

SABBATH READING.

A Little While.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the falling,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shudding,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the laughing and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come!

St. Andrew's Day.

St. Andrew was born at the head of Galilee, situated at the mouth of the Jordan. He was the son of John, a fisherman of that place, and brother of Simon, whose name was changed to Peter. He was one of the first to hear the messenger of the Messiah, and he did not listen to the prophet's bold and stirring words to civil or woe, but he was impressed and convinced, he received him as a messenger sent from God and attached himself to the Baptist in the Jordan, when, seeing Jesus approaching him, he exclaimed, pointing him out to the people, "Behold the lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." The day following he was standing near the Jordan with two of his disciples, and looking upon the Saviour as he walked, he directed the eyes of his followers to him, saying, "Behold the Lamb of God."

This mysterious expression, rendered the more striking by the account that Master had given the day before, of the wonderful events that transpired at his baptism, so impressed the men that they went after the Saviour. Knowing that they were following him, Jesus turned and inquired what they sought. They answered that they desired to be baptized. He dwelt, and on his inviting them to come and see, they accompanied him to his lodging, and spent the remaining two hours of the day with him.

The sacred writers are silent in regard of what passed during this interview at the closing hours of the day, but we know that the Disciple of the forerunner left that house a Disciple of his Lord; that he who had received the Messenger's earnest embrace, the truth as it was revealed by him, of whom the Prophets wrote, "The inspired penman gives us the result of that conversation. St. Andrew, alive in his new faith, his heart burning with the zeal kindled by the words of the wonderful preacher, hastened to Simon, and informed him that he had found the Messiah. Christ saluted Simon by name, called him Peter, and admitted him as a Disciple.

Philip and Nathaniel were soon after added to the company of Disciples, and Christ, with the four, went up from Jordan to Cana, where he performed his first miracle. We next find him with his followers in Capernaum, where they stayed a few days, then proceeded to Jerusalem, to engage in the celebration of the Passover. From Jerusalem he went to Judea, and during his abode there his Disciples baptized in the Jordan. He then returned to Galilee, and discharging his Disciples went forth preaching and working miracles. Going home his humble followers again took up their nets, and maintained their laborious occupation.

When he appeared to the Disciples again on the lake of Gennesareth, they were washing their nets, after a night of bootless toil. Then they left all and followed the Saviour, by whose word the vessels were made to yield more fishes than their vessels could carry, and were afterwards the partners of his trials, the witnesses of his miracles, the hearers of his word and the dauntless champions of his cause.

St. Andrew, several times mentioned, particularly by the Evangelists. At the trial of Jesus to spread a feast in the wilderness near Bethsaida for the thousands who followed him, Andrew informed him that there was a boy present who had five barley loaves and two small fishes. It was that Disciple and Philip who conveyed the message of the Greeks to the Saviour while he was at the feast a short time previous to his crucifixion; and St. Andrew was one of the Disciples who came to him while he sat upon the Mount of Olives and solicited information concerning the time of the destruction of Jerusalem and the signs of that terrible event.

Seythia was the field in which St. Andrew labored after the dispersion. Having met with great success in his preaching, he carried the Gospel to Thracia, Macedonia, Thracia, Ephesus, Adahin and other countries. At Byzantium he established a diocese, but his successors drew upon him a fierce persecution, and he was banished from the city. Nothing daunted by the sufferings he endured, he continued to preach the Gospel with increased fervor, and power. At Patrae in Achaia, he was instrumental in converting many to the faith he taught, the authorities of Patrae laid hands upon St. Andrew. He was sentenced to be scourged and then crucified. Some writers state that he was crucified on a tree. His death was an inconceivable pain. His back was bare and the nails were laid upon his seven stalwart ribs, each one scourging until his strength was exhausted. Then fainting and bleeding he was tied to a cross where he hung in agony two days before death put an end to his fearful sufferings.

It is generally supposed that St. Andrew was tortured on a cross composed of two pieces of timber in the shape of the letter X, styled a cross *x*-shaped. Crosses of this description were sometimes used in the past, and it is not surprising that the cross of St. Andrew was brought out of Achaia, and placed in the Monastery of Veauve, near Marseilles. It was thence removed into the Abbey of St. Victor, in Marseilles, before the year 1250, and is still shown there. A part thereof, enclosed in a silver case, gilt, was carried to Brussels by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy and Brabant, who, in honor of it, instituted the Knights of the Golden Fleece, who for the badge of their Order wear a figure of this cross, called St. Andrew's Cross, or the Cross of Burgundy.

The body of St. Andrew was interred at Patrae. Some writers contend it was removed in 357 by Constantine to the Monastery of Patrae, and buried in the church that the Emperor had erected in honor of the twelve Apostles; and others tell us that the relics of the Saint were translated from Patrae to Scotland in 389, and deposited in the Church of St. Andrew, in the county of Fife. As he is the Tutelar Saint of the Scotch, we are inclined to favor their right to the Apostle's bones, but we confess that we can throw no light on this dark point. Instead of wasting time by trying to ascertain where the relics of the Martyr were interred, let us rather meditate upon his faith, zeal and devotion to God, and make his pure and useful life a pattern for our imitation.

There is good authority for believing that St. Andrew suffered martyrdom on the 30th of November A. D. 60. But those who are incredulous concerning this date, suppose that his festival was placed at the beginning of the holy days by way of paying especial honor to him as the first who became a Disciple of our Lord. This day was consecrated to his memory in the year 359.

—*Charleston Courier.*

Legislature of South Carolina.

Mr. Perry offered the following:
Resolved, That the people of South Carolina feel no apprehension as to the permanent existence, safety and security of their domestic institution of African slave labor, founded as it is in the best interests and happiness of the black and white races, and which we are prepared to protect and defend at any and every sacrifice, either of political relations with the Federal Government or assailed in any manner or form whatever.

Resolved, That the State of South Carolina hold herself in readiness at all times to act in concert with her sister slaveholding States, in any manner which they may deem advisable, to maintain and to defend the interests of the South in the Union or out of it, as they in their wisdom may determine.

Resolved, That she feels incalculable scorn and contempt at the infamous and hypocritical sympathy expressed by a portion of the Northern people, in the recent attempt at insurrection at Harper's Ferry, headed by a notorious horse thief, assassin and traitor, whom they have audaciously eulogized as a hero and christian martyr in his treason, murder and robbery.

Resolved, That the general adoption of such a feeling and such a sentiment, alike revolting to christianity and civilization, by the Northern States will make it dishonorable and dishonoring to South Carolina and the other slaveholding States, to continue united in the same Government with a people whose social and moral tone characterizes them as a nation of pirates, savages, assassins and traitors.

On motion of Mr. Boylston, the above were ordered to be printed.

Mr. Pope moved that the House reconsider.

Mr. Perry then moved that the resolutions be referred to the Committee on Federal Relations.

Mr. Perry said he did not see the necessity of referring them to the committee. He would rather that the House should vote on them; and as he saw nothing objectionable, he thought they might be taken unanimously.

Mr. Pope said a great many resolutions of a similar nature had been already referred to the Committee on Federal Relations. The very object of having a committee was to have all matters relating to such departments brought up before them. The different feelings of different individuals were then calmly discussed in the committee-room, and they were enabled to sift out the truth and present it to the House for their action. If individuals choose to advocate their own resolutions, they could do so, when the report of the committee comes before the House. All that is proposed is, that the sense of the House shall be before the committee, so that they may understand, lay it before the House. It will not interfere with the gentleman's propositions, but only give it a sensible and proper direction.

Mr. Perry.—I think that to refer the resolutions to the committee is nothing more nor less than smothering them. I suppose that is the object. I heard an expression made by an honorable member why he had proposed that certain resolutions should go before a committee, was for the purpose of having them smothered. Resolutions thus referred are never seen nor heard of again.

Mr. Mullins said that he had the honor to introduce a set of resolutions which were referred to the Committee on Federal Relations. His idea was that such reference is more form. It was very evident we were having a general expression of opinion, and he would be glad to hear from every member. He thought the House perfectly competent to decide the matter for themselves. That the committee would do their duty, he was also confident. He was satisfied to let the resolutions take that direction.

Mr. Memminger said he regarded the matter of more importance than it seemed to be regarded by the gentlemen who had just spoken. It seemed to him very important at this crisis that this State should present a proposition proper to take in the great matter before them. Was it not wise to have these propositions considered by a body of gentlemen who will have them all discussed before presenting their deliberations? Was it not much better for them to go into the committee room, that they might suggest what they thought best by the aggregate? His opinion was that the State should not adopt any resolutions whatever. His judgment would go for taking the course indicated by the Committee on the Military, say nothing, and do everything; to prepare the State from one end to the other, for every contingency, and be ready to follow the lead of other States, for they will not follow ours. We must stand still, content to let others go ahead, and show our readiness by being prepared. I will vote to raise any amount of money to put the State in a condition to do what we have already said we are willing to do. I trust the whole of the measures will be given to this committee, and that we shall content ourselves by showing that we are actors, not speakers; cease speaking and show that we are entirely prepared for any emergency. I hope the House will refer all resolutions, and let that committee inform us what, in their judgment, is best. When that comes up, I trust, for one, that the committee will entertain that measure, as the best which will put us in a state of thorough preparation.

Mr. Perry said he differed in some respects. He thought the occasion required of South Carolina, that she should speak calmly and deliberately, and that the South should speak in preference to action. That South Carolina should rebuke this fanciful speculation abroad, and that South Carolina should say to her sister States we are ready and waiting more. He concurred with the gentleman that it was in bad taste for South Carolina to lead. Mr. Perry dwelt at length upon the course to be adopted, but was willing to assent to any action the House might take.

Mr. Read and Mr. Pope spoke in reply, and the resolutions were finally referred to the Committee on Federal Relations.

The best way to avoid being disturbed by an unpleasant thing, said Dr. Spooner, is to resolve that it shall not disturb you; but should your nerves be sensitive and unable to stand the trial, hasten by the annoyance and don't see it. A stinging remark loses all its point when we are not conscious that we are aimed at.

"I didn't denounce you," said a saucy young fellow to an editor, "but only your subordinate; I merely made a fling at your staff." "Well, sir," replied the editor, "the action to the word, then my staff shall have a fling at you."

How small a portion of our lives is that truly enjoy! In youth we are looking forward for things that are to come; in old age we look backward to things that are past.

I Have Something Sweet to Tell You.

BY MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.
I have something sweet to tell you,
But the secret you must keep;
And remember, if it isn't right,
I'm talking in my sleep.
For I know I am but dreaming
I think you love me more;
And I know they are but coming,
All the hopes that round me glow.
So remember, when I tell you
What I cannot longer keep,
We are none of us responsible,
For what we say in sleep.
My pretty secret's coming,
Oh, listen with your heart,
And you shall hear it humming
So close 'twill make you start.
Oh, shut your eyes so earnest
Or mine will wildly weep;
I love you! I love you! but—
I'm talking in my sleep.

Getting into the Wrong House.

BY FRANK DOANE.
"For me I do love
Somebody or other,
And love them most dearly."

Such was the light air hummed by a young man one evening in the month of September, between the hours of seven and eight, as he turned into a court leading out of Washington street, where was his boarding house.

The character of the air suited well with the appearance of the young blade, for as he turned into the court, the light of the lamp "illuminated" him; he was tall, and somewhat slender, but finely formed, his pale and handsome features, large bright eyes, with dark circles around them, told of late hours and excitement.

His exterior frock coat, buttoned at the top by a single button, pants of a snuff-colored hue, white vest and chain fastened at its lower hole, attached to the dence knows what in his vest pocket, (we do not mean to say that it was the name of a watch but frequently young gentlemen of that cut are not able to sport that useful article, but content themselves with sometimes attaching a pencil, a counterfeit dollar, and an instance is known of a ten-penny nail being put to that use,) boots, hat, and dicky, of the latest fashion, switch, cane, surmounted by a delicately-carved lady's leg in ivory, completed the rakish *bon ensemble* of our hero.

As we said before, he was humming a tune, as he went into the court. Passing up, he ceased; and his thoughts, if they had been uttered, would have been something like this: "Some forty or fifty years more, I should have said. Byron was a hard one; one of the boys decidedly; bang, if he wasn't the very personification of his Don Juan—he went on the principle 'go it while you're young,' and he did it with a vengeance."

During these cogitations, he reached, as he supposed, his boarding house. Ascending the steps he sent his hand on an exploring expedition in his pockets, and extracted an instrument resembling a portable poker, with a jointed handle. Inserting this instrument into a round hole in the door, he effected an entrance.

On entering he was somewhat surprised at disappearance of the hat tree, and a table in its place.

"Where the deuce is the hat tree gone to now—I should like to know?" he mentally exclaimed, throwing down his hat. "How awful quiet it is just now?" he continued, proceeding towards the sitting room.

Finding it, in total darkness, he was still more surprised.

"June! is everybody dead, I wonder? I'll have some light on the subject," and with that determination he crossed the room to a mantelpiece, to search for a match. He placed his hand on something that made him utter an exclamation of surprise.

"By every thing that's blue, a lady's shoe; extraordinary events must have transpired during my absence—a sofa here," striking against one placed under the mantle piece. "They have been pitching the personal estate around at a terrible rate. Ah! a baby's shoe! Oh, mein Gott! as the Dutchman said."

"Charles, is that you?" whispered a soft voice at the moment, and a warm hand clasped his own.

"When! what the deuce is to pay now?" he almost ejaculated in surprise; but recovering himself, he answered, in a whisper, "yes, dearest, it is me—over the left," he said to himself.

"I see how it is, I'm in the wrong box, and this dangle thinks I'm Charles, no matter. I'm in for it now, and might as well put it through."

So thinking, he seated himself by her side on the sofa, with one hand clasped in hers, and the other around her waist.

"Charles," she said, "what made you so late? I have been waiting for you this half hour."

"The deuce you have," thought he. "Indeed, I am very sorry, but positively I could not come sooner," he said.

"The folks have all gone away this evening; and we'll make the best of our time," said she, squeezing his hand.

"Yes, by Jove, we will, was the reply," as he embraced her and imprinted several kisses on her lips.

"I wonder who I am kissing in the dark," thought he during the operation.

"Why, Charles, I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself, you never did so before."

"Charles must be a very bashful youth," thought our hero.

"Charles, you miss," do so," she exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

He didn't stop to think of a better place, but popped down, and commenced crawling underneath. His progress was greatly accelerated by her feet, which she applied quite heavily to his side.

"Thunder! what a plantation she's got," said Gus, as it came in contact with his ribs.

He found the space under the sofa quite narrow, so much so that he was obliged to lay flat on his face.

"When! they keep a cat in the house—Hiss! there they come—one—two—three daughters, the old man and woman and two gents, friends of the ladies, I suppose. Here they are down on the sofa. How I would like to grasp one of those delicate little feet! Grads! she would think the devil had her. I wonder how long I've got to stay here. I hope the conversation will be edifying."

In this manner his thoughts run for the space of an hour. By that time he found his situation anything but pleasant, not being able to move an inch. There were no signs of their departure, judging from their conversation, which was lively at first, and not knowing how long he should have to stay in such odious quarters, caused him to amuse himself most severely, and he got worse, to such a pitch, that he let an oath accidentally slip through his lips.

"Hark! what's that?" exclaimed one, but the others heared nothing.

"Jest Maria!" thought Gus, "what a narrow escape. If any of the others had heard it, I should have been discovered; then a pretty plight I would be in. I should have been taken for a burglar."

While thus congratulating himself on his escape, a shawl belonging to one of the ladies, hanging over the back of the sofa, slipped behind him. It was soon missed and a search commenced.

"It must have fallen behind the sofa," surmised the owner.

"I'll ascertain," said one of the young men, rising from the sofa.

Seizing one end of the sofa he whirled it nearly into the middle of the room.

Gods! what a scream. The young ladies nearly faint at what they saw at Gus lying on his face.

"Burglar! thief! robber!" replied the head of the house, retreating towards the door.

"Complimentary," said Gus, looking up. The two young men seized and raised him to his feet.

"Give an account of yourself; how came you here?" were the questions put to him.

"Thieves! robbers! watch!" screamed the ladies.

"Stop your noise," shouted the old gentleman, as Gus commenced an apology.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Gus, "you have found me concealed under the sofa, in a burgholous manner, but 'pon my soul 'twas for a different purpose."

He then gave a lucid explanation, and in such a manner that it set the old gentleman in a roar of laughter.

The girls were then called to be questioned about the matter.

"I shall see now, at any rate, who I have been skylarking with," thought Gus, as her step was heard on the stairs.

A moment more and a daughter of Ham, black as the ace of spades, strode into the room.

Such an apparition of darkness struck our hero dumb. For a moment he was a model of amazement; but a roar of laughter from all in the room restored his scattering senses, and he became fully aware of his ridiculous position.

"Where's my hat?" he faintly ejaculated, as he rushed from the room.

Until sleep closed his eyes, did the roar of laughter ring in his ears, and when sound asleep, a vision of a "negress" flitted before him.

THE CIGAR AND THE GIRL.—He who doth not smoke has either known no girls, or refused himself consolation next to that which comes from Heaven. What softer than woman? asks the young reader. Young man, woman teases as well as consoles. Woman makes half the sorrows which she consoles the privilege to console. Woman consoles, it is true, while we are young and handsome; but when we are old and ugly, sunks and scabs, on the whole, then, woman in this scale, the weed in that, Jupiter, hang out the balance and weigh them both; and if thou give the preference to woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee, O Jupiter, try the weed.

SAVING OF SENSE.—On the arrival of an emigrant ship, some years ago, when the North Carolina lay off the battery, an Irishman, hearing the gun fired at sunset, inquired of one of the sailors what that was. "What's that?" "Why, that's the sound you," was the contemptuous answer. "Sunset?" exclaimed Paddy, with doubled eyes. "Holy Virgin! and does the sun go down in this country with such a bang as that?"

A GENTLEMAN in Ohio, who died recently, bequeathed to his wife a handsome sum, providing in his will that in case she married again, she should be divorced.

AN IRISH housemaid, who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using a tooth brush. "Well, Mary, is he coming?" said the lady of the house, as the servant returned. "Yes ma'am, d'lectly," was the laconic reply, "he's sharpening his teeth."

A WHITE of the last century quaintly observed that when the cannons of the princes began war, the cannons of the church were destroyed. "It was," said he, "first nitre that governed the world, and then nitre—first Saint Peter, and then saltpetre."

It is undoubtedly a duty to acquire riches, not for the condition which they make, but for the power they confer. The wisdom, however, properly to employ them demands even more earnest study and honest endeavor.

A FELLOW not on good terms with his boots, had the impudence to remark that he could sell them easily enough, because they had been half sold once.

Singular Illusion.

The "range illusions with which hypochondria and insane persons are often afflicted, are not a little amusing to unconcerned spectators, however uncomfortable they may be to the patient himself. There are many anecdotes respecting these illusions related by medical authors.

Marcus Donatus informs us that a Laker of Ferrara believed that he was made of butter, and that on account would not approach the oven lest he should melt.

The same author relates that a person by the name of Vincentius imagined he was of such an enormous size, that he could not go through the door of his apartment. His physician gave orders that he should be forcibly led through it, which was done accordingly, but not without a fatal effect, for Vincentius cried out, as he was forced along, that the flesh was torn from his bones, and that his limbs were broken off, of which terrible impression he died in a few days, accusing those who conducted him of being his murderers.

Tulpius tells us that the wife of one Solomon Gahms fancied that she had been dead, but that God had sent her back to the world without a heart, for he had kept it in heaven. On this account she was extremely unhappy, and more miserable than any creature on the earth.

Grauer relates the case of a German student of theology, by the name of Ruo, imagining himself the subject of a Divine call; without waiting for holy orders, he commenced preaching. The following is the conclusion of one of his discourses: "He who believes not in witches does not believe in the devil; he who does not believe in the devil does not believe in God; he who believes not in God must be damned."

Hypochondriacs have sometimes imagined themselves a frail article of china, and have been in constant fear of being dashed to pieces, by the carelessness of servants or the forgetfulness of friends. Pops in The Cave of Spleen, thus represents these same breathing articles of brittleware:

"Here living bits pots, one arm held out. One bent; the handle this, and that the spout; A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks. Here sighs a jar," &c.

A LECTURER asserts that all bitter things were hot. "No," suggested Brown, "not a bitter cold."

It is an old saying that Time waits for no man; but the fair sex would have us believe that he is glibly enough to wait for the ladies.

EVENTS OF MISRE.—Sultan Amurat, that cruel prince, having laid siege to Bagdad, taken it, gave orders for putting thirty thousand Persians to death, notwithstanding they had submitted and laid down their arms. Among the number of these unfortunate victims was a musician. He besought the officer, who had the command to spare him for a moment, while he might be permitted to speak to the emperor. The officer indulged him with his entreaty; and, being brought before the emperor, he was permitted to exhibit a specimen of his art.

Like the musician in Homer, he took up a kind of psaltry, resembling a lyre, with six strings on each side, and accompanied it with his voice. He sang the taking of Bagdad, and the triumph of Amurat. The pathetic tones and exciting sounds which he drew from the instrument, joined to the alternate plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, reduced the prince unable to restrain the softer emotions of his soul. He even softened, he melted him into tears of pity, and relinced of his cruel intention. He spared the prisoners who yet remained alive, and gave them instant liberty.

A THIN old man, with a rag-bag in his hand was picking up a large number of pieces of whalibag which lay on the street. The deposit was of such a singular nature that we asked the quaint-looking gatherer how he supposed they came there? "Don't know," he replied in a squeaking voice; "I spot some unfortunate female was wrecked here about."

AMAT perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give up as unattainable.

"WELL, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting; now we have tramped it for three hours and found no game."

"Just so, gentlemen, as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting you have."

"How are you, Smith?" said Jones. (Smith pretends not to know him, and replies hesitatingly.) "Sur, you have the advantage of me."

"Yes," retorts Jones, "I suppose everybody has that's got common sense!"—Smith looks queer, and absconds.

AN advertisement, setting forth the many conveniences and advantages to be derived from metal window sashes, among other particulars observed "that these sashes would last forever, and afterwards, if the owner had no further use for them, they might be sold for old iron."

"Tommy, my boy did you see the fight of the bats, the other evening?" "Never the one, my honey. What kind of bats were they?" "Brickbats, ye spalpeen."

THE Young Men's Debating Society, having dismissed the question, "Where does fire go to when it goes out?" have got a new and more exciting one up—"When a house is destroyed by fire, does it burn up, or does it burn down?" There is to be a warm debate on this question.

Lime Your Land!

WE will furnish LIME at the Charle's Lime Kiln for agricultural purposes at the following rates:

10 cents per bushel for slacked Lime, 20 cents for unslacked.

ROBT. MAXWELL, Jr., Agent Charle's L. & M. Co. Sept. 5, 1859.

Notice.

THE undersigned gives public notice that he is a new, and has been for years, ready to pay over the distributive shares of Dr. Reuben Mitchell in the Estate of Wm. McDow, deceased. Notice is given, therefore, to all said Reuben Mitchell to come forward and receive his said distributive shares, as he will no longer be responsible for interest on the same.

G. W. McDOW, Adm'r. Oct. 17, 1859.

V. M. N. S.

A NORMAL MUSIC SCHOOL will open at 11 o'clock, 14 miles west of Pickens C. H., on the 14th December, next, at the residence of Wm. McDow, deceased. Notice is given, therefore, to all said Reuben Mitchell to come forward and receive his said distributive shares, as he will no longer be responsible for interest on the same.

Prof. WM. WALKER, A. S. H. Dec. 1, 1859.

MERCANTILE NOTICE.

THE partnership heretofore existing between A. Hunter & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to the concern, either by Note or Book Account, will save cost by settling up by the 1st day of January next.

A. HUNTER & Co. P. S.—The remaining STOCK OF GOODS will be sold for cash at cost and expenses. Wolf Creek, Nov. 7, 1859.

Notice.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the Estate of James I. Hollingsworth, deceased, are required to make immediate payment; and those having demands against said Estate must make prompt payment.

C. L. HOLLINGSWORTH, Adm'r. Nov. 7, 1859.

Notice.

THOSE persons having demands against the Estate of Sidney McDow, deceased, are requested to present them attested according to law; and those indebted to said Estate must make prompt payment.

M. J. McDOW, Adm'r. ROBERT CRAIG, Jr., Adm'r. Nov. 7, 1859.

GREENVILLE MARBLE YARD.

THE subscriber has on hand and is constantly receiving a large and varied assortment of American and Italian Marble.

To which he would call the attention of the owner of a suitable Monument to mark the spot where repose the remains of their dear relatives and friends. Carving and lettering of all kinds neatly and promptly executed.

Particular attention paid to orders by mail. GREENVILLE C. H., S. C., Feb. 22—31—

N. B. He refers to D. G.