

ACTED TO THE LIFE.

How delicious, after the crowd and bustle of the city, are the first few hours of a walking trip in the country. My heart had been mouldy and lonely for a long time, until one sunny day in September I received a note from Markham, asking me to take a holiday and visit him at his mother's villa. I persuaded myself that I was overworked and wanted rest, and determined to take Markham at his word. I sat down and wrote two lines, telling him that I should walk down, starting that very night, and that he might expect me as soon as twenty miles a day and a zig-zag road would bring me. In ten minutes I put up a few things to send on before me, packed a knapsack, and then shouldered my traps and rushed from the horrible gloom of my chambers, and in another hour found myself on a country road, doing my first stage in the bright moonlight. I absolutely danced with delight, it was so glorious to be free once more. I was walking through a woody country, and fell a pleasure I cannot describe in reminiscences of childish terrors awakened by the strange forms that moonlight showed among the trees. When I came to a break in the woods, I leaned over a gate opening into meadows that stretched far away, all gleaming in the light which lends a beauty, delicate but mysterious, and almost unearthly, to the most common objects. As I listened, I listened; not a sound, except the tinkling of a sheep bell, now and then the bark of a dog, baying the moon, or a village church-bell striking the hour. But soon I saw, breaking over the horizon, distant lightning, which warned me that a storm was approaching. I had still some miles to go before I could reach the end of my first stage, so I pressed on again. Before an hour had passed the wind had risen and was swaying the tree tops overhead in the narrow arched lanes, and soon the moon was hidden, and I felt the first slow, heavy drops of rain. Half dazed at times by vivid flashes, and splashing through puddles already formed in the cart ruts, I hastened onward, but it was nearly midnight when, drenched to the skin, I reached the little town of D—.

In him I was glad to recognize Potts (let me veil his personality under this discreet pseudonym) an enterprising lessee, known to me slightly through Markham, who had written for his theatre. He recollected me, and we dined together. He confirmed the porter's account of the object of his visit, and asked me to go with him to the theatre. I accepted, for there was something intensely amusing to me in the lively talk of the manager, his anecdotes and knowledge of the world. The rain had ceased and it was now a lovely afternoon, but still so wet under foot that I thought I would stop at D— another night; so we sat over our wine, he talking, I listening and laughing, till it was time to be off. It was not the fact of the theatre being a wretched one that so much surprised me, as that D— should have one at all. Of all the unhappy investments in brick and mortar which have ever come under my observation, that was decidedly one of the very worst. Nevertheless, traveling companies did occasionally take it for a while, though I should not like to affirm that any of them ever got a living out of it. The performance had begun before our arrival, and it was with some difficulty that we found any one who would consent to take our money and admit us. The ill-lighted, empty look of the house, with its tawdry decorations, all faded and mouldered, was wretched in the extreme. My attention was far too much occupied by the chit-chat of Potts to allow of my noticing particularly what was passing on the stage; but the acting I knew was ludicrously bad, for it excited in us so much merriment that an eruption into our box of the D— population was at one time threatened. But after a while appeared the young actress, whom Potts' account had made me anxious to see. Certainly I had rarely beheld more exquisite beauty of face and figure, or more intelligent action. Her dress, too, was simple and even poor, yet it gave evidence of a refined taste, which surprised me in a girl so situated. The managerial eye of Potts saw her capabilities at a glance, and for a while our merriment was restrained, only to be re-awakened, however, by the entrance of the supposed vampire.

"Her father," said Potts; "decayed gentleman, poor old fellow; won't let his daughter act without him." It required all my sympathy to refrain from laughing outright at the absurd antics of the poor old man, who had had to sacrifice many a prejudice before he could consent to allow his daughter to employ her talents as a means of livelihood. I have almost forgotten the plot of the piece, but it was in the final act, if I recollect rightly, that the lovely girl was to become the vampire's victim. When the curtain rose, she was discovered alone. After a short soliloquy she reclined on a couch, and the plot of the piece required the entrance of her father after a short pause. He came, and never to my dying day shall I forget the fearful impression caused by his appearance. My professional studies had made me acquainted with all the fearful forms which death assumes; but the hue of the face which was before me I had never met with. I had not dreamed that it was in the actor's art to produce so awful an appearance, which seemed the result rather of the absolute withdrawal of all color—I hardly know how to express my meaning—than the production of any external application. No words of mine could describe the terror of his deeply sunken, heavy eyes, and his stealthy, noiseless tread. A habit of observation, which had become a second nature to me, compelled me for an instant to withdraw my gaze from the ghastly figure stealing along the stage, and to glance round the theatre. The effect of the apparition was appalling. Children, wild with terror, clung to their mothers, scarcely less terrified than they; while strong men hid their faces in their hands. I looked at Potts, the cool man of the world. His self-possession prevented him from betraying what he firmly set mouth told me he could not wholly suppress. Every sound in the theatre was hushed, and it was amid a silence as that of death, in which I could hear the rapid beating of my own heart, that the vampire stole to the couch of the recumbent girl. What vague foreboding deepened the terror with which I watched his approach to the girl, I know not; but I felt that to turn my head for an instant, or to open my lips, would be utterly impossible. I would have given worlds for the power to cry out; but every muscle was powerless, as if under the domination of a spell, and my gaze was fixed uncontrollably on the actor, as he bent his head toward the neck of the seemingly sleeping girl. An instant later, and with a cry like that of a death-stricken creature, she sprang from the couch, tottered towards the footlights, and fell huddled together on the stage. Had she, too, become suddenly endow'd with some wonderful faculty which gave to the acting of a novice a power beyond that of the highest attainments of art? The reality of her fearful cry, the manner of her fall, and a dark pool under her head told a different tale. Released, I knew not how, from the fascination which had held me a moment before, I leaped from my seat, clambered over the footlights, and raised the girl's head on my knee. A gasp in her small, delicate throat, showed that all was too real. Potts had followed me; with his aid I carried the girl into a dressing-room, where I gave her all the assistance in my power. "Her father," I said to an actor, who followed us; "where is he? he must not escape." The man rushed out of the room, but returned a few minutes later to tell me that he had found the girl's father lying utterly unconscious on the floor of his dressing-room. His manner terrified me. "What do you mean?" I said. "It was not he," he whispered in a hoarse voice; "he had not finished dressing for the part."

"Shut the stage-door," I said. "Is there any way besides of leaving the theatre from the stage?" "None." But we were too late; before the alarm was given, the other had gone out, with a handkerchief to his face. I have little to add to my story. The girl's beauty, her gentleness and intelligence had awakened in me a strong feeling of interest, and I willingly gave up my holiday to pass it at her bedside. I was in love with the girl whom a strange and awful fate had thrown in my path. I tended her with all my skill, and when I was compelled to return, and to leave her to other care, it was arranged that I should every day have news of her; and that as soon as she could possibly bear the removal she should be brought to London. A recovery from her wound seemed possible, when she was attacked by fits of such a character, that their continuance, I knew, would be fatal. It would be too painful for me to dwell on the agony of these attacks, during which the recollection of that ghastly face was always present to her. A month after I left her I learned with bitter grief that all was over. My absence spared me a terrible shock—she died raving mad in a lunatic asylum. A rigid inquiry left no doubt on my mind of the father's complete innocence. His account was, that while dressing in his room he happened to turn towards the door, when he saw before him a figure dressed in all respects as he was to have been, but with a face so awful that he fell senseless. He recollected nothing more till, on his recovery, he found persons standing by him. The most careful investigation tended to corroborate this statement, but failed to produce any other evidence. From the first I had refused to believe in the father's guilt, and after the death of his daughter I was instrumental in procuring him employment in the city. In the hope of finding some clue to the mystery of that awful night I had him constantly watched; every step he took was dogged, all his actions were recorded, but nothing to alter my opinion was discovered. I did not require this confirmation; I know how he had loved his daughter; knew how his life was bound up in hers. I noted his impatience at the slow approach of death, and it was with a feeling of self-reproach, which the sense of a duty fulfilled could not stifle, that I followed him to his grave. From the Louisville Courier.

The Last Bivouac of the Old Kentucky Brigade. It was at the town of Washington, Georgia, the "Old Brigade" closed its career as an organization supporting the cause which was lost. Here at last its marches were ended, and here the Southern breezes for the last time sported with its banners. General J. E. Johnson's capitulating order found the brigade—then serving as mounted infantry—in the heat of battle, among the scenes of the old revolution, near Camden, South Carolina. Hostilities immediately ended, and the brigade took up its line of march for Washington to be paroled, where it arrived on the evening of May 6th, 1865. The day before the arrival a company of Federal cavalry had taken possession of the town, and had established guards at the different buildings containing Government stores. These soldiers in blue were quiet spectators as the column of gray marched by. A few days before this, President Davis and his retinue had passed through the town going westward, and the day previous to the arrival of the brigade, General Brinkridge, Secretary of War, had, at this place, issued the last order emanating from the Confederate Government. This was done when he was on the eve of leaving town, a few hours before the Federal troops came in. Here the ship of State, flying the Southern cross, had at last gone down, after having long and bravely breasted the crimsoned billows of war! By this time, too, Lee's paroled veterans had about all passed through, who had for more than a week been coming across on foot from Abbeville, S. C., to again meet with railroad transportation to bear them homeward. The little town had bravely gone through this agitation, and seemed to be enjoying a season of quietude, when the troops marched in. The brigade moved through the streets a well closed column, armed cap-a-pie, and with colours flying. Soon the citizens were out en masse to look for the last time upon the "boys in gray" as they were marching—marching under their colors. The troops of the brigade had, as infantry, elicited universal admiration on fields of review for the precision of their movements and military bearing, and now they did not dishonor the arm of the service to which they belonged. Steadily they marched, the very horses seeming to vie with the riders in keeping up the military to the last. The spring breezes gently waved the banners that bore the marks of the contest, and that had the names of many fields written upon their folds—and the evening's sunlight, on the eve of fading from the hills, danced and quivered upon the long trusty Enfields, thus smiling pleasantly upon one of the last scenes of Southern pageantry. As the troops moved out on the Athens road they met a body of Federal cavalry coming from the opposite direction. The column of blue and the column of gray divided the road, each filing by in silence. The folds of the opposing banners, which had so often swayed and tossed in the battle's storm, were now almost wafted together by the May zephyrs, yet there was no din of battle. The brigade halted in a pleasant wood of beeches and oaks, in the environs, which was the scene of the "last bivouac." The setting sun never before stretched his arms of light through the beautiful wood to touch a better picture than when the warriors reclined on the green sward, under the trees, resting from the weary march and from the "hundred battles." Not far away were the steeds, which had so faithfully borne them, quietly enjoying their forage, forgetful of the battles' tumult, yet unconscious that the war was ended. The soldiers were not permitted long to rest, however, for ere long the clear notes of the bugle called them up to the duties of the camp. When the evening shadows deepened into darkness, the blazing bivouac fires lighted up the wood. Beautiful was the scene, as the light clambered the tall trunks of the trees, to scintillate among the tender leaves of spring, that formed a canopy above. Under the green roof the forms of the soldiers were seen, some walking to and fro, others sitting around quietly smoking their pipes, and the murmur of the camp crept away through the still-

ness of the night to greet the cottages in the suburbs. At length the last "tattoo" rang through the woods, in notes clear and strong, yet of the five thousand stalwart Kentuckians first brigaded under Breckinridge, at Bowling Green, Ky. (the only change made, the Fifth had the place of the Third regiment,) not a thousand answered to their names. Of the missing thousands, hundreds slept on battle-fields where they had fallen; their ears forever deaf to the bugle's call. In wounds and in sickness many hundreds had died, their graves being marked in nearly every State of the Confederacy, and many had died in Northern prisons. No wonder the light of the camp-fires which reflected in the bronzed faces of the warriors, that stood up at the roll-call, revealed traces of sadness, for their thoughts were of the absent. The winds murmuring so softly through the leafy branches overhead were even then chanting solemn dirges among the pines that grew above the graves of their fallen comrades—graves that were scattered far and wide, and far from the care of loved ones at home. Yet, when the ranks were broken, and while around the fires a moment to finish their pipes ere giving themselves to slumber, sad feelings were forgotten, and, in true soldier style, the laughing jest was sent and the cutting repartee received, all forgetful of the past and careless as to the future. So: the camp fires smouldered, quiet brooded over the scene, and naught but the glittering stars, peering through the green canopy above, kept sentry over the sleeping warriors—for the war was over. After Sherman had marched from Savannah into the Carolinas, the brigade was attached to Young's division, Hampton's corps, and was on the Santee river, in South Carolina, contending against a raid from Charleston under Foster, when Johnson's order surrendering the department was received. The troops had been fighting several days after the order was issued. Their battles ended where Marion fought, and now they slept under the trees, near Washington, waiting the new events of the morrow. For four years they had been together in the domain of the camp, the monotony of the drill-field, on the warlike march, in the bivouac, and oftimes on the "perilous edge of the battle." They had marched among the snows of Kentucky and Tennessee in mid-winter, and had marched under the burning sun of Louisiana in the heat of summer. Their spirits were never down. They had ever laughed at hardships, and frolicked in the midst of danger—never despondent in disaster. The morrow would free them to again seek peaceful vocations, yet they had slept as soundly on battle-fields, surrounded by the dead and the dying, knowing the morning would bring a renewal of the conflict. By noon the next day, 7th, the troops were all paroled, and had scattered off, leaving the grounds deserted. The eventful before details had carried the arms to General Lewis' quarters, where they were piled in a heap. Soon after, Capt. Abraham Lot, the Federal Provost Marshal, with his clerk, came out to sign the paroles. They were the only Federal soldiers present at the surrender. The paroles of one or two regiments were signed that night. The military bonds that had bound the members of the "old brigade" together for four years of warfare were severed, but the ties of friendship woven between them during that time will last forever. Now, when they meet in the civil walks of life, the kindling eye and the warm clasp of hands indicates their companionship through that period, when the God of War lifted high the bloody sword and the earth trembled beneath the shock of battles. Letter from Hon. B. F. Perry. To the Editor of the Columbia Phoenix: It is most extraordinary, indeed, and will be as terrific in its results as it is now strange and wonderful, to see an educated, refined and gallant people, seeking repose and protection from apprehended political evils under the government and control of their former slaves—an inferior race, utterly ignorant and debased! There is nothing in the history of all nations of the earth, for the last six thousand years, comparable to it, in folly and madness.—Future ages will regard it as the most remarkable fatuity that ever possessed any people. What a change has come over the spirit and feelings of South Carolina within the last seven years! The Federal Union was then beneficent, republican and constitutional. There was not an Act of Congress, for eight previous years, which any one complained of as unjust or oppressive. We were as happy and prosperous as a people could be. And yet that Union was hated and despised! The people rose up en masse and solemnly determined to rid themselves of it, or die in the attempt! Now, that Union has trampled the Constitution in the dust, violated every republican principle, and heaped on us tyranny and oppression. which, its Chief Magistrate declares, no people, speaking the English language, have ever borne, for the last five hundred years! And the people of South Carolina have so changed, within seven short years, that they are now clamorous to get back into the Union, and beg its tyranny and oppression to their bosoms—to lick the rod that has smote them to the earth and desolated their State! In order to hasten their return, they are not only willing to give up all the rights of their State—all constitutional and republican principles, and self-government—but to transfer the Government of their once proud and chivalric State into the hands of the negroes! Intelligence, virtue and refinement are to be ruled by ignorance and baseness! The wealth of the State to be taxed and plundered by a race of paupers, who will portion out the lands and vote themselves homesteads, and whose legislation will be such as to bring, eventually, sooner, or later, a war of races, in which one or the other must be exterminated. Whilst writing, I have been told that confiscation was boldly avowed by the negro convention which assembled in Charleston last week. It is a great mistake to suppose that, by all this humiliation and degradation, we shall get back into the Union, or be relieved of military government. Congress has given no such guarantee, and leading radicals assert the contrary. The Union will not be restored till after the next Presidential election. A military government, or a standing army, in South Carolina, after the enfranchisement of the negro, will be absolutely necessary, to preserve the peace and keep down the oppressed white race. Nothing else will do it. Instead of being relieved from the oppressions of Congress and military rule, we shall have called into existence, by our own votes, a third power, more odious and revolting, more galling and destructive, than either of the other two. No one who reflects can mistake the purpose of the radical party—the sole purpose which they have in view—and to accomplish which they are attempting to move heaven and earth. They have been influenced in their recent atrocious, barbarous legislation much more by the hope of continuing and perpetrating their power in the Government, and their existence as a party, than by any love for the negro, or wrongs on the Southern people. If their purpose had been solely revenge, they could have instituted, all over the country, prosecutions for treason, and by military commissions or negro juries have brought any prominent man to the gallows. For two or three years, they waged war against the Southern States without attempting to interfere with slavery, or raising a finger to relieve the poor African from his thralldom. It was only when they found that the "Great Rebellion" could not be otherwise suppressed, and that they could successfully use our slaves against us, that they declared them free, and enlisted them in their armies. This was a new element, and a most powerful one, which they brought into the contest. By it, they increased their forces 200,000, and greatly weakened the resources of the Southern States. They cared nothing for the negro, except to see him slaughtered in battle, instead of their own soldiers. This was the extent of their love and philanthropy for the African race—nothing more, nothing less. It is supposed that 1,000,000 of this unfortunate people, who were happy and contented slaves, perished during the war by disease, hunger, cold, exposure and neglect, or were killed in battle. And no candid or impartial man can say that the condition of the survivors, as a whole, has been benefited. Time will prove that their destiny, as a free race in the Southern States, is extinction. A new vision has now broke upon the wicked hopes and purposes of the radical Congress. They think, by giving universal suffrage to the negro, they will be able to radicalize the Southern States. With this aim, the military bill was passed, destroying the States, disfranchising leading public men and enfranchising the negro. They were afraid to take so bold a step in infamy and in violation of all constitutional rights before the elections last fall, in the Northern States. Had they done so, they would have been deposed in all those States where the negro is not allowed to vote. The elections in Connecticut, this spring, prove this fact. Large Democratic gains in all the municipal elections North give evidence of the truth of this assertion. Kentucky has just swept the radical party out of that State. Everywhere we hear of a reaction in favor of constitutional liberty. If we will have patience, and bear our wrongs like Christians and patriots, our deliverance will come; but, for God's sake, do not let us ourselves rivet the chains on our own hands. In order to radicalize the South and stir up antagonism between the two races, and set them to cutting each other's throats, Republican emissaries, black and white, great and small, are traveling all over the Southern States, and making the most incendiary speeches, organizing secret societies, and forming "Union leagues." Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, gave the people of Charleston, the other week, a specimen of his tactics and political strategy. Nothing can be more diabolical, or less likely to promote the true interests of the black man, than such a course. It will, however, go very far towards estranging the freedmen from us, and building up a strong and powerful radical party in all the Southern States. If left alone, the negro would act in harmony with his former owner. It is his interest to do so. But of this there is now little hope. Every day, by means of this radical agitation and misrepresentation, he will be less and less under the influence of his true friends and neighbors. At present, out of the towns and villages, the negro cares nothing about his right of suffrage, and knows nothing. Unless influenced by bad men, he will not trouble himself to register or vote. This, however, will not always be the case. If, therefore, we are wise in the coming election, true to ourselves, and have the true interests of the negro at heart, we may defeat the call of a convention, and save the State from radicalism and agrarianism, and a war of races in the future. It never can be done afterwards. It is said that the adoption of the military bill, with all its consequences, is not more dishonorable than what the Southern States have already done, by abolishing slavery and adopting the constitutional amendment on that subject. This is a strange assertion. What dishonor is there in setting your slaves free? Can there be any? But there is dishonor in placing yourself under the control and government of those slaves after they are made free. The surrender of Lee and Johnston was an acknowledgment that slavery was abolished. The Federal armies were here to enforce it. The slaves, too, had become so much demoralized that almost every one was willing to give up the institution, and no one now desires to see it restored. But is this an argument for giving up self-government, republican principles, constitutional liberty, the rights of the States, and placing ourselves at the mercy of our freedmen? When South Carolina abolished slavery, she had an assurance, too, that she would be forth with restored to the Union, with all her constitutional rights unimpaired. Now, we are told, after all this humiliation and degradation, if South Carolina will radicalize herself and elect Black Republicans, they may be admitted to their seats in Congress! Who wishes to be admitted into the Union on these terms? No act or deed yet done has sullied the fair escutcheon of the Palmetto State. It is to be hoped that none will be in the future. I have been charged with inconsistency in opposing the reconstruction of the

Union. I am not opposed to reconstruction. No man in South Carolina, or the United States, more earnestly desires to see the Union restored as it was before the war. It is the nearest and dearest wish of my heart. But I will not dishonor myself or my State, or bring ruin on my country, to obtain such a Union as is now proposed. I have been charged, too, with inconsistency in going with my State after she seceded. I can only reply by saying that my notions of duty, honor and patriotism differ widely from those of my accusers. It is true that I was a Union man, and did all that I could to preserve the Union. For thirty years I defended it, with my pen, with my speech, and with my right arm. But when South Carolina seceded from the Union, I said to Gov. Means, who desired to know the course I intended to take, "That the State was going to the devil, and I was going with her." From that day to the end of the war, I was as zealous and earnest in her defence as any son she had. I regarded it my duty, imposed by honor and patriotism, to aid 8,000,000 of my fellow-citizens, who had united, whether wisely or unwisely, in their attempt to establish that sacred right of self-government proclaimed in the declaration of independence. South Carolina was the land of my nativity, the home of my family, kindred and friends. In her bosom reposed the bones of my forefathers, and I should have been a traitor to her interests, honor and glory had I raised a paricalar arm against my native State. A rebel, reluctant and unwilling, I did become. My father was one in '76. But a traitor I never can be. B. F. PERRY.

THE YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

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FOUR ORIGINAL STORIES, AND THREE VALUABLE PREMIUMS!!!

THE ENQUIRER will appear on Thursday, the 3rd day of January, 1867, increased in size, and printed on entirely new material, with the latest improvements in the art, presenting a more attractive appearance, and containing at least five additional columns of reading matter—the largest newspaper in the State outside of Charleston. The Editorial department, will be conducted by Mr. James E. Wilson, assisted by Major James E. Hart. Mr. James Wood, Darridoon will continue his versatile "Contributions" from Columbia. Four original Novels, written expressly for the Enquirer, will be published during the year. The following are the titles: "The Spectre of the Fireside"—by J. Witherspoon Erwin. "The Shadow on the Wall"—by John Estlin Cooke. "The Wealth of Home"—by Mrs. M. A. Ewart. "Plover Westvelt, the Tory's Niece"—by Caroline E. Preston. TERMS—IN ADVANCE.

One copy one year, \$ 2 50. Two copies one year, 4 00. Five copies one year, 8 75. Ten copies one year, 17 50. One copy six months, 1 25. One to the person sending us the largest club of subscribers, at \$1 75 in specie, or \$2 50 in currency, we will award a Patent Cotton Planter, which will cost in Charleston fifty dollars. To the person sending us the next largest club, on the same terms, we will award a Patent Corn Planter, which will cost in Charleston thirty dollars! To the person sending us the third largest list, on the same terms, we will award one of Ames' Double Corn Shellers, cost in Charleston, twenty dollars! The premiums will be awarded to the successful competitors on the first Monday in March next, at 3 o'clock. The names should be sent in, however, as they are obtained; additions being made to the list up to the day of the award. No names will be counted unless paid for. To persons who may make up clubs of ten or more names, but who may fail to obtain a prize, we will send the Enquirer one year free of charge, and a copy of either "The Land we Love," "Scott's Monthly Magazine," or "Godey's Lady's Book." L. M. GRIS, Yorkville.

Schedule over S. C. Railroad.

GENERAL SUPPLY OFFICE, CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 3, 1866. ON and after Wednesday, November 7, 1866, the Passenger Trains of this road will run the following schedule: AUGUSTA TRAIN. Leave Charleston, 8.00 a. m. Arrive at Columbia, 5.20 p. m. Arrive at Augusta, 5.00 p. m. Leave Augusta, 7.00 a. m. Leave Columbia, 6.50 a. m. Arrive at Charleston, 4.00 p. m. THROUGH MAIL TRAIN. Leave Augusta, 5.50 p. m. Arrive at Kingsville, 1.05 a. m. Arrive at Columbia, 3.00 a. m. Leave Columbia, 2.00 p. m. Arrive at Kingsville, 3.40 p. m. Arrive at Augusta, 12.00 night. H. T. PEAKE, Gen'l Supt. Nov 15, 1866 22

Greenville & Columbia Rail Road.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, Columbia, Sept. 12, 1866. On and after Monday, 15th inst., the Passenger Trains will be run daily, (Sundays excepted) until further notice, as follows: Leave Columbia at 7 15 a. m. " Allston, " 9 05 " " Newberry, " 10 35 a. m. Arrive at Abbeville, " 3 18 p. m. " " Anderson, " 5 10 " " Greenville, " 6 00 " Leave Greenville at 1 05 a. m. " Anderson, " 6 20 " " Abbeville, " 8 35 a. m. " Newberry, " 1 20 p. m. Arrive at Allston, " 2 45 " " Columbia, " 4 40 " The bridge at Allston being now completed, passengers and freights will be transported without delay. The expense of freights, by the discontinuance of the wagons and boats, will be largely reduced. J. B. LASALLE, Gen'l Supt. Sept 20, 1866 14

W. E. ARCHER'S LIVERY AND SALE STABLES, 350 BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GEORGIA. Dec 5, 1866 361