SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.

CALVIN H. WILEY, WILLIAM D. COOKE, LYTTELTON WADDELL, JR., } EDITORS.

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THE GRAVE OF LILLY DALE.

We smooth'd down the lock of her soft golden hair,
And folded her hands on her breast,
And laid her at eve in the valley so fair,
'Mid the blossoms of summer to rest.
Oh rest, Lily, rest, no care to assail,
For green grows the turf
Over the tear moistened grave
Of the fairest flower of the vale.

She sleeps 'neath the spot she had mark'd for repose,
Where flowers soonest blossom in spring,
And zephyrs first breathe the perfumes of the rose,
And the birds come at evening to sing.
Oh rest, Lily, rest, &c.

The wide spreading boughs of the old chesnut tree,
Bend low o'er the place where she lies,
There eve's purple beams longest glow on the lea,
And the moon drinks the dews as they rise.
Oh rest, Lilly, rest, &c.

Alone where the brook murmurs soft on the air,
She sleeps with the turf on her breast,
As we bail her at eve in the valley so fair,
'Mid the blossoms of summer to rest,
Oh rest, Lilly, rest, &c.

SELECTED STORY.

THE MERCHANT'S HEART;

OR, THE JEW'S WAGER.

Matthias, the Levantine merchant, had spent his whole life, from his boy time upward, in travelling for the sake of gain, to the east and to the west, and to the islands of the south seas. He had returned to his native place, Tarsus, in the full vigor of manhood, and was reported to have amassed great wealth. His first step was to make a prudent call upon the governor, and to present him with a purse and a string of pearls, in order to bespeak his good-will. He then built himself a spacious palace in the midst of a garden on the border of a stream, and began to lead a quiet life, resting after the fatigues of his many voyages. Most persons considered him to be the happiest of merchants; but those who were introduced to his intimacy knew that his constant companions were thought and sadness. When he had departed in his youth, he had left his father, and his mother, and his brothers, and his sisters in health, although poor; but, when he returned in hopes to gild the remainder of their days, he found that the hand of death had fallen upon them every one, and that there was no one to share his prosperity: and a blight came over his heart.

The gossips in the bazaars soon began to talk of his case, and it was then that Hanna, the Christian tailor, one day said in a loud voice to his opposite neighbor, the Jewish money-changer—"I will lay the value of my stock that the merchant Matthias will find consolation in marriage; that he will choose the most beautiful of our maidens; and that he will found a family which shall be celebrated in this city as long as its prosperity endures." To this the Jew replied: "What is the value of the stock? Three jackets returned upon thy hands, a rusty pair of scissors, an old stool, and some bundles of thread? Verily the risk is not great." The Christian said a prayer or two to himself, that he might not curse his neighbor, and then answered: "I will throw in Zarifeh, the ebony-black girl whom I bought last spring to follow my wife when she goes out with the little Gorges to the gardens. What sayest thou now?"

The Jew pondered awhile, leaning his grey beard on the breast of his caftan. He remembered that forty years before, he, too, had returned from travel with his Money-bags, and had found his house desolate; and that he had devoted himself ever since to moody reflection, and to the heaping of *mahboub* upon *mahboub*. The thought had therefore become fixed in his mind that when the middle time of life comes, there can remain no affection in the heart, either of Christian or of Jew, or of Mahommadan, but for gold. So he said: "Let the odds be equal. I will venture five hundred pieces against thy five hundred pieces, that within five years the merchant Matthais does *not* take unto his bosom a wife." "Agreed!" cried the Christian. The neighbors were called in as witnesses, and every one laughed at the absurdity of the dispute.

Matthais was not long in learning that a wager had been laid upon his future life; and, in passing through the bazaar, he stopped one day and said, sternly to the Christian tailor: "Son of rashness, why hast thou risked more than the whole of thy havings upon a matter which is only known to Heaven? I have looked upon all the maidens of my people, and no emotion has stirred within me. Verily thou wilt become a prey to this Jew."

"My lord," replied the tailor, smiling, "it is impossible for a good man to remain all his life alone. If thou wilt come to my house and see my wife and my little Gorges dancing in the arms of the ebony-black girl, Zarifeh, thou wilt surely relent and seek at once to be as I am. Perhaps thou hast not well looked around thee. There is Miriam, the daughter of our baker, who is of majestic presence, being as big as thyself. She will suit thee to a hair, if thou desirest, my wife shall make proposals for thee this afternoon." Matthias laughed and frowned, and went on, and the Jew chuckling in his beard said: "O Hanna, for how much wilt thou free thyself from thy wager? Wilt thou pay a hundred pieces and let all be said?" But the Christian replied: "In five years Saint Philotea wore away a stone as big as this stool with her kisses and her tears—in five years the heart of this man may melt."

Matthias went not on his way unmoved after his conversation with the Christian tailor. He began to think that perhaps, indeed, he was wearing away his life uselessly in solitude. There was certainly no beauty and no satisfaction in that manner of being. It was better to take to himself a companion. But where find her? Amongst all the frivolous daughters of Tarsus, was there one with whom he would not be more lonely than with himself? Their mothers had taught them nothing but love of dress, and love of themselves. How could their capricious and selfish natures find pleasure in communion with a man whom this world had sore tried, and who wished to wait in meekness and patience for the world to come?

These meditations disturbed Matthias, but they did not render him more unhappy. They occupied his mind; they relieved the monotony of his existence; they prevented him from always turning his eyes inward upon himself; they forced him to look abroad. He went to the houses of his friends and once more studied the perfections or imperfections of their daughters. His object was so manifest, that the joke went round that he wished to save the Christian tailor from ruin. People jested with the Jew as they brought in their money to change. But, although Matthias saw many beautiful girls who threw the glances of their almond-shaped eyes encouragingly towards him, he saw none that pleased his heart; and, suddenly retiring from society, shut himself up for a whole year in his palace, seeing nobody, and taking back melancholy and discontent for his only companions.

At length Matthias began to feel the desire of change, and made it a practice every morning to have his mule saddled and to ride out to the bases of the mountains; and then putting foot to ground to wander until evening amidst the rocks and valleys. On one occasion he went so far that he could not return to where he had left his mule and servant before night-fall, and lost his way. After going hither and thither for some time, he was compelled to seek the shelter of a cave, and to wait until morning. Sleep overtook him, and he did not wake until the sun's rays slanting in through the cleft of the rock, played upon his eye-lids. He got up; and having said his prayers, went forth and beheld a beautiful green meadow stretching along the banks of a stream which came from a narrow gorge at no great distance. He did not recognise his whereabouts and was doubtful of finding his way back, until he saw, at the further end of the meadow, some object moving rapidly to and fro. It was a young girl chasing a cow that had escaped from her, and ran with a cord tangled about its horns in the direction of Matthias. "Ah!" said he, "I will catch this unruly animal, and then make its keeper point out to me the direction of Tarsus." So he tucked up his robes, and, being strong and vigorous, soon came up to the cow that was wantonly galloping hither and thither, and brought it to a stand-still. "May blessings light upon thy sturdy arms, stranger," exclaimed the girl, running up out of breath, and unwinding the rope from the cow's horns; "if Naharah had escaped they would have beaten me."

"And who could find it in his heart to beat thee, child?" said the merchant, as he looked at her and wondered at her delicate loveliness.

"The fathers," she replied, pulling Naharah in the direction she wanted to go. "Triple blessings upon thee, again I say, stranger!"

Matthias forgot all about Tarsus, and walked by the side of the girl, asking questions of her. He learned that she was the bond maiden of a monastery situated in those mountains, and that her duty was to take out the cows, and especially this one, every morning to the pasturage. "Do not follow me," said she, when they came to the entrance of the gorge from which the stream flowed; "for I am forbidden to talk with those whom I may meet." Matthias thought awhile, and then bade her adieu, having learned what path he was to follow, and returned to his palace full of nothing but the image of this simple bond-maiden.

"Verily," said he to himself next morning, "I forgot to ask the name of that girl. I must learn it, in order that I may send her a recompense." Under this poor pretence he mounted his mule, and rode towards the mountains, and began his walk at the usual place, and repaired to the cave and passed the night there, and was out on the meadow before dawn. He soon saw four or five cows driven out of the gorge, and the girl following them, leading the frolicsome Naharah. "There is no need for thee to-day, stranger," said she, smiling playfully, "unless thou wilt drive my herd down to the water to drink, and take care that the black one goes in first, or else she will gore the others." Upon this, Matthias took the branch of a tree and began to cry, "Hoo! hoo!" like a herdsman, and to beat the flanks of the black cow, which scampered away, and led him a long chase round the meadow; so that he did not come back until all the other animals had taken their morning drink, and the girl was sitting on the bank laughing at him, and wreathing a crown of flowers to deck the horns of Naharah.

"Thou dost not know thy new business," said she, to Matthias, as he came up out of breath; whereupon he began to curse the cow which had led him that dance, and to think that he had made himself ridiculous in the eyes of the girl. However, they were soon sitting side by side in pleasant talk, and the merchant learned that the name of the bond-maiden was Carine.

By this time he had quite made up his mind to marry her, if she would have him; but, although reflecting upon his wealth and her poverty, it seemed scarcely probable that she should refuse, his modesty was so great that he dared not venture to talk of love. They parted early, and Matthias went away, promising to return on the morrow. He did so; and for many weeks continued these meetings in which, for the first time since his youth, he found real happiness. At length, one day he took courage, and told Carine that he intended to take her away and marry her, and make her the mistress of his wealth. "My lord," said she, with simple surprise, "has madness stricken thee? Dost thou not know that I am a bond-maiden, and that there is no power that can free me?"

"Money can free thee, child," said Matthias.

"Not so," replied she; "for it is an ancient privilege of this monastery that bondsmen and bondswomen shall forever appertain to it. If any freeman casts his eyes upon one of us, and desires to marry her, he must quit his state and become a slave, he and his descendants forever, to the monstery. This is why I was not married last year to Skandar, the porker, who offered twenty pigs for my freedom, but who refused to give up his liberty." Matthias internally thanked heaven for having given an independent spirit to the porker, and replied, smiling—"Believe me, Carine, that the fathers love money—they all do—and I shall purchase thee as my wife."

"It is nonsense," said she, shaking her head, "they refused twenty pigs."

"I will give twenty sacks of gold, baby," cried Matthias, enraged at her obstinacy. Carine replied, that she was not worth so much; and that, if she were, it was of no use talking of the matter, for the fathers would not sell her. "By Saint Maron!" exclaimed Matthias, "I can buy their whole monastery."

He was mistaken. The monastery of Selafka was the richest in all the east, and the head of it was the most self-willed of men. He cut short the proposition of the merchant—who went straight to him that very day—by saying that on no account could the liberty of Carine be granted. "If thou wouldst marry her," said he, looking, as Matthias thought, more wicked than a demon, "thou must give up all thy wealth to us, and become our bondsman." With this answer the lover went sadly away, and returned to Tarsus, saying to himself—"It is impossible for me to give up, not only the pains of all my life, but even my liberty, for the sake of this cow-girl. I must try to forget her."

So he went back among his friends, and began again to walk in the bazaars. When the Jew saw him, he cried out—"Hail, oh wise man, that will not burthen himself with the society of a woman!" But the merchant frowned black upon him, and turned away; and, to the surprise of all the neighbors, went and sat down by the side of the Christian tailor, and, taking his hand, whispered to him: "Close thy shop, my friend, and lead me, that I may see, as thou didst promise thy wife and thy child."

"Which child?" said the tailor. "I have now three, Gorges, Lisbet, and Hanna."

"All of them," said Matthias: "and also the ebony-black girl, Zarifeh."

"Oh!" said the tailor, "I have set her free, and she is married to the pudding-seller, round the corner."

"It seems," said Matthias to himself, "that it is the law of heaven that every man shall marry."

The tailor shut up his shop and took the merchant home and showed him his domestic wealth—that is to say, his pretty wife, his three stout children, and a coal black girl called Zara, who was kneading dough in the court-yard. "My friend," said Matthias, "what wouldst thou do if the powerful were to say to thee, thou must be deprived of all this, or else lose thy liberty and become a slave?"

"Liberty is sweet," replied the tailor, shrugging his shoulders, "yet some live without it; but none can live without love."

Upon this the merchant went back to his palace and mounted his mule and rode to the monastery, where he found the court-yard full of people. "I am come," said he to one of the fathers whom he met in the gateway, "to give up my liberty and my wealth for the sake of Carine."

"It is too late," was the reply; 'Skandar, the porker, has just driven in all his pigs, and they are putting a chain upon his neck in the chapel, and all these people that thou seest collected are to be witnesses of his marriage with Carine."

Matthias smote his breast with his hands, and the sides of his mule with his heels, and galloped through the crowd shouting out that nobody should be made a slave that day but he. The chief of the monastery, on learning what was the matter, smiled and said, "That the porker had a previous claim;" but the monks, who, perhaps, looked forward to the enjoyments which the merchant's wealth would afford them, ingeniously suggested that he had the best claim who had hesitated least. Carine's opinion was asked; and she, seeing both of her suitors resolved, heartlessly condemned the enamored porker to liberty, and said: "Let the chain be put upon the neck of the merchant." The ceremony was immediately performed; and, whilst the head of the convent was preparing to begin the more interesting rite of the marriage, brother Boag, the treasurer of the monastery, set off to take an inventory of the wealth which had thus fallen under his jurisdiction.

It is said that Matthias never gave a single thought to his lost property, being too much absorbed in contemplating the charms of the beautiful Carine. The only stipulation he made was, that he should be allowed to go out to the pasturages with her; and, next morning, he found himself in sober seriousness helping to drive Naharah and its companions down to the water's side.

Meanwhile the Governor of Tarsus heard what had happened to Matthias, and was stricken with rage, and caused his mule to be saddled and his guards to be mounted, and set forth to the monastery and summoned the chief, saying—"Know, O monk, that Matthias is my friend; and it cannot be that he shall be thy slave, and that all his wealth shall be transferred from my city to thy monastery. He is a liberal citizen, and I may not lose him from amongst us." The governor spoke thus by reason of certain loans without interest and presents (over and above the purse and the string of pearls which the merchant had presented at his first coming,) with which Matthias had freely obliged the governor: who also hoped a continuance of the same. Whereupon the chief of the monastery hid his hands and was humbled; and the governor and he parted with a good understanding and agreement.

It fell out, therefore, that after a month of servitude Matthias and his bride were called before an assembly of the whole monastery, and informed that the conditions imposed were simply for the sake of trial. Nearly all the wealth of the merchant was restored to him, and he was liberated and led back amidst applauding crowds to his palace at Tarsus. Of course he made a liberal donation to the monastery, over and above a round sum which Boag, the treasurer, had not found it in his heart to return with the rest. Being a just and generous man, he not only relieved the Jew from the consequences of his wager, but made such presents to the Christian tailor, that he had no longer any need to ply the needle for his livelihood. Tradition dilates with delight on the happiness which Carine bestowed on her husband; who used always to say, "that with wealth or without wealth, with liberty or without liberty, she was sufficient to bring content into any house, and to make the sternest heart happy."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A COLONY OF SEVEN HUNDRED LUNATICS.—At the last sitting of the French Academy of Science, a paper on insanity was read by its author M. Moreau, one of the physicians present. The chief object of this pamphlet is to recommend the adoption in France, as regards pauper lunatics, of the plan resorted to in Belgium. M. Moreau states that in the village of Gheel, in that country, there is a colony of not less than seven hundred lunatics, who are treated upon so admirable a system that they are perfectly harmless, and live and labor with the same inhabitants whose habits they acquire, and to which they become so attached that when cured they are frequently unwilling to quit the place. These lunatics are made useful in agriculture and manufactures, and consequently the cost is small compared with ordinary lunatic asylums. The origin of this colony dated as far back as the sixth century, and is another verification of the old adage, that there is nothing new under the sun. The mode of treating the lunatics at Hantwell, near London, was considered, when first put into practice, as a novelty, and yet it was nothing but the Gheel practice imperfectly carried out. It is surprising that this improved mode of treatment should have been deferred so long in England; and it is now evident that it is capable of great extension in its application. Within the last few years only, in that country, medical men have ascertained the possibility of so classing and occupying lunatics as to render even the most violent of them comparatively tranquil, and thus facilitate the curative process. For chains, whips, and other means of correction, kindness and intelligence on the part of the keepers has been substituted.

TO STORE FRUIT.—Those to be used first, lay by singly on shelves, or on the floor, in a dry southern room, on clean, dry moss, or sweet, dry straw, so as not to touch one another. Some or all the rest, having first laid a fortnight singly, and then nicely culled, are to be spread on shelves, or on a dry floor. But the most superior way is, to pack in large earthern, or China, or stone jars, with very dry, long moss at the bottom, sides, and also between them, if it might be. Press a good coat of moss on the top, and then stop the mouth close with a cork, or otherwise, which should be rosined round about with a twentieth part of bees'-wax in it. As the object is effectually to keep out air (the cause of putrefaction), the jars, if earthern, may be set on dry sand, which put also between, round and over them, to a foot thick on the top. In all close storing, observe there should be no doublt of the soundness of the fruit. Guard, in time, from frost those that lie open. Jars of fruit must be soon used after unsealing.

The great race between a night-mare and a clothes-horse, came off last week. The man who entered the mare wasn't wide awake; so the horse took the prize.

If you doubt whether two skulls are better than one, just undertake to row against the tide some day.

VAIN at the wide intervals to say, "I'll save this year," if at each narrow interval you do not say, "I'll save this hour."

AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

CATALOGUE

Of the First Annual Fair of the North Carolina State Agricultural Society.

1. Twenty-two Devon cattle, Dr. W. R. Holt, Lexington.
2. 1 Bay Mare, Seth Jones, Wake county.
3. 1 White Bull, " "
4. Bay Mare, No. 2, Whitfield, Granville.
5. Sorrel Mare, J. B. Leathers, Orange.
6. China Fowls, A. Alden, Cumberland.
7. 1 Carriage, Bobbitt & Menatree, Warrenton.
8. Open Buggy, " "
9. Two-horse Plow, R. H. Wainwright & Co., Granville.
10. Single-horse plow, " " Granville.
11. Cultivator, " " Granville.
12. Two-horse plow, W. B. Williams, Warrenton.
13. Single-horse plow, " "
14. Subsoil plow, " "
15. Jar Oil Mangoes, Mrs. C. M. Winslow, Fayetteville.
16. Lamp Mat, Mrs. J. Dunning, Cumberland.
17. Cap, Apron and Collar, Miss Dunning, Cumberland.
18. Jar of Butter, Mrs. W. B. Williams, Warren.
19. Stallion, Jonah Crump, Granville.
20. Specimen of White Rye, J. Paschal, Franklin.
21. " Poland Wheat, J. Kerney, "
22. " Leather, W. F. Hilliard, Franklinton.
23. Two-horse Carriage, H. J. Clawson, Franklinton.
24. 3 Sow pigs, S. S. Caraway, Lenoir.
25. 3 Boar pigs, " "
26. 3 Large Boars, (Chester,) S. S. Caraway, Lenoir.
27. Rye Straw Hat, W. H. Morning, Johnston.
28. Palm Hat, " "
29. 1 Net Quilt, Mrs. Beckwith, "
30. Box Tallow Candles, W. H. Morning, "
31. Lot of Squashes, " "
32. Lot of Paper, David Murphy, Cumberland.
33. Saddle Brood Mare, W. A. Eaton, Granville.
34. 3 year old plow Filly, " "
35. 3 pieces Painting, Wm. Stronach, Raleigh.
36. [illegible] Dr. J. F. [illegible]
37. " Sorrel " " "
38. " Claybanks, " "
39. Cotton Yarns, S. H. Christian, Montgomery.
40. Lot of Wheat, " "
41. " Flour, " "
42. 1 Heifer 3 years old, James Kilpatrick, Raleigh.
43. Sugar Beets, James Kilpatrick, Raleigh.
44. 8 Paintings, Miss S. A. Partridge, Raleigh.
45. Embroidery, " "
46. " Miss Virginia Garey, "
47. Piece of Painting, " "
48. Wax Flowers, " "
49. Paintings, E. Colburn, "
50. Wax Flowers, " "
51. Worsted Work, " "
52. Work Stand, Mrs. J. C. Partridge, "
53. Embroidered Chair, " "
54. Sun flower Quilt, Miss Jane Ruth, "
55. 1 Quilt, Mrs. S. Miller, "
56. Quilt, (Mexican) Mrs. Murden, "
57. Young Man's Fancy, (Quilt) Mrs. Barbour, Raleigh.
58. Sunflower Quilt, Mrs. Barbour, Raleigh.
59. " " Mrs. Miller, "
60. 1 Wheat Fan, A. Stanly, Guilford.
61. 3 year old Filly, J. H. Marriott, Wake.
62. Painting (Death of Wesley) O. P. Copeland Northampton.
63. Painting (Faith) O. P. Copeland, North'mpton,
64. " (Hope) " "
65. " (Charity) " "
66. Specimen of Flour, L. G. Haughton, Chatham.
67. Box of Hats, D. Gee, Cumberland.
68. Box of Hams, Col. Elliott, Cumberland.
69. Box of Tobacco, W. & J. D. Long, Caswell
70. Tobacco, " "
71. " " "
72. " " "
73. 1 Oil Painting, Mrs. L. H. Walker, Greensborough.
74. 1 Oil Painting, " "
75. " " " " "
76. " " " "
78. " " " "
79. " " " "
80. Painting, J. W. Conrad, Raleigh.
81. Cotton Yarns, A. M. Holt, Alamance.
82. " " " "
83. Striped Domestics " "
84. Counterpane, Mrs. M. A. Walker, Warren.
85. " " " "
86. 1 Blanket, " " "
87. Counterpane, " M. E. Paschall, "
88. " " " "
89. Thorough bred Stallion, 12 years old, Gen. M. T. Hawkins, Warren,
90. Stud Colt, 1 year old, Gen. M. T. Hawkins, Warren.
91. Thorough bred Mare, 12 years old, Gen. M. T. Hawkins, Warren.
92. Thorough bred Mare, 10 years old, Gen. M. T. Hawkins, Warren.
93. Thorough bred Mare, 6 years old, Gen. M. T. Hawkins, Warren.
94. 1 Jack, 2 years old, Gen. M. T. Hawkins, Warren.
95. 1 Jennet, 8 years old, Gen. M. T. Hawkins Warren.
96. 1 Jennet, 8 years old, Gen. M. T. Hawkins, Warren.
97. 1 Mule, 3 years old, Gen. M. T. Hawkins, Warren.
98. 1 Mule, 4 years old, Gen. M. T. Hawkins,
99. 1 Filly, F. H. Perry, Wake.
100. Specimen of Flour, W. C. Upchurch, Raleigh.
101. 1 Morgan Stallion, W. S. Battle, Edgecombe.
102. 1 Chester Boar " "
103. 1 Devon Bull, 4 years old, W. S. Battle, Edgecombe.
104. 1 Hearth Rug, Mrs. J. Staten, Edgecombe.
105. 1 Piece Carpet, " " "
106. 1 " " " " "
107. Lamp Mat (Zephyr work) Miss M. F. King Tarborough.
108. Home made Soap, Mrs. Paul, Halifax.
109. Merino Wool, J. W. Cotton, Halifax.
110. Tobacco, R. A. Davis, Warren.
111. A Ham of Bacon, R. A. Davis, Warren,
112. Pair Horses, Y. & E. P. Jones, Yanceyville.
113. Durham Bull, R. D. Heartt, Nash.
114. 1 Stud, cream colored, 11 years old, David Gill, Wake.
115. Blooded Horse, 10 years old, David Gill, Wake.
116. 1 Jack, 4 years old, " "
117. 1 Jack (2 years old,) David Gill, Wake.
118. 1 " " " " " "
119. Buggy, W. C. Crabtree, for White & Co., Warrenton.
120. Pair Bay Horses, Maj. Howerton, Hillsboro'.
121. 80 Fruit Trees, Thomas Lindley, Chatham.
122. Stud, (4 years,) Thos. C. Smith, Bladen.
123. Brood Mare, do. do.
124. Year old Colt, do. do.
125. Home-made Silk, A. E. Fuller, Granville.
126. Silk Cloth, do. do.
127. 1 Fat Ox, J. H. Cooly, Franklin.
128. Packing Machine, Alpheus Jones, Wake.
129. Yoke of Oxen, do. do.
130. do. do. do.
131. 2 Bottles Scup. Wine, J. P. Robinson, Fayetteville.
132. 1 Bolt of Domestics, Fay'. mills, do. do.
133. 1 Saddle Horse, M. Pullen, Wake.
134. 2 Pair Bed Blankets, do. do. [ville.
135. Manufac'ed Tob'co, Y. & E. P. Jones, Yancey-
136. " " } various kinds " "
137. " " } " "
138. " " } " "
139. 1 Rockaway & Harness, " "
140. Specimens of Minerals, J. P. Maybry, Lexington,
141. 1 Patent Lamp, G. R. Griffith, Pittsboro'.
142. American Cream Soap, " "
143. Lot of Stone Ware, Sol. Loy, Chatham.
144. 1 Bed Quilt, Mrs. Langlay, Granville.
145. Fruit, Thos. Lindley, Chatham.
146. Blankets, Mrs. S. Vincent, "
147. Pair Chester pigs, James Dortch, Nash.
148. Centre-table cover, Miss F. Lloyd, Bladen.
149. 1 Devon Cow, Sylvester Smith, Raleigh.
150. " " "
151. " " "
152. 1 Cow, Devon and Durham, S. Smith, Raleigh.
153. Sample of Cotton, S. S. Carraway, Lenoir.
154. Pine Apple Quilt, Mrs. V. Cooke, Franklin.
155. Catawba Wine, D. M. Lewis, "
156. Black Jeans, R. A. Shultz, Salem.
157. Brown Jeans, " "
158. Negro Cloth, " "
159. Home-made Cloth, " "
160. Box of White Honey, " "
161. Domestic carpet, Mrs. A. W. Venable, Granville.
162. One 1 horse Wagon, J. P. Nissen, Salem.
163. Mule and other animals, Orwell, Leonard & Co. New York.
164. Rye straw Carpet, I. G. Sides, Salem.
165. Suit of fine clothes, J. J. Biggs & Co., Raleigh.
166. Lamp Mat, Miss M. F. King, Tarboro'.
167. Durham Cow, J. J. Dawson, Halifax.
168. Native Cow, " "
169. Durham Bull, " "
170. " " "
171. " " "
172. " " "
173. Imp. Dump Wagon, J. M. Wagner, Raleigh,
174. Chittagong Fowls, Gov. Manly, Raleigh.
175. Bremen Geese, " "
176. Buggy Harness, T. W. Rowlett, Warrenton.
177. Stockings by girl, M. S. Graves, Caswell.
178. 1 Spanish Saddle, C. W. D. Hutchings, Raleigh.
179. Shaftean " " "
180. Pad " " "
181. Lady's " " "
182. Buggy Harness " "
183. Single Buggy Harness, C. W. D. Hutchings, Raleigh.
184. Box of Wax Flowers, Graves and Wilcox, Warrenton.
185. Painting, Graves and Wilcox, Warrenton.
186. " " " "
187. " " " "
188. 3 Worsted Mats, Graves and Wilcox, do.
189. Mare and Colt, Thomas J. Morse, Northampton.
190. 1 Bedstead, Wm. Thompson, Raleigh.
191. Sample of Apples, " "
192. 1 Fat Ox, J. H. Cooley, Franklin.
193. Pair of Muscovy Drakes, B. F. Moore, Raleigh.
194. Dora Corn, " "
195. Shanghai Fowl, Giraffe, "
196. Sample of Butter, Dr. W. R. Holt, Lexington.
197. " " " "
198. " White Blue-straw Wheat, do. do.
199. " Early Purple Straw, " do. do.
200. " Flour, do. do.