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THOS. W. ATKIN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Two Dollars and Forty Cents per annum in advance, or Three Dollars within the year.

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Constantly on hand at the lowest market rates.

RANKIN & PULLIAM.

April 3, 1846.

SUGAR

At five pounds to the dollar, can be had of

W. WILLIAMS.

march 6.—tf

ANVILS AND VICES,

Received, and will be sold at the lowest prices.

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April 3, 1846.

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J. S. & J. F. SMITH.

Asheville, Oct. 31, 1845.—tf 272.

"THE RICHEST BLESSING OF LIFE IS HEALTH."

DR. SPENCE'S VEGETABLE PILLS

ARE the cheapest and most approved Family Medicine ever offered to the Public. They are extremely mild in their operation, neither causing sickness of the stomach, nor any unpleasant sensation in the system, as is too frequently the case with medicines given to act upon the bowels; hence multitudes, who have been unable to take other pills or preparations of medicine, on account of their nauseating effects, may take these pills without the slightest disagreeable feelings.

By their manifest and sensible action upon the chyle, which is the fountain head of health or disease, they may justly be considered a Universal Medicine, and the complaints that come most directly under their influence, and for which they are so particularly designed, are as follows—Bilious Fever, Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Sick headache, Enlargement of the Spleen, Jaundice, Asthma, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Piles, Colic, Bowel and common complaints, Impurities of the blood, Female obstruction, Delirium, Nausea, Furred Tongue, Distention of the Stomach and Bowels, Incipient Diarrhœa, Flatulence, Habitual Costiveness, Determination of blood to the head, Loss of Appetite, Blotched or Sallow Complexion, and in all cases of Torpor of the bowels, where a cathartic or aperient medicine is needed. As many of the above enumerated diseases come on imperceptibly, and become far advanced in their progress before it is even suspected that they exist in the system, no one should expect in such cases, to be at once relieved entirely, but should continue the use of the pills for a considerable length of time. Full directions accompany the medicines for their use, in all these complaints for which they are recommended.

Price 25 cents per box.

WORM LOZENGES.

WORMS cause the death of thousands, and suffering to millions. Dr. Hull's worm lozenges are the surest and safest preparation ever discovered for expelling worms. They are so pleasant to the taste that children will cry for them as they would candy. Only read what this medicine has done.

Yorkville, Gibson Co., Tenn., Dec. 21, 1843.

Dr. C. E. Hull—Some months since your agent left with me for sale, what he considered a large supply of your Worm Lozenges, but I have sold all out, and could have sold three times as many more, had I been supplied to that amount. I hope you will instruct your agent to leave a much greater supply when he comes this way again. Their use in my family has been of great benefit. Edward McCorkle, Esqr. gave some to a child of his, four years old, and the first dose brought away between thirty and forty worms. Mr. William McDaniel had a child upon the physicians pronounced incurable, and said it would die, but the child was cured by using Dr. Hull's Worm Lozenges.

Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN LUNKIN.

Price 25 cents per box.

DR. HULL'S

18

COUGH LOZENGES

EVERY Family in the United States should keep a supply of Dr. Hull's Cough Lozenges in the house, not only to counteract the dangerous tendencies of the ultimate, but to be used as a preventive and cure in all cases of colds, coughs, spitting of blood, pain in the side and chest, whooping cough, irritation and soreness of the lungs, bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, hectic fever, night sweats, emaciation, general debility, asthma, influenza and croup. A single box of this medicine will reveal its astonishing virtues, and upon at once the foundation of health and strength to the afflicted. Price 25 cents per box.

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IT has been, and some still consider that the toothache cannot be cured without extraction. This however is an erroneous sentiment. Dr. Lycurgus's Elixir will, if properly applied, restore the sensibility of the inflamed nerve, and effect a speedy and permanent cure. It is sold at the low price of only 50 cents per vial.

These truly valuable medicines are for sale in Asheville by Messrs. Patton & Gudger; in Hendersonville by Ricks & Pattson; H. C. Hogshead; Rutherfordton Dr. C. Rabo, Greenville, S. C. and non agency may be found in almost every Store and Post office in N. C. and the Southern States.

April 1, 1846.—206—6m.

Indigo, Madder,

Copperas, Epsom Salts, Sugar, Coffee, &c. &c., for sale as cheap as the lowest, or a little more so, by

J. S. & J. F. SMITH.

Feb. 27. tf

Spun Thread.

We have on hand and for sale a large stock of spun thread. Call on us.

J. S. & J. F. SMITH.

Feb 13, 1846. tf

FLOUR! FLOUR!

Either by the bag or barrel, both from Tennessee and from Cole, Lowry's mill.

RANKIN & PULLIAM.

April 3, 1846.

CORN, WHEAT, OATS.

Flaxseed, Wool, Beeswax and Tallow, received in exchange for Goods, by

W. WILLIAMS.

march 6.—tf

TABLE CUTLERY, POCKET & PENKNIVES.

The largest and finest stock we ever had the pleasure of exhibiting, at the most reduced prices.

RANKIN & PULLIAM.

April 3, 1846.

MANUFACTURED TIN-WARE

Of Superior quality, tested and warranted not to leak. For sale either in small or large quantities.

RANKIN & PULLIAM.

April 3, 1846.

SALT, SALT.

A few sacks of Salt for sale by the sack or bushel, like every thing else I sell, cheap for CASH.—Call at the Cheap Store of

W. WILLIAMS.

April 24, 1846.—208—tf.

CASTINGS.

A small lot of handsome Castings just received at the Cheap Store of

W. WILLIAMS.

They are going off rapidly, call soon or you may not get any.

April 24, 1846.—206—tf.

SUPERIOR DUTCH BOLTING CLOTHS,

Anchor brand—assorted numbers—warranted. Just received and for sale at the lowest rates, by

RANKIN & PULLIAM.

April 24, 1846.—206—tf.

Flax Seed Oil

By the gallon or barrel, for sale by

W. WILLIAMS.

march 6.—tf

From the Olive Branch.

The Modelliar's Vengeance.

A SINGHALESE TALE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PRISONER.

One burning afternoon in the month of June 1817, a detachment of British soldiers were, or might be seen, creeping stealthily along the Eastern roots of the Hamaleel mountains, in the Island of Ceylon. At the time when we are called on to notice them, they had just passed through and out of a very extensive jungle, and were entering upon the corner of that vastly marshy plain which stretches from the Ocean to the foot of Hamaleel—With that caution which, more than any other quality, has contributed to the success of the British arms, they were drawn up in the most perfect order, and evidently ready for immediate action. Although the heat was scorching, the thick red coats were buttoned nearly up to the chin, and the heavy caps pressed down over the eyebrows; not a single whisper was heard through the ranks, and with the bright musket barrels glaming in the sun (they had not learned the necessity of *browning* in those days,) they swept by, with a swiftness and silence that made their passage seem like a dream.

The officer commanding, was a young looking man. He was tall and slender, and carried his head with that hungry air which betokened command. There was a world of decision and energy marked in the massive jaw and rounded chin. But the firmness was unrelieved by any gentler expression, and the icy coldness of the eye permitted you to imagine what you pleased about the hard recess of the heart. He strode along at the detachment, deeply engaged in conversation with one of the men, and occassionally casting the most searching glances round the country before him.

The man with whom he was conversing, and who had the stripes of a sergeant, was about five feet eight inches, in height, and revealed in his tremendous shoulders and massive neck, evidences of the most prodigious muscular power. His countenance was tanned by the weather until it had assumed a dark brown color, but where the cap had shaded the forehead and brows, the skin was delicately white. The whole expression of the countenance was good humored in the highest degree, especially, when a sunny smile revealed two long rows of dazzling white teeth. Every thing about him was *soldierly;* from the top of his shako to the sole of his boot there was nothing upon which the most fastidious martinet could have cast a disapproving glance. To him the officer turned very frequently, to make remarks, and he appeared to listen to his replies with great attention.

They had passed through the jungle and were now coming out upon the open plain. The prospect was anything but encouraging. On the left hand rose the Hamaleel Mount at the foot of which they travelled, bare and naked to the top and exhibiting nothing as far as they could see but solid walls of rock, and lofty cliffs, the edges of which were as sharp as a knife. To the right was an immense plain stretching away for a sightless distance, without a single tree or even a bush and burned brown by the intense heat of the sun. Before them, in the blue distance rose the Holy mountain of the Singhalese, the gigantic Adam's Peak, where as the Brahmins say, the father of mankind dwelt after the expulsion from Eden. More immediately before them, shewing, was a long low hill crowded with a thicket—the first there was. This lay directly in their way and they must pass or even go round it.

"What do you think of it now, Hughes?" inquired the officer of his companion.

"What sir?" demanded the sergeant.

"Why, the prospect of meeting any human being in such a savage looking place as this?"

"Why sir, I think such a savage looking place is the very place where you might count on finding the savages you are looking after."

"True, for if Wilkanisha, or any other robber, would come close to take up his quarters, he would have much less chance than I need to suppose. What can he do upon, or where could he hide himself?"

"He could hide himself there," said the Sergeant, pointing to the thicket which they were approaching, "and I am much the inclined to think that he is not very far off. It looks sight like to look about us."

"What do you mean, or what we had to do, since we are not upon this contemplated expedition?"

"Perhaps" said the Sergeant coolly, "Perhaps I had better take some of the men and reconnoitre. I should, sir, I do not like the looks of that thicket at all."

"I do not think there is any one in it," replied the officer "I do not see the least sign of a Singhalese."

"Well, Lieutenant, you, of course, will do as you please, but if you direct, I am willing to go alone rather than not at all. These contemnded blacks are every where, and come upon you, like bad luck, just when you least expect them."

"If that is true," said the Lieutenant, laughing, "they ought to be close at hand for I never had less expectation of seeing them than I have now!"

Hardly had he spoken, when, as if to confirm the remark of the Sergeant, a flight of arrows whizzed close by them, and one of the men fell heavily on the ground with one quivering in his brain!

"There they are!" shouted the Sergeant, and as he spoke a savage yell and a fresh flight of arrows from the thicket told the presence of a numerous enemy.

The men huddled round the body of their fallen comrade, breaking their order and expressing surprise and terror by their loud exclamations. They were evidently panic struck, and all order would have been irretrievably lost, if the Lieutenant had not immediately rallied them. "Silence!" he shouted in a voice that was heard high above the tumult, "silence! you cowards! and listen to the word of command! Leave the dead alone! Fall into line! Be steady! Forward Double quick, march!" The habit of discipline prevailed over terror and confusion, and they formed into lines and rushed up the hill at the top of their speed. Before they got half way up, the edge of the thicket was swarming with troops of Singhalese who rushed out of its recess to receive the British. The Lieutenant immediately saw his advantage. They were exposed and he gave his orders almost with the rapidity of thought.

"Halt! Front rank, kneel!"

The command was instantly heard and obeyed; and a shout of savage exultation arose from the Singhalese when they saw the whole line kneeling as they supposed in supplication.

"Make ready! *take aim!* Fire!"

A shower of bullets aimed with deadly accuracy, tore through the naked crowd and covered the ground with wounded and bleeding wretches. The second rank had fired over the heads of their kneeling comrades, and every bullet told!

"Front rank, as you were! Recover arms! Fix bayonets! and charge!" "Charge! charge!" shouted the officer in a voice like a trumpet, and obeying the command with the precision of machinery, the soldiers rushed forward up the hill, with levelled muskets and a row of glittering bayonets sweeping the Singhalese before them out of the thicket like chaff! The natives fought like tigers, but without order or discipline. Frantic with excitement they threw themselves on to the ranks. They flung their axes in the soldiers' faces—they cast themselves under their feet and cut at them with their knives—but all in vain. They might as well have fought against a wall of rock. Every where, the bristling line of bayonets swept down all before it, and finally they cast aside their arms, and leaving the unequal contest, fled for their lives. Blinded and mad with fear, they poured themselves out of the thicket, which was insulated, on to the wide plain we have spoken of, and were butchered by the soldiers, who pursued them with terrible furry, breaking up into sections to get at them more effectually, and inflicting ghastly wounds with formidable broad bladed bayonets, every thrust of which let out a life. Some ran to the mountain, hoping to find protection amongst the almost inaccessible cliffs, but the bullet was swifter than fear.

Those who attempted to stand, were swept down in an instant, and trampled out of the very semblance of humanity under the feet of the soldiers. Only a few escaped the persevering pursuit of the soldiers who had seldom so good an opportunity to repay their bitter persecutors, and who were determined to 'feed fat the grudge they bore them.' Sergeant Hughes was the only man who captured a prisoner for, so intense was the hatred of the soldiers and so determined the resistance of the Singhalese, that no quarter was either asked or offered, and they were destroyed without mercy. At length the destruction was complete, and the soldiers, weary with slaughter, returned to the thicket out of which they had driven the Singhalese.

When Serjeant Hughes returned with his section, the first person he noticed was the Lieutenant, leaning on his sword, which was crimsoned from hilt to point, his head bound up in pocket handkerchief, and the blood running down his uniform profusely.

"A prisoner sir," he reported, touching his cap.

A dark and ominous frown gathered on the ghastly countenance of the Lieutenant as he ordered him to "bring up the Singhalese dog!"

Making a sign to his men, the Sergeant had the prisoner brought forward. He was a very young man, of a light and graceful make, who stepped out at the Sergeant's bidding, with a step as light and a look as haughty as if he was not a prisoner in the power of bitter and deadly enemies. His eye was bold and bright. His carriage upright and dignified. His countenance was very noble, beaming with intelligence and stamped with resolution, while his skin had not clear lines almost within the infallible evidence of very high caste.

"So," said the Lieutenant sternly, speaking in the native tongue, "you have league yourself with a band of robbers!"

"I know of no robbers here but yourselves!" replied the young man proudly.

"Do you dare to call the Singhalese fierce robbers!" said the Lieutenant in a sharp tone.

"Yes," replied the native, "unless you call for the title of murderers."

"Upon my word you are a plain spoken young cub!" said the Lieutenant, smiling sweetly worming round his pallid lips. "Your teachers have taught you to speak very coolly, I should incline from it. Do you know what you are?"

"Well, we have seen heavy work, or rather we had to do, since we set out upon this contemnded expedition!