

Life of President Davis.

THE LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.—By FRANK H. ALBINO, late Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger. This is a thick volume, small octavo, of nearly 700 pages, well printed on good paper, and neat enough for the library.

The face of Mr. Davis is one of strongly marked character; the lines deepened by thought and care; the mouth impressive and significant of resolution and fixedness of purpose; the forehead broad and lofty in proportion to the general size of the face, which is comparatively small; the brows project over the eyes, which are of good size, but not prominent; the hair, which is soft and thin, is parted over the left temple; the cheeks are thin and sunken, but the chin is well pronounced; a tuft of grey beard depends from the chin, neither long nor bushy; and a small margin of grey beard skirts the cheek bones and the neck. The skin seems almost bloodless, and this, with the whole contour of the features, would argue a decided blending of the nervous with the bilious temperament, resulting possibly in some asceticism of character.

For such a work, difficult in all cases, but especially so in a life so complicated by circumstances, as that of Mr. Davis, it required great painstaking, much deliberation, and, as far as possible, the utmost dispassionateness of judgment. For these and other reasons, we are of opinion that a life of Mr. Davis, as well as any history of the war of secession, will need a longer interval of time—a reuter period—when the public passions shall have been quieted—when judgment and reason shall, in a measure, resume their sway; when men, as well as writers, shall cease to be partisans, representing the angry and roused conditions of the recent strife, and the present struggle for its wrongs and its spoils; and when it will be more in the power of historian and biographer, to procure, digest and sift their materials.

The biographer, taking up his subject *con amore* as is usually, and should always be the case, is very apt, however, to become the partisan; especially when the passions are still in active flame, through which and against which, the subject of the biography, has striven, whether to rise or fall. In the case of Mr. Davis, especially, whose fate is still undetermined, there is a great danger of the biographer falling into extreme errors of partisanship, while the passions remain and the wounds rankle, following the late conflicts; and while Mr. Davis stands, bound hand and foot, a vicarious sacrifice for the people, for whom, we believe, he honestly and bravely strove, but whom he failed to save. Certainly, in this present attitude, before the altar of sacrifice, and waiting patiently the stroke, no honorable opponent of his policy—no gentleman, however differing with him in opinion, and ascribing to him, no matter in what degree, the mistakes which may have been the ruin of the cause which he represented—nay, even those who referred these mistakes and errors to the grossest partialities, to malignant prejudices, and passions whether of pride or vanity—can now, in his present condition, utter one word of stern, denunciatory or disparaging criticism. His attitude, as one offered up to doom for his people—the sorrows and sufferings which have followed his and our overthrow; the noble—we had almost said—sublime dignity, with which he has borne his bonds and chains, his tortures and indignities; have consecrated him to the affection and the admiration of mankind; and the people of the South may well forgive the errors of his Administration—no matter what their degree and consequences—no matter from what evil source they may have arisen; in contemplating that noble fortitude—that manly resignation—that dignified calm of soul and carriage which he wore; never once overcome—never once murmuring; and exhibiting, in his cell of torture, a wondrous firmness and a lofty pride, such as we find in the character of the self-sacrificing Roman, Regulus.

Certainly as the representative of the Southern people, his deportment reflects the highest glory on their civilization, and, recognized as a type, as well as a representative, argues for their future greatness, in spite and defiance of all their present humiliation. He has evidently built himself upon antique models, with severest standard before his eyes, the grandeur of which, the statelyness and dignity, have not suffered, as was too frequently the case in Roman types in eradicating the affections, and freezing the humanities.—The largely sensuous in Mr. Davis's composition, in spite of his moral and intellectual superiority, has been the secret of many of his errors, of what have been called his weaknesses, the equal mistake in his partialities, and the supposed bitterness and tenacity of his prejudices.

Assuming, as we do, that, in the position in which Mr. Davis now stands, vicariously suffering and threatened, as

the representative of the Southern people;—beholding the dignity and manhood with which he has borne suffering;—and, regarding the future of his fate as still doubtful,—it is quite impossible for any criticism, however really just, which shall tend to the disparagement of his public career. It is equally clear, on the other hand, that the partisan biographer must alike keep clear of all crimination of other parties, in making his defence. It will not do, while hostile criticism is disarmed, and must perforce remain silent, for the indiscreet friend to enter the arena, and cast about his shafts, ostensibly in defence of Mr. Davis, at the bosoms of those from whom his career as President of the Confederacy found opposition.

This would be as ungenerous as unwise. There would be no policy on his part, or that of any of his friends, to re-open old sores—to re-ignite old controversies, and to show that in the heat of the conflict there were attritions and collisions—nay, injustice and even malignant assault—at a time when the South was writhing in agonies of defeat and disappointment, bleeding at every pore, her young men perishing on "the high places," all around her, and famine threatening every household.

That the President should suffer blame for mistakes of judgment,—that these mistakes should be ascribed to moral weaknesses as perversions,—that there should be rivals to exult in his defeat, while re-asserting their own neglected or rejected parables for the care of the hearts of the State;—these are the unavoidable incidents of every such history, in every period of the world's history; and it would be mere whining puerility in the case of a man like Mr. Davis, as it is certainly in the case of his biographer, to dwell upon such matters now, or even to refer to them. The case of Mr. Davis can be fully made out, without any necessity of ripping open old wounds of conflict, and indulging in recrimination. Of course, he had opposition; which was sometimes, no doubt, censurable and unjust;—but of course, he too made mistakes at times, which justified the censure. Both of these propositions may be safely received, without doing wrong to either party; and both parties should be willing to make this concession, and without the forfeiture of one atom of proper claim, whether of virtue, wisdom or dignity.

It will be readily conceived, from what we have thus said, that we do not think that our biographer here has been quite as considerate and forbearing as he should have been. Not that he has dealt largely in that sneer and irritating sort of comment, which seems to us, sometimes, rather to injure than to help his argument; but we could wish that he had been patient enough to have foreborne it altogether. If the opponents and enemies of Mr. Davis, in the South, have not been magnanimous, he can now well afford to be so; and a popular life of the Ex-President is what is now required, and not one which, here and there, provokes asperity, and may lead to injurious controversies, over which the bitter enemies of both parties may rejoice. We trust that both friends and foes of Mr. Davis—if there be any of the latter now—will steer clear of this danger, and recognizing no such thing as perfection, either in the morals or the judgment of men, will, in future, waive all discussion as to the degree in which either has erred, or blundered. At a future day—in a time of calm—when the South shall have recovered her state and position, if not her liberties, it may be permitted, then, that each public man, military or civil, shall endeavor to present his case, properly weighed and analyzed, and put himself *rectus in curia*, in the presence of his countrymen.

Meanwhile we commend this volume as supplying a popular deficiency at present. It will recall many of the experiences of the war. It preserves much valuable documentary material not easily to be found elsewhere. It justifies Mr. Davis generally, his courage, wisdom, moderation and humanity, and in the same respects, it justifies the people of the South. It portrays justly the virtue in their cause, their long forbearance, their devotion to law and liberty, the courage with which they fought, the humanity which characterized the war which they waged, and the noble fortitude and resignation which, throughout, have so wonderfully sustained both President and people, while suffering all that blind passion could inflict, or a malignant vengeance employ a torture, while a barbarous enmity after spoil and triumph, such as rarely ever before was seen, except in the darkest ages, followed, like a savage vulture in the path of conquest.—*Charleston Courier.*

THE LATE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.—The New York Herald has the following comments on the action of the recent State Convention:

The proceedings of the Democratic Convention held in Columbia, South Carolina, on the 3d inst., and its address to the colored people of the State, show a great and healthy change in public sentiment. With the exception of very few of the old fire-eaters and fire-eating press of the Charleston Mercury stamp, the people everywhere realize their changed condition and the necessity of a broad and liberal policy towards the negroes. They are adopting, in fact, the policy wisely proposed by Wade Hampton immediately after the war closed. It would have been much better for them had they cheerfully adopted it before, but, to use a common expression, better late than never. Old things have passed away, and the ancient chivalry of South Carolina have the good sense to acknowledge it. Among the resolutions adopted by the Convention, we find this sentence: "We recognize the colored population of the State as an integral element of the body politic, and as such, in person and property, entitled to a full and equal protection under the State Constitution and laws; and that as citizens of South Carolina, we declare our willingness, when we have the power, to grant them, under proper qualifications as to property and intelligence, the right of suffrage." What more liberal or sensible than this declaration? Yet our Jacobin Congress refuses to restore these people to their place in the Union. The address of the Convention to the colored people and the advice given are in excellent taste, and show the anxie-

ty of the superior race and the old master class to improve and to cooperate with their late slaves. After appealing to the colored people in the most sensible and eloquent manner, the address concludes with this earnest and honest warning: "Remember that your race has nothing to gain and everything to lose, if you invoke that prejudice of race which, since the world was made, has ever driven the weaker tribe to the wall. Forsake, then the wicked and stupid men who would involve you in this folly, and make to yourselves friends and not enemies of the white citizens of South Carolina."

History Repeats Itself.

In revolutionary France, in 1792, an executive chief magistrate was to be gotten rid of. This was not attempted suddenly, but moved by a few decisive steps, chief among which were the murder of the King's body-guard on the 10th of August, and his arrest and imprisonment in Paris. These acts were instigated and supported by the Jacobin leaders—Danton, Marat, Robespierre, and Saint Just. The convention was nominally under the control of the Girondists, who had a majority of the deputies—moderate men, but timid—and who preferred to acquiesce in the commission of the most monstrous crimes rather than incur the charge of incivism. Hence, when the atrocities of the 10th of August was refused before the convention, they refused to act upon it, but gave it a negative acquiescence by passing to the orders of the day. On this Saint Just moved the immediate execution of the King. "What avails," said he, "the ceremony of a judicial trial. The cannon which made a breach in Tuileries, the unanimous shout of the people on the 10th of August, have come in the place of all other solemnities. The convention has no further power to inquire; its sole duty is to pronounce, or rather to confirm and execute the doom of the sovereign people." The timid Girondists, under the control of the fierce mob by which they were surrounded, arraigned the fated monarch and entered upon his trial. The majority, unprepared for the final act of regicide, hesitated, when Robespierre, seizing the critical moment, addressed the convention. "One party," said he, "must be clearly guilty—either the King, or the convention who have ratified the acts of the insurgent people. If you have dethroned an innocent and legal monarch, what are you but traitors? Why sit you here? Why not hasten to the temple, set Louis at liberty, install him again in the Tuileries, and beg on your knees for a pardon you have not merited? But if you have, in the great popular act which you have ratified, only approved of the deposition of a tyrant, bring him to the bar and demand a reckoning for his crime."

The timid Girondists quailed beneath the denunciation of the force Jacobin, and executed his mandate. Louis was beheaded by their vote and with their acquiescence. They were urged forward step by step, until they found resistance impossible, and were at last driven to a commission of a crime which their very souls abhorred.

Now see how history repeats itself. We have in 1868 an Executive Chief Magistrate to depose, and a Congress as absolute as was the national convention of 1792—made up like that of men, some fierce and reckless, others disposed to be considerate and conscientious. In bodies so composed, no one can doubt who will lead—always the most violent and unscrupulous—those who hesitate to act, however, to common minds, it may appear atrocious. We have men as bold and vindictive and sagacious as the revolutionary convention could boast; they have the same object to accomplish—the destruction of the Executive Chief Magistrate, and the assumption of executive power. The decisive act to be performed differs only according to the spirit of the age; the steps preparatory to both were the same.

With us it was found necessary to lead on, step by step, and commit, by votes and resolutions, those who have a lingering regard for constitution and law, and who are especially suspected of retaining some regard for their judicial oaths. After due preliminary preparation, just at the opportune moment when he found the situation exactly as Robespierre found it on the occasion referred to, Stevens, the fiercest and boldest of the impeachers, is reported to have shaken his finger by way of menace, and to have spoken as follows, touching an article which he framed and presented:

"Let me see the recreant who dares tread back upon his steps and vote on the other side! Now, then, let him who can expect to get out on the only ground left, if my article is adopted. Let him hope, who dares to hope, that so high a body as that Senate will betray its trust, will forget its own act, will tread back its own action, will disgrace itself in the face of the nation. Point me out one who dares do it, and you show me one who dares regard it as infamous by posterity. What chance, then, has Andrew Johnson with an article in which was left out to give him a loop hole? You say, how fair we are. What chance has Andrew Johnson if that article be inserted? Unfortunately man, thus surrounded, hampered, tangled in the meshes of his own wickedness! Unfortunately, unhappy man, behold your doom!"

No one can read these two extracts without feeling that the two orators were moved by a kindred spirit; and while in fairness we must admit that our American orator is far behind his French prototype in logic, we may place him as much in advance in manance, denunciation, and fierce atrocity of language. Estimating fairly all their qualities, as gathered from so much of the record as is before us, the American is much in advance of the French Jacobin in all the qualities which tend most to insure success. But yet he may not succeed. The bodies which the two managers had to act upon, though similar, are marked by some striking differences. The members of the National Convention, one and all, denied the existence of a God, and did not take—and if they had taken, would not have been bound by—an oath to try impartially; whereas our Senate, entering on this judicial trial, have sworn, and called on God, in whose existence they believe, to so help them as they may try our Executive fairly and impartially. That, in effect, is, to deliver the same judgment as

to him that they would render in case of a Chief Magistrate of their own party proved to have acted and spoken in like manner, and under like circumstances, in their behalf. The analogy will, therefore, probably not be carried out to the point of conviction; for it is well believed that there are many members of this high court of impeachment who will not lay perjury on their souls even for the purpose of achieving a party triumph, or avoiding the denunciations of furious partisan leaders. AN OLD-LINE WHIG. [National Intelligencer.]

A Proposition.

A correspondent of the Columbia Phoenix makes the following suggestions to the landowners of the State, and though not endorsing some of his conclusions in a political sense, we are prepared to aid in the furtherance of any effort to induce immigration:

MR. EDITOR: The two questions of most absorbing interest to the people of South Carolina, are how we shall control the negro as a laborer, and control his political power; and I am fully satisfied that we can never control him in either respect, and by no other means, than by the speedy introduction of white emigrants. Some people hold the idea that the Democratic party is to save us, and through this party we will be able to control the colored population. Nothing to my mind is more absurd than such an idea. If you would control his political power, you must out-vote him; and if you would control him as a laborer, you must fill the country with a more congenial and more reliable laborer. And the plan for doing this is very simple. It costs only fifty dollars to bring a man from the nearest German ports to Charleston, South Carolina; and I would propose that a Convention be held in Columbia, to be composed of farmers and landowners, who shall make arrangements to send for emigrants. If every land owner in South Carolina would contribute fifty dollars, to bring an emigrant, don't you perceive that we would immediately increase the white man's power at least one-third; and this simply by each landowner bringing here only one emigrant, whereas many persons would, no doubt, bring several. And I propose that the landowners would give this fifty dollars for three successive years, and we will certainly then bid defiance to the negro. Where is the decent white man who would not give fifty dollars to have the political power of the negro controlled. If by any means we can increase the white population, just so far we will be able to control the negro.

To defeat the Constitution, will not bring us relief; but let us make such arrangements as will certainly defeat this class—and fifty dollars is not a gratuity, but the laborer will work for you until he pays you back your money.

MR. EDITOR, I merely drop these hints on the subject, hoping that some person will prosecute the subject, until the public attention is fixed upon this subject and this plan. The poor white man is as much interested in this, as the rich man; for at present, the poor white man is degraded to the status of the negro; and it is impossible to elevate the negro to the point of appreciating moral and legal responsibility. The negro at present controls the labor of the poor white people of our country; and by the introduction of white laborers, we will at once benefit both the rich and poor people. The lands of the landowner will become more valuable, as this plan will increase the population—and all of such men will have a desire to own land.

THE LAST SENSATION.—"Agate," the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, tells the following in his last letter:

A South Carolinian, of unquestioned personal honor and of the best standing at home, has been telling one of the managers of the impeachment a curious story. It seems scarcely credible, and yet witnesses are named and dates given with minuteness that at least warrant its repetition.

In the winter of 1860-'61, before Major Anderson had left Fort Moultrie for Sumter—the story runs—a small boat one night approached the landing before the gate of Moultrie, and was hailed by the sentry. The gentlemen in the boat sent word to the commandant of the fort that he was the bearer of a message from the president of the United States. It was after midnight, and Major Anderson, on being aroused to receive the message, sent word that he would see the gentleman in the morning. In a few moments the puzzled sentry returned. The gentleman said that he was instructed by the president of the United States to deliver a certain message; that his instructions required him to deliver it forthwith; that he had used all possible dispatch in presenting himself, and that he must insist on being received without delay.

Thereupon Maj. Anderson hastily dressed himself, and ordered his intimately and pertinacious visitor to be admitted. The gentleman proved to be an officer holding a responsible position in the civil service of the government of South Carolina. He presented a communication addressed to the commanding officer in Charleston harbor, and signed "James Buchanan, president of the United States." It required him to deliver, on receipt of order, fifty cases of rifled arms, then in his possession, to the civil authorities of the State of South Carolina.

Maj. Anderson remonstrated. The bearer of the order persisted. "There is the handwriting," he said, "of your command-in-chief. I insist upon an obedience to its requirement." Or, if the Major were unwilling to obey, he insisted upon an explicit statement to that effect. Thus pressed, the well-intentioned officer, the story goes on, saw no escape from obedience, and an order for the delivery of the guns was signed. These were the guns, the South Carolinian who makes this statement adds, with which sharpshooters afterwards picked off Federal soldiers at the embrasures of Sumter, while the Confederates reduced the fort. "The question arises," said the manager who told me the story, "whether the order thus presented was a forgery. If not then I hold that we ought yet to try and hang James Buchanan." For myself, I confess that the whole thing wears a mythical look, but the people who tell it are men

whose words cannot be questioned; and it can do no harm to ask whether anybody knows anything about the sending or the delivery of such an extraordinary order shortly before the transfer of Anderson's garrison from Moultrie to Sumter.

A PORTRAIT OF FORNEY.—George Alfred Townsend writes from Washington:

What shall I say of Forney? Happy accident had nearly named him Forney. His record is one contemptuous in all its episodes. He was known to Mr. Buchanan, Lincoln once said: "This Forney makes a fine art of abjectness." Andrew Johnson dismissed him with the epithet of dead duck. Even Johnson could despise Forney. What depths of contempt does that fact reveal! More miraculous to me is the fact that Forney can find even parasites to himself, though I believe he gets them out of his own family chiefly. Jones and the white horse excepted! His career is strewn with broken friendship, and illuminated with cowardly sensualities. He wrote the Forrest Jamison letter, unparalleled in baseness, cringing at an actor's feet to ruin a woman's fame. He searches the horizon for the coming man, and hastens to fawn upon him. When, in that Christian dispensation, the devil is let loose upon the world after the thousand years, there will be a Forney to hail him first and follow after his standard, unless abhorrent nature before that day extinguishes the race, that man shall not be utterly shameless. This Forney was the wine taster of Johnson, and gave him to drink on inauguration day. But better his whiskey than his praise. I would rather be kissed by a reptile than master to that man!

A LEG LOST FOR LOVE.—A French paper gives the following account of a branch of the "leg business," which seems to have escaped observation:

An English Lord fell madly in love with a young lady who had lost a leg by amputation. He fell on his knees and laid at her feet—or rather at her foot—his titles and his fortune. She declined. "Why, oh, why?" asked the enamored Peer. "Because such a marriage would be unequal, and unequal marriages are always unhappy." The Peer protested that there was no inequality. His wealth and station were as naught compared to her love. "Still we are unequal," calmly said the maiden. "How, dearest—how?" frantically asked the Peer. "Our standing is not the same." To which the enamored Peer said, "Nonsense." The maiden persisted, and proved her correctness by the fact that he had two legs while she had but one. He madly rushed away, not to snide, but to amputation. He returned hobbling, but a happy man; for the maiden accepted him, and they will limp through life crippled but companions.

TIME IS MONEY!

In consideration of the scarcity of money, the prices for Watch Work for the year 1868 will be as follows:

- For cleaning a Watch, \$1.00
" mainspring, 1.00
Repairing chain, 50
Click and Ratched, 1.00
Top jewel, 50
Jewelled hole, 1.00
New staff to lever, 3.50
New cylinder, 4.00
Watch Glasses, 25
Watch Keys, 10
Repairing of all kinds of Watches in proportion to the above.

Jewelry repaired in a workman-like manner, at prices to suit the times. Also, Clocks and Musical Works repaired.

All work warranted to be well and substantially done.

F. C. v. BORSTEL, No. 4 Brick Range.

PHOTOGRAPHERS!!

Taken in various styles, and fitted up in a workmanlike manner. Having recently received the latest improvements, I am now prepared to furnish from the small medallion to the life-size Portrait more perfect than was ever taken in the country before, and equal to the best taken in the world. Let your habiliments be dark, and I insure you a gem of a Picture, at a moderate price. Call at F. C. v. BORSTEL'S, Jewelry Store, No. 4 Brick Range, January 2, 1868.

PENDLETON FACTORY.

THE WOOL CARDS

AT this place are now in complete running order. All the Wool offered will be entered into. Rolls of the best quality at short notice, at the following rates for cash:

- All Wool, Plain and Mixed Rolls, 12c. per lb.
Mixed Cotton and Wool Rolls, 15c. per lb.
Bacon, Lard, Corn and Cotton will be taken at market rates in exchange for carding. Wool may be sent to the Factory from any points on the Railroads, through the agents, and the Rolls delivered by them as soon as the Wool can be carded and returned.

AN ASSORTMENT OF

COTTON YARN,

OF A SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Will be kept on hand at the Factory, and customers supplied promptly, at as low figures as the market will justify. Dealers will find it to their interest to give us a trial before buying elsewhere. Respectfully, WILLIAM PERRY & CO. Proprietors. Oct. 9, 1867 17-1f

PAVILION HOTEL,

CHARLESTON, S. C.

BOARD, PER DAY, 63.00.

Mrs. H. L. BUTTERFIELD, Proprietress. A. BUTTERFIELD, Superintendent. March 11, 1868 88

Columbia Advertisements.

FISHER & LOWRANCE,

DEALERS IN Hardware, Cutlery, Iron, Steel, Agricultural Implements, Paints, Oils, Window Glass, GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, MAIN ST., COLUMBIA S. C. E. H. FISHER. R. N. LOWRANCE. 20 Hhls. Molasses, 75 Bbls. Sugars, A B and C, 15 Bbls. Cut Loaf, Crushed and Powdered, 50 Bags Coffee, Sugar-house Syrup, Pickles, Teas, Soda Biscuit, Sugar crackers, &c., &c.

South Carolina Washing Machine.

We are the exclusive manufacturers of the above machine in this State. It is patented by a South Carolinian, and is the best machine in use. Agents was of throughout the State. FISHER & LOWRANCE.

SHOT,

By ten bags or more, \$3.12 1/2 per bag, by FISHER & LOWRANCE.

CORN WHISKEY,

By the barrel and very low. Country Produce received and sold, and goods advanced on the same, provided the produce is not of perishable nature.

FISHER & LOWRANCE, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Oct. 9, 1867 17

THOS. E. GREGG. J. ROYD BRUNSON. CHAS. E. GREGG.

GRIGG & CO.,

Importers and Dealers in GROCERY, GLASSWARE, &c., &c. Jorner Richardson and Taylor Streets COLUMBIA, S. C. Oct. 9, 1867 17

NICKERSON'S HOTEL,

COLUMBIA, S. C.

Passengers conveyed to and from the Depot, free of charge. T. S. NICKERSON, Proprietor. Rob't. Hamilton, Sup't. Oct. 16, 1867 18

Railroads

Change of Schedule on the G. & C. Railroad.

ON and after FRIDAY, the 6th instant, Passenger Trains will run daily, Sundays excepted, as follows: Leave Columbia at 7.00 a. m. " Atton at 8.55 " " Newberry at 10.25 " Arrive at Abbeville at 8.30 p. m. " at Anderson at 5.15 " " at Greenville at 6.00 " Leave Greenville at 6.00 a. m. " Anderson at 6.45 " " Abbeville at 8.45 " " Newberry at 1.25 p. m. Arrive at Atton at 3.00 " " at Columbia at 5.00 "

Trains on the Blue Ridge Railroad will also run daily, Sundays excepted, connected with the up and down trains on the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, as follows: Leave Anderson at 5.20 p. m. " Pendleton at 6.20 " Arrive at Wallhalla at 8.00 " Leave Wallhalla at 4.00 a. m. " Pendleton at 5.40 " Arrive at Anderson at 6.40 "

LAURENS RAILROAD.

Change of Schedule. OFFICE LAURENS RAILROAD. Laurens C. H., S. C., Jan. 29, 1868.

ON and after this date, the Trains will run over this Road as follows, until further notice: Leave Laurens at 6 o'clock a. m., on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Returning, leave Newberry immediately after the arrival of the Up Trains on the G. & C. R. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. B. S. JAMES, Lessee. Feb 5, 1868 33

TO PLANTERS,

MERCHANTS,

SPECULATORS,

ON and after this day we will be prepared to make advances on cotton and all other produce shipped to Geo. W. Williams & Co., Charleston, or WILLIAMS, TAYLOR & Co., New York. Parties wishing advances, will furnish us the railroad receipts for the produce shipped. SHARPE & FANT. July 31, 1867

J. B. MCGEE,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

ANDERSON C. H., S. C.

Offers his services to the public generally in this and surrounding Districts, and will charge moderate commissions. Jan. 15, 1868 30

IMMIGRATION!

IMMIGRATION!! IMMIGRATION!!!

THE subscriber is now prepared to furnish EUROPEAN LABORERS of every description, upon short notice and on favorable terms. For terms and Circulars, apply to, or address, JOSEPH H. OPPENHEIM, No. 432 King, corner Hudson Street, opposite Citadel Square, Charleston, S. C. Nov 20, 1867 23

J. B. E. SLOAN,

COTTON FACTOR AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT, CHARLESTON, S. C.

SOLICITS consignments of COTTON, and other PRODUCE, and tenders his services for the purchase of merchandise and family supplies. Sept 25, 1867 16