

# NORTH CAROLINA SENTINEL.

LIBERTY...THE CONSTITUTION...UNION.

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From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

The following interesting narrative of a fight with the Waccas and Tawackies, Indians in Texas, amounting to 164, and a party of the Americans—nine men and two boys, eleven in number—is related by Rabin P. Bowie, Esq. one of that party, now in this city.

On the 2nd of November, 1831, we left the town of St. Antonio de Baxar for the silver mines on the St. Sabá river, the party consisting of the following named persons:—Rabin P. Bowie, James Bowie, Daniel Buchanan, Robert Armstrong, Jesse Wallace, Matthew Doyle, Cephas R. Hamm, James Corriell, Thomas McCaslin, Gonzales and Charles, servant boys. Nothing particular occurred until the 19th, on which day, about ten A. M. we were overhauled by two Comancha Indians and a Mexican captive, who had struck our trail and followed it. They stated that they belonged to Isaconie's party, a chief of the Comancha tribe, sixteen in number, and were on their way to St. Antonio, with a drove of horses, which they had taken from the Waccas and Tawackies, and were about returning them to their owners, citizens of St. Antonio. After smoking and talking with them about an hour, and making them a few presents of tobacco, powder, shot, &c., they returned to their party, who were waiting at the Illano river.

We continued our journey until night closed upon us, when we encamped. The next morning, between daylight and sunrise, the above named Mexican captive returned to our camp, his horse very much fatigued, and who, after eating and smoking, stated to us that he had been sent by his chief, Isaconie, to inform us we were followed by 124 Comancha and Waccas Indians, and forty Comancha and Waccas Indians, who were determined to have our scalps at all risks. Isaconie had held a talk with them all the previous afternoon, and endeavored to dissuade them from their purpose; but they still persisted, and left him enraged, and pursued our trail. As a voucher for the truth of the above, the Mexican produced his chief's silver medal, which is common among the natives in such cases. He further stated that his chief requested him to say that he had sixteen men, badly armed and with abundance of ammunition; but if we would return and join him, such success as he could give he would. But knowing that the enemy lay between us and him, we deemed it expedient to pursue our journey, and endeavored to reach the old fort, on St. Sabá river, before night, distance thirty miles. The Mexican then returned to his party and we proceeded on our night journey, and encountered had roads, being covered with rocks, and the horses feet being sore, we were disappointed in not reaching the fort. In the evening we had some difficulty in picking out an advantageous spot where to encamp for the night. We, however, made choice of the best that offered, which was a cluster of live oak trees, some thirty or forty in number, about the size of a man's body. To the north of this a thicket of live oak bushes, about ten feet high, forty yards in length and twenty in breadth. To the west, at the distance of thirty five or forty yards, ran a stream of water.

The surrounding country was an open prairie, interspersed with a few trees, rocks and broken land. The trail which we came on lay to the east of our encampment. After taking the precaution to prepare our spot for defence, by cutting a road inside the thicket of bushes, ten feet from the outer edge of all around, and clearing the prickly pears from among the bushes, we hobbled our horses, and placed sentinels for the night. We were now distant six miles from the old fort above mentioned, which was built by the Spaniards in 1752, for the purpose of protecting them while working the silver mines, which are a mile distant. A few years after it was attacked by the Comancha Indians, and every soul put to death. Since that time it has never been seen occupied. Within the fort is a church which, had we reached before night, it was our intention to have occupied to defend ourselves against the Indians. The fort surrounds about one acre of land, under a twelve feet stone wall.

Nothing occurred throughout the night, and we lost no time in the morning in making preparations for continuing our journey to the fort; and when in the act of starting, we discovered the Indians on our trail to the east, about two hundred yards distant, and a foot-man about fifty yards ahead of the main body, with his face to the ground tracking. The cry of Indians was given, and all hands to arms. We dismounted, and both saddle and pack horse were immediately made fast to the trees. As soon as they found we had discovered them, they gave the war whoop; halted and commenced stripping, preparatory to action. A few mounted Indians were reconnoitering the ground; amongst them we discovered a few Comancha Indians by the cut of their hair, who had always previously been friendly to Americans.

The number being so far greater than ours (164 to 11) it was agreed that Rabin P. Bowie should be sent out to talk with them, and endeavour to compromise rather than attempt to fight. He accordingly started with David Buchanan in company, and walked up to within forty yards of where they had halted, and requested them in their own tongue, to send forward their chief as he wanted to talk with him. Their answer was—"how do you? how do you?" in English, and a discharge of twelve shot at us, one of which broke Buchanan's leg. Bowie returned their salutations with the contents of a double barreled gun and pistol. He then took Buchanan on his shoulder, and started back to the encampment. They then opened a heavy fire upon us, which wounded Buchanan in two more places slightly, and piercing Bowie's hunting shirt in several places, without doing him any injury. When they found their shot failed to bring Bowie down, eight Indians on foot took after him with their tomahawks, and when close upon him, were discovered by his party, who rushed out with their rifles and brought down four of them—the other four retreating back to the main body. We then returned to our position, and all was still for about five minutes.

We then discovered a hill to the north east, at the distance of sixty yards, red with Indians, who opened a heavy fire on us with loud yells. Their chief, on horse back, urging them in a loud and audible voice to the charge, walked his horse perfectly composed. When we first discovered him our guns were all empty, with the exception of Mr. Hamm's James Bowie, who fired on "who is loaded?" Mr. Hamm observed, "I am." He was then told to shoot that Indian on horseback. He did so, and broke his leg and killed his horse. We now discovered him hopping round his horse on one leg, with his shield on his arm to keep off the balls. By this time, four of our party being reloading, fired at the same instant, and all the balls took effect through the shield. He fell, and was immediately surrounded by six or eight of his tribe, who picked him up and bore him off. Several of these were shot down by our party. The whole body then retreated back on the hill, out of our sight, with the exception of a few Indians who were running about from tree to tree out of gun shot.

They now covered the hill for the second time, bringing up their bowmen, who had not been in action before, and commenced a heavy fire with balls and arrows; which we returned with a well directed aim with our rifles. At this instant another chief appeared on horseback near the spot where the last one fell. The same question of who was loaded, was asked; the answer was nobody; when little Charles the mulatto servant came running up with Buchanan's rifle, which had not been discharged since he was wounded, and handed it to James Bowie, who instantly fired and brought him down from his horse. He was surrounded by six or eight of his tribe, as was the last, and bore of under our fire. During the time we were engaged in defending ourselves from the Indians on the hill, some fifteen or twenty of the Comancha tribe had succeeded in getting under the bank of the creek in our rear, at about forty yards distance, and opened a fire upon us, which wounded Matthew Doyle, the ball entered the left breast and passed through the back. As soon as he said he was wounded, Tho. McCaslin hastened to the spot where he fell, and observed, "where is the Indian that shot Doyle?" He was told by a more experienced hand not to venture, as from the report of their guns, they must be riflemen. At that instant he discovered an Indian, and while in the act of raising his piece, was shot through the centre of the body, and expired. Robert Armstrong exclaimed, "damn the Indian that shot McCaslin, where is he?" He was also told not to venture there, as they must be riflemen; but on discovering an Indian, and on bringing his gun up, he was fired at, and part of the stock of his gun cut off, and the ball lodged against the barrel. During this time our enemies had formed a complete circle around us, occupying the points of rocks, scattering trees and bushes. The firing then became general from all quarters.

Finding our situation too much exposed among the trees, we were obliged to leave it and take to the thickets. The first thing necessary was to dislodge the riflemen from under the bank of the creek, who were without point-blank shot. This we soon succeeded in, by shooting the most of them through the head, as we had the advantage of seeing them when they could not see us.

The road we had cut round the thicket the night previous, gave us now an advantageous situation over that of our enemy, as we had a fair view of them in the prairie, while we were completely hid. We buffed their shots by moving six or eight feet the moment we had fired, and their only mark was the smoke of our guns. They would put twenty balls within the size of a pocket handkerchief, where they had seen the smoke. In this manner we fought them two hours, and had one man wounded, James Corriell, who was shot through the arm, and the ball lodged in the side, first cutting away a bush, which prevented it from penetrating deeper than the size of it.

They now discovered that we were not to be dislodged from the thicket, and the uncertainty of killing us at random shot; they suffering very much from the fire of our rifles, which brought half a dozen at every round. They now determined to resort to stratagem, by putting fire to the dry grass in the prairie, for the doubled purpose of routing us from our position, and under cover of the smoke, to carry away their dead and wounded, which lay near us. The wind was now blowing from the west, and they passed the fire in that quarter, where it burnt down all the grass to the creek, and then bore off to the right and left, leaving around our position a space of about five acres that was untouched by the fire. Under cover of this smoke, they succeeded in carrying off a portion of their dead and wounded. In the mean time, our party were engaged in scraping away the dry grass and leaves from around the baggage, and pulling in pulling up rocks and bushes to answer the purpose of a breastwork.

They now discovered they had failed in routing us by the fire, as they had anticipated. They then recouped the points of the rocks and trees in the prairie, and commenced another attack. The firing continued for some time, when the wind suddenly shifted to the north, and blew very hard. We now discovered our dangerous situation, should the Indians succeed in putting fire to the small spot which we occupied, and kept a strict watch all round. The two servant boys were employed in scraping away dry grass and leaves from around the baggage, and pulling and placing them around the men. The remainder of the party were warmly engaged with the enemy. The point from which the wind now blew being favorable to fire our position, one of the Indians succeeded in crawling down the creek and putting fire to the grass that had not yet been burnt; but before he could retreat back to his party, was killed by Robert Armstrong.

At this time we saw no hopes of escape, as the fire was coming down rapidly before the wind, flaming ten feet high, and directly for the spot we occupied. What was to be done—we must either be burnt up alive, or driven into the prairie amongst the savages. This encouraged the Indians; and to make it more awful, their shouts and yells rent the air; they at the same time firing upon us about twenty shots a minute. As soon as the smoke hid us from their view, we collected together, and held a consultation as to what was best to be done. Our first impression was, that they might charge on us under cover of the smoke, as we could make but one effectual fire—the sparks were flying about so thickly that no man could open his powder horn without running the risk of being blown up. However, we finally came to the determination, had they charged us, to give them one fire, place our backs together, and draw our knives, and fight them as long as any one of us was left alive. The next question was, should they not charge us, and we retain our position, we must be burnt up. It was then decided that each man should take care of himself as well as he could, until the fire arrived at the ring around our baggage and wounded men, and there it should be smothered with buffalo robes, bear skins, deer skins, and blankets, which, after a great deal of exertion, we succeeded in doing.

Our thicket now being so much burnt and scorched, that it afforded us little or no shelter, we all got into the ring that was made round our wounded men and baggage; and commenced building our breastwork higher, with the loose rocks from the inside, and dirt dug up with our knives and sticks. During the first fire, the Indians had succeeded in removing all their killed and wounded which lay near us. It was now sundown, and we had been warmly engaged with the Indians since sunrise, a period of thirteen hours; and they seeing us still alive and ready to fight, drew off at a distance of 300 yards, and encamped for the night with their dead and wounded. Our party now commenced to work in raising our fortification higher, and succeeded in getting it breast high by 10 P. M. We now filled all our vessels and skins with water, expecting another attack the next morning. We could distinctly hear the Indians, nearly all night, crying over their dead, which is their custom; and at daylight, they shot a wounded chief—it being also a custom to shoot any of their tribe that are mortally wounded. They, after that, set out with their dead and wounded to a mountain about a mile distant, where they deposited their dead in a cave on the side of it. At eight in the morning, two of our party went out from the fortification to the encampment, where the Indians had lain on the night previous, and counted forty-eight bloody spots on the grass where the

dead and wounded had been laying. We afterwards learned from the Comancha Indians that their loss was eighty-two men killed and wounded.

Finding ourselves much cut up, having one man killed, Thomas McCaslin—and three wounded, D. Buchanan, Matthew Doyle, and James Corriell—five horses killed, and three wounded—we recommenced strengthening our little fort, and continued our labours till one, P. M. when the arrival of thirteen Indians drew us into our fort again. As soon as they discovered we were still there, and all ready for action, and well fortified they put off. We after that remained in our fort eight days, recruiting our wounded men and horses; at the expiration of which time being all in pretty good order, we set out on our return to St. Antonio de Baxar. We left the fort at dark, and travelled all night and next day until afternoon, when we picked out an advantageous spot and fortified ourselves, where we remained two days, expecting the Indians would again, when recruited, follow our trail; but, however, we saw nothing more of them.

David Buchanan's wounded leg here mortified, and having no surgical instruments, or medicine of any kind, not even a dose of salts, we boiled some live oak bark very strong, and thickened it with pounded charcoal and Indian meal, made a poultice of it, and tied it round his leg, over which we sewed a buffalo skin, and travelled along five days without looking at it, when it was opened the mortified parts had all dropped off, and it was in a fair way of healing, which it finally did, and his leg is as well as it ever was. There was none in the party but had his skin cut in several places, and numerous shot holes through his clothes.

On the twelfth day we arrived, in good order, with our wounded men and horses at St. Antonio de Baxar.

## STORMING A REDOUBT.

I joined my regiment on the evening of the 4th of October. I found the Colonel at the bivouac. He received me at first rather coldly; but having read my letter of introduction from General B\*\*\*, his manner changed, and he treated me with great kindness.

He presented me to my Captain, who that moment returned from reconnoitering. The Captain, with whom I hardly had time to get acquainted, was a tall dark man with harsh and repulsive features. He had been a common soldier, and had gained his epaulettes and cross on the field of battle. His voice, which was hoarse and weak, contrasted singularly with the almost gigantic proportions of his person. I was told that this singular voice was owing to a bullet having gone completely through him at the battle of Jena.

Learning I was from the Military Academy of Fontainebleau, he made a wry face, and said, "My lieutenant was killed yesterday." I understood his meaning, which was: "You are to take his place, and will be a poor substitute." A tart reply rose to my lips, but I restrained myself.

The moon rose behind the redoubt of Cheverino, situated about two cannon's shot from our bivouac. It was large and red, as is usual at its rising; that evening it appeared of an extraordinary size. For a moment, the outlines of the redoubt were visible upon its shining disk; it resembled the cone of a volcano at the moment of eruption.

An old soldier near me noticed the colour of the moon. "It is very red," said he, "sure sign the famous redoubt will cost us much blood." I was always superstitious, and this prophecy at this particular moment affected me a great deal. I laid down but could not sleep. I rose and walked about some time, looking at the immense line of fires which crowned the heights beyond the village of Cheverino.

When I found the cold and piercing night air had had sufficiently cooled my blood, I returned to the fire wrapped myself carefully in my cloak and closed my eyes in the hope of not opening them again before daybreak; but sleep fled from me, my thoughts incessantly took a mournful tinge. I reflected that I had not a single friend in the whole hundred thousand men that covered the plain. If wounded I should be taken to the hospital, and fall into the hands of ignorant surgeons. All I had heard said of surgical operations rushed to my mind; my heart beat tumultuously and mechanically; I arranged my pocket-book and handkerchief, as a kind of defence to my breast. I was overcome with fatigue, and every moment fell into a doze, but some melancholy thought darting through my brain, would wake me with a start.

At last I lost all consciousness, and slept soundly till beat of reveille. We then formed the line, roll was called, muskets and every thing announced we were to pass a quiet day.

Towards three o'clock, an aid-de-camp arrived with orders. We resumed our arms; the skirmishers spread themselves in the plain; we followed slowly, and at the end of twenty minutes, we saw the Russian outposts fall back and enter the redoubt.

A brigade of artillery took position on our right, and another on our left, but considerably in advance of us. They opened a brisk fire upon the enemy, who roared with vigor, and soon the redoubt of Cheverino disappeared under thick clouds of smoke.

Our regiment was almost sheltered from the Russian fire by an elevation of ground, and as it was chiefly directed against the artillery, their balls either went over our heads, or at most scattered some dust and small stones among us.

As soon as the command was given to march forward, my captain looked at me with a degree of attention that obliged me to pass my hand two or three times over my budding mustache, with as careless an air as I could command. However, I was not afraid, and my only anxiety was to look as unconcerned as possible. These harmless balls helped to keep me heroically indifferent. Vanity told me I was running great danger, since I was under the fire of a battery. I was delighted to find myself so much at ease, and I thought of the pleasure of relating the capture of the redoubt of Cheverino in the saloons of Madame St. Luxan in Provence Street.

The Colonel passed before our company; he addressed himself to me. "Well," said he, "you are likely to see a bloody day for your debut." I smiled with a martial air, as I brushed from my coat sleeve some dust that a ball which had fallen thirty paces from me had thrown upon it.

It appears the Russians perceived the bad success of their shells, and determined to dislodge us by throwing a large piece of one of them carried off my shako, and killed a man near me.

"I congratulate you," said the captain, as I picked up my shako, "you have nothing more to fear for this day." I was not unacquainted with this military superstition, which thinks that *non bis in idem*, is an axiom on a field of battle, as well as in a court of justice. I put on my shako with an air; "these fellows make you salute without any ceremony," said I as gaily as I could. The witicism, considering the circumstances, appeared excellent. "I congratulate you," resumed the captain, "you will not be hit again, and will command a company this evening; I feel the oven is heating for me. Every time I have been wounded the officer next to me has received some spent ball," and added he in a lower tone, "their narces always began with a V."

I pretended indifference—many would have acted like myself; and few like me would not have been struck with the prophetic words. Conscript as I was, I felt I could not impart my feelings to any one, and that all I had to do was to appear cool and unconcerned.

In half an hour's time the fire of the Russians diminished sensibly, we then left our position to march upon the redoubt.

Our regiment was composed of three battalions. The second was ordered to turn the redoubt on the side of the defile; the two others were to give the assault. I was in the third battalion.

When we left the kind of hollow that protected us, we were saluted with several discharges of musketry which did not do us much injury. The whistling of the bullets surprised me; I often turned my head aside, and thus attracted some jokes from my comrades, more accustomed to the sound than myself. "Altogether," said I to myself, "a battle is not so terrible after all."

We advanced rapidly, preceded by our skirmishers; suddenly the Russians gave three hurrahs, and remained silent, and without firing a gun. "I like not this silence," said my captain, "it bodes us no good." I thought our soldiers a little too noisy, and could not help comparing to myself their tumultuous clamors with the imposing silence of the enemy.

We soon reached the foot of the redoubt, the palisades were broken and the ground ploughed up by our balls. The soldiers rushed towards the ruins with shouts of "Long live the Emperor," louder than I expected to hear from people who had already shouted so much.

I raised my eyes, and never shall I forget the sight that presented itself. The greater part of the smoke had risen, and remained hanging like a canopy over the fortification, at the height of about twenty feet, through a bluish vapour you perceived behind their half ruined parapet, the Russian grenadiers with presented arms, motionless as statues. I think I still see each soldier, his left eye fixed upon us, his right concealed by his musket. In an embrause a few feet from us, stood a man with a lighted match beside a cannon.

I shuddered and thought my last hour was come. "The jig will soon begin," exclaimed my captain—"good night!"—these were the last words I heard him utter.

A rolling of drums was heard in the redoubt. I saw the guns levelled. I shut my eyes and heard a horrible crash, followed by shouts and groans. I opened my eyes surprised to find myself alive. The redoubt was anew enveloped in smoke. I was surrounded with the dead and wounded. My captain lay stretched at my feet, his head shattered by a ball and I was covered with his blood and brains. Of all my company, only six men and myself remained.

A momentary pause succeeded this carnage. The colonel placing his hat on the point of his sword, was the first to leap the parapet, shouting, "Long live the Emperor; he was immediately followed by all the survivors. I have no distinct recollection of what followed. We entered the redoubt, I know not how. The struggle was betwixt man and man, in the midst of so thick a smoke, that hardly any could be distinguished. I suppose I must have borne my part, for my sabre was covered with blood. As I lay on the ground swimming with blood, and covered with the dead. About two hundred men in the French uniform were grouped around; some loading their guns, others wiping their bayonets—eleven Russian prisoners were with them.

The colonel was reloading all bloody upon a broken carriage gun. Some soldiers were crowding around him; I approached where is the oldest captain? asked he of a sergeant. The sergeant shrugged his shoulders in a very expressive manner. "And the oldest Lieutenant?" "This gentleman who arrived here yesterday," said the sergeant with a calm tone. "The colonel smiled bitterly. "Come Sir," said he, "you are commander-in-chief, fortify the redoubt as quickly as possible, for the enemy is still in force; but Gen. C\*\*\* will support us." "Colonel," exclaimed I, "you are badly wounded." "Never mind, my dear fellow, the redoubt is ours."

**Taxation in England.**—The London Metropolitan for July, contains a long article, designed to prove taxation to be the cause of poverty and crime in England. Some of the calculations are startling;—they show an extent of burden levied upon the people for the public necessities,—chiefly for charges arising out of the national debt,—which, with all our general impressions of the distress in Great Britain arising from this cause, we were hardly prepared to expect.

One table is drawn up to show the amount of taxes paid by one citizen of London, having an income of £200 per year, supposing him to have a family consisting of a wife, three children and one servant maid. Every item supposed to be absolutely necessary for the support of such a family is minutely set down, and the rate and amount of taxes levied and paid on them carefully estimated—and the result, upon the lowest calculation, makes the amount of taxation more than £80, or forty per cent upon his whole income. Government thus takes more than one-third of the whole income of a man of these moderate means!

The same article traces the progress of the annual taxation of Great Britain, and the public debt, in the reign of each monarch, from the days of the Conquest to the year 1830. The number of monarchs, including Cromwell, was thirty six. Taking the returns for every fifth reign, for the sake of brevity, the following is the result,—in the time of the Conqueror the debt being nothing and the taxation £400,000.

Richard 1st, taxation £150,000, debt, none. Edward III, taxation £154,000; debt, none. Edward VI, taxation £400,000; debt, none. Under Cromwell, taxation £1,547,000; debt, none. Anne, taxation £4,500,000; debt, £13,348,680. William IV, in 1830, taxation £50,414,926; debt, £800,000,000!

The growth of the debt within the last century,—beginning with 1730, and counting by periods of twenty years to 1830, was; viz. 1730, £47,700,000; 1750, £72,178,000; 1770, £126,900,000; 1790, £228,000,000; 1800, no account. In 1805 it was £249,100,000, and in 1815 848,284,000.

The article from which we draw these figures contains numerous other tables shewing the inequality of the operation of the taxes. Among them is one on what is called the house tax, from which we quote the following curious facts: A shop in Regent street, London, is rated at 400l. per annum, and pays £56 odd shillings for house tax. The Palace at Stowe, 916 feet front, belonging to the Duke of Buckingham, one of the most splendid mansions in England, is assessed at 300l. per annum, and pays 42l. tax. The palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury is assessed at the same sum (300l.) and pays the same tax. Godolphin Park, belonging to the Duke of Leeds, is rated at 150l. per annum. Lord Baybrooke's House, which cost 200,000l. to build, is rated at 300l. The palace of the Bishop of Hereford is rated at 60, and so on to the end of the chapter, in favor of the peerage at the expense of industry.

## COPARTNERSHIP.

THE subscribers having entered into Copartnership in the Auction and Commission Business, in the City of Charleston, under the firm of GANTT & GIBBS, offer themselves to such persons as may be desirous of sending Merchandise or Produce to the Charleston Market for sale. No exertions will be wanting on their part to dispose of the same to the best advantage, and to make such returns as the consignors may direct.

MATHURIN G. GIBBS.  
THOMAS J. GANTT.  
Charleston, S. C. 25th July, 1833.

Reference to  
M. E. MANLY, Esq., and  
Mr. SAMUEL SIMPSON, } Newbern, N. C.

## BOOT & SHOE STORE.

ORIN TRUFANT

HAS just returned from New York with a new and fashionable supply of BOOTS & SHOES FOR THE SPRING AND SUMMER.

AMONG WHICH ARE  
Ladies' white Prunello and Satin Slippers.  
Do. Morocco, Sealskin and Prunello do.  
Do. Double sole Prunello and Sealskin do.  
Do. Prunello Walking Shoes,  
Do. Sealskin Strap Walking do.  
Gentlemen's fine Calfskin, Sealskin, and Morocco Shoes and Pumps,  
Do. Calfskin and Morocco Boots,  
Boys' first quality Shoes and Pumps,  
Misses and Children Prunello, Morocco, Seal-skin and Leather Shoes.

## GREEN & SUYDAM,



COACH AND GIG MAKERS, NEWBERN,

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public, that they have removed to the New Building opposite to Bell's Hotel, where they have made extensive arrangements for the further prosecution of their business in the Construction, Repairing, Trimming, and Painting of COACHES, BAROUCHES, GIGS PANEL AND PLAIN, LIGHT WAGONS, &c. &c.

Being, as they believe, perfectly acquainted with the making and finishing of these articles, they invite gentlemen wishing to procure them, to apply in person or by letter under the full assurance that their orders will be executed with the utmost despatch and to their entire satisfaction.

They will keep a full supply of all the materials in their line of business, and be prepared at all times to make and finish in the neatest and most approved style, Coaches, Barouches, Gigs, &c. upon very reasonable terms.  
NEWBERN March 15, 1833.

## JUST RECEIVED,

Per schooner Select, from New York,  
1 BALE of 300 lbs. SEINE TWINE, good quality,  
1 dozen SCYTHES,  
1 do. SICKLES, and  
3 do. Long Bitted AXES,  
For Sale by JOHN PITTMAN.  
May 31, 1833.

## NEW GOODS,

### JOHN A. CRISPIN

HAS just returned from New York with a general assortment of GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, &c.

The following articles comprise a part of his Stock.

Wines.	Teas.
Champagne, in qt. and pt. bottles,	Gunpowder
Old Madeira,	Imperial,
Pico, do.	Hyson,
Naples,	Souchong,
Lisbon,	Pouchong
Genieriff,	Sugars.
Dry Malaga,	Loaf & Lump,
Sherry,	White Havana,
Country.	Brown, various qualities.
	Nuts.
	Filberts,
	Madeira Nuts,
	Almonds.
	Spices.
	Mace, Cloves,
	Cinnamon, Nutmegs,
	Pepper, Spice.
	Fruits.
	Citron, Currants
	PRESERVED GINGER,
	Do. PINE APPLES,
	Do. LIMES.
	Buckwheat, Goshen Butter, Cheese,
	Spanish & American Segars, superior Cheering Tobacco, &c.

Which he offers low for cash or country produce at his Store on Pollok-street.  
December 30, 1832.

## RICHARD B. BERRY,

### TAILOR.

RESPECTFULLY informs his customers and friends, that he still continues to make to order all articles in his line, with neatness and despatch. Orders from his country friends will receive prompt and careful attention.  
Newbern, July 19, 1833.