

MISCELLANY

By the River, in June.

We stood by the river, my friend and I,
One beautiful night in June;
Oh, fair was the river and calm the sky,
Our hearts were beating in tune—
In tune to the last good night of the birds,
In tune to the breeze overhead,
In tune to the loving, musical words
That each to the other said.

Though our smiles were rare and our
Words were few,
God knows how happy we were;
We trusted each other's affection true,
We felt that the world was fair—
Our kindred spirits were nicely strung,
Duetting in perfect tune;
Oh, friend, we were careless, blithe and
young,
By the river that night in June.

We stood by the river, my friend and I,
The summer was scarcely past;
But a change had come over earth and
sky
Since we saw the river last.
A few of the roses had died away,
A song-bird or two was hushed;
But the old looked mournful that August
day.

For our hearts were dry and crushed.
We left the still river, my friend and I—
We saw it never again,
And years, bearing changes to brow and
eye,
Have glided away since then.
Oh, steadfast, my friend! with the earnest
eyes,
My friend with the brow serene,
O'er the vanished past we may mingle
sighs,
Spite of weary miles between.

It will not be long, for my eyes are dim,
Thy raven hair must be white;
We shall meet once more by a river's brim,
Death's river, dear, will not fight.
A stranger will mark with a careless eye
Two graves in the church-yard sod,
While we stand by the river, my friend
and I,
That glides the city of God.

A SCOTCH TALE.

CHAPTER I.

Hid away in the loveliest part of
Perthshire, nestling among the oft-
frequenting Braes of Balquhider, lies Loch
Voel, upon the shores of which Rob
Roy lived and died; and where, in the
quiet lonely kirkyard, rests
"Clan Alpin's omen and her aid." There
are M'Gregors still in the
clachan of Balquhider; M'Gregors
who speak with glistening eyes and
heightened color of the chief, and
amongst whom no tales are so popular
as those which treat of the wild
days when the clan with the "name
nameless by day" was at once the
terror and protection of the country.
Every child knows the story of the
feuds between the M'Gregors and the
M'Leslies, and how the Stewards of
Appin, coming to help their kins-
men, were met by the clansmen at
the clachan, where Rob Roy chal-
lenged any one of Appin to single
combat, eager, by ever such personal
hazard, to avert the horrors of a bat-
tle. They will tell you, too, how the
great Duke of Athol exhausted his
time and patience trying to catch
Rob Roy, and the story of the fune-
ral, when Lady Glenfalloch, think-
ing her brother was slain, sprang
upon the Duke, and, dragging him
from his horse, gave him such a
taste of the tenderness of the M'Gre-
gors, that he took timely warning
and retired, leaving Rob to bury his
mother in peace and quiet.

Some ten years ago, a descendant
of Rob Roy's, Helen M'Gregor, was
the beauty of Balquhider. Helen
was a fair, blue-eyed, golden-haired
lassie, with whom life had been one
long laugh, and to whom the world
seemed to bear neither frowns nor
clouds. Her father, Tam M'Gregor,
was a farmer, and well to do for his
station; his sons helped him on the
hills, and Helen was a tidy hand in
the house, quite able to take many
cares from her mother's shoulders.

Their cottage stood away from the
clachan, near the foot of Mead-mach.
A lovely little standing it was, too,
with high grey rocks on one side,
on the other an oak and birchwood,
among the branches of which the
soft summer breezes, when they had
kissed the lake into a ripple of de-
light, would sigh, and "isper their
pleasent songs of bright and warmer
lands.

Tam's cottage had served the wants
of many a generation of M'Gregors;
here a little and there a little being
added, as the owner's family in-
creased or his fortunes prospered. The
thatch was matted together by a
flourishing growth of various plants,
wall-flowers and house-leek predomi-
nating. Roses and honey-suckles
flourished in the narrow border, and,
clustering round the windows, met
gay and thriving geraniums, votive
offerings from the gardener at Glen-
buckle, who was one of Helen's many
admirers. Helen, being fancy-free
herself, was wont to make a joke
about love; and not caring for either
fairs or gatherings, escaped much of
the gossip which attaches to other
girls. Yet, quietly as the little
maiden lived, she could no more
avoid lovers than can the violet hide
away her treasures from the bee.

"Love will venture in where he dar-
na weel be seen," and accordingly
Helen's lovers were neither few nor
slack in making their way to the
farm; while, much to the girl's dis-
comfort, her mother took pride
to herself in counting the stalwart,
well-to-do lads, who would take
a place by the ingle nook, and,
while talking to the farmer of the
ewes, wool and markets, would
hope to catch a stray glance, kinder
than usual, from Helen; who, how-
ever, went on with her spinning as if
no eyes were seeking hers, and there
was no such thing as love or wooing.
And many a lad doubtless thought
with Hobbie Elliott, that "whirling

a bitstick wi' a thread trailing to it"
was but poor and tiresome work.

One man came oftener than the
rest; so often that it was whispered
about that Helen and Duncan were
courtin', nor did Duncan attempt to
deny what he wished in his inmost
heart was true. He had loved Helen
long, and only waited for a farm to
enter the lists openly. Now, he had
a farm and a decent house to take a
wife to, he thought the right time
had come; and soon, seeing he had
the good will of both father and
mother, he was content to wait pa-
tiently until some happy day, when
Maggie's heart would waken up, and
his love meet its reward. And if
Duncan was patient, it was because,
never having doubted his success, he
experienced a sort of gratification in
beating down his passion, or antici-
pating from a distance the time when
Helen would spin by his own hearth,
and pay him back ten-fold for what
she made him suffer now.

The honest folk in Balquhider
called Helen a lucky lassie, and
watched the courting with general
interest, not unmixed with envy,
for Duncan was one of the handsomest
and steadiest of the young men;
more than that, and what, perhaps,
went even further among the girls,
Duncan was the champion wrestler,
runner and hammer-thrower, and
twice had he carried off prizes from
the Braemar Gathering. Duncan's
courtin' had made no further impres-
sion upon Helen when the Gathering
of 185— drew on. All the world
went to Braemar that year, and Dun-
can, much to his own surprise and
the indignation of the Balquhider
people, was beaten both in wrestling
and throwing by a new-comer—a
young man who, by his superior style
of dress and manner of speech, was
evidently from a different part of the
country, if not indeed of different
rank in life to that of the irate young
Highlander; and when standing, hot
and angry after his last failure, he
was by no means comforted by see-
ing Helen's cheeks redden before the
glances of the victor, who, cap in
hand, introduced himself to Tam
M'Gregor as the son of his old friend,
Niel Lesley, and saying that he had
come to the Gathering on his way to
Balquhider, his father having told
him of the sheep-farming there, and
how, for an acquaintance sake, he
might be lucky enough to get his les-
son in the management of flocks
from Tam himself—a lesson he meant
to put in practice as a farmer in Aus-
tralia. Tam was pleased to find his
friend had not forgotten him, nor
was he proof against the compliment
neatly offered to his farming skill.
Moreover, there is never a lack of
hospitality among the Celts, and Tam
made his young friend welcome to the
best his house afforded so long as he
liked to stay.

Niel was a fair-haired, blue-eyed
man, tall and light-limbed, but with
the muscles and sinews of a prize-
fighter. He had been at the High
School in Edinburgh, was well-up in
modern topics, and able to hold forth
upon subjects which rarely reached
the ears of the inhabitants of the
Braes, except when the shooting sea-
son brought down the great folk, and
the great folk brought their servants;
then politics, parliaments and the
court were familiarly discussed in
every shieling.

Niel was no idler, either in work,
or play, or love. Everything he set
his hand to he did in the manner, we
are told, is sure to succeed. So no
wonder that, falling in love, as he did
at once, he roused what poor Duncan
had watched and waited for in vain;
and, waking up the sleeping heart,
brought the love-light into the sweet
hazel eyes, that softened and drooped
now as they had never done before
any man's gaze. There was no ques-
tion of love speech between the two,
and yet, before the summer came,
Helen had found out what a different
place love could make the world.
There had never been such heather
on the hills, or bracken and wild
roses on the braes, as now bloomed;
the love-filter was acting and nature
took tone, as it always does, from the
heart.

"How bonnie you're growing, Nel-
ly!" said Tam one day, as Helen
came running up the grass, her hair
escaping from the sky-blue snood,
the gay cotton short gown coming
half-way down the striped linsey pet-
ticoat, which was just short enough
to show her neatly-clad feet and
shapely ankles, coquettishly arrayed
in bright stockings, with elaborately-
embroidered cloaks. "What's come
to the lassie, wife? She's breakin'
the hearts o' half the lads in the
place. There's Duncan, puir lad,
fient a smile he'll gie now, but gangs
as dour—"

"Wheeshit, father!" cried Helen,
shutting his mouth with a rosy little
palm. "Here's Duncan stalkin' up
to the door. It was easy to see that
something had gone against the
grain; the expression of his face, the
tone of his voice, his very gait, were
changed; his clothes were thrown on
with a carelessness unlike former
days, and his eyes, restless and
blood-shot, turned uneasily to Helen,
as he made some common-place re-
mark to her father concerning the
weather.

Helen's color deepened. Some-
thing in the man's eyes struck like a
knife to her heart, and lay there
rankling, making the hot blood
spring to her face, and the hand that
had been on her father's mouth
clench fiercely, as if to beat back
some burst of anger indignation.

But the flush faded the next moment,
and a shudder shook her from head
to foot; for Niel came in from the
hill, and as he turned the corner of
the hedge, and Duncan's eyes fell
upon him, Helen saw the thick black
brows drawn passionately together,
the big veins start like knotted cords,
and the strong teeth set hard in the
nether lip. She saw this, and even
then her heart sank with an unde-
fined fear; but it was not until some
days afterwards, when the braes were
ringing with the mysterious disap-
pearance of Niel Lesley, that the full
significance of that look was revealed
to her.

CHAPTER II.

Many and various were the reports
circulated, until, by the expiration of
four days, they all settled down into
one strong judgment against Niel—a
judgment which Helen's outburst of
grief and pale-stricken face unwit-
tingly strengthened; and it was firmly
believed that Niel, having won her
love, had grown tired of her, and, to
rid himself of her and his debt of
gratitude to her father at once, had
made a moonlight flitting. Duncan
openly took little part in all that was
said, so much so that those busy peo-
ple who are always, in all ranks, look-
ing after their neighbors' affairs, be-
gan to hold him up as an example of
unselfish generosity. There was one,
however, to whom his silence had a
different signification, and that was
Helen, who, from the day the alarm
was given, had remembered that af-
ternoon when she saw, as plainly as
if written in black and white, the
hated unto death stamped in Dun-
can's face. She alone, watching as
none other could, heard the impa-
tient manner of speech and saw the
strange look that had come upon the
man's face; and a horrible suspicion
and dread filled her mind, harder to
bear than all the cruel things raised
against Niel's character. There was
one small ray of comfort left—a col-
ley dog she had given Niel had dis-
appeared the same day he was missed.
He must be alive, if Moss was with
him; and if he had run away, as the
people said, would scarcely take such
a continual sting to his conscience as
the faithful dog must be. So, in spite
of the deadly fears that would, at
times, overwhelm her, Helen held
fast by hope, hiding her anxiety as
best she could by getting away
amongst the hills, and wandering
about where she would meet no one
to pity or console with her.

The fifth day had come; it was a
busy time, too, for they were gather-
ing the flocks off the hills previous
to the shooting season; and so it
came about that Helen fell in with a
flock in a lonely pass on the road to
Ben Ledi, and, eager to escape the
shepherds, she scrambled up the
banks, and hid herself among the
whins.

Down the pass came the sheep, fill-
ing the air with their voices, stopping
now and then to snatch a mouthful
of heather. Presently, glancing away
to the hill-side, Helen caught sight of
a dog, bounding down over scur and
bush; but not until it was nearer,
and, diverted by the sounds in the
glen, had turned aside and taken its
stand upon a rock, along the foot of
which the sheep were passing, did
she recognize her old colley, the very
Moss she had given Niel. Helen's
heart leapt to her mouth, as she leant
forward to watch the dog, who, fall-
ing into his old trade, stood yelping
and howling over the flock, waking
every echo in the pass, and rousing a
perfect storm of bleating.

Helen tried to whistle, but her lips
were shaking and dry. Then she
called him by name. The dog came
rushing up to her, and was soon
whining at her side, licking her hands
and face. As soon as she could see
anything clearly through the tears
that were blinding her, she saw that
a blue ribbon was tied round Moss's
neck, nearly hidden amongst the
thick wool. Helen recognized the
ribbon; it had once been hers, and
she knew no hand but Niel's could
have tied it there, and— But sud-
denly she ceased thinking. She had
unfastened the string, and found a
little bit of white calico, and read on
it, written in the words, "Help! Reiv-
er's Crag."

Helen cannot tell to this how she
got home; but, in little more than
half an hour, the clachan was de-
serted, and men and women were all
on their way to the Reiver's Crag, a
barren rock among the mountains,
from which it was said a Cumberland
reiver had been flung in the old days.
The mis, moss and mairland were
soon crossed, and, by evening, Niel
Lesley was rescued from a living
death, and safe, but not sound, at
Tam M'Gregor's. Sound, poor lad!
they whispered, he never would be
again.

"He had slipped over the Crag,
and, in going down, had caught at a
whin-bush, which checked the im-
petus of his descent, and instead
of going to the bottom of the cleft,
he had fallen on a ledge. Here Moss
had followed, but it was the fourth
day before he could get the faithful
dog to leave him, and bear home
tidings that might save him."

Such was the account Niel gave,
and such was the story that met
Duncan as he came from Callander,
whither he had gone early in the
day.

Time passed on, and the shooting
season brought many a visitor to
Tam's cottage, for Niel's story was
the romance of the year. He was
still unable to walk, but his health
was all right, and the doctors said he
might get strong again in time. Niel

never complained, nor could he, with
such a nurse as Helen flitting round
him, propping him up with fragrant
pillows stuffed with fresh gathered
heather and bracken, gathered, too,
by the little hands that were so strong
and ready with their labor of love.
It was only when pain kept him rest-
less, at night, that the thought of
being a cripple for life crushed him,
and brought out all the training
given him by a good mother, and the
staunch religious feeling inherent in
almost every Scottish heart, the spirit
that gave the world what Alexander
Peden called "the praying folk,"
who carried their religion triumph-
antly through those terrible days
when a bloody scaffold was thought a
good shelter.

It was nearly a month since the
day Niel had been carried home
from the Crag. Night had just come,
still, warm, and almost like twilight.
Tam was smoking his pipe prepara-
tory to his early bed-time, the women
folk were knitting, and Niel, lying
upon a couch the laird's sisters had
sent him, was reading "Rob Roy"
aloud, much to Tam's perplexity,
who interrupted many times with
denunciations against the text. Sud-
denly the open doorway was dark-
ened, and Duncan stood in the en-
try.

"Welcome lad," cried Tam. "Ye're
just in time to hear the lavers they
bunk folk pit in prent about the
M'Gregors. Read that again, Niel,
that war he says—"

But Duncan interrupted him.

"I didna cross the door to hear
less read. I cam to speak about a
lee, to tell ye"—and his voice grew
louder and hoarser as he spoke—
"to tell ye that ane ye liked weel
is a leer. We're a' frien's here," he
said, in a different voice, looking
round.

"Ay, ay, man. Sit down," said
Tam, taking his pipe out of his
mouth, and turning to have a better
look at Duncan. "Why, what ails
ye man?"

"Mickle ails me, Tam M'Gregor,
and I cam on grouseome errand. I
hae come to tak' awa' ye're faith in
man for evernair, and to shame a
hypocrite wi' the fair truth."

Helen laid down her knitting and
drew nearer Niel; Tam glanced at
him too. Niel's face was crimson,
and his eyes, all dilated eager, stared
up at the great wild-looking man
glowering down upon him, who went
on speaking.

"Niel says he slipped doon the
Crag. He didna slip. An enemy—"
"Stop him, Helen!" shouted Niel,
trying to get up, but failing, he
pushed the girl towards Duncan.

"Stop him, for God's sake! The
lad's mad. He doesn't know what
he's saying. Don't listen to him,
Tam. He's a fine fellow, and you all
hear me say it. Duncan, man, shake
hands with me, and do go quietly
away, and let well alone."

Duncan's answer was to drop down
upon his knees by Niel's side, and,
covering his face with his hands, sob
aloud.

"Na, na, Niel, I canna let alone.
I maun tell them. Let me bide,
lad; it's the fittest place. And whan
I hae your forgiveness I'll gang on
my knees to the Almighty; but I
canna ask Him till I hae confessed
my sin."

"Well, let me tell it, Duncan,"
said Niel, gently laying his hand
upon the kneeling man's shoulder.

"No!" cried the other, sternly;
"I'll no get the worst. Tam and
Helen, I am a murderer, or as bad,
for I had the thoct in my heart to
take his life. Niel cut me off wi'
you, Nelly. Mad wi' jealousy, I
said we'd gang to the Reiver's Crag
and fight, and the best man shall
win ye. Niel wad hardly gang till
I told him I'd ca' him through the
country-side for a coward, and then
he went. But whan I got to the top
of the Crag the diel got possession
o' me, and catchin' him unaware I
hurled him over, thinking deed men
tell nae tales. I never thoct o' the
colley. Whan I heard tell he
was fund, I was like to gang
mad. Every fut I thoct was a
pollis; but whan the days passed,
and Niel never tauld, it was war
than a'. The hot burnin' coals were
heaped on my heed, burnin' and
smotherin' i' the brain, till this
gloaming the thoct cam to make a
clean breast, and than gang awa'
whar I'd never see a kenneid face
till the day o' judgment. Oh! Niel
man, ye ken what loving he is;
but even you canna tell what my
heart was, and how neither bluid nor
damnation were only worth if I
could only ha' won her here. Ye
canna forgie me, Nelly lass, for I
hae made him a cripple; but just say,
'Duncan, I'll ask the Lord to forgie
ye,' and I'll gang awa' content."

Tam was the last to hold out the
hand of forgiveness; but he, too, did
so at last, and then Duncan went
away.

Upon the top of the bank he
turned, and, cap in hand, stood look-
ing at the cottage. "Puir lad!
he's prayin', maybe," thought Mrs.
M'Gregor, who had followed her old
favorite to the door.

Two years afterwards, and a few
weeks after Niel and Helen were mar-
ried, a letter came to the former—a
letter written by a comrade of Dun-
can's, and then they knew for the
first time he had enlisted, and, going
to India with one of the gallant re-
giments afterwards nicknamed "Sir
Colin's petticoats," the poor broken-
hearted lad had found the death he
coveted before the walls of Lucknow,
and was lying mortally wounded in

the hospital, where he dictated his
first and last letter to Niel, bidding
him good-bye, and telling him to let
the Balquhider folk know the true
story of the Reiver's Crag.

"George, do you remember the
story of David and Goliath?"

"Yes, sir; David was a tavern-
keeper and Goliath was an intempe-
rate man."

"Who told you that?"

"Nobody; I read it, and it said
that David fixed a sling for Goliath
and Goliath got slewed with it."

Why is the letter K like a pig's
tail? Because it's the end of pork.

State South Carolina--Richland Dist.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

John P. Southern vs. Garnet V. Antwerp.—
Attachment.

WHEREAS the plaintiff did, on the
first day of October, 1866, file his de-
claration against the defendant, who (as it
is said) is absent from and without the
limits of this State, and has neither wife
nor attorney known within the same upon
whom a copy of the said declaration might
be served:

It is, therefore, ordered, that the said de-
fendant do appear and plead to the said
declaration, on or before the second day of
October, which will be in the year of our
Lord one thousand eight hundred and
sixty-seven; otherwise final and absolute
judgment will then be given and awarded
against him. D. B. MILLER, C. C. P.

Clerk's Office, Richland District, October
1, 1866. Oct 11 5q

State South Carolina--Richland Dist.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

Ed. Roe vs. G. V. Antwerp.—Attachment.

WHEREAS the plaintiff did, on the
first day of October, 1866, file his de-
claration against the defendant, who (as it
is said) is absent from and without the
limits of this State, and has neither wife
nor attorney known within the same upon
whom a copy of the said declaration might
be served:

It is ordered, that the said defendant do
appear and plead to the said declaration,
on or before the second day of October,
which will be in the year of our Lord one
thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven;
otherwise final and absolute judgment will
be given and awarded against him.

D. B. MILLER, C. C. P.
Clerk's Office, Richland District, October
1, 1866. Oct 11 5q

State South Carolina--Richland Dist.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

Weisker Brothers vs. G. V. Antwerp.—At-
tachment.

WHEREAS the plaintiff did, on the
first day of October, 1866, file his de-
claration against the defendant, who (as it
is said) is absent from and without the
limits of this State, and has neither wife
nor attorney known within the same upon
whom a copy of the said declaration might
be served:

It is, therefore, ordered, that the said de-
fendant do appear and plead to the said
declaration, on or before the sixth day of
October, which will be in the year of our
Lord one thousand eight hundred and
sixty-seven; otherwise final and absolute
judgment will then be given and awarded
against him. D. B. MILLER, C. C. P.

Clerk's Office, Richland District, October
5, 1866. Oct 11 5q

State South Carolina--Richland Dist.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

Abraham Stark, Survivor, vs. Keatinge &
Ball.—Attachment.

WHEREAS the plaintiff did, on the 1st
day of May, 1867, file his declaration
against the defendants, who, as it is
said, are absent from and without the
limits of this State, and have neither wife
nor attorney known within the same upon
whom a copy of the said declaration might
be served:

It is, therefore, on motion of Messrs.
Arthur, Melton & Melton, plaintiffs' attor-
neys, ordered, that the said defendants do
appear and plead to the said declaration,
on or before the second day of May, which
will be in the year one thousand eight
hundred and sixty-eight; otherwise, final
and absolute judgment will then be given
and awarded against them.

D. B. MILLER, C. C. P.
Clerk's Office, Columbia, Richland Dis-
trict, May 1, 1867. May 4 q2

State South Carolina--Richland Dist.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

Zealy, Scott & Bruns vs. Keatinge & Ball.—
Attachment.

WHEREAS the plaintiffs did, on the
22d day of November, 1866, file their
declaration against the defendants, who
(as it is said) are absent from and without
the limits of this State, and have neither
wife nor attorney known within the same,
upon whom a copy of the said declaration
might be served:

It is, therefore, on motion of John Ban-
kett, Esq., plaintiffs' attorney, ordered,
that the said defendants do appear and
plead to the said declaration, on or before
the 23d day of November, 1867; otherwise,
final and absolute judgment will then be
given and awarded against them.

D. B. MILLER, C. C. P.
Clerk's Office, Richland District, Novem-
ber 22, 1866. Nov 23 5q

State South Carolina--Richland Dist.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

Geo. W. Swenson vs. The Memphis and
Ohio Railroad Company.—Attachment.

THE plaintiff having, on the 1st day of
May, 1867, filed his declaration, and it
appearing that Wm. F. DeSausure, Esq.,
is the attorney of "The Memphis and Ohio
Railroad Company," the absent defendants,
and is a resident within the limits of this
State:

On motion of Messrs. Arthur, Melton &
Melton, plaintiffs' attorneys, it is ordered,
that a copy of the declaration in this case
be served on the said W. F. DeSausure,
Esq., attorney as aforesaid, with a copy of
this order endorsed thereon; and if the
said "The Memphis and Ohio Railroad
Company," the defendants, shall not ap-
pear and make their defence to this action,
on or before the second day of May next,
judgment shall be given and awarded for
the plaintiff.

D. B. MILLER, C. C. P.
Clerk's Office, Columbia, S. C., May 1,
1867. May 1 q5

State South Carolina--Richland Dist.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

Henry Willis vs. Wood C. Dollens.—Attach-
ment.

WHEREAS the plaintiff did, on the
first day of October, 1866, file his de-
claration against the defendant, who (as it
is said) is absent from and without the
limits of this State, and has neither wife
nor attorney known within the same upon
whom a copy of the said declaration might
be served:

It is, therefore, ordered, that the said de-
fendant do appear and plead to the said
declaration, on or before the second day of
October, which will be in the year of our
Lord one thousand eight hundred and
sixty-seven; otherwise final and absolute
judgment will then be given and awarded
against him. D. B. MILLER, C. C. P.

Clerk's Office, Richland District, October
1, 1866. Oct 11 5q

Laurens Railroad--New Schedule.

OFFICE LAURENS RAILROAD.

LAURENS C. H. S. C., May 2, 1867.
ON and after MONDAY next, 27th inst.,
the trains will run as follows, until fur-
ther notice. The Road having been com-
pleted through to Newberry, freight and
passage will be considerably reduced:
Leave Laurens at 5 o'clock a. m. on Mon-
days, Wednesdays and Fridays, and arrive
at Newberry at half-past 10 o'clock.
Leave Newberry at 25 minutes past 1
o'clock on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sat-
urdays; thus connecting with both the up
and down trains on the Greenville and Col-
umbia Railroad on the days above desig-
nated.
JOSEPH CREWS, Sup't.

Daily Trains on Blue Ridge Railroad.

SUP'T'S OFFICE G. & C. R. R.

COLUMBIA, May 20, 1867.
ON and after the 1st day of June, the
Trains of the Greenville and Columbia
Railroad Company will be run daily (Sun-
days excepted) over the Blue Ridge Rail-
road, between Anderson and Wallalla, to
connect with the up and down trains of the
Greenville Railroad.

Leave Charlotte daily 12.19 a. m.; Green-
boro 4.51; Raleigh 9.18. Arrive in Golds-
boro 12.10 p. m.

Leave Goldsboro 1.07 p. m.; Raleigh 3.50;
Greensboro 7.53. Arrive in Charlotte
12.19 a. m.

Passengers make close through con-
nections—either way—at Charlotte, with the
Charlotte and South Carolina Railroad; at
Greensboro, via Danville and Richmond;
at Raleigh, via Weldon and Bay Line and
Annapolis Line. Also, connect at Golds-
boro with Mail Train on Wilmington and
Weldon Road, to and from Wilmington.

Time from Charlotte to New York forty
hours, by either route.

May 29 JAS. ANDERSON, Sup't.

General Superintendent's Office,

CHARLOTTE & S. C. RAILROAD.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 2, 1867.
ON and after SUNDAY, May 5, the sche-
dule of the Passenger Trains over
this Road will be as follows:

Leave Columbia at..... 5.30 p. m.
Arrive at Charlotte at..... 12.15 a. m.
Leave Charlotte at..... 12.20 a. m.
Arrive at Columbia at..... 6.50 a. m.

Close connections are made at Columbia
and Charlotte with mail trains on the North
Carolina and South Carolina Railroads.

By this arrangement, passengers by the
Greenville Road may go immediately
through Eastward, and have no detention
in Columbia.

THROUGH TICKETS are sold at Colum-
bia to Richmond, Va., Washington, D. C.,
Baltimore, Md., Philadelphia, Pa., and
New York city, giving choice of routes via
Portsmouth or Richmond, and baggage
checked. Tickets are also sold at Char-
lotte for Charleston and Augusta.

An Accommodation Train, for freight and
local passenger, leaves Columbia at 7 a. m.,
on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays
of each week, and Charlotte on the same
days and hour, arriving at Columbia and
Charlotte at 7 p. m.

May 3 C. BOUKNIGHT, Sup't.

Schedule over South Carolina R. R.

GENERAL SUP'T'S OFFICE.

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 11, 1866.
ON and after the 13th inst., the Through
Mail Train will run as follows, viz: