

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 SAFE."—Gen'l Harrison.

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THE PROPOSAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CHARLES O'MALLEY.

The following humorous sketch is from the pen of the intemperate Dr. Laver, author of Harry Lorrequer and Charles O'Malley. It is necessary to premise that Miss Baby Blake is a gay, pretty, bewitching creature, a cousin of Charles O'Malley, and that the latter innocent gentleman has, under the guise of the aforesaid consanguinity, become very intimate with the laughing beauty. O'Malley, however, dreams of nothing more than friendship, and so tells his friend Sparks, who has in the meantime grown enamored of Baby. Sparks being a modest man persuades O'Malley to become the bearer of a proposal for Miss Baby's hand. O'Malley accordingly sets forth on his adventure.

I ordered my horse at an early hour, and long before Sparks—lover that he was—had opened his eyes to the light, was already on my way to Gortnamra. Several miles slipped away before I well determined how I should open my negotiations; whether to papa Blake, in the first instance or to madam, to whose peculiar province these secrets of the home department belonged; or why not at once to Baby? I debated, after all, with her rested finally to accept or to refuse. To address myself to the heads of the department seemed the more formal course, and, as I was acting entirely as an *epoux extraordinaire*, I deemed this the fitting mode of proceeding.

It was exactly eight o'clock as I drove up to the door. Mr. Blake was standing at the open window of the breakfast room, snuffing the fresh air of the morning. The Blake mother was busily engaged with the economy of the tea table; a very simple style of morning costume, and a night cap with a flounce like a petticoat, marking her unrefined toilet. Above stairs, more than one head in *capitote* look—a furtive peep between the curtain; and the bawling of the family in corduroys and a fur cap, was wedding turpins in the lawn before the door.

Mr. Blake had hardly time to take a hurried departure, when her husband came out upon the steps to bid me welcome. There is no physiognomist like your father of a family, or your mother with marriageable daughters. L'water was nothing to him in reading the secret signs of action—the hidden sources of all character. Had there been a good respectable bump, allotted by Spurzheim to honorable intentions, the matter had been all fair and easy; the very first salute of the gentleman would have pronounced upon his views; but, alas! no such guide is forthcoming; and the science, as it now exists, is enveloped in doubt and difficulty. The gay, laughing temperament of some; the dark and serious composure of others; the cautious and reserved, the open and the candid, the witty, the sententious, the clever, the dull, the prudent, the reckless—in a word, every variety which the innumerable hues of character impart upon the human face divine, are their studies. Their convictions are the slow and impatient fruits of intense observation and great logical accuracy. Carefully noting down every name and feature—their change, their action and their development—they track a lurking motive with the scent of a bloodhound, and run down a growing passion, with an unerring speed. I have been in the witness box, exposed to the heinous badgering and privileged impudences of a lawyer; winked, leered, frowned, and sneered at with all the long practiced tact of a *titai prius* tutor; I have stood before the cold, fish-like, but searching eye of a perfect collier, as he compared my passport with my person, and thought he could detect a discrepancy in both; but I never felt the same sense of trying exposure as when glanced at by the half-prying look of a worthy father or mother, in a family where there are daughters to marry, and a nobody coming to woo.

"You're early, Charley," said Mr. Blake, with an affected mixture of carelessness and warmth. "You have not had breakfast?"

"No, sir. I have come to claim a part of yours; and, if I mistake not, you seem a little later than usual."

"Not more than a few minutes. The girls will be down presently; they're early risers, Charley; good habits are just as easy as bad ones; and, the Lord be praised! my girls were never brought up with any other."

"I am well aware of it, sir; and, indeed, if I may be permitted to take advantage of the opportunity, it was on the subject of one of your daughters that I wished to speak to you this morning, and which brought me over at this unorthodox hour, hoping to find you alone."

Mr. Blake's look for a moment was one of triumphant satisfaction; it was a glance, however, and resented the very instant after, as he said with a well got up indifference—

"Just step with me into the study, and we're sure not to be interrupted."

Now, although I have little time or space for such dallying, I cannot help dwelling for a moment upon the subject of what Mr. Blake dignified with the name of his study. It was a small apartment with one window, the panes of which independent of all aid from a curtain, tempered the daylight through the medium of cobwebs, dust, and the ill-trained branches of some wall tree without. Three oak chairs and a small table were the only articles of furniture; while, around, on all sides, lay the *dijecta membra* of Mr. Blake's hunting, fishing, shooting and carrying equipments—old top boots, driving whips, old spurs, a racing saddle a blunderbuss, the helmet of the Galway light horse, a salmon net, a large map of the country, with a marginal index to several marriages marked with a cross, a stable lantern, the rudder of a boat, and representative of his daily associations; but not one book, save an odd volume of Watty Cox's Magazine, whose pages seemed as much the receptacle of broken barrels for trout fishing as the receptacle of literary leisure.

Here we were quite cozy, and to ourselves, said Mr. Blake, as placing a chair for me, he sat down himself, with the air of a man resolved to assist, by advice and counsel, the dilemma of some dear friend.

After a few preliminary observations, which like a bustling carrier before a race, serves to get your courage up, and settle you well in your seat, I opened my negotiations by some very broad and sweeping truisms about the misfortune of a bacheloret existence, the discomforts of his position, his want of home and happiness, the necessity for his one day thinking serious of marriage; it being in a measure a most agreeable as inevitable termination of the free and easy career of his single life as transportation of so

veo years is to that of a preacher. "You cannot go on, sir, said I, 'trespassing for ever upon your neighbors' preserves; you must be apprehended sooner or later; therefore, I think, the better way is to take out a license.'"

Never was a small sally of wit more successful. Mr. Blake laughed till he cried, and when he had done, wiped his eyes with a snuffly handkerchief, and cried till he laughed again. As, somehow, I could not conceal from myself a suspicion as to the sincerity of my friend's mirth, I merely consoled myself with the French adage, that he laughs best who laughs last; and went on.

"It will not be deemed surprising, sir, that a man should come to the discovery I have just mentioned more rapidly by having enjoyed the pleasure of intimacy with your family; not only by the example of perfect domestic happiness presented to him, but by the prospect held out; that the heritage of the fair gifts which adorn and grace married life, may reasonably be looked for among the daughters of those, themselves the realization of conjugal felicity."

Here was a canter with a vengeance; and as I felt blown, I slackened my pace, coughed, and returned.

Miss Mary Blake, sir, is then the object of my present communication; she it is who has made an existence that seemed fair and pleasurable before, appear blank and unprofitable without her; I have therefore—come at once to the point—visited you this morning, humbly to ask her hand in marriage; her fortune, I may observe at once, is perfectly immaterial—a matter of no consequence—(so Mr. Blake thought also) a competence fully equal to every reasonable notion of expenditure.

"There—there," said Mr. Blake, wiping his eyes with a sob like a hiccup, "don't speak of money. I know what you'd say; a handsome settlement, a well secured jointure, and all that. Yes, yes, I feel it all."

"Why, yes, sir, I believe I may add, that every thing in this respect will answer your expectations."

"Of course; to be sure. My poor dear Baby! how to do without her, that's the rub. You don't know O'Malley, what that girl is to me; you cannot know it; you'll see one day, though, that you will."

"The devil I shall!" said I to myself.

"The point is after all, to learn the lady's disposition in the matter—"

"Ah, Charley, none of this with me, you sly dog! You think I don't know you. Why, I've been watching—that is, I have seen—no mean feat—heard—they—they—people will talk, you know."

"Very true, sir. But, as I was going to remark—"

Just at this moment the door opened, and Miss Baby herself, looking most annoyingly handsome, put in her head.

"Papa, we're waiting breakfast. Ah, Charley how d'ye do?"

"Come in, Baby," said Mr. Blake; "you haven't given me my kiss this morning."

The lovely girl threw her arms around his neck, while her bright and flowing locks fell richly upon his shoulder. I turned rather sickly at the sight; the thing itself provokes me. This is much cold selfish cruelty in such a *coram publico* endearment, as in the lascivious display of rich rounds and arbutins in a chub house, to the eyes of the starved and penitential wretches without, who with dripping rags and watering lips eats imaginary slices, while the pains of hunger are torturing him.

"There's Tim!" said Mr. Blake, sullenly. "Tim Cronin! Tim!" shouted he to—as it seemed to me—an imaginary individual outside while, in the earnestness of pursuit, he rushed out of the study, banging the door as he went on and leaving Baby and myself to our mutual edification.

I should have preferred it being otherwise; but as the fate would it thus, I took Baby's hand and led her to the window. Now there is no feature of my countrymen which, having recognized strongly in myself, I would not proclaim; and writing, as I do—however little people may suspect me—surely for the sake of the moral, I should gladly wear the unassuming against. I mean, a very decided tendency to become the consider, the confident of young ladies; seeking out opportunities of assuaging their sorrow, reconciling their afflictions, breaking cerebral passers in their eyes; not from any inherent pleasure in the tragic phases of the intercourse, but for the sentimental squeezing, that innocent wistfulness, without which consolation is but like salting without lobster, a thing maimed, wanting and imperfect.

Now whether this with me was a natural gift or merely a way we have in the army, as the song says, I shall not pretend to say; but I venture to affirm that few men could excel me in the practice of speaking of some five and twenty years ago. Fair reader, do pry, if I have the happiness of being known to you, deduct them from my age before you subtract my merits.

"Well, Baby, dear, I have just been speaking about you to papa. Yes, dear—don't look so incredulously—even of your own sweet self. Well, do you know I almost prefer your hair worn that way; those same silky masses look better falling thus heavily—"

"There now, Charley! I shan't do it."

"Well, Baby, as I was saying before you stepped me, I have been asking your papa a very important question, and he has referred me to you for an answer. And now will you tell me, in all frankness and honesty, your mind on the matter?"

She grew deadly pale as I spoke these words, then suddenly flushed up again, but said not a word. I could perceive, however, from her heaving chest and restless manner, that no common agitation was stirring her bosom. It was cruelly to be silent, so I continued—

"One who loves you well, Baby dear, has asked his own heart the question, and learned that your bright eyes are to him bluer than the deep sky above him; that your soft voice is your winning smile—and what a smile it is! I have taught him that he loves, my adores you. The dear girl—what pretty fingers these are! Ah! what is this?—whence came that emerald? I never saw that ring before, Baby."

There, don't get angry; we must not fall out, surely!"

"No, Charley, if you are not vexed with me—if you are not—"

"No, no, my dear Baby; nothing of the kind. Sparks was quite right in not trusting his entire fortune to my diplomacy; but, at least, he ought to have told me that he had intended the negotiation. Now the question simply is—Do you love him?"

"Love who?"

"Love whom? why Sparks, to be sure."

A flash of indignation passed across her features, now pale as marble; her lips were slightly parted; her large, full eyes were fixed upon me steadfastly; and her hand, which I had held in mine, she suddenly withdrew from my grasp.

"And so—and so it is of Mr. Sparks' cause you are so ardently the advocate?" said she at length after a pause of most awkward duration.

"Why, of course, my dear cousin. It was at his suit and solicitation I called on your father; it was he himself who entreated me to take this step; it was he—"

But before I could conclude, she burst in a torrent of tears and rushed from the room.

Here was a situation! What the deuce was the matter! Did she, or did she not care for him? Was her pride or her delicacy hurt at my being made the means of the communication in her father? What had Sparks done or said to get himself and me in such a devil of a predicament? Could she care for anyone else?"

"Well, Charley?" cried Mr. Blake, as he entered, rubbing his hands in a perfect paroxysm of a tender smile, "have you made dinner breakfast out of your head?"

"Why, faith, sir, I greatly fear I have blundered my mission sadly. My cousin does not appear so perfectly satisfied, her manner—"

"Don't tell me such nonsense; the girl's manner to be taken in that way."

"Well then, sir, the best thing under the circumstances, is to send over Sparks himself—your consent, I may tell him, is already obtained."

"Yes, my boy; and my daughter's is equally sure. But I don't see what we want with Sparks at all; among old friends and relatives as we are, there is, I think, no need of a stranger to be taken in that way."

"A stranger! Very true, sir, he is a stranger but when that stranger is about to become your son-in-law—"

"About to become what?" said Mr. Blake, rubbing his spectacles, and placing them leisurely on his nose to regard me, to become what?"

"You son-in-law, I hope I have been sufficiently explicit, sir, making known Mr. Sparks wishes to you."

"Mr. Sparks! Why, d—me, sir—that is—I beg pardon for the warmth—you never mentioned his name to-day till now. You led me to suppose that—in fact, you told me most clearly—"

Here, from the united efforts of a rage and a struggle for concealment, Mr. Blake was unable to proceed, and walked the room with a melodramatic stamp perfectly awful.

"Really, sir, said I at last, while I deeply regret any misconception or mistake I have been the cause of, I must in justice to myself say, that I am perfectly unconscious of having misled you. I came here this morning with a proposition for the hand of your daughter in behalf of—"

"You yourself, sir? Yourself? I'll be no! I do not recollect, but just answer me, if you ever mentioned one word of Mr. Sparks; if you ever alluded to him till the last few minutes."

I was perfectly astonished. In my unobscured effort at extreme delicacy, I became only too mysterious, that I left the matter open for them to suppose that the Khan of Tartary was to have with Baby.

There was but one course now open. I lessened humbly apologized for my blunders; repeated, in every expression I could summon up, my sorrow for what had happened; and was beginning a renewal of negotiation, large Sparks, when overborne by his passion, Mr. Blake could hear no more, but snatched up his hat and left the room.

Had it not been for Baby's share in the transaction, I should have laughed outright. As it was, I felt any thing but mirthful; and the only clear and collected idea in my mind was to hurry home with all speed and escape a quarrel on Sparks, the innocent cause of the whole mischief. Why this thought struck me, let physiologists decide.

A few moments' reflection satisfied me, that under present circumstances, it would be particularly awkward to meet with any others of the family—Arduently desiring to secure my retreat, I succeeded, after some little time, in opening the window sash; something myself for my own safety I was about to inflict upon Mr. Blake's young plantation in my descent by the thought of the service I was rendering him, while admitting a little fresh air into his nostrils.

PARALLELS OF THE SEXES.

The North American says, there is admirable partition of qualities between the sexes, which the author of our being has distributed to each, with a wisdom that challenges our unbounded admiration.

Man is strong—Woman is beautiful.

Man is daring and confident—Woman is efficient and unassuming.

Man is great in action—Woman in suffering.

Man shines abroad—Woman at home.

Man talks to convince—Woman to persuade and please.

Man has a rugged heart—Woman a soft and tender one.

Man prevents misery—Woman relieves it.

Man has science—Woman taste.

Man has judgment—Woman sensibility.

Man is a being of Justice—Woman an angel of mercy.

A lawyer who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying, "I know the prisoner of the bar, and he bears the charge of being a most conscientious and independent scoundrel"—here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client, when he immediately added, "But what great and good man ever lived who was not calamitated by many of his contemporaries?"

MR. CLAY'S SPEECH.

At the great Festival at Lexington, Kentucky, on the 9th of June.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It was given to our countryman, Franklin, to bring down the lightning from Heaven. To enable me to be heard by this immense multitude, I should have to invoke to my aid, and throw into my voice, its loudest thunders. As I cannot do that, I hope I shall be excused for such use of my lungs as is practicable and not inconsistent with the preservation of my health. And I feel that it is our best duty to express our obligations to a kind and bountiful Providence, for the copious and genial showers with which he has just blessed our land—a refreshment of which a stand much in need. For one, I offer to him my humble and dutiful thanks. The inconvenience to us, on this festive occasion, is very slight, while the sum of good which these timely rains will produce is very great and encouraging.

Fellow-citizens, I find myself now in a situation somewhat like one in which I was placed a few years ago when travelling through the State of Indiana, from which my friend (Mr. Barden) near me comes. I stopped at a village, containing some four or five hundred inhabitants, and I had scarcely alighted before I found myself surrounded in the bar-room by every adult male resident of the place. After a while, I observed a group consulting together in one corner of the room, and shortly after, I was diffidently approached by one of them, a tall, lean, but sedate and sober-looking person, with a long face and high cheek bones, who, addressing me, said, he was commissioned by his neighbors, to request that I would say a few words to them. Why my good friend said I should be very happy to do any thing gratifying to your self and your neighbors, but I am very much fatigued and hungry and thirsty, and I do not think the occasion is exactly suitable for a speech, and I wish you would excuse me to your friends. Well, says he, Mr. Clay, I confess I thought so myself; especially as we have no wine to offer you to drink!

Now, if the worthy citizen of Indiana was right in supposing, that a glass of wine was a necessary preliminary, and a precedent condition, to the delivery of a speech, you have no just right to expect one from me at this time; for during the sumptuous repast from which we have just risen, you offered me nothing to drink but cold water—excellent water, it is true, from the classic fountain of our illustrious friend Mr. Maxwell, which has so often regaled us on celebrations of our great anniversary.—[Great laughter.]

I protest against any inference of my being inimical to the Temperance cause. On the contrary, I think it an admirable cause, that has done great good, and will continue to do good, as long as legal coercion is not employed, and it rests exclusively upon persuasion, and its own intrinsic merits.

I have a great and growing repugnance to speaking in the open air to a large assembly. But what the faculty of speech remains to me, I can never feel that repugnance, never feel other than grateful sensations, in making my acknowledgments to those which have brought us together. Not that I am so presumptuous as to believe that I have been the occasion solely of collecting this vast multitude. Among the inducements, I cannot help thinking that the fat white virgin (heifer of my friend Mr. Berryman, that cost \$600, which has just been served up, and the other good things which have been so liberally spread before us, exerted some influence in swelling this unprecedentedly large meeting. [Great laughter.]

I cannot but feel, Mr. President, in offering my respectful acknowledgments for the honor done me, in the eloquent address which you have just delivered, and in the sentiment with which you concluded it, that your warm partiality, and the fervent friendship which has so long existed between us, and the kindness of my neighbors and friends around me, have prompted an exaggerated description, in too glowing colors, of my public services and my poor abilities.

I seize the opportunity to present my heartfelt thanks to the whole people of Kentucky, for all the high honors and distinguished favors which I have received, during a long residence with them, at their hands; for the liberal patronage which I received from them in my professional pursuit; for the eminent places in which they have put me, or enabled me to reach; for the generous and unbounded confidence which they have bestowed upon me, at all times; for the gallant and unwavering fidelity and attachment with which they stood by me, throughout all the trials and vicissitudes of an eventful and arduous life; and above all, for the scornful indignation with which they repelled an infamous calumny directed against my name and fame at a momentous period of my public career. In recalling to our memory the circumstances of that period, one cannot but be filled with astonishment at the indefatigability with which the calumny was propagated and the

zealous partisan use to which it was applied, not only without evidence, but in the face of a full and complete refutation. Under whatever deception delusion or ignorance, it was received elsewhere, with you, my friends and neighbors, and with the good people of Kentucky, it received no countenance; but in proportion to the venom and the malevolence of its circulation was the vigor and magnanimity with which I was generously supported. Upheld with the consciousness of the injustice of the charge, I should have borne myself with becoming fortitude if I had been abandoned by you as I was by so large a portion of my countrymen; but to have been sustained and vindicated as I was by the people of my own State, by you who knew me best, and whom I had so many reasons to love and esteem; greatly cheered and encouraged me in my onward progress. Eternal thanks and gratitude are due from me.

I thank you, friends and fellow-citizens, for your distinguished and enthusiastic reception of me this day; and for the excellence and abundance of the entertainment which has been provided for our entertainment. And I thank, from the bottom of my heart, my fair countrywomen for honoring and gracing and adding brilliancy to this occasion by their numerous attendance. If the delicacy and refinement of their sex will not allow them to mix in the rougher scenes of human life we may be sure that whenever, by their presence, their smiles and approbation are bestowed, it is no ordinary occurrence. That presence is always an absolute guaranty of order, decorum and respect. I take the greatest pleasure in bearing testimony to their value and their virtue. I have ever found in their true and steadfast friends, generously sympathizing in distress, and by their congenial fortitude in hearing themselves, encouraging us to imitate their example. And we all know and remember how, as in 1840, they can powerfully aid a great and good cause without any departure from the propriety or dignity of their sex.

In looking back upon my origin and progress through life, I have great reason to be thankful. My father died in 1781 leaving me no infant of ten tender years to retain any recollection of his smiles or endearments. My surviving parent removed to this State in 1792 leaving me, a boy of fifteen years of age, in the office of the High Court of Chancery, in the City of Richmond, without guardians, without pecuniary means of support, to steer my course as I might or could. A neglected education was improved by my own irregular exertions, without the benefit of systematic instruction. I studied law principally in the office of a lamented friend, the late Governor Brooke, then Attorney General of Virginia, and also under the auspices of the venerable and lamented Chancellor Wythe, for whom I had acted as an amanuensis. I obtained a license to practise the profession from the Judges of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, and established myself in Lexington in 1797, without patrons, without the favor or countenance of the great or opulent, without the means of paying my weekly board, and in the midst of a Bar unbecomingly distinguished by eminent members. I remember how comfortable I thought I should be if I could make £100 Virginia money, per year, and with what delight I received the first 15 shilling fee. My hopes were more than realized. I immediately rushed into a successful and lucrative practice.

In 1803 and 4, I was absent from the county of Fayette, at the Olimpic Springs, without my knowledge or previous consent. I was brought forward as a candidate and elected to the General Assembly of this State. I served in that body several years, and was then transferred to the Senate and afterwards to the House of Representatives of the United States. I will not now dwell on the subsequent events of my political life, or enumerate the offices which I have filled. During my public career, I have had bitter, implacable, reckless enemies. But if I have been the object of misrepresentation and unmerited calumny, no man has been beloved or honored by more devoted, faithful and enthusiastic friends. I have no reproaches—none—to make towards my country, which has distinguished and elevated me far beyond what I had any right to expect. I forgive my enemies, and hope they may live to obtain the forgiveness of their own hearts.

It would neither be fitting nor is it my purpose to pass judgment on all the acts of my public life; but I hope I shall be excused for one or two observations, which the occasion appears to me to authorize.

I never but once changed my opinion on any great measure of National policy, or on any great principle of construction of the National Constitution. In early life, on deliberate consideration, I adopted the principles of interpreting the Federal Constitution which had been so ably developed and enforced by Mr. Madison, in his memorable report to the Virginia Legislature, and to them, as I understood them I have constantly adhered. Upon the question coming up in the Senate of the United States to recharter the first Bank of the United States, thirty years ago, I opposed the recharter upon the convictions which I honestly entertained.—The experience of the war which shortly followed, the condition into which the country was thrown without a Bank, and I may now add, later and more disastrous experience, convinced me I was wrong. I publicly stated to my constituents in a speech in Lexington, (that which I had made in the House of Representatives of the United States, not having been reported,) my reasons for the change, and they are preserved in the archives of the country. I appeal to that record, and I am willing to be judged now and hereafter by their validity.

I do not advert to the fact that this solitary instance of change of opinion, is manifestly an personal merit, but because it is a fact. I will, however, say that I think it very peculiar to the utility of any public man to make frequent charges of opinion, or any change, but upon grounds so sufficient and

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