

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.

B. AUSTIN & C. F. FISHER,
Editors and Proprietors.

SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 28, 1839.

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TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

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Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted at one dollar per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court and Judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent more than the above prices. A deduction of 25 per cent from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements sent in for publication, must have the number of times marked on them, or they will be inserted till folded, and charged for accordingly.

Letters addressed to the Editors on business must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

Miscellaneous.

A CAPITAL JUDGE OF HORSE-FLESH.

AN ANECDOTE.

When I was a young man—that is to say younger than I am now, though I don't want to pass for an old one yet—often thought myself wide awake, when I was really napping. Above all things, I imagined that I had a very pretty knowledge of horse-flesh. Not that I was then much of a rider, but when I got a horse, I regularly studied the animal. Business kept me rather close at the desk, and it was only on a Sunday I could take a ride. I wanted confidence at first, and the difficulty was in getting astride at the livery stables, just when nobody happened to be looking; as I took many an excursion before I could systematically reflect which side of the horse I ought to mount. Often would I converse on the state of the roads and the weather with the groom at the yard, not liking to confess my ignorance, till he would ask me again and again if I was ready. Then gradually approaching the head of the animal, I watched which side the fellow inclined to, for fear I should make a mistake and get laughed at. Once I purposely left my whip in the stable and sending the man for it, made a desperate spring at the saddle, contriving to precipitate myself over the beast's shoulder into a green puddle before he returned. Well, this is nothing to do with my story. It is little use to tell you of all the tumbles I had. In time I became a better horseman—was seldom on the wrong side of the road, and could put my hand in my pocket to pay a turnpike without my steed running away with me and bolting the toll. When I was taken into partnership in Holburn—you know the old shop, gentlemen—I married Mrs. Higgins, my present wife that is; so I thought, as I lived at Pentonville, it might be as well to buy a nag; and now, remember, I imagined myself a pretty good judge. I certainly was not a novice, having ridden exactly to the same livery stable, for I often found the grooms rather impertinent, and fancied they might be inclined to play me some trick by giving me a vicious animal. Well, as I was saying, I made up my mind to keep a nag, and of course, it was well to have a nice quiet beast; so I advertised,—“Wanted, a horse for an elderly gentleman,” though I was barely five-and-twenty; but then, though remarkably fond of riding, I was not going to put myself on a skittish young thing only fit for a jockey. I had many answers to my advertisement, as you may suppose. Such an assortment as I had to choose from! I was rather startled when some of the knowing cobs asked me if I wanted the horse for myself; but I swore it was for my grand-father. Then such a character every animal had—one would have thought there was a particular breed of horse kept for the old gentlemen's horses. The celebrated cross-bred between a “famb and an arm-chair,” for gentleness and comfort, was nothing to these invaluable cobs. Actually fatigued with the great variety that was each day offered to my choice, I at length pitched upon a bay gelding with two white legs and a spot of the same complexion right between its eyes. This horse was a most tractable creature; at least, so said the dealer I bought it from; he was sure my grand-father would be delighted with it. “My eyes, sir,” said he, “if the old gentleman want tip you sommat, become an some for getting him such a prad! He can go any price at all, if you want him; but if you are for a quiet ride, you can hardly get him to put your foot afore the tether. He'll open any gate in the lanes that's not doubled locked; and as to mounting easy, why the old nobleman, what-owned him last, used to have him brought up to his bed-room and ride him down stairs.” Of course, I did not believe all the man's story, because it is pretty well understood that when you buy a horse you get a few lies into the bargain; but I was very well pleased with my purchase, and rode him to Pentonville. I suppose the creature thought it was for a quiet “pice” that morning; in truth, it wasn't much more than a walk I got him to, and I was suddenly struck with the idea that he was rather old. The only vivacity the animal showed was in shying at anything that happened to startle it. Then, after making two or three flounders, it would come to a dead halt.

At last we arrived at Battle-bridge. Some thirty years ago, in that interesting locality, there was a murmuring stream, which rippled over a bed of murdered kittens and deceased cats and dogs, rather curiously interspersed with broken crockery. Well, here my steed came to a stand; pass he would not; and when I belabored with my stick, he commenced a retrograde movement which, had I continued my exercise over his shoulder, would certainly have taken me back to Holburn.

In the midst of my difficulty, a good-natured old Irishman, who kept an apple stall by the road-side, came to my assistance. “And your honor's got a bad baste of it,” said he, pulling off his coat as if he was going to fight; “I just do that, your honor, to save me jacket from being tore, for it's ugly large teeth the baste has.” With this remark, he got hold of the bridle, and commenced pulling with all his might. His precaution in taking off his coat showed extraordinary foresight, so far as the preservation of his ragged garment was concerned, but a terrible bite the brute gave him! “Aisy, now; arn't you a big blackguard to be making your teeth meet in my flesh? Is it banes you take me to be—for you couldn't graze, you old devil, you couldn't. Your long teeth wouldn't let you!” Paddy was right enough; the jockey had done me. But I must make short of a long story. The apple-stall proprietor and I got the beast past the water, he by pulling and I by thrashing. I gave the poor fellow half a crown, and he assured me that he'd be proud and delighted to be bit that same way, any day I was passing, for the likes.—Wouldn't it be a bite for his children, six motherless orphans, and a sup for himself to my honor's good health. Mr. Higgins gave an imitation of the Patlander with great accuracy, throwing into it a slight dash of the Yorkshire dialect; an ingenious contrivance, supposed by some ninnies to give much force to the delineation of a true Irishman. The company having charged their glasses, the landlord taking equal care to perform that operation in another sense, the equestrian continued:—“I got home to Mrs. H. late that evening, for I had dined in town, and, as you gentlemen are aware, lost much time on the road. My only regret after-

wards, was that I had not deayed my return till after night-fall for my wife unfortunately got sight of the bestrode. I never spent such an uncomfortable evening in my life. “And is this the horse you were to get a gig for, to drive me out on Sundays? Very well, Mr. H.; you've saved your money one way, in buying that old thing; and now you may save it in another, for no gig do I want, to go about with a horse showing those awkward long teeth, and that great patch of white on the forehead, like a bald-head cow—and those ugly ragged hoofs! I'm quite ashamed to see you ride it, let alone being drawn all over the country by such a brute.” Mrs. Higgins said this and much more, for she too considered herself a judge of horse-flesh, as her papa (being his own estate in Hertfordshire, and she having poney of her own before she could recollect) was quite put out, and for the first time since our marriage we quarreled. The boy after bedding down my precious bargain, laid the cloth for supper; but I had lost my appetite. I said the roasted potatoes were burnt to a cinder. Mrs. H. declared, that if any thing, they were not done enough; I swore the butter was salt, and she insisted that I was fresh, or I should not have been so when in a horse-dealer. Then came on some very pertinent remarks about not being able to drive out like other people, and about some person of her acquaintance who had been foolish enough to marry a man who could not keep his wife out of the dirt of the roads. There is no use, gentlemen, in dwelling on a matrimonial squabble, it makes any dwelling disagreeable. I went to bed sick of my horse, my wife, my very existence. The first news I had next morning was that I had been offered one of these incognitables;—not my wife, for she was slumbering by my side;—not my existence, gentlemen, as I need not inform; but of my horse. The boy swore that he had secured the stable, and whether the beast had the knack of undoing fastenings, as the jockey informed me, I know not; but from saddle, and bridle, and horse-cloth going with him, I supposed he was stolen. Mrs. H. said, in mistake for my neighbor's steed, which she declared was “really a decent one.” I said nothing to save words; but determined after breakfast to find out the scoundrel who had sold me the animal, and abuse him while the merits of the purchase were fresh in my memory. Of course, he was not to be heard of; perhaps he had mounted the old horse and the two rips had gone off together. Let that be as it might, I was thirty pounds out of my pocket, and still in want of an elderly gentleman's cob.

Mrs. H. insisted, as I was such a bad jockey that she must see my next choice before the bargain was struck; and in the course of a week, having again advertised, for I would not trust those rascally stable keepers, I was suited upon by a steady-looking elderly man, who swore me he had just the kind of a creature I should like in the bay gelding, price thirty-five pounds; it was my highest figure.

The next morning Mrs. H. came to town by the stage, and I took her to see the animal. She looked very knowingly at it. “Open the mouth,” said Mrs. H. “Ah! there are the marks what my nag used to show me in any pony when I lived in the farms—the horse is young.” “Yes, ma'am, said the old gentleman, “I'm a farmer myself, and I like to see a lady know something of horse-flesh.” “Hertfordshire?” asked my wife. “Next county to it,” replied the respectable agriculturist. “I, the while, was looking at the horse, and had every reason, as I thought, to be satisfied. The coat was as smooth as velvet, gentlemen, and a beautiful bay color; the hoofs were black and shining, and not a white spot about him; the teeth, unlike those which had been met in poor Pat's arm, were short and bearing, as Mrs. H. declared, the right marks. The bargain was struck—my wife returned to Pentonville per stage; and I, that evening, bought another saddle and bridle wherewith to ride home my new purchase. Gentlemen, but that you all know I am now a capital judge of horse-flesh, and that I don't mind a laugh at my youthful inexperience, I should not venture to tell the rest of my story. As I rode along, I thought it a very strange coincidence that the paces of my present horse should be exactly like those of the last. The animal had the same habit of starting, jumping, rather than running, a few yards, and then halting.—“What the devil is the matter?” said I to myself; is it my manner of riding that won't let the horse go on—fretting after this fashion, I neared Battle-bridge—there sat the Irishman at his stall. We had continued our acquaintance, and he knew the loss I had sustained in his old antagonist. This new beast was now tossing up its head, snorting and showing its teeth, though not the terrible grinder my other Bucephalus exhibited, still looking full of bite, and pass the stream he would not.—The man stood agast, and no wonder. Though not naturally superstitious, even I was beginning to think that every animal I rode was bewitched.—“Have you bought him you, honor?” “Yes, Pat,” said I, “and he's hanged to him.”

“Shall I lay hold of his head and drag him past the water, as I did the last you'd the luck to get!—and sure this must be brother to that same, and it's a natural dread they have of Battle-bridge.”

I assented to Paddy's proposal, and this time, without taking off his coat, he approached the beast. It must have been mad, I do believe, for no sooner did the Irishman get the wetch up to the stream, than I was flung from the saddle, and went to the dogs, cats, and kittens under the bridge, while the brutes teeth fastened on Pat's arm. The poor fellow roared out lustily, but didn't let go his hold on the bridle.

“It's the same horse entirely, sir; I know it by the bite, though they've been filing his teeth and doctoring him. Just look at his head, too, and his legs! they've been staining 'em. Oh! ain't I up to the tricks of them jockeys?—wasn't I able to buy myself to the biggest rogue in all Ireland?”

I got out of the ditch into which I had been thrown; and the horse, after a good cudgelling, underwent our united investigation. It was plain enough—I had been done—doubly done. I immediately returned to the public house, where the “respectable farmer” put up, accompanied by Pat and a constable. The fellow was “gone into the country.” I sold my five-and-thirty pounds purchase for nine. Mrs. H. has never since boasted of her judgment in horse-flesh; and many's the time, as I've stopped on the top of a stage coach, near Pat's stall, has he asked me when I was going

to buy another horse, and whether it wouldn't be as well, if I was for getting a proper baste, to make quite sure that the “ould un” was dead.

There, gentlemen, open confession is good for the soul. I don't pretend to be wiser than my neighbors, and I should like to see a jockey do me now;—and with these sagacious remarks ended Mr. Higgins' narrative.

A short time since, the door of a country inn was darkened by a well-dressed man, of modest and unassuming mien, who requested food for his horse, and the extra services of a hostler, inasmuch as the beast had been hardly driven. The stranger had much the appearance of an intelligent farmer of moderate means, who, though liberal perhaps was never profuse. After attending to the welfare of his horse, he entered the bar-room.

“You may give me,” said he to the landlord, “something to eat, but merely a cold bite. My business is very urgent, so any thing will serve my turn for the present.”

Scarcely a moment had elapsed after his order was issued, ere the jingling of a small bell summoned him to the dining room; which in ordinary places, would have been termed no more than a bed room. The fare placed before him, although a cold bite, as he had ordered, in the strict sense of the term, was yet meager in the extreme. The remains of a cold dish of potatoes and boiled pork, and a glass of water, were all that had been appropriated to his use.

Swallowing a few hasty morsels, he again presented himself before the bar and demanded his bill.

“Half a dollar for your dinner,” said Boniface.

“Half a dollar! I seldom dispute a tavern bill, sir, but for such as I have had, the charge is an imposition.”

“A meal is a meal,” said the landlord, and that is our regular charge.”

“It is a small sum to quarrel about,” observed the traveller, “but I prefer to be pilfered in a manly manner.”

“A meal is a meal,” again returned the landlord in a surly manner; “we always charge that, whether a man eat more or less, good or bad.”

Perceiving altercation to be useless, the stranger paid the bill, called for his horse and rode away with the muttered exclamation that he would sometime have an adequate revenge.

His destination was about fifteen miles distant. After transacting his business, he was about starting the next day on his return. He had mentioned the circumstance to a friend, and that person assured that the tavern was notorious for its extravagant charges, but that he could find him a man who could put the landlord's maxim, “a meal is a meal,” to a thorough test. Accordingly, before setting out, our traveller was introduced to his companion, who had secured in order to do justice to his entertainment, of his employer. He was to be paid the expense of his dinner and journey. The adventurer was a hearty, good-humored fellow, something of a wag, and extremely shrewd. He was with all a most indigestible glutton. Eating and telling large stories were his employments. He was for a quietly an entire stranger to the inn-keeper.

“Landlord,” said the traveller, “I owe this man, Mr. John Jones, a dinner, which I lost by a foolish bet. Furnish him one, and I will pay for it.”

“What will you have?” asked the landlord of Mr. Jones.

“A roast turkey, sir.”

The landlord stared, but issued his orders to the occupants of the kitchen. They required some little time to comply with the orders. The landlord and Jones soon made themselves old acquaintances.

“Rather a red face that of yours landlord,” said Jones. “I haven't seen any thing that looked like spring before; fine blossoms, sir.”

“You are rather a crooked character, Mr. Jones.”

“Rather, sir; but not quite so crooked as a tree I once knew. It was the tallest butternut I ever saw. Standing close to it one day in a thunder storm, I saw a squirrel on one of the topmost branches. The lightning struck the same branch about three above him—the squirrel started—the lightning had to follow the grain, and the squirrel went straight down. So confounded crooked was that tree, sir, that the squirrel, by my watch, got to the bottom precisely three minutes before the lightning.”

“That's a lie,” exclaimed the landlord.

“A lie! true, sir, true as any story ever was. I afterwards saw that tree cut down and made into rails for a bog pasture. The hogs would crawl through twenty times a day, and so thundering crooked were them rails that every time the hogs got out they found themselves in the pasture again!”

Before Jones had time to relate another story, the bell rang for dinner. The turkey was there, flanked on one side by a huge dish of potatoes, and on the other by condiments of various kinds.

“I will thank you, said Mr. Jones to the damsel in waiting, “to cook me a few slices of beef, I am afraid I shall not be able to make out a dinner on this.”

The girl withdrew in amazement, while Jones made a most vigorous attack upon the fowl, which rapidly disappeared before his advances. Wings, legs, and body were soon transformed into a skeleton, and heaped into a large pile beside his plate. The vegetables too, had sensibly diminished, and he had just laid his hands on an apple pie of uncommon dimensions, when the girl made her appearance with the beef.

“Thank you, said Jones, “have the goodness now to cook me some pork steaks, rather rare, and bring me a plate of pickles. I have a very strong appetite.”

The girl disappeared, and Jones fell to again, but with less alacrity than before. He managed, however, to devour the beef just as the girl came in with the pork, the pickles having in the mean time been eaten.

“Now, Miss, I'll trouble you for some fresh fish. Have you any?”

While the girl had gone to enquire for this, the landlord, who had been apprized of the sad havoc which had been made among his viands, entered the room. At this juncture of affairs, the girl came back with the intelligence that they had nothing but pickled salmon.

“Give me half a dozen pounds of that then.”

Jones had already studied himself to reflection, and to have saved his life, could scarcely have swallowed another morsel. The landlord having heard the last order thought best to fill up as cheap as possible.

“Won't you have some cider, Mr. Jones?”

“No sir, no I thank you. I always makes it a rule in eating, never to drink anything until I get just about half through.”

“Good God, sir, you'll eat us out of house and home. Quit now, and you are welcome to what you have eaten.”

“Well, a meal is a meal! but I presume I can obtain more at the next tavern. Tell 'em they need not cook the salmon. I'll take you at your offer.”

It is almost needless to mention that the landlord soon came to a knowledge of all the circumstances connected with the case, and that afterwards he was particularly careful in selecting objects upon whom to exercise his shaving propensities.

THE GRAVE-YARD.

What singular feelings rush upon us, when engaged in a silent, serious contemplation of that house of the dead—the grave-yard. The subject, solemn in itself—the thoughts connected with it, more solemn still. A feeling of horror and superstitious dread comes over us; we fear we know not what; in the memory of the past is brought before us; we seem to hold communion with the spirits of the departed. The warrior, the hero, the statesman, the politician, seem to rise in all their glory before us. We view them through the vista of retrospection. Fame echoes their deeds—we listen, and feel convinced they yet exist; we cast our eyes upon their tomb, and find them living only in our remembrances. It is there, surrounded by solitude, we can give full scope to the imagination, let loose the reins of fancy, think of the past, the present, and the future. We look around us—we behold thought but the marble slab erected to the memory of him whose remains, once animated with life—with buoyant spirits, and through whose veins once meandered the crimson life—have long ago crumbled, uniting dust with dust.—We hear nought but the murmuring flow of the rivulet—the gentle breathing of a thousand zephyrs. The moon shines sweetly over our heads; the evening star, bright in its everlasting beauty, looks down upon us, from its home of blue. On the waving grass, glitter the dowy globules of the night, seeming, by their brilliancy, to mimic the more resplendent lustre of the trees of heaven. A sweet and soothing influence breathes around the dwellings of the dead. How lovely is their rest! Beside the tomb of the venerable old man, you see reposing, in its everlasting slumber, the smiling infant which, but lately, formed the mother's joy—the father's pride. The eye, from which sparkled celestial fire, is dim; the lip, from which flowed irresistible eloquence, is closed forever. The thoughts which came fast crowding on the brain of the philosopher, sleeps the sleep of forgetfulness. No conflicting passions agitate him; he is dead alike to annihilation, to glory, and to honors. Thus we are obliged to render to that great and glorious being, who first endowed them, our talents, our capacities, our good and noble, as well as our inferior qualities. Millions, since first the flight of years began, have, during each successive hour, nay, during each minute, been called upon to surrender talents, and as many millions more may, perhaps, have the same summons before the final dissolution of the world. Thus, as the long train of ages glide away, all that breathe will share the same destiny—the man in the prime of life—the nation of advanced years, and the child of beauty and innocence, will each take his place in the silent “halls of death.” The grave-yard has long been my favorite resort—the termination of all my walks, and perhaps the time is not far distant when it will be my final resting place, after my short but tedious pilgrims.

LONDON EATING HOUSE.—ANECDOTE.

While upon the Jeremy Deller subject, it may not be amiss to mention an amusing circumstance which took place in an eating house in town. A poor Frenchman (it was in the winter) entered merely for the purpose of warming himself at the fire; he was in too great distress to think of any indulgence in the good things there smoking in profusion, save such as might be enabled by his factory nerve. While engaged in rubbing his half-starved, bony hands before a good fire, the master of the house came up and said—

“Won't you take something?”

“I thank you, sir,” was the reply. “I—”

“What will you take?”

“What you please!”

“We have some very nice roast turkey and sausages; will you like that?”

“I thank you, I shall like him very much.”

“Sit down here, and I will bring it to you.”

The Frenchman was accordingly ushered into a box, and the turkey and dressings placed before him. Of whatever he was asked to partake, he partook. He ate bountifully, and washed it down with some good wine. Poor fellow! he had not known such a meal before for many a long day.—The proprietor thought he had a good customer; his mortification and disappointment were extreme, when, on presenting his bill, the Frenchman said:—

“I have no money, sir.”

“No money?”

“No.”

“Then what the devil did you come into my house, and order such a dinner for?”

“Pardon, you mistake; I come here to warm myself—you come to me and ask me if I will take nothing; I say “thank you,” you say “what will you take?” I respond “What you please?” you bring me de turkey, de sausage, de tart, de pudding, de cheese, and de wine; I no ask you for dem—you ask me will I take, and I can no refuse. The master of the house, who was something of a humorist, and who was also struck with the Frenchman's gaunt and poverty stricken figure, suffered him to depart. But great was his astonishment at seeing, a short time afterwards, another Frenchman entered, who, upon being asked what he would take, likewise replied, “what you please.—“Oh, oh,” exclaimed the landlord, “I forgave the other because he was an original; but you, fellow, are a mere copyist, I shall kick you into the street,” which he did accordingly. It appeared that the poor premier Frenchman had met

Attention!—Salisbury Guards.

YOU are hereby commanded to parade in the Town of Salisbury on the 4th of July next, equip in the uniform of the Company, at 9 o'clock, A. M., with seven round of cartridge.

By order of the Captain,
JOHN H. WEANT, O. S.
Salisbury, June 21, 1839.

Valuable Land and Mills.

THE Subscribers wishing to sell the above real Estate, take this method of informing the Public that they now offer for sale that valuable tract of land, containing 330 acres, lying in the County of Davidson on the Yadkin River, and on the main road leading from Lexington to Fulton and Mocksville. On the premises is a

SAW AND GRIST MILL;

Also, a Distillery—calculated to do an extensive business, with three large Stills and vessels newly fitted up. The land is well suited for raising grain, and is situated in the midst of a grain growing neighborhood. The purchaser can have possession this Fall.—Any person wishing to view the premises or contract for the same will please call on the Subscribers living near the premises.

REBECCA CRUMP,
THOMAS CRUMP.

Davidson County, N. C.,
June 21, 1839. 1-104

THOMAS SANDFORD,
COMMISSIONER
AND
FORWARDING MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Refer to—
Messrs. E. L. & W. WINSLOW,
John H. & Son,
YANNOUX & RAY,
C. T. HARRIS,
E. W. WILKINSON,
C. J. ORRILL,
JOSEPH BAKER,
CURTIS & MYROVER,
June 21, 1839. 3m

Notice.

TAKEN up and committed to the Jail of Rowan County on the 15th instant, a negro man who calls himself TOM, about fifty years of age. He says the right of his left eye is injured, that he belongs to George Cooper, of Fairfield district S. C. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, or he will be dealt with as the law directs.

JOHN H. HARDIE, S'G'.

Brick Masonry.

THE SUBSCRIBER living near Lexington, Davidson County, takes this method to inform the Public that he will enter into contract with any Person, or persons, either in Davidson, Rowan, or Cabarrus Counties, who wish houses, factories, or any other kind of buildings erected of Brick, to build them as cheap, as durable, and in as good style as any workman in this country.

He will also, mould and burn the Brick, if wanted.—He trusts that his long experience in

MOULDING AND LAYING BRICK,

will entitle him to a share of public patronage.

He would refer gentlemen wishing work done in his line of business, to the Female Academy and the new line of Proof Clerk's office in Salisbury, as specimens of his work.

N. B. Those wishing work done, will please leave word at the office of the Western Carolinian, and it shall be punctually attended to.

ROBERT COX,
Davidson, April 18, 1839.

To Travellers.

THE travelling community are respectfully informed that the Subscriber is now running his line direct from Raleigh by way of Pittsboro' and Ashtboro' to Salisbury, in small Northern made Coaches of the first order; leaving Raleigh on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 A. M. arriving in Salisbury next days at 10 P. M. Leaving Salisbury on Tuesdays and Fridays at 2 A. M. arriving in Raleigh next days at 10 P. M.

His horses are good, and drivers particularly careful and accommodating.

JOEL McLEAN,
Feb. 12, 1839.

N. B. Seats secured at the Mansion Hotel.

Wrapping Paper, &c.

THE Subscribers have just received a large assortment of brown and colored WRAPPING PAPER; together with a large quantity of PASTE BOARD, which they offer at wholesale or retail.

C. B. & C. K. WHEELER,
June 7, 1839.

Goeltcke's Sanative.

THE Subscriber having received an Agency to sell the above Medicine, and also, the Medicine, now offers it for sale at the stated prices.

JOSEPH HAINES,
Fulton, March 28, 1839.

Moffat's Pills and Bitters

THE LIFE GIVING PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS, so celebrated, and so much used by the afflicted in every part of the country, is now received and for sale by the Subscribers.

CRESS & BOGER, Agents,
P. S. See advertisement—April 4, '39. 4t

Warrants for sale here.