

"EACH STATE RETAINS EVERY POWER NOT EXPRESSLY DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES, IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED."

VOL. II.

EDITED BY M. KENYON.

MILTON, N. C. SEPTEMBER 18, 1830.

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NO. 15.

TERMS.—The MILTON GAZETTE & ROANOKE ADVERTISER, is published on every Saturday morning at the price of Three Dollars a year, payable on the receipt of the first number. No subscription received for a less term than one year. All subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, will be considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions, and the papers will be sent to them accordingly. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, except at the discretion of the Editor.

Advertisements, making fourteen lines or less, will be inserted in the Gazette three times for One Dollar, and Twenty-Five Cents for every subsequent insertion; those exceeding fourteen lines, charged in proportion. The usual allowance will be made to those who advertise by the year.

N. B. All those who possess the leisure, &c. are especially invited to favour the Gazette with their communications; all of which shall receive the attention due them.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

MOON'S PHASES.	D.	H.	M.
Full Moon,	2	5	23E.
Last Quarter,	9	8	43M.
New Moon,	16	9	13E.
1st Quarter,	25	1	37M.

Day of the Week.	Sun. Rise.	Sun. Sets.	Day's length.
18 Sunday,	5 55 6	5 12 10	
19 Monday,	5 56 6	4 12 8	
20 Tuesday,	5 57 6	3 12 6	
21 Wednesday,	5 58 6	2 12 4	
22 Thursday,	5 59 6	1 12 2	
23 Friday,	6 0 6	0 12 1	
24 Saturday,	6 1 5	59 11 59	

NOTICE.

RUNAWAY from the subscriber, on the 19th, of August last, his negro man NED, who is yellow complexioned, about five feet ten inches high, stout and well made, no particular marks recollected, except the seat of a barn on the top of his head, he is intelligent in conversation and is apt but he will attempt to pass as a free man, his clothing not recollected, except a blue and cloth coat.

A reasonable reward will be given any person who will deliver the said negro Ned to me, living six miles South East of Caswell Ct. House.

JOHN KIMBROUGH, Sept. 6th, 1830.—14—31. pd.

NOTICE.

STRAYED, or stolen, from the subscriber, at Brown's Store, on the night of the election, which was the 12th of August, a small

Bay Mare,

with some small white specks on her back, and a dent in one of her hinder legs, near the lower hock, no other marks particularly recollected. A few days after, was taken up in the commons near the same place, a small bay mare supposed to have been rode off by some absconding fellow, and turned out and the subscriber's taken in place of her. She has no very notable marks except some small white specks under her belly, and barefooted, and judged to be four years old. If not applied for very soon she will be posted.

Caswell N. C. JOHN HARRISON, Sept 1st, 1830.—13—31

LOST.

DURING last Caswell Court week, a paper containing about \$140, mostly in N. Carolina ten dollar notes. Also, a bill of tobacco, given by Joseph B. Covington, for \$189 87 1/2. Any person who has or may find the said papers and money, and return them, to me, shall be liberally compensated.

Sept. 1830.—13—31pd. JAMES LEA, Sr.

THE SUBSCRIBERS,

HAVE two first rate Mountain-made WAGGONS for sale, in Milton. Apply to S. Watkins, & Co. or to Mr. A. Nunnally.

R. & J. YARBROUGH, July 23d, 1830.—8—tf.

NOTICE.

THE firm of Owen & Jeffreys, was dissolved on the first of December, 1829, by mutual consent. All the books and papers of the concern, are put in the hands of Malbon Kenyon, for settlement—who alone is authorised to settle and collect the same, and grant receipts. Those who are indebted, are required to come forward and pay the same promptly, as further indulgence will not be given.

OWEN & JEFFREYS, Milton, April 3d, 1830.—43.

WOOL CARDING.

OUR WOOL-CARDING MACHINE is in first rate order, and now in operation. Those who wish Wool Carded, will find it to their advantage to bring it soon, that it may be carded in the warm season. It must be cleaned and cleared of all hard substances that tend to injure the cards, with one pound of grease to every 10 lbs. of wool, and a sufficient quantity of strong sheets to contain the rolls.

Prices for Carding—Eight Cents a pound, cash, or one fifth part of the wool.

R. & J. YARBROUGH, July 1830.—6.

HANDBILLS & BLANKS,

Neatly executed, to order, with promptness and despatch.

SALE OF VALUABLE Blooded Horses.

WILL be exposed to public sale on a credit of twelve months, on the 14th, of Oct. next, at the Milton Race Course, it being the Jockey Club Purse Day,

One Stud Colt, two years old last Spring, of fine size and uncommon beauty. Sired by Sir Archie, his dam by Shyllock; out of Lady Burton—Shyllock by the imported Bedford, Lady Burton by Sir Archie.

Also at the same time one other Stud colt, 1 year old last Spring by Monsieur Tonson, out of the same dam as above. These colts have been bred with especial care and are surpassed by none in the world in form size and purity of blood.

A. GRAVES, Admr. Of B. YANCEY, dec. Sept. 11th, 1830.—14—ids.

WINDSOR Chair-Making, &c

SAMUEL SHELTON, late of Greensborough, presents his compliments to the inhabitants of Milton and its vicinity, and would inform them that he has opened a Shop, nearly opposite the Store of David & William Kyle, in which he carries on

WINDSOR CHAIR-MAKING

in all its branches. He will constantly keep on hand, a general assortment of all kinds of Chairs, Settees, &c.

FANCY AND HOUSE-PAINTING.

He would respectfully invite the attention of such persons as may want any article in his line of business as he is determined to execute his work equal, and superior to any in this section of country, and at a moderate price as can be obtained.

GENERAL POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT. July 10th, 1830.

PROPOSALS

FOR carrying the Mails of the United States on the following Post Routes in this State, to be received at this office on the 15th day of October next, including

1. From Warrenton by Ellisville, Williamsboro, Oxford, Roxboro, Williamsville Leesburg, Red House and Milton to Danville, Va. 92 miles and back twice a week in two horse stages.

Leave Warrenton every Tuesday and Saturday at 3 p m, arrive at Oxford days by 10 p m, and at Danville the days, Wednesday and Sunday, by 9 p m.

Leave Danville every Monday and Thursday at 5 a m, arrive at Milton by 9 a m, leave Milton at 9 a m, arrive at same days by 9 p m; leave Oxford days, Tuesday and Friday, at 4 a m, arrive at Warrenton same days by 10 p m.

2123. From Danville, Va. by West Point, N. C. Lawsons, Rawlinsburg, Rockyworth, Mount Pleasant, Madison, Rocky Spring, Blakely and Paynesville to Salem, 83 miles, return by way of Oak Ridge and Summerfield to Danville, once a week.

Leave Danville every Monday at 5 a m, arrive at Salem every Tuesday by 6 p m. Leave Salem every Wednesday at 6 a m, arrive at Danville every Thursday by 5 p m.

IRON.

SAMUEL WATKINS & CO. HAVE on hand, and will continue to receive from the Washington Iron-Works, a complete assortment of Iron, which they will sell at \$5 per 100 pounds, Cash.

May 27th.—51—tf.

FOREIGN. DETAILS OF THE LATE CONFLICTS IN PARIS.

PARIS, July 30.—A postscript to my private note to you on Tuesday evening, was couched in these terms:—"We are in for a revolution."

I wrote you two notes on Wednesday, but I have every reason to believe they were destroyed. On Tuesday evening matters began to wear a very serious aspect. The gendarmes posted on the Place du Palais Royal were incessantly attacked by what you in London would call a mob of dandies, with a perseverance and a desperation of which all the riots, revolts, tumults, or revolutions of England afford no example.

Determined, as some imagined the gendarmes to be at that time, I fancied I saw the early symptoms of fear and indecision in them. Still they fought with certain and desperation, but every moment their assailants were reinforced by boys, workmen, clerks, students, coachmen, and in short, all classes. The firing became, every moment more sharp.

I returned home, and after dinner was making my way again to the Palais Royal, when I met a band of men in the Rue Vivienne, bearing the corpse of one of their unhappy comrades. As they passed the Rue Colbert, where their was (was, indeed!) a Swiss post their signs of vengeance were frightful. They took the body to this place de la Bourse, stripped and exhibited it, surrounded by candles, and amid unceasing cries of "Vengeance!" and "Aux armes! aux armes!" The report of an odd shot fell upon the ear at intervals; but, although the streets were crowded, no other sound was heard save those above mentioned. A little later and the lanterns were smashed, their long cords left dangling in the centre of the

of them 41 years before. At ten o'clock the wooden guard-house of the Place de la Bourse was attacked, the gendarmes expelled, and the guard house itself set on fire. A party of Sapeurs Pompiers (firemen) arrived to extinguish the flames, but they would not be allowed to act, and suffered themselves to be disarmed.

Later all the armourers' shops in Paris were attacked, and every weapon carried off. At 11 o'clock comparative quiet reigned throughout Paris; but the nature of such a calm could not be misunderstood. At four o'clock in the morning the people began to assemble at many points, principally in the Rue St. Homore. The well-dressed mob of the preceding day reappeared, and reinforced but were outnumbered by the terrible men from the Pambours of St. Antoine and Marceau. The Tuileries were approached but, no act of hostility occurred up to ten o'clock. In the meanwhile the brave of the *ci-devant* Garde Nationales began to assemble on the Boulevards, in the Place de Gerva, and in other places, with the certainty of death if defeated. At the same moment a new and most important incident occurred. The students of the Ecole Polytechnique, having been dismissed without their swords (lads of from fifteen to twenty-three years of age,) joined the people nearly to a man, then separated, proceeding singly to different parts to take the command of the people, or rather to receive it from them; and nobly did they repay the confidence so placed in them. In an hour an immense force was brought to bear off several points. The Hotel de Ville was attacked, carried, and became the *point d'appui*. The depot of artillery in the Rue du Bac (St. Thomas d'Aquin) was equally carried, and the cannon carried off to the most important points, and worked with amazing coolness and effect for twelve hours.

The Tuileries were entered, and the gendarmes who were posted there, were soon followed their example. I should have mentioned earlier that the whole garrison of Paris had been ordered out on the preceding night. The 5th Regiment were ordered "Make Ready!" "Present!" and they turned their pieces on their Colonel, waiting with singular coolness for the word "Fire!" That officer immediately broke his sword upon his knee, tore off his epauletts, and retired. The people threw themselves into the arms of the soldiers, who received their embrace, but maintained their position.

"Vive la ligne!" (regiments of the line) was, in consequence, during the night, and ever since, a constant exclamation with the people. At ten o'clock I went to the Place du Carrousel. In the Rue Richelieu, and all the neighbourhood of the Rue St. Honore, the

parties were *en face*. The 3d Guards maintained the appearance of determination to fight. The people were accumulating frightfully. Not a word spoken. The garden of the Tuileries was closed. In the Place du Carrousel I found three squadrons of Lancers of the Garde Royale, a battalion of 3d Regiment of the Garde, and a battery of six pieces, also of the Garde. The Tuileries and Louvre were occupied by a regiment of Swiss Guards. They have perished!

A few soldiers of the Garde were eating their breakfast—all the rest, to whom I have referred, were on the *qui vive*, ready to mount or fall in.

I passed on to the Quai du Louvre. The Pont des Arts to wooden bridge for foot-passengers opposite the Louvre, and the Palace of the Institute, were so crowded, that I turned, fortunately, to the Pont Royal. At that moment a dreadful tirailade was heard in the direction of the Place de Greve. It was answered by a rolling fire in every direction, and in five minutes 15,000 of the finest troops in the world found themselves engaged with citizens, variously armed. Here was a small party of elderly men, National Guards, who, with a *sang froid* only equalled by that of the beardless students of the Polytechnic School, opened their fire on the Garde Royale—horse and foot, and artillery, French and Swiss—taking especial care to avoid injuring the regiments of the line, who remained grave spectators of the slaughter that ensued. In another direction might be seen the ferocious Federes of the quarters St. Antoine and Marceau, with their pikes of 1815, or other less terrible-looking weapons—thousands of women and unarmed people looking on and encouraging the popular party.

For ten hours the war raged incessantly. On every hand, without intermission, musketry rolled, cannons thundered, shouts and cries were heard. I proceeded to a remote quarter of the town, which I found quiet as on ordinary occasions.

I had sat for two hours, at a window overlooking the city, with a Colonel of the Imperial Old Guard. The first words burst from his lips with a tone of triumph—"Nous avons un point d'appui!"

The Hotel de Ville had surrendered. The "line" fired no shot during the day. The 53d refused to act. The cannoniers of the Guard gave their pieces an angle of elevation which spared assailants who spared not them for the intention was not ascertained.

The cavalry were cut up in a hundred charges. The tri-coloured flag soon floated on the Hotel de Ville, and on those of the Cathedral (Notre Dame.)

I am obliged to suspend details from hurry. On Tuesday night Prince Polignac narrowly escaped being made prisoner. His house was roughly handled. On Wednesday night the celebrated Abbe de Frayseus (Bishop of Hermopolis) was arrested, I am assured. All the Priests disappeared during that day.

The Ministers all ran off, save Debellem, who was thrown into prison for allowing some of the journals to be printed.

At 10 o'clock the Tuileries and Louvre still held out, but at that moment I saw march along the Boulevard part of a regiment of Lancers, whose appearance indicated extreme fatigue. They were quickly followed by a portion of regiment of infantry of the Guard.

A regiment (or the remains of a regiment) of Cuirassiers, mixed up with Gendarmes de Chasse next followed—the horses cut up, and the men fainting. Lastly, a portion of a regiment of the line followed with a melancholy air. The remainder of the three regiments first mentioned were dead; the survivors, with some soldiers of a regiment of the line on their way to join the king at St. Cloud, where they survived in a most confused state yesterday.

The attack on the Louvre and Tuileries was renewed yesterday, and with success, but with great slaughter. The Palace was pillaged. The different barracks of the unhappy Swiss Guards were carried in the course of the day, and the Swiss (having refused to surrender) cut to pieces. A regiment of Hussars of the Guard marched in from Orleans yesterday morning, but hearing of the retreat of those above mentioned they halted in the Place Louis XVI., and in the course of the day retreated upon St. Cloud, receiving a heavy fire on their way. The tri-colored flag waved once more over all the public monuments. The joy was universal.

The appointment of General La Fayette to the command of the National Guard was a happy circumstance; 80,000 will be organized to-night. At this instant the disarming of the rabble is in progress. There is a large boat at this moment receiving the

melancholy freight of dead from the Palace of the Louvre.

The Duc d'Orleans will be king. His son is marching to Paris in aid of the Bourgeois, at the head of his regiment of Hussars. General Gerrard is at the head of the armed force under La Fayette. The Royal emblems and every mention of Royalty have disappeared every where. The King of France, whoever he shall be, must be a very limited Monarch to receive the approbation of the people.

Napoleon II. is in the mouths of all lower orders.

The newspapers will give you other particulars.

The troops are assembling in the Place du Carrousel, to march upon St. Cloud—but there will be little fighting.

At the moment I write, there are placards posted, with these words—"No more Bourbons!"

July 31.—This is surely the most extraordinary nation on the face of the earth. The day before yesterday Paris was filled with 150,000 men engaged in mortal combat. Yesterday morning all was calm. The military service was performed with order and precision by 100,000 men, who never before this week figured as soldiers. A decent gravity reigned every where during the day. At every instant were to be met men carrying on their backs of the wounded, who could be transported to the hospitals with safety; 1500 of all parties are in the Hotel Dieu alone. The dead were also honorably disposed of. The number in the Louvre was immense. Eighty were borne to a spot opposite the eastern gate of that building yesterday, and buried with military honors. Nearly as many were put on board of a lighter, and brought down the Seine to the Champ de Mars, and there appropriately interred. A considerable number, among whom were four Englishmen, who fell on the preceding day, were buried in the Marche des Innocents.

The evening was, if possible, more interesting and imposing. Already had the principal portion of the Garde Nationale been reorganised, and with the people, the persons dignified by the superior order as *canaille*, been put in possession of all the military posts of the metropolis, and occupied them with the air of veterans. Along the quays and streets the female inhabitants were to be seen seated in groups preparing bandages and lint for the wounded. The passages, (arcades) afforded striking instances of this benevolent disposition. All the milliners, and their shopwomen and workmen were to be seen sitting outside their shops (because those, being closed, afforded light,) busily engaged in making lint.

Paris is so fortified interiorly that a million of men would hardly suffice to carry it. Forget how many thousand streets it contains, but every street of them is capable of long and protracted defence—the means for which, however, I do not feel at liberty to describe.

The Ecole Militaire surrendered yesterday. The artillery from Vincennes marched upon St. Cloud. The fortress itself remains in possession of the King's troops. The Duc de Bordeaux is said to be the poor child! I am sure he would not be neglected. If menaced, he would certainly be preserved by the Garde Nationale, at the expense of their lives—yea, even the commonest laborer would answer for his safety if he were thrown upon him for protection.

The Priests had all disappeared, or, if visible, were disguised. The Provisional Government caused them to be informed that they were under the protection of the nation, might resume their functions in security. They have, in consequence, all returned to their churches and houses. A large force has assembled at St. Cloud, with the intention, it is said, of remaining there. They do not intend attacking Paris, it is believed, but, if attacked, they will fight. They occupy Meudon and Mount Valerien, heights to the right and left of St. Cloud. Several hundred soldiers of the Regiment of the Guard are said to have left their regiments within these two days, and are to meet with in Paris with their moustaches shaved off.

The number of men under arms this is comparatively small. The chateau of the Tuileries remains in the hands of brave fellows who took it. They are principally of the working classes, and Thursday night presented a most grotesque appearance. Among them are four mechanics, who arrived "fortunately" Paris "that very day," on their way to Constantenon. The thing was not to be withstood so in they went with "the boys."

The loss of both parties on Thursday immense. It was evident to every man saw them that the French troops were rejected. Some of them had not tasted for thirty hours. They fought, more or