glance told me that she loved me. Do not smile at my folly—it was a case of mutual love at first sight. Firmly do I believe that the great Arbiter of our destinies, who 'numbers even the hairs of our heads,' marked out, even in the beginning, spirit for spirit, and singled out, ere they were created, for each Adam his own Eve. I would as soon doubt my own existence as to believe that these things were left to chance. How do we know that there is such a thing as chance? How can we say that anything is accidental? Mark how trivial a circumstance, brought about by we scarcely know what, changes one's entire destiny. We start out in life with some fixed plan, but a breath changes us, and we are borne along on the current of circumstances, until we have completely lost sight of our original intentions. We mark out for ourselves some future career; and as months glide on find ourselves working out a life entirely opposite; and the change comes on so gradually that we are scarcely conscious of it. Was it chance that led Aaron Burr to that blacksmith shop, where he found in a poor ragged boy the struggings of a master spirit; and spoke those words of encouragement which led to the development of a master artist? Is there such a thing as chance? Understand me, I am no predestinarian, laying on the shoulders of fate the sins and follies of which we are guilty. I believe that man, to a certain extent, makes his own destiny, and is gifted with free agency; but in many things we are guided mysteriously by a hand we cannot see, and led into certain paths by the call of a voice which cannot be resisted, and which we too often attribute to anything but the workings of a Providence who

"Moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

"I see by your half smile that you are inclined to say one half of my arguments contradicts the other; and as you seem weary I will cease digression.

"Yes: I knew that Annie Summers loved me; every glance of her eye, every touch of her hand revealed it. My soul told me that she was my own; and although your half sneer seems to say that 'if marriages are made in Heaven they are seldom ratified on earth,' I still cling to my belief. It is possible that we in our ignorance may choose some one nature never intended for us; hence the horrors of divorce and the disgrace of matrimonial broils; but I know that God never formed a soul without its own peculiar mate.

"When we parted no vow sanctioned our loves; no useless ring promised 'I will be faithful;' we needed no engagement, for nature had sealed the betrothal of our souls.

"It was two years before we ever met again; and although time had wrought some changes in the face and form, he had no power over the heart.

"One evening we sat together in the parlor. A dim, subdued light threw its mellow radiance over the room, making all things doubly beautiful. Our conversation, as was usual, ran on courtship and marriage, and Annie laughingly remarked:

"'I am going to be an old maid, you know.'

"'And why?' I asked gravely.

"Oh! for a variety of reasons; the most important of which is, that the actual of my ideal will never love me; in the first place I lack beauty."

"'Some men love genius and amiability,' said I, playing with the tassel of the curtain.

"'In the next place, I have no wealth to bring him.'

"'Annie, your love would outweigh all the wealth in the world.'

"She flashed upon me one of her quick, bright glances, and I felt that I was understood; all jesting was at an end for the night.

"I wish I could describe her to you—this passionate child of the sunny South, whose heart was as warm as her native sunshine, whose eyes were brighter than those stars which twinkle over us. But no artist could ever do her justice, for I have seen the most gifted of them turn away with the exclamation, 'I cannot paint that face.' It depended for its beauty upon no particular feature, but for the intellect and soul which beamed through all 'like a light within a vase.'

"I made of her an idol contrary to the Divine command, and enshrined her, her only, in the heart where God should have reigned. She was my inspiration. In her presence I became a living poem, finding all things beautiful in earth, or Heaven, because of her love. When everything was wrapped in silence, I have sat for hours gazing on her face, fearing to speak lest that should break the spell, and I should see her floating away with those sister angels above who were longing to claim her.

"One night—I cannot tell how it happened—we were standing beneath the stars; I had told her of my dead mother, and she had wept those soft tears of sympathy by which woman softens and consoles the heart of man.

"I had never dared to tell her of my love, and perhaps it might have gone on so for years and years; but just as I turned to say good night I heard a rustling in the leaves, and Annie sank half fainting on my shoulder, screaming 'save me, dear Henry, save me!'

"Looking up I beheld the retreating form of some poor maniac who had escaped from the asylum, and who had sought this bower as a hiding place. I made no attempt to capture him—it was so sweet to have her cling to me for protection. Her pale, beautiful face lay on my shoulder; her dark curls mingled with my auburn locks; and I placed my arm gently about her almost unconscious form, and pressed on her lips

"A long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love."

"Then came love's own peculiar language, whose simple eloquence needs no studied effort, but wins its way to the heart; and when we parted that night Annie had promised to be my wife!

"We were married. The ceremonies at the altar had pronounced us one; and the pious clergyman had said, 'What God has joined together let not man put asunder.' The beautiful ritual was over; but I could not realize my happiness until she was at my own hearthstone—until my house she entered,

"There to be a light,
Shining within when all was dark without."

"Horace, my home was a second Eden. I cared for no other paradise, and forgot even Heaven; but God had not forgotten me, and I richly deserved my after fate.

"It was on the eve of my twenty-first birthday—well do I remember it—and exactly one year from the time of our marriage, that Annie was seized with a fever. She declared 'it was nothing'—'she would be well soon;' but I was frantic with grief; I could not bear to see her suffer. A physician was called in, and in his glance I read my fate. Strange! but I had never even thought of the possibility of her death; I forgot that she was mortal; and 'dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return,' had never struck me as applying to my Annie.

"She talked to me of Heaven, but I would not listen to her—earth was my Heaven; of the Christian's Heaven I knew nothing. I know that my infidelity embittered her last moments, but, Horace, she loved me to the last.

"Every night I watched by her side. I would not allow a servant a friend, or any one to hand her even a glass of water; she was mine and no hand but mine should minister to her wants. I cooled her parched lips with ice; I bathed her aching head; I drew the curtains so as to exclude the sunlight, and raised them again when the moon was up. Throughout her illness I was her sole attendant. For a week I had refused to rest; and one night while I was sitting by her bedside, I felt the influence of sleep stealing over me. I bent over to kiss her, and said 'Annie, give me your hand, and if I do fall asleep, and you should wish anything, you have but to press my hand, and I will awake.'

"Exhausted nature gave way at last, for human endurance could hold out no longer. I saw that she was gently sleeping; and placing my face near hers I sank into a deep, unconcious slumber. How long I slept I know not, but when I awoke and recalled my scattered faculties, the mellow moonbeams were pouring in at the open window; and, God of heaven! shedding their radiance on the pale face of my dead wife! Yes Horace, she was dead; while I slept she had gone into the deep, cold waters of death alone! That she had struggled much was evident, for her cold fingers were clinging to mine with the death-grasp of despair. But the struggle was over. How calm, and peaceful she looked, her eyes were closed like one in sleep, and oh! Horace, what maddened me most was that they would never, beam on me again.

"They tell me that I was mad; that I raved in my delirium, and tore my hair, and clenched my flesh until the blood came. They tell me that I uttered words of blasphemy; that I stood within the vaults of her sepulchre, and cursed the Creator of my existence; and that I was bore away from her grave a raving madman. Of this I know nothing; when I awoke to consciousness she had been for weeks in the "city of silence,' and her home was among the dead. Oh! who can paint the blackness of desolation that fell upon my soul. Like a proud ship I had been reft of my all, and was left a wreck on the waste of waters. Life, and hope, and joy, were all buried in her grave, and a miserable, aimless existence alone remained. If you could have seen me in my first despair, you would have realized what I mean by the shipwreck of the heart?

"Looking back upon the past, I can recognize the mercy of God in this my bitter bereavement. He took from me the joys of time, that I might have the bliss eternity; he destroyed my earthly home that I might have a home in heaven, for I was an infidel, and Annie's death was all that could have saved my soul. Her dying injunctions were sacred, and the Bible was loved, first for her sake, and then for the sake of Him who gave it.

"Horace, you know now why I cannot marry. What: take another to the heart which was her home; pillow another head on the bosom where she loved to rest? Never. God gives to man one wife; mine is in heaven awaiting me; she is 'only gone before.' Some day, when my master calls, I shall lay aside the burden of life, and join her there, where death can never come."

His story was ended and my cigar was out. I had watched the ashes drawing to an end, and as I did so I mused upon the shortness of life, and the utter vanity of its loves and ambitions.

The next day or voyage closed, and at the wharf Henry Clifton and I parted, never to meet again on earth.

In a short time he went out as a missionary to the heathens, and after a year of successful labor, 'the master called him' and found him ready. His body rests 'on burning Afric's distant shore.' He closed his short but useful life at the early age of thirty years. No tombstone marks his resting place; but he needs no monument—the angels will find him!

In Bad Company.—One of our editors went out to the battle-field on Wednesday in search of glory and items. While following up the charge of Gen. McCown's division, he met a body of prisoners moving to the rear, and, intent upon an item, at once struck up a conversation with them. Unfortunately he was arrayed in cerulean habiliments, and upon attempting to leave was ordered by the guard to remain where he was. With a smile of ineffable contempt, drew from his pocket a pass, but what was his chagrin when he was accosted with, "I say, my boy, none of us can read; but that thar trick's too old, and I'll tell yer another thing, yer damn blue bellied Yankee, if you try any more of them dodges I'll souze this thing into yer gizzard."

Think of that, oh ye tribe of brother quill drivers. The editor of this paper, the leading journal of the South, to be called a Yankee, and to be accredited with possessing an azure abdomen.—Murfreesboro' Banner.

A French magistrate noted for his love of the pleasures of the table, speaking one day to a friend, said: "We have just been eating a superb turkey; it was excellent, stuffed with truffles to the neck, tender, delicate, and of a high flavor. We left only the bones." "How many of you were there?" said his friend. "Two," replied the magistrate, "the turkey and myself."

"Mr. Jones have you got a match?"

"Yes sir—a match for the old boy; there she is mixing up dough."

Jones pointed to his wife and then slid from the front door. The last we saw of Jones he was "kiteing" it down the road hotly pursued by a red headed lady with a cistern pole. Poor Jones.

Why a Ship is Called "She."—"A ship is called *she*" says the wag Robinson, "because man knows not the expense till he gets one; because they are useless without employment; because they look best when well rigged; because their value depends upon their age; because they are upright when in stays; because they bring news when abroad, and carry out news from home.

Edgefield Advertiser.

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Announcing a Candidate (not inserted until paid r,) Five Dollars.

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SHOULD ALL TAKE IT!

THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR—the old pioneer in Agricultural Improvement—the only Agricultural Monthly Journal in the Confederate States that has lived "through the war," is still published regularly, and will enter upon its 21st year, Jan. 1st, 1863. Now is the time to subscribe! *One Dollar per year, in advance!*

Address: D. REDMOND, *Augusta, Ga.*
Jan. 14 tf 2

THE
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A RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
An organ of the
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In the Southern Confederacy,
Is published at
Augusta, Georgia,
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
Invariably in advance.

Any person sending Twenty Dollars for subscription is entitled to a copy without charge for one year. E. E. MYERS, Editor.
Augusta, Aug 26 tf 34

THE CONSTITUTIONALIST,

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JAMES GARDNER, Proprietor.
Augusta, July, 1861 tf 29

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And will be sold low for good paper when the cash is not convenient.

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Mar 19 tf 11

List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post Office at Edgefield C. H., S. C., 31st Dec., 1862. Persons calling for Letters on this list will please say "Advertised."

A, B.—W H Adams, 2, J Britton, Lieut T G Boag, P Butler, Sr., S B Blair, Mrs M E Bauknight, J Barden.
C, D.—E Carnito, T R Collier, S M Dean, Mrs. M Delaughter.
E, F.—Mrs E C Edwards, J M C Freeland.
G, H.—S Garner, J A Green, Mrs L Gardner, J M Hudson, J Hall, Mrs E Henderson, Z Harris, Miss C Hudson, M Holly, Rev. B E Habersham, T Henderson, Mrs B Hollingsworth.
J, L.—J Johnson, B Lamar, J E Louch, Miss M A Leonard, Mrs S Lipscomb, Miss R Lockwood, M M Long, Rev W S Lee, Mrs C V Lunday.
M, N.—M Murah, 2, Mrs N H Morgan, D Meticche, S McAteir, Miss A Magee, Miss A Mathis, T Mitchel, Miss L Nicholson, Miss M Newman, Miss M Nobles, 2, F McCullough.
O, P, Q.—R Oharo, F O'Conner, Miss Perryman, Mrs R Pinkney, 2, Mrs M Padgett, Mrs Paul, Mrs E Quarles.
R, S.—D Rankins, J Rinehart, Miss C A Roach, Mrs M Smith, Mrs M Swearengin, L Sego, Mrs N Satcher, Mrs M Samuel, B W Smith, Miss S A Sego, Mrs W Swearengin, Mrs A Stickman, A S Swearengin, S Shealy, J R Salten, Miss M A Stewart, P Self, S M Sullivan, Miss I Shiver, Mrs E Smith, J J Sadler, Capt Stone.
W, Y.—Lieut J M Ward, Wooker, Mrs J Welkins, Wm Whittle, Waymour, Dr. Yarborough.
A. RAMSAY, P. M.
Jan. 26, 2t 4

Notice.

All persons having claims against the Estate of Rich. Parks, dec'd., are notified to render them in, properly attested, and those indebted to said Estate will please make payment.

F. G. PARKS,
W. L. PARKS, } Ex'rs.
Jan 5 1m* 1

Notice.

All persons due the Estate of Washington Wise, dec'd., are requested to settle, or make satisfactory arrangements by or before Sale-day in February next. R. A. SHAW, Ex'or.
Jan 6 4t* 1

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the Estate of Dr. J. Harwood Burt, dec'd, are notified to present them, properly attested, as the undersigned is prepared to pay the same. Those indebted to said Estate are requested to settle promptly. W. M. BURT, Ex'or.
Jan 21 tf 3

1863. THE 1863.
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"Filled with the choicest reading matter." [Journal & Messenger, Macon.
"An excellent journal, edited by competent gentlemen." [Chronicle & Sentinel, Augusta.
"Best Literary journal in the country." [Journal, Louisville.
"A Southern blessing." [Southern Argus, Norfolk, Va.
"Every reading man in the country should have it." [Republic, Augusta.
"Gives full value for the money." [Southron, Jackson, Miss.
"Without a rival—the best that comes to us." [Express, Vicksburg, Miss.
"The best family paper published." [Courier, Charleston.
"A welcome guest at every fireside." [Advertiser, Montgomery, Ala.
Jan 14 tf 2

Colportage
AMONG THE SOLDIERS!

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A number of devoted Pastors of the State are laboring earnestly and efficiently as Colporters of the Board—some of them in Virginia and some of them on the South Carolina coast.

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The cheering intelligence is reaching us constantly that the soldiers receive with gratitude the New Testament and Tracts given them. They welcome all religious instructions with, in many instances, the gushing tear and quivering lip.

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The operations of the Board, to the 1st February, are 11,500 New Testaments and one million seven hundred thousand pages Tracts.

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THE SICK SOLDIER.

Those who have visited the sick soldier, as we have in the various Hospitals in and about Charleston, know with what readiness and thankfulness, prayer and religious instructions are received; how gladly they receive the New Testament.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS OF OUR SOLDIERS, HELP!

Thousands of the patriotic sons of our own and other States, who are sacrificing all for our common country, have no Bible to point them to God and to "light up a dying bed." They are willing to read it—they ask for it. Shall they be denied? Our Chaplain writes: "I do not believe fifty men in the regiment have brought Testaments with them."

WE APPEAL TO EVERY CHRISTIAN MAN.

We circulate no Tract or Book which any Christian man would object to, whether he be *Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian, Lutheran,* or *Baptist.* We, therefore, appeal to all Christians throughout the city and country to aid us in this common work. We pledge ourselves to meet the spiritual wants of our soldiers to the full extent of the means placed at our command.

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South Carolina regiments in Virginia share proportionally in all the operations of this Board—in Colporters, New Testaments and Tracts.

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TO THE PASTORS AND CHURCHES.

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Augusta, Sept 18 tf 37

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" " for 3 months 1.25
For less than 3 months, 50 cents a month.

FROM THIS DATE, no subscriptions out of the city will be received unless accompanied with the cash.

POSTMASTERS are authorized to act as our Regular Agents in obtaining subscribers and forwarding the money, for which they will be allowed 20 per cent. commission; only, however, when paid in advance.

Subscribers desiring their papers changed, must mention the Post Office from, as well as the one to, which they desire the change to be made.

Gentlemen getting up Clubs of 5, 10, 20 or more will be supplied at 20 per cent. less than Regular Rates.

ADVERTISING RATES.

THE MERCURY has now the largest circulation of any paper in the State, and is second in this respect to but few papers in the South; it therefore offers great advantages to business men and others, whose interests require publicity.

ONE SQUARE of 13 lines, solid Nonpareil, each insertion, 65 cents, and for each additional line 5 cents.

COMMUNICATIONS of personal interest will be charged as advertising matter.

Orders from without the city to publish Advertisements, Marriage Notices or Obituaries, will not be attended to unless the cash, or an acceptable city reference, accompany the order.

On all bills of $50 and over, 20 per cent discount is allowed.

South Carolina Bank Bills taken in payment for subscription to the Mercury.
Charleston, July 1861.

SOUTHERN GROWN FRUIT TREES
FOR SALE AT THE
"Georgia Nursery,"
Near Augusta, Ga.
BY FLEMING & NELSON.

THE Subscribers offer for sale a fine lot of GRAFTED YOUNG FRUIT TREES, consisting in part of—

20,000 APPLE TREES, one and two years old, and from five to eight feet high, among which are sixty of the best Southern varieties.

15,000 PEACH TREES, one year old, of very thrifty growth, forty varieties of which ripen in succession from early June to November.

5,000 PEAR TREES, thirty varieties, all of which are on Quince roots.

15 varieties of PLUMS, ripening in succession through the summer. Also, APRICOTS, NECTARINES, ALMONDS, FIGS, GRAPE CUTTINGS, STRAWBERRY PLANTS, ASPARAGUS ROOTS, &c., &c. Ever blooming ROSES and Ornamental Shrubbery.

Our TREES will compare favorably with those of any Southern Nursery, and we will sell as cheap as any of them. We take great care in packing them in Moss and Straw, so that they may be shipped safely to any part of the Southern States.

Descriptive and Price Catalogues sent gratis to all applicants. Address
FLEMING & NELSON,
Augusta, Ga.
October 8th 3m. 40

BLANTON DUNCAN,
Columbia, S. C.
FORMERLY OF KENTUCKY,
Is prepared to fill orders to any extent in
ENGRAVING AND PRINTING
BANK NOTES, BILLS OF EXCHANGE,
&c., &c., &c.
ENGRAVING UPON STEEL OR STONE.
Large supplies of BANK NOTE and other PAPER will be kept.
Columbia, Aug 1 3m 31

State of South Carolina,

EDGEFIELD DISTRICT,
IN ORDINARY.

John M. Stidham, Applicant,
vs
Ella Stidham, Alice Stidham, Ira Stidham, Jas. Stidham, et al, Defendants.

It appearing to my satisfaction that John Morse and his wife Savannah, Defendants in the above stated case, reside beyond the limits of this State. It is therefore ordered that they do appear and object to the division or sale of the Real Estate of John Stidham, deceased, on or before the 28th March next, or their consent to the same will be entered of record.

F. DURISOE, O.E.D.
Jan. 9, 1363, 12t 2

Notice.

All persons indebted to the Estate of James C. Henderson, dec'd., are requested to make payment by the 1st day of October, 1863, and those having demands against said Estate are requested to present them forthwith, as I desire to make a final settlement on that day.

L. CORLEY, Adm'r.
Oct 1, 1862. 1y 40

Notice,

All Persons indebted to the Estate of George Kershaw, dec'd., are requested to make payment forthwith, and those having demands against said Estate are required to present them, properly attested, on or before the day of May 1863, as a final settlement on that Estate will be made on that day, in the Ordinary's Office.

D. A. BODDIE, Adm'or.
Apr 23 1y* 16

Administrator's Notice.

All persons indebted to the Estate of Jas. H. Swearengin, dec'd, are earnestly solicited to come forward and pay up, as I desire to settle up the Estate as soon as possible. Those having claims against said Estate will render them in properly attested.

D. R. DURISOE, Adm'or.
Sept. 10 3m 36

SAVE THE PIECES!

I HAVE commenced the business of Purchasing FOR CASH,

OLD SCRAP IRON,

Old Iron, of Every Description,
CAST AND WROUGHT.

I can be found near the Hamburg Bank, where I am prepared to receive any amount of OLD IRON that may be brought. I will be ready also to pay the CASH for it.

As "Economy is Wealth," every Farmer, Blacksmith, Mill Owner, and Housekeeper can furnish some; and as the Southern Confederacy is in great need of Cannon Balls, and other articles made of Iron, we should do all in our power to promote our cause. I will also buy

Old Brass, Pewter, Copper, Lead
And Zink,

And Pay the CASH for the same. Also,
COTTON AND LINEN RAGS,
HIDES, BEESWAX AND TALLOW.

Persons bringing Produce to this place and Augusta, can easily bring along some of the articles in their wagons.

A. A. B. SOUTHALL, Agent.

P. S.—No articles will be received from Slaves, or White Children, unless with a written permission.
Hamburg, S. C., June 2, 1862. tf 23

THE SOUTH CAROLINIAN,

PUBLISHED DAILY AND TRI-WEEKLY,
At Columbia, S. C.
FRANKLIN GAILLARD, EDITOR.
AND THE
COLUMBIA BANNER,
A WEEKLY FAMILY PAPER,

THIS is the largest Family Paper in the South and is offered to the domestic circle for NEWS and POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE. The Tales and Stories which are offered to the readers of the Banner are the efforts of Southern Genius, which it is a pleasure to foster. Original Sketches, Literary and Scientific Essays, and Miscellaneous Selections, regularly make their appearance in its columns.

SUBSCRIPTION—Daily, $6; Tri-Weekly, $4; Weekly $2 per annum, in advance. All Papers stopped when subscription expires.

R. W. GIBBES, Proprietor.
Columbia, July 1861. tf 29

THE SOUTHERN GUARDIAN

A Political and News Journal,
PUBLISHED AT COLUMBIA, S. C.
Daily, Tri-Weekly and Weekly.
BY C. P. PELHAM.

TERMS.—Daily, $6; Tri-Weekly, $4; Weekly, $2, a year. Payment invariably in advance.

THIS JOURNAL, now entering upon its third year under the present proprietor, is rapidly extending its circulation and influence. Founded and conducted upon the principles of State Rights, it enjoys the reward of public confidence and enlightened approval. Entirely independent, in its management, it has stood with unwavering confidence, and soundness, integrity and consistency of its principles. Through evil report as well as through good, its voice has been heard in defence of the EQUALITY of the South; its counsels have ever been and are for RESISTANCE to the wrongs attempted to be put upon us by a sectional majority.

The SOUTHERN GUARDIAN looks for support to the State and section whose rights, honor and interests it has faithfully espoused and maintained.

Columbia, July 1861. tf 29

BLISS' DYSPEPTIC REMEDY!

IT is customary now-a-days for the proprietors and propellers of patent medicines to array before the public eye in the most glowing colors, accounts of miraculous cures, and at the same time complain of the poverty of the English language as being inadequate to convey ideas that would do justice to their medical preparations. Now the proprietor of the above-named preparation don't intend to pursue any such course, but will be content to say, candidly, to the people, what his preparation has done and will do. The DYSPEPTIC REMEDY needs no such propping up by any such cunningly devised fables. BLISS DYSPEPTIC REMEDY is the only reliable preparation now before the people for ALL DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, and those other diseases that have their origin in disease of that organ. It has again and again cured when all other preparations have failed. Its merits have been discussed by physicians in counsel. It has often been pre-judged and thrown aside by physicians and consigned to the tomb of quack humbugs, and afterwards restored to more congenial clime on terra firma, to be administered to their worn-out and exhausted patients, and with the MOST PERFECT SUCCESS. It has been tested and recommended by the most eminent physicians of the country, and one and all who have thoroughly tested it in good faith, are unanimous in its praise. It will CURE THE WORST FORMS o

DYSPEPSIA,
Liver Disease, Constipation,

AND A GREAT MANY OTHER DISEAS having their origin in Disease of the Stomach

For the above mentioned diseases, it is a sovereign remedy, and will not fail in effecting a cure if the patient is not too penurious to persevere in the taking of the Remedy. If one package don't cure you, try another, and still another, and rest assured it will not fail in accomplishing all that is promised. And another thing you may rest assured of, that you cannot take it long without seeing and feeling that it has already begun to benefit you; and if so, continue taking it regularly, and follow out all the directions—and you WILL SOON BE WELL AGAIN.

The REMEDY is for sale by Dr. C. W. & J. R. HODGES and E. M. PENN, Edgefield, S. C., at $2 per package.
July 24 6m 29M

STRENGTHENING BITTERS,
OF GREAT VALUE.

MEDICATED WHISKEY!

Its Prominent Ingredients, DOGWOOD, WILD CHERRY and POPLAR BARK, have an established reputation as medicinal agents, and are of themselves its best commendation.

Prepared by J. DENNIS, M. D., Augusta, Ga., and sold in this town by E. M. PENN.
Aug 6 *3t