THE KEOWEE COURIER.

POETRY.

A Heart for Sale.

BY [illegible] ADY.

A noble heart [illegible] kind and hale—
(Generous s[illegible] consider!)
If not soon sold at private sale,
Shall go to the highest bidder.

'Tis Nature's boon, a precious shrine,
That blessings will impart;
A casket filled with gifts divine,
And not a thing of art.

It ne'er has learnt to stifle sighs,
Nor has it been contracted;
Fair terms alone of him who buys,
Will be of course exacted.

And I will frankly make them known
To every honest buyer.
They shall be such and such alone,
As one can well desire.

The purchaser a man must be,
Possessed of noble feelings,
For with none else I'll e'er agree
To have the slightest dealings.

His mind above the vulgar crew,
Its upward flight must bend;
Averse to vice and scandal too—
To virtuous truth a friend.

His lips no oath must e'er pollute,
Nor idle tales obscene;
Nor must they court the cup's salute,
Nor take the "weed" between.

For gold all things are daily sold
In every busy mart;
But I will ne'er exchange for gold
A true and faithful heart.

Nor for the wealth that God has been,
In ages past, bestowing;
But for the breast that has within
A heart of love o'erflowing.

SABBATH READING.

The Everlasting Arms.

In that sublime and soul-thrilling benediction, pronounced [illegible] the man who had seen God face to f[illegible] upon the children of Israel, just before he went away from them upon that lonely journey, from which he was to return to them no more—to that lonely grave, which no man knoweth unto this day, occurs this beautiful and suggestive expression: The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

In the still watches of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, when the roar of the busy city that rose so fiercely all the day is stilled, and the awful shadow of darkness covers the face of the world, we seem almost to feel the support of these everlasting arms, which swung the world in space, and sent it whirling on its mighty circuit, amid the countless myriads of worlds that have performed their sublime revolutions from all time.

Everlasting! How the very echo of the word crushes into nothingness our finite faculties! Ages on ages, without beginning and without end—century treading upon the heels of century; and all but as the speck of time, the fraction of an instant which is—now, to us, in the eye of Him, whose power and whose loving providence the expression indicates.

The Everlasting Arms! Pestilence may walk the earth; sin may deform the countenance made in the image of God; murder may bare his red right arm; the raging fire may devour; the rushing whirlwind may desolate; earthquakes may rend the bosom of the solid earth and swallow up the pride of its cities; the roaring waves of the mighty sea whelm navies in their yawning gulfs; but the everlasting arms are around us as the arms of a father around the babes who crowd upon his knees besides the glowing fireside of home.

The Everlasting Arms! Through the dark, cold valley of the shadow of death, every one must walk by himself. The tenderest love cannot go down with us to cheer us in that drear and dreadful passage but the everlasting arms shall be around us and beneath us there. Dust mouldereth to its parent dust, and all that was beautiful, all that was loved and cherished, perisheth away from mortal ken! The bleeding affections yearn and pine for what earth cannot restore them; but the everlasting arms encircle the grave, and keep in their loving embrace every atom, to be reformed in the genial clime of Eternity.

The everlasting arms, never weary, never weak, never insufficient, are about us when we sin, to check, to warn and restrain; when we do well to encourage; when we are happy to keep us from going astray; when we are afflicted to comfort with their tender embrace; and, when we die, shall bear us to realms of never-ending joy.

Oh! that we may never for a moment, lose the consciousness of their ever-present support! Let us seek it when we rise up, and when we lie down; when we sit in our houses; when we walk by the way; in the busy city, in the lonely wood, in the mart, and in the sanctuary; and so we shall fear no evil, but the loss of that loving, tender and all-sufficient guidance and support.

[*Sunday Appeal.*

To Morrow.—Who ever received mercy "to-morrow?" None. Not to find mercy to-day is to lose it forever. Where is God's invitation to be found for "to-morrow?" No where. God is too just to be mocked; too piteous to mock. Who ever was put off by God "to-morrow?" No one. When God says "now," he means "now." Who ever died on "to-morrow?" No one. Salvation, life, death, heaven, hell, are gathered up in "to-day." To those whose last hour is come, "to-morrow" will be as though a thousand years had rolled away since they heard "Come in," or "Depart!"

As long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors, the thirst for military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters.

That woman deserves not a husband's generous love, who will not greet him with smiles as he returns from the labors of the day—who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one in a thousand that is so unfeeling as to withstand such an influence, and break away from such a home.

Blackwood, for November.

This number contains much interesting matter concerning the Sepoy Rebellion, in India. We advise those who have weak nerves against reading the following account of the execution of a party of mutineers at Peshawur:

"Well, then, forty men were to be blown away; I presume, Ebony, that this is a sight which, in your manifold experience of the world, you have never witnessed. It was an awfully imposing scene! All the troops, European and native, armed and disarmed, loyal and disaffected, were drawn up on parade, forming three sides of a square; and drawn up very carefully, you may be sure, so that any attempt on the part of the disaffected to rescue the doomed prisoners would have been easily checked. Forming the fourth side of the square, were drawn up the guns (9 pounders) ten in number, which were to be used for the execution. The prisoners under a strong European guard, were then marched into the square—their crimes and sentences read aloud to them, and at the head of each regiment; they were then marched round the square, and up to the guns. The first ten were picked out—their eyes were bandaged, and they were bound to the guns, their backs leaning against the muzzles, and their arms fastened to the wheels. The parl-fires were lighted and at a signal from the Artillery Major, the guns were fired. It was a horrid sight that then met the eye; a regular shower of human fragments of heads, of arms, of legs, appeared in the air through the smoke, and when that cleared away these fragments lying on the ground, fragments of Hindoos, and fragments of Mussulmans, all mixed together, were all that remained of those ten mutineers. Three times more was this scene repeated; but so great is the disgust we all feel for the atrocities committed by the rebels, that we had no room in our hearts for any feeling of pity; perfect callousness was depicted on every European's face, a look of grim satisfaction could even be seen in the countenances of the gunners serving the guns.—But far different was the effect on the native portion of the spectators; their black faces grew ghastly pale as they gazed breathlessly at the awful spectacle. You must know that this is nearly the only form in which death has any terrors for a native. If he is hung or shot by musketry, he knows that his friends or relatives will be allowed to claim his body, and will give him the funeral rites required by his religion; if a Hindoo, that his body will be burned with all due ceremonies; and if a Mussulman, that his remains will be decently interred, as directed in the Koran. But if sentenced to death in this form, he knows that his body will be blown into a thousand pieces, and it will be altogether impossible for his relatives, however devoted to him, to be sure of picking up all the fragments of his own particular body; and the thought that perhaps a limb of some one of a different religion to himself might possibly be burned or buried with the remainder of his own body, is agony to him. But notwithstanding this, it was impossible for the mutineers' direst hater not to feel some degree of admiration for the way in which they met their deaths.

Nothing in their lives became them like the leaving of them. Of the whole forty, only two showed any signs of fear, and they were bitterly reproached by the others for so disgracing their race. They certainly died like men. After the first ten had been disposed of, the next batch, who had been looking on all the time, walked up to the guns quite calmly and unfalteringly, and allowed themselves to be blindfolded and tied up without moving a muscle, or showing the slightest signs of fear, or even concern. Whence had these men this strength? Their religion, bad as it may be and is, in all other points, at least befriends them well at the hour of death; it teaches them well that great and useful lesson, how to die. It is their religion that supports them for there is no native, however low in the scale of society—however deeply sunk in vice, in debauchery, and in crime—but acknowledges and practises the form of some sort of religion. Even in the midst of his crimes he acknowledges a God, and calls on that God to sustain him at the hour of his death.

One of the best editors the Westminister Review could ever boast, and one of the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was a cooper in Aberdeen. One of the editors of the London Daily Journal was a baker in Elgin; perhaps the best reporter of the London Times was a weaver in Edinburgh; the editor of the Witness was a stone mason. One of the ablest ministers in London was a blacksmith in Dundee, and another was a watchmaker in Banff. The late Dr. Milne, of China, was a herd-boy in Rhyne. The principal of the London Missionary Society's College at Hong Kong was a saddler in Huntley, and one of the best missionaries that ever went to India was a tailor in Keith. The leading machinist on the London and Birmingham Railway, with £700 a year, was a mechanic in Glasgow, and perhaps the very richest iron founder in England was a working man in Morap. Sir James Clark, her majesty's physician, was a druggist in Banff. Joseph Hume was a sailor first, and then a laborer at the mortar and pestle in Montrose. Mr. McGregor, the member from Glasgow, was a poor boy in Rosshire. James Wilson, the member from Westbury, was a ploughman in Haddinton, and Arthur Anderson, the member for Orkney, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule. These men, however, spent their leisure hours in acquiring useful knowledge. They could not have reached the eminence they did, lounging around hose engine houses, or wasting hours away in taverns.

Share Work.—A California correspondent, describing a tree of fabulous dimensions that he lately discovered, says he is not sure "whether it is hollow or not."—The Louisville Journal wants to know why he doesn't *axe* it.

Unrest.

Now silence holds her peaceful reign,
And all the world in quiet sleeps,
Save you lone star, that, twinkling, peeps
Upon me through the open pane.

Yet even he, with generous fear
To break repose and quiet sweet,
Treads with his tiny golden feet
Lightly o'er the unsounding air—

Peeps on my loved one, where she lies
Unconscious, in her guileless rest,
O fair, thou gentle star, her breast
With dreams and fancies from the skies.

Watch over all whom sleep hath blessed
With blessings I may not obtain;
For thronging fancies crowd my brain
And busy mem'ries steal my rest.

Hon. Andrew Johnson.

We take from a northern paper the following article—giving some interesting facts in the history of Ex-Gov. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee—which we recognize as the same that appeared in the Greenville Patriot and Mountaineer some time ago. We publish it not only because the incident related took place in an adjoining district, but also, because the facts contained in it are calculated to encourage and stimulate aspiring youth who may be similarly situated:

"This gentleman has recently been elected United States Senator by the Legislature of Tennessee, in the place of Gov. Jones, who was a whig. Andrew Johnson must be in extraordinary luck. His rise and success in public life have been remarkable. About thirty years ago he was a journeyman tailor, at Laurens Court House, South Carolina, working with Mr. Denton of that place. When eighteen years old he could neither read nor write. He moved to Greenville, Tennessee, on foot, where he opened a shop as a tailor, joined a debating club, made speeches, and showed talent. He was elected, in a few years, a member of the Legislature, then a member of Congress, where he served many years. Two or three years since, he was elected Governor of the State of Tennessee, and is now United States Senator!

"Whilst working at Laurens Court House as a journeyman tailor, he fell in love with a girl in the neighborhood and courted her. Gov. Johnson tells the story himself. The young lady saw something in Andy more than she could discern. She engaged herself to him, provided he could get her mother's consent. Andy went one Sunday to speak to the old lady. His heart failed him till towards night, when he mustered up courage and popped the question to the mother. He says she broke out on him in a most terrible tirade of abuse, and said, "you trifling, worthless vagabond, do you suppose I am going to let my daughter marry a wandering journeyman tailor? I know what you want—you are too lazy to work, and you are after my property."—The Governor said the old woman had four children and three negroes! This was her fortune. In utter despair, Andy returned to the village mortified and crest fallen.—He determined to quit the place and forget his love, after meeting with such scorn and contempt from the mother.

"It sometimes happens that young girls have a deeper insight into character than their parents. It was the case, as Col. Benton acknowledges, with Jessie when she ran off with Col Fremon and got married very much against the wishes of her father and mother. But Miss W*** did not have the same self-will, or the same abiding confidence in her judgment and love that Miss Benton had. She was afraid to encounter that indignation and towering temper which had so effectually cowed Andy. We do not know, however, that Andy had courage enough to make the proposition to run off with her. If he did, it was rejected."

Give Him a Trade.—If education is the great buckler and shield of human liberty, well-developed industry is equally the buckler and shield of individual independence. As an unfailing resource through life, give your son, equal with a good education, a good honest trade, or make him a farmer. Better any trade than none; there is ample field for the adoption of every inclination in this respect. Learned professions, and speculative employments may fail a man, but an honest handicraft trade, seldom or never—if its possessor choose to exercise it. Let him feel, too, that honest labor crafts are honorable and noble. The men of trades—the real creators of whatever is most essential to the necessities and welfare of mankind—cannot be dispensed with; they, above all others, in whatever repute they may be held by their fastidious follows, must work at the oar of human progress or all is lost. But few brown-handed trade workers think of this, or appreciate the real position and power they compass.

Give your son a trade, no matter what fortune he may have or may seem likely to inherit. Give him a trade and an education—at any rate a trade. With this he can always battle with temporal want, can always be independent.

A Snake Story.—The following anecdote *is a fact*. It was told by a gentleman who witnessed it: "An Indian came to a certain 'agency' in the northern part of Iowa, to procure some whiskey for a young warrior, who had, as he said, been bitten by a rattlesnake. At first the 'agent' did not credit his story, but the earnestness of the Indian, and the urgency of the case, overcome his scrupies, and turning to get the liquor, he asked the Indian how much he wanted? "'Four quart,' answered Indian. "'Four quarts?' asked the 'agent,' in surprise; 'much as that?' "'Yes,' replied the Indian, speaking through his set teeth, and frowning as savagely as though about to wage a war of extermination on the whole snake tribe, 'four quart—*make very big!*'"

The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply it. It will draw off the matter, and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

The Sun.

The editor of the Fayetteville North Carolinian tells the following amusing incident in his experience:

We were teaching an "academary" down in the wire grass country of South Georgia soon after we left college, and among the "higher branches" taught in that "institution" were the rudiments of Astronomy, to which advanced text book we had introduced a class of sand hill boys and gopher trapping girls, ranging in age from 14 to 20 years. A few recitations, confined principally to corrections of mutilated pronunciations, "stairs," "heavingli buddies," "the yeath," "comics," "planics," &c., and we made to the "advanced class" the startling and incredible announcement that the sun did not rise and set daily, that the revolution of the earth on its axis made night and day, &c. There were a few open countenances in that gaping, wonder-stricken class about then.

Next morning we were waited on by a grave, sage looking patron of ours, who, with some asperity of countenance, and, as we imagined, contemptuous severity of expression, thus delivered himself:

"We've employ'd ye here to larn our young 'uns, haint we?" We assented to the proposition.

"Well," continued he, "what's all this riggymarole and stronamy and stuff about the sun not settin' and risin', and the yeath turnin' upside down of a night, and sich like infidel talk ye've been foolin the skollards with?" Now, thought we, for a triumph of science, a lighting up of his benighted understanding. Inviting him into the academy, we proceeded to draw a diagram on the black-board, for the purpose of illustration. "Now," said we, "the sun is ninety-five millions of miles from the earth, and—" "Stop," cried he—"how do you know that? Who's been thar to measure it? What surveyor's ever drug his chain over that route? 'Taint so." In vain we assured him that scientific men had demonstrated it, philosophers proved it beyond a doubt, and that all the eminent men in the world admitted and believed it.

"They don't know nothing about it," was his dogmatic response—not a bit more than I do, and they've never ben any closter to the sun than I hev. It's agin reason, sense and scripter, to say that the sun don't rise and set—for thar's a text, which maybe you've seed, if you ever red the bible, which I kaint scarcely believe you ever did read it, saying, 'from the risin' of the sun to the going down tharof'—and see here, young man, if you kaint teech the children better'n such fool talk and infidel argyment, you mout as well look out for a Dooly settlement, whar ther ain't no churches, nor the folks never heerd of the bible." We caved, wiped out the diagram with our left coat tail, bowed out our indignant patron, and the next morning the "stronamy" class was advanced to Peter Parley's geography, and the sun permitted to rise and set as usual. There's everything in admitting and denying the premises.

A Beautiful Extract.—There lies in the depth of every heart that dream of our youth, and the hastened wish of manhood, which neither cares nor honors can ever extinguish—the hope of one day resting from the pursuits which absorb us; of interposing between old age and the tomb, some tranquil interval of reflection, when, with feelings not subdued but softened, with passions not exhausted but mellowed, we may look calmly on the past without regret, and on the future without apprehension. But in the tumult of the world, this vision forever recedes as we approach it, the passions which have agitated our life disturb our latest hours, and we go down to the tomb, like the sun in the ocean, with no gentle and gradual withdrawing of the light of life back to the source which gave it, but sullen in its fiery glow long after it has lost its power and its splendor.

Young America Speaking the Lingo.—"Young man," enquired a puzzled traveller at a point of his journey where the way diverged in different directions—"which of these roads will take you to Manchester?"

"Neither, sir; but if you wait an hour this stage will be along to take you to town for a quarter."

"You appear to be a shrewd boy but not particularly charged with manners. How old are you?"

"I'm hoein' around my fifteenth year; and as for being shrewd, they reckon me that away around here. I have knocked the spots off old Dabad, and beat the schoolmaster at 'seven up' and parsing; but when you talk about charged with manners, I'm well loaded and rammed too!"

"Have you parents living?"

"Parents living? if you mean the old man and woman—no. I thank you, they clid, and left me to play the thing alone."

"With whom do you reside—I mean with whom do you live?"

"Well thar! if you call living being bound out till you're one and twenty, to one of the meanest men that ever set down to a biled dinner, I live up the hill there, to old Waggoner's, who farms it with me and a yoke of roan stags!"

"My young friend, your early culture seems to have been sadly neglected. Have you ever enjoyed Sabbath privileges?"

"You'd better think so; there ain't a hedgehog nor a woodchuck within three miles of here. Old Waggoner has the meat, and I have the hide and tallow."

"What may I call your name, my lad?"

"You cant make any mistake, call me what you have the most of; but my genuine name is Alph Chesebro—for quick they call me Cheesy. But I have wasted more time than common; I can hear the old giving tongue, and I must worm off, or the old boy will be here and lick us both. So, captain, consider me yours, and if you'll eddy around some Sunday, I'll show you fun or pay the rum!"

"Mother, where's Bill?" "My son, do not let me hear you say Bill again.—You should say William." "Well, mother, where's William?" "In the yard, feeding the ducks." "Oh, yes, I see him now. But, mother, what makes the ducks have such broad williams?" "Get out with your brother, directly, you little scamp, or I'll cuff your ears."

A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It leaps from her heart in a clear sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels bathed in the exhilerating spring. It turns the prose of her life into poetry; it flings flowers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are travelling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are shadows of immortality.

Abby Kelly, in one of her lectures, expressed strong faith in Providence ultimately coming to the aid of women in their attempts to gain their rights. "All things are possible with God," exclaimed the pious Abby. "Devil the bit!" responded an Irish listener in a dark corner. "He's not able to make a man of yees."

A Great Question Solved.—"Where do all the pins go to?" This question, which has so long agitated the world has at length been solved. It has been discovered they fall to the earth and become *terra*pins!

An Irishman being told that the price of bread had fallen, exclaimed: This is the first time, be jabers, that I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend.

"An even exchange is no robbery," as the widow said, when she swapped herself for a widower.

An Irishman referring to the sudden death of a relative, was asked if he lived high. "Well, I can't say he did," replied Terence, "but he died high. Like the United States Bank he was suspended."

An exchange paper tells of a person who prefaced his sermon with: "My friends let us say a few words before we begin. This is about equal to the chap who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

Conundrum.—When has a man a right to scold his wife about his coffee? When he has plenty of *grounds*.

Man is never wrong when he lives for others; the philosopher who contemplates from the rock is a less noble image than the sailor who struggles with the storm.

"Gaze not upon a maiden, lest her beauty be a stumbling-block to thee," is a text worthy of consideration now-a-days, when hoops so obstruct our side-walks.

"I'm glad to see that the hard times are over," said an individual on Saturday, while the heavy shower was falling, "everything now goes on swimmingly."

Administrator's Sale.

WILL BE SOLD, on Wednesday the 13th day of January next, at the late residence of Almon Powell, deceased, all the Personal Property of said deceased, to wit:

ONE NEGRO MAN,

Stock of Cattle, Hogs, Corn, Wheat, Fodder, Shucks, Household and Kitchen Furniture, and many other articles too tedious to mention.

TERMS OF SALE.—All sums under five dollars cash; of and over that amount, a credit of twelve months, without interest, the payment of the purchase money to be secured by note and approved security.

ROB'T. POWELL, Adm'r.

Dec 22, 1857 24 2

A Proclamation.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
Columbia, S. C., Dec 16, 1857.

By his Excellency R. F. W. Allston, Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the State of South Carolina:

WHEREAS, information has been received at this Department, that a murder was committed on the body of William Fletcher, about the 28th of November last, by JAMES S. CHANEY, formerly of Union county, North Carolina, and that said Chaney has fled from justice.

Now, know ye, that to the end that justice may be done, and that the said Chaney may be brought to legal trial for his offence, as aforesaid, I, R. F. W. Allston, Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the State aforesaid, do issue this my proclamation, offering a reward of TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS for his apprehension and delivery in the jail at Pickens Court House.

Said Chaney is described as being about 5 feet 10 or 11 inches high; weighing about 170 pounds; about 19 years of age, dark hair, blue eyes, rather dark skin, left side of face badly burnt with gunpowder, particularly about the nose and left eye; has a small scar on the left side of the upper lip; rather quick spoken, and a loud voice when speaking. Said Chaney was born and raised in Union County, North Carolina.

Given under my hand and the seal of the State, at Columbia, this 16th day of December, A. D. 1857,

ROB'T. F. W. ALLSTON.

W. R. Hunt, Dep. Sect'y. of State.

Dec 23 24 2

State of South Carolina,

IN ORDINARY—CITATION.

WHEREAS, J. R. Hunnicutt and Z. B. Cox have applied to me for letters of administration upon all and singular the personal estate of Joshua Cox, deceased, late of the State aforesaid and district of Pickens: These kindred and creditors of said deceased are therefore, cited to appear before me, at Pickens C. H., on Monday 11th January next, to show cause, if any they can, why said letters should not be granted. Given under my hand and seal, 24th Dec. 1857.

W. J. PARSONS, o.p.d.

Final Settlement.

ALL persons interested will take notice that a final settlement of the Estate of Maj. James McKinney, deceased, will be made before the Ordinary at Pickens C. H., on Friday the 28th day of March next. Those indebted to said Estate must make payment, and those having demands will render them in legally attested by that time, as I will not be responsible any longer.

JAMES ROBERTSON, Adm'r

Dec 24, 1857 24 3m

DR. Z. W. GREEN

OFFERS his Professional services to the citizens of Pickens District, in the practice of Medicine in its various branches. He would say that he has an experience of ten years in practice. Office in his Store. [April 14, 1857.

THALIAN ACADEMY.

THIS INSTITUTION, in Anderson District, S. C., fifteen miles above Williamston, as for ten years past, will be continued under care of Rev. J. L. KENNEDY. First term will begin 2d Monday in January, 1858, and no admission for less than one term.

J. L. KENNEDY.

Dec. 14, 1857 23 3

Pendleton Rail Road Company.

THE Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Instalments of ONE DOLLAR each on the Stock of the Pendleton Railroad Company will be payable as follows:

Eleventh Instalment on the 1st of August, 1857
Twelfth " " " October "
Thirteenth " " " December "
Fourteenth " " " Feb'y, 1858
Fifteenth " " " April "

W. H. D. GAILLARD,
Sec. and Treas. Pendleton R. R. Co.

Pendleton, May 25, 1857. 46 tf

Final Settlement.

ALL persons interested will take notice that a final settlement of the Estate of Thomas H. Gasaway, deceased, will be made before the Ordinary, at Pickens C. H., on Monday the 11th day of January next.—Those indebted to said Estate must make payment, and those having demands will render them in, legally attested, by that time.

JAS. D. GASAWAY, Adm'r.

Oct. 5, 1857 13 3m

WINDOW SASHES

OF all kinds, manufactured by Easley & Davis, superior for their exactness and durability, and already painted and glazed, with the best American and French Window Glass. Always on hand at Walhalla, and for sale low by JOHN KRUSE.

BELLEVUE COMPANY.

Pure Zinc and American White Lead, for which the highest premium was awarded at the World's Fair, N. Y. Sale Agents for South Carolina, Carmalt & Briggs, in Charleston. For sale at Walhalla by

JOHN KRUSE.

WINDOW GLASS,

Raw and Boiled Linseed Oil, Spirits Turpentine, Putty, all kinds of Paints, dry and also ground in Oil; Glue, Paint Brushes, and all articles in this line. For sale, at the lowest figure for cash, by

JOHN KRUSE.

Walhalla, Feb. 12, 1857 31 tf

JEWELRY, GOLD & SILVER.

JEAN BTE. FISCHESSER,
Walhalla, S. C.,

HAS just now returned from New York with a large and beautiful assortment of

WATCHES, JEWELRY,

(Both GOLD and SILVER,) Clocks, Music Boxes, Combs, Brushes, Fancy Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Gold Pens, etc.; all of which has been bought for CASH, and which he offers for sale on the most accommodating terms.

☞ He also REPAIRS WATCHES and other articles in his line, and solicits the patronage of the public. His stand is near the public square, at Walhalla, S. C.

Dec. 15, 1856 24 tf

J. W. NORRIS, JR. J. W. HARRISON. Z. C. PULLIAM.

NORRIS, HARRISON & PULLIAM,

Attorneys at Law,

WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Mr. Pulliam can always be found in the Office.

OFFICE AT PICKENS C. H., S. C.

Sept. 5, 1856 9 tf

Estate Notice.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested, that the Estate of Allen Black, deceased, is now ready and able to meet all demands that are against it.—Those having demands, either by note or account, are requested to call and get their money, as no interest will be paid on them after this date. Those indebted would also do well to make payment.

E. HUGHES, } Adm'rs
J. R. HUNNICUTT, }

Dec. 15, 1857 23 3

W. R. EASLEY. ISAAC WICKLIFFE.

EASLEY & WICKLIFFE,

Attorneys at Law.

WILL attend punctually to all business entrusted to their care in the Districts comprising the Western Circuit.

OFFICE AT PICKENS C. H., S. C.

Sept. 25, 1855 13 tf

The State of South Carolina,

IN ORDINARY—PICKENS.

Jonas Phillips, Jr. } Summons in Partition.
vs
Henry Gasaway, et als }

Tappearing to my satisfaction that John Gasaway, James Gasaway, Rachel Gasaway, Ira Gasaway, William Gasaway, Jeremiah Sutton and wife Sarah, Wesley Gasaway, Bryant Pandy and wife Phoebe, Nathan Phillips and wife Mahala, Edward Williams and wife Mary, reside beyond the limits of this State: It is ordered, therefore, that the said absent parties aforenamed do appear in my office at Pickens C. H., either personally or by attorney, and object to the division or sale of the Real Estate of Henry Gasaway, deceased, within three months from the publication hereof, or their consent to the same will be entered of record.

W. J. PARSONS, o.p.d.

Ordinary's Office, Nov. 7, 1857. 3m

LUMBER! LUMBER!

THE undersigned are now prepared to fill orders for LUMBER of all kinds, at their Mill on Oconee Creek, seven miles north-east of Walhalla. Lumber will be delivered if it is desired by the purchaser. Our terms will be made accommodating, and we respectfully solicit the patronage of the public. JAMES GEORGE,

M. F. MITCHELL,

Feb. 10, 1857 31 J. N. LAWRENCE.

Estate Notice.

A FINAL Settlement of the Estate of Daniel Looper, deceased, will be made before the Ordinary, at Pickens C. H., on Friday the 28th day of January next. All persons indebted to said Estate must come forward and pay up, and those having demands will render them in legally attested by that time.

JEREMIAH TRAINUM, Adm'r.

Oct. 19, 1857 15 3m

LOOK OUT!

S. & E. W. BROWN are JUST RECEIVING 1,000 Sacks of Salt in seamless bags. Large lot of GROCERIES of all kinds, viz: Sugar, Coffee, Iron, Bacon, &c., &c., carefully selected for the Fall Trade.

—ALSO—

5,000 lbs. Bacon Sides, 50 coils Rope, 10 bales Bagging, Leather and Russet Brogans, leading articles in Hardware, Tinware, &c.

Call at the old stand, at ANDERSON COURT HOUSE, S. C., and we'll do what's right!

S. & E. W. BROWN.