

THAD. C. ANDREWS, Editor. MALCOLM I. BROWNING, Associate J. FELDER MEYERS, Associate.

The Fourth of July.

Nations have their birth-days as well as individuals. Time in its progress, becomes pregnant with great ideas, the germ grows in its seminary womb, and at the proper moment "is born into the world."

The land of Columbus hails among her memorial days the Fourth of July, as the brightest in the calendar. Those waifs, floating upon the bosom of the untried ocean of experiment, drifting from the over-crowded emporia of European civilization, germinating in the virgin soil of a new world, united and attracted by the sympathy of enterprise, of danger and of hope, moulded their interests into a grand community of destiny.

The wonderful Utopia, of which Columbus had told the gorgeous legend, had scarcely been reduced to a reality; nor the El Dorado of marvellous and superstitious credulity been reduced to its market value by the enterprise and avarice of astonished Europe, when those ideas of religious and political liberty, which in the old world were but meteoric gleams or volcanic fires, destructive to opposition but powerless themselves to live, finding in the forests of America a field for expansion, and a fostering asylum, astonished men with their logic and their success.

Freedom of conscience—a pure democracy, coeval with the discovery, grew with the growth of the new creation, and America and political and religious liberty became realities, simultaneously and together. The fable of a new world was dissipated and the truth of the existence of another continent took its place, and the laurels of the discoverer faded and withered, in the commonsense realization of the fact.

As soon as great blessings become widespread and familiar, men forget that they are blessings, or that their discoverers or inventors are benefactors, and the universal moral of all history.

America now became known to Europe, as the rendez-vous for all that was eccentric, erratic, heretic and new. All of these epithets were odiously applied by conservative, bigoted and stagnant Europe. But among the new elements that constituted the America of that day were the germs of the grandest and highest principles of Progress and Freedom that had yet "visited the green earth."

The growing sense and appreciation of Liberty, exhibiting itself in England in the scenes of the Protectorate, and accepting the return of the Crown, altered and amended in accordance with man's realization of his right, and in France, in the hollow mutterings and subterranean reverberations of that unrest and chafing at the debauched and monstrous tyranny of the Bourbons, this sense of Liberty in America unopposed and unshackled reared its proportions of Majesty and Beauty, and became the "great spirit" of religious enthusiasm and worship. Here Liberty found her vast and peerless temple, her forest-cathedral, "Its dome—the unlimited arch glowing o'er us; Its sense—yon budding spray, swung by the breeze; Its music—the hymn of the fountain before us; Its light—heavens smile, stealing soft thro' the trees."

and here man's heart worshipped his ideal God. This was the idea which which history was pregnant and germinating to its birth, was ushered into life upon the fourth of July, 1776. The declaration of American Independence—the record of man's resolution to be free, the Magna Charta of Liberty, the appeal of humanity from tyranny, to the Supreme king of Heaven, this was the event of this day! This was the birth of a new nation. Prerogative, Servitude, avarice, would stifle the infant republic, and smother it in the Tower, but the wrongs of the American people, and the cause, for which they battled were such as

"Make an infant's sinews strong as steel." They passed victoriously through the ordeal which was to purify and to try them, through the baptism which should be to them the pledge of perpetuation and prosperity.

Again was the heart of Europe thrill-

ed with great news from across the Atlantic. Upon the shores of the new world was reared the proportions of a new and Utopian government.

The land of Columbus, became again the absorbing topic, and men called it now the land of Washington and of Liberty!

At first this was as the account of the discovery, a marvellous beyond a starting romance. Monarchical Europe, schooled in the dogma, of "the divine right of kings," frowned down the idea of democracy as impracticable and transient. Had not Rome and Greece tried the experiment, and had they not failed? History but repeats itself. The Americans will try and fail. A monarchy is the normal government for man. We shall not argue this question, now. Perhaps they are right. Perhaps "the king of America is already born."

If the experiment of popular and democratic government tried upon this continent shall prove to be a failure, the experiment will be none the less memorable: the effort none the less glorious.

There are some enterprises and efforts of man which failure enhances with a melancholy and hallowed interest.

Such was the idea of our Southern Confederacy so lately consigned to its green and loved grave. Its funeral egress and germs of roses blighted in their buds, twined with ivy wreaths around its ruined altar, and clustered on its torn, furling banner, will prove as perennial and utter a voice as thrilling and eloquent, as would have been the effect of Victory's wreath of Laurel.

Whatever may be the result of the experiment of the American republic, this day should never lose any of the bright associations that unite it and enswine it with the memories of the past, the mighty dead, and the initiation of a great Idea.

Perhaps, like the discovery, American liberty will also become so commonplace, so familiar that we will forget the glory of its birth and the majesty of its importance and value. Aye! have we not already seen the day when new and complex interests and issues would rise above the appreciation of this blessing?

We would look upon the day from no partial or interested view, but regarding it as one of the great days in the history of progress, and of human liberty, would but remind our readers of its recurrence, and its associations. Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, these are the names associated with this Anniversary. The declaration of a band of patriots, of their appreciation of their rights, and of their resolution to maintain them, this was the particular event that occurred upon this day in '76.

The birth of an infant republic, since grown to the gigantic proportions, and perpetuated despite such antagonisms, to the present day—these are the issues and results of its events.

There was a time when Carolinians loved this republic and observed this as an holy day of patriotism. That time has passed. Shall we say forever? The complicated relations and interests that have arisen—our slaves, and the mandate that man had interpreted the voice of liberty and truth to be, for their emancipation—the different occupations and interests of the sections, the arrangement of a tariff—questions of policy and opinions between State rights and centralizing parties—the recent intestine war widening the breach—these have almost proved the ruin of the republic. But the hand of fate, which is ultimately the hand of God, holds us still together.

May we not hope that a time will come when these interests that conflict will be compromised, and that a sympathy of interest will, like the law of attraction unite and bind this nation together in perfect unity and community of feeling. Is it not a consummation to be wished for?

The recurrence of this Anniversary should remind both sections of the country, of these memories and these hopes, and each should sacrifice much to promote mutual confidence. Is it not a hope of patriotism that the day is near at hand when all these questions that vex and divide us will be settled, and the spirit of peace, and not its form and semblance, will spread its benign and happy influence upon the land of Liberty!

Methinks that grand hymn of patri-

otism that will rise up from those myriad of voices at the national jubilee of peace at Boston—as it tones along the corridors, and amid the vaulted dome of that grand temple of liberty—as its thunderous symphony reverberates among the eternal hills and valleys of the land—as its echo surges over the bosom of the deep, toned with the hoarse-sounding accompaniment of Ocean's billow music, as its mighty voice of melody rises like the incense of prayer to Heaven, methinks, the shades of the past are exorcised from out its dusky twilight! Liberty holds her high carnival to day in America! and her votaries, and her martyrs appear resurged from out their sleep. Rome brings her mangled Tully as a sacrifice to the goddess of liberty; a clarion voice peals forth—a Demosthene—an echo—and utters a prayer to the mighty Divinity; a pillar of stone rises in the view, a crumbling pillar of the long ago, but its letters burn and glow with light, and tell the thrilling story of Sparta's king:

Go strangers to the Spartans tell, That here, obeying her, we fell!

The martyr, Winkelreid, with those words that shall echo through the German's universal Fatherland in freedom's catholic vernacular, "Make way for liberty," pours again his heart's libation at her shrine.

And amid you cloud of golden associations from out the storied past, appears a scene—'tis at midnight, at the Capital, a death-scene in a grand draped chamber—upon his dying couch the Senator lies at length. Gods! how pale, how sunken, how near to death! He scarcely breathes. The great and good are 'round him. So still! Hush! he rises on his pillow and the glaze of death is in his eye, and a voice, a spirit voice it is, for 'tis near the confines of a spirit world—in spirit tones of élegance—"For one more hour in the Senate Chamber to battle for the Constitution and the South!" and, look! he sinks, he gasps, and CALHOUN is among that spirit land of martyrs who loved and lived for liberty!

And a lofty spirit, high-crowned and kingly, moves amid that phantom host, and not Americans alone, but all who feel the instinct of man's prerogative of freedom, recognize the features, the lineaments, the profile of Washington!

Oh! it may be so, that this is liberty's last revel, freedom's last jubilee. Ours may be the last experiment as a people's right to live, but who can fail to see these phantom associations, to feel these historic memories, to be lifted above the monotone of every day drudgery, above the absorbing interest of self, and feel that this is indeed a day memorable in the annals of humanity—a day prolific in grand recollections, and pregnant with instincts and hopes of a lofty and broad patriotism.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

The Grand Concert at Branchville.

On Monday night last, Miss Floyd, a blind lady, a pupil of the Blind Asylum at Jackson, Mississippi, and graduate of the Georgia Institution, gave a Concert at the Branchville Academy, the use of which was politely tendered for the occasion by our esteemed fellow townsman, Mr. Jas. B. Berry.

Miss Floyd is an object whose condition appeals directly to the sympathies of every one in whose breast beats a human heart; and although it is clearly manifest that we have in our midst a few cool and heartless despisers of the commendable efforts of a poor blind lady, who thus strives to obtain for herself, an honorable livelihood by the "sweat of her own brow," yet we are pleased to record the fact, that we have also some citizens who are not hide-bound, but on the contrary, large of soul—citizens who were glad to respond in the manner they did to the wants of the subject of this letter.

The merchants took an active part in selling the tickets, and rendering such other assistance as was needed. Many were in doubt as to the success of the entertainment, and it was not until after it commenced, and one or two lively airs executed, that the audience seemed to be satisfied that the enjoyment near by, would be commensurate with the little damage their "coffers" had sustained in the purchase of a "ticket." The astonishing sweetness and emotion with which she sang, the rendition would have done credit to any one. So calm, so dignified, and withal, so beautifully performed in every way, who that saw and heard that blind woman on the night of the 28th ult., can ever forget it? Such precision and such a natural ease and grace as characterized the whole affair are rarely witnessed.

After the music was over, Miss Floyd exhibited the books used by the blind, slate, fancy work, method of writing, &c. Well! this was a wonder, a puzzle to many. For a blind woman, one who cannot see the brightest sunshine, to work out, and give a correct answer to any problem proposed, was a mystery, one of the impossibles. How, by running her fingers over the little type she used, work a sum? These and similar expressions were used on the occasion; though, of course, by the literati (?) only.

We are glad the people manifested so much interest in trying to make the Concert a success, and we are requested by Miss Floyd to return her grateful thanks to those who assisted in selling her tickets; Messrs. Reedish & Meadows, and our little go-a-head Druggist, Mr. William J. Reeves, we would mention in particular as taking a very active part.

Miss Floyd left here for Charleston unattended by any one. She will be at Orangeburg day after to-morrow (Monday), and will give a Concert that night, and we hope the gentlemanly merchants there may be as quick in giving their assistance to Miss Floyd as were those of Branchville.

May God throw his protecting arm over any and every one in the sad condition of the subject of this letter, and crown with success the undertakings of one who, although blind, works to make her own living!

J. E. M.

Our New York Fashion Letter.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1869.

Summer has set in with its usual severity, and as usual, the butterflies of fashion have betaken themselves to the seaside and the mountain tops—and taken with them such quantities of clothing and it all so new and beautiful and stylish. Grandly muslin and Swiss embroidered muslin for morning wear, and silk grenadine for evening, and the most jaunty of white pique jackets for cool days, and muslin hats and hoods—think of hoods and hats of white muslin—and very charming fresh young faces look in these same hats and hoods when lined with rose-colored muslin, and tied with rose-colored strings, edged with button-hole stitch in white floss. The shape most approved for the hat in muslin is that known as the garden shape, small crown, large brim. The muslin hood is Nubia shape; a shape as indefinable because as indefinite as a shape can well be—the lining is generally turned over in front, thus forming a pretty revers, and if of a becoming color to the complexion, brightens up a bright face admirably. In the same line but much prettier than muslin hat or hood, is the white Cashmere summer bonnet. This charming fancy is of English origin and deserves to be considered an indispensable appointment of the wardrobe of every lady who spends her summers, or any part of them in the country. It is as simple as it is elegant being first a round piece of cashmere large enough to cover the head well—that is to drop a little on the forehead and fall as low behind as the nape of the neck; another piece somewhat smaller, cut butterfly-shaped, is laid over this, and from under the wings fall two bands of cashmere for strings. All the edges on every part of the hood are scalloped and worked in button-hole stitch with white needle-work silk.

White is very much worn this summer. Morning, evening and visiting dresses are made in the various white material suitable for each. We have seen at the Metropolitan Furnishing Rooms an elegant morning dress in white cashmere made en Watteau; that is with a pleat falling from the back of the neck to the train—it is delicately embroidered in fern leaves with gold colored silk; the leaves are in clusters on the corners of the front, but are continued singly and sparingly up the points. This is embroidered on the Grover & Baker machine and worn over a white silk petticoat, embroidered in the same pattern, but in white silk, instead of gold colored silk thread. The petticoat may be of white muslin if very fine, and rendered sufficiently expensive by excess of ruffling, tucking, puffing and embroidering—I say excess, because so much ornament is required, that it approximate very much nearer an excess than the mere sufficiency. Since ladies have discovered the merits of this machine in doing embroidery, tucking, ruffings, and puffing, as well as all kinds of bias and plain sewing, they have fairly revelled in dry

goods, made up in the showiest manner imaginable—a child now-a-days goes with more stitches on its little pinafore than its grandmother had in a whole suit of clothes, and prettier stiches too than she put on her ruffled Sunday cap, even though she was the neatest sewer of all the country round. But then there is no end to what people will do for their children. A visit to any of the city Parks where children are out with their nurses for an airing, will gratify any one in quest of ideas. We notice among the most aristocratic children a gradual return to old shapes, especially to the ever interesting corsage known as the "Infanta Waist." It looks infinitely better than tight fitting, panier-humped or gored dresses. The late style seems to be left almost entirely to small boys who have not yet arrived at the dignity of Knickerbockers. Before a small boy is indulged with Knickerbockers, he wears drawers just reaching to the knee and edged with needle-work ruffles. The boots for boys remain high—the Polish shape—but for little girls and young ladies the Marie Antoinette is the most admired; it is as yet very new and is even regarded by some as an innovation—"not quite decent." Why? Because it does not cover the ankle. Yet those same ladies were the Pompadour waist, which is cut very low upon the bosom—wear it on the street too, with only the thinnest little bit of a lace chemisette—and that no higher than it ought to be. Since the Empress Eugenie has returned from Jerusalem, burnous have taken the place in Paris of all other outside wraps, and that "innovation" has just been introduced here—whether it will "take" here or not will be decided before my next letter.

Cuba and the Situation.

The question of the recognition of Cuba as a belligerent power is again agitated. It is now being pressed vigorously upon President Grant and his Cabinet.

And this upon the ground that the advocates of independence are not only unsubdued, but increasing in force and numbers.

At the first movement for a separate Government, there were 24,000 regular Spanish troops on the Island. These proved insufficient for success. Since that time about 18,000 more have arrived, and yet the revolution increases.

From all accounts, it is as far from being subdued as ever.

Even the authority of Spain is not recognized. For the volunteers who are opposed to the independence of the Island (as leading to annexation to the United States) compelled the late Captain General Dulce to resign, and took the power entirely out of his hands.

There is now actually in Cuba, no legitimate Government.

Another important feature is the accessions which the Cuban army has received in materials and men from this country.

The last expedition consisted of about eight hundred men, and left New York in the Quaker City on Saturday night last. This went out in different steamers from different points, and embarked on board the Quaker City in the N. Y. rows.

They carried out five thousand stand of Remington rifles, two batteries of artillery and equipments for a brigade of cavalry, with an abundance of ammunition.

The importance of such an accession will be readily estimated.

The contest as the summer advances assumes a more vigorous and determined shape.

But much remains yet to be done before the Government can, according to international law, lend the aid of its authority to the establishment of Cuba, as an independent nationality. It may come to this, but it has not yet.

The great difficulty here, from the conflicting accounts, is to arrive at the precise truth.

The same difficulty, from the want of a free press prevails also in Havana.

The following letter from a highly influential, and respectable citizen of Havana, received by a merchantile house in this city, presents as accurate a view of the situation as it is possible to obtain.

It will be observed that he describes all hopes of reconciliation or compromise as past.

It will therefore be months before it will be ascertained, whether Cuba is to be a portion of the Regency of Spain or whether her people are to rule themselves:

HAVANA, June 1869.

The discrepancies between Spanish and Cuban accounts in regard to current events and the general situation are so great, that it is extremely difficult to form an opinion as to real facts. There are misstatements and inventions of a very gross nature in the accounts brought by the United States papers. But the official statements in the Island are also, in many respects, incredible, confused, and inconsistent. The Cuban reports frequently announce important victories over the troops, and yet it does not ap-

pear that the insurgents have been able to hold any town, even in the interior away from the seacoast. The official accounts almost invariably represent the rebels as being easily defeated, even when in large numbers.

The Government organ is constantly repeating that the insurrection is dominated. Yet the reports of engagements between the troops and the rebels, given by the same journal, are much more numerous now than they were a short time ago. Some of the accounts published this week indicate that the rebels are learning to fight, even in the Central District, and are becoming more daring in attack. The lists of persons whose property is embargoed are swelling up, and the prospect of reconciliation or compromise is as hopeless as ever. In a manifesto which the volunteers lately issued, speaking in the name of the Spanish party, there are plausible arguments for delaying any concessions to the Cubans, but nothing is said about the absolute necessity of administrative reforms, which might tend to conciliate and to diminish the abuses which provoked the insurrection. Numerous accounts have been published this week, of skirmishes and encounters in the Oriental Department in the Central District. One of them is of a particularly extravagant nature, as it represents 1,500 to 2,000 insurgents, well armed and having artillery, as having been ignominiously defeated by a small force of about 70 men. A landing is stated to have been made in the district of Guanamae, of 100 Americans, Dominicans, and Mexicans, and the whole to have been either killed or taken, with the capture of arms, ammunition, and two pieces of artillery.

The official journal gives no late intelligence from Puerto Principe, and there is a rumor that the town is threatened by a large insurgent force, and the chief authority has expressed his inability to furnish reinforcements. Yet the Government paper stated recently that the acting Captain-General telegraphed to Madrid that no more troops were required. It is officially announced that General Rodas, the new Captain-General, left Spain on the 10th inst. Our city has remained quiet, and about 300 more soldiers arrived.—Charleston Courier.

A FEARFUL RISK.—At Echo, on the Union Pacific railroad, the other evening, three freight trains stood upon the main track, when word came flashing over the telegraph from the superintendent, "A locomotive and tender, with steam up, and with nobody on board, have broken from a freight train and started down the grade." Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro! In a few seconds came a second message: "She has just passed Castle Rock station." Never were three trains got off upon a siding with less delay. Then the workmen piled sleepers high upon the track; lest even that should not stop "her," and she should do murder further down the road, they tore up the rails below. Just as this was accomplished she came in sight. She shot through the sleepers like a bullet through a pine board, sending them flying in all directions, and darkening the air with the splinters, but at the broken track she jumped up and down with vexation, and finally plunged angrily, head foremost, into a hill-side. She had run twenty-six miles in twenty-nine minutes—the best time yet made upon the road.—Letter in the N. Y. Tribune.

A little child four years old, near Kunko, Ind., suddenly appeared on the rail road track as a train was passing at a rapid rate and was picked up by the cowcatcher, thrown fifteen feet high in the air, and landed in the ditch without injury.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, for the District of South Carolina.—In the Matter of Drucilla G. Robinson Bankrupt. Ex Parte P. V. DIBBLE Assignee.—Notice is hereby given that all Creditors holding Liens on the Estate of Drucilla G. Robinson Bankrupt, that they are required to establish the same before J. C. Carpenter, Esq., Register in Bankruptcy, on or before the 31st day of July, next.

By order of the Hon. Geo. S. Bryan, P. V. DIBBLE, Assignee.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, for the District of South Carolina.—In Bankruptcy.—In the Matter of Barnett Livingston Bankrupt. Ex Parte J. H. Harley.—Notice is hereby given to all Creditors holding liens against the Estate of Barnett Livingston, Bankrupt that they are required to establish the same before J. C. Carpenter, Esq., Register in Bankruptcy, on or before the 31st day of July, next.

By order of the Hon. Geo. S. Bryan, P. V. DIBBLE, Assignee.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

IN BANKRUPTCY.—In the matter of Emanuel Ezekiel, of the firm of Ezekiel & Kohn, Bankrupts. Will be sold at Public Auction, at Orangeburg, C. H., on Tuesday 13th of July inst., at 11 o'clock A. M., the following personal property belonging to the aforesaid Bankrupt's Estate, viz:

1 Mule. 1 Lot of Seasoned Flooring Boards. 1 Lot of Bricks. Conditions cash. P. V. DIBBLE, Assignee. Estate Emanuel Ezekiel, Bankrupt. July 3—21

HYMENEAL.

MARRIED.—On the 6th June, 1869, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. JACOB WILEY HEARNER to Mrs. DRUCELLA HUFF. All of Orangeburg County, S. C.

County Treasurer's Office. ORANGEBURG COUNTY, July 3, 1869. To the Tax-Payers of Orangeburg County. Notice is hereby given that I will be at the several different places hereinafter named, for the purpose of COLLECTING STATE and COUNTY TAXES for the year 1868, in the following proportions, viz:

For General Purposes of State Government.....\$ 35-100 Mills. " Interest on State Debt.....\$ 75-100 " " School Purposes.....\$ 40-100 " " Poll Tax.....\$ 1.00 " " County Tax.....\$ 3 " Total per Centage.....104 " At Branchville on the 19th and 20th instant. At Lewisville on the 22d and 23d instant. At J. Hamp Felder's Store on the 27th and 28th instant. At Easterling's Mill on the 31st instant. At Gleaton's Store on the 2d and 3d of August. At Orangeburg C. H. every day thereafter until the 30th day of August. All Defaulters will be dealt with strictly according to law. JNO. D. MOUNT, County Treasurer. July 3—2m

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING IN POST OFFICE JULY 1st. A.—James W. Armstrong, J. Adams, (col.) B.—Miss Rebecca Badger, W. D. Bell, Esq. C.—Mrs. Robert Cooper, Thomas Crater. D.—Mrs. A. E. Dantler, Dr. J. A. Duncan. E. G. Danner, Esq., James C. Dick, Master Geo. Dillon. F.—Henry Ebercrue. G.—Thomas Friday, Miss Alice Fanchess. H.—Miss Harriet Goldstein. I.—Dr. J. W. Jenkins, Jerry Jones, Ezekiel M. Jones, Dr. Paul Jenkins. L.—Joe Lee, (col.), Miss C. Lovick. M.—Miss M. Milton, Messrs. John G. Miller & Co., Mrs. Mondak Morrison. N.—August Reinke, Peter Raser, H. rex, (colored woman). O.—Chas. A. Sperry, Simon Stromat, Rev. J. C. Stoll, Mrs. Molar Salley. P.—Rich'd Thomas, Mr. Thomas. Q.—Thomas Workman, James Whitaker. R.—Miss Elizee C. Yancey. Z.—Mrs. Joseph Zeigler. T. K. SASPORTAS, P. M.

ORANGEBURG COUNTY, PROBATE COURT. Ex parte David Strook Administrator of the Estate of Capt. Jacob Smith. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT DAVID STROOK will, on the 5th day of August next, apply for a final discharge as Administrator of the Estate of Capt. Jacob Smith, deceased. THAD. C. ANDREWS, Judge of Probate. July 3—4

NOTICE. To the accountants and all other persons entitled to an act providing for the assessment and taxation of property approved the 15th day of September A. D. 1868, notice is hereby given that the total rate per centum levied for State purposes for the year 1868 is 7 1/2 mills; and for County purposes, the total rate levied is 3 mills, making a total for all purposes for the year 1868 10 1/2 mills on the dollar. JNO. D. MOUNT, County Treasurer. June 12,—31

ORANGEBURG COUNTY, PROBATE COURT. Ex parte D. A. McIver Administrator of the Estate of A. E. and A. A. Smoke. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT D. A. McIver will, on the 24th day of July next, apply for his final discharge as Administrator of the Estate of A. E. and A. A. Smoke, deceased. THAD. C. ANDREWS, Judge of Probate. June 26—1t

Orangeburg County, PROBATE COURT. Notice to Executors, Administrators, Guardians, Trustees, &c. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL those having Returns to make to this Office, and who having failed to make them for the year 1868 that the same must be made by the first day of July prox., or the penalty of the law will be enforced. THAD. C. ANDREWS, Judge of Probate. June 12—3t

E. J. Oliveros, M. D. DRUGGIST AND PHARMACEUTIST. INVITES THE ATTENTION of the Public to his splendid and extensive assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, and all kinds of Medicines, &c., &c. Queen's Delicat, Rosaldis, Radways' Medicines, Catholicon Uterine, Sarsaparilla, Hair Vigor, Hostetter's Bitters, Hall's Hair Renewer, Plantation Bitters, Mrs. Chavalier Hair Wash, Carolina Bitters, Mrs. Allen's Hair Restorer. Remember that Dr. OLIVEROS' DRUG STORE is the place where you can save your Money! MONEY!! MONEY!!! E. J. OLIVEROS, M. D., Druggist and Pharmaceutist, may 2, 69—1y Orangeburg C. H., S. C.

Look Out for Bargains. AUCTION SALE. PURSUANT to an order of Court will sell at Auction, on the fourth Saturday in June instant, (and on every succeeding Saturday until the whole Stock shall be disposed of,) at the Store at Fe'derville, formerly used by J. H. Felder & Co., the Stock of Goods, Wares and Merchandise, now held in said Store under an Injunction in Equity. Terms cash. THOMAS COLLI, R. Receiver. June 5

FUNERAL NOTICE.—All Persons having claims against the Estate of Mary Poir deceased, are hereby notified to present the same properly attested on or before the 30th day of July, 1869, or they will be barred; payment and all persons indebted will make payment immediately in full. J. F. BONNETT, Administrator. June 12—3t