

[From the New York Evening Post.]

THE PENDULUM.

On the silent dome of Darkness
Sits the night, like a Queen;
In her crown she shines
On her robe the starry shen.
I am looking for my window
Along the wall of gloom,
But listening to the Pendulum
As swinging to and fro.
There is not another whisper
In the room or on the hill,
While I muse within my chamber—
In my chamber dim and still,
And my ears cannot forget it,
The clock seems talking so,
While tick! tack! goes the Pendulum,
Still swinging to and fro.
Now the silver voice of childhood,
Now the trembling voice of years,
From the clock within the corner
Seem to fascinate my ears,
And the chairs of black ebony
Still answer, loud or low,
To yonder noisy Pendulum,
As swinging to and fro.
How it grows upon the silence
Seems to echo in the sky,
Till the multiplying voices
Call us spectators to the eye.
From the fire side red phantoms,
In garments white as snow,
While ticking goes the Pendulum,
Still swinging to and fro.
All those dead ones have arisen,
With each sweet familiar name,
And the past like a picture,
Rolls along the sacred scene,
Living in it, bright and blissful,
That seemed so long ago,
When tick! tack! goes the Pendulum,
Still swinging to and fro.
Like the golden hues of dawn,
Or the purple flash of sunset,
Youth and age in fleet succession,
Stay an instant—and are gone!
Thus are homes forever changing;
In gladness or in woe,
While swings the restless Pendulum,
As ticking to and fro.
Some are blooming in the circle
Bright as meadows full of flowers,
Others, like advancing winter,
Herald dreary weeping hours,
While dark and sad processions,
O'er mournful fields they go,
The never ceasing Pendulum
Swings, ticking to and fro.
Seren in number were the Phantoms,
Six had passed beyond the screen,
And the lone one, bowed with sorrow,
Wanders still by grave-mounds green.
But he ne'er shall meet his kindred
Through all the world below,
Where still the restless Pendulum
Goes swinging to and fro.
Sinks the flame upon the hearth-stone,
Die the embers with a moan;
And the shining Phantoms vanish
From my chamber dark and lone.
They have faded from my vision,
Like stars in morning's glow,
But swinging still the Pendulum
Goes ticking to and fro.
Pale the waning moon is sinking
On the dimly-silvered West;
And my dearly-hoped are fainting
In my lone and dreary breast.
Like a dark and winding river,
Like a heavy weight upon the soul,
While ever thud the Pendulum
Is swimming to and fro.

THE HUSBAND'S SECRET.

One day, a good many years ago, a young woman knocked at the door of a little cottage in the suburbs of the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The knock was immediately responded to by the opening of the door from within. An aged woman, neatly dressed, and who had evidently risen from her wheel, was the sole inmate of the little cot. "Bless your heart, girl," said the dame as she entered with her visitor, and sat down to the wheel again; "there must surely be something particular about you to-day, for you did not use to knock."
"I was afraid some one might be with you mother," said the girl, who had taken a seat opposite the spinner.
"And though a neighbor had been here," replied the dame, "this surely wouldn't have frightened you away. But the truth is, you have got something to say to Catherine," continued the speaker kindly; "out with it, my dear, and depend upon the best counsel old Hannah can give. The young woman blushed and did not speak. "Has William Hutton asked you to become his wife, Catherine?" said the dame, who easily and rightly anticipated the matter that was in the thoughts of her youthful visitor.
"He has, mother," was the reply.
The woman began to berr earnestly at her wheel. "Well, my dear," said she, after a short pause, "is not that what you have long expected—say, and wished? he has your heart; and so, I suppose, it needs no witch to tell what will be the end of it."
This might be all very true, but there was something upon Catherine's mind which struggled to be out and it came. "Dear Hannah," said she, seating herself close by the dame, and taking hold of her hand, "you have been a kind friend—a parent—to me since my own poor mother died, and I have no one else to look to for advice but yourself. I have not given William an answer, and would not till I had spoken to you, especially as something—as you once said—"

vice. On finding herself unable to continue a working life longer, Hannah had retired to Newcastle, her native place, where she lived in humble comfort on the earnings of her long career of servitude. Catherine came back with her to Newcastle, and immediately entered into service there. Hannah and Catherine had been two years in these respective situations, when the dialogue which has been recorded took place.
On the succeeding e-piry of her term of service, Catherine was married to the young man whose name has been stated as being William Hutton. He was a joiner by trade, and bore, as Hannah had said, an excellent character. The first visit paid by the new married pair was to the cottage of the old woman, who gazed on them with a truly maternal pride, thinking she had never seen so handsome a couple. The few years spent by Hutton in the army had given to his naturally good figure an erect manliness, which looked as well in one of his sexes, as the light, graceful figure, and fair, ingenuous countenance of Catherine, was calculated to adorn one of woman-kind. Something of this kind, at least, was in the thoughts of Hannah, when Catherine and her husband visited the dame's dwelling.
Many a future visit was paid by the same parties to Hannah, and on each successive occasion the old woman looked narrowly, though as unobtrusively as possible, into the state of the wife's feelings, with a motherly anxiety to know if she was happy. For, though Hannah, seeing Catherine's affections deeply engaged, had made light of her own early remarks upon the strange and most unpleasant gloom occasionally, if not frequently observable in the look and manner of William Hutton, the old woman was never able to rid her own mind altogether of misgivings upon the subject. For many months after Catherine's marriage, however, Hannah could discover nothing but open unalloyed happiness in the air and conversation of the youthful wife. But at length Hannah's anxious eye did perceive something like a change. Catherine seemed sometimes to fall, when visiting the cottage, into fits of abstraction not unlike those which had been observed in her husband. The aged dame felt greatly distressed at the thought of her dear Catherine's being unhappy, but for a long time held her peace upon the subject, trusting that the cloud might be a temporary one, and would disappear.
It was not so, unfortunately. Though in their manner to each other when together nothing but the most cordial affection was observable, Catherine, when she came alone to see Hannah, always seemed a prey to some uneasiness, which all her efforts could not conceal from her old friend. Even when she became for the first time a mother, and with all the beautiful pride of a young mother's love presented her babe to Hannah, the latter could see signs of a secret grief impressed on Catherine's brow. Hoping by her counsels to bring relief, Hannah at last took an opportunity to tell the young wife what she had observed, and besought her confidence.
At first, Catherine stammered forth a hurried assurance that she was perfectly happy, and in a few seconds belied her word by bursting into tears, and owning that she was very unhappy. "But I cannot, Hannah," she exclaimed, "I cannot tell the cause—not even to you!"
"Don't say so, my poor Catherine," replied Hannah; "it is not curiosity that bids me to interfere."
"Oh, no, Hannah!" replied the young wife; "I know you speak from love to me."
"Well, then," continued the dame, "open your heart to me. Age is a good adviser," Catherine was silent. "Is your husband harsh?" asked Hannah.
"No, no," cried the wife; "man could not be kinder to woman than he is to me."
"Perhaps he indulges in drink in private?"
"Hannah, you mistake altogether," was Catherine's reply; "my husband is as free from all such faults as ever man was."
"My dear child," said the old woman, almost smiling as the idea entered her head, "you are not suspicious—not jealous?"
"I have never had a moment's cause," Hannah, answered Catherine. "No, my griefs are not of that nature. He is one of the best and dearest of husbands."
Old Hannah was puzzled at these replies, as much as she was distressed by the open avowal of Catherine's having some cause of sorrow; but seeing that her young friend could not make up her mind to a disclosure at the time, the aged dame gave up her inquiries, and told Catherine to think seriously of the propriety of confiding all to her.
Hannah conceived that on mature consideration, Catherine would come to the resolution of seeking counsel at the cottage. After she was wrong. In a few days after their late conversation the young wife came to visit Hannah again, and after a little embarrassed talk, entered on the subject which was uppermost in the minds of both.
"Hannah," said Catherine, "I fear you can serve me nothing—I fear no living being can serve me. O Hannah! good as my husband appears to be—good as he is—there is some dreadful weight pressing upon his mind, which destroys his peace—and mine too. Alas! the gloomy fits which you as well as I noticed in him are not, I fear, without cause." Catherine wept in silence for a minute, and then continued: "All that I know of this cause arises from his expressions—while he is sleeping by my side. Hannah! he speaks in broken language of murder—of having committed murder! and killed by him." As Catherine said this she shuddered, and buried her face in that of the babe which she carried in her arms.
Hannah was shocked to hear of this, but her good sense led her at once to suggest, for the comfort of the poor wife, that it was perfectly possible for her husband to consider himself a murderer in his sleep, and speak of it without the slightest reality in the whole affair.
"Ah, Hannah," said Catherine sadly, "these sayings are not the result of one nightmare slumber. They occur often—too often. Besides, when I first heard him mutter in his sleep these horrible things, I mentioned the matter to him in the morning at our breakfast, and he laughed at it; but he grew much agitated; and telling me to pay no attention to such things, as he sometimes talked nonsense, he knew, in his sleep," he rose and went away, leaving his meal unfinished, indeed scarcely touched. I am sure he does not know how often he speaks in his sleep, for I have never mentioned the subject again—though my rest is destroyed by it. And then his fits

of sadness at ordinary moments! Hannah! Hannah! there is some mystery—some terrible mystery under it! Yet," continued the young wife, "he is so good—so kind—so dutiful to God and man! He has too much tenderness and feeling to harm a fly! Hannah, what am I to think or do, for I am wretched at the present."
It was long ere the old dame replied to this question. She mused greatly on what had been told her, and in the end said to Catherine: "My poor child, I cannot believe that William is guilty of what these circumstances lay seemingly at his door. But if the worst be true, it is better for you to know it than to be in this killing suspense forever. Go and gain his confidence, Catherine; tell him all that has come to your ear, and say you do so by my advice. Hannah continued to use persuasions of the same kind for some time longer, and at length sent Catherine home, firmly resolved to follow the counsel given to her.
On the following day Catherine once more presented herself at the abode of Hannah, and, as soon as she had entered, exclaimed: "Dear mother, I have told him all! he will be here soon to explain everything to us both."
The old woman did not exactly comprehend this. "Has he not," said she, "given an explanation then to you?"
"No, Hannah," said Catherine; "but oh, he is not guilty! When I had spoken to him as you desired me he was silent for a long time, and he then took me in his arms, Hannah, and kissed me in my arms, my darling Catherine, I ought to have confided in you long before. I have been unfortunate, not guilty. Go to kind Hannah's, and I will soon follow you, and set your mind at ease—as far as it can be done. Had I known how much you have been suffering, I would have done this long before!" These were his words Hannah. Oh, he may be unfortunate but not guilty!"
Hannah and Catherine said but little to each other until the husband of the latter came to the cottage. William sat down gravely by the side of his wife, and after kindly inquiring for the old woman, at once commenced to tell his story. "The reason of the unhappy exclamations in sleep," said he, "which have weighed so much upon my mind, dear Catherine, may be very soon told! They arose from a circumstance which has much embittered my own peace, but which, I hope, is to be regarded as a sad calamity rather than a crime. When I entered the army, which I did at the age of nineteen, the recruiting party to which I attached myself was sent to Scotland, where we remained but for a few months, being ordered again to England in order to be transported to the continent. One unhappy morning, as we were passing out of town where we had rested on our march southward, my companions and I chanced to see a girl, apparently about fifteen years of age, washing clothes in a tub. Being the most light-hearted among the party, I took up a large stone with the intention of splashing the water against the girl. She stooped hastily, and, shocking to tell, when I threw the stone it struck her on the head, and she fell to the ground, with, I fear, her skull fractured. Stupified at what I had done, I stood gazing on the stream of blood rushing from my poor victim's head, when my companions observing that no one had seen us, for it was early in the morning, hurried me off. We were not pursued, and we were in a few weeks on the continent; but the image of that bleeding girl followed me everywhere; and since I came home, I have never dared to inquire the result, lest suspicion should be excited, and I should suffer for murder! For I fear, from the dreadful nature of the blow, that the death of that poor creature lies at my door."
While Hutton was relating this story, he had turned his eyes to the window, but what was his astonishment, as he was concluding, to hear old Hannah cry aloud: "Thank God! while his wife broke out into a hysterical passion of tears and smiles, and threw herself into his arms.
"My dear husband," cried she, as soon as her voice found utterance, "that town was Morpeth!"
"It was," said he.
"Dear William," the wife then cried, "I am that girl!"
"You, Catherine," cried the amazed and enraptured husband, as he pressed her to his breast.
"Yes," said old Hannah, from whose eyes tears of joy were fast dropping; "the girl whom you unfortunately struck was she who is now the wife of your bosom; but your fears had magnified the blow. Catherine was found by myself soon after the accident, and though she lost a little blood, and was stunned for a time, she soon got round again—praised be Heaven for bringing about this blessed explanation."
"Amen," cried Catherine and her husband. Peace and happiness, as much as usually falls to the happiness of mortals, were the lot of Catherine and her husband from this time forward, their great source of inquietudes being thus taken away. The wife even loved the husband more, from the discovery that the circumstances which had caused her distress were but a proof of his extreme tenderness of heart and conscience; and William was attached more strongly to Catherine, after finding her to be the person whom he had unwittingly injured. A new tie, as it were, had been formed between them. Strange as this history may appear, it is true.

Which to Choose?
Mrs. Champion, a rich widow of only thirty summers, and in the full bloom of her beauty, was in the matrimonial market closely besieged by three suitors, all of them good looking, all gentlemen, and all professing unbounded and disinterested love for the fair lady. Captain Trovanden had been a cavalry officer, but had retired from the service. He was a tall, dashing figure, with very aristocratic manners, and like Ned Pepper, Paul Clifford's friend, possessed an "unkimmon fine head of hair." Indeed, it was rumored that his ambrosial curls were not nature's gift to him, but the *spolia opima* of some nameless and more favored individual, produced by Bogle by the intermediation of a certain amount of filthy lucre. The captain had inherited a large fortune.
Suitor No. 2 was a young man about town, very fashionable, polished, and pleasant. He contrived to keep out of debt, but his financial resources were said to be very limited. Mr. Claude Careless evidently had a good prospect of success.
The third suitor, Mr. Stanley Moreton, was an art student, and also cultivated poetry. Though very modest and unaffected, he was slightly eccentric in the matter of costume—wore a Reubens hat and black velvet coat, and during the Kosztuch excitement had serious thoughts of completing his equipment by a feather—but his better genius saved him from this selection. As he was quite sensitive and timid, had an awkward habit of blushing, and was silent in company, the captain and Careless made light of the rivalship, and considered the contest as confined to themselves.
The captain proposed, after the most approved taste of fashion, dropping gracefully on one knee, and pressing the lips that murmured his vows to the fair hand he solicited as his girdler.
When he had retired, Claude paid his devoirs, and made his proposals with great earnestness. His professions and interest-ness were no less emphatic than the captain's.
The painter came next. When alone with the lady of his love, he found a voice which failed him in the presence of others.
To each of the suitors she gave the same reply, namely: that she would return a definite answer to his suit exactly three weeks from the date of his proposal; requiring him in the interval to refrain from calling or inquiring about her, and to absent himself from the city. Each wooer promised a knightly obedience, and kept his pledge. The captain ran down to Newport; Claude went to Saratoga, and Stanley carried his sketch-book up to the White Mountains.
The widow shut herself up for three weeks. At the expiration of that time, punctual to the appointed day, hour and minute, the elegant captain entered Mrs. Champion's drawing room, and surveyed himself from head to foot in the Versailles mirror with a smile of satisfaction. He was engaged in self-admiration when a light step recalled him to a sense of propriety. He turned and beheld the widow, but a thick veil covered her face. He drew a chair to her side and addressed her.
"Dearest Isabella," said he, in his most persuasive tones, "allow me to remove the obvious screen which shrouds charms that were never meant to be concealed."
"Alas, captain," said the widow, with a tremulous voice, and drawing her veil yet closer, "whose charms exist no longer."
"Is it possible?" cried the captain in a tone of alarm. "What do you mean?"
"Since I saw you I have been very sick. When I was a child my parents neglected to have me vaccinated, and the ravages of the small pox—"
"The small pox!" cried the captain, pushing his chair back to the other side of the room.
"Don't be afraid, captain," said the widow. "It is all over, and I am a dreadful object to behold, but of course that makes no difference in your affections."
"Hem!" cried the captain. "It would make no difference if I wanted to retire with you into the country, to live like Darby and Joan. But to go into society—to introduce at balls and soirees a person disgraced by a dreadful disorder, O Lord, no! the idea never entered my head!"
"I release you from your engagement—you are free," said the widow.
"I have no doubt, ma'am," said the captain, greatly relieved, "that you will find individuals not exactly in my situation, who will be—will be very happy to—in short, ma'am, I wish you a very good day."
"Cold-hearted, vain egoist," said the widow, when he had left, "I mightly grieve of your character. You only wished for a handsome wife to enhance your consequence and parade in society, as you show off your handsome horse in the street. Let us see whether my thoughts have wronged Mr. Careless."
To Careless she told the same story. The young man heard of the loss of her beauty with great nonchalance.
"But that is not all," said Mrs. Champion. "My business man has just been with me all the morning. My investments were most unfortunate. I am completely beggared."
"How unfortunate," cried Careless, "for I am in the same predicament. I don't see my way through this quarter. Now it is very evident that it would be the height of folly for two persons without any income or prospect to marry only to multiply misery. I must beg you to receive my proposal of last month as only conditional. Doubtless there are rash, unprincipled men who would in any case think only of sentiment; but I am too good a moralist and too good a citizen to think of persevering now. Farewell, madame! Farewell forever! I leave you with despair in my heart and madness in my brain!"
Probably no declaration of despair was ever uttered in a cooler tone—and so thought the widow.
"He loved me for my money, as I thought," she said. "I begin to believe that all the men are alike. If Stanley proves equally heartless I shall renounce the perfidious sex."
The young artist heard the loss of his lady's beauty calmly.
"It is a misfortune," said he, "Beauty is a glorious gift, but perishable; the true heart and mind alone remain unchanged till death."
"But I am poor," said the widow.
"You give me the world, Isabella!" cried the painter. "The world cannot say now that any mercenary motives tainted the pure feeling with which I regard you. Trust me, you shall never want while I have brain and hand to work for you."

"Then take me for such as I am and was," cried the widow, throwing off her veil, "both in person and in purse, and forgive the fabricated tale which proved two of my suitors worthless."
Freed from the veil, her dazzling beauty beamed on the painter in undimmed radiance, and her hand thrilled to his touch. Need we say that they were happy?
Pica-yune Waggers.
GOING THE WHOLE HOG.—Have you ever heard the story of Pennsylvania's Governor, who tasted the crisp crackling of sucking pig for the first time in his life after his attainment to that office, at a public dinner. The Governor had before him a beautiful specimen of frustrated bacon, to which he paid his respects so frequently, that the whole animal found a tomb in the appreciating functionality. But the Governor had an appetite that was an honor to the air of the Susquehanna Valley, and it had not yet been appeased. He looked down the array of dishes on the table before him, but there was nothing there to tempt him. Becoming a waiter to his side, he cautiously shaded his mouth with his hand, and asked White Jacket, in a deliberate whisper, "Have you got any more of them little hogs?"
No SALE.—We have every day been looking for an advertisement to the following effect:
"FOR SALE.—The Tomb of Washington, with the good will and fixtures of the said box and Mt. Vernon cane business. Price two hundred thousand dollars. Apply on the premises to
JOHN WASHINGTON.
But no such advertisement has appeared, and we now hear that the proprietor of the establishment has withdrawn it from the market. He probably considers that the business attached to the place is worth more money.
A VOTIVE OFFERING.—For Senator Sikes' vote on the Police Bill the force in this city intend to present him with a service of plate. Will some one have the kindness to explain the difference between presents before voting and those thereafter. One we call a bribe—what is the proper name of the other?
MUSICALLY CONSIDERED.—Krauslaant is slightly musical; hence no one will be surprised at the following definition from his pen:
SHARPS AND FLATS.—The Kansas emigrants armed by our churches.
WAR OF THE DICTIONARIES.—The *Tribune*, it is well known, is enthusiastically devoted to Webster's Dictionary. This explains its sympathy with the Costa Ricans, the Nicaragua Democracy having pronounced according to Walker.
NEWS FROM THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.—We announced last week that we were about to leave. We are now able to confirm that announcement. The willows have already "put out."
By Goul.—Broomsticks says he knows an Assemblyman so venal, that his teeth alone are incorruptible.
DEFINITION FOR THE TIMES.—Humbing—a species of chloroform, by the aid of which dollars are extracted without pain.
COMFORT FOR THE PROVIDENT BUYERS.—Whatever goes up—must come down—sometimes.
THE WAY DENNIS McCANN PROPOSED TO SATISFY WINDOW JOHNSON.—A son of the Emerald Isle, whom we shall call Dennis McCann, had long abounded himself from the confessional, but a few days since he appeared before the priest and confessed to sundry transgressions. Like the priest was not satisfied, and something like the following dialogue passed between them:
Priest.—"Now, Dennis, I fear you have not confessed all, so you had better not keep anything back, but make a clean breast of it, and tell me all. Come, out with it."
Dennis.—"Well, then, yer worship, if I must be after tellin' ye all about it, I stole the Widder Johnson's pig—an' that's a fact, yer worship."
Priest.—"That's a mighty sin, Dennis, and you must make satisfaction to the widder."
Dennis.—"An' please yer worship, I don't know him at all—an' that's a fact, I don't."
Priest.—"Make restitution, satisfy the Widder Johnson."
Dennis.—"An' faith I don't know him; it's mosst that don't know him a bit, now, and that's true what I'm tellin' ye, yer worship."
Priest.—"Make her recompense pay for the pig, Dennis, pay Mrs. Johnson for the pig."
Dennis.—"Och, by me sowl, an' is it that you mane now? Sure, I can't do it, for I've ate him, and I have not a haporth for me self and the childer, so which'll be the trouble about it, yer riverence, if I don't pay him?"
Priest.—"You will be before the judgment, Dennis—I shall be there, too, to accuse you—the Widder Johnson will also be there."
Dennis.—"An' what will I do? will the pig be there too?"
Priest.—"Yes, Dennis, the pig will be there, surely."
Dennis.—"Och, further what will I do this, yer worship? Faith, and I have it, yer riverence, I'll give her up the pig this an' there, yer worship, an' so I will, an' troth that sowl'll be after satisfyin' her intirely."
EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.—A few weeks since, in the Nicholas Circuit Court, Ky., Mr. Garrett Davis was bullying a witness named Roberts, and derisively called him captain, when the following dialogue took place:
Witness.—I am no military man, Mr. Davis; but when you are elected President, I hope you will give me a commission.
Mr. Davis (furiously)—If I were President, the first thing I should do would be to have you hung, sir!
Witness (with a quiet bow)—Thank you, Mr. Davis; but if I live until you become President to have me hung, life will become a burden.
"Facts"—The following is, verbatim, a conversation which occurred between two middle-aged men, at the corner of Steamers and Back streets, Saturday morning at eight o'clock:
"How do you do, Mr. Smith?" "Do what?" "Why, how do you find yourself?" "I never lose myself." "Well, how have you been?" "Been—been where?" "Where?" "How do you feel?" "Feel of me and see." "Good morning, Mr. Smith." "It isn't a good morning either."—*Petersburg Express.*

A. H. KIRBY,

No. 2
BRICK RANGE,
IS NOW RECEIVING AND OPENING
HIS STOCK OF
**SPRING AND SUMMER
GOODS,**
CONSISTING OF
French Cloths, Cassimeres, and Drap d'Ete,
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York.
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FOR GENTLEMEN AND BOYS.
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All of which will be sold on the most reason-
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April 3 6 tf

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CHEMICAL STORE, located in the village of
Spartanburg, where will always be found a full
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FRESH AND GENUINE MEDICINES,
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entire management of the store, and all PHAR-
MACOLOGICAL PREPARATION will be made
by himself, or under his immediate supervision.
This gives to the community the assurance that
all articles from their store are genuine, and in
accordance with the prescribed rules of the U. S.
Pharmacopoeia.
They desire also to state that their connection
with the WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DRUG ESTABLISHMENT at Columbia will
enable them to receive and supply large orders at
very low prices. Physicians, Planters and Mer-
chants, will do well to call and examine the stock
and prices, and judge for themselves.
THEIR STOCK WILL CONSIST OF
**DRUGS,
MEDICINES & CHEMICALS,
DYE WOODS, AND DYE-STUFFS,
OILS, PAINTS & PAINTERS' ARTICLES,
VARNISHES,
Window Glass and Putty, Glassware
FRENCH ENGLISH
FINE TOILET AND SHAVING SOAPS,
FINE HAIR AND
TOOTH BRUSHES, PAINT BRUSHES,
SURGICAL AND DENTAL
INSTRUMENTS,
TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS
OF ALL KINDS,
SICES, KNIVES, MANUFACTURED
TOBACCO,
All the Patent or Proprietary
MEDICINES OF THE DAY.
Superior Inks,
PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR
MEDICAL PURPOSES,
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CELEBRATED GARDEN SEEDS,
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FANCY ARTICLES.**
We make our purchases for cash, and offer
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any similar establishment in this section.
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GEOLOGICAL, MECHANICAL, Poetical and
Musical works, of various sizes and prices.
Some light reading (in the way of Novels)—
RUTH HALL, Fanny Fern's writings; TOM
JONES, COURTESY, &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; BIBLES, from
50 cents to \$1.50; TESTAMENTS
from fifteen cents to \$1.00. PRAYER BOOKS,
at various prices.
Also a variety of small religious books, toy books
and Trainers.
I have made permanent arrangements with sev-
eral large Book Houses in Philadelphia and New
York, to exchange my Music Work—the
SOUTHERN HARMONY,
at CASH PRICE, for the Books, &c., at cash
prices, net. 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 mo-
ney, I think they will be satisfied that they can buy
Books, &c., from me, as cheap as they can (at Spar-
tanburg) in Columbia or Charleston.
**W. CALL AND SEE AT
WILLIAM WALKER, A. S. H.**
I have made permanent arrangements with sev-
eral large Book Houses in Philadelphia and New
York, to exchange my Music Work—the
SOUTHERN HARMONY,
kept constantly on hand, wholesale and retail,
at the CASH BOOK STORE.
May 17 12 11

BYTHOOD & SMITH,

Importers and Dealers
IN HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, WIN-
DOW GLASS, GROCERIES, GEN-
ERALLY DRY GOODS, HATS,
SHOES, AND CLOTH-
ING, &c. &c.
AND
BUYER OF COTTON
AND OTHER COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Has now in store one of the largest, and most varied
Stock of Goods in South Carolina, and is pre-
pared to offer to his numerous friends and customers,
liberal inducements which cannot fail to prove to
their interest. I am always in the market for the
purchase of COTTON and COUNTRY PRO-
DUCE 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 35 11

m. w. BYTHOOD, Wm. H. SMITH
BYTHOOD & SMITH,
Brokers, Auction and Commission
MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
REAL ESTATE, NEGROES, COTTON,
FLOUR, GRAIN,
AND ALL MANNER OF
PRODUCE AND MERCHANDISE,
204 EXCHANGE ROW, RICHARDSON STREET,
Columbia, S. C.
REFERENCES.
Stenhouse, Allen & Co. } Charleston.
Wright & Gooden, }
John A. Crawford, } Columbia, S. C.
Richard Anderson, }
Brawley & Alexander, } Chester, S. C.
Col. S. N. Stowe, } Yorkville, S. C.
Spartan & Co., } Spartanburg, S. C.
Michael Brown, } Salisbury, N. C.
R. C. Cooke, } Concord, N. C.
Dr. W. R. Holt, } Lexington, N. C.
Whitfield Walker, } Newberry, S. C.
J. Brown, } Anderson, S. C.
J. Gower, } Greenville, S. C.
Jno. Kyle, } Laurens, S. C.
Feb 21 52 3m

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. Will give his personal atten-
tion to Receiving, Storing, Shipping or selling of
Cotton and all kinds of produce entrusted to his
care.
Having made arrangements with different Hou-
ses, he is now prepared to make liberal advances
on Cotton and other produce.
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.
An experience of several years business in this
place, in all its various forms, induces 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
about the Store Room formerly occupied by Messrs.
W. G. & J. F. Glen.
Nov 15 39 11

ODD FELLOWS' SCHOOL.

ON Monday next, agreeably to notice, the Odd
Fellows will open their SCHOOL in the Old
Market Academy, under the control of DAVID R.
DUNCAN, N. A. 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 sat-
isfactory. 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 consent to take
charge of the school.
The established rule of tuition here 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 Pri-
mary Geography, per session of five
months..... \$6.00
Second Department—Philosophy, Gram-
mar, Algebra, and all the higher branch-
es of English education, per term of six
months, with a continuation of any of the
pre-mentioned studies..... 8.00
Third Department—Classics, with a re-
view 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 19 46

Fisk's Patent Burial Cases!

THE subscriber is agent for the sale of FISK'S
PATENT BURIAL CASES—Cloth-
covered or Branded—in which a body can be kept or
transported, without danger from de-
composition or vermin.

Cabinet Making.

HE is also a CABINET MAKER, and pre-
pared to furnish New Cabinet Ware at short no-
tice, and also to furnish old furniture on reasonable
terms, and solicits a call at his rooms on Main-st.,
Spartanburg, below the Court House.
Also a fine assortment of PARLOR CHAIRS,
constantly on hand.
Sept 20 31 11 S. V. GENTRY.

\$500 REWARD.

I WILL pay the above reward to any one who
will lodge my negro man HIAMP in the Jail
at Spartanburg or Union. Said boy has been ab-
scent from my plantation near three years. He
formerly belonged to Sartwell Barnett, of Spartanburg
District. He is well set, about forty years old, 5
feet 10 inches high, blind in one eye and a blacksmith
by trade.
ROBERT BEATY,
Coldwell, Union District, Dec. 20 44 11

MUSIC!

A VERY large selection of the
best and latest improved PI-
ANOS of all kinds can be had at
**RAMSAYS
IANO FORTE AND MUSIC STORE,
COLUMBIA, S. C.**
He invites a special examination of the late pa-
tented improvements in H. B. Davis & Co's cele-
brated Pianos. Every piano is guaranteed.
Jan 28 18 11

Commissioner's Notice.

ALL Guardians, Trustees, Receiving Com-
mittees and other Persons authorized to make
annual returns, are hereby notified to make up and
report their annual accounts to me on or be-
fore the first of March next. The items of expen-
diture must be vouched. Rules will be issued against all
Defaulters. THO. O. P. VERNON, c. e. s. d.
Comr's Office, Jan. 3 45 11

R. D. OWEN, TAILOR, HAS RETURNED TO SPARTANBURG, WHERE HE INTENDS TO LOCATE PERMANENTLY. He may be found at No. 100 Brick Range, on Church street, where he will be very happy to see his old friends, and ready to serve them CHEAP FOR CASH. Nov 1 37 11BLANKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.