

Amusing Reading.

MAIDEN RESOLUTIONS.

Oh! I'll tell you a fellow,
Of a fellow I have seen,
Who is neither white or yellow,
But is altogether green!
Then his name isn't charming,
For it's only common, "Bill";
And he wishes me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will!

He has told me off a cottage,
Of a cottage 'mong the trees,
And don't you think the crows
Tumbled down upon his knees?
While the tears the creature wasted
Were enough to turn a mill;
And he begged me to accept him,
But I hardly think I will!

Oh, he whispered of devotion,
Of devotion pure and deep,
But it seemed so very silly
That I nearly fell asleep.
And he thinks it would be pleasant,
As we journey down the hill,
To go hand in hand together,
But I hardly think I will!

He was here last night to see me,
And he made so long a stay,
I began to think the blockhead
Never meant to go away.
At first I feared to take him in,
And I know I hate him still;
Yet he urges me to have him,
But I hardly think I will!

I am sure I wouldn't choose him,
But the very next day,
For he says if I refuse him,
That he could find a minute;
And you know the blessed Bible,
Plainly says, we "mustn't kill,"
So I thought the matter over,
And I rather guess I will!

GOING A SHOPPING.

Did you ever go a shopping? I suppose not. Gentlemen have no genius for shopping. They are not equal to it. Nature has left their faculties imperfect in that particular. They can write books and make speeches, and all that sort of thing, but they are not up to shopping. It takes the ladies for that. Men go to a store and select what they want and buy it. But that is not shopping—that requires no genius.

Men pretend they don't like to go shopping with the ladies. I wonder who ever asked them? What lady would have such an encumbrance on such occasions? Men are well enough in their places. Young gentlemen are convenient to take us to concerts, and see us home from church, and bring us bouquets and music; and husbands are useful, I suppose, to pay bills, &c., but for shopping excursions they are quite out of place.

Do not understand me to insinuate that I have any distinguished ability that way. Not at all—I only speak for my sex. In fact, I acknowledge that I am regarded by my lady acquaintances as a poor hand at it. But my friend Sallie Z. is a model shopper. I am taking lessons of her, and hope to be perfected by the time I am married. A few days since she invited me with her.

"I wish to look at the new style silks," said she.

"Why, do you want a dress?" said I.

"Really," said Sallie, "if it were not impolite, I should say you were a veritable. I don't want a dress—but there's no reason I shouldn't see the materials."

So Sallie and I sallied out. The first store we entered, she asked whether the merchant had received his spring goods. He said he had, and inquired what she would like to see. "Show me your new style dress goods," said she; "such as barege robes and law robes, handsome striped and plaid silks; broad and changeable silks are not much worn this spring, but I'll look at your solid colors."

The merchant soon had his counter spread with goods. She examined and tossed the pieces about, making various ugly crosses in them to see whether they would come out again by rubbing.

"What style is worn?" said Sallie.

"Well, we sell more plaids and stripes than any other."

"Have you any with the blue stripe?"

"Oh, yes, some very fine," and a variety of pieces were produced.

"Well I can't say, after all, that I like the blue stripe; it looks like the old style revived. I prefer the plaids; the green is very pretty."

So Sallie held it in various lights, rubbing and creasing it. "Well it doesn't crease much," said she; "I wonder whether it will cut?"

"No, it is boiled silk, and we find the plaids and stripes usually wear well."

"Your silks are quite pretty, and you may cut me off samples continued Sallie."

This the merchant was forced to do, though with rather a bad grace, as most of his goods were in patterns, and he feared spoiling the piece.

"Will you be kind enough to give me the samples of the solid colors?"

These were also furnished.

"This plaid, you say, is one dollar thirty-seven cents. Is that the lowest?"

"Yes—we can't take less."

"How many yards in the pattern?"

"Fourteen."

"I'd rather have eighteen; perhaps I might conclude to have flounces. Well, I'll take the samples and show my mother, and then make up my mind. Have you any of the same?"

"This was handed her; she paid five cents, and we left. I looked at my watch. We had been there exactly a full hour.

"What a cheat! I can buy those spools for four cents," said Sallie, when we were fairly out, "and besides, we forgot their shawls!"

So we went to another store.

"Have you any Stella Shawls?"

"Yes, some beautiful ones just opened. Would you see the broche borders, or the printed?"

"Both."

"Any particular colors?"

"No—I'll look at all of them," said Sallie.

Different colors, qualities and patterns, were accordingly produced.

"What is the price of this green centre broche border?" inquired Sallie.

"We can afford you that at nine dollars—same style sold for fifteen two months ago. Some printed borders we can put at four dollars and fifty cents."

"No, I prefer broche; but can't you take less?"

I saw a twinkle in the merchant's eye, which made me think he knew she was only shopping.

"Now," said he, "if you won't mention it, I'll tell you have it for six."

Sallie looked surprised. She knew that style of article was selling at nine.

"Six dollars—is that your lowest?"

"Well—to oblige you, I'll say four."

A pause. "Then you think that four dollars is your very lowest?"

"Ahem! We have a large lot, and I want to dispose of them. I'll say two dollars and fifty cents!"

Still longer pause. "Are you sure it is a first-rate piece of goods?"

"I'll warrant it all silk and wool."

My friend was caught. Turning to me she whispered:

"I do wish I had brought some money!" and then addressing the merchant, she said: "I'll call again."

I never was so glad to get out of a store before, for the clerks had gathered around us, seeming to understand the joke. But Sallie went home, got the money, and insisted on my returning with her to the store for the shawl. The trader said he was sorry, very—because the shawl had just been sold. And so was Sallie, too, I thought. We went shopping no more that afternoon.

TREMBLING LECTURES. A FREE SOIL PREACHER.—"You are a fourth-rate preacher, but a first-rate liar. Crime, cowardice, and corruption glare forth from your glassy, gimlet-skewed eyes like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons."

"When the devil shall search hell for his jewels, he will gloat with a fiendish grin, and express his joy in an eldritch and unearthly squeak upon finding in the lower abyss, the putrid, gangrened, leprosy and plague spotted body of D—S. * * * Now, I dismiss you to the lashings of your own guilty conscience!"—youssissime, ape-browed, ash-colored Abolitionist!—you black-hearted, blue-eyed, cheese-faced coward!—you craven cringing, brainless bizzard!—you dark, damnable, double-faced driver!—you empty, crawling, creeping ear-wig!—you godless, guilty ghoul!—you heaven-defying, hell-deserving hypocrite!—you itch-infected, infernal imp!—you Jesuitical Judas Iscariot!—you knock-kneed, kangaroo-shaped knave!—you lousy, loose-tongued loafer!—you unlettered, miserable mander!—you pusillanimous, pewter-eyed poltroon!—you razor-facéd, red mouthed rip!—you sp-headed, shallow-faced scab!—you tallow-faced truckler-trickster!—you unwashed, unappointed, ulcer—your white-livered, wall-eyed, weasle-souled wire-wor!—you yelping, yellow, jaundiced yahoo!—you gizzard-footed zig-zagzany!"

Here the dictionary collapsed—the English tongue broke down, and the Yankee fainted away. Whether he will survive the cursing he got remains to be seen.

St. Louis Intelligencer.

THE USE OF LARGE WORDS.—Big words pass for sense with some people, and sometimes may be very successfully employed when nothing else will answer. As when a man, in great alarm, ran to his minister to tell him he could see spots on the sun, and thought the world must be coming to an end.

"Oh, don't be afraid," said the good minister, "it's nothing but a phantasmagoria."

"Is that all?" said the frightened man, and went away quite relieved.

A very smart lawyer in Wilmington, N. C., had the misfortune to lose a suit for a client who had every reason to expect success. The client, a plain old farmer, was astounded by the long bill of costs, and hastening to the lawyer's office, said:

"I thought you told me we should certainly gain that suit?"

"So I did," answered the lawyer; "but you see when I brought it up there before the judges, they said it was *ocean non judice*."

"Well, if they said it was as bad as that," replied the old farmer, "I don't wonder we lost it," and he paid the cost and a big fee besides without another murmur.—*Harper's Magazine for July.*

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.—"Pray tell me dear, what is the cause of those tears?"

"Oh! such disgrace! I have opened one of your letters, supposing it to be addressed to myself. Certainly it looked more like Mrs. than Mr."

"Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife's opening her husband's letters?"

"But the contents—such disgrace!"

"What! has any one dared to write me a letter unfit for my wife to read?"

"Oh, no! It is couched in the most chaste language. But the disgrace!"

The husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading the epistle that had been the means of nearly breaking his wife's heart. Reader, you couldn't guess the cause in a coon's age. It was no other than a bill from the Printer, for nine year's subscription!

The most sensible woman in all creation! She ought to be admitted a member of the craft.

APOLOGUE.—A poor laborer, in a certain village, died, after a long illness; and having escaped the turmoil of existence, presented himself at the gates of Heaven, where he found he had been preceded by a rich man of the same locality, who had just died, and having previously knocked, had been admitted by the Apostle Peter. The laborer, who stood without, was enebated by the ravishing sounds of singing, rejoicing, and sweet music which appeared to hail the entrance of the Dives; and having knocked in his turn, was also admitted. But what was his astonishment at finding silence, where seraphic sounds had so lately been joyously uttered! "How is this?" he demanded of Peter; "when the rich man entered, I heard music and singing; is there, then, some distinction between rich and poor in Heaven as on earth?" "Not at all," replied the Apostle, "but the poor come to Heaven every day, whereas it is scarcely once in a hundred years that a rich man gains admission."

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.—"Madam," said the keeper at the gate of Kensington Gardens, "I cannot permit you to take your dog into the gardens."

"Don't you see, my good friend," said the lady, putting a couple of shillings into the keeper's hand, "that it is a cat, and not a dog?"

"Madam," said the keeper, instantly softening the tone of his voice, "I beg your pardon for my mistake; I now see clearly, by the aid of the pair of spectacles you have been so good as to give me, that it is a cat and not a dog."

The clerk of a retired parish in England, when reading the third chapter of Daniel, wherein the names of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego are thirteen times repeated, after speaking them once, called them, during the remainder of the chapter, "the aforesaid gentlemen."

SHOCKING.—Mrs Partington reading an account of a railroad accident, was much surprised to learn that the locomotive had been driven off the track by the use of the switches. "She shouldn't have tho't," said she, "that the great iron engine would mine such a little thing as a switch."

"Yes, but you must remember, mamma," said Ike, gravely, "the locomotive has a tender behind."

"Oh, that indeed," replied the old lady, resuming her paper, "well, you need not talk about it, my son; go on with your lesson."

SCIENTIFIC.—"What is the cause of the potato rot?"

"It is attributed to the rot-tary influence of the earth."

"How was this ascertained?"

"By consulting a great many commentators."

A MERCHANT SOLD.—A merchant had advertised that his goods would be "sold for a song." A waggish customer came in and after selecting such articles as he had desired tendered in payment the Song of Hallelujah. The merchant acknowledged that both himself and goods were fairly sold.

"Zounds, fellow," exclaimed a choleric old gentleman to a very phlegmatic water of face person, "I shall go out of my wits." "Well, you won't have far to go," said the phlegmatic man.

A western paper having stated that Judge Douglass was a man of "loose habits," Prentice replies that, on the contrary, he is often very "tight."

Miscellaneous.

POPULARITY AND MERIT.—Dickens's and Irving's works sell, but the emaculated novel unilluminated by a single ray of genius, sells a thousand times better. This is "the fifty thousandth," says the exulting bookseller. And this becomes fame to you, the ephemeral novelist. You are a lion to-day, on account of your book; next day I am a lion because I safely scullied across the river in a wooden dipper—and you are forgotten! It is just ninety years since Goldsmith's "Traveller" appeared in a London newspaper. "The Vicar of Wakefield" was sold, through Dr. Johnson's mediation, for £10; and in ten years after the author died. With what love do we hang over its pages! His books are influences and friends forever; yet the five thousandth copy was never announced, and Oliver Goldsmith, M. B., often wanted a dinner! Horace Walpole, the coxcomb of literature, smiled at him contemptuously from his gilded carriage.—Goldsmith struggled cheerfully with his adverse fate, and died. But then mourners, whom he had aided in their affliction, gathered around his bed; and a lady of distinction, whom he had only dared to admire at a distance, came and cut a lock of his hair for remembrance. When I see that Goldsmith, thus carrying his heart in his hand, like a palm-branch, I look on him as a successful man, whom adversity could not bring down from the level of his lofty nature.—*George W. Curtis.*

STRYCHNINE.—In Ceylon and several districts of India grows a moderate sized tree, with thick shining leaves, and a short crooked stem. In the fruit season it is readily recognized by its rich orange-colored berries, about as large as golden pippins, the favorite food of many kinds of birds, within which are the flat round seeds, not an inch in diameter, ash-grey in color, and covered with very minute silky hairs. The German fancy they can discover a resemblance in them to grey eyes and call them crow's eyes, but the likeness is purely imaginary.—The tree is the strychnine nux vomica, and the seed is the deadly poison nut. The latter was early used as a medicine by the Hindoos, and its nature and properties understood by Oriental doctors long before it was known to foreign nations. Dog killer and fish scale are two of its Arabic names. It is stated that at present the natives of Hindoos often take it for many months continuously, in much the same way as an opium-eater eats opium. They commence with taking the eighth part of a nut a day, and gradually increase their allowance to an entire nut, which would be about 29 grains. If they eat it directly before or after food, no unpleasant effects are produced; but if they neglect this precaution, spasms result.—*Hansbald Words.*

WHAT OUR ENEMIES ARE DOING.—Gerrit Smith, the Abolitionist, has just pledged himself to give \$1,500 a month for the next twelve months, to aid in establishing Freedom in Kansas. He gave, but a short time since, at the Kansas relief meeting in Albany, \$3,000. Prior to that, he had sent about 1,000 to the Boston Emigrant Committee. Out of his own funds, he subsequently equipped a Madison County Company, of one hundred picked men, and paid their expenses to Kansas. At Syracuse he subscribed \$10,000 for Abolition purposes, so that his entire contributions amount to at least \$10,000. This is the tribute of one man's mere hostility to the spread of Southern institutions.

We wish we could point to a Southern man who, recognising Kansas as the battle-ground of the South—as the place where, of all others, we are to determine whether we will hold our position by power or henceforth exist by the mercy of our enemies—we wish we could name a Southern man who had given as much for the safety of his section as this fanatic for the triumph of his.—*Charleston Mercury.*

WITNESSES IN THEIR OWN CAUSE.—The Legislature of Massachusetts recently passed a law allowing parties in civil suits to be their own witnesses—the Court to hear the statements of both parties, and to decide between them, if there be no other testimony. The Boston Post says: "The law permitting parties in civil suits to testify as witnesses, went into operation yesterday, practically, in the Superior Court. The parties, as might be supposed possible, gave testimony of an entirely opposite character, yet the friends of the law thought they discovered in the uneasy position of the defendant, who test his case, an evidence that it would work favorably in its results."

A LARGE CASTING.—A brass propeller, for the United States steamer Roanoke, was cast at Richmond, Va., on Thursday last, weighing 27,000 pounds, and is said to be 1,000 pounds larger than any other composition casting ever made in the United States.

A NOVEL BALLOON ASCENSION.—A novel balloon ascension was made at Manchester, New Hampshire, on the Fourth. It may be safely said that 30,000 people witnessed the balloon ascension, with a live horse attached. Mons. Goddard went up like a kite, standing on the back of the horse, amid immense cheering, Madame Goddard being in the car of the balloon alone. They went up at 8.20, the horse hanging his head low down, with eyes intently fixed upon the earth, without struggling a particle. They were soon high in the heavens—about 9,500 feet, according to Mons. Goddard's estimate, sailing in a southerly direction. They made a circuit of about twelve miles, and at 8.55 landed in a field in Londonberry.

They threw out anchor and caught the balloon on the tops of trees, where they remained some ten minutes before they could get free, in the mean time the horse eating the leaves of the trees, as if nothing strange had happened.

COLUMBUS.—By a private letter from A. Hermon, Esq., our Consul at Genoa, we learn that he has taken much interest to procure a *Bust of Columbus*. He was greatly surprised to find no such memorial or representation of the great discoverer in Genoa, after visiting Florence and Rome, and much research, he found what he desired in the Campidoglio in the latter city, and learned that with the exception of one at Naples, no other existed in Italy. After some difficulty he succeeded in getting permission to have a cast taken from it, and he has the satisfaction of having at his consulate the only bust of Columbus in Genoa.—He has forwarded one via New York to Columbia, as a present to the Library of the South Carolina College. It will be a great acquisition, and Mr. Hermon deserves the thanks of all lovers of patriotism and the arts for his successful efforts in the matter.

South Carolinian.

RESOLUTIONS RETURNED.—Gov. Winston, of Alabama, has returned the resolutions relating to Kansas, passed by the Massachusetts Legislature, "with a request that the future resolutions of the Legislature of Massachusetts on federal affairs and the subject of slavery be no more forwarded to this department." He says:

"The obligation of the constitution, and the laws of the United States passed in conformity thereto, being disregarded and nullified by Massachusetts, we desire no further intercourse with your State, and wish to be free, in future, from insult from a State whose citizens do not recognize accountability for insult and libelous imputations upon the character of Southern States and the citizens thereof."

GOLD FLUTE.—A flute made of gold is on exhibition in London. The gold was brought from Australia, the alloy being of native Australian copper, and manufactured as stated on the instrument, for the fortunate finder of the precious metal. The quality of gold is 181 carats, and the weight of the flute 143 ounces, the value being estimated at about \$650. The instrument, of which the workmanship is exquisite, is constructed on the principle of Carté's improvement on Boehm; it may be made to produce a fine, full, and rich quality of tone, not belonging to the metal, but the result of the principle of construction.

PETITIONS FOR A DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.—There are now in circulation in all the Northern States petitions for the dissolution of the Union, having been sent out by the agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, with the request that they be signed and sent to Mr. Hale, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Wade, Mr. Seward or Mr. Fessenden, for presentation to the Senate, or to Messrs. Giddings, Burlingame or Comins, for presentation to the House. It is charged and not denied that prominent Republicans in New York have signed these petitions.

Providence Post, July 10.

MY FATHER'S WILL.—A good old man was one day walking to the sanctuary with his bible in his hand, when a friend met him, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Price; what are you reading there?" "Ah, good morning," replied he; "I am reading my Father's will, as I walk along." "Well, and what has he left you?" asked his friend. "Why, he has bequeathed to me a hundred fold more in this life, and in the world to come, life everlasting." The reply was the means of comforting his christian friend, who was at the time in sorrowful circumstances.

TRAGEDY AT OCEAN VIEW, VA.—On Monday night, Geo. Guy, living at Ocean View, in Norfolk county, Va., while crazed with liquor, arose from bed and set fire to the house. His wife, with one child, escaped; but the other child he wrested from her and it was burned with the house, the father dancing around the burning building, beating a tin pan. On Tuesday morning the remains of the child were found in the house, while the maniac parent was piling up stones around it. He was arrested and lodged in Portsmouth jail, after a desperate resistance.

SUPPOSE AN ANGEL SHOULD SAY TO-day, "come with me and see thy God!" What effect would it have upon you? Don't deceive yourself! If you do not love God, you never will want to see him. Seeing him will never make you happy. But if you have done your first duty—if you can say, "thou knowest all things, thou knowest I love thee"—how happy you are now—how happy you will be when you appear in his presence and see him as he is.—*Rev. W. Arthur.*

SINGULAR REQUEST.—Mrs. Susanna Oliver, aged 97 years, died in Rockingham county North Carolina, on Saturday last. For several years past she has been using crutches, and previous to her death requested that one crutch should be placed at the head and the other at the foot of her grave, which request was attended to.

HEAVY LOSS.—The Albany Express is of opinion that the losses to the speculators in breadstuffs and provisions in the United States, within a few months, cannot be less than \$15,000,000. Ordinary brands of flour have fallen 84 per barrel, and wheat \$1 per bushel.

A CHILDISH THOUGHT.—We learn toleration from children; for no man can have his whiskers pulled by a young brat, without feeling what an intolerable nuisance he must have been as a child himself.—*A Sarly Old Bachelor.*

The Yorkville Enquirer.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, AT TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

TO CLERKS OF THE PRESS, the paper will be furnished, one year, for Fifteen Dollars—invariably in advance. All subscriptions not specially limited at the time of subscribing will be considered as made for an indefinite period, and will be continued until all arrears are paid, or at the option of the Proprietors. Subscriptions from other States must invariably be accompanied with the cash or the name of some responsible person known to us.

ADVERTISERS will be inserted at One Dollar per square for the first, and Thirty-seven and a half Cents for each subsequent insertion—a square to consist of twelve lines, Brevier, or less. Business Cards, of a half-square or less, will be inserted at \$5, per year. For advertising Estrays Told, &c. (Gleanings, &c. Notices of Application to the Legislature, &c.) to be paid by the persons handing in the advertisements. Monthly or Quarterly Advertisements will be charged One Dollar per square, for each insertion. Contracts by the year will be taken on liberal terms—the contracts however, must be in cash or by note, and to the immediate business of the firm or individual contracting. All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on the margin, will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.

Obituary Notices exceeding three lines in length, will be charged for the surplus, at regular rates. Tributes of Respect rated at advertisements.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, they must continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bill, and order the paper discontinued.

4. If any subscriber removes to another place without informing the publisher, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The Court has decided that refusing to take a Newspaper from the office, or reading by a person in the office, is *prima facie* evidence of an intentional fraud.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

Columbia and Chester Mail. Leaves daily (Sunday's excepted) at 8 A. M. Arrives at 12 P. M.

Spartanburg Mail. Arrives Tuesday and Friday by 12 P. M. Departs Tuesday and Friday at 1 P. M.

Earlyville Mail. Arrives every Tuesday by 4 P. M. Departs every Wednesday at 5 A. M.

Newton Mail. Arrives every Thursday by 8 P. M. Departs every Friday at 5 A. M.

Camden Mail. Arrives every Monday and Thursday by 12 P. M. Departs every Monday and Thursday at 1 P. M.

Lincoln Mail. Arrives every Monday and Friday by 7 P. M. Departs every Tuesday and Friday at 6 A. M.

Charlotte Mail. Arrives every Wednesday and Saturday by 6 P. M. Departs every Thursday and Friday at 7 P. M.

Unionville Mail. Arrives every Wednesday and Saturday by 6 P. M. Departs Monday and Thursday at 6 A. M.

Shelby Mail. Arrives every Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 6 P. M. Departs every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 A. M.

W. R. ALEXANDER, P. M.

WAIT FOR THE WAGON!

If you want to buy Cheap.

L. BLOOMBERG & BROTHER, ARE ON BOARD.

WITH A LARGE AND COMPLETE STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

WE have recently purchased in the cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New-York, and are now opening at our stand

North of Walker's Hotel,

a splendid assortment of GOODS, which for cheapness of style, variety, good quality and cheap prices, cannot be surpassed here or elsewhere.—To our friends.

THE LADIES,

we are prepared to offer a beautiful and rare variety of DRESS GOODS, the latest styles of SPRING and SUMMER DRESS SILKS, plain, striped &c. &c. Bournes, Trusses, Mullins, Prints of new and pretty designs; a beautiful style of

FRENCH JACONETS,

Bombazines, Alpacaes, and every kind of DRESS GOODS; also, a full and elegant stock of plain and figured Hosiery, Plain and Figured Socks, CRAPES, PAISIES, and Dress Goods generally. Also, a new supply of English, French and American Prints, Ginghams, &c. of the latest styles; with a fine lot of FANCY GOODS and TRIMMINGS. These goods are all of the best quality, and having been purchased for CASH and at very low rates, can be and will be afforded "CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST."

G. R. RATCHFORD.

May 29 22 6

REMOVAL.

North of "Walker's Hotel."

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has removed his shop to the room nearly opposite the old stand, recently occupied by THOMASSON & JENKINS as a Drug-Store, and has on hand a

Large and Fine Stock of Leather, and other material; and is now prepared with competent workmen to fill all orders for work in leather at the shortest notice, on reasonable terms and in a workmanlike manner.

He has also on hand, a fine assortment of Northern-Made Shoes, Gaiters, &c., which he will warrant to be equal to any brought to this market.