RALEIGH REGISTER.
AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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WESTON R. GALES,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS.

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Advertisements inserted in the Semi-Weekly Register, will also appear in the Weekly Paper, free of charge.

All Letters to the Editor must be *post-paid.*

THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

NO. IV.

ON THE MEEKNESS AND GENTLENESS OF CHRIST. PORTRAIT OF PATIENCE.

The innumerable beauties of nature are all calculated to delight the attentive beholder; yet, while wandering over this diversified scenery, he dwells with peculiar pleasure on the refreshing verdure that everywhere meets the eye. So, the christian, in contemplating the life and actions of his Lord, although, every part is fraught with instruction, and full of grace, and beauty, and truth, rests with unmingled satisfaction, on the *mildness* which shines throughout the character of Christ. Isaiah, "rapt into future times," thus describes the illustrious object of all prophecy: "a bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench." St. Paul, when he would persuade his converts by an argument of more than common weight, beseeches them, with a warmth peculiar to himself, *by the meekness and gentleness of Christ;*" and our Lord himself, when he calls us to *learn of him*, adds as the reason of our imitation, "*for I am meek and lowly of heart.*" It is this meekness and lowliness of heart, this quiet spirit, this gentleness to others, this patience under all the accidents of life, that throws at so immeasurable a distance from our divine teacher, all the sages and philosophers that ever appeared to guide and instruct mankind. This is the brightest ray in the glory, which encircles the head of our Emanuel; the peculiar fragrance of the rose of Sharon: It is the chord at whose touch the christian's heart vibrates with rapture; the leading feature, which distinguishes every member of the family of Christ.

Surely then, it becomes every one who has enlisted himself under the banners of the cross, to study to attain that grace, which comes recommended by such a variety of arguments; and to practise that virtue, which his beloved leader takes such frequent opportunities to display. Ye, whom the sunshine of prosperity has ripened into premature luxuriance, whose passions have gained strength by indulgence and excess, *learn of Christ;* and remember that he, who had all nature at his command, submitted himself to a voluntary state of pennance: and, resisting the solicitations of nature, fasted forty days, and forty nights, in the dreary wilderness. Ye, whom the tooth of slander has wounded, and who groan under the oppressive weight of unmerited reproach, learn of Christ, and reflect, that your great master was numbered among the transgressors; and that he, who was benevolence itself, was denounced as a blasphemer, an enemy of mankind, and unworthy to live. When your hearts prompt you to resentment, learn of him, who bore these unequalled injuries without repining, and who when he was reviled, reviled not again. "*He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.*"—Ye, who mourn under the correcting hand of Providence, who bend with anguish over the ashes of the friends of your affection, the beloved partners of your hearts;—ye sons and daughters of affliction, who bedew with tears the turf, fresh springing over a parent's grave;—ye mothers, who refuse to be comforted, because your children are not,—*learn of Christ;* be resigned, be patient, and remember him, who in the hour of agony, meekly bowed his head, and said with pious submission, "Father, not my will, but thine be done."

Let us then conduct ourselves as becomes scholars in the school of Christ. When the storm of passion arises, let us, like the apostles, awaken our master, to save us from this shipwreck of the soul. To use the words of an old English divine, "He that would not have his reason confounded, or his discourse useless, or his family a den of lions; he that would not have his marriage a daily duel, or his society troublesome, or his friendship formidable, or his feasts bitter; he that delights not to have his discipline cruel, or his government tyrannical, or his disputations violent, or his civilities unmannerly, or his charity a rudeness, or himself miserable upon every accident, and in all changes of his life, must mortify his anger, study to attain his quiet spirit, and to imitate the gentleness and patience of Christ. For it concerns us, as much as peace, and wisdom, and nobleness and charity, and felicity are worth, to be at peace in our breasts, and to be pleased with God's providence, and to be in charity with every thing, and with every man."

I know not how I can with more propriety conclude the present number, than by the following extract from one of bishop Hunter's discourses on the virtue of patience. It is full of spirit and animation, and the conclusion reminds us of that most eloquent description of charity, which St. Paul has left on sacred record, and which has invariably drawn forth the admiration of mankind.

"The patience which we so much admire in God, shone forth in the person of his Son Jesus Christ. He fasts forty days, who filleth all things living with plenteousness, and who is himself the bread of life. He endures the temptations of Satan, and answers them one by one from the scriptures, who could have remanded him to his chains in a moment, by the word of his power. With his disciples he lived, not as their lord, but the servant of all. How tenderly did he bear with all their ignorance and infirmities, leading them on gently, as they were able to follow him! And that they might never refuse to do offices of kindness for each other, he washed all their feet, and amongst them those of Judas, from whom he meekly received the kiss that betrayed him. How patiently did he endure the contradictions of sinners, and, in his disputes with the Jews, how lovingly did he try to persuade the incredulous, and to melt by kindness the hearts that were hardened! How quietly did he submit to the insolence of the proud, and give place to the fury of the wrathful, desirous, even to his last hour, to save, if possible, those murderers of the phophets, those rebels against their God! But when the time of passion came, what railing and revilings were patiently heard by him, what mockery and insult patiently suffered! How was he wounded, who heals every disease?—How was he crowned with thorns, who crowns his martyrs with unfading garlands! How was he stript naked, who clothes the field with flowers, and all the world with robes, and the whole globe with the canopy of heaven, and the dead with immortality! How was he fed with gall and vinegar, who reaches out to his people the fruits of Paradise, and the cup of salvation? Innocent and righteous, nay innocence and righteousness itself, he was numbered with the transgressors. The truth was oppressed by false witnesses; he was judged who is to judge the world; the word of God became dumb as a lamb before his shearers. And when, at the crucifixion, the heavens were confounded, and the earth trembled, and the sun, that he might not be forced to behold the villainy of the Jews, withdrew his shining, and left the world in darkness, still the blessed Jesus said nothing, and betrayed no emotion of anger, but endured without murmuring all that earth and hell could lay upon him, till he had put the last stroke to this most finished picture of perfect patience, and prayed for his murderers; whom he has been ever since, and is now ready to receive, upon their repentence, not only to pardon, but to a participation of the glories of his kingdom."

"Patience commends us to God, and keeps us his. Patience is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility: Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptations, endures persecutions, consummates martyrdom:—Patience produces unity in the church, loyalty in the State, harmony in families and societies; she comforts the poor and moderates the rich; she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calumny and reproach; she teaches us to forgive those who have injured us, and to be the first in asking forgiveness of those whom we have injured; she delights the faithful, and invites the unbelieving; she adorns the woman, and approves the man; is loved in a child, praised in a young man, admired in an old man: she is beautiful in each sex, and every age. Behold her appearance and her attire! Her countenance is calm and serene as the face of heaven, unspotted by the shadow of a cloud, and no wrinkle of grief or anger is seen in her forehead. Her eyes are as the eyes of doves for meekness, and on her eye-brows sit Cheerfulness and Joy. Her mouth is lovely in silence; her complexion and colour that of innocence and security; while, like the virgin, the daughter of Sion, she shakes her head at the adversary, despising and laughing him to scorn.—She is clothed in the robes of the martyrs, and in her hand she holds a sceptre in the form of a cross. She rides not in the whirlwind and stormy tempest of passion, but her throne is the humble and contrite heart, and her kingdom is the kingdom of peace."

The brig VIRGINIA, with United States troops on board, bound from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to New York, and which sailed from the former place on the 11th ult. and for whose safety some doubts were entertained, arrived at Charleston S. C. on the 1st inst., after having been blown off the coast three times, with loss of sails, spars, &c. The officers are all well.

SALE OF IMPORTED STOCK.

On Friday, 20th December, were sold in Charleston, just landed from the Ship Margaret Johnson, from Belfast, several fine Durham Short Horns.

A beautiful Cow, 4 years old, was sold for $310, to Mr. Hieronymus.

A fine Heifer, 2 years old, was sold for $180, to Mr. O'Neale.

A bull Calf, 8 months old, sold for $75, to Mr. O'Neale.

A Prussian Ram brought 930.

A pair of Irish Grazier Hogs were also sold.—*Carolina Planter.*

No less than twenty-eight printers lost their lives at Fannin's massacre, in Texas. Printers are always among the first to dip into any affair where the liberties of their fellow men are at stake, or the yoke of an oppressor needs to be broken.

THE MILLER'S MAID.

OR FEMALE HEROISM REWARDED.

There is a lonely mill close beside the little hamlet of Udof, near the Rhine shore, between the villages of Hersel and Ursel, on the left bank below Bonn. This mill is said to have been the scene of the following story.

It was on Sunday morning, "ages long ago," that the miller of this mill, and his whole family, went forth to hear the holy mass at the nearest church in the village of Hersel. The mill which was also his residence, was left in charge of a servant girl named Hannchen, or Jenny, a stout-hearted lass who had long lived with him in that capacity. An infant child, of an age unfit for church, was left in her charge likewise.

The girl was busily employed in preparing dinner for the return of her master and family when who should enter all of a sudden but an old sweet-heart of hers, named Heinrich Bottelor. He was an idle, graceless fellow, whom the miller had forbidden his house, but whom Jenny, with the amiable perversity peculiar to her sex, only liked, perhaps, all the better because others gave him no countenance. She was glad to see him, and she told him so too; and although in the midst of her work, she not only got him something to eat at once, but also found time to sit down with him and have a gossip, while he despatched the food she set before him. As he ate, however, he let fall his knife.

"Pick that up, my lass," said he, in a joking way, to the good-natured girl.

"Nay, Heinrich," she replied; "your back should be more suple than mine for you have less work to make it stiff. I labor all day long and you do nothing. But never mind! 'twould go hard with me, an' I refused to do more than that for you, bad though you be."

This was spoken half sportively, and half in good earnest; for, kind-hearted as the girl was, and much as she liked the scrape grace, she was too honest and industrious herself to encourage or approve of idleness and a suspicious course of life in any one else, however dear to her. She stooped down, accordingly, to pick up the knife.—As she was in the act of rising, however, the treacherous villain drew a dagger from under his coat, and caught her by the nape of the neck, and griping her throat firmly with his fingers to prevent her screaming the while.

"Now, lass," he said, swearing out a bad oath at the same time, "where is master's money? I'll have that or your life; so take your choice."

The terrified girl would fain have parleyed with the ruffian; but he would not hear nothing she could say.

"Master's money, or your life, lass," was all the answer he vouchsafed to her entreaties and adjurations. "Choose at once," was the only alternative he offered her; "the grave or the gold!"

She saw that there was no hope of mercy at his hands; and, as she saw it, her native resolution awoke in her bosom. Like the generality of her gentle sex, she was timid at trifles; a scratch was a subject of fear to her; a drop of blood caused her to faint; an unwonted sound filled her soul with fear in the night. But when her energies were aroused by any adequate cause, she proved, as her sex have ever done, that in courage, in endurance, in presence of mind, and in resources for every emergency, she far surpassed the bravest and coolest man.

"Well, well, Heinrich!" she said, resignedly, "what is to be must be. But if you take the money, I shall even go along with ye. This will be no home for me any more. But ease your gripe of my neck a little—don't squeeze so hard; I cant move, you hug me so tight. And if I cant stir, you can't get the money that's clear, you know. Besides, time passes; and if it be done at all, it must be done quickly, as the household will shortly be back from Hersel."

The ruffian relaxed his gripe, and, finally, let go his hold. Her reasons were cogent with his cupidity.

"Come," she said, "quick! quick,—no delay. The money is in master's bed-room."

She tripped up stairs gaily as a lark; he followed closely at her heels. She led the way into her master's bed-room, and pointed out the coffer in which the money was secured.

"Here," she said, reaching him an iron which lay in the corner of the room, "this will wrench it open at once; and while you are tying it up, I shall just step up stairs to my own apartment, and get a few things ready for our flight, as well as my own little savings for the last five years."

The ruffian was thrown off his guard by her openness and apparent anxiety to accompany him. Like all egotists, he deceived himself, when self-deceit was most certain to be his destruction.

"Go, lass," was all he said; "but be not long. This job will be done in a twinkling."

She disappeared at the words. He immediately broke open the chest, and was soon engaged in rummaging its contents.

As he was thus employed, however, absorbed in the contemplation of his prey, and eagerly occupied in securing it on his person, the brave-hearted girl stole down the stairs on tip-toe. Creeping softly along the passage, she speedily gained the door of the chamber unseen by him, and likewise unheard. It was but the work of a moment for her to turn the key in the wards and lock him in. This done, she rushed forth to the outer door of the mill, and gave alarm.

"Fly! fly!" shrieked she to the child, her master's little boy, an infant five years old, the only being within sight or sound of her. "Fly! fly to father, fly on your little life! Tell him we shall all be murdered an' he haste not back! Fly! fly!"

The child, who was at play before the door, at once obeyed the energetic command of the brave girl, and sped as fast as his tiny legs would carry him, on the road by which he knew his parents would return from church. Hannchen cheered him onward; and inspired his little heart as he ran.

"Bless thee!" she exclaimed, in the gladness of her heart: "an' master arrives in time, I will offer up a taper on the altar of our blessed Lady of the Kreutzberg, by Bonn."

She sat down on the stone bench by the mill door to ease her over-excited spirit; and she wept, as she sat, at the thoughts of her happy deliverance.

"Thank God!" she ejaculated, "thank God for this escape. Oh! the deadly villain! and I so fond of him, too!"

A shrill whistle from the grated window of the chamber in which she had shut up the ruffian Heinrich, caught her ear, and made her start at once to her feet.

"Diether! Diether!" she heard him shout "catch the child, and come hither! I am fast. Come hither! Bring the boy here, and kill the girl."

She glanced hastily up at the casement from which the imprisoned villain's hand beckoned to some one in the distance, and then looked anxiously after the infant emissary. The little messenger held on his way unharmed, however, and she thought to herself that the alarm was a false one, raised to excite her fear, and to overcome her resolution. Just, however, as the child reached a hollow spot in the next field—the channel of a natural drain, then dry with the heats of the summer—she saw another ruffian start up from the bed of the drain, and catching him in his arms, hastened towards the mill, in accordance with the directions of his accomplice. In a moment she perceived her danger, and in a moment more she formed her future plan of proceeding. Retreating into the mill, she double-locked and bolted the door—the only apparent entrance to the edifice; every other means of obvious access to the interior being barred by means of strong iron gratings fixed against all the windows; and then took her post at an upper casement, determined to await patiently either her master's return, and her consequent delivery from the dangerous position, or her own death, if it were inevitable.

"Never," said she to hereself, "never shall I leave my master's house a prey to such villains, or permit his property to be carried off before my eyes by them, while I have life and strength to prevent it."

She had barely time to secure hereself within, when the ruffian from without, holding the hapless child in one hand, and a long sharp knife in the other, assailed the door with kicks and curses, and imprecations of the most dreadful character.

"Confound thee!" he cried applying the foulest epithets of which the free-speaking Teutonic languages are so copious; "open the door, or I'll break it in on ye!"

"If you can, you may," was all the noble girl replied. "God is greater than you, and in him I put my trust."

"Cut the brat's throat!" roared the imprisoned ruffian above; that will bring her to reason."

Stout-hearted as poor Hannchen was, she quailed at this cruel suggestion. For a moment her resolution wavered; but it was for only a moment. She saw that her own death was certain if she admitted the assailant, and she knew that her master would be robbed. She had no reason to hope that even the life of the infant would be spard by her compliance. It was to risk all against nothing.—Like a discreet girl, she consequently held fast in her resolve to abid as she was while life remained, or until assistance should reach her.

"And ye open not the door," shouted the villian from without, accompanying his words with the vilest abuse, and the fiercest imprecations. "I'll hack this whelp's limbs to pieces with my knife, and then burn the mill over your head. 'Twill be a merry blaze, I trow."

"I put my trust in God," replied the dauntless girl, "never shall ye set foot within these walls while I have life to prevent ye."

The ruffian laid the infant for a moment on the sward as he sought about for combustibles wherewith to execute his latter threat. In this search he espied, perhaps, the only possible clandestine entrance to the building. It was a large aperture in the wall, communicating with the great wheel and the other machinery of the mill, and was a point entirely unprotected, for the reason that the simple occupants had never supposed it feasible for any one to seek admission through such a dangerous inlet. Elated with his discovery, the ruffian returned to the infant, and tying the hands and feet of the little innocent, threw it on the ground even as a butcher will fling a lamb destined for the slaughter, to await his time for slaying. He then stole back to the aperture, by which he hoped to effect an entrance. All this was unseen by the dauntless girl within.

In the meanwhile her mind was busied with a thousand cogitations. She clearly perceived that no means would be left untried to effect an entrance, and she knew that on the exclusion of her foe depended her own existance. A thought struck her.

"It is Sunday," said she to herself; "the mill never works on the Sabbath; suppose I set it a going now? It can be seen afar off; and haply my master, or some of his neighbors, wondering at the sight, may hasten hither to know the cause. 'A lucky thought,' she exclaimed; "'tis God sent it to me!"

No sooner said than done. Being all her life accustomed to mill-gear, it was the work of a moment for her to set the machinery in motion. A brisk breeze which sprang up, as it were by the special interposition of Providence, at once set the sails flying. The arms of the huge engine whirled round with fearful rapidity; the great wheel slowly revolved on its axle, the small gear turned, and cracked, and groaned according as they came into action; the mill was in full operation.

It was in that very instant that the ruffian Diether had succeeded in squeezing himself through the apartment in the wall, and getting safely lodged in the interior of the great drum wheel. His dismay, however, was indescribable when he began to be whirled about with its rotation, and found that all his efforts to put a stop to the powerful machinery which set it in motion, or to extricate himself from his perilous situation, were fruitless. His cries were most appalling; his shrieks were truly fearful; his curses and imprecations were horrible to her. Hannchen hastened to the spot, and saw him caught, like a reptile as he was, in his own trap. It need not be added that she did not liberate him. She knew that he would be more frightened than hurt, if he kept within his rotary prison; and she knew, also, that unless he attempted to escape, there was no danger of his falling out of it, even though he were insensible and inanimate all the while. In the mean time, the wheel went round and round with its steady, unceasing motion; and round and round went the ruffian along with it steadily and unceasingly, too. In vain did he promise the stout-hearted girl to work her no harm; in vain did he pray to all the powers of heaven, and adjure all the powers of hell, to his aid. She would not hear nor heed him: and, unheard and unheeded of them likewise, muttering curses, he was whirled round and round in the untiring wheel, until at last feeling and perception failed him, and he saw and heard no more. He fell senseless on the bottom of the engine, but even there his inanimate body continued to be whirled round, and round, and round, as before; the brave girl not daring to trust to appearances in connection with such a villain, and being, therefore, afraid to suspend the working of the machinery, or stop the mill-gear and tackle from running at their fullest speed.

A loud knocking at the door was shortly after heard, and she hastened thither. It was her master and his family, accompanied by several of their neighbors. The unaccustomed appearance of the mill-sails in full geering on the Sunday, had, as she anticipated, attracted their attention, and they had hastened home from church for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the phenomenon.—The father bore his little boy in his arms; he had cut the cords wherewith the child was tied, but he was unable to obtain any account of the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred from the affrighted innocent.

Hannchan, in a few words, told all; and then the spirit which had sustained her so long and so well while the energy lasted, forsook her at once as it passed away. She fell senseless into the arms of the miller's eldest son, and was with great difficulty recovered.

The machinery of the mill was at once stopped, and the inanimate ruffian dragged forth from the great wheel. The other ruffian was brought down from his prison. Both were then bound, and sent off to Bonn under a strong escort; and, in due course, came under the hands of the town executioner.

It was not long till Hannchan became a bride. The bridegroom was the miller's son, who had loved her long and well, but with a passion previously unrequited. They lived thenceforward happily together, for many years, and died at a good old age, surrounded by a flourishing family. To the latest hour of her life, this brave hearted woman would shudder as she told the tale of her danger, and her deliverance.

FOR Sale, a very likely mulatto GIRL, who is an excellent Seamstress and good house servant. Enquire at this Office.

DISSOLUTION.—The Copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the firm of Christophers & Smith, expired this day by limitation. All those indebted to the concern are requested to make immediate settlement with John J. Christophers, as further indulgence cannot be given.

JNO. J. CHRISTOPHERS,
ELDRIDGE SMITH

Raleigh, Jan. 16, 1840. 7—3t

BUTCHERING BUSINESS.—The undersigned have entered into copartnership, under the firm of Smith & Buffaloe, for the purpose of carrying on the butchering business in this City, and will use their best exertions to supply the market regularly with meat of every description, and of the best quality.

ELDRIDGE SMITH,
B. B. BUFFALOE.

Raleigh, Jan. 16, 1840. 7—4t

WAKE FOREST Pleasant Grove Academy.—The Trustees of this Academy have the pleasure of announcing to the Public, that they have engaged for the ensuing year Miss MARTHA R. RICHARDSON, a young Lady from the North, who comes highly recommended, to take charge of this Institution.

The Session will commence on the first Monday in February next.

In addition to the usual branches of Instruction, the Greek, Latin, French and Italian Languages will be taught, together with Music, Painting, &c.

This Academy is situated, in Wake Forest, 12 miles North of Raleigh, and within ¼ miles of Wake Forest College, in a healthy section of country.

Board can be had in the neighborhood, at $7 per month, or $35 per Session of five months.

TUITION PER SESSION.

Latin and Greek,	$10 00
English Grammar and Geography,	7 50
Lower Branches, &c.	5 00

Drawing and Painting will be taught to all who desire it, but there will be an extra charge for the same, as is usual in other Schools.

JOHN LIGON, Sec'y.

Dec. 20, 1839. 8-tf6J.

UNION ACADEMY.—Under the above title, the Subscriber will commence the second session of his School, in the western part of Orange County, on the 15th January.

He has obtained several good Boarding Houses in the neighborhood, at which any number of young gentlemen can find accommodation for six dollars per month. The Subscriber will board a few himself, at this price; exclusive of lights, of course.

The price for tuition, as heretofore:

Classical Department,	$12 50 } per session.
English Department,	7 50 }

The whole under the supervision of the subscriber.

JOHN R. HOLT.

December 12. 9 tf6J

NOTICE.—Will be sold at the Mills' River Academy, on the 17th January next, the following Tracts of Land, for the Taxes and expences for 1838, viz: Alexander Mauldin's interest in 100 Acres of Land, valued at $100.

Also, said Mauldin's interest in 110 Acres of Land, valued at $110.

R. THOMAS, Sheriff.

Dec. 14, 1839. Pr. Adv. $3 50. 8

ATTENTION!

OFFICERS 35TH REGIMENT N. C. MILITIA.

YOU are hereby commanded to appear at the Grove of the Baptist Church, in this City, on the second Saturday of February next, at 11 o'clock A. M fully uniformed and equipped for Drill and Court Martial.

WALTER L. OTEY,
Col. Commandant.

December 10, 1839. 7

NOTICE—*SALE of LANDS & NEGROES.*

Pursuant to the terms of a Deed of Trust, to me executed by the late Burwell Perry, of the County of Wake for the purposes therein mentioned, I shall offer for sale on Monday the 10th day of February next, on the premises, that valuable PLANTATION, belonging to said Perry, lying in the County of Wake on Neuse River, containing about 2000 Acres, on which is an excellent Saw and Grist Mill; also, Twenty-nine valuable NEGROES, or so much of said property, as may be sufficient to discharge the debt secured by said Deeds.

Notes, with approved security, at six and twelve months, negotiable and payable at the Bank of the State of North Carolina, will be received in payment.

The title to said Property is unquestionable.

WESLEY JONES, Trustee.

Raleigh, Jan. 9, 1840.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

CARTERET COUNTY.

Superior Court of Law—Fall Term, A. D. 1839.

David Trusdale, vs. Jane Trusdale. } Petition for Divorce.

IN this case, it being made appear to the satisfaction of the Court, that a Subpoena and alias Subpoena had regularly issued as directed by Law to the defendant commanding her appearance in this Court, to plead or answer to the petitioner's petition, and all other matters and things done in the premises as required by the Act of Assembly, in such case made and provided—proclamation was therefore made at the Court House door, for the said defendant to appear and answer as commanded by the said Subpoenas, and the said defendant being so called made default. It is therefore ordered, that the Clerk cause notice of the pendency of this petition to be published in the Newbern Spectator and Raleigh Register for three months, and that at the next term, an issue be submitted to a Jury to ascertain the worth of the material facts charged in the Petitioner's petition.

Witness, James W. Hunt, Clerk of the Superior Court of Law, for the County of Carteret, the 2nd Monday after the 4th Monday of September, A. D. 1839.

J. W. HUNT, C. S. C.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber, wishing to remove to the South next Fall, offers her Land for sale, lying on the waters of Spew Marrow Creek, in Granville County, North Carolina. There are between 12 and 13 hundred Acres, half or more of which are wood land. The soil is well adapted to the growth of the Crops usually made in this Country. The plantation is well watered, having a Creek running through it. The situation is healthy. There is a Dwelling House, with six rooms, and a large Cellar, together with all the out-houses necessary for a Family. Further particulars are deemed unnecessary, to those wishing to buy, will first view the Premises, and are requested to make early application.

NANCY J. REAID.

Granville County, Nov. 4, 1839. 2 6m

A Tutoress wanted to take charge of *HANNAH MORE ACADEMY* in Duplin County, to whom a salary of $500 per annum will be given. For particulars, address the undersigned at Sereets Post Office,

JERE. PEARSALL.

December 20, 1839. 8

A CARD.—MRS. HARDIE, grateful for the share of patronage she has always received, would take this method of informing her friends and the public generally, that she has made ample preparation for supplying Families with *ICE* during the ensuing summer, on as good terms as it possibly can be obtained.

Those who have applied for several years back, but could not be supplied on account of the limited size of Ice Houses, need not fear a like disappointment.

She would be glad to have as early application made as possible, as she is anxious to secure a sufficient number of good Subscribers for the season through.

January 7, 1840. 8 3m

NOTICE. TAKEN UP and committed to the Jail of Anson County, on the 17th of December inst. a Negro Man, who calls himself TOM, and says he belongs to JOHN SMITH, of Alabama, and was bought of DANIEL WILLIAMS, of Robeson County, in this State. Said Negro is about 5 feet, 10 inches high, stout built, copper coloured, and apparently about 24 years of age. 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.

Y. H. ALLEN, Sheriff.

Wadesboro, Dec. 14, 1839. 8-3m

Pr. Adv. $7 50.

NOTICE to Silk Growers.—I have for sale, 10 or 12,000 Morus Multicaulis Trees of good size and warranted genuine. Persons wishing to engage in the Silk Culture, can be supplied on very favorable terms. In order to obviate that great difficulty, (the scarcity of money,) I am willing to wait one year for one half of the purchase money, where the sum is $100 and over, provided good security can be given for the payment of the same with interest. It is believed, that more than the amount that the Trees will cost, may be realized the first year, by making Silk from the leaves they will produce. The Trees may be seen at my place, in the Eastern Suburbs of this City.

I have, also, a few thousand Silkworm Eggs for sale. Persons wishing any further information by addressing me, (post paid,) will receive immediate attention.

ELEAZER LOCKWOOD.

Raleigh, Jan. 17. 9 3t