

The Carolina Watchman.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY HAMILTON C. JONES, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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WHOLE NO. 346.

NEW TERMS OF THE Carolina Watchman.
The Watchman may hereafter be had for Dollars and Fifty Cents per year. One Dollar in advance for the whole year at one payment. The paper for one year at two Dollars in advance. As long as the same class shall continue to pay in advance the sum of Dollars the same terms shall continue, otherwise they will be charged as other subscribers.

Subscribers who do not pay during the year will be charged three Dollars in all cases. A subscription will be received for less than a year.

All letters to the Editor must be post paid, otherwise they will certainly not be attended to.

Terms of Advertising.
One Dollar per square for the first insertion. Twenty-five Cents per square for each insertion thereafter.

SALISBURY.

Cents.	Cents.
Molasses, 55 a 60	
Nails, 8 a 9	
Oats, 25 a 30	
Pork, \$6	
Sugar, br. 10 a 12	
loaf, 18 a 20	
Salt, \$1 62 1/2	
Tallow, 10 a 12 1/2	
Tobacco, 8 a 20	
Tow-linen, 16 a 20	
Wheat, (bushel) \$1	
Whiskey, 45 a 50	
Wool, (clean) 40	

FAYETTEVILLE.

100	Molasses, 55 a 42
80	Nails, cut, 7 1/2
11 a 12	Sugar brown, 8 a 12
25	Lump, 16
12 a 13 1/2	Loaf, 18 a 20
10 a 11	Salt, 85 a 90
20 a 30	Sack, \$3
75 a 80	Tobacco leaf 6 a 7
18 20	Cotton bag, 16 a 20
18 20	Bale rope, 8 a 12
12 a 14	Wheat 135 a 140
45	Whiskey 00 a 60
51 a 60	Wool, 20 a 25

CHERAW.

4 a 6	Nails cut assor. 7 1/2 a 9
10 a 14	wrought 18 a 18
15 a 20	Oats bushel 50
20 a 22	Oil gal 75 a 125
18 a 22	lamp \$1
10 a 12 1/2	linseed 110 a 125
12 a 16	Pork 100 lbs 6 a 8
12 a 15	Rice 100 lbs \$5 a \$6 1/2
75 a 100	Sugar lb 10 a 12 1/2
50 a 55	Salt sack \$3 a \$3 1/2
40 a 45	bush \$1 a \$1 1/2
50 a 60	Steel Amer. 10 a 12 1/2
22 a 25	English 14
45 a 50	German 12 a 14
10 a 12	Tea imp. \$1 a \$1 3/4

RUNAWAY. \$50 REWARD.
ABSCONDED about the last of October, from the subscriber, at that time residing in Stokes County, N. Carolina, my Negro man,

COLEMAN,
of 28 years of age, and of a very bright complexion. He has a Shoemaker by trade, and has a thin visage, is of a middle height, and weighs from 135 to 140 pounds. He has a very large scar on one of his legs, which is visible to be on the right leg, and on each arm just below the elbow joint, a large scar. His heels have been frost-bitten, and his left arm upon them. Coleman is a free woman near Blakely, and it is probable that he may be in the neighborhood of any persons believing themselves deceived by a white man, named Coleman, who left the neighborhood about the first of October. I will give a reward of fifty Dollars to any one who will deliver him to me near Brook Neal in Camp Hill, Va. or who will confine him in jail, and get him in my possession.

RICHARD OVERSTEET.
Camp Hill, Va. 2/12/39

MADEIRA WINE.
This article can be procured through the proprietors, direct from a

CHOICE STOCK
The best South side growth, at the Island of St. Vincent, from 250 to 270 sterling per ton, or \$250 a \$300 per gallon: either in half pipes or quarter Casks.
Cask up to any quantity, and the Wine imported on the order of the party ordering in each case, free of charge or risk, and forwarded to the interior by sea.
The above is approved of, and additional orders now received.
Cases of late importation, are of the constitution brand.
R. W. BROWN & SON,
Wilmington, N. C.

LITERARY.

From the New Novel "Eoneguski" ATHA AYMOR'S SONG.

Love slyly weaves his flow'ry chain,
And binds the captive here;
The cool fresh flowers inflict no pain,
So deep the tyrant's art.

Another—yet another wreath
He archly throws around;
The flowers abroad the fragrance breath;
Th' unconscious heart is bound.

As gossamers in fairy plies,
The captive insect bind,
The heart subdued and panting lies,
In flow'ry chains confin'd.

But when, has vanish'd from that chain,
The fresh and fragrant breath?
The captive strives to break in vain,
A bondage strong as death.

The gay soft leaves, no more conceal,
The lurking thorns beneath,
But give the wounded heart to feel,
Flow'rs form not all the wreath.

Too late against its bondage vile,
The heart may efforts make,
The fetters gather strength the while
The heart alone may break.

An Extract from "A Tale of past wars" INTERVIEW BETWEEN TECUMSEH, THE SHAWNEE, AND EONEGUSKI, THE CHEROKEE CHIEF.

Eoneguski was gratified by the success he met with, in quieting the minds of the Cherokee, who had not entirely escaped exciting influences artfully put in action, that, but for his timely interference, might very speedily have kindled into a flame of hostility against the United States, too fierce and raging to be extinguished.

He had scarcely reached home, felicitating himself on his success, when reposing at night in his wigwam, he felt some one shake him gently, and whisper in a mandatory tone of voice, "Eoneguski, awake." Surprised at so unexpected a salutation, under circumstances so unusual, he sprang upon his feet, grasped his scalping knife, and strove, by the indistinct light, to discover who had thus intruded upon his slumbers.

"The Chief of Eonee," continued a soft insinuating, but manly voice, in the Indian tongue, and an under tone, "is in his own wigwam—surrounded by his people. He need fear no danger. It is the stranger that has come unbidden beneath his roof, who had cause for apprehension."

"The stranger is always welcome to the home of Eoneguski," replied the chief. "He need fear nothing."

"My heart is a stranger to fear," replied the unknown, "but when my errand is over, I would go from the wigwam, unseen, as I came."

"It shall be as you say," replied the chief, "the people of Eonee are blind, when their chief wills not they should see."

"Let not the chief of Eonee use the tongue of the deceiver; replied the stranger—"may I go unquestioned, even if my speech should be displeasing to him?"

"The chief of Eonee speaks but one language," was the reply.—"His wigwam is the home of the stranger, and he may come and go as it pleases him, as into the dwelling of his father."

Eoneguski now prepared to strike a light but the stranger checked him.

"I doubt not the faith of the Cherokee brave," he said—"but the business I am on requires haste, and may be done in darkness, and I would not be seen, when I leave the wigwam."

"It is enough," said Eoneguski—"my ears are open, let the stranger speak."

"I would not speak to your ears only, but to your heart also," replied the stranger—"I would stir up the red blood that warms it—I would cause visions of glory to pass before you—I would invite you to the feast of Revenge, and make you drunk with the blood of your enemies."

"Hark! do you not hear the spirits of your fathers calling aloud, for vengeance? See the widely extended plains smoking with their blood & whitening with their bones! Look around you; and behold the red men, bending in slavery beneath the pale faces!—Do you not feel the galling chains upon your own limbs? Do you not hear their distant clank, as they are borne along by your children for countless generations? Are these barren fields the only heritage left you by your fathers? No! Ascend the highest peak of the Blue Mountains, and strain your eye-sight to its utmost and still far beyond its reach, the fruitful lands in broad succession, stretch themselves out, a portion of your birth-right. And can the warrior sleep with fetters upon his limbs, while the harvest of revenge is ripe and ready to be gathered? When the great spirit calls him to snatch from the spoiler his ravished birth-right? For shame! For shame! Shall the daughter of Moytoy see the boundless empire of her father, reduced by the coward sons of the pale face, to a space too narrow for the hunting ground of a single Cherokee brave? And will the son of Eoneh calmly look upon the wrongs of the maiden, in whose veins flows the noblest blood of her tribe, and not make the hearts of her oppressors to quail at his manly war-cries? No! I see the red men flocking from every quarter of the Heavens, like the countless wood-pigeons: The earth is darkened and echoes with the noise of their coming. The hearts of the pale faces are as the hearts of women before them:—And as the fire devours the dry grass of the prairie, as it sweeps over it, so are the pale faces before the countless braves of the red men!

Surprise chained in silence the tongue of Eoneguski, as he at length perceived by the dim light, the outlines of a tall Indian warrior, in a state of perfect nudity, who, not long preserving his low tone of voice, had broken out into loud and rapid utterance, accompanied by wild and violent gesticulation, and seemed some unearthly being, amid the sombre gloom by which he was surrounded, while his dark black eyes scintillated, in the warmth of his declamation like two luminous bodies.

The chief availing himself of the first slackening of the bold stream of eloquence—"stranger" said he, "Eoneguski is not intoxicated by the excitement thou art putting into his soul. He is not a fool, to mistake for a star of Heaven, a meteor of the evening,—he feels like thee, the wrongs of his people, and the Great Spirit sees his heart, and knows it is no coward fear that restrains him from action. But do not our fathers, tell us that many moons ago, the red men were as countless as the stars, when the pale faces crossed the great waters a feeble handful? Did our fathers then stand before them?"

"No!" shouted the stranger, "but our fathers were then overcome, as their posterity have been ever since, not by many forces—but by falsehood and guile." "But," said Eoneguski, "the white men are now as full of falsehood and guile as ever, and if they were too much for our fathers, when they had the advantage of a superiority, what have we to hope for now, when the white men have become countless as the stars, and the red men have dwindled to a handful?"

"It is that I speak," replied the stranger—"Let not the red men trust to the pale faces. The Great Spirit gave to the red man strength and activity, as the buffalo and the deer. He gave him, like all his creatures, capacity to endure the changes of the season, without any covering. The winds of heaven pierced him, and the white snow came upon his naked skin, and he knew no unmanly shivering. The scorching rays of the sun fell upon him, and he neither felt a blister nor pained with thirst. The earth produced him bread without cultivation, and the woods and waters supplied him with meat. But the white skins came among the red men, and taught them their effeminate customs, and made them their slaves. Let the red men return to the habits of their fathers—Let them cast aside the clothing which serves but to fetter the limbs of freemen. Let them drink the water as it falls from heaven, unmingled with the intoxicating poison of the white men—and let their meat be the fish and the game which supplies them. Then may they defy the arts of the pale faces, and retrieve the long lost possession of their fathers."

"The white men have in these things, at least, been the benefactors of the red," replied Eoneguski—"in that they have taught them some of the comforts of civilized life. It were folly to cast away the benefits we have derived from them, because they may have wronged and oppressed us. But it would not be enough to part with all these, to enable us to wage successful war with the whites. They need no longer resort to guile. They are too strong for us. As the brook vainly contended, with its feeble current, the broad streams of the river, so would the red men be borne down by the superior force of the whites."

"Neither the guile nor the strength of the whites shall avail them any thing," replied the stranger. "The red men have found in the white men over the great waters, the enemies of their oppressors, and they will strengthen the arms of their red brothers, and they shall be victorious."

"And trust you," said Eoneguski, "the weight of a warrior upon a flimsy reed? Will it not break under him and pierce his flesh, when he leans upon it for support? To whom think you, will your white allies give the fields which their strength & valor shall assist you to conquer? Think you the white men beyond the great waters, love their red brothers more than those of their own blood?"

"They are but the instruments of the Great Spirit," replied the stranger. "The elements of nature and the hearts of men are alike in his hands, and he hath commanded the white skins of England to assist their red brothers."

"And how are we to know that the hand of the Great Spirit is with us?" inquired the chief.

"Listen," said the stranger, again subduing his voice to a whisper—"Listen to the sign—The pale faces have roamed at large over this wide country, and in their pride, have vainly thought to place insensible to their accursed lust of territory

and power. But there is yet a spot which the Great Spirit has preserved for his red children only—the foot of the pale faces hath never yet intruded upon its sacred precincts—some invisible power hath turned him aside, whenever in his wanderings, he hath happened to approach it. On one side flows the Coosa, and on the other the Talapoosa, bending like the bow of a warrior, and uniting with the Coosa, almost encircles the Holy Ground. There the will and Elm set hickory, stands in thick clusters, and sends up its leafy branches towards the blue sky. There, should every thing else fail us, the red men may retreat and lie down in safety, under the broad wing of the Great Spirit, and not a pale face can come nigh to hurt us."

"I fear," replied Eoneguski, "this is but a delusion. It is a dream that has visited my brother while he slept."

"A dream?" cried the astonished stranger. "A dream! Hath the chief of Eonee never heard of a prophet, far away on the great waters, which men call the lakes?"

"I have heard wondrous things of him," said Eoneguski.

"He is my brother," replied the stranger. "Our mother gave to her nation three warriors at a birth; one of them is Elkawata, the prophet of the lakes, and he hath sent me hither from the frozen North, with a message from the Great Spirit to his red children in this sunny land, and I, said the stranger, elevating himself to his full dignified height, "I am Tecumseh." He paused—but there was no answer—"does my brother," he said, "doubt the message of the Great Spirit?"

Eoneguski was no stranger to the fame of Tecumseh, and brave as he was himself, could not suppress a sense of inferiority, and a feeling of awe in the presence of the great man, who had dignified by his valor and abilities the complexion he bore. These feelings were in no degree diminished by the circumstances under which they met. It was the stillness of midnight, and an inhabitant of a region countless miles distant from Eonee, was standing before the Cherokee Chief in his own wigwam. He had glided into it as a spirit, and might, if he had so desired, have slain its sleeping tenant, without waking him from his slumbers.

But Eoneguski did not hesitate for a moment whether he should lend himself to the schemes of the Shawnee chief. Yet he had no wish to incur his displeasure, or be wanting in that respect, he really felt for him. He was therefore quite at a loss to frame his observations to the now disguised hero, as that they might, without altering his hopes of obtaining a proselyte, manifest towards his personal good will.

"Eoneguski is proud," he at length replied, "to look upon a warrior so renowned as Tecumseh, and feels that his wigwam is honored by his presence. But he may not consent to join with him in taking the war club against his great father in Washington."

"He that is not for us, is against us," said the Shawnee chief, loudly and fiercely.—"When then Tecumseh and Eoneguski meet again it will be as enemies. Some slight remains of weak compassion would linger around the heart of Tecumseh, when he saw a pale face prostrate before him, begging for his life,—but for the dastard red skin who had fought for her enemies, or had refused to lend his arm in the struggles of his country, he would trample him in the earth, and smile as he writhed beneath his tread."

"I have been deaf to your persuasions—and your threats are not more effectual," replied Eoneguski.

"Perhaps," continued the Shawnee chief contemptuously, "your degenerate love of the whites may be gratified by the surrender of your guest. Trust me, the scalp of Tecumseh would be well paid for, by your father at Washington."

"Tempt me not too far," replied Eoneguski, "lest the world have cause to pronounce Tecumseh a fool, and Eoneguski, a villain."

"By Heaven," said Tecumseh, approaching the Cherokee chief, and raising the tomahawk, he had all along held in his hand, "it would be well thus, to terminate thy scruples." The bright blade passed before the eyes of Eoneguski, but no quick drawing of the breath, or hurried palpitation of the heart, indicated to Tecumseh that he had stirred any emotion in the bosom of his host. "You are brave," he said, "and Tecumseh would fain have such a battle beside him, in the cause of freedom. But he is a fool who spends his labor in vain attempts to move the firm-rooted rock.—We meet as friends.—From henceforth we are enemies.—Yet I hold you to your pledge of hospitality, and claim to go as I came unseen of any one.—Eoneguski must not follow me, even with his eyes."

STATE LEGISLATURE.

From the Raleigh Register.

On the introduction of Mr. RAYNER'S Resolutions in the House of Commons, the question being on what day they should be taken up and considered, the Whigs insisted that they should be disposed of at an early day. One or two votes having been taken on the more distant days, in which the Van parts was in the rear, several gentlemen complained of oppression. Among others, Mr. Caldwell, from Mecklenburg, and Dr. Wilcox, from Halifax, spoke up on the subject, and asked what effect the Resolutions were expected to have? One of the gentlemen said that the dose had been prepared for them in a Caucus, and he supposed was to be forced down their throats *volens volens*. To this,

Mr. JONES, of Rowan, replied, that he was sorry to see the gentlemen on the other side exhibit so much nausea at the dose, which they said had been prepared for them. They forget how they served us, Sir, four years ago. They forget with what promptness and energy they administered the dose of Instructions prepared in like manner by a Caucus. Yes, Sir, they, on that occasion, not only made us swallow their physic in spite of our lamentations here and elsewhere, but they forced it down our throats spoon and all. But, Sir, we have heppily changed places. We are the doctors now, and they are the patients. We mean to give them their own physic out of their own spoon. One of the gentlemen said, that this dose had been prepared for them in a Caucus. He is right Sir. We have mixed up this potion with great care, from the very best ingredients, according to the most approved recipe, and I can tell them they have to take it just as it has been prepared. We mean to admit no dilutions nor adulterations; so they may as well swallow it at once without making any more wry faces. I commend it to the gentlemen; no doubt, it will be 'good for their whole-some'.

Doctor WILCOX. I am very much obliged to the gentleman from Rowan, for his merciful consideration of our case. But I did not know before that he was a Physician.

Mr. JONES. Mr. Speaker, I am no truck Doctor; mine are political pills. They are better than Brandreth's or Beekwith's, and just such as I think our Senators and their party in this House stand in need of. I know it will go hard with the gentleman from Halifax to take his share of this Medicine: but he must take it. But we are asked what effect we suppose this Physic will have upon our Senators? I, for one, answer, I do not know. I am aware, that our patients are a good deal constipated, and hard to move. Nor do I very much care as to the effect it may have. In this particular, I shall adopt the anagram which a London wag stuck on the door of a certain Doctor ISAAC LETSON who used to sign himself 'I Letsom.'

"When folks they does get sick,
I physicks, bleeds and sweats 'em;
If, after that, they choose to die—
Why, verily,
I LETS 'EM."

For my own part, I never believed in the 'magical effect' of Instructions. I believe we have a right to give our opinions upon all and every subject of a general character. I believe moreover, that we have a right to make known these opinions to our Senators in Congress, in any form we may think respectful, whether as commands, requests, or simply as our wishes. To my understanding, however, as we have no power to enforce our will, it is, at last, a mere request. But I understand that our Senators hold a different doctrine. They say, that they are bound to obey the will of the Legislature or resign. If they will obey Sir, I for one, will rejoice. If, on the other hand, their principles compel them to resign, it will be their misfortune, not our fault. But it is a misfortune over which I shall not weep. It is not the legitimate effect of our physic to kill; but, if the gentlemen

Choose to die;
Why, verily, I lets 'em.

But, Sir, if they choose not to die—if they still choose neither to resign nor obey, shall our Resolutions would have a most excellent effect. They would explode 'forever and a day' the humbuggery of Instructions in North Carolina. The people, seeing that the Whigs had disclaimed them, and that their adversaries, who had been most clamorous for them, had when applied to themselves, in like manner repudiated them—the people will find out the truth, that it is all clap trap and humbug. If we can only accomplish this end, I, for one, will be more than satisfied.

On another day, after three or four Speeches had been delivered against the Resolutions, in which a good deal had been said about the inconsistency of the Whigs in giving Instructions to our Senators in Congress, after having condemned the doctrine,

Mr. JONES rose, and professed never to have intended to say one word further on the subject of these Resolutions. But, sir, said he, I cannot sit here and listen with patience to the jeers and taunts of our adversaries on the question of consistency.—Sir, the Whig party are not inconsistent in this matter. They have ever maintained in Congress, as well as in State Legislatures,

the right of declaring their opinions in the form of Resolutions on any great question of national policy. The Resolutions of the Senate, censuring the conduct of the President for removing the deposits, was an exercise of this right. Mr. Pinkney's and Mr. Patton's Resolutions on the subject of Abolition are instances of this kind. Our own action here, at this very Session, on the subject of the Vermont Resolutions is another. The Resolutions passed some years ago, on the subject of Nullification—those on the subject of the Nassau outrage, and Dr. Henderson's on the subject of the Public Lands, which passed this House, in all of which most of the Whig party concurred, were essentially such as we propose on the present occasion. We hold in common, therefore, with our adversaries, the political right of Instructions; it is on the effect of these instructions we differ. But, as the instructors have no compulsory process to enforce their mandates, it is not for them to say what effect they should have.—The instructed have in every case to determine this question. When the Whigs were defendants in the case of Jackson, Benton & Co vs Mangum & Co, they were called on to take the responsibility of giving the due effect to instructions. Now, that the present Senators and their party are defendants, they must take a like responsibility. We give these instructions simply for what they are worth, leaving it to these instructed gentlemen to decide, at their peril, as to their value.

But, Sir, we have heard a good deal said here about 'deserting our principles.' We have been asked 'Where are your principles?' Where are your conscience? Who are they that dare call us to account for doing this act? Sir, they are the very men who have done this thing themselves, and they hold that it is right. They have driven one faithful and able Senator from our service by this means, and whether we be right or wrong in our course we are not answerable to them for it. Mr. Speaker, I must illustrate our positions on this subject by relating an incident that occurred in the 'Tory war' of the Revolution. You have heard of the celebrated JOHN CLEVELAND. North Carolina has never done justice to that man's fame. My friend from Lincoln, HOKS, (Van Buren now tho' he be) in proposing to name his new county after this neglected Patriot, has shown an elevated and a proper spirit. Cleveland was a Whig; a genuine, bold and thoroughgoing Whig. I wish I may ever be able to say as much for his namesake the gentleman's new county. He was one of those gallant spirits that first turned back to the tide of British domination by the battle of King's Mountain. He had an impediment in his speech and, like all stouters, that ever I have known, he was hasty in temper and violent—

"Impiger, truculentus, incorrabilis, acer." If I may be permitted to quote a free translation Sir, I think it will well bespeak our Hero as the original. (Leave, leave, having roared through the Hall.) I will give you, then, the rendition of that Scottish worthy, Cosmo Cosmoynne Bradwardine.

"A fiery etter-cap, a fractious chiel;
As hot as ginger, and as stiver as steel."

Cleveland lived in a tory neighborhood, and while he was out campaigning, these desperadoes used to depredate upon him greatly. They would steal his horses, drive off his cattle, and burn his fences and out-houses. A party of them, headed by a leader, one Bill Harrison, went so far as to put his overseer to death for endeavoring to protect his employer's property.

The manner of this crime was somewhat peculiar. They took their victim to a steep hill side, and placing him on a log, fastened one end of a grape vine around his neck, and the other over the prong of a stooping dog-wood. When they had thus arranged it, one of the party went up the hill, and rushing head foremost against their captive, huried him off into eternity. John Doss was the name of the sufferer. Now, John Cleveland was not the man to put up with all these injuries, and the day of retribution was near at hand. Harrison, the ring leader in all these outrages, shortly afterwards fell into Cleveland's hands. He was an ingenious mechanic, whom Cleveland had often employed in more peaceful days, and had done him many favors; and the remembrance of these things were by no means calculated to mitigate the offender's doom. Accompanied by his favorite servant Bill, and one other individual, without speaking a word, Cleveland carried his prisoner to the same dogwood on which he had hanged poor Doss.—Here was a dangleing the very grape vine, which had been used to the former occasion. Without more to do, he placed the nose over the other's neck and placed him on the log. 'You will not hang me Colonel' at length faintly observed the trembling wretch. 'Can you give me any reason why I should not do it' said the other. 'You know I am a useful man in this neighborhood' said Harrison 'and cannot well be spared; I have more-over, discovered the secret of perpetual motion, and if I am put to death the world will lose the benefit of my discovery. Besides this, I have heard you curse Bryant and Fanning for putting prisoners to death. Where are your principles? Where is your conscience, that you are about to execute vengeance on me, your former friend and neighbor? Where is your conscience? Where are my horses and cattle—where are my fences and Barns—and where is poor Jack Doss? For God, I will do this deed, and justify myself to God and my country! Run up the hill and cut him off the log Bill; I'll show him per-pe-tual motion!!!'

So, Sir, will we deal with that party, which has brought havoc and ruin upon our country.—They have destroyed our currency—they have squandered our Public Lands—they have persecuted and driven our talented and conscientious Whigs by laying snares for their consciences. They have put in the base and needy to pillage the public money. They have married and disfigured the faithful record of the Senate. In a word, Sir, they have put the torch to the Temple of Liberty; and as Old Cleveland said—'For God, we will do this deed, and justify ourselves to God and our country; we hang them on their own dog wood; we will give them a small specimen of perpetual motion.'

A TRUNK LOST.

WAS LOST or miscarried, on or about the 5th of January last, a large HAIR TRUNK, round top, with the initials thereof of B. N. S. Any information given of said Trunk will be thankfully received, and all reasonable expenses paid.
D. MURRAY.
March 15th, 1839—3w53