

TO J.—AT THE PIANO.

Breathes not again that tender air,
To other strains attune your strings,
It once could charm me from despair,
But now despair is all it brings.

Oh! it recalls a pang so keen
Of bidding joy—of promise blighted—
Tells me of love that once hath been,
Reminds me how that love was slighted.

With smiles my early hope she fed
With passion-flowers my forehead shaded!
Her smiles were false, my hopes are fled,
And every flower of love hath faded.

This sunny beam delight the bee,
As o'er the fragrant flowers he hovers,
Selects the fairest bloom, like me,
And dresses not of the snake it covers.

For hope had painted scenes so bright,
Without one single tinge of sorrow,
But, ah! those scenes are closed in night,
A night, alas! without a morrow.

Yet in my heart she buried lies,
Still, still, her memory I nourish,
Again you bid her image rise,
But not her falsehoods with it flourish.

Like you she sang, like you she play'd,
Her eyes like yours with smiles would glisten,
I read, but I'm again betrayed,
I fear I'm lost, and yet I listen.

Then play no more, no more then sing,
Let not her words again be spoken;
For oh! you touch too keen a string!
Upon a heart already broken.

[Southern Whig.]

VARIETY.

BUYING A PRIZE.

"There's many a slip between cup and lip."
A fellow, not much acquainted with the tricks of
Dame Fortune, went into a lottery office in Broad-
way a few days since, and wished to purchase the
highest prize, which was exhibited before the door
in glaring figures, "\$20,000!" He was asked if
he would have a half a ticket or a whole one.

"A whole one, to be sure," said Hodge, "there's
no use in plugging one's self with a half a prize;
give us the whole or none—twenty thousand dol-
lars, say I."

He paid the cash, took his ticket, and went away.
During the interval between the purchase and the
drawing, his head ran continually on the twenty
thousand dollars. He could not sleep o' nights, or
if he slept, it was only to dream of money—of gold
and silver by the barrel, or bank bills by the acre
—and to talk in his sleep of the wealth he was
about to possess. His reveries—his day-dreams
as well as his sleeping ones—were of riches. He
speculated on the pleasure he would enjoy—on the
figure he would cut in the world. He laid various
plans of employing and enjoying his wealth.

He would purchase houses, horses, carriages; he
would live in fine style; he would have servants to attend
him; and above all, he would eat as much ginger-
bread and lick as much lasses as he had a mind to.
He would also get him a handsome wife. The
haughty Tabitha Talbot, who has so long baffled
his gallant endeavors, would no more turn up her
nose at Mr. Hodge—the rich Mr. Hodge—Peter
Hodge, Esquire. He would bring the proud beauty
to terms, if he did not he would eat a live raccoon,
that's all.

The drawing took place, and Hodge, after a
sleepless night, called at the lottery office for his
prize. Walking in with the gait and dignity of a
man who comes to receive money, and not to pay
it, he laid his ticket upon the counter, and said:
"Now, Mister I will take that little change, if
it's convenient."

"Change?"
"Ay, that prize."

"But, sir, you've drawn a blank."
"Pee drawn a blank! I wonder if I have?—I
tell you what, Mister, I had'n't nothing to do with
the drawing—I did'n't touch a finger to it. But I
purchased a prize of you 'other day of twenty thou-
sand dollars; and so that's what I'm come after
now—none of your fooling."

"But I tell you, sir, that your ticket has drawn
a blank."
"Well I don't care if it's drawn a blank; that's
no concern of mine. All I want is the twenty
thousand dollars, that I bought and paid for, not a
week ago."

"But consider, dear sir."
"Consider! I tell you I won't consider—I'm
none of your considering chaps—I always go
straight ahead—no quibbles and quirks for me—none
of your rambling."

"I tell you, sir, you're mistaken."
"Mistaken! So I am decidedly mistaken—I
thought you was an honest man. But you see
there's no use in trifling with me—I'm a man after
my own heart. I purchased the highest prize, and
I'll have it by the holy poker. I've got a cart
here at the door. Here you whipper-snapper,
bring in that large trunk, will you?"

"But I repeat, sir, that you have no money to
pay me; I am sorry to say it."
"So am I bloody sorry you should say it. But
tell me, Mister, will you count out that are money,
or not?"

"I cannot."
"Do you see this sledge-hammer?"—raising his
brawny fist.
"I see it."
"Do you calculate to pay it in gold, or silver,
or bank bills?"

"Here is some very strange mistake, sir; and
if you will allow me to explain, I can convince you
that—"

"Very well—but if you don't convince me, you
see this ore death-maul," again elevating his fist.
The lottery man entered into an explanation of
the freaks of Dame Fortune, and at length succeed-
ed in convincing his customer that his expected
prize was actually a blank. Still the disappoint-
ment was so great that he could not bear it with a
sane mind, and he exclaimed—

"Well, if this doesn't beat all my great grand-
mother's relations, then there's no snakes—to pay
the sum of \$10 for the highest prize, and not get
a cent at last!"

"Such a thing will happen some times."
"It's a damned hard though, I'll be hanged if it
sint. At least, Mister, you ought to circumvent
the game."

"I can't afford that."
"Well just pay the cartman then."
"I am sorry to say I can't do it; but if you'll
purchase another ticket, I think I can promise you
before long next time—the highest prize is \$30,
000!"

"Thirty thousand dollars! don't tell me none
of your player—I've been cheated one, and that's
enough for me—I'll never get caught a second
time. Here, you cartman, you may load up this
ere trunk again. I'll never trust these lottery sel-
lers any more, if I do, dang my gizzard, that's all."
Then giving the broker a look of irreconcilable
hatred, he left the office. He however pretty soon
accommodated his mind again to his humble pros-
pects—declared that houses, horses, and that sort
of things, were only a plague to a man—and as to
Tabitha Talbot, she might go to the Old Nick for
him—he'd never think of her again as long as he
lived.—New York Transcript.

THE DEVIL TURNED PLEADER.

[Translated from an old German paper.]

It happened in the Mark, that a certain soldier
having a sum of money by him, entrusted it to the
care of his host. When leaving for his home he re-
quested to have it returned, but the landlord then
denied having received any such money. The sol-
dier was justly incensed, used many bold oaths, and
set the house in a storm, while the other comforted
himself with sending for the police, and threaten-
ed to have him well chastised for disturbing the
peace and credit of his house. Here was a fine
opportunity, and the devil visited the soldier in his
prison, and said to him, "To-morrow they will
take you before the judge, and they will undoubt-
edly have your head for defamation of the host,
assaulting as you did, breaking the peace, and hur-
ting the credit of his house. In this dilemma, if
you will consent to be mine, body and soul, I will
rescue you from danger." But the soldier would
not consent. "Then," said the devil, "do this:
when you shall be brought up for trial, and they
begin to press you hard, and call on you to defend
yourself, give out that you are no speaker, say not
a word, and they will grant you a pleader to state
your case. Then look round and you will see me
standing in a blue bonnet and white feather, and I
will manage the affair." Now all this occurred,
and when the landlord stoutly denied the sol-
dier's accusation before all the court, his counsel in the
blue bonnet stepped forth: "my good host," he
cried, "how can you stick to that lie! the money
is now lying under the bolster of your bed. Let
the judge and sheriffs order search to be made, and
they will even find it to be so." Then the land-
lord swore an oath and exclaimed: "If I ever
meddled with the money, may the devil carry me
in a whirlwind away!" But as soon as the money
was found and brought into court, the counsel with
the bonnet and white feather said, "I knew well
enough I should have one of them; either the host
or the guest," with which words he twisted the
landlord's neck out, and disappeared with him
through the air.

NEW YORK POLICE OFFICE.

John Kelly was brought in by a watchman
named Hunt, who hunted him half over the city
before he was able to catch him; although he
maintained that Kelly was as drunk as a fool.

"Is it I, that was drunk, you thief of the
world? Bad scan to me, holy father (said Kelly,
addressing the Judge) if that woolly-headed watch-
man of yours doesn't put the thickness of the out-
side wall between him and your servant, by my
soul it's my father's son that will comb his head
with the first portable weapon that can get with-
in the inside of my four fingers and thumb."

Judge.—Silence, sir; you're drunk now.
Kelly.—Me drunk! By the band of my body
and that's a big oath—I wish you could prove
your position, old square-toes. Drunk, is it
Kelly drunk! may the devil fly away with me on
the little end of nothing, and prick me with the
point of it, if I don't consider it a particular piece
of presumption on your part to decide on the
state of man's intellect, seeing that there is the
thickness of his skull between your eye-sight and
his brains; but may be you're after thinking that
you possess the virtue of second sight with them
glass eyes of your own, and that you can see with-
in them chane through a man's brain-box. By my
grandfather's ghost! but it's after boxing double
yourself that you are, if you take me to be any
way the south side of sober, old boy.

Judge.—Pray, what do you call being drunk?
Kelly.—Why I never consider a man drunk if
he can stand without holding. No, no—I'm not
drunk at this present writing any way, though if
you open your heart, my old cock in spectacles,
and brach that big barrel of whiskey that I see you
got so quietly in the corner, (just to treat your
friends and relations when they come to see you)
there's no saying what I am before I—

Judge.—[To the officer]—You say that this
man was drunk and fighting with a crowd around
him?
Hunt.—He was, sir.

Kelly.—I was, was I, you lying leper you;
whoop, wouldn't I like to catch the man that would
attempt to fight me (with a crowd around me); it's
little of him that would be left to come here to tell
the tale.

Judge.—Did you see any blows struck?
No, sir; but I heard them.
"And so did I," said another watchman whose
eye was tied up.

Kelly.—[Turning round to the last speaker,
whom he eyed with a truly ludicrous leer]—Is it
there you are, with your eye out, you conajutor in
lying and leprosy; you heard the blows, did you I
then that same was an Irish echo of them blows
that you heard, and that always sounds before the
blow is struck at all at all.

Judge.—Here, I can't be bothered with this fel-
low's blarney. Have you got a dollar to pay your
fine?
Kelly.—The devil might dance a hornpipe in
my pocket, and never break his shins against the
shiners contained therein.

Judge.—Take him over. Committed.

A BIVOUCAC IN WET WEATHER.

But night came on, as I have said, and such a
one as I have seldom seen for wet; and then I plain-
ly perceived that I had played the young soldier.
An officer of ours, of the name of Lacey, who had
formerly been the captain of the Northumberland
light company, and who volunteered for us, offered
any man a half a guinea for the use of a blanket for
that night only, but without being able to obtain
one, this will give some idea of the kind of night

it was. I had nothing for it but just to put the
cock of my musket between my knees, to keep it
as dry as possible, and lay myself down as I was.
I endeavored to get as close as I could to one who
had a blanket, and lay down with my head at his
feet, which he had covered up very comfortably
with his blanket. The rain pelted so heavily and
so incessantly on my face, that I ventured after a
while to pull a little corner of this man's blanket
just to cover my cheek from the pitiless storm, and
in this situation snatched a comfortable nap; but
he awakened in the night, and finding that I had
made free with the corner of his blanket, rudely
pulled it off my face, and rolled it round his feet
again. I was fain to be still and let it pelt away,
and even in this exposed situation I got some sleep,
so completely were the powers of nature exhausted
by fatigue.

At length morning arose and showed us ourselves,
and such a group of sweeps we had seldom seen.
Our clothing was literally all filth and dirt; our
arms the colour of our coats with rust, and our faces
as black as if we had come out of a coal pit. In
biting off the ends of the cartridges, there are
generally a few grains of powder left sticking on the
lips and about the mouth; these, accumulated as
they must have been by the great quantity of am-
munition each of us had fired, and the profuse per-
spiration we were in during the heat of the day,
added to the wet which fell upon us during the
night, had caused the powder to run all over our
faces; so that in the morning we cut the most lu-
diculous figure imaginable. However, we immedi-
ately set about getting our arms again in train; for
though the enemy had left us masters of the field
of action, they were not far distant from us. We
soon got our firelocks again in fighting order; that
is, they would go off, though the brightness on
which a clean soldier piques himself, was gone past
recovery at this time. I now felt rather sore from
firing my piece so often; the recoil against my
shoulder and breast had blackened them, and ren-
dered them rather painful, and the middle finger of
my right hand was completely blackened and swollen
from the same cause.—Twenty-five Years in
the Rifle Brigade.

A NEW WAY TO RAISE THE WIND.

A day or two since a stranger called at the
house of an aged and respectable widow lady in
this city, and asked to be favoured with a rug to
bind up his foot, which he said was sore and lame
on account of having walked from Saco to this
place. His request was granted, and he affected
to band up his foot. He began to be very loquacious,
and seemed much inclined to talk upon reli-
gious subjects, but his manners and language
were so singular as to render it a puzzling matter
to determine his true character. Whether he
was under the influence of religious zeal, or mental
derangement, or intoxication, or a little of all,
or something else, no one could tell.—He present-
ly asked for a bible; he wanted to read one of the
Psalms of David. This request was also granted,
and he read a portion of scripture. Then said he,
rising from his chair, "let us pray;" and, sitting
the action to the word, he knelt down and com-
menced a prayer. The members of the family,
consisting only of two or three females, being a lit-
tle frightened at the singularity of his manner, left
the room.—The old lady, who was the last to re-
treat, and who probably had what the phrenologi-
cists call the bump of caution, left the door slight-
ly ajar, in order to watch the progress of events.
No sooner did the gentleman find himself alone,
than he was upon his feet as quick as a cat could
lick her ear, seized a couple of silk handkerchiefs,
and fled to make his escape at the back door.
The old lady, however, with an activity and a
courage remarkable for her age, overtook him at
the door and caught hold of the handkerchiefs.
He attempted to wrest them from her; but upon
her calling for assistance, he dropped them and
fled.—Portland (Maine) Courier.

AN EXPENSIVE NAME.

Mr. Prince, a respectable citizen of Boston, was
recently journeying on the continent of Europe.
Before visiting Germany, as is customary among
tourists, he provided himself with passports, in
which his name and residence were duly inscribed,
James Prince of Boston, and set out in plain un-
pretended style; in company with another Ameri-
can gentleman. At the first town where the
travellers stopped, they were received in stately
form by a guard of honor, and with a grand salute,
for which they were presented with a bill of an hundred
francs. At a second and third town they were
received in the same style of costly magnificence.
The two Americans finding that, at the rate things
were going on, their cash would be exhausted be-
fore they arrived at the centre of the first circle,
enquired of the host if private gentlemen like
themselves could not pass through the town
without incurring the usual expenses.
The host informed them that they could, if they
pleased, travel incog; but then said he, bowing
obsequiously to Mr. Prince, "it will be necessary
for his Highness to take his title out of the pas-
sports." This at once explained the whole matter,
and Mr. Prince having caused the proper correc-
tions to be made, went through the remainder
of his tour without being annoyed with any further
regal honors.

THE POWER OF FEMALE CHARMS.

[Extract from Jones's Defence of North Carolina.]
Governor Tryon had fallen in love with the idea
of erecting a splendid palace; to accomplish which,
he wooed the members of the legislature, with all
the submission of a devoted lover. He lost his
dignity in the efforts which he thus frequently made
to accomplish his darling scheme, and may have
forgotten his honor in the madness of his zeal and
enthusiasm.
It was in the various political manoeuvres neces-
sary to procure an appropriation of funds for the
erection of this palace, that the genius of Lady
Tyron, and her lovely sister, rose superior to the
official consequence of the Governor. The sum of
five thousand pounds was readily voted by the As-
sembly of 1755; but when it subsequently appear-
ed that this sum was only sufficient for the mere
beginning of the edifice, and that ten thousand more
were necessary to complete it, the liberality of the
legislature was exhausted. After a great deal of
management, however, the second appropriation
bill was passed, and its success has been justly at-
tributed more to the brilliant society of the two la-
dies than to the policy of the Governor. To have
taxed a Province, exhausted by the scourge of
war and anarchy, with a burthen of fifteen thou-
sand pounds, exhibits a greater degree of indiffer-
ence to the distresses of the people, than can be re-
conciled with patriotism and humanity. The din-
ners of his Excellency must have been princely in-
deed, and the society of the ladies,—the only sove-
reign apology,—extremely delightful, to have
wrought from the parsimony of the Assembly so heav-
y an appropriation. I shall anticipate one event
in the annals of the State, to illustrate the universal
esteem and admiration in which these two ladies
were held. The Assembly of 1770 created a new
county in the centre of the State, and adorned it
with the name of Wake, in compliment to the beau-
ty of Miss Esther. At a still later period of our
history, when the Royal government had been an-
nihilated, the Assembly carefully and justly substi-
tuted the names of distinguished Americans, for
those of Tryon, Dobbs, and others, which had de-
signated several of the counties of the State. While
the motion to change the name of Tryon county
was under consideration, a proposition was made,
by some over zealous patriot, to expunge the name
of Wake. The title of Tryon was expunged, but
the ungallicant proposition to obliterate the recollec-
tion of a beautiful woman was rejected by acclama-
tion. The city of Raleigh, the capital of the State,
as if to crown the majesty of beauty, was, at a still
later period, fixed in the county of Wake, an ap-
propriate name for a city built on a territory con-
secrated to the genius of beauty and virtue.

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NEGROES, from ten to thirty years old, and
will pay the most liberal prices in Cash.
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He can be found at Mr. Slaughter's Hotel, in
Salisbury, and Mr. Jones at Dr. Boyd's Hotel, in
Charlotte.
He thinks it proper to say, that he is not con-
cerned in business with Mr. James Huje; or with
any other person.
All Letters addressed to him, or Mr. Jones, will
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ROBERT HUIE.
Salisbury, May 24, 1834.

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secrated to the genius of beauty and virtue.

A Character.—Miss Teresa T.—is a most
loquacious lady. Ladies are not generally given
to talking, but talking is given to them. For
some years I have known T.—, and I verily
believe that her rattle, like the mule's, in-
creases every year. To my surprise, she lately in-
formed me that she had paid a visit to the Dumb Asy-
lum: I sincerely hoped she had taken a lesson in
"expressive silence"—what was my amazement,
when she informed me that she had learned to talk
with her fingers! She has a predilection for lace
boots, brooches, and buckles, for no other reason, I
believe, than because they have tongues. She is a
disciple of Mr. Letting, and is very anxious to
have the gift of the "Unknown Tongue." "Bid
me discourse," is her favorite song; and, proud of
her eloquence, she boldly declared that no belle
without a clapper should ever be tolerated by the
world. Indeed, I verily believe that she would
take a trip to the Mouth of the Nile, if she thought
that she should find a tongue in it.

A SIGNIFICANT REPLY.

"Thomas," said a sponging friend of the fam-
ily to the footman, who had been lingering about
the room for half an hour to show him the door;
—"Thomas, my good fellow, it's getting late,
isn't it? How soon will the dinner come up, Thom-
as?" "The very moment you are gone, sir,"
was the unequivocal reply.

Two young ladies, named Beaumont, were drown-
ed on Tuesday week at Eustache, at the place called
the "Rapids du Grand Moulin," in attempting to cross
it on a board which rested on either bank; when about
the middle of the stream, the younger sister, about 19
years of age, losing her balance, was precipitated into
the water—calling on her sister for assistance, who
in attempting to afford her relief, was also drawn into
the water, and both were swept away by the current.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.

An old couple now living in Lancaster, England
named Brinley, have ten sons, and an equal number
of daughters. They have had in their family two births
in one day, two christenings in one day, two deaths in
one day, and two burials in one day; and the old lady
now stumps about on a wooden leg, made from an ap-
ple tree which she raised from two seeds that she plant-
ed in a flower pot in 1816, the plant from which was
subsequently removed into the garden!

Passing down Washington street on Wednesday
morning, we noticed at the corner of Winter street,
a man and woman apparently struggling for the pos-
session of an infant, which was in the hands of the
latter. Our inquiry why the mother and child were
to be separated, was readily answered. "The mother
was drunk—a humane, individual, anxious to preserve
the innocent child from the effects of its mother's de-
basement, had followed her from street to street—and
when she fell down upon the pavement, with her little one
instinctively clinging to her breast, he had insisted upon
her yielding its custody to him, that he might carry
it safely to his home. The mother appeared even in
the brute; and as she clung deliciously to her little one,
its guileless face, as the moon shone bright upon it, be-
sides the bloated cheeks of its mother, formed a most
striking contrast.
It was indeed the purity of heaven, and the guilty
ghastliness of hell, confronted.—Boston paper.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

It has been asserted, by an eminent philosopher, that
the life of man is the result of all the moral adaptations,
and depends much more on wisdom, than on strength.
The animals that live exclusively on vegetables, never
attain the age of man, he further asserts, though we
believe he is in an error, as the elephant alone,
whose age far exceeds man's, feeds entirely on vegeta-
bles. A Tartar dines on horse-flesh, a South Sea Is-
lander on fish, another on roots and fruits, and another
on milk; but under each division of the human family,
the amount of life, in the aggregate, in the human
species, undoubtedly surpasses that of the brute crea-
tion.

ARKANSAW LAND AGENCY.

THE Subscriber is about to move to Batesville,
in Arkansas Territory, and will attend to mak-
ing purchases, selling land, and paying taxes, for
non-residents. There are many tracts of Military
Bounty Lands, which, if not attended to, will be
sold for taxes, and lost.
Letters (post-paid) addressed to the Subscriber,
at Batesville, Arkansas, will be promptly attended to.
DAVID REINHARDT,
Late of Lincoln, N.C.
September 27, 1834.

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NEGROES, from ten to thirty years old, and
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FALL & WINTER FASHIONS FOR 1834-35.

HORACE H. BEARD, Tailor,
BEGS leave to inform his friends, and the public
in general, that orders in his line will always
be thankfully received by him, and executed in the
most neat, fashionable, and Durable manner—
terms as reasonable as any in this section of coun-
try. H. H. B. hopes, from his long practice of his
business, (a number of years of which time he
resided in the city of Philadelphia,) and from the
general satisfaction he has heretofore given to his
numerous respectable and fashionable customers, to
merit and receive a portion of the patronage of the
public in general.
He flatters himself that his CUTTING is
really superior to any done in this State, as may
be tested by the undisturbed elegance of fit which
attends garments made in his establishment. He
is in the regular receipt of the Reports of the Fas-
hions as they change both in the large cities of
this country and of Europe—so that gentlemen
may be satisfied that their orders will always be
executed in the very latest style.
Orders from a distance will be attended to with
the same punctuality and care as if the customers
were present in person.
Salisbury, May 17, 1834.—ly

REMOVAL.—Benjamin Fraley,
TAILOR, informs his customers and the public in gen-
eral, that he has removed his Shop to the house ad-
joining the store of Mr. Wm. Murphy, at the east cor-
ner of the Courthouse, in the office of Mr. Matthew,
in the Main Street—where he is prepared to do every de-
scription of work in the line of his business, in a style
superior to any done in this section of country, on as
reasonable terms as any, and on short notice.
B. F. regularly receives, from the Northern Cities,
the Reports of the Fashions as they vary; and, as he
has constantly in his employ a number of workmen who
are first-rate, he is enabled to assure the public that
work done by him will be both fashionable and durable.
—Garments made by his workmen sell in all cities
unwarranted to fit the customer.
Cutting-Out, for persons who have their work made
up elsewhere, will be punctually attended to. Orders
from a distance thankfully received, both for cutting
out and making up work.
Produce received in part pay for work.

To Tailors.—B. F. respectfully informs the Craft,
that he is Agent for the Inventor of the Patent Mode
of Cutting, which is now almost universally used at
the North, and that he will give instruction to any one
who may desire to be more perfect in that branch of the art,
for a reasonable compensation.
Salisbury, 1834.—ly B. FRALEY.

Proposals for Publishing, In the Town of Morganton, N.C. A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, UNDER THE TITLE OF THE MOUNTAIN WHIG.

As the first inquiry, upon a proposal of this kind,
generally is, "What will be the political character
of the paper?" the Subscriber will give an answer
without the least reserve:

Born and educated in Virginia, his earliest as well
as his matured feelings and convictions are decidedly
in favor of those political principles cherished by his
distinguished fellow-citizens who have presided over
the destinies of this great Republic.
He believes that the celebrated Virginia and Ken-
tucky Resolutions and Reports of 1795 and 1796, which
were drawn up by those great statesmen and patriots
Madison and Jefferson, contain a true exposition of the
rights of the States and of the relative powers of the
General and State Governments.

He thinks that the surest way to avoid collision
would be by adhering to a liberal construction of the
Constitution, and by abstaining from the exercise of
any power, whether it be by the General Government
or by the States, that is not clearly delegated to the
former, or evidently reserved to the latter. The con-
structive power, as it is called, is more to be drawn
than open force, because its encroachments are silent
and gradual as to excite little or no apprehension, while
at the same time they are undermining the very foun-
dations of our system.

He thinks that nothing can justify an infraction of
the Constitution. One slight breach will open the way
for another, and that for a third, until every restriction
loses its original strength, and we become habituated
to encroachments. On this subject, as on many others,
the admonitions of the great and good Washington are
judicious and salutary.—"Precedents," said he, in his
Farewell Address, "are dangerous things; let every
violation of the Constitution be reprobated. If de-
fective, let it be amended, but not suffered to be trampled
upon while it has an existence."

The Subscriber has witnessed, with painful anxiety,
the abuse of precedents, which have been made to
frustrate the Constitution, until, in practice at least,
it is scarcely like the same instrument that came from
the hands of the Convention which formed it. The
practice of imitating was soon radically and perhaps
irrevocably changed.

At present, the danger from this source is much
more threatening than it has ever been at any former
period, because those in power, who resort to precedent
and construction, unfortunately possess, or have pos-
sessed, so much popularity, that their aggressions are
overlooked by a generous People, and who, instead of
reproving the continuance of their constituents by some
pious fidelity to their trusts, seem forgetful of every
thing but the gratification of their unalloyed ambition
or their inordinate passions.
Enough has been said to indicate what will be the
complexion of "The Mountain Whig" in regard to
general politics.

As to State concerns, it will advocate a speedy alter-
ation of the Constitution, a liberal system of Internal
Improvement, an enlightened course of Agriculture,
and every thing else calculated to advance the pros-
perity and honor of the Editor's adopted State.

A due proportion of the paper will be devoted to Re-
ligious, Moral, Literary, and other useful subjects, to-
gether with the passing News of the Day, both domestic
and foreign; and its columns shall always be ornamented
with extracts from the Light Literature of the age,
and such efforts of the Poet's and the Wit's imagina-
tive powers, as will afford to its patrons that "Variety"
which is "the very spice of life." Nothing will be re-
jected which is calculated to improve the understand-
ing or the heart, while every thing of an opposite ten-
dency shall be excluded from its columns.

TERMS, &c.
1. The first No. of "The Mountain Whig" will be
issued as soon as the requisite number of subscribers
can be obtained to warrant the making of the neces-
sary arrangements for that purpose; and the undersigned
would appeal to the friends of the proposed undertaking
to enrol their names at an early day.
2. It will be printed once a week, upon a sheet of
medium size, with new type and on good paper, at Two
Dollars per year, payable on the receipt of the first
number.
Aug. 9, 1834. R. H. MADRA.
A Second-Hand Stove
FOR SALE, very cheap, if applied for immedi-
ately. Inquire of THE PRINTER.