

My First Day with the Rangers.

(Concluded from first page.)

that we should find it after a while, for I knew he must have taken this route. Sure enough, within about five miles of town, we saw where it came along with another horse. I suspected at once that this was a Mexican who was guiding and assisting him. We kept on very rapidly, and Littell had fallen several hundred yards behind me, when, after passing that point of timber some moments, I heard a gun behind me, and turning my head very quickly, I saw your horse just shying from the smoke, and wheeling on the back track—while the rifle of Littell dropped from his hands. I saw at once, from his manner, that he was hit, and expected to see him fall. The horse appeared to be greatly frightened and was clearly running without any control. It at once occurred to me, that the man who fired would attempt to escape from the other side of the mountain, and thinking more of vengeance than anything else, as soon as I could rein up and turn my horse, I galloped around it. I saw this fellow already in the saddle, making across the prairie, and instantly took after him. He had the start of me, and kept it for nearly two hours, though the hottest and hardest chase that ever I had. I thought at one time the wretch would beat me and get away, but the staunch bottom of my horse proved too much for his. Such doubts and turns and twists as he made among the mounds you never saw. "Yes," interrupted Fitz, "we have a very perfect idea of them—haven't we been worried enough in following your trail?" As his horse began to fall, "continued the Bravo, "he doubled like a fox in the effort to lose me among the islands; but I had no notion of being thrown off and after a while began to close rapidly upon him. When he became convinced that there was no chance for his escape very greatly to my astonishment, he turned suddenly in the saddle, leveling a large pistol at me—I bent forward over my horse's neck, and the ball whizzed above me. As I straightened up, I also fired, but missed, and at the same instant my horse came full tilt against his, and we went down together. I was on my feet first, and with my second pistol against his forehead, was in the act of firing into him, when with the utmost cool and comical expression conceivable, under the circumstances, he exclaimed, as he looked up grinning in my face, "You missed and I missed—we are even." I burst into a laugh and threw down my pistol, while the fellow rose and shook himself and began to kick and curse his prostrate horse. "Garracho! you nasty brute; if I hadn't thought you were better bound, I should not have gone to the trouble to steal you," and turning to me, he observed, "but he pushed you some, my boy. I shall have to steal your bay next." I was so tickled at this unprecedented impudence, that I fairly roared, while the knave, finding he had got the right side of me, continued in the same strain. "I let you pass, but it was an old grudge I had against Littell. He had me whipped in Matamoros last spring, and I promised to be with him before the year was out, and you see I have been as good as my word. I hope he's done for." There was something so funny and original in the rascal's saucy self-possession, that it was some little time before I could restrain my laughter sufficiently to address him. "You can't expect mercy from us, you scamp," said I. "Oh! no, I suppose you are going to have me shot. My bueno—I think I've worked for it. I have stolen some half dozen horses from you Rangers. Ha! you are Gonzalez?" "Yes," "Well, I pity you, if Hays or any of the boys get hold of you, I mean to tie you and take you into town." "Bueno," he said, holding up his hands readily, and I tied them, and here he is. You may shoot the fellow if you can, but I'll be sworn that I neither can nor will have a hand in it. He's such an odd genius, that I think it would be a sin almost to shoot him—though it ought undoubtedly to be done, and I wish you all would do it." "Oh!" says Hays, dryly, "never fear, Bravo, we'll relieve you of that score very shortly. But here's the water—we'll draw lots for the six who shall shoot him, as we get ready for camping."

I could not help feeling enlisted in the Bravo's sympathy for the man, who during this conversation—every syllable of which he fully understood—had maintained the same bearing of reckless and defiant coolness. We dismounted by the side of a clear rapid stream, under the narrow fringe of timber which bordered it, and after tying the Mexican to a tree, proceeded to strip our horses, stake them out to grass, kindle a fire, and make all the usual preparations for camping. This was all done in perfect silence, for the stern resolve which was about to be executed, under any view of it, no room for frivolity of feeling. The Bravo had instantly, on dismounting, and in entire forgetfulness of his faithful horse, stretched himself upon the grass in front of Gonzalez, and continued to regard his face—which maintained unblenchingly its expression of calm indifference—with an intensely curious interest. Indeed, it was an awful trial his hardy nerve was subjected to—looking upon the silent progress of a preparation the consummation of which he well knew was to close his account with men and the world. "There was, to me, something positively terrible in the mute activity of our men, and the sharp fixed alertness of the regard of the prisoner. When every thing had been arranged, we gathered around the fire in speechless awe—feeling that the crisis had come, yet dreading its action. Not a word was spoken till Hays said, in a low voice, as he pulled a pencil and some paper from his pocket—"The six men of the eleven, who draw the lowest numbers, will shoot him!" He proceeded to write them down, and handed them around to us in his hat. I drew my number with a degree of nervousness which surprised me; for, independent of my natural and invincible horror of a cold-blooded execution such as this—I had partaken of the Bravo's liking for the singular and piquant traits he had exhibited, and was very loathe to be made an instrument of his death. My gratification was extreme, when I saw that my number was so high as to place me out of danger. Those who drew the low numbers, seemed to feel the most perfect indifference about the affair, and ranged themselves in front of Gonzalez with precisely the same air which would have characterized them had been a wooden target they were going to shoot at, instead of a fellow-being. The row of dark tubes were leveled at him, and Hays was repeating his tips to enunciate the fatal word—"fire!"—when the man in a clear, paternal voice said—"Garracho! don't aim so low, you clumsy bunglers!" The Bravo, springing to his feet, exclaimed—"Jack! hear that! don't shoot this fellow! I spare him for my sake—could the devil beat that?" Hays waved his hand, and the guns, greatly to my gratification, were lowered, and in another moment the Bravo had cut the thongs which bound the limbs of the Mexican, and he stood before us a free man. With the same unmoved self-

collection and frankness, which had characterized his whole bearing, he proceeded to explain to us his connection with the negro's escape. He told us, that, attracted by a human sympathy for the boy, whom he had met accidentally in the shop of the Blacksmith, with his heavy chains on—had furnished him with a file to cut them, and advised him to the utmost as to the manner of his escape, and guided and accompanied him in his flight to the thicket—where he had concealed himself while the law went on—and recognizing the Bravo, had let him go by—but the features of his old and sworn enemy had proved too much for his prudence, and he shot at him with the results we have seen.

Such as it was, this was my first day with the "Rangers," and we were soon afterward sound asleep on the grass.

POETICAL.

THE LAST INDIAN.—[By Miss M. A. Lee.]

Upon that distant rocky shore,
Where the broad Pacific waters roar,
Gazing on that fast rushing tide,
There stood a form of might and pride—
An Indian Chief, last of his race,
A nobler form than his, I ween,
On this fair earth is seldom seen.
And proudly glanced his eagle eye
Beneath a forehead broad and high;
A blanket, striped with many a hue
Of crimson, green, and deeper blue,
Was loosely draped about his waist,
And from his belt his hatchet hung,
The war paint stained his swarthy cheek,
Roughened by tempest bleak;
Beside him lay his bow unbent,
Ah! useless now that Chieftain's bow,
Alone he stands in grief and woe,
And gazes on the golden sun,
Whose journey now was nearly done,
His anguish into utterance broke,
And with raised hand the Indian spoke:
"Yes, glorious orb, sink to thy rest,
And hide thee in the Ocean's breast;
Thou shalt to-morrow, fair and bright,
And greet the waking earth with light;
And shine again o'er tower and dome,
That rise where rose the red man's home;
But never more thy beam shall fall
On Indian hunter's cabin wall.
I, bright Chieftain, bid thee good day,
When came the Spaniard's proud array;
As bright to-day thy beaming smile,
As when they came from England's Isle,
And freely with the Pilgrim band,
We shared our happy hunting land,
Then, their numbers, weak and few,
Into a mighty Nation grew.
In him, when the foeman stood confest
In him we had received as guest,
We dug the hatchet from the ground,
And in their ears our war-whoops sound.
Thou saw'st, O Sun! full many a plain
Playing the gladiators' deadly game;
And oft the quiet stars looked down
On burning house and rained town.
Ah! vainly bent the red man's bow;
His nation perished sure but slow.
Partly by force, but more by fraud,
The pacific won the forest broad;
And with steady towns and cities grew,
Where erst the wig-wag rose to view,
No more o'er lake or river blue
Shall warrior guide his light canoe;
No more in forest, far or near,
Shall Indian hunter chase the deer;
No more across the mountain side
Shall gather youth and grey-haired sire;
No more upon the battle eve
Shall painted hands the war-dance weave;
None follow now the battle trail,
And none are left their fate to wait.
The red man's race is now a name,
And I am left alone, to mourn!
Yes, set, bright sun, beyond my sight,
For me no more shall beam thy light.
He ceased—the sun had gone to rest,
Far in the ocean's western breast;
Brightly the stars were cast
On him of Indian race the last.
His bow within his hand he took,
And cast on earth a farewell look,
Then plunged into the foaming wave,
And died, like Indian warrior, brave.
Little Falls, N. Y.

CULTIVATION OF STRAWBERRIES.

Strawberries multiply rapidly during their growth, by runners from the parent plant, which, rooting at every joint, form numerous new plants. To form new plantations, these need only to be removed to the bed where they may flourish. This work may be done early in autumn or early in the spring; the former is best. If done in autumn, care should be taken that the plants are not thrown out by frost, especially on heavy soils. This may be prevented by treading the soil closely around the roots before the ground becomes frozen. Such beds will bear some fruit the summer following the transplanting, and will furnish an abundant supply the second season. The alpine produce well in one year.

Soil and Situation.

The best soil for the Strawberry is a deep rich loam, though it will succeed and bear on any soil which is fertile. The situation should be open, and well exposed to light and air. It succeeds very well in a single row, as edgings. The alpine and wood strawberries may be planted in a more shady situation than the others; it is during hot and dry seasons of the year that they are intended chiefly for bearing. They are consequently well adapted to edgings for shrubbery. When the soil is rich, the advantages of employing straw-berries for edging is great, as they succeed in such soils much better than in single rows than when crowded together in a bed.

General Culture.

A very general error is to plant too near together; especially if the soil be fertile. Thorough culture is by far the best at the same time that it is ultimately the cheapest method. It is true that on common rich garden soils a bed may be transplanted which will produce fine fruit and good crops with little care after once prepared; we have known beds to yield plentifully almost untouched for years, not even having been weeded, the thick growth of the strawberry keeping down, in a great measure, every thing else. But by the following through mode, or one practiced by Keen of Leicester in England, who first raised the celebrated variety known as Keen's seedling, the greatest amount of fruit may doubtless be obtained for the care and labor expended, while the quality is greatly superior. The soil for this mode of culture should be ploughed or trenched deep, and mixed with manure, or some other good manure. It should be somewhat sterile; it should not be thrown to the surface. The ground should be prepared at least a month before transplanting. "The best way," says Keen, "to obtain new plants, is, by planting out runners in a nursery, for the express purpose, in the previous season; for it is a very bad plan to supply new plantations with old plants." The distances of three rows asunder are about two feet, and eighteen inches in the row for the large varieties, as Methven and Keen's seedling; the smaller varieties may be a little nearer. This distance may seem too great, but it is necessary for sun, air, and culture. "These large distances," says Keen, "I find necessary for the reason of fruit in my garden ground are frequently a foot long." This fact is a sufficient proof of the excellence of his mode of culture. "After the beds are planted, I always keep them as clear of weeds as possible, and on no account allow any crop to be planted between the rows. Upon the growing of the runners I have cut when necessary, and I always have the rows dug between; for I find it refreshes the plants materially, and I recommend to those persons to whom it may be convenient, to scatter in the spring, very lightly, some loose straw between the rows. It serves to keep the ground moist, enriches the strawberry, and thus, by a little extra trouble and cost, a more abundant crop may be obtained. A short time before the crop ripens, I always cut off the runners, to strengthen the root; and after the fruit is gathered, I have that fresh runners have been made, taken off by a reaping hook, together with the outside leaves around the main plant, after which I take the beds, then hoe them, and take them up again. In the autumn, unless the plants appear very strong, I have some dung dug between the rows, but if they are very luxuriant, the dung is not required; for in some rich soils it would cause the plants to turn nearly all to leaf. I have to remark, that the dung used for manure, should not be too recent, and that it should be well rotted to spit dung, which many persons choose. The writer has found great advantage both as a matter

of economy of labor and for the increase of production, to cut out strawberries in long rows, about two or two and a half feet apart, and let the plants stand in the rows, so that they may be cultivated with a horse. The difference between suffering a bed to become thickly matted over, and keeping the plants or hills well bedded apart, is incredible to one who has not seen it. A half pint of the largest and finest strawberries from one hill is easily thus produced.

SPIRITS OF TURPENTINE.—WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

We copy from the Richmond Herald the following description of Wilmington, North Carolina, containing an account of distilling Turpentine:

Wilmington, the principal seaport of North Carolina, stands on a sand bank, on the river Cape Fear, about 30 miles from the Atlantic Ocean. A few years since it was nearly consumed by fire. The buildings are nearly new and quite scattered. Its population is about 6000. It has the appearance of being a thrifty and growing place. Its principal exports are turpentine and lumber. The distillation of turpentine employs a considerable capital. Eight large distilleries are kept in constant operation—one of these using 2000 barrels of turpentine a day. A large still, with its apparatus, costs \$2000. The process of distillation does not vary materially from that of rum. The condensing still is supplied with water from the river, by means of a small wind-mill. The spirit escapes from the worm in a considerable stream.—About six hours are requisite to run off the contents of a large still. The best turpentine yields 40 gallons of spirit to the barrel; but the inferior quality not more than three gallons. Good turpentine costs \$2 per barrel, and the spirit sells readily at 33 cents a gallon, and rosin, which is the portion of the turpentine remaining after the extraction of the spirit, at 75 cents to \$1 per barrel. Eight hundred barrels of turpentine are daily distilled in Wilmington—about two-thirds of the whole amount brought to this market—yielding not less than 4000 gallons of spirit. This branch of business is prospering. Considerable wealth has been realized by those who first engaged in it, notwithstanding some severe losses have been sustained by fires.

The lumber business is, probably, of greater importance to the place than the turpentine. There are seven, or more, large steam saw-mills constantly employed in cutting plank. The one which I visited cost \$14,000, and employs 20 hands. It has two timber frames, and cuts 15,000 feet of plank daily. The average value of the timber needed to furnish this mill is \$100. At this time the lumber supplied by these mills exceeds a ready sale of 100,000 feet. Several large saw-mills are waiting their turn to be loaded. Some five schooners were at the wharf, receiving freight as the lumber was sawed.

There was a time, it is believed, when men seeking fame, with inability to come at in any other way, would commit some dreadful crime, and thus become notorious, and draw large concourses to their trial and execution. That age has past; and all who have any inclination in that way, now a-days, had better save the Sheriff the little trouble of building a gallows and buying a rope; for the gratification can only be in proportion to the trouble caused, and that is small. The day is rapidly approaching, (and in degree now is come,) when desperadoes will be swung off like farmers hang wolves and sheep-killing dogs, which are soon forgotten. There is no chance for a man to live in the memory of the people, at these times, by being on the wrong end of a rope. Drowning or hanging one's self is still worse. Such like have become too common to excite much attention. A fellow sacrifices life for fame, but by the time he wakes up in hell he's forgotten on earth. He had better live humbly and honestly and die peacefully.

A Venerable Woman.

There died at Springtown, in West Marlborough township, Chester county, (Pa.) on the 24th ultimo, Mrs. ESTHER TOWNSEY, at the remarkable age of 103 years and 11 months. She was born in 1741, more than a century ago; since which time hundreds of millions have descended to the grave. She survived through several generations, and at the time of her death her daughter's family, in which she resided, was composed of the old lady, her daughter, her granddaughter, her great-granddaughter, and her great-great-granddaughter; a regular descent of five generations. These were the only persons constituting the household—five persons, each representing a generation! The age of her daughter is seventy years, and of her great-great-granddaughter about three years. Mrs. TOWNSEY was born in Ireland; her memory of the events of her early life was unimpaired.

Discovery of Lithographic Stone in Canada.

Mr. Logan, the Geologist, at present employed in a geological survey in Canada, has made a discovery (says the Montreal Gazette) which promises to be of great importance. He has found near Lake Simcoe great beds of lithographic stone, namely, that used in the lithographic art for taking the drawings and producing the impressions on paper. So large is this bed, that Mr. Logan has explored it for sixty or seventy miles! Hitherto, Germany has been the sole source from which the world has been supplied with this valuable article.

Infernal Machine at Boulogne.

The last masked ball at Boulogne had very nearly terminated in a scene of horror.—The day before it was to take place it was discovered that the floor had been taken up, and a large box of powder inserted beneath, and so covered with chemical matches that the movement of the floor would cause the explosion. Accident alone made the discovery. The object, no doubt, would have been considerable. Like the theatres of Italy, the private boxes of this theatre are turned into so many private saloons for supper during the balls, dressed with the utmost expensiveness.

A Thrilling Scene.—In Frankfort, a gentleman lost his wife by death. Three days after her interment he had some business with a young physician of that town. Calling at his house, he was informed that the doctor had gone out, but would soon return. He concluded to wait, and to pass the time more agreeably, as he thought, went into the young physician's Studio, and there he found a student with scalpel in hand in the act of dissecting a dead body. He started back at first view as people generally do when suddenly coming into the presence of the dead. Recovering from his surprise, he stepped towards the corpse which the student was cutting, and, horror of horrors, found the dead body to be that of his wife, buried three days ago. His feelings may be imagined, but cannot be described. The husband immediately took legal measures against both student and doctor. They were examined and bound over to answer for the crime of carrying away and dissecting dead bodies.

LIQUORS FOR SALE.

7 Hogsheads PRIME MOLASSES,
10 bbls. N. Orleans do.
3 tierces inspected Rice,
150 sacks Salt,
7 hds. prime Porto Rico Sugar,
65 bags prime Coffee,
150 bushels mountain snow ball potatoes
6,000 lbs. Bacon,
50 barrels prime Flour.
MICHAEL BROWN.
Salisbury, March 4, 1845. t45

JUST received a supply of Garden Seed, which are Early six week Peas, Marfat do., French Sugar Beet, Blood Beet, White Crockneck Squash, Summer do., Early do., (green striped), Drumhead Cabbage seed, Early York do., Battersea do., Sugar Loaf, do., Savoy do., Red Dutch do., Early Battersea do., Long Green Cucumber, Early Frame do., Small Gherkin do., Swiss top Radish, Long scarlet do., Cabbage Lettuce, Ice Head do., White solid Celery, large Dutch Parsnip, Curled Parsley, Onion Seed, (silver skin) Vegetable Oyster, Tomato seed, Turnip seed, &c., &c. J. H. ENNISS.

FLOWER SEED.
Just received the following Flower SEED.
Golden Eternal Flower, Scarlet Cassia, Carrotion Pink, Devil in a Bush, White Immortal Flower, Double Balsam, Mignonette, Tea week Stock, (Gill) Violet cold Zinnia, Nemophila insignis, Dwarf Convolvulus, Sensitive Plant, Yellow Lupinus, Portulaca Splendens, Sweet Abyssum, Purple Candytuft, Pinks, Drumhead, Coreopsis Elegans Pink. J. H. ENNISS.

LIQUORS FOR SALE.
A pipe best article, French Brandy,
1 bbl fine old Madeira,
1 do Port Wine, (superior)
1 do Malaga wine,
1 do Holland Gin.
Salisbury, Feb 1. 1845. J. H. ENNISS.

WANTED
FROM 10 to 15,000 feet of Walnut or Cherry Plank, for which a liberal cash price will be paid.
Jan. 14, 1845. D. WATSON.

WANTED
NEA—3 half chests superior Hyson Tea, which I will sell at cost to close sales.
Feb. 1, 1845. J. H. ENNISS.

Benefits of Advertising.—The following

from a New York letter of the Charleston Courier, shows the benefits arising from advertising extensively, as it is well known that vendors of patent medicines have pursued the plan with great success:

"Brandreth, with his pills, has risen from a poor man to be a man of extensive fortune. He has now at Sing Sing a three story factory for grinding his medicines. Aloes are carted into it by the ton, and whole cargoes of the pills are despatched to every part of the Union, and down every body's throat. He has expended thirty-five thousand dollars in a single year for advertising. Comstock began with nothing, but by crowding his patent medicines, has been able to purchase one of the first houses in Union Place, and gives magnificent soirees, suppers, &c. Moffat, adding bitters to pills, has run up a handsome fortune of nearly \$300,000. Sherman, taking the lozenge line, has emerged from his little shop in Nassau street, into a buyer of his lots and houses by the wholesale. I need not mention Swaim, of Philadelphia, who, by pouring his panacea into people's stomachs, can afford to buy a single pearl head band for his daughter worth \$20,000—to prove that we are a pill-eating and bitter-drinking people! Your literary man will starve in his garret, while your pill maker will emerge from his garret into a palace.

Drilling Mexican Soldiers.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Tropic, writing from Vera Cruz, thus speaks of the mode of drilling raw recruits, as practised in Mexico:

"I witnessed to-day in the Plaza the drilling of a company of soldiers; they were, indeed, not of the most soldierly description, but they were all clad, their accoutrements were correct and cleanly.—They amounted to several hundred, and never shall I forget the brutality with which their discipline was attached. The drill sergeant appeared to be the most hard-hearted extor of the exactest minutiae connected with the business that can well be imagined. He was armed with a cane about five feet in length, and seemed to consider that it was solely grown to be applied to the unholy purpose of flogging his fellow creatures; he marched through the ranks, scrutinized every soldier, with the most malignant diligence, and if any one's musket was not found to be in an orthodox position, down came the cane with the vehemence with which brute force and brutality could inflict it. And then I saw kicking of the shins because the legs and feet were not in right order; I turned away from the disgusting spectacle, which I understood is repeated daily."

FROM THE NORTH STATE WHIG. FARMER'S SONG.

In summer days I till the ground,
And work and toil to get my bread;
No interval can then be found
Between my labor and the bed;
My wife declines to knit at night,
And I to read by candle light.
But when the South receives the sun
Beyond the equinoctial line,
When all my summer's work is done,
Substantial pleasures then are mine;
My wife begins to knit at night,
And I to read by candle light.
I'm then content and never sigh,
Nor fly from home some bias to find;
My wife is pleased as well as I;
It so completely feeds her mind
To sit her down and knit at night,
And hear me read by candle light.
For when I read she always hears,
And what she hears she tries to scan;
When taught to her obscure appears,
Then I explain it if I can.
Oh, how she loves to knit at night,
And hear me read at candle light.
But when she drops a stitch, and gaps,
Soon gases again and nods her head,
I close my book and say, perhaps,
"Tis time, my dear, to go to bed;
So knit again to-morrow night,
And I will read by candle light."
A FARMER.

FOR SALE.

7 Hogsheads PRIME MOLASSES,
10 bbls. N. Orleans do.
3 tierces inspected Rice,
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SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS FOR 1845!

At the Old Tailoring Establishment.
HORACE H. BEARD
HAS just received of Mr. F. MANLY, the London, Paris and Philadelphia Fashion, for the Spring & Summer of 1845, which far surpasses any thing of the kind heretofore published. He still carries on the TAILORING BUSINESS in all its various branches, at his old stand, where he is ever ready to meet and accommodate his old and new customers with fashionable cutting and making of garments, not to be surpassed by any in the Southern country. Punctuality, despatch and faithful work, as has been, always shall be his aim and object. Thankful for past encouragement, he hopes to merit its continuance. P. S. Reference he deems unnecessary, as his experience and work for the last thirteen years will show.
April 12, 1845.—428 H. H. BEARD.

SPRING & SUMMER FASHIONS FOR 1845—JUST RECEIVED.

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT!

ALSOBROOK AND MILLER, Tailors, (late of the City of Raleigh).
HAVING located ourselves in the Town of Salisbury, (permanently), we intend carrying on our business in a style not to be surpassed in the State or out of it. Our establishment is in the room on the corner of the Mansion Hotel, formerly occupied as the Post-Office. We have employed the best of Northern Workmen. No expense or pains will be spared to render this a Fashionable Establishment in all respects. Gentlemen, therefore, may rely on having their clothes made up in the most fashionable and durable manner. We have been engaged regularly in cutting for the last five years, and part of the time in some of the most celebrated establishments in the Southern States. We shall not hesitate to guarantee every thing to fit our cut and make.

NEW FASHIONS FOR THE FALL AND WINTER OF 1844-5.

THOMAS DICKSON respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he will carry on the TAILORING BUSINESS in all its various branches, two doors above J. W. Murphy's store, where he is ready to execute all orders of his customers in a style and manner not inferior to any work done in this part of the country. He is also in the regular receipt of the NEW YORK FASHIONS, and prepared to accommodate the tastes of the Fashionable at all times.
Oct 12, 1844. 1y3

LAND FOR SALE.

THE subscriber being determined to remove to the west, offers for sale his plantation lying on fourth creek, within two miles of Concord Church, two miles of Liberty Hill, and eight miles Northwest of Statesville, containing 800 ACRES, upon which there is about 100 acres in cultivation; 40 which is in grass; a good Orchard and a first rate meadow; two DWELLING HOUSES, one barn and other necessary outbuildings; the best kind of a spring; a first rate new SAW MILL AND OIL MILL, now building; and will be finished before possession will be given; a good neighborhood and healthy section of country. Persons desiring to purchase, or a pleasant situation would do well to call and view the premises, as I will sell lower than any plantation can be bought in this section of country with equal soil and improvements.—Terms accommodating. SILAS D. SHARPE. Liberty Hill, Ireland co., May 20, 1844. tfs

GROCERIES, AND A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF CONFECTIONARIES.

Soda Biscuit, and Water Crackers;
Raisins, Almonds, Prunes;
Sergars and Stauff, (Scotch and Macebay);
A GREAT VARIETY OF CANDIES,
AND TOYS.
Fish—Sardines, Salmon Herring, and Mulletts;
OLIVE OIL
Shoe-Blacking, fiddle Strings, spern and tallow Candles,
NASH BRANDY,
AND VARIOUS OTHER LIQUORS & WINES,
such as French Brandy, Holland gin, Jamaica rum; Madeira, Port, Tenerife, Claret, Champagne, Muscat Malaga and domestic wines. Also, some splendid Porter, Scotch Ale and Albany Ale.
A great variety of other articles in my line of business too tedious to mention; and which I will sell as low as they can be sold for cash, or on credit to punctual dealers. All the above fine articles will be found at the Salisbury Confectionary and Bakery, opposite J. W. Murphy's store, or at the Salisbury Grocery and Confectionary.
F. R. ROEBE. Salisbury, Dec. 21, 1844. tfs&36

NOTICE.

ALL those indebted to the Estate of Joseph Clotter, filter, dec'd., are requested by the subscriber, to come forward and make payment, and all those having claims against said Estate, are hereby notified to present them for payment legally authenticated within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. GEORGE CLOTFELTER, Executor. March 5th, 1845. (47-5t)pd

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he still continues to carry on the Cabinet Business, in Salisbury, on main street, a few doors south of J. W. Murphy's store, and just opposite the Rowan Hotel. He has on hand a large assortment of furniture, and keeps in his employment the best of workmen, and uses the best materials the country affords. He has on hand at all times an assortment of such work as will suit the wants of the country, such as Bureaus, Sideboards, Secretaries, Cup-boards, Tables, Candle-stands, Washstands, Bed-stands, Cane Bottom and Windsor Chairs, &c. A neat assortment of Coffins will also be kept on hand, arranged from twenty inches to the largest size. All of the above shall be made in the best style, and the charges for or done as low as any other shop in any other of the kind in this place, or in the State. All kinds of country produce and lumber will be taken in exchange for work. DAVID WATSON. Salisbury, Jan. 20, 1844. 25d

FOR SALE.

7 Hogsheads PRIME MOLASSES,
10 bbls. N. Orleans do.
3 tierces inspected Rice,
150 sacks Salt,
7 hds. prime Porto Rico Sugar,
65 bags prime Coffee,
150 bushels mountain snow ball potatoes
6,000 lbs. Bacon,
50 barrels prime Flour.
MICHAEL BROWN.
Salisbury, March 4, 1845. t45

FRESH GARDEN SEED.

JUST received a supply of Garden Seed, which are Early six week Peas, Marfat do., French Sugar Beet, Blood Beet, White Crockneck Squash, Summer do., Early do., (green striped), Drumhead Cabbage seed, Early York do., Battersea do., Sugar Loaf, do., Savoy do., Red Dutch do., Early Battersea do., Long Green Cucumber, Early Frame do., Small Gherkin do., Swiss top Radish, Long scarlet do., Cabbage Lettuce, Ice Head do., White solid Celery, large Dutch Parsnip, Curled Parsley, Onion Seed, (silver skin) Vegetable Oyster, Tomato seed, Turnip seed, &c., &c. J. H. ENNISS.

FLOWER SEED.

Just received the following Flower SEED.
Golden Eternal Flower, Scarlet Cassia, Carrotion Pink, Devil in a Bush, White Immortal Flower, Double Balsam, Mignonette, Tea week Stock, (Gill) Violet cold Zinnia, Nemophila insignis, Dwarf Convolvulus, Sensitive Plant, Yellow Lupinus, Portulaca Splendens, Sweet Abyssum, Purple Candytuft, Pinks, Drumhead, Coreopsis Elegans Pink. J. H. ENNISS.

To the Freight Receiving Community

The time has now arrived when the Spring Goods are purchased, and will be coming on to go up the Cape Fear, as well as large supplies of Salt and other heavy articles. There are two lines of Boats on the River. I have only to state my ability for carrying Freight. Having one of the best Freight Boats (the Wm. B. Meares,) that can be started, not alone on this River, but any River in the three Southern States, drawing but 3 1/2 to 4 feet, and carrying the cwt. of 9 or 900 lbs of Cotton. Her performance I will say nothing about; that is generally known. She is built after the Richmond, owned by O. B. Hilliard of Charleston, a longer boat, not so wide. She has attached sufficient number of Lighters for low water. My line never stopped last Fall; lightered on 15 inches water, and got up all the Goods we took in—no making expenses, which, after paying, left nothing for tolls—which, but for the kind indulgence of the Navigation Company, allowed us to get along. Molasses and hhd. of Sugar were as readily taken as Hat boxes. This appears to be forgotten altogether.

Allow me to ask for part of the Freight. I will attend to every part of it; receive and forward, and get it up too. My Boats can go, if any of you have trades to make, please divide it between the two lines. You will then add to the support of each line of Boats. But do not give one line all the Freight. Divide. I am not well enough to go crying to all of you, and preferred giving this public notice. My charges for attending to your business will be 10 per cent, and no other charge. A highly qualified merchant will attend to the business here, and due notice will be given of all arrivals from foreign as well as home ports.

I am compelled to seek for business in this manner, have no doubt of my success. I have consulted several, and find that I have an equal chance from the good will of the owners of the Goods, and would not now interfere with the receiving and forwarding of them, if I had any chance at all—but have been told the Salisbury and other merchants have ordered all their Goods by the other line. Well, I have seen some of you and you say it is not so—I will see the rest of you soon. I will not store your Goods that come to me, neither will I tie them up in a Steam or Tow Boat at this end of the line—but send them forth. All Goods consigned to me will have a decided preference, with some few exceptions. Please, in filling up your bills of lading, (those that send their Goods to me,) insert, to be landed on O'Hanlon's Wharf—that was the new tack of the opposition last Fall, to be landed free of wharfage. I never have charged it, but did not get an agent in New York to go about and tell it.

STOP THE THEFT!

A man by the name of William Jones (alias Winingham) did on the night of the 12th of March, steal a bay mare from Peyton Colvard, on Reddy's River, Wilkes county, N. C., on the road leading from Jefferson C. H. to Wilkesborough. At the same time he stole a Watch from James Y. Crawford and an over-coat and saddle bags from Jas. Y. White, travellers staying at his house, and about 810 or 812 in cash from said Colvard; then went down Reddy's River and stole the same night a fine saddle, bridle and martingales from Alex. Whittington. The mare was about six years old, about 4 feet 10 inches high, a very deep red bay, a small snip on her nose, and some white on both hind feet, with a small knot on the inside of her hind right angle, branded with a small C about as big as a quarter of a dollar on the left shoulder. The mare is known as Peyton Colvard's race mare.

Said Jones is about 20 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches high, fair complexion, rather yellow hair. He possibly may change his name, as it is understood he went by the name of Winingham until he stole a horse in the lower part of the State, when he assumed the name of Jones, and committed the second horse theft. Any information will be thankfully received respecting the thief, and a liberal reward for the delivery of the mare to the owner.

PEYTON COLVARD.
Wilkes co., N. C. March 25, 1845.—tfs&3t

JOHN U. VOGLER, Watch and Clockmaker.

WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Rowan and the adjoining counties that he has opened his shop on main street, in the office formerly occupied by Wm. J. Plummer, as saddle, three doors below J. H. Enniss's Apothecary store, where he is prepared to execute all kinds of watch and clock business. His work will be done to the aged he can say that come and you can have good specialties, also glasses fitted to suit any