



Carolina Watchman.

PENDLETON & BRUNER,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

"See that the Government does not acquire too much power. Keep a check upon all your Rulers. Do this, and LIBERTY is saved."—Gen'l. Harrison.

NO. 29—VOLUME IX.
WHOLE NO. 445.

SALISBURY, FEBRUARY 13, 1841.



BRIGADE ORDERS.

Head Quarters,
Concord, N. C., Jan. 1, 1841.

To the Colonels Commanding the following Regiments in the 11th Brigade and 4th Division of North Carolina Militia:

You are, by these orders, commanded to prepare your respective Regiments as follows:

The Regiment of Militia in Cabarrus county, at Concord, on Thursday the 4th of March next.

The Regiment of Cavalry composed of the Companies of Mecklenburg, Cabarrus and Montgomery, at Concord on Thursday the 4th of March next.

The Regiment of Volunteers composed of the Companies of Mecklenburg, Cabarrus and Montgomery, at Concord, on Thursday the 4th of March next.

The North Regiment of Militia in the county of Mecklenburg, at Charlotte, on Tuesday the 8th of March next.

The South Regiment of said County, at Gaston's on Thursday the 11th of March next.

The Western Regiment of Militia in the County of Montgomery, at Eben Hears's, on Tuesday the 16th of March next.

The Eastern Regiment of Militia of said County, at Lawrenceville, on Thursday the 18th of March next.

The above Regiments will appear on the days above mentioned, Equipped as the Law requires, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for Review and Inspection by the Brigadier General.

WILLIAM C. MEANS, Brig. Gen.
11th Brigade, N. C. Militia.

The following Officers have been appointed and Commissioned to compose the Staff of the Brigadier General of the 11th Brigade and 4th Division of North Carolina Militia.

Major William Barringer Aid-de-Camp.
Major William Alexander Brigade Inspector.
Capt. Robert S. Young Brigade Quarter Master.

Dr. Charles J. Fox Brigade Surgeon.

All officers and privates are commanded to respect and obey them accordingly.

WILLIAM C. MEANS, Brig. Gen.
11th Brigade, N. C. Militia
1841—5w23

The Subscriber

RESPECTFULLY returns his thanks for past favors in his line of business, and begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he still carries on the

BOOT & SHOE-MAKING BUSINESS,

in the store house of Col. Samuel Lemly, immediately opposite J. & W. Murphy's store, in all its various branches. He keeps constantly on hand a supply of ready made Boots and Shoes, fine and coarse. All of which will be sold low for cash, or to punctual dealers on a short credit, or exchange for country produce.

JOHN THOMPSON.
N. B. Orders from a distance promptly attended to.
Jan. 16, 1841—3m25

PRICES CURRENT AT

SALISBURY, February 13.

Cents.		Cents.	
7 a 8	Molasses,	40 a 60	
40	Nails,	7 1/2 a 8	
50	Oats,	15 a 20	
12 1/2	Pork,	\$4 1/2 a 5	
11 1/2	Sugar, br.	10 a 12	
7 a 8	loaf,	18 a 20	
14 a 15	Salt,	\$1 25	
25	Tallow,	10 a 12 1/2	
35	Tobacco,	8 a 20	
\$4 1/2 a 5	Tow-Linen,	16 a 20	
62 a 65	Wheat, bush	62 1/2	
4 1/2 a 6	Whiskey,	45 a 50	
1 1/2	Wool, (clean)	40	
\$1 1/2	Lard,	7 a 8	

CHEBAW, February 2, 1840.

3 a 5	Nails cut assor	7 1/2 a 8
8 a 10	wrought 16 a 18	
15 a 20	Oats bushel	33 a 40
20 a 25	Oil gal	75 a \$1
25 a 28	lump	\$1 25
10 a 12	linseed 10 a 12	1 25
12 1/2 a 15	Pork 100lbs	5 1/2 a 6
8 a 11 1/2	Rice 100lbs	4 a 5
40 a 50	Sugar lb	8 a 12 1/2
\$5 a 6	Salt sack	\$2 1/2
40 a 45	bush	\$1 00
5 1/2 a 6	Steel Amer.	10 a 00
11 a 12 1/2	English	14
40 a 50	German	12 a 14
12 1/2	Teampe.	\$1 31 37

FAYETTEVILLE, February 3, 1841.

45 a 50	Molasses,	27 a 30
40 a 45	Nails, cut,	64 a 7
8 a 10	Sugar brown,	94 a 12
25 a 26	Lump,	16
12 1/2 a 13 1/2	Loaf,	18 a 20
8 a 10 1/2	Salt,	75 a 00
16 a 22	Sack,	\$2 1/2 a 62 1/2
40 a 50	Tobacco leaf	4 a 54
17	Cotton bag,	20 a 25
\$1 a 1 1/2	Bale rope,	8 a 10
4 1/2 a 5 1/2	Wheat new	80 a 90
37 a 40	Whiskey	30 a 35
5 a 5 1/2	Wool,	15 a 20

NEW TERMS.

The "WATCHMAN" may hereafter be had in advance, and two dollars and fifty cents at the end of the year.

Subscription will be received for a less time than a year, unless paid for in advance.

The paper discontinued (but at the option of the Editors) until all arrears are paid.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One dollar per square for the first insertion and fifty cents for each continuance.

Short notices will be charged 25 per cent. higher than the above rates.

A deduction of 33 1/3 per cent will be made to those who advertise by the year.

All advertisements will be continued until ordered to be discontinued, unless otherwise specified.

Letters addressed to the Editors must be accompanied by a note to attention.

Poetical.

OUR COUNTRY.

[By W. J. PEABODY, ESQ.]

Our country!—'tis a glorious land—
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She heaves the dark Atlantic roar;
And nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Embellled with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairie, deck'd with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star,
And mighty rivers, mountain born,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And cradled 'mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales to steam-like beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills,
And calm content and peace abide;
For plenty here her fulness pours,
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And, sent to enrich her generous stores,
There gleams no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! I thank thee for this home—
This bounteous birth land of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty!
Still may her flowers untrammell'd spring,
Her harvest wave, her cities rise;
And yet till time shall fold his wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise!

SAM. SLICK A LAW MAKER.

We commend the following to our readers. We extract it from the third series of the "CLOCK MAKER," or the sayings and doings of SAMUEL SLICK. In these DULL times, if you want to laugh, gentle reader, pray read it, read it!

In the course of our morning's drive, I happened to ask him if he interfered much in politics when he was in Shekville. No, said he, not now. I was once an Assembly member, but since then I ginn up politics. There is nothin' so well taken care of as your rights and privileges, squire. There are always plenty of chaps volunteers to do that, out of pure regard for you, ready to lay down their lives to fight your cause, or their fortunes if they had any, either. No; I have given that up. Clock-makin' is a better trade by half. Dear, dear, I shall never forget the day I was elected; I felt two inches taller, and about a little the biggest man in all Shekville. I knew so much was expected of me, I could not sleep a try in' to make speeches; and when I was in the shop I spiled half my work by not havin' my mind on it. Save your country, says one; save it from ruin; cut down salaries. I intend to, says I. Watch the officials, says another; they are the biggest rogues we have. It don't convene with liberty that public servants should be the masters of the public. I quite concur with you, says I. Reduce Lawyers' fees, says some; they are eatin' up the country like locusts. Just so, says I. A bounty on wheat, says the farmer for your life. Would you tax the mechanic to enrich the agriculturist? says the manufacturer. Make a law a gin' thistles, says one; a regulator about temperance, says another; we have a right to drink it we please, says a third. Don't legislate too much, says a fourth—its the curse of the State; and so on without end. I was fairly bothered, for no two thought alike, and there was no pless'n' no body. Then every man that voted for me wanted some favor or other, and there was no bottom to the obligation. I was most equated to death with the weight of my cares, and they were so heavy.

At last the great day came, and the Governor and Senate and Representatives all walked in procession, and the artillery fired and the band of the caravan of wild beasts was hired to play for us, and we organized in due form, and the Governor's message was read. I must say the day was the happiest one of my life. I felt full of dignity and honor, and was filled with visions of glory to come. Well, says I to myself, the game is now to play in real earnest, and no mistake; what card shall I play? The presidential chair and the highest posts is open to me, in common with other citizens. What is to prevent me a commin' in by honors, or if I have good luck, by the odd trick. What shall I lead off with? I laid awake all night considerin' of it, a rollin' and a tossin' over, like tramp in the stomach, not knowin' what to do, at last I got an idea.

Extension of suffrage, says I, is the card I'll play. That will take the masses and masses is power, for majorities rule. At that time, squire, we had the forty shilling, freehold qualification, and it extended no farther; so I went for universal suffrage; for, thinks I, if I can carry that, I can go for Governor, on the strength of the new votes, and president afterwards; and it did seem plausible enough, too, that's a fact. To all appearance it was the best card in the pack.

So out I jumps from bed, a walkin' up and down the room in my shirt tail, a workin' away at my speech like any thing, and dreadfull hard work it was, too; for it is easier to forge iron any time than a speech, especially if you ain't brought up to the business.—I had to go over it and over it so

often, for every now and then I'd stick fast, get bothered and forget where I was, and have to begin agin; but when day was e'en about breakin', I was drawn' to a close, and had nearly scored and rough hew'd it out, when all of a sudden I run agin the bed-post, in the dark, and nearly knocked out my brains. Well, next night I worked at it agin only I left the candle burnin', so as not to be a stumblin' up agin things that way, and the third night I got a shockin' cold in my head, a-walkin about naked, and I fell as weak as a child for want of sleep.—I was awfully puzzled to fix on what to do on account of that plaguy cold. I didn't know whether to wait till it got better or strike while the iron was hot and hissin', for I feared some o' the speech would leak out, or the whole get flat, if I kept in too long—so as soon as the house was opened, I makes a plunge right into it; for what must be, must be, and its no use considerin'.

So I ups and says, Mr. Speaker, says I, (Lord how thick my tongue felt; it seemed too thick for my mouth, like the clapper of an old horse) let me proponed this resolution, sir, says I; all men are free and equal. No one doubts it, Mr. Slick, said an old member—no one denies that; its a truism. I didn't somehow expect that interruption, I kinder put me out, and I never got a goin' altogether right agin afterwards, for I lost my temper; and when a man sint cool, he might as well hang up his fiddle that's a fact. Have I freedom of speech, sir, or have I not; or is that last rag of liberty torn from the mass of the constitution too? I stand stock still awaitin' for your answer, sir. Oh, sartain, said he, sartain; you may talk forever, if you like; go on, say, only no man doubts your proposition. It's a lie, sir, said I, its a lie writ—Order!—Order!—chair! chair! says some. Knock him down—turn him out—where did you learn manners? says others. Hear me out, says I, will you?—and don't be no overlastin' fast; what's the use of jumpin' afore you come to the fence. It's a lie written on the face of the constitution. Oh! ho! says they is that if you des, says I, it is and constradict it if you dars. We are not free; we are slaves; one half of us its tyrants—unmerciless, unfeelin', overbearin' tyrants and vile usurpers; and the other half slaves; abject, miserable, degraded slaves.—The first argument advanced er, its this—and the cold in my nose began to tickle, tickle, till I couldn't hold any longer, and let go a sneeze that almost broke the widders out. On, Lord what a law haw! they sot up. The first argument is this, sir; and off went both barrels of my nose agin like thunder; it fairly raised the dust from the floor in a cloud like a whirlwind in the street afore rain. It made all spin agin. Why he is a very ting-tail roater says the members, a regular sneezer; and they shouted and roared like any thing.

I thought I should a died for shame one minute, and the next I felt so coonish I half a mind to fly at the speaker and knock him down. I didn't just cleverly know what to do, but at last I went on—Did the best blood of the land flow for forty shillings? Was Bunker Hill fought out to loosen British chains, merely to rivet American ones? Was it for this the people covered with gore and glory, on the bed of honor? Was it the forty shillings alone that fought the revolution of the Polls. I am for the Polls. Taxation and representation should go hand in hand, and freedom and equality likewise also.—How dare you tax the Polls without their consent? Suppose they was to go for to tax you without your consent, why would be right or who wrong then? Can two wrongs make a right? It is much of a muckness, sir.—six of one and half a dozen of the other.

What's that feller talkin' about? says a member. A vote to help the Poles agin' Russia, says the other; what a cussed fool he is. It put me quite out, and joggled me so, I couldn't make another line strait, I could't see the Speaker no longer, for my eyes watered as if I had been a stringin' in for a week, and I had to keep blowin' my nose; the whole blessed time, for the cold in it corked it up as tight as a bottle. Who calls them fools? says I; who dars insult free citizens because they are not forty shillings? You could't treat them worse if they was nasty, dirty, displeasable niggers; and yet you boast of your glorious constitution. Will any member answer me this? Have they blood in their veins?—and if they have, it must be free blood; and if free, it must boil. (Tickle tickle goes my nose agin, and I had to stop to search for my nose-rag.) The honorable gentleman, says some feller or another, for most on 'em were strangers to me, means a blood puddin' I suppose. Ah! I thought I should have gone ravin' distracted mad. I knew I was talkin' nonsense, that I had run off the tracks with all steam on, and was a ploughin' through the mud in the fields like any thing. Says I, I'll have your blood, you scoundrel, if you dare to say that agin; see if I don't, sothere now. Oh dear, such shoutin', roarin', and clappin', of hands I never heard, my head run round like a spinnin' wheel; it was all burr, burr, burr, buzz, buzz, buzz. I bit in my breath to keep cool; I felt I was on the edge of a wharf and only one step more was over head and ears chewallop in the water.—Sam, says I to myself, be a man; be cool—take it easy; so I got off agin, but I was

so confused I get int; my other speech on agricultur' that I had larned by heart, and mixed the two together all in a ravel.—Thistles, says I, is the bane of all good husbandry. Exterminate them from the land; they are usurpin' the places of grain, and all Shekville will be filled with Polls. If they have no voice in this assembly, how can you expect them to obey the laws they never made. Compel folks to cut them down in the fall of the moon, and they'll all die; I have tried it myself with universal suffrage and the ballot.

Well, artillery is nothin' but a popgun to the noise the members ow made.—It was an arthquake tipped with thunder and lightning, I never heard nothing like it. I felt I was crazy, wished I was dead a-most or could sink through the floor, into the middle of the sea, or any where but where I was. At last cousin Woodberry took pop on me, and come over to where I was, and said Sam, said he, set down, that's a good feller; you don't know what you are a-doing of; you are makin' an ass of yourself. But I didn't hear him. Confound you! said he, you look mean enough to put the sun into eclipse, and he laid hold of the skirts of my coat, and tried to pull me down; but instead of that he pulled on right off, and made an awful show of me. That sot me off agin, quite ravin' as bad as ever. I won't be put down, says I. Mr. Speaker; I fight for liberty and the Polls; I stand agin the forty shillings.—Unhand me, you slave! said I, touch me not, or I'll sacrifice you on the altar of my country, and with that I ups and knocks Woodberry over as flat as a pancake, and bolts right out of the hall.

But I was so blinded with the cold in my head and rage together, I could't see no more nor a bat, and I pitched into several members in the way out, and most broke their necks and my own too. It was the first and the last of my speech-makin'. I went by the name, for years afterwards, in our town of Free-and-equal-Shek? I wish I could wipe out that page of my follies from my memory, I tell you, but it's a caution to them that navigate in politics, that's a fact.

Nothin' on this side of the water make so big a fool of a man, squire, he continued, as gon' to the house of representatives without bein' fit for it. Them that hante just got the right weight of ballast are upset in no time, and turned bottom upwards afore they know where they be. Them that are a little vain by natur' so so puffed up and so coarsened, they become nothin' but laughin' stocks to all the world, most rediculous fools; while them whose principles ain't well anchored in good holdin' ground, let the rogue peep out of their professions plainer than their own face. Like an Irishman's eye, they blink in three coats on. But the man who is of it neither. A man who is in business as well as in politics, it don't big and tallin' for three months in the year, puffin' each other up till they are ready to burst with their importance. Don't convene with sellin' tape by the yard or loading on carts, when they return home to their business.

In short, squire, a country ought to be a rich country with larned men in it, and men of property to represent it, or else assembly work is nothin' but high life below stairs, arter all. I could point you out legislators on all kitchen talk, all strut, brag, and vulgar impudence. Its enough to make a cat sick to hear fellers talk of independence who are mortgaged over head and ears in debt, to listen to the claps jawin' about public virtue, temperance, education, and what not, all day, who spend the night in a back room of a market tavern with the key turned, drinking halfstom and had rum, or playing sixpenny lon. If mankind only knew what fools they were, and how they helped folks themselves to fool them, there would be some hope of them, for they would have larn't the first less'n' of wisdom.

Very Tall, Indeed.—The York Gazette of Tuesday has the following anecdote shewing the uses of 'bail,' at least to one of the parties:

VERY TALL.—The advantages of bail.—One of the constables of our borough recently called upon an individual with the pleasant information that he had an execution against him for rent. This was a new thing for our unfortunate friend—it was surprising—he had frequently rented houses before, had given bail as in the present case, for the rent, and had never been troubled about the matter. There must be some mistake—why did not the constable call upon his bail, as usual? 'He is not to be found,' said the constable, 'Well—I think this is a very hard case; I had a great deal of trouble, running about to get bail—and now he has gone off, leaving me to pay the rent myself!'

Our friend is certainly an ill used individual. To bail a friend, and then not pay his debt, is a social impropriety that cannot be too severely reprehended.

Pass Him Along.—A man "down-east" advertises one Harvey W. Turner, who married a daughter of the advertiser and shortly, absconded, "since which circumstances have come to light which prove him to be a rascal."

Female Depravity.—An infant, unable to walk, dragging about and torturing a kitten.

DOCTRINE OF COLORS.

An unpretending little book has just been published by Dr. Franz, of Dresden, on the Eye, in which the physical construction of that organ, and the whole science of optics, are treated in a popular and concise manner. The following views with respect to color are not without novelty:—Light, or rather every ray of light consists of the primitive colors, blue, yellow, and red. If the surface of an illuminated object be of such a nature as to reflect the ray of light with an equal mixture of these colors, it will appear white, and the more equal and intimate the mixture, the whiter will be the color. If on the contrary, the illuminated surface be of such a nature as to decompose the ray and separate either of the three colors; if now it attracts two of these colors to itself, or, in other remaining color, which not having been absorbed, absorbs them, it appears of the third, or red, is reflected; for example, if blue and yellow be absorbed, the property of absorbing one only of the primitive colors, it will then appear of that color which results from a mixture of the two reflected colors; if, for instance, the red be absorbed, the color of the object will be green, which results from the mixture of yellow and blue. From the respective degrees in which one or other of the primitive colors predominates in the mixture of the reflected colors, arise the infinitely various gradations and shades of color, or light. Lastly, if the surface of the object possess the property of absorbing all the three primitive colors, it will then appear black, which will be the more deep and intense, the more perfectly and equally they are absorbed. The object in this case is indeed illuminated, but reflects no light.—English Farmer.

FAT CATTLE.

We published last week the weights of a lot of hogs raised by Dr. S. D. Martin, of Clarke county, the average of which was 741 lbs. We have the pleasure this week of recording the departure for market, of another sample of Kentucky products. On Monday last our attention was attracted by a crowd assembled on Cheap-side which we found to be admiring a lot of fine cattle. On enquiry we found they had been purchased for the Cincinnati market by Mr. James Evans, from Mr. R. Allen, of Jessamine. They were fattened by Mr. Allen. We estimated their weights ranging from 2500 to 3000 lbs. We find them estimated at \$500 to 4000 lbs. by Mr. Fennell of the Intelligencer. As large beefs or even larger may have been and may again be produced, but fatter ones we do not expect to behold. Every point accessible to the organs of secretion seemed to us to be loaded with fat. If friend Hooper of the Western Farmer, can find them out, we ask him to take a look at these cattle, they certainly take the palm from any thing Kentucky has sent to that market yet.—Kentucky Farmer.

A Kiss.—"What is a kiss? A kiss is as it were, a seal expressing our sincere attachment, the pledge of our future union, a dumb but at the same time audible language of a living heart, a present which at the same time, is given from us, the impression of our attachment on an ivory coral press, the striking of two flints against one another, a crimson balsam for a love wounded heart, a sweet bite of the lip, an affectionate pinching of the mouth, a delicious dish which is eaten with scarlet spoons sweet meat which does not satisfy hunger, a fruit which is planted and gathered at the same time, the quickest exchange of questions and answer of two lovers, the fourth degree of love."

Among the arrivals in this city is a Chinese Boonhid, from Canton, accompanied by Doctor PARKER, who has been for some years a resident at that place. His name is CHIN-LUNG, and bears the title of Tsch shoo yin, or student of letters. He was yesterday presented to the President, and, among other questions, he asked in the figurative language of the East, how long His Excellency had been the security of the People, meaning how long he had been President.

Chin-Lung is a native of Pekio. He is about twenty one years of age, and, in religion, he is a Boonhid.—Nat. Int.

Description of a Good Wife.—Sam Slick or some other "stuck feller," in describing a good wife, says—"She had'n't no ear for music, but she had a capital eye for dirt; and for poor folk's that's much better. No one never seed as much dirt in my house as a fly could't brush off with his wings. Boston gals may boast of their spinnets and their gyzars, and their eye-talian airs, and their cars for music, but give me the gal, I say, that has an eye for dirt, for she is the gal for my money."

Our readers must excuse the lack of editorial in our paper of to-day, as we were out shipping a part of yesterday afternoon with our wife.—Western Republican.

Our readers needn't excuse us for any thing of the kind, although we were compelled to devote a part of yesterday afternoon to sewing on buttons. We scorn excuses.—Pianette.

Very Good.—The Boston Post tells a story of a down east Militia Captain, who, on receiving a note from a lady requesting "the pleasure of his company," understood it as a compliment to those under his command, and marched the whole of them to the lady's house.

An old Post Master.—The oldest Postmaster in the United States, died recently, Henry Tawiller, P. M. at Harrisonburg, Va. He was appointed by Washington, and had held the office 50 years.—Ral Reg.

THE EVERGREEN.—Vol 9

A Monthly Magazine of Popular Tales, Poetry and Music. TERMS—Two Dollars per annum in advance.

With the January Number will commence the Second Volume of this popular compendium of new and elegant literature. The various works of romantic interest, which have been commenced in it, will be carried on to their completion. A glance at its copious table of contents during the past year will afford the most satisfactory evidence of its value. It has comprised works by the most popular modern authors of England and the United States. Now in the course of publication are Poor Jack, by Captain Marryat; Master Humphrey's Clock, by Charles Dickens, Esq. (Box); Ten Thousand a Year, the most popular and amusing story of the day; the Tower of Rookwood, Crichton, &c., and Stanley Thorne, by the author of Valentine Vox. Gentlemen throughout the country, who wish to receive these works, can find them in no shape so convenient and so cheap. Book numbers, containing the commencement of all these stories, or either of them, can be furnished at this subscription price.

Besides the works above enumerated, the Evergreen will contain, as it has hitherto contained, the spirit of the best foreign Reviews and Magazines, besides original pieces by native authors of distinction.

Former subscribers are requested to renew their subscriptions at their earliest convenience, and new subscribers not to delay forwarding their names, so that we may know the exact edition that will be required. A single volume of the Evergreen is composed of about 800 pages of the choicest literary matter.

TERMS.—Two Dollars a year in advance, or Five Dollars for three copies, in all cases free of postage. New subscribers will receive all the back numbers from April to December, 1840, together with the second volume, for \$5 remitted free of expense.

J. WINCHESTER,
30 Ann-street, New-York.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT

In Mocksville, N. C.

THOMAS FOSTER

INFORMS the public that he has removed from his former stand, to his new buildings on the public square, in the Town of Mocksville, where he will continue to keep a

House of Entertainment.

His House is roomy and commodious; attached to which are SIX COMFORTABLE OFFICES for gentlemen of the Bar, all convenient to the Court House. The subscribers pledge themselves to the most diligent exertions, to give satisfaction to such as may call on him. His TABLE, BAR & STABLES are provided in the best manner that the country will afford, and his servants are faithful and prompt.

Jan 26, 1839—1926

PROSPECTUS

OF THE
Western Carolina Temperance Advocate.

A monthly paper devoted to the Temperance reform, published at Asheville N. C., and edited by D. R. McANALLY.

The Temperance Convention that was held at this place early in September, resolved on publishing a paper of the above title and character, and appointed Dr. John Dickson and D. R. McAnally to conduct it. From the many pressing engagements, Dr. Dickson already has, he deems it impracticable for him to be recognized as one of the editors, though he will cheerfully use all his influence otherwise, to promote its interest; the subscriber therefore, proceeds to issue this Prospectus in his own name, with a hope that he will be aided in the undertaking, by all the friends of the Temperance cause throughout the country, and that the paper may soon have an extensive circulation.

Friends of the Temperance Cause! to you we make a most earnest appeal—while thousands of dollars are annually expended at theatres, at circuses, at the race track, at groceries, while no pains are spared, the luxury of retirement and ease foregone, and no labor deemed too severe to advance the interests of political aspirants, can you not do something in a cause that must be dear to every true patriot, philanthropist, and christian? Recollect there are but few, very few, such papers in North Carolina, and the Western part of Virginia, and the Eastern part of Tennessee particularly, need a periodical of this kind, and it is for you now to say whether they shall have it.

The very low price at which it was fixed by the Convention, will make it necessary, that a very large subscription be had, before the publication of it can be justified.

TERMS.

The Western Carolina Temperance Advocate will be published on a medium sheet, in quarto form, each number making eight pages, and will be furnished at the very low price of Fifty Cents a copy. Where single copies are taken, the payment must be made invariably upon the reception of the first number.

Postmasters, editors or publishers of papers, and all Ministers of the Gospel, are authorized agents.

COME AND PAY.

ALL persons indebted to the Subscribers by note or account of longer than twelve months standing, will call and pay—if not the whole, a part, of their respective debts forthwith, as we are compelled to have money. We hope that this call will be punctually attended to by all those whom it may concern.

CRESS & BOGER.
Salisbury, Jan. 9, 1841—4w24

ALL KINDS
BLANKS
For sale at this