

A Fox, Panther, and Wolf Fight.

A correspondent of the Newark Mercury recently paid a visit to George McMullen, an old hunter and pioneer of Wayne county, Pa., who pitched his tubercula in that wilderness a long time ago. The veteran has now passed his sixtieth year, and has of course lost the sprightliness of twenty; nor can he bring his rifle down to as true an aim, nor as actively pursue the deer, as when in the vigor and strength of manhood. Still, he is both hale and hearty, and "fights over the battles of his youth," with bear, panther, and wolf, with infinite gusto. The visitor says:

I took a fancy one pleasant winter's day to visit him, having heard of his fame as a hunter. In company with a friend, we set out for his mountain home eleven miles distant. We followed up the valley of the Lackawaxen for eight miles, and then made a turn to the left, pushing west towards the Moosic mountain. Did you remember over hear of the Lackawaxen? It is a beautiful stream pure and cold from its mountain springs, which sparkle as it dashes along the mountain's side, to commingle with the Delaware. Paradise did not contain a more lovely river. It was full of trout, while the trees of the native forest stood upon its banks, and before the invention of man had found out so many ways to dam its current, and by means of vile substance cast into it from saw mills and tanneries, to drive out and destroy its spotted inhabitants. I knew it when it flowed in its pristine beauty, and when in every deep eddy lay the speckled trout waiting to make a dash at the fly, and many a fine one has my own line drawn forth in days that are past, and a great blessing they were to all who were skillful enough to take them.

It is sufficient to say, for the credit of those waters, that trout lay there—for this dainty fish never inhabits any but the purest streams; and nothing can exceed in beauty of natural scenery the valley which contains the Lackawaxen. For eighteen miles up that valley there is a gentle ascent, with high grounds upon either side. On the east, a range of mighty hills skirt the stream; on the west, the foot of the Moosic mountain. Deer, elk, bears, panthers, wolves, and other wild game, were once in abundance, and here filled the unbroken forest.

It was up in a mountain glen, about four miles west, that George McMullen took up his abode. He is a man of commanding aspect, more than six feet in height; and, having enjoyed the benefit of a good education, he cleared himself a little farm in the wilderness, and occasionally instructed a winter's school. He not only taught the young idea how to shoot, but was himself a good shot—one of the best in all that region. The young looked up to him with admiration, when they saw the bears and panthers which his rifle laid low; and he kept a mighty good school. The young learned a great many things of him. I hope none learned to swear, for once George would swear a little when things did not go right with him, but he has, I hope, repented and broken off this wicked habit a long time ago. But the young ideas did learn to shoot; any one who could put a bullet near that which George had shot into the ring was privileged to be on my good terms with him. George loved a fearless and brave heart as he loved his child.

But he was not fond of having neighbors. He preferred a solitary home far up in the mountain, and away from all human habitations. So up the mountain he went. The beaten road extended only to within a mile of his home, and we had to push our way through a kind of wood road till we came to an open space, and there we beheld one of the most beautiful and commanding sites which the taste of an old hunter could have selected. The barn was by the road, and forty or fifty rods off, in an open field, stood the house. We saw a man chopping wood in front, and hailed him to know if Mr. George McMullen lived there. "Yes," was the reply. "What's your will?" "My will," I said, "is to put Kate into the stable, and then go into the house." So in we went, and found a very hospitable welcome.

Among the numerous incidents of his life the old hunter related the following: He had once just recovered from illness, when he took his gun and started down into the woods, thinking that he might perhaps see a deer and thus secure a saddle of venison. He did not put on his belt, containing his tomahawk and knife, for he was not bent upon a hunt; though it was the usual custom of the hunters to go thus armed and equipped. He depended on his gun and a small pocket-knife with which he might bleed his game if he should prove successful.

After proceeding a little way he heard a noise like the crashing of a tree which had fallen into the crotch of another and was shaken by the wind. Presently he distinguished it to be the screech of some animal, and advancing nearer, he discovered a bear and a panther fighting, and, with curious eyes, watched the duel. A panther is sometimes rather an ugly customer—and so is a bear. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." It was so in this instance. The panther made his attack by springing about twenty feet upon the bear, and putting his claws and teeth into its neck and back. Brain had no means to retaliate; attack but to lie down, bring the panther over her, and with her hind feet to rake the panther down with powerful claws; whereupon the panther screeched, and sprang off, beating a sudden retreat to a little distance. Then old Bruin would right herself up again, and the panther would make another spring upon her back, and repeat the process as before. A panther has been known to spring twenty-four feet at a single bound, and at the same leap to strike a tree twenty feet from the ground; and, like the cat, it always attacks its prey with a spring. The old bear was quite in commotion while dealing with such an adversary, and stood her ground the best way she could. How the combat would have terminated is more than we can tell. Whether, like some who discharge several rounds of blank cartridges at each other and then shake hands and retire from the field with honor bright, these duellists would have thus separated, is mere matter of conjecture. Another force interposed to change the natural order of events, and that was a bullet from the rifle of George McMullen, which struck the panther in the body just behind the vital part, and therefore only gave him a severe wound.

No sooner did the panther receive the shot than he left the bear, and thought he would try George. He rushed upon him with eyes glistening with rage, and was met with the clubbed rifle, the steady gaze,

and the terrible voice of George—who yelled, and the neighbors say, as if he would boast to keep him at bay. The panther, to evade the eye of his adversary, kept crouching around him about ten feet off, to gain his back for the purpose of making a spring. But the hunter stood his ground and wheeled at every turn. It seemed a long time and yet was probably but a short period, when the bear came to his relief, and drove full at the panther. "Well done, bear," thought George, "I'll now load my rifle." Unfortunately, in his haste, he put in the ball without having first charged with powder, though he thought at the time that all was right.

He had no sooner primed his piece, than the bear, having driven away the panther, came at him. His gun flashed; and he then clubbed it and yelled, and in the former case, 'til, hearing a noise, he looked in another direction, and saw the bear's cub descending from a tree near at hand and make off; and then Bruin took her departure.

The secret was out. The panther wanted a young bear for his dinner, and the old bear was defending her young; and when the enemy panther fled, she thought it her duty to pitch into her enemy man. The brave old hunter, who had gone into battle without his side weapons, was quite astonished; and he thought that either his sickness, or that terrible encounter, had caused some of his hair to assume rather a whitish aspect. In fact, he was never so scared in his life. He began to think that he had lived through the incident only to be eaten by a panther, and have his bones picked by a bear. But he escaped, as he did on several other occasions.

No beast of the forest can stand the gaze of the human eye, nor endure a lighted torch. I once asked an old hunter if he was not sometimes afraid. "Not in the day time," was his reply; "for God has made the beasts of the forest so to fear man that when I look them in the face they always quail." I know the man who once found a cub in the woods and seized it. He was a brave hunter, who well knew the habits of wild beasts. No sooner did the cub utter its cries, than mother Bruin came rushing towards him with fury. The hunter had no weapon, but turned upon the bear a fierce eye, with great self-possession, at the same time smothering the cries of the cub. He then began to retreat backwards, occasionally removing his hand from the cub's mouth to give it breath. Then the cub would cry out, and the old bear would again rush at him, and he would confront her with his eyes, maintaining his self-possession as none but an old hunter could, till he emerged from the wood with his prize, and the old bear went sorrowfully back to her lair. The name of the man who performed this feat is Starbuck, and he lived at that time not far from the Equinunk, and where it joins the Delaware. He judged, and that correctly, that while old Bruin was not wounded, she would not venture upon an attack so long as he held his mother's gaze.

More than eighty sheep had been destroyed by wolves in the neighborhood of George McMullen's, and many had been the attempts to discover where these wolves had their den. All had signally failed, but George determined in his own mind that these wolves should die. A wolf is a very shy animal, is never seen in the day time, and can only be killed by following on its track till it is tired out, or finding its den.

A venerable friend of mine, now eighty years of age, of stalwart frame, and with white flowing beard, when a young man, followed the track of a wolf for two days, till he was enabled to shoot the tired animal. The wolf could not rest, and could neither eat nor drink while thus pursued; but the man had a well-filled knapsack, and could refresh himself by the way. It is not unfrequently the case that the wolf is thus walked down and made to yield up his life.

George McMullen, having filled his knapsack with provisions for several days, took his rifle and hunting belt, and started alone one morning while a snow of a few inches deep was on the ground. He traveled till he struck the track of wolves, and then pursued it for many a weary mile, till it crossed the creek of the Moosic mountain, and began to descend on the other side. Here a scene of solitary grandeur met the eye. There was no human habitation visible so far as the eye could reach—none for many miles from that spot. The mountain was thick with thick hemlocks and with an undergrowth of the Rhododendron, whose tangled web of boughs often renders the roads impassable. On the rounded summits of distant hills the beech and maple rose as from a bed of hemlocks in the vale; and nothing but a dense forest was there visible. Up the mountain side lay huge boulders of rocks that had tumbled from the cliff ages ago, and these were covered with moss and embedded in bushes. The mountain descends beautifully toward the east; but its western slope is more rugged and steep. The naked rock lifts up its head in numberless towering cliffs, which have a precipitous descent all out to the Lackawaxen river, which washes the base.

Far down, on this side, there was a level spot where grew some tall trees, and in the thicket close-by, and under a ledge of rocks, there was a cave. To this spot the fearless hunter had tracked his game. But now, what was to be done?—he was alone, and far from all human aid, and the number of his enemies he did not know. Should he turn back for help? What? George McMullen called for help before he had seen the faces of his foes. He would not do it—as well might we expect the Lackawaxen to run back to its fountain. And so he struck his tomahawk into a tree, as a caution to the wolves if they should come upon him from behind, and into the den he crawled, relying on his silent knife and rifle. It is a trifling fact, that a wolf is so suspicious an animal as to hunt every mark of human kind. If a hunter should leave his cap upon a deer that had been slain, or an old coat, the wolves would not touch it. Our hero, therefore, to let the wolves know what they might expect if they ventured into the cave after him, left his hatchet in a tree at the mouth. After crawling upon his hands and knees for some distance, he discovered the faces of some of his mothers having gone out after food. He took out one of the whelps and killed it, and proceeded to take another. No sooner had he introduced it into the open air than it made the air resound with its cries; and instantly two of the old wolves came rushing upon him. He placed his foot upon the neck of the whelp and held it down, while he seized his rifle and prepared himself for battle. Not knowing how many foes were likely to be upon him,

he reserved his fire to await the development of events. The wolves proved to be of the large black kind, the largest and fiercest known in the American forests; and they were frantic with rage. They both rushed upon him, while he placed his body against a tree and prepared for the worst. As they came upon him, he eyed them fiercely, and this had the effect to awe them in a measure, so that they only snarled at him as they rushed by, snarling most savagely. This they did a number of times, 'til presently they separated, and one approached his front, another the rear. Then he found it was time to take measures for his own safety, and leveling his rifle at the largest, shot him dead. The other retreated; and after satisfying himself that he had fled beyond the reach of his gun, he crawled into the cave and took out the remaining six young ones, and slew them. With their scalps and the skin of the old one, he retraced his steps homeward. For these he received the bounty allowed by law, having borne the evidences of their death to the nearest justice of the peace, ten miles from his house, and received an order from him upon the county treasurer.

If General Putnam is accounted brave for having gone into a den with a lighted torch and a rope around his body, held by his surrounding friends, what must be said of George McMullen, who tracked his game far away from all human habitations and alone entered the wolf den, defying all the powers which the kingdom of wolfdom could array against him! It may be said, it ought to be said, it shall be said—long live brave George McMullen!

Table Talk of Great Men.

The following witticisms are from "Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers:

WELLINGTON.—Speaking to me of Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington remarked that in one respect he was superior to all the Generals who had ever existed. "Was it?" I asked, "in the management and skilful arrangement of his troops?" No, answered the Duke; "it was in his power of concentrating such vast masses of men—a most important point in the art of war."

"I have found," said the Duke, "that raw troops, however inferior to the old ones in manœuvring, are far superior to them in downright hard fighting with the enemy. At Waterloo, the young Ensigns and Lieutenants, who had never before seen a battle, rushed to meet death as if they had been playing at cricket."

The Duke thinks very highly of Napier's History, its only fault, he says, is that Napier is sometimes apt to convince himself that a thing must be true because he wishes to believe it. Of Southey's History he merely said, "I don't think much of it."

Of the Duke's perfect coolness on the most trying occasions, Colonel Gurwood gave me this instance: He was once in great danger of being drowned at sea. It was bed time when the captain of the vessel came to him and said, "It will soon be all over with us." Very well, answered the Duke, "then I shall not take off my boots."

SIDNEY SMITH.—He said that he was so fond of contradiction that he would throw up the window in the middle of the night and contradict the watchman who was calling the hour.

When his physician advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach," Smith asked, "Upon whose?"

"Lady Cork," said Smith, "was once so moved by a charity sermon that she begged me to lend her a guinea for her contribution. I did so. She never repaid me, and spent it on herself."

He said that "his idea of heaven was eating figs for to the sound of trumpets." "I had a very odd dream last night," said he; "I dreamed that there were thirty-nine Muses and nine Articles; and my head is still quite confused about them."

When Lord Erskine heard that some body had died worth two hundred thousand pounds, he observed, "Well, that's a very pretty sum to begin the next world with."

A friend of mine," said Erskine, "was suffering from a continual wakefulness, and various methods were tried to send him to sleep, but in vain. At last his physicians resorted to an experiment, which succeeded perfectly; they dressed him in a watchman's coat, put a lantern into his hand, placed him in a sentry box, and he was asleep in ten minutes."

To all letters soliciting his "subscription" to any thing, Erskine had a regular form of reply, viz: "Sir, I feel much honored by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—"myself your obedient servant," &c.

Erskine used to say that when the hour came that all secrets should be revealed, we should know the reason why—snoes are always made too tight.

When he had a house at Hampstead, he entertained the very best company. I have dined there with the Prince of Wales—the only time I had any conversation with his Royal Highness. On that occasion, the Prince was very agreeable and familiar. Among other anecdotes which he told us of Lord Thurlow, I remember these two. The first was: Thurlow once said to the Prince, "Sir, your father will continue to be a popular king as long as he continues to go to church every Sunday, and to be faithful to that ugly woman your mother, but you, sir, will never be popular." The other was this: While his servants were carrying Thurlow up stairs to his bedroom, just before his death, they happened to let his legs strike against the banisters, upon which he uttered the last words he ever spoke—a frightful imprecation on "all their souls."

Erskine said that the Prince of Wales was quite "a cosmogony man," (alluding to "The Year of Wakedell," for he had only two classical quotations—one from Homer and one from Virgil, which he never failed to sport when there was any opportunity for introducing them.)

Latterly Erskine was very poor; and no wonder, for he always contrived to sell out of the funds when they were very low, and to buy in when they were very high. "By heaven," he would say, "I am a perfect kite, all paper; the boys might fly me." Yet, poor as he was, he kept the best society; I have met him at the Duke of York's, &c.

Fox.—Fox, in his earlier days, I mean, Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, &c., led such a life! Lord Tankerville assured me that he has played cards with Fitzpatrick at Brooks' from 10 o'clock at night till near 6 o'clock the next afternoon, a waiter standing by to tell them "whose deal it was," they being too sleepy to know.

After losing large sums at hazard, Fox would go home—not to destroy himself, as his friends sometimes feared, but to sit down quietly and read Greek.

He once won about £8000; and one of his bond-creditors, who soon heard of his good luck, presented himself, and asked for payment. "Impossible, sir," replied Fox, "I must first discharge my debts of honor."

The bond-creditor remonstrated. "Well, sir, give me your bond!" It was delivered to Fox, who tore it in pieces and threw them into the fire. "Now, sir," said Fox, "my debt to you is one of honor;" and immediately paid him.

I saw Lunardi make the first ascent in a balloon which had been witnessed in England. It was from the Artillery ground. Fox was there with his brother Gen. F. The crowd was immense. Fox, happening to put his hand down to his watch, found another hand upon it, which he immediately seized. "My friend," said he to the owner of the strange hand, "you have chosen an occupation which will be your ruin at last." "Oh, Mr. Fox," was the reply, "forgive me and let me go! I have been driven to this course by necessity; my wife and children are starving at home."

Fox, always tender-hearted, slipped a guinea into the hand, and then released it. On the conclusion of the show, Fox was proceeding to look what o'clock it was. "Good God," cried he, "my watch is gone!" "Yes," answered Gen. F., "I know it is; I saw your friend take it." "Saw him take it and you made no attempt to stop him!" "Really, you and he appeared to be on such good terms with each other, that I did not choose to interfere."

ALLEY.—He permitted—nay, wished his daughters to go to evening parties; but insisted that one of them should always remain at home, to give her assistance, if needed, by rubbing him, &c., in case of an attack of the rheumatic pains to which he was subject. "This," he said, "taught them natural affection."

VANOX.—Vernon was the person who invented the story about the lady being pulverized in India by a coup de soleil. When he was dining there with a Hindu, one of his host's wives was suddenly reticulated to ashes; upon which the Hindu rang the bell, and said to his attendant who answered it, "Bring fresh glasses, and sweep up your mistress."

Another of his stories was this: He happened to be shooting hyenas near Carthage, when he stumbled and fell down an abyss of many fathoms depth. He was surprised, however, to find himself unhurt; for he lighted as if on a feather bed. Presently he perceived that he was gently moved upward; and, having by degrees reached the mouth of the abyss, he again stood safe on terra firma. He had fallen upon an immense mass of bats, which, disturbed from their slumbers, had risen out of the abyss and brought him up with them.

LADY HAMILTON.—There was something very charming in Lady Hamilton's openness of manner. She showed me the neck-cloth which Nelson had on when he died; of course I could not help looking at it with extreme interest; and she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. She was latterly in great want, and Lord Stowell never rested till he procured for her a small pension from government.

POISON.—Porson would sit drinking all night without seeming to feel any bad effect from it. Horne Tooke told me that he once asked Porson to dine with him in Richmond Buildings; and as he knew that Porson had not been in bed for the three preceding nights, he expected to get rid of him at a tolerably early hour. Porson, however, kept Tooke up the whole night; and in the morning the latter, in perfect despair, said, "Mr. Porson, I am engaged to meet a friend at breakfast at a coffee-house in Leicester-square." "Oh!" replied Porson, "I will go with you," and he did so. Soon after they reached the coffee-house, Tooke contrived to slip out, and running home, ordered his servant not to let Mr. Porson in, even if he should attempt to batter down the door. "A man," observed Tooke, "who could sit up four nights successively might have sat up forty."

Tooke used to say that "Porson would drink ink rather than drink at all." Indeed, he would drink anything. He was sitting with a gentleman after dinner, in the chambers of a mutual friend, a Templar, who was then ill and confined to bed. A servant came into the room, sent thither by his master for a bottle of embrocation, which was on the chimney-piece. "I drank it an hour ago," said Porson.

When Hopper, the painter, was residing in a cottage a few miles from London, Porson, one afternoon unexpectedly arrived there. Hopper said that he could not do for him dinner, as Mrs. H. had gone to town and had carried with her the key of the closet which contained the wine. Porson, however, declared that he would be contented with mutton chop and beer from the next ale house; and accordingly stayed to dine. During the evening Porson said, "I am quite certain that Mrs. Hopper keeps some nice bottle for her private drinking in her own room; so pray, try if you can lay your hands on it." His host assured him that Mrs. H. had no such secret stores; but Porson insisting that a search should be made, a bottle was at last discovered in the lady's apartment, to the surprise of Hopper and the joy of Porson, who soon finished its contents, pronouncing it to be the best gin he had tasted for a long time. Next day Hopper, somewhat out of temper, informed his wife that Porson had drank every drop of her concealed dram. "Drank every drop of it?" cried she; "my God! it was spirits of wine for the lamp."

"IS TIME OF PEACE," &c.—The Springfield Argus speaks of a new rifle—market manufactured at the United States armory in that city, which has just been brought to perfection under the direction of the war department, and which will hereafter be made for the service. This weapon weighs about nine and one-half pounds, has the rifle barrel, the Maynard primer and all the improvements which modern science has brought to the aid of this branch of manufacture.

A FRENCH TAILOR'S SHOP.—The greatest clothing establishment in the world is that of M. Godillot, in Paris. It employs sixty-six sewing machines, kept in motion by a steam engine of nine-horse power, and which sewed all the overcoats for the Crimean Army. The superintendent of the establishment is the Emperor's tailor, Dussantory, who has invented a cutting-machine capable of cutting out fifteen suits at once, almost with the rapidity of lightning. Besides the machine, one thousand women and girls are constantly engaged at sewing.

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg. Ambrose Watson and William Watson, vs James Watson and others. Bill for account and relief.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of this Court, that John Watson, one of the Defendants, resides in, and without the limits of this State. It is, on motion of Bobo, Complainant's solicitor, ordered that he do appear and plead, answer or demur to Complainant's Bill, within three months from the publication of this rule, or the same will be taken pro confesso against him. THO. O. P. VERNON, c. e. s. p. Comr's Office, Feb 20 50 3m

RACHEL'S VISIT TO AMERICA.—The London Chronicle of March 12 says: "Mlle Rachel has returned to Paris from her unfortunate United States expedition, which has disappointed her pecuniary hopes, has humiliated her pride, and broken her health." One of the troops who accompanied her is publishing in one of the Paris journals an account of her performances in America. It is written with great ill-feeling towards the Yankees; but it is not without interest. Rachel had, it appears, a constant succession of mortifications. When she was to appear at New York, a transparency was stuck up in front of the theatre, as if she was figuring in a mountebank's booth. Her reception was nothing like so enthusiastic as that accorded to Jenny Lind. Her first night's receipts were only \$5,016, whereas Jenny Lind's first night's were \$17,864; her second night's receipts were, in English money, £280 less than the first night's. On the two nights some mischievous boys collected near the theatre, and amused themselves in ridiculing the French by imitating the crowing of a cock; and at another theatre, where a French company were playing such pieces as "Jacko, or the Monkey of Brazil," there was no getting a place at any price, whereas she had placed enough and to spare.

And then her auditors, though composed of the elite of American society, "did not understand her—her magnificent elocution, the play of her physiognomy, and her admirable gestures, which excite so much admiration in France, were unperceived by them." They did not "the least in the world appreciate French tragedy; it was too serious, too grand, too cold for them;" they preferred "pantomimes, comic songs, dancing, and scenes in the circus;" nay, to crown all, they did not even understand French, so that they were obliged to follow the actors book in hand; the consequence of which was, that when Rachel was in the very midst of one of her most remarkable tirades, and was hoping that every eye was fixed on her, as at Paris, she had her phrase interrupted by a general rustling in all parts of the house, caused by the simultaneous turning over of the leaves of the book. To read all this is amusing enough, but what gall and wormwood it must have been to a great actress like Rachel, who had been greeted with the rapturous applause of every capital, and had received homage from almost every crowned head and every man of genius in Europe.

A REMEDY FOR EPILEPSY.—The Normandie de Rouen has the following curious statement: "Some years ago a female was attacked with epilepsy in one of the streets of Oporto, and several persons collected round her. A bystander suddenly cried out, 'Cover her face with a black silk handkerchief!' A man took off his gravat and threw it over her face. Strange to say, her convulsions instantly ceased, and, rising to her feet, she thanked the persons around and walked away without assistance. One of the spectators of this strange scene was a gentleman, who afterwards became director of the institutes of manufactures at Oporto; and when a year ago one of the pupils named Vidal was attacked with epilepsy, he recollected what he had seen. He proposed to the physician of the establishment to try the effect of a black silk handkerchief thrown over the face—not, he said, that he really believed the remedy to be worth much, but that it might be well to try it, as it could do no harm.

A black gravat was accordingly thrown over the face of Vidal—and the spasms ceased as if by enchantment, and he soon after recovered. Twenty times after Vidal had a similar attack, but he always recovered by means of the same remedy." The Normandie, after relating these facts, says it cannot explain whether it is the silk or the black color, or both, which puts an end to the epileptic attack; but it attributes the investigation of scientific men, it strongly recommends the remedy.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! THE subscriber takes this method to inform the citizens of the Village and surrounding country, that he is now receiving a good stock of NEW BOOKS, at his Book Store, No. 6, Main street, opposite the Court House, such as are generally used in Colleges, Academies and common English Schools. A large variety of MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, embracing HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, GEOLOGICAL, MECHANICAL, Poetical and Musical works, of various sizes and prices. Some being reprinted in the way of Novels—RUTH HALE, Fanny Fern's writings; TOM JONES; COURTSHIP, &c. &c. BLANK BOOKS. A number of HYMN BOOKS, used by the different denominations of Christians, together with a large assortment of FAMILY BIBLES, prices from \$2.00 to \$10.00; SMALL BIBLES, from 50 cents to \$1.50; and \$2.00; TESTAMENTS from fifteen cents to \$1.00. PRAYER BOOKS, at various prices. Also a variety of small religious books, toy books and Primers. A good lot of Envelopes, Letter, Commercial and Note Paper. Envelopes from common to the finest styles.

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SOUTHERN HARMONY, at CASH PRICE, for their Books, &c., at each price, merit. I will, therefore, be able to sell Books and Stationery lower than they have ever been sold in Spartanburg; and as I desire to do an entire cash business, if the people will call with their money, I think they will be satisfied that they can buy Books, &c., from me, as cheap as they can (retail) in Columbia or Charleston.

WILLIAM WALKER, S. C. School teachers supplied on liberal terms. P. S. If any person should call for a Book or Books that I have not got, I will immediately order them if they desire it. N. B. The New Edition of the SOUTHERN HARMONY, kept constantly on hand, at wholesale and retail, at the CASH BOOK STORE. May 17 12 12 12

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg. Ambrose Watson and William Watson, vs James Watson and others. Bill for account and relief.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of this Court, that John Watson, one of the Defendants, resides in, and without the limits of this State. It is, on motion of Bobo, Complainant's solicitor, ordered that he do appear and plead, answer or demur to Complainant's Bill, within three months from the publication of this rule, or the same will be taken pro confesso against him. THO. O. P. VERNON, c. e. s. p. Comr's Office, Feb 20 50 3m

ODD FELLOWS' SCHOOL. ON Monday next, agreeably to notice, the Odd Fellows will open their SCHOOL in the Old Male Academy, under the control of DAVID H. DUNCAN, B. Mr. Duncan is a son of Professor Duncan, of Wofford College, and a graduate of Randolph Macon College, Virginia. His testimonials of scholarship and moral character are full and satisfactory. In starting an enterprise of the kind by the Lodge, it is indeed gratifying that one so thoroughly prepared for the office of teacher as Mr. Duncan has been selected and consents to take charge of the school. The established rates of tuition have heretofore excluded many from the advantages of education. With a view to benefit such, and all who may avail themselves of the facilities of a cheap and thorough education, we append the following table of charges, so reduced as to make it available. Primary Department—including Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and Primary Geography, per session of five months, \$6.00. Second Department—Classical, Grammar, Algebra, and all the higher branches of English education, per term of five months, with a continuation of any of the pre-arranged studies, 8.00. Third Department—Classical, with a review of any of the previous studies, per term of five months, 14.00. Contingent fee, per term, 1.00. THOS. O. P. VERNON, Chairman Board Trustees. Jan 10 46

S. W. GILLILAND, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT. NEWBERRY, S. C. RESPECTFULLY offers his services to all those who trade at Newberry, as their General Commission Agent, for the disposal of their Cotton and other produce. He will give his personal attention to the Discharging, Stowing, or Shipping of Cotton and all kinds of produce entrusted to his care. Having made arrangements with different Houses, he is now prepared to make liberal advances on Cotton shipped to Charleston. He will also pay the highest market cash prices on delivery for all the Wheat, Flour, Corn and other produce that can be brought to this market for sale. In an experience of several years business at this place, he has various friends, induced him to believe that he can promote the interest of planters, and hopes by prompt attention to merit a liberal share of patronage. Charges for selling or shipping Cotton 25 cents per bale, all other transactions in accordance with custom. The best of references given. Until the first of January next, he may be found at the Store Room formerly occupied by Messrs. W. G. & J. F. Glen. Nov 15 39 4

UNPRECEDENTED ARRIVALS!! WARE now opening our stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS, embracing every style and variety usually found in a well selected stock of DRY GOODS, to which we would invite the special attention of FARMERS, PLANTERS and Country Merchants. WE HAVE AN UNUSUAL SUPPLY of Negro Blankets, Kerseys, Osnaburghs, BROWN HOMESPUNS, &c., which we are offering at reduced prices. It is necessary to enter into a communication of our entire stock, as it is now in the market for a random string. All we ask is a call, and we will take great pleasure in exhibiting them, and feel confident in saying that general satisfaction will be given. Come early and secure bargains. No. 2 Grand Branch, Richardson street, COLUMBIA, S. C., Sept. 6 22-4f

S. T. AGNEW, Newberry Court House, Importer and Dealer IN HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, WINDMILL GRASSES, CIGARETTES, GENERAL DRY GOODS, HATS, SHOES, AND CLOTHING, &c. &c. No. 15, Columbia, S. C., Sept. 6 22-4f

BEVERLY COTTON AND OTHER COUNTRY PRODUCE. Has now in store one of the largest and most varied Stock of Goods in South Carolina, and is prepared to offer to his numerous friends and customers, liberal inducements which cannot fail to prove to their advantage. He also advertises in the market for the purchase of COTTON and COUNTRY PRODUCE generally, and planters will find it generally to their interest, by calling on me before making their arrangements elsewhere. S. T. AGNEW, Importer of English Hardware. Oct. 18 25 4f

Fisk's Patent Burial Cases! THE subscriber is agent for the sale of FISK'S PATENT BURIAL CASES—Cloth-covered or Bronzed—in which the body can be kept or interred any distance, without danger from decomposition or vermin. Cabinet Making. HE is also a CABINET MAKER, and prepared to furnish New Cabinet Work at short notice, and also to repair old furniture on reasonable terms, and solicits a call at his rooms on Main-st., Spartanburg, below the Court House. Sept 29 31 4f S. V. GENTRY.

Baldy is in the Field!! J. N. NOLLY WISHES to make known that he is still engaged in the business of making Carriages, Rockaways, Buggies, one and two horse wagons, &c. &c. and will keep on hand, at his old stand, near the Baptist Church. Having employed additional workmen, he asks a share of the liberal patronage he has heretofore received. Any work in his line, will be done to order. He also keeps coach trimmings, axles, springs, black smock work of all kinds for sale. Call and see for yourselves, if you wish. All indebted to me previous to the 1st of January last, are respectfully requested to call and settle. March 29 4 4f

\$500 REWARD. I WILL pay the above reward to any one who will lodge my negro man HAMP in the Jail at Spartanburg or Union. Said boy has been absent from my plantation near three years. He formerly belonged to Sarah Burnett, of Spartanburg, and was sold, about forty years old, for \$100 to one John Smith, of the same place, by trade. ROBERT BEATY, Goldwell, Union District, Dec. 20 44 4f

MUSIC! A VERY large selection of the latest and most improved PIANOS of all kinds can be inspected at RAMSAY'S PIANO FORTE AND MUSIC STORE, COLUMBIA, S. C. He invites a special examination of the late patented improvements in Hallet, Davis & Co's celebrated Pianos. Every piano is guaranteed. June 28 18 1y

R. D. OWEN, TAILOR, HAS RETURNED TO SPARTANBURG, where he resides. LOCATE PERMANENTLY. He may be found at No. 111 Brick Range, on Church street, where he will be very happy to see his friends, and to receive their orders for CLOTHING. TO REMOVE THEM CHEAP FOR CASH. Nov 1 37 4f

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg. Elmer Mason, and Commissioners of the Poor for Spartanburg District, vs Joel Mason, James Mason, Isaac Smith and wife, and others. Bill for sale of Land and Relief. IT appearing to the satisfaction of this Court, that Moses Smith and wife Sarah, Joel Mason, James Mason, James Rowlands and wife Polly, William Rowland and wife Elizabeth, James Mason, Terrell Mason, Wilson Mason, and Elizabeth Mason, Defendants in this Case, reside in and without the limits of this State. It is, on motion of Bobo and Edwards, Complainant's solicitors, Ordered, That they appear and plead, answer or demur to Complainant's Bill, within three months from the publication of this rule, or the same will be taken pro confesso against them. THO. O. P. VERNON, c. e. s. p. Comr's Office, Feb. 27 1 3m

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg. John McDavid and Wife Rosannah, and others, vs. John R. Robertson, Jefferson Kendrick, and others. Bill for specific delivery of Negroes, Partition, account and relief. IT appearing to the satisfaction of this Court that John McDavid, and the children of Jane McDavid, formerly Jane Kendrick, Sarah McKim, John McDavid, Alexander McKim, Andrew McKim, Martha McKim, Elizabeth McKim, Lewis M. Hook, Elizabeth Edwards and her husband Edward, Jefferson Kendrick, Defendants, reside from and without the limits of this State: It is, on motion of Bobo and Edwards, Complainant's solicitors, Ordered, That they appear and plead, answer or demur to Complainant's Bill, within three months from the publication of this rule, or the same will be taken pro confesso against them. THO. O. P. VERNON, c. e. s. p. Comr's Office, Feb. 27 1 3m

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg. James J. Vernon and Hiram Mitchell, vs. Elias C. Leitner and others. Bill for Injunction, Account and Relief. IT appearing to the satisfaction of this Court that Elias C. Leitner, one of the Defendants, resides in, and without the limits of this State: It is, on motion of Edwards and Carlisle, Complainant's solicitors, Ordered, That they appear and plead, answer or demur to Complainant's Bill, within three months from the publication of this rule, or the same will be taken pro confesso against them. THO. O. P. VERNON, c. e. s. p. Comr's Office, Feb. 27 1 3m

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg. Wade H. Wofford, and others vs. Alexander Thomas and wife, and others. Bill for Partition, Account and Relief. IT