

# The Newbernian.

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## TERMS:

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

We copy from the Baltimore Patriot the following letter from Professor Durbin, of Dickinson College, Pa. to the Rev. Henry Slicer, of Baltimore:

March, 7, 1843.

My Dear Brother Slicer: Here I sit in the shade of the Tomb of Zacharias, at the foot of Mount Olivet, where it descends into the Valley of Jehosaphat, directly opposite the eastern wall of the Temple, and towering high above the brow of Mount Moriah. Mount Moriah! What a word of heavenly and transporting energy does this word awaken in the bosom of the Jew, the Moslem, but particularly the Christian! The offering up of Isaac, the plague of David for numbering the people, when the angel of destruction stood here, with a drawn sword in the threshing floor of Onan, (1 Kings, xii., the travail and industry of the exiles returned by permission of Cyrus to rebuild their temple, the wonderful miracles of Christ and his apostles wrought on that Mount before me, the obstinate defence of the Jews, when Titus pressed them from the Temple to Mount Zion, the destruction of the sacred edifice, the appropriation of the holy mount to the service of Moslemism, its restitution to Christian worship by the Crusaders, and its return again to the Moslem service, in which it yet continues, crowned with the Mosques of Omar and El Aza, whose beautiful domes sit above the sacred place with admirable lightness and grace. As I strolled by the open gateway, and looked in, how earnestly did I long to enter the sacred enclosure, linger in its walks, and amid its trees; enter even the mosque, particularly that of Omar, which covers, perhaps, the very spot where Isaac was offered, and where the magnificent Temple of Solomon was built, which he dedicated to God by the most eloquent and sensible of all prayers, except our Lord's; (1 Kings, viii., 33, &c.) but the fanatic Moslem forbids the feet of the "Christian dog" to tread upon the sacred soil or cross the consecrated threshold.

But I must return to the Valley, from whence I promised you this letter before I left home, and which promise you received somewhat doubtingly. I have wandered up and down it, from the tombs of the Judges, just beyond its head, to the north-west of the city, about one and a half miles, to the well of Job, perhaps the En Regel of Scripture, a quarter of a mile below the south-west corner of the city. It is indeed a valley of the dead, or rather of tombs, for their contents are gone; and the sepulchral chambers, where they slept in peace many centuries ago, are now, but gaping caverns in the rock, where reptiles nestle, if they be single, small sepulchres; or flocks lie down if they be as large as the tombs of the Judges, Kings and Prophets, and some in the southern cliff of the Gibbon, both under and above the "Potter's Field." I have rambled through them all, and found not a fragment of their former contents.—The limestone rock in which they are excavated is soft, and has yielded to the elements, and broken away in front of, and sometimes above the chambers. This is the case all over Palestine; (also at Petra, where the rock is as soft as sandstone,) and constantly reminds one of his immortality, and reduction to dust, and dispersion to the winds of heaven. What a glorious assurance, that the soul is not committed to the tomb, but returns to the God who gave it!

I have just come up from the pool of Siloam, which has a connexion with the Pool of the Virgin, several hundred yards higher up. The first is in the mouth of the Tysopeon Valley, just where it enters that of Jehosaphat, and the other is on the west side of the latter, not many hundred yards from where I date this letter. The connexion is by a narrow passage cut through the point of the hill which slopes down from the mountains, are now subject to occasional violent, irregular flows of the waters, which make one think of the Pool of Bethesda, mentioned in the 5th chapter of St. John, whose waters the angel troubled "at a certain season." Our countrymen, Dr. Robinson and Mr. Smith, witnessed one of these singular movements of the water. We were not so fortunate. No one knows whence the waters come to these cavernous pools, but there is a steady tradition, and general impression, that they have a connexion with the mountains under the temple's area, and

perhaps Milton was apprized of this when he wrote:

"Siloam's book that flowed  
Fast by the oracles of God."

I descended into the pool to wash, as all good pilgrims do, and found a coarse, ragged, strapping Arab woman, washing a dirty quilt, which lay floating upon the little volume of water. She shrunk away from me as from the approach of a leper, and stood huddled up in a little chasm in the rock, looking upon my pilgrim devotions. The water is sweet and good.

I shall not now undertake to describe the tombs to you, but perhaps I may allow you to peep into my omnium gathorum, where I have plans of them, and notes also. But I feel oppressed with sadness, as I cast my eye up the side of Mount Olivet behind me, and look upon the Jewish cemetery spreading over the sacred hill-side, covering it with short, thick stones; each of which lies flat on the ground, and pressed into it a little, as if they had once stood erect, and had been prostrated and pressed by some terrible storm. They are a striking emblem of that most wonderful people, prostrated and trodden down every where but in America; and yet the heart of a Jew, turns towards the side of Olivet, over against the sacred Mount, on which once stood the temple of his fathers, and there he desires, above all things, to rest him when his earthly pilgrimage is finished. They linger about the holy city, and steal through its streets to the place of waiting, or to the west side of the temple, as ghosts that have been frightened away, and returned again to the resting place of their mortal remains.

The first Jews I saw at Jerusalem were three sitting apart in the rent trunk of an aged olive tree, in the deep retired valley of the Gihon. I pity them from my very bowels. Just above where I date from, is the golden gate from which our Saviour used to issue at evening, and retire to Mount Olivet. It is now walled up in the temple wall. Above me in the Valley is the reputed tomb of the Virgin, in which I attended the devotions of the crowd of pilgrims, and followed them into the little chamber, where they pressed their lips long and ardently to the cold rock, as a young mother kisses for the last time her only child before it is laid to rest in the grave. What a mystery this world is! The glory and great work of man have perished, but the saviour of the deeds of the Almighty, and the presence of his primitive children, still perfume the rocks and mountains, and all nations send their pilgrims to honor the consecrated places; and it is painful to the Protestant to know that this external worship is considered efficacious for saving the soul. I wish I could describe to you what I saw in and around the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. But my letter to you at your request belongs to the Valley of Jehosaphat.

From the Valley I ascended, of course the Mount of Olives, paused and—under the gnarled and rent olive trees of Gethsemane, which seem as if they might be the same that witnessed of our Saviour, rambled out to Bethany, stood on the ascension spot, returned to the city along the way of our Saviour's triumphant entry into Jerusalem; but I must pause. Bethel, Shioh, Sychem, Samaria, Nazareth, Tyre, Sidon, Damascus, Balbec, &c. &c. are before me, but my sheet is full. I have a stick for you cut from the most consecrated of spots. My kind regards to your family especially to the best one.

As ever yours, J. P. DURBIN.

P. S.—I seal this letter in sight of Snayna, having this morning at sunrise gazed upon the Island of Patmos, and read with unwonted zest the introduction of the Revelation of St. John. It is astonishing what light and power the Scriptures have when read on the spots and amid the scenes described. It may be my faith is stronger under such circumstances.

## THE BROKEN THREAD.

The following is by "Old Humphrey."

Is it not beautiful?  
"It is a bad sign when age is too proud to learn a useful lesson from childhood. In my walks and friendly cottage calls, I can do any good to others, I am thankful; but the amount of my services is very small. Often, however, does it occur, that when I do no good to others, I get good to myself!"

"This morning, a little child, at a house where I called, came weeping to her mother in great grief. She had been sitting very quietly for some time, on a little stool, sewing at a little piece of clean rag for practice. When I enquired the cause of her trouble, it was a broken thread; the poor little girl seemed overwhelmed with the conviction that her work was at end.

"Did you think, love, I could not fasten it on again?" asked the mother, wiping away the streaming tears. "Yes," sobbed the child. "O! but I can though, in a minute," said the mother.—"See, love, see."

Dear little child, thought I to myself, thy grief and thy simplicity are just like mine. How often and how long have I sat weeping and sobbing with, as it were, a broken thread in my hand, not considering how easy it would be to my heavenly Father to fasten all the broken threads, and to heal all the broken hearts of his children."

Wheat has fallen in Zanesville, Ohio, to 60 cents per bushel, and Flour to \$1 per barrel. Corn sells at 22 cents per bushel.

## LONDON.

The intelligent and able European correspondent of the National Intelligencer, who has resided for several years past in Paris, recently made a visit to London, and thus describes the impressions made on his observant mind by a residence of upwards of a month in the great British metropolis, which he had not seen since 1810.—Clarion.

I employed myself indefatigably for more than a month in renewing my acquaintance with the old parts and examining the prodigious creation of the interval. So pervading, manifold and diversified are the changes and improvements, that every quarter was fresh to my eye, and the ensemble quite other than the London in my memory. I became sure that the morals and manners were amended like the streets; and that with the increase of liberal and charitable institutions of every nature, the spirit and temper of the people were sensibly refined and humanized. Various prejudices and erroneous impressions yielded to the first fortnight's observation. I had supposed Paris to be the gayest, the noblest of capitals—I was wrong. That city had indeed its special beauties, splendors and advantages; the British metropolis, nearly twice as large, is not less magnificent, either west or east; it is more wonderful in both divisions, stupendous and matchless on the whole.

Although the weather was not dry or bland during my month, every day had sunshine enough for all my purposes. The climate of Paris may be preferable in the main or in the average; that of London satisfied me in April and May, because I could visit without discomfort or the least injury to health the gardens and parks, the environs, the churches, the libraries, reading rooms, club-houses, theatres, meetings, exhibitions without number, and witnessed equally without cause of complaint, the displays of the Easter holidays, and all the manifestations incident to the death and funeral of the Duke of Sussex and the accession of Queen Victoria. At no period of the year is so much action in the way of concourse, show, celebration, public worship and public oratory, social and dramatic entertainment, crowded into the same space of time.—Scarcely a word was necessary for thorough access to whatever a man of my tastes and pursuits could wish to inspect. Every facility was at once afforded with a kindness and patience beyond the utmost I had ever experienced. This, you may presume, put me in the best humour with London and the Londoners. I believe, however, that the sentiments of favor and admiration with which I am filled are due to essential merits and marvels, far more than to any personal complacency.

There are nearly two millions of people, who constitute a potent nation within the limits of the panorama; I was at first highly excited and dazzled by the glories of the West, where I lodged; spires and crescents of palaces; fields, groves, waters—town and country together, with every possible splendor and attraction; an array of equipages and luxuries, internal, of aristocratic and opulent fashion, with which French royalty, brilliant as it is, and the pretensions of the richest and loftiest Paris life, specious as they are and mainly just, might fear to compare themselves in general effect or even in common detail. When I frequented the centre and the great arteries, so called, and gazed from the bridges on the Thames and its shores, and then passed mornings (from nine until four) amid the movements and edifices of business in the dock and warehouses, and the establishments embracing all religious and intellectual objects, as well as those of trade, which the city can boast, the mass of operations and the grand results, struck my vision, understanding, and imagination with no less force. Anglo-Saxon qualities and commerce seemed to me to have accomplished what exhibited human agency and human affairs more imposing and efficient than any other scene ancient or modern.

The prodigies of acute and comprehensive intelligence, energy and perseverance, genius and science in design, and consummate inventive skill in execution, belong chiefly to individuals or private associations, not to the government; in this respect, the contrary must be said of the glories of Paris. Incredible bustle and throng prevailed from ten in the morning until five or six in the afternoon in the streets and passages leading and adjacent to the seats of business; but nothing was more unexpected or surprising to me than the absence of noise and pressure where business is transacted. I saw no confusion, no crowding, no perplexity for a moment from any cause, in the Pay Hall of the Bank of England, or in the famous Long Room of the Custom House; in the London Docks there was not perceptible noise or movement enough to afford an idea of the immensity of the incessant transactions throughout the day. The magic of order, method, habit, composure, machinery, could not be more remarkably exemplified. Passing through the huge store houses and endless vaults, and along the wharves with fields of masts before, I asked my conductor where were the thousands of laborers and vehicles that must be employed in the process of landing, depositing, retransporting the merchandise from all regions on the earth. Topographical arrangement and police discipline, seasoned by character, temperament, and custom, accounted for the phenomenon; and such it is at all the great assemblages, theatres included, which I witnessed especially when compared with matters of the kind in

Franco. Unarmed police functionaries are numerous; yet it seemed from the general sobriety of demeanor and universal good humor, as if they could be dispensed with even on the spots and occasions attracting the greatest multitudes and requiring the most earnest despatch. It did not happen to me to observe a single disorder; the jamming of vehicles, however, in Cheap-side, Fleet street, and all the precincts of St. Paul's and the Mansion House; the Anti-Corn Law meetings; the Easter festivities; the opening of the picture galleries; the Sandy Hyde Park migrations; the array of hundreds of thousands at the Royal obsequies, were sufficient opportunities. The Thames Tunnel during the half hour at noon which I spent in it, was as quiet and solemn as the aisle of any one of the temples.

It will not, trust, be regarded by your readers as a profanation of the Sabbath, that on each of my five Sundays in London, I travelled in a cab, with a knowing driver—after having attended the Catholic service in the beautiful chapel of Spanish Place—for five or six hours, through the parts of the capital the most impeded by vehicles and the million on a week day. My friends started and laughed when I told them—with strict truth—that in one of those excursions I heard five eminent preachers, each for not less than twenty minutes, and in a way to form some judgment of the oratory of alk I entered, through the five Sundays nearly every church of oratorical, fashionable or sectarian distinction; and on the whole was greatly edified by the appearance, demeanor and numbers of the congregations, and the style of the rites and sermons. The pulpits are not as rhetorical as those of Paris, but the sacred eloquence, recommended by the characters and stations of teachers, in London must be salutary and operative in at least an equal degree. A broader contrast could not be imagined than between a British and French Sabbath. More of this hereafter. I refer to the difference in the streets and churches.

A church going religious people, the substantial classes of London certainly are, the shops are all hermetically closed; traffic and labor generally suspended; nevertheless there is a wonderful gadding in the country of the secondary and lower orders. Easter Sunday was of bright sky and genial temperature. At about eleven o'clock I arrived on London bridge to contemplate the river, which was covered with steamers swarming with passengers down the Thames and up; fancy flags flying; the interminable line of vessels below dressed with their gayest colors; the other bridges in sight crowded; many steeples, the Custom House, the dome of St. Paul's in the perspective; all this had a sort of sublimity—like the Tunnel—peculiar to itself. It was a different Sabbath, however, from that of the interior of London. So I found the lanes of the suburbs at all hours, and Piccadilly in the afternoon, another kind of Sunday spectacle. In the ensemble, nevertheless, it is essentially better than the continental.

My primary purpose was to survey the exterior of the metropolis; the economy of the great institutions and structures; the external life; and the scene of business in the principal resorts, and the stores or shops of every description. I, therefore, avoided all the domestic hospitality which I could decline; but circumstances brought me into contact with a certain number of persons eminent in politics and literature, and of different parties. It was my deliberate inference, from what I heard and experienced, that a friendly spirit prevailed at large towards the United States and towards France, which the French in general, and too many on your side of the ocean, will not, I suppose, believe or admit. The English have no inclination to mar American or French prosperity; the very idea of war they repugn; they would rather place their capital in your hand, or apply it themselves for internal improvements, whether in America or France, provided they could be sure of stability in America or French institutions and enterprises, and honorable, equitable dealing in the end, whatever the turn of political affairs.

Who shall have the Prize?—There was once to be a meeting of the flowers, and the judge was to award a prize to the one pronounced the most beautiful. "Who shall have the prize?" said the rose, stalking forward in all the consciousness of beauty. "Who shall have the prize?" said the other flowers, advancing, each filled with conscious pride, and each imagining that it would be herself. "I will take a peep at those beauties," thought the violet, as she lay in her humble bed, not presuming to attend the meeting—"I will see them as they pass;" but, as she raised her lowly head to peep out of her hiding place, she was observed by the judge, who pronounced her the most beautiful because the most modest.

Doing Good.—How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefit which follows individual attempts to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments.

Crabbe.

## The Mysterious Brass Plates—Origin of the Aborigines of America.

Our readers, doubtless, remember seeing some time since a floating paragraph, stating that some brass plates, inscribed with hieroglyphic characters, had been found in a mound, somewhere in Illinois. On the minds of many, no doubt, it made no serious impression. It seems, however, that this discovery may be the one link wanting to connect the Aborigines of America with their Asiatic ancestors! A gentleman, recently from Illinois, a few days since called upon us, bringing with him a fac simile of these plates, with an authentic account of their discovery. There were six brass plates, bell shaped, some three inches long, with hieroglyphic writing upon them, found in a mound of Illinois in this manner:

The mound is near Kinderhook, Pike county, and was opened, we suppose from curiosity. Some bones were found, and these so decomposed, that they mouldered away. Below were found these plates, hung in an iron ring. But this ring was so oxidized, that it too, fell to pieces, and was reduced to rust. The brass plates remained, and contained what seemed to be writing descriptive of the persons who were entombed, or of the events meant to be commemorated.

Now, the first question undoubtedly is—are these facts authentic? Were the plates so found? In such a place, and with these impressions? The paper contains the fac similes, contains also the certificate of the persons who found them, and of twelve other persons, who were told, are farmers of the neighborhood, and who describe the manner in which the digging was made and the manner in which the plates were discovered. We suppose the facts are so, and at all events this very certificate affords the means of ascertaining by examining the persons in the neighborhood.

The next question is,—what are these characters?—Are they like any other characters in the world? We are told, (without pretending to know,) that some of these characters are the Ancient Chinese! This is a fact capable of being perfectly ascertained. Suppose it be so. That plates deposited in a mound of the West contained ancient (not modern) Chinese characters used in Asia three thousand years since and that these had been so long buried in the earth that the iron ring which bound them had rusted away! What follows? It seems to us, that it would carry with it the inevitable conclusion, (a conclusion which all prior reasoning arrives at,) that the Aborigines of this country came over from the Chinese part of Asia, and instead of progressing, through the country from north to south, erected these mounds and fortifications,—finally in Mexico, where the Spaniards found them semi civilized, with all the characteristics of the general Asiatic family. If the facts stated above be authenticated, this conclusion is inevitable, and the long deficient link of evidence is found.

## Cincinnati Chronicle.

### FRANCE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

We have been much impressed in reading ALLISON'S History of Europe, with the deplorable condition of the French Agriculturalist previous to the revolution which overturned temple and throne in that country. The only wonder an American experiences is, not that such a terrible revolution took place, but that human nature could have endured such oppression and indignities so long. Things are bad enough now in some of the continental countries, but, thank Heaven, such oppression would now be met by prompt and overwhelming resistance. We condense from the History, some facts to substantiate our remarks.

The taxes exclusively affecting agricultural labor, amounted to about thirty millions of dollars. So excessive was their burden, that Sir Arthur Young calculated that supposing the produce of an acre worth £3 2s. 7d. the proportion which went to the King, was £1 18s. 4d.; to the land-lord 18s. and to the farmer 5s. In other words, if the produce of the acre was divided into twelve parts, nearly seven and a half went to the King, three and a half to the proprietor, and one to the farmer. But this, tho' deplorably bad, was made still more intolerable by the game laws, which fettered the most important operations of Agriculture. Game of the most destructive kind to the crops were permitted to go at large. Large herds of deer, and numbers of wild boars, to be hunted for the amusement of the great, ravaged the unenclosed fields. The damage done to four parishes in Moncteau, amounted from this cause to about \$40,000. Numerous edicts existed which prohibited the cultivator from hoeing and weeding, lest the young partridge should be destroyed; from mowing hay, lest the eggs should be destroyed; taking away the stubble, lest the birds should be deprived of shelter; manuring with night soil, lest the favor of this game should be injured. The people were bound to grind their corn at the landlord's mill; press grapes at his press; and bake their bread at his oven. The use of hand-mills was not free, and the proprietors had the power of selling to the laborers the right or privilege of pounding buckwheat or barley between two stones.

We repeat, it cannot be wondered at, that a spring so enormously loaded, should, when the pressure was suddenly removed, react far beyond any safe or manageable bounds. The enslaved, oppressed, trodden

down peasant of France, had a long array of vengeance and bitter wrong to settle with the oppressor, and every line of the long account was summed up in blood.

## THE PORTRAIT.

There is a most instructive lesson in the simple yet graphic sketch which follows.—Let the young heed it, and learn wisdom.

Did you ever hear the story of the two portraits? Come, I will tell it to you; for it is a striking one.

A painter who wanted a picture of innocence, drew the likeness of a child at prayer. The little suppliant was kneeling by the side of his mother, who regarded him with tenderness. The palms of his lifted hands were reverently pressed together; his rosy cheeks spoke of health, and his mild blue eye was upturned with an expression of devotion and peace. The portrait of young Rupert was highly prized by the painter, for he bestowed upon it great pains; he hung it up in his study, and called it Innocence.

Years rolled on, and the painter became an aged man; but the picture of Innocence still adorned his study walls. Often he had thought of painting a contrast to his favorite portrait: but the opportunity had not served. He had sought for a striking model of guilt, but had failed to find one. At last he afflicted his purpose by paying a visit to a neighboring jail.

On the damp floor of the dungeon lay a wretched culprit named Randal, heavily ironed. Wasted was his body, wan his cheek, and anguish unutterable was seen in his hollow eye. But this was not all; vice was visible in his face, guilt was branded as with a hot iron on his brow, and horrid imprecations burst from his blaspheming tongue. The painter executed the task to the life, and bore away the successful effort of his pencil. The portraits of young Rupert and Randal were hung side by side in his study; the one representing Innocence, the other, Guilt.

But who was young Rupert who knelt in prayer by the side of his mother in meek devotion? And who was old Randal, who lay manacled on the dungeon floor, cursing and blaspheming? Alas, the two were one. Young Rupert and old Randal were the same. Led by bad companions into the paths of sin, no wonder that young Rupert found bitterness and sorrow. The brow which in childhood was bright with peace and joy in years, became darkened by guilt and shame, and that heart which was once the abode of happiness, afterwards became the habitation of anguish.

## WHICH AND WHAT.

The adage of "making a party sweat" is of long duration. The following case in the City Court of Requests, (reported in a late London paper,) was enough to make a commissioner swear:

Mr. Watt was the defendant, and Mr. Whych the plaintiff. Whych was a tailor, and Watt a general debtor, without any very particular trade whatever. The sum claimed was a balance of £1 19s. 4d.

Commissioner (holding up a bill): Do you owe this amount, Mr. Watt?

Mr. Watt: Which, sir?

Commissioner: The bill I hold in my hand for £1 19s. 4d.

Mr. Watt: Not that I know of, sir; but I dare say I know "what's what." (Laughter.)

Commissioner: I perceive your name is Whych?

Plaintiff (who was somewhat deaf): What, sir?

Commissioner (angrily): No, sir; I say Whych, sir. (Laughter.)

Plaintiff: If you'll be kind enough to hand me the paper, I'll tell you what. (Laughter.)

Mr. Watt: Fact is, somebody owes him money, and he doesn't know which.

Plaintiff (to defendant): I ask you, sir, didn't I make you a new frock-coat, Mr. Watt?

Defendant: Yes, but which? I can't tell, among so many, at what you are driving. (Laughter.)

Commissioner. Will you attend to me, sir?

Defendant: What? (Laughter.)

Commissioner: No, sir; I mean Mr. Whych—or I shall dismiss the case at once. I beg to be listened to either by the plaintiff or the defendant, which?

Mr. Whych: Sir, I'm not the defendant; I'm the plaintiff, and the defendant is Watt.

Commissioner: Well, sir, what? (Roars of laughter, amid which the commissioner grew exceedingly angry.) Now, said he, Mr. Whych and Mr. Watt, you had better settle this case among yourselves.—Call on the next case.

What, sir? said the deaf crier of the court.

Commissioner: No, sir, the next case. Crier: Which, sir? (Roars of laughter.)

## CORN, PORK, BACON, LARD &c.

2000 Bushels Prime white Corn  
25 Barrels Mess Pork  
30 do Ramp do  
100 Bacon Hams  
4000lbs. do Sides and Shoulders do  
30 Kegs Leaf Lard  
10 Barrels Family Flour  
15 do New Orleans Whiskey.  
being balance of Cargo Schr. Bounty from New Orleans, all of good quality and in prime order.  
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