

man,—might have gloated over it, and smiled at his own fair work; and if ever laughter was heard in hell, it was surely on that night of horror.

Bastions and parapets bristled with *chassees-de-frise* of sharp-pointed iron—bayonets—sword-blades, and every kind of dreadful obstruction, met our troops, as one by one they ascended without more than thirty feet high, and in succession were shot, bayoneted, and hurled back into the ditches below.

I have heard it said that Wellington himself appeared much agitated, as by the death-flashes which illuminated the horrors of the night, he saw his troops fall in their desperate and successive efforts against all superhuman obstacles—but that a lightning-gleam of triumph flashed over his face, and an exclamation of "Thank God!" escaped him, when an aide-de-camp galloped up with this brief announcement—"My Lord, General Picton is in the castle with a thousand men."

I said he was enabled to see how matters went on by the death-flashes which illuminated the darkness—for, from beach and bastion, hand-grenades, blazing bombs, and all manner of combustibles, rolled down like a volcano torrent—while a ten-peep of shot and shell ruzg through the air, like the rushing of a mighty whirlwind—and when at length an entrance into the town was forced by our troops, over steepled walls, and breaches vomiting floods of fire—mines ready to be sprung yawned beneath their trembling feet, and they swept along through the gloom, amid roaring of cannon, shouts of victory and vengeance, blast of bugles singing the charge, and shriek of the sacket city, all reading the midnight sky, like a chorus from hell.

The work of destruction was nearly over, when I found myself with a party of our men in one of the more retired streets, in passing along which we suddenly encountered some French soldiers in the act of quitting a large and noble-looking mansion, where the love of plunder had induced them to linger too long—for in an instant they were bayoneted by our troops against the walls. It was then that, thinking, I heard, moaning within, I entered the house—a large but dimly lighted apartment lay before me into which I advanced, and by the flame of the glimmering lamp, beheld the body of a young lady stretched upon the floor, and that of a British officer extended by her side.

Approaching and holding the lamp to the face of the former, I looked upon a creature lovely in death, although her features bore the expression of recent agony; and her hair all clotted with blood, streamed down over her bosom, from which the war-current of her heart had gushed through a ghastly wound.

I then turned the lamp to the face of the officer, in whom, with a start of horror, I recognized my poor friend Blanch, steeped in blood, and though he still breathed, it was evident his wounds were mortal, and that his end was near.

In a short time, however, he opened his eyes, and gazing on my face, held out his hand in token of recognition. The only restorative which I had about me was a little brandy in a flask, which I applied to his lips, and in a few minutes he rallied so much as to be able to speak and thank me; and with his dying breath to explain the circumstances in which I found him.—They were to the following effect:

After an entrance into the town had been effected, in rushing along the streets with a party of his regiment, during the confusion of the scene and the darkness of the night, Blanch was separated from them, and after a long and fruitless search, found himself at the door of the house in which we then were. Hearing a noise within, he suspected that some of our soldiers might be plundering; with the view of preventing which, he entered, at the hazard of his life, and had just reached the room where he then lay, when a shot at the opposite end of it flew open, and in breathless terror, as if flying from pursuit, a young Spanish lady rushed into the room. Upon seeing the stranger she made a sudden pause, during which, with mute amazement, he recognized in the fair girl before him, the living form of her whose shadowy similitude had appeared in his slumbers on the preceding night; but terrified at that amazement increased, when, ere he could speak, she exclaimed, with wild energy, "Mysterious heaven! it is he—'tis he himself!" the very being of my dream, who appeared to me last night, and is now come to take me away from the horrors of this dreadful place!

At that moment, and before he could reply, a party of the enemy, who had been searching the house in quest of pillage, rushed into the room, and the sight of a British officer on such an occasion, so exasperated the marauders, that, setting up a savage yell, they flew upon him with their bayonets, and the poor Spanish girl, who threw herself between them and their victim, received her death-wound at the same moment with him she tried to save.

Blanch could say no more—his tale was told, his life was fast ebbing away—his speech faltered—his voice sunk into a whisper, and the signs of death were upon him. He motioned me to raise his head, which I had no sooner done than his eyes began to fix in the death glaze, and drawing his breath for the last time, with a deep sigh he expired.

THE SYNOD OF VIRGINIA.

An interesting era to a portion of the Christian community has just passed off. The Presbyterian Synod of Virginia, agreeably to appointment, commenced its annual session here on Thursday last, and concluded its labors on Monday. About thirty ministers were present. The Rev. Mr. McFarlane was chosen Moderator, and the Rev. Mr. Van Lear, Clerk. The proceedings were characterized with great dignity, moderation, and harmony; and the immense assemblage who attended from all quarters were highly gratified with their visit.

The religious exercises commenced with a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Fredericksburg, and sermons were delivered during the sitting by the Rev. Mr. Plummer, Rev. Mr. Armstrong, Rev. Dr. Chester, Rev. Mr. Balch, Rev. Mr. Mitchell, and other gentlemen whose names we do not recollect. On Friday, during the session, the pulpit of the Episcopal Church was occupied by one of the ministers, and on Sunday the Methodist Church was also occupied.—In the Presbyterian Church, the Lord's Supper was administered to perhaps 200 communicants.

On Friday night, the Charleston Temperance Society held a session, when resolutions were offered in behalf of the cause by the Rev. Dr. Edwards, of Massachusetts, and the Rev. Mr. Plummer, of Richmond, who severally supported their views in exceedingly ingenious, persuasive, and captivating arguments.

The Synod, we understand, will hold its next session at Hampden Sidney, Prince Edward county.—*Charleston Va. Free Press.*

PARTY MOVEMENTS.

[From the New York Courier and Enquirer.]
"There are some seven score of varieties in our village. That we defy any sign painter's brush to make ugly enough."
—Hodge's autobiography.

The Tory process never spoke a truer thing than they did the day before yesterday, and we hasten to record the rarity that they did so then; for they are not often detected in the inadvertency. However, they have in one instance stumbled into a truth, and we will maintain the position against all gossayers. They advised their co-laborers to walk in procession to Castle Garden, on Monday afternoon. "It will have a striking effect," says one of them; and by St. Nicholas, it has had that effect, so far as we can make up a judgment. If such an exhibition of Van Burenism as the one paraded yesterday through Wall street, has not "affected" something, there is no more efficacy in example—no shame in ridicule—no point in the sharp end of a good joke, and no moral in caricature. We profess to be learned in lore of this kind; having read not only the John Falstaff's description of his veterans as he marched them towards the field of battle, but the best authenticated chronicles whereby are set forth the martialities of the army of the immortal Jack Cade. We have seen a backwoods muster in North Carolina, and we have twice witnessed a parade of the fantastical in this city—but, oh! genius of Bamboo-leaf Hall, never, ere this feast of frolic and flow of fun, have we beheld the like of this! Other portions of this superb gala deserve immortal commemoration, but Homer himself could not get all the whimsicalities of a Tory celebration of defeats into one diad. Our muse only deals, at this time, with the detachment of Van Burenism which baddled in Coffee House slip and spread forth its blossoming beauties at 5th Wall-street. Nor can we do more towards throwing immortality upon that, than to hint at its sublimity, and glorify it by a glance. To go into detail would be rather too much. The tout ensemble was too overwhelmingly astounding to admit of any tolerable degree of particularisation. In the first place, we are embarrassed by the obligations we feel ourselves under to rebuke the risibility of our friends who witnessed the never-to-be-forgotten display, and who, yielding to its irresistible grotesqueness, seem half disposed to laugh at it outright; but this will never do! For the people of all classes we feel a natural—if you please, an instinctive—respect. They shall never be laughed at through the medium of this paper; and ergo, as these were the people—they shall be spoken of as they deserve; albeit they might have good cause to complain were we too literal in this determination. We begin, then. The Wall street procession towards Castle Garden, where the Tories went to burn powder and drink New England rum in commemoration of their own disasters, was, to say the least of it, one of the most glorious personifications of humbug ever yet exhibited to an "adoring world."

The vanguard bore a banner of painted sad cloth, inscribed "No reduction of wages," or something like it, and was made up of some thirty or forty sailors, or that number of ragamuffins decked out with tattered tarpaulins to resemble them—though it must be conceded that the attempt was a vile burlesque upon the American tars, for there were not five of the whole number who could tread the pavement shipshape, or who, in our opinion, could have spliced two sentences of English lingo together. They looked marvellously like so many broken down loblolly boys, who had been hired at two shillings a-piece to counterfeit the true blue Yankees—and a most clumsy counterfeit was it. Another banner bore the inscription, "Democrats of the Fourth Ward," and we are heartily in hopes that there are no more such in that ward; for, not to flatter them too grossly, the devil himself would have been ashamed of some of them at least. We are not speaking now of the two or three individuals who staggered upon a lamp post near the Exchange—being, as it were, too drunk to walk straight—but we have reference to the corps in its collective character. When this body of the "Tory Party" reached this region of Wall-street, the Marshal, we presume he was from the blue ribbon, which decorated his person, and the peculiarly blue stripe of his whole man, as was evidenced by his horseanship, reined his Rosinante and directed his red-jacketed musicians to play the "Rogue's March"—which was struck up with a spirit which convinced us that these fellows knew very well what tune was most applicable to the Corps. A Battalion never stepped to more appropriate music since the retired convicts from Newgate danced quadrilles to the good old air of "Go to the devil and shake yourselves." The Tories of Kings County, were conspicuous in the cavalcade, and seemed redolent of Jacksonism and gin-sling, though to do them justice, we must say that they marched with more perpendicularity and backed and filled less frequently than some of their nautical compatriots from Sweden and the Hanseatic provinces. A very considerable portion of the array, appeared to us to do the thing with more dignity than some of the older Tories, and many of them; if they had paid some attention to the patching of their Cullottes, and had washed their faces and hands, would have done honor to a procession of the ancient and honorable fraternity of sweeps.

The boys, certainly, did the best they could, and seemed marvellously pleased with the attentions bestowed upon them by the boys of blackies who accompanied the procession by way of flank guard. Like all well appointed expeditions of this description, we observed that the rear of it was brought up by baggage wagons, and some half a dozen empty coal carts, followed in the train, to carry forward the wounded. To record nothing but truth, however, and we are resolute in the determination to do that, we must say that we didn't remark that they had been put in requisition. Not one of the motley group had become so overcome either with patriotism or alcohol as to require trundling towards the castle. At least this was the case when they passed our office, though it must be acknowledged that numbers of them reeled fearfully, and we would be unwilling to make affidavit that they were capable of reaching Broadway by the unassisted efforts of their own feet—probably they did not. But, no matter; this is a faithful account of one detachment of the Van Buren jollifiers upon the august occasion—let those who witnessed the rest of the concern, describe it.

The New York Star says of the late Jackson celebration in that city:

There was a part of this exhibition, which, if any of our revolutionary sires were present, must have drawn forth burning bitter tears. The standard of the Constitution, instead of being unfurled at the head of the procession, was placed

last of all at the very tail of the motley group, committed to the care of those who dragged the sacred banner through the mire as they passed along. Was this accident or design? Is it another of the experiments to ascertain whether the people are ready to yield up their free representative government? This is the mode of trying the public pulse. The cap of liberty has been struck down. The motto of the people has been erased, and the devoted partisans threw up their hats and cry huzza. The banner of the Constitution has been disgraced, and still the followers of Van Buren cry huzza, prepare the crown, we are your loving subjects.

Whole Hog.—If the Tories of this city were not lost to all sense of feeling—to all respect for decency—they certainly would blush at the recollection of the figure they cut on Monday, when the most conspicuous banner in their procession was a veritable whole Hog, roasted and suspended between two hickory poles, in the rear of which the faithful man-worshippers of Van Burenism marched with all due reverence, and from time to time sent forth huzzas for Old Hickory and the Pork Party! Beat this ye most fawning of European sycophants if you can.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

[From the Courier and Enquirer.]

THE TRIUMPHAL VOYAGE.

The steambot "OHIO," chartered for the purpose by the Whig citizens of New-York, started at 8 o'clock yesterday morning from the foot of Warren street, on her voyage of glory and exultation, growing out of the recent triumph of correct principles in our sister State—the glorious "Queen of the West." Consulting her own feeling on this heart cheering event, New-York has taken it for granted that the intelligence will be equally gratifying to our fellow citizens of the interior; and she has therefore determined to spread the joyous news along the broad waters of the Hudson, and to the utmost extremity of our whole noble line of canals, from the capital to Buffalo in one direction, and to Whitehall in the other. The gallant boat was decorated from stem to stern with flags and banners bearing appropriate mottoes, and provided with artillery to proclaim in a voice of thunder to every town and village on the route the thrice glorious result of the struggle in which the Whigs of Ohio have gained for themselves so much imperishable honor, and for their country so proud a testimonial of American patriotism. As the Ohio left the wharf, the band of several hundred Whigs who had embarked in her, received the hearty cheers of the multitude on the spot to greet their departure, and the greeting was responded to by those on board. The splendid little Whig frigate Constitution having been previously taken on board under an escort of jolly tars—a band of boys that looked, and walked, and spoke, like Yankee sailors indeed—as unlike the wretched burlesque exhibited through our streets on Monday for seamen, as a slavish truckling to despotism is to the pure spirit of manly freedom. One hundred guns was fired by the Ohio as she left New-York, and the salute was returned by the Whigs assembled at Hoboken, and by those of the fifth and ninth wards, as the boat passed. The following letter, just received from on board, details the proceedings of the messenger expedition as far as it had reached when the letter was despatched, and we have no reason to doubt that our glad tidings will be borne the der-tongued to the utmost verge of water communication, and that our brethren on the banks of Erie and Champlain will be roused to the importance of our recent victory, and animated to the most vigorous efforts to imitate it, by the first voice of deep-mouthed artillery that has been heard on the waters of those memorable lakes since Perry and McDonough prostrated the ocean chivalry of Britain, and gained a conquest hardly more important to their country than the one just achieved in Ohio over tyranny and misgovernment. But we can only, at this moment, subjoin the letter, and wait until the Ohio reaches her destination, for more particulars.

NEWBURGH, HALF PAST ONE.

The Hudson is a noble river. You cannot contemplate its deep wild current, sweeping majestically through scenery of every variety of the grand and beautiful, and rolling to the ocean the collected and exhaustless wealth of water that circulates through the innumerable veins and arteries of the Empire State, without an elevation of feeling that makes the moment of its enjoyment a jewel won from comparative desert of existence. But this is not all.—The Hudson has proud associations. On her borders were fought revolutionary battles. She has witnessed a growth of national wealth, happiness, and importance, unexampled in the past. She has been the channel by which an immense population have in a few years penetrated into the interior and converted our vast territories not only

into the garden of the west; and she has, through the enterprise of American genius, been the theatre on which have been illustrated those triumphs of science over the elements, that have told so wonderfully on the prosperity of our country, and are rapidly contributing to ameliorate the condition of man throughout the world. Well may we be proud of our favorite and boasted river.—The never, since her shores first listened to the accents of civilized man, when some two centuries ago her tranquil and silvery bosom was first ruffled by the prow of the bold navigator whose name she bears—never, we take upon ourselves to aver, has she witnessed an event more interesting, to say the least, than that which, as public journalists, it is our duty to chronicle—the voyage, namely, of the good steamer OHIO, which commenced yesterday, to herald the restoration of the proud Queen of the West to political health, and commemorate the triumph of the Whigs of 34 in their struggle against the efforts of traitors to destroy our liberties. The event will be recorded in history as making our escape from slavery, that shall render posterity forever grateful to the generous spirits by whom the victory has been achieved.

But to our account. At 8 o'clock the OHIO having on board the committee charged with carrying the purpose of the voyage into effect, with a great number of staunch Whigs, dressed out in the bravery of gay steamers floating in the breeze and bearing the mottoes of "Ohio redeemed"—"Whigs Triumphant in Ohio"—"Constitution and the Laws"—"Seward and Stilwell"—"No Mortgage," "No Regency," and various others, left the wharf at Fulton street, to the music of our favourite national air, amidst shouts of thousands. At another wharf near the favourite miniature frigate was taken on board, officered and manned as follows:

Commander of the Constitution, Commodore

John Hunter, (during last war Bontwain of the Constitution frigate); Peter Wolf, Captain; John Hunter, Jr., 1st Lieutenant; James Pearson, Sail Rig Master; James Thornon, Bontwain; Thomas Holden, 3rd (a lad 8 years old) Quarter-Master, and 100 sailors, handsome bronzed fellows, and handsomely dressed.

We then bounded with a sweep towards Jersey City, firing minute guns, which were answered from that place. At every wharf, till beyond the city, thronged with spectators, those hearty huzzas were exchanged which so well express unanimity of feeling and heartfelt joy. At the foot of Harrison street a salute was fired as she passed, by the Whigs of the Fifth Ward, and the same by the Whigs of the Ninth from the foot of Charles street. At a beautiful cottage in a grove on the Island, near Bloomingdale Road, a single lady came down towards the shore, waving a white flag. Hats were off in a moment, and we gave her a universal salute that made the welkin ring. At all the landing places and little villages, as we passed, flags were observed raised; and at several, powder from muskets and pistols was burnt, and hearty cheers interchanged.

We pen this hastily, near West Point, and expect, in ten minutes, to meet a boat to hand it.

The boat will return to New York on Saturday morning and lie in the stream 'till nine; then proceed round to the Dry dock and back to Barclay-street; then, at half past ten, procession will be formed with the Constitution from the Ohio, and proceed to Franklin square; then procession of shipmasters, owners and seamen will proceed through the city, and at 4 P. M. stop at Masonic Hall, with such demonstrations of joy as may be agreed on. Yours, &c.

RETURN OF THE CONSTITUTION AND OHIO.

We learn that the Ohio, in her whole course up the Hudson, was hailed by the most enthusiastic cheers from the immense concourse of People who lined the shores, and the constant roar of artillery prepared for the purpose of greeting this novel deputation from the Whigs of New York. At Catskill and Hudson, and from thence up to Albany, (which part of the trip was made after dark) Bonfires and Rockets every where marked the presence of the People, and the roar of artillery, from the shores and from the water, proclaimed the sympathy existing between the gallant spirits on board of the Boat and their brother Whigs on the Banks of the Hudson.

On the arrival of the Ohio at Marc's Farm, she was detained some hours in ploughing up the sands and removing the deposits, but in the meantime her Rockets and Artillery proclaimed to the Whigs of Albany her presence in their vicinity. The steambot John Mason was promptly dispatched to her relief, but the Committee, and Crew of the Constitution, preferred waiting for the flood tide, and at one o'clock yesterday morning she reached the dock at Albany, where she found some thousands of Whigs ready to receive her. The Capitol was illuminated, and six hundred flambeaus, in addition to the lamps, rendered State street from Capitol Hill to the boat, as light as at noon day. The deputation was received amidst the deafening cheers of the assembled multitude, and two hundred guns from the Capitol, proclaimed at the same time the joy of the Albanians at her arrival and the death knell of the Fugy Regency. All accounts unite in describing the alarm of the Tories at this triumphant voyage as excessive, and poor Crosswell—that miserable pander for Van Buren—recommends that the idea of sending the artillery upon the canals should be abandoned, lest the firing should frighten the horses employed in towing the produce of the farmers to market! Poor fellow—his "sufferings is intolerable" in consequence of the glorious victory obtained by the "rascally" Whigs of Ohio, and he foresees in their achievement the downfall of Toryism in New York.

The Ohio will return to the city this morning. Should the weather prove favorable, we indulge a hope that all—aye, all—the Whigs will turn out and form such a procession as has never before been witnessed in America. The Constitution is in danger—the Liberties of the Country are threatened—and no business should prevent the friends of the Laws and our Republican Institutions sacrificing all other business to take part in this day's festival.

A TORY IN TROUBLE.

The respectability of the Tory procession, so strenuously insisted on yesterday morning by the Times, and to which we too have borne feeble testimony in this paper, is pleasantly enough exemplified by a case mentioned to us yesterday, by a respectable gentleman of the First Ward. A Whig grocer of that Ward was with one of the faithful, from Connecticut, with an old pair of shoes, the luckless visitor being minus that necessary appendage of the understanding, from a "misfortune in business." The circumstances of the case, as stated by himself, were simply these: He was an invited guest—being, probably, one of the fifty Tory voters which that party gained at the last election in Connecticut—and having fallen in, he says, with a number of gentlemen, members of the celebrating party, they robbed him of twenty dollars, (all the money he had), and his shoes. He says he don't care much about the money—"tis trash, and has been slave to thousands."

"But he who filches from me my old shoes, Takes from me that which neither enriches him, But makes me poor indeed."

And true enough it does. We commiserate the case of this poor fellow, and so indeed did the grocer, for he loaned him the shoes, and thus saved an unfortunate sprout of Van Burenism from the disgrace of going home to his lodgings barefooted. There was something in this inhospitality to "one of the distinguished gentlemen from abroad," as the Times has it, which we marvel very much could have happened in a company so very highly respectable in their appearance, as the procession which moved through our streets on Monday! And which gave twelve cheers as they passed the Times office!!

New York Paper.

The Legislature of the State meets in this City on Monday next, and the busy hum of preparation is heard in every part of the town, and increased activity is witnessed in every department of business.

The Session will be one of unusual interest, and its proceedings will doubtless be looked to with marked anxiety. We shall endeavor to do our duty faithfully as caterers for the public appetite.—*Raleigh Register.*

[From the Philadelphia National Gazette.]

THE COTTON CROP OF THE UNITED STATES.

The importance of the Cotton Crop of the United States, is every year becoming better understood. Many speculations have been made as to the probable extent of the product of the present year. Nor are these speculations confined to our own country, for it is undeniably true that the subject is out of as much interest to foreign countries as to the domestic producer.

It was generally believed that the crop of the present year would exceed that of last by 50,000 bags. This opinion was based as much upon a promising aspect of the crops, as upon the increased number of acres planted. But, within the last four weeks, the prospect for an abundant crop has been much overclouded.

From Louisiana and Mississippi we learn that the storm of the 6th and 7th of September had destroyed from one-fourth to one-third of the crop. The latter estimate is, doubtless, too high. But it is fair to conclude that the export from New Orleans will be 50,000 bags short of the export of the present year.

From South Alabama we learn that an immense destroying whole fields which promised in the month of August an abundant yield.

From Carolina and Georgia we learn that the Cholera has spread such a panic among the Cotton and Rice Planters, that many fields have been totally abandoned. This will at least greatly retard the early picking, and prevent the gathering of a full crop. Besides, the product (from other causes not calculated at any time to be greater than that of last year.)

Upon the whole, it would be safe to estimate the product of the United States as follows:

From Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, New Alabama, and Arkansas,	400,000 bags
From South Alabama and Florida,	150,000 bags
From North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia,	650,000 bags
Total,	1,100,000 bags

If the storm in Louisiana and Mississippi had been as destructive as there was reason to fear a few days after it occurred, the export from New Orleans may be reduced below 350,000 bags, and in that case the product of the whole United States would not exceed 1,050,000 bags.

What will be the probable demand for consumption in 1835?

This question is one of difficult solution. If there be a continuance of general peace in Europe, there is reason to believe the consumption will rather increase than decline, unless checked by high prices.

Great Britain will require from the United States not less than	700,000 bags
France and the Continent of Europe cannot do with less than	300,000 bags
And the consumption of the United States will be at least	300,000 bags
Making an aggregate of	1,200,000 bags

This estimate is based upon the presumption that present prices are maintained. If they should advance, the consumption will fall off; if they decline, the consumption will increase. But admitting them to remain stationary, Great Britain must seek for 100,000 bags from other Cotton-growing countries to supply her manufactures; or there must be such an advance in the price of the raw material, as to check consumption materially. The latter is not likely to be the case. It is therefore fair to presume that the value of the export of Cotton in the year 1835, will exceed 55,000,000 of dollars.

Who would have supposed, at the time Whitney's Saw Gin was introduced, that the export of Cotton from the United States would have exceeded one-fourth of the amount of our estimate! But if the consumption continues to progress with the same rapidity, or in the same ratio, for the next ten years, that it has done for the ten last past, the value of the export in Cotton from the U. States will, in 1845, exceed 100,000,000 of dollars. The consumption must continue to increase, then can be little doubt, because it furnishes the cheapest fabric that can be manufactured, and most applicable in a great degree the place of flax; and is mixed with wool in the manufacture of winter clothing, on account of the great reduction in cost.

News from the Clouds.—When Durant was ex-cursionizing over the neighboring towns to Boston the other day, he dropped a number of Newspapers, which was, we believe, the first instance on record of having news direct from the upper regions. We have heard of heaven-sent Kings, Parsons, and dry sidents, but the fall of "Cloud dropped Papers" is a new York Traveller.

FOR RENT.

The Store and Ware-Room attached to the Mansion Hotel. This house is in the very centre of business, and is considered one of the very best stands in Salisbury for any kind of business. Possession can be had immediately, and rent will be moderate.

CONNOR & LONG.
Salisbury, Nov. 8, 1834.

Hides and Leather.

The Subscriber has constantly on hand a large assortment of heavy Spanish and City-slaughtered HIDES—Also, LEATHER of every description—for sale on moderate terms.

Orders, forwarded with cash or city acceptances, will be attended to with punctuality and dispatch.

SAMUEL CRUIKSHANK.
Charleston, S.C.

November 8, 1834.

DISSOLUTION.

By limitation, and the mutual consent of all concerned, (the ill-health of one of the partners requiring him to withdraw,) the concern of MACNAMARA, PHELAN, & Co., of Cheraw, South Carolina, is dissolved.

Mr. RICHARD PHELAN continues to conduct the business on his own account, and will settle all claims against the concern; those indebted to said firm are requested to make payment to him.

JOHN MACNAMARA,
RICHARD PHELAN.
Cheraw, S.C., October 1, 1834.—3t

A Second-Hand Stove

FOR SALE, very cheap, if applied for immediately. Inquire of THE PRINTER.
November 8, 1834.