MISCELLANY.

A GENUINE GHOST STORY.

Some years ago I was laid up several weeks with a lame leg, in an obscure village in North Wales. It was the dullest of places, and I should nearly have died of *ennui* were it not, being familiar with the language, I was able to get acquainted with the people and study their household habits and house hold lore.

Many were the strange tales they told as we sat around the cheerful peat-fire in the long autumn evenings—tales of fairies and goblins; of spirits and demons; of corpse-candles and wraiths; of witchcraft and glamor of the evil eye. Most of these made little impression beyond the moment, but the following, partly because the man who told it was intelligent beyond his station, partly because it seemed to illustrate a characteristic feature of Welsh superstition—interested me so much that the outline, and, with some exceptions, the exact words, became firmly fixed in memory. If Robert Pritchard, this was the story-teller's name, still walks in the flesh, and should chance to see these pages, he will do me the justice to bear witness that I have faithfully reported him.

You don't believe in ghosts? I do. When you have heard my story you shall judge whether my belief is well founded.

You know Welshmen are superstitious.—The belief in supernatural apparitions is sacredly enshrined; every glen and mountain defile, and ruin has its familiar sprite. There is not a town or hamlet—there is hardly a farm house or cottage, from the Dee to the Severn, but boasts its *bwgan*. To deny that the spirits of dead men walk the earth at night, is accounted the rankest heresy. Yet I was an unbeliever. I would argue by the hours against the possibility of such a thing as a visitation from the other world. And it was not mere bravado. I can truly say that I feared neither man nor devil. Many and many a time have I put my hardihood to the test by visiting haunted places in the dead of night, sometimes simply to show my more timorous companions how superior I was to the common infirmities of mankind. I spent one whole night lying in wait for the famous demon, Cader Idris, on the very track of his goblin rounds. Another time I slept in an old ruined mill, where the spirit of the murdered Rollin Gock held nightly revel. A few weeks later, I made a bet that I would pass the small hours in the society of the terrible Bwgan Uchy Myndd—a ghost whose unearthly shrieks were wont, on stated nights, to disturb the sleep of the good people for miles around—and won. Finally to cap the climax of my audacity, I went out one wild night to meet the spectral smuggler of Maen Melit, who, according to universal report, was accustomed to ply his old trade—anchor his shadowy craft in the cove and land his shadowy cargo. Yet, nor ghost nor goblin came near me.

But I was destined to have a far different—more terrible experience. An old man Hu Hirman was found murdered in his cabin one morning. He was a strange creature—half savage, half idiot, who lived alone, his only companion an enormous ill-favored black cat. He had the appearance of the most abject poverty, yet it was generally believed that he possessed considerably money concealed somewhere about the premises. The more ignorant of his neighbors insisted that he had dealings with Evil the One, and some went even so far as to affirm that he came to his death by no mortal hand. A belated peasant, going home from the village tavern after a more than usually heavy orgie, declared that as he passed the hut he saw the old man struggling with his Satanic majesty, in the shape of a gigantic black cat; and as the cat, his only companion, was seen no more after the murder, the story gained considerable credence. The authorities, however, took a somewhat different view of the case. An examination of the body revealed an ugly wound on the side of the head, as if inflicted with a bludgeon. Suspicion rested on a worthless fellow, named Dick Wirion, (Dick the foolish) who was seen prowling about the place on the evening of the tragedy. He was arrested, brought, according to the custom of the country, to the presence of the murdered man, and made to stand over it. According to the time honored test, if the prisoner is innocent the defunct "makes no sign;" if guilty the wound opens and a spurt of blood flies on the person. Poor Dick was hit square in the face with a thin stream of gore, fell to the floor in a fit and was carried back to prison. A bloody club was found back of his cabin, several sovereigns were taken from his pocket, which, added to the accusation of the corpse, seemed to make the case against him clear as day. In those times—this, you must know, sir, happened forty years ago—it did not take long to prove a man fit for the gallows. Dick was tried, convicted and sententenced at a single sitting of the court and a week later was comfortably and quietly hanged.

Hardly was the poor devil under the ground when strange stories began to be whispered around the peasant fireside. It was said the cabin of the murdered hermit was haunted. Unearthly noises were heard in the dead of night; sounds as of men struggling in mortal conflict: shrieks and groans such as never came from human lips; cries for help and peals of demoniac laughter were testified to by reputable witnesses. A fisherman swore before a committee of investigation that, passing by one night, he saw the spirit of the old man standing by the garden wall, ghastly wound on the side of the head bleeding freely, the hollow eyes glaringly wildly at him. A cattle drover deposed before the same committee that, going home from the market-town, shortly after midnight, he saw near the scene of the murder, strange lights dancing, and heard distinctly the noise as of a chain dragged over a pile of stones. A young man who had been visiting his sweetheart, testified that while passing the place he heard his name called three times, and looking toward the hut saw it lighted up and the murdered Hu beckoning him to come in.

The ghost became the absorbing theme of the town. Nothing else was thought or talked of. It was made the subject of a special meeting of the local authorities. The Rev. Hugh Reese, pastor of the dissenting church, fulminated against it in two of his most powerful sermons. The select committee to which I have above referred, visited the haunted premises, and although armed with a copy of the Holy Bible, two swords and a brace of pistols, were so appalled by the appearance of the spectre that they fled in terror, and disbanded to meet no more. Finally, a messenger was dispatched to Carnarvon to summon the Rev Didymus Davis, the famous exorcisor, who made his appearance on the scene, prayed, and read seven chapters from the Evangelists, winding up with the following formula: "Whether you be spirit or devil—whether you be from heaven above or hell beneath—I command you in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, to leave this place forever." But it was no use. The next night the spirit of old Hu was more troublesome than ever, so that the whole neighborhood were terror stricken by the howls and shrieks that issued from the haunted cabin. The poor people, who never had so unmangeable a ghost before, were in despair.

It was at this time the incident happened that exercised such a controlling influence over my future life. A lot of us young fellows had been carousing at a village tavern, had made a good haul at our herring fishing, and were spending our money freely. The conversation naturally turned to the subject of old Hu's ghost. All were firm believers in the apparition, except myself, who stoutly insisted that the whole affair was gotten up by some interested person, in order to get possession of the cabin. "Now, I tell you what I'll do," says Shou Cadwallader, captain of a fishing smack, "I'll lay a wager of five guineas that you dare not go to the haunted hut, and stay there all alone, from midnight till three in the morning," I had been drinking heavily, and promptly replied, "I agree."

The matter was soon arranged, the money was put down, and I started for the hut, accompanied by three of my companions, who were to see me enter. The night was dark and dirty—so dark you couldn't see the length of your arm. I must say I felt a little uncomfortable as I approached the haunted tenement; but I walked boldly up to the door, pushed it open, entered, and extemporizing a light, matches were not invented then,) lighted a candle with which I had provided myself and took a survey of the place. It was a miserable thatched roof, mud-walled hut, with hard earthen floor, nearly bare of furniture, and inexpressibly dreary. The air was close and dank, as if the taint of the bloody deed, enacted a few weeks before, still lingered. Everything remained as it was when the murder was committed, I thought I could even see traces of the struggle on the moulded walls. The floor in several places bore the dark stains of the dead man's blood. Altogether, the sight was one to make even as hair-brained a fellow as I timid. But I sought to drive unpleasant fancies away. I threw myself down on a bench by the table, and waited the issue of my adventure. I lay quietly some time—so quietly I could hear my heart beat. The stillness was oppressive. I grew nervous under the awful hush of the mid-night, and fancied a thousand horrible sights and sounds. I thought I saw the old man as he lay in his shroud; thought I heard the old familiar voice pleading for mercy at the hands of his assassin. Little by little, however, my perceptions became less and less distinct. My eyelids dropped, and I fell into slumber. How long I slept I have no idea; but I woke up suddenly, and became conscious that I was no longer alone. I felt for—my eyes were still closed—that there was something or somebody that had entered while I slept—near me. Its presense was palpable to all finer senses. I seemed to be, as it were, enfolded by invisible arms—wrapped in a spell so absolute and terrible, that I was powerless to resist. But I knew that to yield would be fatal; and so, with a mighty effort of will, opened my eyes, and looked in the direction whence the strange influence came. On the other side of the table, directly opposite and not more than four feet distant, sat a human figure, or what seemed one. The face was in shadow, the side of the head turned toward me. That it was that of an old man, I could see from the stoop of the shoulders and the thin locks of gray hair that drooped from the temples. He was dressed in quaint long socks and knee-breeches of Welsh peasant. His hands rested on his knees, his head was bent toward the floor. For a moment I was paralyzed with terror; but, by one of those revulsions of feeling we cannot explain, the next instant I had half persuaded myself that my companions had been playing a trick upon me. "One of these fellows," I said to myself, "has dressed himself to look like old Hu Hirwan, has come in while I slept and means to frighten me into losing my wager." Determined to be even with the rascals, I caught up a stout walking stick that lay beside me and aimed a blow at the shoulders of the mysterious intruder.—Great God! It struck impalpable air. I could see it pass through what seemed a solid body without meeting the least resistance, striking the floor with a crash. The next instant the figure rose slowly from the chair, turned round and faced me. Shall I ever forget the paralyzing agony of the dreadful moment? There stood within a few hands' breadth of me what seemed once the mortal part of old Hu Hirwan; but how awfully changed! The face had the livid hue of death; the eyes were sunken and burned with a ghastly glare; the dampness of the grave was upon the shriveled brow. The wound on the side of the head gaped hideously. I was too terrified to speak—too terrified to move—but stood helpless staring at the spectre. I had not even will enough to shut my eyes to the awful vision; yet I had sufficient self-possession to know that spell by which I was held must be speedily broken or I should die; and remembering what had been so often told me of the efficacy of speech, I summoned all my energies for a last effort and gasped out: "In the name of the Most High, I command you to tell me what your errand is." The clammy lips quivered, the shrunken face became eloquent with a horrible intelligence, and the spectre spoke as follows: "I fell by the hand of Owen Roberts, my kinsman, who came to rob me. Denounce him as my murderer, see that he is brought to justice, and I shall disturb you no more." The light went out from the hollow eyes, the form of the dead man seemed to shrivel and fade away, and I was left alone.

You smile, sir; you think I dreamed all this. Wait until you have heard me through. I rushed out of the hut, bounded over the garden wall, and ran home as if all the fiends were after me. Next day I called upon the magistrate of the town and told him my story. Strange to say, he betrayed little surprise and remarked that facts had recently come to his knowledge which induced him to believe that Owen Roberts was the real murderer, and that the order for his arrest was already issued. A few hours later Roberts was in the clutches of the law, and when told that he was accused by witnesses, both from this world and from the world of ghosts, broke down completely and confessed all.—He was tried, convicted and hanged on the very gallows where poor Dick Wirion innocently swung. The ghost of old Hu came no more, and the good people of Rhoslan enjoyed a long immunity from supernatural visitation.

An exchange gives the following receipt to break dogs from killing sheep: A farmer having a deer hound much addicted to this evil practice, remembered, twenty-five years before, to have cured a valuable dog of the same sin, and determined to apply the same method to his deer hound. After one of his sprees among the sheep, he was carried into the sheep yard, and securely tied between two old rams. When let loose, of course, the sheep thought of going somewhere, and the dog was dragged about the park until almost dead from tire. Since that time, he has never chased sheep.

An Important Decision.—Among the decisions lately pronounced by the Supreme Court of the State is one that nearly affects the interests of a large number of persons throughout the State. It has been decided that so much of the Act of 1861—continued in force 1866—as allowed interest on open accounts in actions suspended by the Stay Law, is unconstitutional. The opinion was pronounced by the Chief Justice.

The Sacred Animal.—The "Native Virginian" has the true view of it. Every great nation of the Pagan world has had its sacred animal. The Northern States, less fortunate than we, have no crocodile; but they have the t'other sort. Dr. Bagby says:

We have got to come to it. Why not come at once and be done with it? Until we own that the negro is a god and treat him as such, there will be no peace in this country. The sooner we do it the better. Let us, therefore, make haste to build each of them a small joss house of gopher wood, put him on a pedestal therein, and worship him daily with incense of tobacco, heave offerings of roast shoat, wave offerings of corn-whiskey, and burnt-offerings of barbecued 'coon and 'possum. Then, and not till then, this distracted land will repose.

Stole His Hat.—On Saturday last while Solicitor Talley was busily engaged in his room, a negro man who had indicted several other negroes for stealing his hogs, called on the Solicitor on business in that connection. A short time after he had left the room, Mr. Talley missed his hat, and as no one else had been in the room, the conclusion was natural that the negro had stolen it. Mr. T. went in pursuit and soon found the thief, but did not recover his hat. The negro was arrested and bound over for trial.—*Camden Journal.*

How good it is to gaze upon a cheerful countenance! It warms the beholder to the heart's core. How pleasing, after a stormy day, to see the effulgent sunbeams burst through the evening clouds, flooding the wide landscape with golden glory! The foliage of the forest trees glitter in the radiant light; every flower and blade of grass lifts its head to recieve the celestial benizon, and all nature is grateful for the sun's magnetic rays.

Thus it is with the face that is radiant with smiles—the sunlight of the soul. It makes the burdened heart to feel lighter; it causes the desponding to take fresh courage; it charms the beholder, and creates a sense of thankfulness for the light of life. It is like a good fire in winter, diffusive and genial in its influence.

☞ The Chatham Railroad is being pushed forward. The track has been laid for about fifteen miles; while the grading party is several miles ahead. In a year or two, Columbia will have another outlet.

An absent-minded gentleman intending to scratch his head in church, reached over and performed the operation on an old maid who was in the next pew. He discovered his mistake when he found himself defendant in an action for a breach of promise.

"I am afraid you have a settled melancholy," said a land lady to a cadaverous lodger. "No, madame," he replied; "my melancholy won't settle. It is like your coffee, it has too much grounds."

☞ It is stated that three hundred mechanics in the navy yard at Washington, are to be turned out, because they are not Republicans. Were we at the South to talk about dismissing our laborers because they did not vote with us, it would excite the greatest indignation at the North.

"Whiskey" Law.—A great many are not aware that at the last session of Congress the Internal Revenue Law was so amended as to declare any one, selling as much as five gallons of liquor at one time, a wholesale dealer. This provision is of importance to those engaged in the liquor business, for it limits a retail dealer's sales to quantities less than five gallons, whereas before little or no restriction was imposed on him.

Many parents spoil their children by dressing them up when a dressing down would do them the most good.

A cramped waist generally betokens brains in a similar condition.

If we delay till to-morrow what can be done to-day, we charge the morrow with a burden that belongs not to it.

Refrain from bitter words; there is only one letter between them and swords.

He who builds according to every man's advice will have a crooked house.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

To the Managers of Elections for the County of Pickens:

Whereas, Mr. W. T. Field, who, at the General Election held in April, 1868, was chosen a member of the House of Representatives for the Election District of Pickens County, to serve for two years, has since said election resigned; And, whereas, the Constitution of the State of South Carolina directs that in such a case a Writ of Election shall be issued by the Speaker of the House of Representatives, for the purpose of filling the vacancy thus occasioned, for the remainder of the term for which the Member so resigned was elected to serve:

Now, therefore, you and each of you are hereby required, after due advertisement, and with strict regard to all the provisions of the Constitution and Laws of the said State, touching your duty in such case, to hold an election for a Member of the House of Representatives, for the Election District aforesaid, to serve for the remainder of the term for which the said W. T. Field was elected: the Polls to be opened at the various places of Election in the said District, on Tuesday the twenty fifth day of May by the various sets of Managers for those places respectively; said Managers to count the votes publicly immediately after the final closing of the polls at the Precincts where the votes have been taken; make out a certificate of the result, to be signed by the Managers, or a majority of them, and taken to the Court House of Pickens County, or place now fixed by law for counting the votes, on Wednesday the twenty sixth day of May, by one or more of the said Managers; and the Managers, or a majority of them, who may assemble, shall proceed to examine the aforesaid statement, and declare the result of the Election.

This Writ, together with your return of the Election to be held under it, have before the House of Representatives at its next meeting after the Election.

Witness, the Honorable Franlin J. Moses Jr., Esquire, Speaker of the House of Representatives, at Columbia this sixth day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty nine.

FRANKLIN J. MOSES, Jr.,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
A. O. Jones,
Clerk of the House of Representatives.

Headqr't's South Carolina Militia.

ADJ. and INSPECTOR-GENRAL'S OFFICE,
Columbia, S. C., May 3, 1869.

[*GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.*]

Such citizens of this tate as are comprised within the following classes, and desire to be exempted from service in the Militia, in accordance with the provisions of an Act entitled "An Act to organize and govern the Militia of the tate of outh Carolina," approved March 16, 1869, are hereby instructed to forward to this office, immediately upon the promulgation of this order, applications for exemption:

I. Regularly ordained or licensed ministers and preachers of the Gospel.

II. Clerks and employees in public offices, Justices of the Peace, Magistrates, Sheriffs, Coroners, Constables, Civil officers of the United tates, Ferrymen employed at any ferry on a post road, and Millers.

III. All persons entertaining conscientious scruples against bearing arms practicing physicians, professors, teachers and students in colleges, academies and common schools.

IV. Persons regularly and honorably discharged from the army or navy of the United States, in consequence of the performance of Military or Naval duty, in pursuance of any law of this State, and all persons who now are (or may hereafter be) active members of regularly incorporated fire companies in this State.

V. Commissioned officers who shall have served as such in the Militia of this State (previous to the 20th day of December, A. D. 1860,) or in any one of the United States, for the space of seven years. (But no such officer shall be exempt unless his resignation, after such term of service, has been accepted, or in some other lawful manner he shall have been honorably discharged.)

VI. Idiots, lunatics, paupers and persons convicted of infamous crimes.

Sec. 2. All applications for exemption must be made upon the affidavit of the applicant, and shall distinctly set forth the name, occupation, age and residence, (if in a County, town or village, the name of the township; if in a city, the ward,) of such applicant.

sec. 3. Applications from clerks or employees in public offices must, in all cases, be accompanied with certificates from their respective chiefs or employers.

Sec. 4. Applications for the exemption of idiots, lunatics and paupers must be made by their "next friend," upon his affidavit, and must be accompanied, in the two first cases, by the certificate of the attending physician.

By order of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief.

F. J. MOSES, Jr.,
Adjutant and Inspector-General.

May, 10, 1869 31 1

Change of Schedule on Greenville and Columbia Railroad.

On and after Wednesday, the 12th inst., the Passenger trains will run daily, Sundays excepted, connecting with Night Train on South Carolina and Charlotte and South Carolina Railroads, as follows:

Leave Columbia,	7 00 a m
Leave Alston,	8 55 a m
Leave Newberry,	10 35 a m
Arrive at Abbeville,	3 30 p m
Arrive at Anderson,	5 15 p m
Arrive at Greenville,	6 00 p m
Leave Greenville	6 00 a m
Leave Anderson,	6 45 a m
Leave Abbeville,	8 45 a m
Leave Newberry,	1 25 p m
Leave Alston,	3 00 p m
Arrive at Columbia,	5 00 p m

Trains on the Blue Ridge Railroad will also run daily, Sundays excepted, connecting with the up and down trains on the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, as follows:

Leave Anderson at	5 20 p m
Leave Pendleton at	6 20 p m
Arrive at Walhalla at	8 00 p m
Leave Walhalla at	4 00 a m
Leave Pendleton at	5 40 a m
Arrive at Anderson at	6 40 a m

The train will return from Belton to Anderson on Monday and Friday mornings.

JAMES O. MEREDITH,
General Superintendent.

Jan. 24, 1869 18 tf

Demorest's Young America,
ENLARGED.

The BEST JUVENILE MAGAZINE. Every Boy and Girl that sees it says so; all the Press say so; and Parents and Teachers confirm it. Do not fail to secure a copy. A good Microscope, with a Glass Cylinder to confine living objects, or a good two bladed, pearl Pocket Knife, and a large number of other desirable articles, given as premiums to each subscriber. Yearly, $1.50.

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Dec. 10, 1868 12

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
OCONEE COUNTY—IN PROBATE.

Mary Rankin, Applicant,
vs.
Francis Capeheart and others, Defendants.
} Petition to sell Lands, pay Debts, for Partition, &c.

It appearing to my satisfaction that Francis Capeheart and Margaret Eliza Capeheart, defendants in this case, reside beyond the limits of this State; The said absent defendants are required to appear in the Probate Court, to be holden at Walhalla, S. C., on the 1st day of July next, to show cause, if any they can, why the Real Estate of Edward Rankin, deceased, should not be sold, and the proceeds, after payment of debts, divided among the heirs of said deceased, according to law, or their consent to the same will be entered of record. Given under my hand and seal, this 5th day of April, 1869.

RICHARD LEWIS,
Judge of Probate.

April 5, 1869 26 3m

CARSON P. BRYSON,
Real Estate Agent,
WALHALLA, S. C.,

Will buy and sell REAL ESTATE on the most reasonable terms. Persons having Lands for sale in the Counties of Oconee and Pickens are respectfully requested to forward Plats and descriptions as to the location and quality of the land to him, and he will keep them on hand for exhibition to any one desiring to purchase Real Estate. Where no sale is effected no charge will be made.

☞ Office at BRYSON & CO'S. Store.

Feb. 4, 1869 17 tf

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
Oconee County.

Philoman Crane and Amanda Crane, Applicants
vs.
Vincy Crane and others, Defendants.
} Petition for Partition.

It appearing to my satisfaction that Vincy Crane, John Calhoun and wife Nancy Calhoun, Lorenzo Barnes and wife Martha Barnes, John Samples and wife Judith Samples, Isaac Crane, Lewis Cox and Heirs of George Barnes, deceased, defendants in this case, reside beyond the limits of this State: Said absent defendants are, therefore, required to appear in the Probate Court, to be holden at Walhalla, S. C., on the 1st day of June next, to show cause, if any they can, why the Real Estate of Philoman Crane, deceased, should not be sold and the proceeds divided among the heirs of said deceased, according to law, or their consent to the same will be entered of record.

R. LEWIS,
Judge of Probate Court.

March 2, 1869 21 3m

Dr. Whittier.

A REGULAR GRADUATE OF MEDICINE, as diploma at office will show, has been longer engaged in the treatment of *Venereal, Sexual and Private Diseases*, than any other physician in St. Louis.

Syphilis, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture, Orchitis Herniah, and Rupture; all Urinary Diseases and Syphilitic or Mercurial Afflictions of the throat, Skin or Bones, are treated with unparalled success.

Spermatorrea, Sexual Debility and Impotency as the result of self-abuse in youth, sexual excess in mature years, or other causes, and which produce some of the following effects, as *nocturnal emissions, blotches, debility, dizziness, dimness of sight, confusion of ideas, evil forbodings, aversion to society of females, loss of memory and sexual power, and rendering marriage improper*, are permanently cured.

Dr. Whittier publishes a MEDICAL PAMPHLET relating to venereal diseases and the disastrous and varied consequences of self-abuse, that will be sent, to any address in a sealed envelope for two stamps Many physicians introduce patients to the doctor after reading his medical pamphlet. Communication confidential. A friendly talk will cost you nothing. Office central, yet retired—No. 617 St. Charles street, St. Louis, Mo, Hours, 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. Sundays 12 to 2 p. m.

April 5, 1869 26 tf

Demorest's Monthly Magazine,

Universally acknowledged the Parlor Magazine of America; devoted to Original Stories, Poems, Sketches, Architecture and Model Cottages, Household Matters, Gems of Thought, Personal and Literary Gossip (including special departments on Fashions,) Instructions on Health, Music, Amusements, etc., by the best authors, and profusely illustrated with costly Engravings (full size) useful and reliable Patterns. Embroideries, and a constant succession of artistic novelties, with other useful and entertaining literature.

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Demorest's Monthly and Young America together $4, with the premiums for each.

Dec. 20, 1868 24 1y

THE
Merchants' Protective Union
MERCANTILE REFERENCE REGISTER

The MERCHANT'S PROTECTIVE UNION, organized to promote and protect trade, by enabling its subscribers to attain facility and safety in the granting of credits, and the recovery of claims at all points, have to announce that they will, in eptember, 1868, publish in one large quarto volume:

The Merchants' Protective Union Mercantile Reference Register, containing among other things, the Names, Nature of Business, Amount of Capital, Financial Standing, and and Rating as to Credit, of over 400,000 of the principal merchants, traders, bankers, manufacturers, and public companies, in more than 30,000 of the cities, towns, villages, and settlements throughout the United tates, their territories, and the British Provinces of North America; and embracing the most important information attainable and necessary to enable the merchant to ascertain at a glance the capital, character, and degree of credit of such of his customers as are deemed worthy of any gradation of credit, comprising, also, a Newspaper Directory, containing the title, character, price, and place of publicatton, with full particulars relative to each journal, being a complete guide to the press of every county in the United States.

The reports and information will be confined to those deemed worthy of some line of credit; and as the same will be based, so far as practicable, upon the written statements of the parties themselves, revised and corrected by well known and reliable legal correspondents, whose character will prove a guarantee of the correctness of the information furnished by them, it is believed that the reports will prove more truthful and complete, and, therefore, superior to, and of much greater value, than any previously issued.

By aid of the "Mercantile Reference Register," business men will be enabled to ascertain at a glance, the capital and gradation of credit as compared with financial worth, of nearly every merchant, manufacturer, trader, and banker, within the above named territorial limits.

On or about the first of each month, subscribers will also receive the "Monthly Chronicle," containing, among other things, a record of such important changes in the name and condition of firms, throughout the country, as may occur subsequent to the publication of each half-yearly volume of the "Mercantile Reference Register."

Price of "The Merchants' Union Mercantile Reference Register," fifty dollars, ($50,) for which it will be forwarded to any address in the United States, transportation paid.

Holders of five $10 shares of the Capital Stock, in addition to participating in the profits, will receive one copy of the "Mercantile Reference Register" free of charge; holders of ten shares will be entitled to two copies; and no more than ten shares of the Capital tock will be allotted to any one applicant.

All remittances, orders, or communications relative to the book should be addressed to the MERCHANT'S PROTECTIVE UNION, in the American Exchange Bank Building, No. 128 Broadway, (Box 2566,) New York.

August 28, 1868 48 1v

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER

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SIDNEY E. MORSE, Jr., & Co.
37 Park Row, New York

Dec. 2, 1868 9

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
Pickens—In Equity.

Samuel Knox vs. Heirs of A. P. Knox.
} Bill for Construction of Will, Partition, &c.

In obedience to the decree of the Court of Equity, made in this cause at June Term, notice is hereby given to the heirs-at-law of Andrew P. Knox, deceased, requiring them to appear in the Court of Equity, for the District and State aforesaid, within a "year and day" from the date hereof, to identify themselves as heirs at law of the said Andrew P. Knox, deceased; and further, to claim the land belonging to them, arising from the sale of the Estate in this cause, on pain of being barred and forever excluded of and from all benefit in any further decree to be made in this cause.

ROB'T. A. THOMPSON, C. E.

Com's Office, July 17, 1868.
Pickens C. H.

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