

For the Home Circle.

A Beautiful Story.

"A cheerful word of sympathy
May scatter clouds away,
One little act performed in life
Turns darkness to day."

On a warm summer afternoon, a lazy breeze stole through the windows of a little hot district school-house, lifting the white curtains, and rustling the leaves of the copy books that lay open on the desks. Thirty or forty scholars of all ages were bending over their writing, quiet and busy; the voice of the master, as he passed about among the writers, was the only sound. But though silent, this little, hot school-room had its heroes and heroines as certainly as the wider sphere of life.

The bell rings for the writing to be laid by; and now comes the last exercise of the day, the spelling, in which nearly all the school joined. At the head of the class is a delicate little girl in a blue dress, whose bright eyes and attentive air show that she prizes her place and means to keep it.

Presently a word, which had passed all the lower end of the class, came to Eunice. The word was privilege. "P-r-i-v-i-l-e-g-e," spelled Eunice. But the teacher, vexed with the mistake at the other end of the class, misunderstood her and passed it. The little girl looked amazed; the bright color came into her cheeks and she listened eagerly to the next person, who spelled it again as she had done.

"I spelled it so," whispered Eunice to herself tears springing to her eyes as she passed down. But, too timid to speak to the master, she remained in her place, inwardly determining soon to get up again.

But her trials were not over. Many expedients were tried in the school to keep out the arch enemy of all teachers—whispering. At length the following was adopted: The first whisperer was stood upon the floor in front of the teacher's desk. Here he acted as a monitor; as he detected another he took his seat and the next offender kept a sharp lookout, to find some one to take his place; for at the close of the school the scholar who had the whisperer's place was punished very severely—as the school phrase was, "took a ferning!" This plan appeared to operate very well, every one dreading being found the last on the floor; but though it secured an orderly school, many of the parents and scholars doubted its justice.

The boy who was on the floor when Eunice lost her place, was an unruly, surly fellow, who had smarted for his faults often before; and as school drew near its close he began to tremble. The instant Eunice's whispered complaint reached his ear, his face brightened up; he was safe now. And when the class was dismissed, he said "Eunice whispered, sir."

Eunice rose, and in a trembling voice related what she had said; but the teacher saw no excuse in it, and she was called to take the place of the ungenerous boy who had told of her.

Books had been put away, and the waiting school looked on in sorrowfulness as Eunice left her seat to take the dreaded punishment. She was one of the best scholars, bright, faithful, sweet-tempered, a general favorite. Every one felt that it was unjust; and many angry glances were cast at the boy who was mean enough to get a little girl whipped. Overcome with shame and fear she stood by the side of the desk, crying bitterly, while the teacher was preparing to inflict the punishment.

At this moment a tall boy stepped out of his seat, and going to the desk, said: "Are you going to whip Eunice, sir?" "Yes, I never break my rules," the teacher said.

"We will not see her whipped!" said the boy, in an excited voice. "There is not a boy here, but one that would see her whipped. Whip me, sir, and keep your rule, if you must, but don't touch that little girl."

The master paused; the school looked on tearfully.

"Do you mean to say you will take her punishment?" asked the teacher.

"I do, sir," was the bold reply.

The sobbing little girl was sent to her seat, and without flinching, her friend stood and received the punishment that was to have fallen on her. The school was dismissed, and the boys paid him in admiration and praise for all he had suffered, while the grateful little girl blessed him from her heart for noble and generous boy, who had saved her from the greatest shame and suffering.

I said the little school had its heroes, and this was one of them. Do you think this conduct admirable?

Now for the moral.

The punishment received by this noble boy was Christ-like; it was one of suffering from his own free will the punishment that was to have been borne by another.

You see—do you not—that this is just what Christ did, who bore our sin in His own body, on the tree—the Saviour of men. How great the gratitude each of us owes such a friend.—*Burke's Weekly.*

THE CROOKED TREE.—A child, when asked why a certain tree grew crooked replied: "Somebody trod on it, I suppose, when it was a little fellow." How painfully suggestive is that answer! How many, with aching hearts, can remember the days of their childhood, when they were the victims of indiscreet repression, rather than the happy objects of some kind direction and culture! The effects of such misguided discipline have been apparent in their history and character, and by no process of human devising can the wrong be rectified. The grand error in their education consisted in a system of rigid restraints, without corresponding efforts to develop, cultivate, and train in a right direction.

There is dignity about that going away alone, we call dying—that wrapping the mantle of immortality about us; that putting aside with a pale hand azure curtains that are drawn around this cradle of a world; that venturing from home for the first time in our lives; for we are not dead, there is nothing dead to speak of, and we only go off seeing foreign countries not laid down on the map we know about.

There must be lovely lands somewhere starward, for none even return that go thither, and we much doubt if any would if they could.

HOW VICTORIA REPROVED A FLIRTING DAUGHTER.—An anecdote illustrating Victoria's admirable good sense and strict domestic discipline, came to me directly from one who witnessed the occurrence. One day, when the queen was present in her carriage at a military review, the princess royal, then rather a willful girl of about thirteen, sitting on the front seat, seemed disposed to be rather familiar and coquettish with some young officers of the escort. Her majesty gave several reproving looks, without avail—"winked at her, but she wouldn't stay wrinkled." At length, in flirting her handkerchief over the side of the carriage, she dropped it—too evidently not accidentally. Instantly about two or three young heroes sprang from their saddles to return it to her fair hand, but the awful voice of royalty stayed them. "Stop, gentlemen," exclaimed the queen, "leave it just where it lies. Now, my daughter, get down from the carriage, and pick up your handkerchief." There was no help for it. The royal footman let down the steps for the little royal lady, who proceeded to lift from the dust the pretty piece of cambric and lace. She blushed a good deal, though she tossed her head saucily, and she was doubtless angry enough, but the mortifying lesson may have nipped in the bud her first impulse towards coquetry. It was hard, but it was wholesome. How many American mothers would be equal to such a piece of Spartan discipline.

A PRETTY FOOT.—What is prettier than a pretty foot? What more captivating than a dear little foot covered by a high instep, and coming down neatly over the toes, with a bowitching tassel dangling at the top of the close-locking. In nothing is aristocracy so marked as in the pedal extremity; the thin nostril, the long fingers, the narrow palm, are evidence of gentle blood, but far less so than the round ankle, the high instep and the hollow beneath, through which, as the high bred Arab says, a stream of water should be able to flow while the possessor is standing. The flat splay foot on the contrary, as surely tells of want of pedigree as its misshapen excrescences, its corns and bunions drive away affection. The horse shows the purity of his extraction by clean limbs, neat pastern and small hoof; and the same result is noticeable, in more or less animals. Man falls in love as readily with a seductive foot as with an attractive face; he finds in it a thousand expressive movements; its firm tread speaks of a decided character; its quick step denotes anger; its elasticity of motion assures him of liveliness and good humor; its hasty tread denotes impatience; its subtle glide signifies cunning; while the quiet but marked footfall guarantees him an affectionate disposition. The face often deceives with an alluring smile; it is taught or trained by design or habit; openness is guarded and confined; but the foot speaks its own language, unrestrained and untutored; and the male sex own a debt of gratitude to fashion for giving back honest feet to the future adorners of human existence.

THEATRICAL.—During Mr. Kean's performance of Richard III, some years ago, at the Park Theatre, New York, a great Vermontor, who was a stranger to the mimic art, never having been at the theatre before, took a seat in the pit, pretty near the orchestra, and was observed to watch the performance with absorbing interest. He never joined in the applause bestowed on the performers, nor in the hisses lavished on the "supes," but silently and admiringly looked on at the play. He heard the drum beat to arms on Bosworth field—heard Richard's soul-stirring address to his army, and that of Richmond also—he saw the onslaught, and heard the clash of arms, and still did he preserve his silence, but when at length Richard comes reeling in, overcome almost by the loss of blood and the disasters of the day, crying out at the top of his voice—

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" the Vermontor rose and "sang" out—

"Look here, stranger, I haint got no horse, but I have a first-rate bob tail mare round here at the stable—as sure footed a critter as ever cantered; just hold on there, I'll be blamed if I don't bring her to you right off!"

The Vermontor, as they say in critical parlance, "brought down the house."

SOUL ANXIETY.—Ah! if one could go through all his soul, hall by hall, chamber by chamber, story by story, and see how vast the mansion is, how it gets out of repair on every side, and how many vermin are perpetually seeking to make lodgment in it, he, methinks, might afford to have as much anxiety for that soul as a housewife has for her house, whose work begins with every day and never ends; and who, with brush and broom, and with servant following, incessantly searches, searches, searches. And yet, some shingle is off, some paint is gone, some glass is broken, rats and mice are in the walls and partitions, here and there are webs with their victims on them, and dust and dirt everywhere. You cannot keep even a house in order; and when that house is this wondrous house of the soul, with trooping thought and feelings that no army ever equalled for numbers, is there no occasion for apprehension on account of that? And every work that a man is called to as a disciple of Christ, is one that should keep him waked up, not by a vulgar fear, but that salutary apprehension which goes by love.

The pleasant story is told that when the Rev. Dr. B., of Scotland, obtained the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, a farmer in the parish took an early opportunity of stating the news to his shepherd, with whom the minister was a particular favorite. "You will be glad to hear, Johnny, that the University of St. Andrew's has conferred on our minister a doctor's degree." "I am in no way surprised at that," said the shepherd. "Mair than twenty years ago he curred my wife of the colic. He should have been a Doctor lang syne!"

A good natured fellow, who was nearly eaten out of house and home by the constant visits of his friends, was one day complaining bitterly of his numerous visitors. "Shure, an' I'll tell ye how to get rid of em," said an Irishman. "Pray how?" "Lend money to the poor ones and borrow money from the rich ones, and neither sort will ever trouble ye agin."

The Farm and Garden.

High Manuring.

Will high manuring pay? This is a question which in the practice of farming is becoming a very important one, and its decision will involve another important question, viz: whether farming, like other kinds of business, will give profitable employment for increased amounts of capital, or whether this amount is in a measure fixed and cannot be exceeded with a prospect of a fair interest for the principal so invested.

Or to put the question in a more open and easily understood form: Can a farmer who has his farm entirely or partially paid for, obtain a better interest by investing his earnings in artificial manures, than he can from Government or other popular loans?

I can now point out farmers who are (in addition to all the barnyard manure which they can manufacture) using from one thousand to fifteen hundred pounds of bone dust per acre, and to one in particular who in addition to a liberal coat of barnyard manure (such as would have satisfied most of us) gave his wheat a top-dressing of twelve hundred and seventy-five pounds of home-made superphosphate, per acre.

Some of his old-fashioned neighbors shake their heads and say "it won't pay," "can't do it long," &c. &c.; but he has been carrying on in the same place for several years, and can raise crops which surprise those who know what was taken off the land before he came into possession of it, and yet he says he does not think that he has reached the amount which will give the best interest for the capital invested.

His axiom is that he can afford to buy his farm over again, and with phosphate at \$65 per ton put on at the rate of twelve to thirteen hundred pounds per acre, his old-fashioned neighbors seem to think he will not be long bringing about the above expenditure.

But what plays the mischief with us old fashioned folks, is, he has figures for all he does, (and "figures won't lie," a fashionable lady to the contrary notwithstanding,) and can show us doubters it all in black and white.

He can show that the above top-dressing, put on at a cost of \$40 per acre, will increase his crops as follows:

Corn, 20 bus. at \$1.00,	\$20.00
Oats, 20 bus. at .50,	10.00
Wheat, 15 bus. at 1.50,	22.50
Hay, 1 ton at \$15.00,	15.00
	\$67.50.

And that in addition to the above increase, he will, after mowing twice, be able to stock the field at least one-third heavier than before it received the phosphate.

In addition to the above, by increasing his hay crop he increases his ability to winter stock-cattle and fatten others on grain, and this is continually in this ratio increasing his stock of "arm-yard manure, which, although valuable, I have not counted in the above calculation.

He and I are both satisfied that the capital thus invested pays him at least twenty-five per cent. and lasts for seven or eight years, and at the end of that leaves him an increased value in farm-yard manure fully equal to the amount of the investment.

The truth is, we look upon capital invested in this way as being so much chargeable to the land, and not as capital invested in a business in order to increase future profits. In this respect (and in many others) the English agriculturists are far ahead of us. A renter in England will often expend one-half the first cost of the land during the first year of his lease. Our American farmer will at once ask "Why don't he buy?" My answer is that he forms no exception to the rule that all men are governed by self-interest, and he finds it more to his interest to invest his money in applying manure to land not his own than to have his money invested in the land as owner: the land belongs to some of the nobility who rent it to good men upon the long-lease system and give themselves no farther trouble about it.

I know of farmers who will read this article owning and carrying on good farms who have money invested in mortgages at four and five per cent., when they might as well have it invested in their own farms to a much greater advantage to themselves.

To show that I do not confine myself to theory alone, I will state that I have land now under crop on which in two years I have put two thousand pounds of bone dust and five hundred pounds of phosphate per acre, and next year expect to raise a crop, and can say that no investment ever paid me better.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

THE ALANTHUS.—There is a great hue and cry throughout the West just now against the Alanthus; but a writer in the Cincinnati Times thus defends it: "The Alanthus tree is a native of the northern provinces of China, brought from there in 1750. The tree will grow in any soil, and to a large size where scarcely any other tree will grow at all. It grows so rapidly that it may be cut down for fuel every fourth year. As fuel, the wood is superior to that of most other trees; for open fires I prefer it to any other wood. It makes a clear bright flame, and throws out a great deal of heat. Its charcoal is of a superior quality, and its ashes rich for potash. Its wood burns well when green, and every branch and limb may be cut up into stove wood, leaving no brush on the ground. The wood is hard and of a fine grain, and well fitted for cabinet making. Sooner or later our farmers must grow wood for fuel and for cabinet making, and the Alanthus tree offers itself as the most available tree for that purpose.—*Scientific American.*

MANURING TREES.—Now is a good time to put some manure round your fruit trees. The fall and early spring rains will carry the soluble elements into fresh soil and cause them to start with fresh vigor into early spring and summer. Apple trees will send out their roots a great distance for food. We recently cut off roots a distance of forty feet from an apple tree. Thus a single tree may extend its roots across the diameter of a circle two hundred and fifty feet in circumference. We are inclined to the belief that manure should not be placed close to the trunks of the trees, but at a distance of a few feet from them.—*Maine Farmer.*

About Mules.

The Louisville Industrial "Gazette" says, "Few of the farmers of this country are aware what a debt of gratitude they owe George Washington for the introduction of mules into general use for farm purposes.

Previous to 1783 there were very few, and those of such an inferior order as to prejudice farmers against them as unfit to compete with horses in work upon the road or farm. Consequently there were no jacks, and no disposition to increase the stock; but Washington became convinced that the introduction of mules generally among Southern planters would prove to them a great blessing, as they are less liable to disease, and longer lived, and work upon shorter feed, and are much less liable to be injured than horses, by careless servants.

As soon as it became known abroad that the illustrious Washington desired to stock his Mount Vernon estate with mules the King of Spain sent him a jack and two jennies from the royal stables, and Lafayette sent another jack and jennie from the island of Malta.

The first was a gray color, sixteen hands high, heavily made and of sluggish nature. He was named the Royal Gift. The other was called the Knight of Malta; he was about as high, but lighter made, black color, and a little fiery, even to ferocity.

The two different sets of animals gave him the most favorable opportunity of making improvements by cross-breeding, the result of which was a favorite jack, which he called Compound, because he partook of the best points in both of the original jacks. The General bred his blooded mares to these jacks, even taking those from his family coach for that purpose, and produced such stubborn mules that the country was all agog to breed some of the sort, and they soon became quite common. This was the origin of improved mules in the United States. Though over seventy years ago, there are now some of the third and fourth generation of the Knights of Malta and Royal gift to be found in Virginia, and the great benefits arising from their introduction to the country are to be seen upon almost every cultivated acre in the Southern States. Notwithstanding the enormous increase of late years, arising from a systematic course of breeding in the Northern States for the Southern market, mules were never more valuable than at present, or more ready sale at high prices.

SALTING STOCK.—"So far as I know," writes a retired farmer, but an attentive reader of our paper, "stock growers are very generally following in the footsteps of their forefathers, by occasionally giving a stinted quantity of salt to their stock. In the Summer they often throw it on the ground, in the pasture, and being so starved for salt, the stock will often eat the ground because of its being impregnated with salt. One of the greatest errors now practiced by our stock growers, is the neglect to give their stock the requisite amount of salt. I should as soon think of stinting my stock with water as salt.

My mode of salting for a number of years has been to keep a sufficient quantity of salt in a trough in my pastures and yards, so that my stock may have free access to it, and eat of it as often as they wish, and as much as they wish, always keeping up the supply. I think our stock know better than we do when they want salt and how much they need. They as well know when they want salt as they do when they want water, and when they have eaten all they crave, they will eat no more. When they have grass in the Summer they will eat salt every day. Cows will give more and better milk by having free access to salt than when deprived of it. A great share of the diseases among stock, is in consequence of their being stinted with salt. I would caution not to give free access to salt at once, but to increase the quantity by degrees for about two weeks, otherwise they may be starved for salt and eat so much as to injure them."

HOW TO MAKE SUPER-PHOSPHATE.—To one hundred pounds of water in a half hoghead tub, add slowly forty-three pounds of sulphuric acid, (oil of vitrol.) To this add one hundred pounds broken bones. To be stirred occasionally and the bones will be dissolved in three weeks. Then add four times its bulk in muck (dry if you have it.) The tub should be kept covered. If the material is kept hot, three days will do it as well as three weeks, if cold.

To dissolve bones without acid. To a flour barrel full, put one-half bushel hard wood ashes, then alternately a layer of bones and ashes, ending with ashes; add water sufficient to wet, but not to drip; brine is much better. In time these bones will dissolve. This mixture is a powerful fertilizer.—*Maine Farmer.*

REGULARLY SOLD.—Two gentlemen from New York, one of whom had been in California nearly a year, and the other just arrived, were accidentally overheard in the following conversation at the Butter House, Sacramento. The new comer was lamenting his condition, and his folly in leaving an abundance at home, and especially two beautiful daughters who were just budding into womanhood—when he asked the other if he had a family.

"Yes, sir, I have. I have a wife and six children in New York—and I never saw one of them."

After this the couple sat a few moments in silence, and then the interrogator again commenced:

"Were you ever blind, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Did you marry a widow, sir?"

"No, sir."

Another lapse of silence.

"Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children living in New York and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, sir—I so stated it."

Another and a long pause of silence. Then the interrogator inquired:

"How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?"

"Why," was the response, "one of them was born after I left."

"Oh! ah!" and a general laugh followed.

After that the first New Yorker was especially distinguished as "the man who has six children and never saw one of them."

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT.—This Court, which has been in session at Greenville for six weeks, adjourned on Saturday, 14th inst. The presiding Judge, Hon. Geo. S. Bryan, has gained hosts of friends during the recent term. An immense amount of business has been disposed of.

The case of the United States vs. George R. Crump, William B. Davidson and Frank Armin, charged with violation of Internal Revenue laws, was the last one on trial, and occupied the attention of the Court some fifteen days. The offence charged was somewhat complicated involving the violation of various clauses of the Internal Revenue Act; such as distillation without having paid the special tax; not keeping books specifying the quantity distilled; distillation of vinegar and whiskey in the same establishment, &c.

From the evidence it appeared that Captain Armin was employed by Messrs. Davidson and Crump to conduct some vinegar works in Hamburg, near Augusta. Captain Armin, it was alleged, distilled whiskey without complying with the law. He, however, contended that he only rectified some inferior whiskey into good whiskey. He called it clarifying. He also said he made low wines out of molasses for the purpose of turning it into vinegar, and that this had been regarded by the informers as distilling.

Messrs. Armin, Davidson and Crump were indicted together, although the two latter endeavored to show that if whiskey was made at the vinegar works, it was without their sanction, and that they never knew anything about it. This statement was sworn to by Messrs. Crump and Davidson in their defence. A verdict of "Guilty" was rendered, and the defendants sentenced to pay a fine and costs, in all amounting to \$12,400, or to be imprisoned for one year.

A certain judge, who was notorious for carrying the precise and formal habits of the bench into private life, was one day entertaining some friends at his table, and asked a magistrate, who was present, if he would take some venison. "I thank you, my lord," was the reply, "I am going to take some boiled chicken." "That, sir," testily answered the judge, "is no answer to my question. I ask you again if you will take some venison, sir, and I will trouble you to say yes or no, without further prevarication."

A Chinese maxim says: "We require four things of women: that virtue dwell in her heart; that modesty play on her brow; that sweetness flow from her lips; that industry occupy her hands."

THE CHRISTIAN NEIGHBOR.

A WEEKLY PAPER at Two Dollars a year in advance, the eleventh copy gratis to any one sending ten subscribers. It will be

AN ADVOCATE,

1. Of Christianity universal, and also particular, as opposed to war, offensive or defensive.
2. Of the internal unity of the Church, as opposed to the pretensions of externalism.
3. Of Methodism, as holding the Head, and as consisting with the essentials, liberty, and charity of Christianity.
4. Of Civil government and Patriotism, as they consist with the Divine Government and general Benevolence.
5. Of "Equality," as it consists with Christianized common sense.
6. Of education physical, mental, religious, and moral, as of the first importance.

A RECORDER,

Of general intelligence from the household, agricultural, scientific, artificial, commercial and political world. And

AN ADVERTISER,

Care will be exercised to exclude improper matter, and to put in that which will instruct the children and the School, and edify the adults and the Church.

Donations of Endowments will be used exclusively for the benefit of the Poor.

The arrival of the "NEIGHBOR" will inform subscribers of the place and time of publication, and also that the subscription is then due. In the meanwhile, lay by Two Dollars, and send on subscribers. Address

SIDI H. BROWNE, Marion, S. C.

Sept. 4, 1867 12 if

The Daily Chronicle.

PROSPECTUS.

On the 17th instant, the undersigned propose to commence the issue, in this city, of a journal to be styled THE DAILY CHRONICLE. The want of a live, earnest, sympathetic newspaper is felt in a large number of the most influential citizens, we make our debt.

The Capital of South Carolina should sustain now, as it did before the war, at least two newspapers; and the State is an abundantly large field of operations from which to glean the public favor.

The approaching Fall already gives token that our people are recovering from their great financial depression; and we may reasonably anticipate an early solution of the now fretful political problem. It is on this rising tide that we hope to swim.

We do not promise much in behalf of the *Chronicle*—our faith shall be told by our works; but we can say this much, that as citizens of South Carolina, long identified with her interests, we shall expend our means and devote our energies to establish what we conceive will be a welcome visitor in every household.

We shall give the latest news and liveliest gossip; pertinent paragraphs; telegrams hot from the wires; commercial intelligence fresh from the curb-stones of "Change;" and a special report of all the attractively horrifying accidents and incidents of the day.

Politically, Our sentiments are for the present expressed. We shall work for the good of the public.

SUBSCRIPTION:

One year, - \$8 00 | Three months, - \$2 00

Six months, - 4 00 | One month, - 75

Advertisements seventy-five cents per square (10 lines) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made on contract advertisements.

Advertisers wishing to avail themselves of the very large free circulation to be made during the first week, will please send their orders to

THE CHRONICLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Sept. 11, 1867. 13-if

NEW MUSIC BOOK.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A SUPPLY OF

The Christian Harmony,

the new Music Book by that popular Composer, William Walker. Sold at Publisher's price, \$1.75 per copy. JAMES G. DOUTHITT, Agent.

Sept. 6, 1867 21 ly

WHITNER & WHITNER,

Successors to Harrison & Whitners,

Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Equity.

J. B. WHITNER, D. F. WHITNER, P. O. Box 21, Anderson, S. C.

Jan 17, 1867 81

Railroads.

General Superintendent's Office,

CHARLOTTE & S. C. RAILROAD,

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 2, 1867.

ON and after Sunday, May 6, the schedule of the Passenger Trains over this Road will be as follows:

Leave Columbia at 5 30 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte at 12 15 a. m.
Leave Charlotte at 12 20 a. m.
Arrive at Columbia at 6 50 a. m.
Close connections are made at Columbia and Charlotte with mail trains on the North Carolina and South Carolina Railroads.

By this arrangement, passengers by the Greenville Road may go immediately through Eastward, and have no detention in Columbia.

Through Tickets are sold at Columbia to Richmond, Va., Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Md., Philadelphia, Pa., and New York City—giving choice of routes via Portsmouth or Richmond—and baggage checked. Tickets are also sold at Charlotte for Charleston and Augusta.

An Accommodation Train, for freight and local passage, leaves Columbia at 7 a. m., on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays of each week, and Charlotte on the same days and hour, arriving at Columbia and Charlotte at 7 p. m.

C. B. CROCKETT, Sup't.

May 2, 1867 4

Greenville & Columbia Rail Road.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, Columbia, Sept. 12, 1866.

ON and after Monday, 17th 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 p. m.
" " Anderson, - - - 5 10 "
" " Greenville, - - - 5 40 "
Leave Greenville at - 6 00 a. m.
" Anderson, - - - 6 30 "
" 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 Sup't.

Sept 20, 1866 14

Schedule over S. C. Railroad.

GENERAL SUPERS 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. 8.00 a. m.
Leave Charleston, 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.

TRIOCHER 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, 32.00 night