POETRY.

'Twill all be Right-There's happiness within this world, if we have friends to love us-If we have one whose golden smiles Beam like the hopes above us. Let sorrow mark us with its blight— If we are loved, 'twill all be right.

There's much of comfort in this life : And much of perfect pleasure,
If we have one whose proffer'd love
We prize as sacred treasure.
Let trouble exercise its might— This blessed love will make it right

What though the heart is bending down With keen and heavy sorrow;
Hope on—the grief we have to-day
Shall turn to joy to-morrow;
Have faith! though now life is not brightIf we are loved, 'twill all be right.

SABBATH READING.

The Sabbath in Israel.

Scattered up and down through all the land of Egypt the slave's slash on their neeks, weary by the side of the long tale of bricks, these licbrews may scarce have known the day of rest; but now God had said, "Let my people go, that they may serve me," and He

taught them how.

Not one child of Israel but would be able to tell to its dying day about the morning when no manna fell. On other days, all round the wide-spread tents, the busy mil-lions were out like bees to get the day's sup-ply; none more eager than the children to gather the shining heap the family wanted That double store on the sixth day, the si lent abbath morning with its ready meal, and the call of some careless one saying. "Give us of your manna, for we forgot to gather," were a voice from heaven, before it

"Remember the Subbath-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, was found and brought to Moses, and the Lord said, Stone him. What boy or girl could pass that grave by the heap of stones outside the camp, without trembling for a broken Sabbath?

But time would fail to come down all the stream of Bible time, and stop in every scene where Sabbath light is shining, or to lift at each spot, where we catch a glimpse of it, the gold thread which runs through all its books. It would lead us on by tent and tabernacle, by temple, and by fisher's boat, within sound of the high-priest's bells and David's harp, and the soft sweet hymns of the upper chamber—all the way down to Patmos, where John got the Master's last message on the day of rest. We should find that God's people are never too busy to keep a whole Sabbath. We should find David keeping it when king just as he did when a shepherd boy; and Nehemiah as particular about its hours when he had a city to rebuild, as when he was the captive cup-bearer of

God's people keep it still, not by custom of by duty only, but from love to Jesus and from choice. It is the first thing the heathen carns when he gives up his idofs.

Last year a young Chinese teacher had had a Bible. Down he came to Amoy to ask about the Savior of whom he had read; and though he did not go straight home to close his school on Sabbath unless he should get leave

on their way back to a place where many had believed on Jesus, but whence the war had driven God's servants, burnt their church, and kept them far away for a year and-a-

They came near the hut of an old Kaffir. Will he still love to see us? Does he still fear God? they thought. Going into his house, they asked him if he could tell how many days it was to Sabbath. He told them exactly; and they asked him how he knew to count it all these eighteen months. The old man rose and brought a long stick of rude cuts, saying, "It was this that helped me to

bath reigned in that poor Kaffir's heart.— Record of the Free Church of Scotland.

The Bible.

How comes it that this little volumeeomposed by humble men, in a rude age, when art and science were but in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the human mind and on the social system than all the other books put together?"— Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvelous changes in the opinious of mankind-hes banished idol worship-has abolished infanticide-has put down polygamy and divorce-exalted the condition of woman—raised the standard of public morality-ereated for families that blessed thing, a Christian home, and caused its other triumphs by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive, to spring up as with the wand of enchant-ment? What of a book is this, that even the winds and wave of human passion obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and yet lost mone of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried, and failed—many codes of jurisprudence have arisen, and run their course. Empire after empire has been hanched upon the tide of time, and gone down, leaving no trace upon the waters .- But this book is still going about doing good, leaving society with its holy princi-ples—cheering the sorrowful with its consolution-strengthening the tempted-encoaraging the penitent—calming the trou-bled spirit—and smoothing the pillow of of human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God ?- Zion's Herald.

THE DIVINE MERCY.-However old, plain, The Divine Mercy.—However old, plain, humble, desolate, afflicted we may be, so long as our hearts preserve the feeblest spark of life, they preserve also, shivering near that pale ember, a starved, ghostly longing for appreciation and affection. To this attenuated spectre, perhaps a crumb is not thrown once a year; but when abungered and athirst to famine—when all numanity has forgotten the dying tenants of a decaying house—Divine marcy remembers the mourner, and a shower of manna falls for lips that earthly nutriment is to pass no more. Biblical promises, heard first in health, but then unheeded, come whispering to the couch of sickness;

it is felt that a pitring God watches who all mankind have forsaken; the tender compasion of Jesus is recalled and relied on; the fading eye gazing beyond time, sees a home. a friend, a refuge in eternity.- Charlotte

PRAVER-" Hungry persons," says a divine, "who come to my door for bread, do not descant on the beauty of waving wheat-fields, the value of grist-mills and bakeries; nor do they preach homilies on the general goodness of God and the excellence of Christian beneficence.— "Bread, if you please, do give us bread."

O, when shall we have less of formalism, and more of the spirit of prever; less of preaching, and more of pleading in prayer; more scriptural prayer, and, as the result, showers of spiritual blessings?"

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, elerk, constables, sheriff, and audience, all together made a big crowd. People must like court powerful well; some

I presume come because they have to, some because they want to. I went there to see the thing work, see some fellows squirm, and the lawyers blow and look big at the witnesses. The blue papers with the su-perscription on the back arrest the attention of a good many. They are annoying customers, and it's singular how it works, I noticed one fellow sued so and so, and so and so sued that fellow for spite, or as the lawyers say, by way of lextationis. Nice way to push matters along. O this law business, the fellow that gets into it gets into hot water seven times heated, its Fourth of July times for the lawyers though, and like big museovy drakes when it rains they spread out their wings, shake their heads, look very knowing and pleased. What a confounded sight of quibbles and turns these lawyers have, too, you'll see one fellow jump up and object to this and that then another one will object to first one's objection, when the judge comes out from behind his spectacles and upsets both .-Well I'm satisfied of one thing, justice is a little lame in a court-house. People go to law to get justice, like some who go to the Springs for health. Well they may, but the idea strikes me they will have to pay for it. What a strange set these lawyers are, they'll get up and give something particular bringer, and next day give particular fits to what was praised up at first as the sumum bonum. Might as well go to a goats house for wool, as go to law for justice, for it ain't there; the poor fellow when he gets in the law's meshes, like a house-fly in a spider's web, is soon fixed fast, and never gets away till his blood is all sucked out, but the rich like the big blue bottle fly, break through and get out. Every day you hear some fellow talk about going to law, and what he'll do, now one of these lawing men pleased me a good deal, it seems he had a case in court, for he sat lose beside a lawyer. Well witness was to teach only the Bible on that day.

Late one evening, when the war in Kaffirland was over, two of the missionaries were

got bothered, this pleased the fellow, and his eye winked as much as to say this side up with care, all right. When lawyer on opposite side spoke, could see the fellow wince, looked like he might have had lockjaw, and imagined himself a goner. Well his lawyer got up again and had a heap to say, so the fellow's countenance brightened up, and he'd shake his head, pat his foot, and I was satisfied he thought it was dead. certain. The Jury went out, and in less time than you could say " John Robinson, Esq.," came back, handed in a blue paper, keep the day. I put a noteh on here every night, and a big one for Sabbath, and I have so much. You've seen a cabbage leaf after weary, be shall rest. Night settles over the

> of a reddish looking fluid hiding itself under his calico vest, trying to sing "A glass is good, a glass is good, and a pipe to smoke in hot weather, But law is bad, and the lawyer is worse, and

had a tumbler in his mouth and forty drops

I'm a blamed stupid fellow. No doubt that same fellow thought before he left home that case was his'n, his lawyer said so, and all he had to do was to sue. Now I reekon he's satisfied that law is law and court is court. I think a chap is a heap better off out of court than in it. like the Judge, and the jury, and the law-yers. I like their liquor and their eigars, but I don't like the practice of court. wouldn't like to go to court. I wouldn't like to go to court, for when a fellow gets in once, Heaven only knows when he'll get out. Do you know I've a great notion to study law; there's lots of speeches in me, big ones and little ones, and I think I could let them out with considerable fuss. Now there's nothing like a fuss in a speech, its the oil that makes it work easy, it sets off, and people think you are playing the very gentleman with the long tail. I'm sorter like Sheridan, its in me and its got to come out, and I don't know a better place than the court-house. Yes, sir, the more fuss the better it goes down; just like a circuss it captivates the people. can take the people. I'll study law; I'l go into court and captivate the court. I think I can do well, for I'll suc everybody, and persuade everybody to sue everybody else, bring them into court and there they spirit—and smoothing the pillow of . Can such a book be the offspring man genius? Does not the vastness effects demonstrate the excellency of lower to be of God?—Zion's Herald.

E DIVINE MERCY.—However old, plain, lie, desolate, afflicted we may be, so as our hearts preserve the feeblest spark, they preserve also, shivering near that either, a starved, ghostly Luging for white them, and affection. To this attenue.

And after sixteen years is spun. Matters will stand where they first begun. In conclusion, I must express my satisfaction at the Judge's cash system, I like that, pay as you go, is the-way to do business, whether in weighing out sugar or measuring out law. He'd make a fortune if he was only peddling out sixpenny loaves of bread to "little children's mothers."

Life's River.

"A wonderful stream is the river of Time;" power can stay its onward course, but its cap weters move on slowly, silently to empty themselves into some great ocean, Resting on its bosom, and moving with its current, is a frail bark, holding a tender child. His sparkling eyes, intent on gazing upon the beauties around him; forget the Guardian Angel that bends over his little boat, to

uide it safely down stream.

How like our childhood's bours; when, se How like our childhood's beurs; when, se-cute 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. It is only when we are tossed on the ocean of care and affliction left alone to guideourselves past rocky shores that we can fully realize the blessings of those forever past, halveon days of childhood.

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. The gaudy flowers and singging birds do not attract his notice, but, with one hand on the helm, that guides, his tiny craft, and the other stretched eagerly forward, he gazes with rapture on the glitforward, he gazes with rapture on the glit-tering thrones and golden temples of Fame that rise with dazzling splender in the hori-zon before him. The tide runs swift, and it seems as though he would soon reach that shining city, and slake his raging thirst with the sweet waters from the fountain of Knowlalge. Though the goardian angel no lon-elegate the goardian angel no lon-ter bends over him, she has not forsaken in: for, standing on the bank with out-metched arms, she sadly beckons, yet all in

Ah! this is life. How many anoble youth has forsaken all, aye, even his Maker, to chase that glittering tempter, Worldly Fame, and, when he thought the prize within his reach. like a bubble it burst, and overwhelmed him in the ruin.

Youth cannot always last. It must give

and here again changes our scene. Ouce 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 a boldness and decision in his eye which we saw not before, and a mingled look of fear and resignation animates his countenance. The river that was before so calm and beautiful, now rushes on its way with terrific rapidity and anon the raging surges beat against his frail bark, as if to wind him forever in their cold embrace. The helm now seems useless, and he grasps it apparently in vain. Gone are the once bright skies and gentle breezes. Gone is the golden vision that once lured him on. Black, heavy clouds now hang nd, and the noisy hurricane sweeps past Now he approaches a little island in this terrific stream, but, anon, the furious current sweeps him quickly past. No guardian angel keeps watch over him. His youthful joys are now all fled, never to return. Standing in his bark he battles the

storm alone. There is great meaning in that word—Man-hood. It is man in his highest perfection. He can go no higher. Henceforth his course is downward. Now it is that he has to encounter the serverest trials of life. True the sky may sometimes brighten on "life's horizon," showing here and there a twinkling star, but the ever floating clouds

" Scarce reveal its cheering light, Ere 'tis veiled again from sight.'

With that faculty, so indispensable to true Manhood-stern Resolution-that strange unflinching will that triumphs over all difficulties, man is fully fitted to come out vic-

torious over life's many temptations.
Yet, again, the scene changes, and for the last time. Again all is calm. It is twilight; and, seated in his little bark, see life's yoyager, but how changed. Gone is his former vigor; gone the look of defiance. There is now no sound of surging waters. No hurricane's voice disturbs his peace, but the cool zephyrs play with his silver locks, and

an his furrowed brow.

Once more we see the guardian angel, as she flies to his side, and bending over the aged man as once over the little white she supports his weary head and points him to a "house not made with bands," where, being weary, he shall rost. Night sattles over the mot lost count of one all the time.

The missionaries did not need to ask any more. They felt that the Lord of the Sabed down, and the last time I saw him he

THE CUP OF TEARS, -A GERMAN STO-RY .- There was once a mother and a child and the mother leved her only child with all the affection of her whole heart, and thought she could not live without it; but the Almighty sent a great sickness among children, which seized this little one, who lay on its sick bed, even unto death .-Three days and three nights the mother watched and wept, and prayed by the side of her darling child, but it died. The mother, now left alone in the wide world, gave way to the most violent and unspeakable grief, she ate nothing and drank nothing, and wept for three long nights without ceasing, calling constantly upon her child. The third night, as she thus sat overcome with suffering in the place where her child had died, her eyes bathed in tears and faint from grief, the door softly opened, and the mother started, for before her stood her departed shild. It had become a heavenly ange!, and smiled sweetly as innocence, and was beautiful like the blessed. It had on its head a small cup that was almost running over, so full it was. And the child spoke: "()! dearest mother, weep no more for me; the angel of mourning has collected in this little cup the tears which you have shed for me. If for me you shed but one tear more it will overflow, and I shall have no more rest in the grave, no joy in Heaven. Therefore, O dearest mother! weep no more for your child; for it is well

How the Money Goes.

BY JOHN O. SANG. How the money goes?—Well,
I'm sure it isn't hard to tell;
It goes for rent and water rates,
For bread and butter, coal and grates,
Hats, caps and carpets, hoops and hoseAnd that's the way the money goes!

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-And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money? -Sure It wish the ways were somewhat fewer! It goes for wages, taxes, debts, It goes for presents, goes for bets, For paints, pounde and cou-de-rose, And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money ?-Now. It goes for laces, feathers, rings, Toys, dolls and other baby things. Whips, whistles, candies, belles, and how. And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the money ?- There, I'm out of patience, I declare;
I'm out of patience, I declare;
It goes for plays, and diamond pins,
For public alms and private sins,
For hollow shams and silly shows—
And that's the way the money goes!

The Dernier Resort.

They tell the following story of Alexander Dumas, Jr., in Paris, a year or two ago : Soulouque sent an Envoy to France, charged with a private mission, and armed with full powers. Shortly after the sable minister's arrival, he caused himself to be presented to Alexander Dumas, Sen., whose papa, as every one knows or ought to know. was a magnificent general, of a molasses color. Damas senior was a shade lighter place, ere long to manhood. Streams do not than that of his parent, being of a saddle return to their sources, but forever flow on, tint, and Dumas, innier, son of Dumas. tint, and Dumas, junior, son of Dumas, senior, pretends to be almost white. So he was-in the dark.

The Haytien envoy, after diplomatically beating about the bush for a considerable time, finally came to business, and wound to communicate; we were beginning to up by informing the astonished novelist lose the power of reflection. The fourth, that his (the envoy's) mission to France, at the interval of a month or so, we would was for the purpose of demanding the hand in marriage of Dumas, junior, for her Imperial Highness, Princess Olive, doughter of the Emperor of all the Hayties.
"The hand of Alexander!" cried father

Dumas, thunderstruck. "Goodness! gra-cious! Goodness! The colored pusson must be insauc—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!"

"Why?" demanded the envoy.

"Why?-Because-hum!-because my son's origin is too obscure for him to dream of such an honor!" And Papa Dumas thought this a triumphant piece of cun-

"Nothing of the sort, sir ! And, after all," continued the envoy, with engaging modesty, "what are we? Only parvenus. I myself once peddled oysters! Y-ou wouldn't imagine it, I know; but it a fact. Besides, sir, if we were to demand a Prince we could be refused; or, at all events, be fobbed off with an old and ugly one. A literary Prince-that's the ticket! He may write as many books and plays down there as he choses.

Papa Dumas, terribly embarrassed, scratched his ear, and at last said :

"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. Suppose we ask Thompson to break the subject to him Y"

repeat the proposition to Dumas, jr. Dussee men arguing upon subjects as empty and mas, junior, swore that Thompson must be triffing as this! But a third person coming

Think of a fortune of several millions!"

"Bah!" retorted Dumas, jr. "Too risky! If the old darkey should happen to be dethroned, I would be obliged to support the whole family."

"Not at all," replied the sagacious Thompson. "You risk nothing whatever. In ease of the little accident you mention, you could take the whole concern over to he 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. No one can be well whose feet are habitually cold.— When the blood is equally distributed to every part of the body, there is general good health. If there be less blood at any one point than is natural, there is coldness; and not only so, there must be more than is natural at some other part of the system, and there is fever -- that is, unnatural heat or oppression. In the case of cold feet, the amount of blood wanting there collects at some other part of the body which happens to be the weakest, to be the least able to throw up barricades against the inrushing enemy. Hence, when the lungs are weakest, the extra blood gathers there in the shape of a

ning, put your feet at once in a basin of JEWELRY, GOLD & SILVER. 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 lifteen minutes, until per-fectly 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 bivouse all sleep with the feet towards the fire. Never step from your bed with NORRIS, HARRISON & PULLIAM, the naked feet on an uncarpeted floor. I have known it to be the exciting cause of months of illness. Wear woollen, 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 donkey who had his beg of salt lightened by swimming a river, advised his companion, who was loaded down with a sack of wool, to do the same, and having uo more sense than a man or woman, he plunged in, and in a moment the wool absorbed the water, increased the burden many fold, and bore him to the bottom. Hall's Journal of Health.

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 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 subjoined. 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: "Here 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 prioriples of the law, and that very honestly; while at the same time, neither can see any earthat 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 viow 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 in the content of the latest difference in the l The envoy was satisfied with this plan, and Thompson was forthwith desired to repeat the proposition to Dumas, jr. Dusee men arguing upon subjects as empty and mas, juntor, swore that Thompson must be crazy, and ordered the servant to go for a doctor.

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

Think of a fortune of several millions!"

"Rah" retoried Dames in "Too ladierants." Indicrous.

EQUAL JUSTICE TO MAN AND WOMAN.—
"The refined woman recoils with virtuous scorn from her fallen sister, but often welcomes him by whom she fell. We are told that Christ said to the woman's accusers, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone;" but, smitten by conscience, they went out one by one. And who is not in some way allied to this great guilt? The fact of common weakness should at least make us merciful. It is not just that upon the woman afone should fall the blot of shame. The text is a great lesson of charity and mercy, and it is a great lesson of justice also. There is neither justice, honor nor EQUAL JUSTICE TO MAN AND WOMAN .also. There is neither justice, honor nor delicacy in our modern custom, which scarcely frowns upon the guilty man, white pour-ing out all the vials of wrath upon the guilty woman. It may or may not be true, as some insist, that this foul cancer in sceiety can never be eradicated; but we ought at least never be eradicated; but we ought at least to insist upon it that the shame shall be fairly divided, that the sinning man shall be branded as deeply as the sinning woman. Supprae every guilty man bore the mark of shame in his face, in the market, or at church, how long would the ovil continue? But the meanness of man has thrust the whole shame upon woman."

The mother shed no more tears, this she might not disturb her child's rest in the grave, its joy in Heaven. For the sake of ther infant's happiness, she controlled the anguish of her heart. So stong and self-saerficing is a mother's love.

"She Always Made Home Haff."

"She Always Made Home Haff."

"She Always Made Home Haff."

"She always made home restricting or designed to the loved and lost? Ecqueive, with her before the loved and lost? Ecqueive, loved the loved and lost? Ecqueive, loved the loved and lost? Ecqueive, l

JEAN Bre. FISCHESSER,

Wathalla, S. C.,

HAS just now returned from New York with
a large and beautiful assortment of

WATCHES, JEWELRY, (Both GOLD and SHLVER.) Clocks, Music Box-os, Combs, Brusbes, Fancy Articles, Perfumery, Songs, Gold Pens, etc.; all of which has been benght for CASH, and which he offers for sale

on the most accommodating terms.

Bed He also REPAIRS WATCHES and othor articles in his line, and solicits the patronage of the pathote. His stand is near the public square, at Walhalla, S. C.

Dec. 15, 1855 24 tf

J. W. NORRIS, JR. J. W. HABRISON. Z. C. PULLJAM.

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.

OFFICE AT PICKENS C. H., S. C. Sept. 6, 1856

耐的研究你的课事 另当

Blue Ridge Railroad Co. in S. C.

CHARLESTON, Feb. 19, 1859.
SUBSCRIBERS to the Capital Stock are berely notified that the Eighteenth and Ninetecuth Instalments of the old subscription, and Twenty-live per cent. of the new subscription, are required to be paid as fol-

The Eighteenth instalment on the 19th day of April next.

The Nincteenth instalmenton the 19th day

of May next.

Ten per cent, of the new subscription on

the 19th day of March next.

Ten percent, 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. WM. H. PERONNEAU, Feb. 19, 34 Treasures

E. E. Alexander, Survivor vs. Preston McKin-ncy, et. als.

DURSUANT to an order made by the Court of

T Equity, in this case, at Janeterm, 1858, all 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.
ROB'T. A. THOMPSON, c. E. P. D.
Com'rs Office, Jan. 15, 1859 Su

State of South Carolina, IN EQUITY-PICKENS.

O. M. Doyle Petition for Relief.

J. I. Brown, et. al. IT appearing to my satisfaction that John I. Brown, one of the defendants in this case, resides without the limits of this State; on mo-tion 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.

ROB'T. A. THOMPSON, C.E.P.D.

Com'rs Office, Jan. 15, 1859

NO PICE.
FINAL settlement of the Estate of Thos A Alexander, deceased, will be had be-fore the Ordinary, at Pickens C. H., on Mon-day the 13th day of June next. Persons intorested therein must govern themselves ac-cordingly. Those indebted must pay up, and those having demands against said Estate must render them to me, legally attested, be-

fore that day.

DAN'L. ALEXANDER, Ex'or.
Feb. 7, 1859

29

3m

State of South Carolina, B. W. Abbott

Bill for Relief, &c. J. M. Crenshaw and wife, et al

T appearing to my satisfaction that Noah Ab-bott and J. M. Crenshaw and wife Martha. defendants in this case, reside without the limits of this Sinte: On motion of Norton, com-plainant'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.

ROB'T. A. THOMPSON, c.r.p.D. Com'rs Office. March 23, 1859 3m

THE Books, Accounts and Notes, assigned by Issertel & Norman for the benefit of their creditors, are in my hands for collection. The necessity of the case requires that they should be settled without delay.

J. E. HAGOOD, Assignee.

Oct 8, 1858

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ff

Final 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. HENDRICKS, Adm'x, Jan. 10, 1859 25 3m

ALL persons are hereby notified not to pay A any Notes made payable to the undersigned, or bearer—or any Notes given by the undersigned, payable to other persons, until further orders.

D. D. DAVIS. ders. D. D. Jan. 17, 1859 26

NOTICE Is bereby given that a final settlement of the estate of Joseph W. Ross, deceased, will be made before the Ordinary, at Pickens C. H. on Munday the 9th day of May next. Persons interested will take notice and govern themselves

secordingly,
F. & HARRISON, Adm'r
20 1859