# THE KEOWEE COURIER.

## POETRY.

### New Year Payments.

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,"
When notes are due, and lengthy bills
Come in from far and near;
When "here's a small account of yours,"
Is whispered in your ear,
And won't you please to settle now,
Is all the talk you hear.

You scarce can take a morning walk,
Without ere long you're met,
By Mr. Snooks, who wants to know
If you can't "settle yet;"
And the hour of "dusky eve,"
When you do homeward hie
Upon the parlor table, lo!
A pile of bills do lie.

Ye chaps, whose salary amounts
To ten times ten a year,
Who sport your patent leather boots,
With such a "foreign air,"—
And wear your thirteen dollar "tights,"
And golden buttoned vest,
I wonder not when New Year comes,
You seek in vain for rest.

Ye girls with empty bonnets stuck,
Upon your empty heads,
With high-priced silk and satin things,
With hoops, and flowers, and beads—
I wonder what "papa" will say,
When Mr. Spriggings calls,
With just that little bill of his,
For bonnets, hoops and shawls.

And now my stylish little chaps,
And fashionable little maid,
I'll tell you what you better do,
When those long bills are paid,
Just spend as many dollars now,
Upon your addled brain,
As you have spent for costly clothes,
And see how much you'll gain

## VARIETY.

### How Two Households became One.

Mrs. Benoni Benson was fat, fair and forty-four, when her husband, a soap-boiler in very good circumstances, was called from his life-task of contributing to the general purification of mankind. Mrs. Benson took refuge from her grief in a pretty cottage situated on the principal street in the town of G——.

At first she is inconsolable; as she used to say, with a solemn emphasis, which carried conviction to the hearts of her hearers, that nothing but the thoughts of her daughter Florence, would have prevented her from terminating her existence by the intervention of poison.

Mrs. Benson was in no small measure indebted to her daughter—since in less than three months she threw aside her mourning and became as lively as ever.

Touching Florence, she had now reached the mature age of nineteen, and began to think herself marriageable. She was quite pretty, and tolerably well accomplished, so that her wishes in that respect were very soon likely to be fulfilled.

Just over the way lived Squire Markham, the village lawyer, just verging upon fifty, with his son Charles, who was about half his age. Being a young man of agreeable exterior, the latter was quite a favorite among the young ladies in the neighborhood, and considered in common parlance, quite a 'catch.' As yet, however, his affections had never been seriously entangled, and might have remained so, had it not been for the sudden apparition, one morning, of Florence Benson riding by on horseback.

It struck him at once that she was remarkably graceful, and really quite pretty. Thereupon he cultivated her acquaintance with increased assiduity, and after awhile asked the fatal question.

Florence answered in the affirmative; and instead of referring him dutifully to her mother, hinted (being a romantic young lady) how charming it would be to steal away to the next town, and get married without anybody being the wiser.

Charles Markham caught at this hint, which chimed with his own temperament, and resolved to adopt it.

In order that it might be carried out with perfect success, it was resolved to seem indifferent to each other, until the day fixed, in order to ward off any suspicion which might otherwise be aroused.

So well were all these arrangements carried out, that Mrs. Benson had no suspicion of what was going on.

Not so with Squire Markham. He had obtained a clue to the affair in some manner, so that he had not only discovered the fact of the elopement, but even the very day on which it was to occur.

"Sly dog, that Charles," thought he to himself, as he sat before the fire in his dressing gown and smoking cap, leisurely puffing away at a choice Havana. "But I don't wonder at it; he only takes after me.—Still I owe him something for keeping it so secretly from me. It would be a good joke if I were a little younger, to cut him out and marry her in spite of him."

Squire Markham, who was one of those jovial widowers who take life as it comes, mused more and more on this idea, struck out by chance as it were, till he really began to think it worth something.

"After all," shouted he, "I am not so old either—or at least the ladies say so—and they ought to be good judges in such matters. I have been a bachelor a good while, and ought to have found out before this how much more comfortable it would be to have a pretty wife to welcome me home and do the honors of my table and to help me keep that rascal Charles in order.—Egad, I've half a mind to do it."

Squire Markham took two more whiffs and exclaimed:

"I vow I'll do it!"

What this mysterious it was, we will leave the reader to infer from his very next movement. Ringing the bell he inquired of the servant:

"Is Charles at home?"

"No sir," was the reply, "he went out this morning and will be gone all day."

"Humph! That'll do. So much the better for my purpose," thought he when left alone. "Now I shall have the ground left to myself. Let me see. The rascal intends running away next Thursday evening; and to-day is Monday. Nothing like striking while the iron is hot. I'll write to her in his name, telling her that I have altered my mind and will go just at dark to-morrow night. She won't suspect anything until the knot is tied, and then what a laugh we shall have."

Squire Markham did not consider that it might make a little difference with the bride expectant. He considered it a capital joke on his son, and looked no further. He accordingly drew his writing materials towards him, and indited the following epistle:

DEAREST FLORENCE: I find the day fixed for our elopement, on some accounts objectionable, and would like, with your permission, to substitute to-morrow evening. If I hear nothing from you, I shall infer that you assent to this arrangement. I shall have a carriage in readiness under the old oak tree, at half-past eight o'clock.—You can walk there without attracting suspicion, and, as there will be no moon, we shall be able to carry out our plans without fear of discovery. I am happy to say that the governor doesn't suspect in the least that a daughter-in-law is in store for him. Won't he be shammed? Your devoted

CHARLEY.

"Egad!" said Squire Markham, laughing heartily, "that isn't bad; especially about humbugging me. Charley couldn't have done it better himself."

So saying, he sealed it up and sent it over by a little Irish boy in his employment, having first marked 'private' in the corner.

"Be careful, Mike, to give it to Miss Benson, and don't let any one else see it," was the parting injunction.

Mrs. Benson was sitting in her quiet parlor, casting her eyes over a late number of Harper's Magazine. Florence being absent on a shopping excursion she was left alone. The ringing of the bell brought her to the door. With some surprise she saw that the person who rung the bell was Mike, Squire Markham's 'boy of all work.'

"Please, ma'am," said he, holding out the missive, "a letter for Miss Benson, an' its very partickler that nobody else should see it."

The air of mystery conveyed in this characteristic address, aroused Mrs. Benson's curiosity, especially when she observed that it was addressed to her daughter and not to herself as she first supposed. She returned to the parlor, not to read Harper's Magazine; that had lost its attractions.

"What in the world can it be," she tho't, "that they should be so secret about it? Can Florence be carrying on a clandestine correspondence? It may be something that I ought to know."

Stimulated by her feminine curiosity, Mrs. B. speedily concluded that she would be false to the responsibilities of a parent, if she did not unravel the mystery.

"I think," said she, "I will open it, and if it shouldn't be anything particular, I can easily re-seal it, and Florence will still be none the wiser."

This she accordingly did. What was her astonishment when the plan of elopement was discovered to her!

"Here's pretty doings!" she exclaimed, as soon as she could recover breath. "So Florence was going to run away and get married to that Charles Markham, without so much as hinting a word to me."

She leaned her head upon her hand and began to consider. She was naturally led to think of her own marriage with the late Mr. Benson, and the happiness of her wedded life, and she could not help heaving a sigh at the recollection.

"Am I always to remain thus solitary?" she thought. "I've half a mind not to show this letter to Florence, but to run away with Charles to-morrow night on my own account. It's odd if I can't persuade him that the mother is as good as the daughter," and she glanced complacently at the still attractive face and form reflected from the mirror.

Just then she heard the door open, and Florence entered. She quickly crumpled up the letter and thrust it into her pocket.

Florence and Charles did not meet during the succeeding day, chiefly in pursuance of the plan they had agreed to, in order to avoid suspicion.

Squire Markham acted in an exceedingly strange manner, to his son's thinking.—Occasionally he would burst into a hearty laugh, which he would endeavor to repress, and pace up and down the room, as if to walk off some of his superabundant hilarity.

"What's in the wind?" thought Charles to himself. "It can't be the governor's getting crazy! Something was the matter beyond a doubt." But what it really was, he had not the faintest conjecture.

At the hour specified the Squire had his carriage drawn up at the appointed rendezvous. He began to peer anxiously in the dark for Florence. At length a female form well muffled up, made its appearance. Thanking her in a very low whisper, lest it might be suspected that he was the wrong person, he helped her into the carriage and drove off. Their destination was the house of the Justice of the Peace, residing at the distance of some eight miles.

During the first part of the journey nothing was said. Both parties were desirous of concealing their identity. At length Squire Markham, considering that after all he could not marry the lady without her consent, and that the discovery must be made before the marriage, decided to reveal himself, and then urge his own suit as well as he might.

"My dear Miss Florence," he continued in his natural voice.

"Why!" shrieked the lady, "I thought it was Charles."

"And I," said Squire Markham, recognizing Mrs. Benson's voice with astonishment, "thought it was Florence."

"Was it you, sir, who was arranging to elope with my daughter?"

"No; but I conclude it was your ma'am, who was meaning to elope with my son."

"Indeed, Squire Markham, you are wrong; the affair coming incidentally to my knowledge, I concluded to take her place secretly, in order to frustrate her plan."

"Egad, the very idea I had myself," said the Squire, laughing; "but the fact is, we've both of us been most confoundedly sold, and the mischief of it is, I left a letter for Charles, letting him know it; so undoubtedly he will take the opportunity to run off with Florence during our absence, and plume himself, the rascal, on the way in which I was taken in."

"I confess that I left a note for Florence to the same purport. How she will laugh at me; what an embarrassment!"

"I'll tell you what," said the Squire, after a moment's pause, "we can carry out our plans after all. We each came out with the intention of getting married. Why not marry each other, and then you know, we can make them believe we had it in view all along, and only intended to frighten them."

Mrs. Benson assented with a little urging, and in the course of an hour, the twain were made one. They immediately returned, but found, as they anticipated, that Florence and Charles, on discovering their departure, had themselves stepped off in a different direction, with a similar intent.

They made their appearance the next morning prepared to laugh heartily at the frustrated plans of their parents, but learned with no little astonishment, that they had struck up a bargain for themselves.—Squire Markham and his new wife had the address to convince them that it was all a premeditated plan; and to this day the younger pair are ignorant of the plot and counter-plot which led to this double union of the two households.

WASHINGTON.—We are sure that the following eloquent sentence will meet with a ready response in the heart of every American:

"The Republic may perish; the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone by stone its column and its Capitol may moulder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues shall anywhere plead for a true, national, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine, the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame of George Washington."—*Winthrop.*

GENIUS OF ENERGY.—There is no genius in life, like the genius of energy and industry. You will learn that all the traditions so current among very young men—that certain great characters have wrought their greatness by an inspiration, as it were, have grown out of a sad mistake.

And you will further find, when you come to measure yourself with men, that there are no rivals so formidable as those earnest, determined minds, which reckon the value of every hour, and which achieve eminence by persistent application.

Literary ambition may inflame you at certain periods; and a thought of some great name will dash like a spark into the mine of your purposes; you dream until midnight over books, you set up shadows and chase them down—other shadows, and they fly. Dreaming will never catch them. Nothing makes the "scent lie well" in the hunt after distinction, but labor.

And it is a glorious thing, when once you are weary of the dissipation and the ennui of your own aimless thoughts, to take up some glowing page of an earnest thinker, and read, deep and long, until you feel the metal of his thought tinkling on your brain and striking out from your flinty lethargy, flashes of ideas that give the mind light and heat. And away you go, in the chase of what the soul within is creating on the instant, and you wonder at the fecundity of what seemed so crude.

The glow of toil awakes you to the consciousness of your real capacities; you feel sure that they have taken a new step towards final development. In such moods it is that one feels grateful to the musty tomes, which, at other hours, stand like curiosity making mummies, with no warmth and no vitality. Now they grow into the affections like new found friends; and gain a hold upon the heart, and light a fire in the brain, that the years and the mould cannot cover nor quench.

HOW YANKEE NOTIONS WAS TAKEN IN.—A Hoosier correspondent of the Western (Indiana) Herald tells, in the following, a good one, how a Yankee notions peddlar was taken in by the Spencerville kins. of Spencerville, in that State:

Notions drove into town and commenced trade, when a merchant stepped up and selected goods to the amount of one dollar, and carried them into his store, and returned with a coon skin, and says: "Sir, here is your pay for the goods." "But hold on," says Notions, "I don't take coon skins for my goods." "Can't help it now," says the merchant, "the trade is made, and a coon skin is a dollar here—legal tender."—"Well," says Notions, "if them are your laws here, I guess I can stand it," and at once concocts a plan to get his coon skin into something available. Getting the coon skin into as small a compass as possible, he makes for a saloon, and there concludes to spend a quarter. Holding one hand under his coat, with the other he beckons up three or four suckers, and after drinking all around throws down the coon skin, and demands seventy-five cents in change. "Yes," says Boniface, "that is a good dollar," and handed him out three muskrat skins, and says: "Here, sir, is your change." Notions took his change and started.

"DO YOU know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?" "Yes, to the bone." "What is his character?" "Didn't know he had any."—"Does he live near you?" "So near that he has only spent 5s. for fire-wood in eight years."

"PRAY, Miss C.," said a gentleman the other evening, "why are the ladies so fond of officers?" "How stupid," replied Miss C., "is it not perfectly proper and natural that a young lady should like a good offer, sir."

THE orator who carried away his audience is affectionately and humanely requested to bring them back.

### Kissing.

How differently the very same thing may be described! The great poetess Elizabeth Browning says:—

"First time he kissed me, but he only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And, even since, it grew more clear and white,
Slow to world greeting: quick with its 'Oh, list!'
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear her plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead; and half missed
Falling upon my hair. Oh, beyond meed! [ed,
That was the chrism of love, which love's own
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede. [crown
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state! Since when, indeed,
I have been proud, and said, 'My love, my own.'"

"Sut. Lovengood," of Tennessee, has experienced a similar felicity, and describes it in the following style:—"I happened to pass next day; ov course I stopped to enjoy a look at the temptor, (a beautiful woman) an' she war mighty luvin' to me; put wun arm round my neck, and tother wun whar the circingle goes around a hoss, tuk the 'inturn on me with her left foot,' and gin me a kiss. Says she, 'Sutty, dove, I've got sumthin' for you, a new sensashun—an' I believed it, for I begun to feel it already. My toes felt as if minurs wur a nibblin at um—a cold streak run up and down my back like a lizard with a turkey hen after him in setting time, and my stummick was hot and on-satisfied like."

### The Chances of Life.

We have an old document in our possession which contains some interesting information, unknown to many, and rarely encountered in the papers. Among other things, it contains a table exhibiting the average age attained by persons employed in the various popular professions of the day. In this particular, as in most others, the farmers have the advantage over the rest of mankind, as their average is sixty-five. Next upon the docket come the judges and justices of the peace, the dignity of whose lives is lengthened out to sixty-four. Following, then, immediately in the category of longevity, is the bank officer, who sums up his account at the age of sixty-three. Public officers cling to their existence with as much pertinacity as they retain their places—they never resign their offices, but life forsakes them at fifty-six.—Coopers, although they seem to stave thro' life, hang on till they are fifty-eight. The good works of the clergymen follow them at fifty-five. Shipwrights, hatters, lawyers, and ropemakers (some very appropriately) go together at the age of fifty-four. The "Village Blacksmith," like most of his contemporaries, dies at fifty-one. Butchers follow their bloody career for precisely half a century. Carpenters are brought to the scaffold at forty-nine. Masons realize their cry of "Mort!" at the age of forty-seven. Traders cease their speculations at forty-six. Jewellers are disgusted with the tinsel of life at forty-four. Bakers, manufacturers, and various mechanics, die at forty-three. The painters yield to their choice at forty-two. The brittle thread of the tailor's life is broken at forty-one. Editors, like all other beings who come under the special admiration of the gods, die comparatively young—they accomplish their errand of mercy at forty. The musician redeems his last note and plays his dying fall at thirty-nine. The professional dancer shuffles off his mortal coil also at thirty-nine. Printers become dead matter at thirty-eight.—The machinist is usually blown up at thirty-six. The teacher dismisses his scholars at the early age of thirty-four, and the clerk is even shorter lived, for he must needs prepare his balance-sheet at thirty-three. No account is given of the average longevity of wealthy uncles; the inference is fair, therefore, that they are immortal.

SOME one says that dogs bark with such zeal when one enters their master's yard, that "one would suppose they owned the premises, and that their master was only a boarder."

"KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT."—Never allow the action of respiration to be carried on thro' the mouth. The nasal passages are clearly the medium through which respiration was by our Creator designed to be carried on.—"God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life," previous to his becoming a living creature. The difference in the exhaustion of strength by a long walk with the mouth firmly closed, and respiration carried on through the nostrils instead of through the mouth, is inconceivable to those who have never tried the experiment. It is said that the habit of carrying on the work of inspiration and expiration through the mouth is the origin of almost all diseases of the throat and lungs.

PERILOUS PROPERTY.—A negro fisherman in Norfolk, Va., came one day to his master, and said:

"Massa, I want to buy myself free—I got fifty hundred dollars, sir; I pay *dat* down, and *gib* you *de* rest when I *make um.*"

"Very well, Tom," said his master, "you have been a faithful fellow, and I will comply with your wish."

The money was accordingly paid, and the inchoate freedom of Tom commenced.

A few days afterwards Tom went out to fish in company with a fellow servant, and there came up a blow which capsized the fishing smack, and drowned Tom's companion. The next day Tom came to his master, and said:

"Massa, I change my mind, sir, I don't want to buy myself any more, sir—please pay me back my money, sir."

"Why, Tom," said his master, "you have already paid a large portion of the price, and by industry in your profitable calling, you will soon earn and pay the residue, and you had better carry on your original intention."

"No, massa," was Tom's economical reminder, "I'd rudder hab my money back nigger property too unsartin, sir."

As a soul in heaven may look back on earth, and smile at its past sorrows, so, even here, it may rise to a sphere where it may look down on the storm that once threatened to overwhelm it.

THE acknowledgement of weakness which we make in imploring to be relieved from hunger and from temptation, is surely wisely put in our daily prayer. Think of it, you who are rich, and take heed how you turn a beggar away.

MATRIMONIAL.—GO IT BOYS.—The Culpeper Observer makes merry over the crowded state of its hymenial department, in the following terms:

It will be seen from the number of marriages chronicled in to-day's Observer, that the terrible monetary panic, about which so much has been said to so little purpose, so far from creating a corresponding scare in the matrimonial market, has caused a regular hymenial stampede among the boys and girls, who are breaking for the green land of double blessedness by the dozen.—To the manufacturers of family furniture, and the retail dealers in bread and butter, this is a very encouraging state of things, and should be pushed ahead. But it is to be hoped that none of the parties to these life-time copartnerships have embarked in the enterprise without first reconnoitering the ground over which they've got to travel. The boys should by all means acquaint themselves with the market price of calico and crinoline, ere they add the milliner's bill to that of the tailor; and the girls should always know something about the cost of sustaining a taste for cognac and cigars.

But where's the use of preaching! Nowhere. The boys will marry, let matters be as they may; and so in fact will the girls, if they are run after and requested to do so in the right style. So pitch in, boys.

A YOUNG lady being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed to him, that the only objection she had to a union with him, was the probability of his dying before her, and leaving her to the sorrows of widowhood. To which he made the apt and delicately complimentary reply: "Blessed is the man who hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

CHILDREN are at all times very inquisitive, from everything around them. Here is a sample: "What does cleave mean, pa?" "It means to unite together."—"Then, does John unite the wood when he cleaves it?" "Ahem!—well, it means to separate." "Well, pa, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?" This was rather a poser to "pa," who answered; "Humph—don't ask so many foolish questions."

VIRTUE is no security in this world.—What can be more upright than pump logs, and editors? Yet both are destined to be bored.

A YOUNG man, meeting an acquaintance, said: "I heard that you was dead." "But," said the other, "you see me alive." "I do not know that," replied he, "you are a notorious liar; and my informant was a person of credit."

NOTHING can be so kind as a woman's heart, and less likely to inflict a blow; and yet, strange to say, it is never so happy as when it is beating.

"STAND aside, my little boy, I want to pass," said a gentleman. "Don't call me a little boy, sir, I have smoked and chewed this two years."

LIVE so that you may die well.


## EXECUTOR'S SALE.

THERE WILL BE SOLD, at the late residence of William Bowen, deceased, on Monday the 18th day of January next, the REAL AND PERSONAL ESTATE of said deceased, namely:

ONE TRACT OF LAND, situate in Pickens district and lying on waters of George's creek, containing Three Hundred and Twenty-three Acres more or less, and adjoining lands of John Bowen and others.

NINE NEGROES, most of them young and likely; Corn, Wheat, Fodder, Horses, Hogs, Cattle, Farming Tools, Household and Kitchen Furniture, and various other articles too tedious to mention.

Terms made known hereafter.

JOHN BOWEN, Executor.

Dec. 23, 1857 24 3

## Pendleton Male Academy.

THIS INSTITUTION will be opened for the reception of Students, on the 2d Monday in January, 1858, under the charge of Mr. W. H. STALLWORTH, the present incumbent, who teaches the English language in all its various branches, including Latin, Greek, Mathematics, &c. By order of the

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

Pendleton, Dec. 22, 1857. 24 3

## NOTICE.

THOSE having demands against the Estate of William Boggs, deceased, will present them legally attested, and those indebted to said Estate can make payment to either of the undersigned.

C. M. LAY, G. W. B. BOGGS, } Adm'rs

Nov. 6, 1857 17 3m

## State of South Carolina,

IN ORDINARY—CITATION.

WHEREAS, Wm. Whitmire and A. B. Grant have applied to me for letters of administration upon all and singular the personal estate of Benj. Head, deceased, late of the State aforesaid and District of Pickens: The kindred and creditors of said deceased are, therefore, cited to appear before me, at Pickens C. H., on Monday 25th January inst, to shew cause, if any they can, why said letters should not be granted. Given under my hand and seal, 8th Jan. 1858.

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

## State of South Carolina,

IN ORDINARY—CITATION.

WHEREAS, Theresa Caldwell, widow, hath applied to me for letters of administration upon all and singular the personal estate of A. G. Caldwell, deceased, late of the State aforesaid and District of Pickens: The kindred and creditors of said deceased are, therefore, cited to appear before me, at Pickens C. H., on Monday 25th January inst., to shew cause, if any they can, why said letters should not be granted. Given under my hand and seal, 8th Jan. 1858.

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

## State of South Carolina,

IN ORDINARY—PICKENS.

Rob't. Powell & wife vs. J. M. Black, et als. } Summons in Partition.

IT appearing to my satisfaction that J. M. Black and Z. Johns and wife Nicey, parties to this suit, reside without the limits of this State: It is, ordered therefore, that they do appear and object to the division or sale of the Real Estate of Allen Black, 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, Jan. 8, 1858 8m.

## PICKENS ACADEMY.

THE ACADEMY at Pickens Court House will be opened for the reception of Students on the 1st Monday in February, 1858, under the supervision of WM. M. HEATH, Esq., who teaches the English Language in all its various branches, and all the higher branches usually taught in Academies. Including Latin, Greek and Mathematics, &c.

J. E. HAGOOD,
M. F. MITCHELL,
Z. C. PULLIAM,
M. M. NORTON,

Dec. 3, 1857. 21 tf

## 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

## 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. 6, 1856 9 tf

W. K. 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. vs Henry Gasaway, et als } Summons in Partition.

IT appearing to my satisfaction that John Gasaway, James Gasaway, Rachel Gasaway, Ira Gasaway, William Gasaway, Jeremiah Sutton and wife Sarah, Wesley Gasaway, Bryant Bandy and wife Phœbe, 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 before named 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. 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,
J. N. LAWRENCE.

Feb. 10, 1857 31

## 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. 10, 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, Shovels, &c.

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

S. & E. W. BROWN,

Sept. 26, 1856 12 tf

## 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 26th 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.