

# Carolina Watchman.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
MACE C. PENDLETON.

"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.

NO. 9—VOLUME XI.  
WHOLE NO. 528.

SALISBURY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1842.

## A CARD.

PAINFUL as it unquestionably is to make any public statement of the private and domestic relations between myself and my wife, Mrs. Harriet Cooner, it has at last become necessary, by her most extraordinary conduct, for me to do so; on Tuesday evening I was arrested, and bound to the observance of the peace, upon an affidavit submitted by her that she was in great personal danger from expected violence on my part; it is true I did make an attempt on Tuesday evening, accompanied with some violence, to take her home with me, but most certainly with no intention to do her the slightest personal injury, and she received from that attempt no harm whatever. She absented herself from my plantation without my knowledge or consent, about a year ago, since which time I have constantly and diligently endeavored to search her out, but to no effect. I have proposed upon various occasions, to make out of my estate, such a proper and reasonable settlement upon her, as would be sufficient to secure to her a liberal support for life. But this she seems, has admitted nothing. For the last year I have had satisfactory reason to believe that her whole time and ingenuity has been taxed, to remove clandestinely, and destroy if possible, my whole property. I have altogether satisfactory testimony for believing that within the last twelve months, she has decamped and taken out of the State, six of my most valuable slaves. I am also satisfied that the object of her present and extraordinary visit to my neighborhood, has been secretly to corrupt and remove from the State other slaves belonging to me. Under such circumstances, could the public require me to submit without a struggle? What could I do, but endeavor to take her home with me, in the hope that past differences might be understood, and harmony restored? I have been taught to believe that a married man was entitled to the custody of his wife and that he might even impose necessary and reasonable restraints upon her, more especially if such restraints have become necessary for the safety or protection of his peace and property. Under the existence of this state of things, I am constrained to forewarn all persons from crediting or trading with her on my account, as I am determined to pay no debt contracted by her without my written order. I also forewarn all persons from harboring, aiding, and abetting my wife, the said Harriet Cooner, in her present wicked and disobedient course of conduct, as I am determined to institute actions against all such persons as may knowingly commit and encourage her.

F. COONER.

Charleston, S. C., Sept 17, 1842—118

## State of North Carolina.

ROWAN COUNTY.

AUGUST SESSION, 1842.

Andrew Lyster, } Attachment levied on land.  
vs. }  
Richard Pinckston.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant is not an inhabitant of this State; It is therefore ordered by the Court, that publication be made in the Carolina Watchman for six weeks, that the said Richard Pinckston do and appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the county of Rowan, at the Court-House in Salisbury, on the first Monday in November next, then and there to plead or reply, or judgment final will be rendered against him; and the Lands levied on and condemned to the satisfaction of Plaintiff's debt, interest and costs.

Witness, John Giles, Clerk of our said Court at Office, the first Monday in August, 1842.

JOHN GILES, CLK.

Gw4—printers fee \$5 50

## NEW FASHIONS

FOR THE

Spring and Summer of

1842.

## THOMAS DICKSON

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and

public, that he still carries on the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its various branches, two doors above J. & W. Murphy's store, where he is ready to execute all orders of his customers in a style and manner not surpassed by any in this part of the country. He is also in the regular receipt of the

NEW-YORK FASHIONS,

and prepared to accommodate the tastes of the Fashionable at all times.

August 12, 1842—115

## Notice.

BY virtue of a decree of the Honorable, the

Court of Equity, in and for the County of

Stanly, I shall, on the 20th day of October next,

offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, on the

premises, a

## Valuable Plantation,

belonging to the heirs at law of Abram Forrest,

deceased, situated in said County, lying on the

Yadkin River about two miles above the narrows,

adjoining the lands of Daniel Kirk and others.

This tract of land is not only valuable on account

of the richness of its soil, there being a large

body of valuable low grounds on it,

but also on account of its water power,

there being, it is said, one of the best sites

for a Mill, and other extensive Machinery on

it in the State, having a fine fall and an inex-

haustible supply of water.

Twelve months credit will be given for one

half of the purchase money, and eighteen months

for the balance. The purchaser giving bond and

approved security.

J. H. TREADWELL, C. M. & C.

September 17, 1842—5W8—Printer's fee \$5.

## Ecclesiastical Notice.

THE Presbytery of Concord stands adjourned

to meet at Prospect Church, on Tuesday,

the 25th of October, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

STEPHEN FRONTS,

Sept. 17, 1842.

The Charlotte Papers will please copy.

## Poetry.

### THE FARMER'S SONG.

I envy not the mighty King  
Upon his splendid throne,  
Nor crave his glittering diadem,  
Nor wish his power my own—  
For, tho' his wealth and power be great,  
And round him thousands bow  
With reverence—in my low estate,  
More solid peace I know.

I envy not the miser—he  
May tell his treasures o'er,  
May heap on heaps around him see,  
And toil and sigh for more—  
I'd scorn his narrow, sordid soul,  
Raptures and unjust—  
Nor bow beneath the base control  
Of empty, gilded dust.

Let warriors mount fame's giddy height—  
Gain glory's gallant meed—  
Be calm, collected in the fight,  
While thousands round them bleed—  
I envy not their victor's wreath,  
Their prowess or their fame;  
Their glory is an empty breath,  
Their triumph but a name.

My wants are few, and well supplied  
By my productive fields—  
I court no luxury besides,  
Save what contentment yields,  
More real pleasure labor gives,  
Than wealth or fame can bring—  
And he is happier, far who lives  
A farmer, than a king.

From the Farmer's Cabinet,  
ORCHARD PRUNING.

Mr. Editor,—I have found that the business of pruning might be done early in the autumn with decided advantage, for it gives the wounds of the tree time to dry, and harden before the frosts set in; and if the horizontal branches are permitted to remain, and those which have taken an upright direction be judiciously shortened, the bearing of the tree will be much encouraged and the shape of it improved. A few strong upright shoots have often been found to carry with them the strength and fruitfulness of the tree, and in the end to quite spoil its symmetry and proportions; they generally become naked and even devoid of foliage for the greater portion of their length, and are liable to be affected by every blighting wind that blows, particularly at the time of blossoming at the period of the setting of the fruit; indeed it is seldom, comparatively, that such strong upright shoots are either useful or ornamental. The common method of pruning, namely, to induce the tree to cast its branches high and perpendicular, with the view to increase its fruitfulness by throwing the bearing wood into the sun and air, is certainly wrong, and so also is the custom of thinning out the branches indiscriminately, with the same object; there is a medium which it is necessary to observe, and I have long been convinced that more evil is done in orchards by overpruning, than allowing them to remain in their natural state. I could point to hundreds of trees which were once good producers of the hands of a man, who was proverbial for letting things take their course, but which are now and have been for several past years, quite barren, in consequence of the present proprietary pruning, what is called, food of the knife, and so on; for so long a time, the pruning of his orchard having furnished the house with wood in the greatest abundance, and of which he can see no end.

Now I am an enemy to this mode of wood chopping, for I can see that it is ruinous in the extreme; it encourages the trees to send forth perpendicular and barren woods, and draws the substance of the tree towards the top, quite reversing the order of its nature. But there is a certainty, a judicious mode of doing things, and I know of none that requires more the judgment and taste of a man, than that of pruning, simple as that operation appears to those who are least acquainted with the science, which requires study as well as practice. If persons in business content to perform the operation partially, and by degrees remove the large branches of a tree which has long been neglected, they would see so commonly that the head of it has shrunk up into one mass of firewood, quite without the possibility of affording even space for bearing the blossoms of which, if ever they attempt to make their appearance, being weak and of an unhealthy appearance and shape. This mode of pruning is alone sufficient to throw a tree out of bearing; and although it might be said to create new wood, it is of a kind that will produce no fruit; generally speaking, it is the horizontal branch of a tree which is the bearing wood, and that which ought to be preserved;—one of those often producing more fruit than half a hundred of those which shoot perpendicularly. On cutting off the limb of a tree, there is always an escape of a portion of the juice—this in time becomes putrid, and in this will insect deposit their eggs;—or, as many believe, this exuded putrid juice will, of itself, produce them; it is, therefore highly proper to have ready prepared a quantity of the medicated tar mentioned in your last number, with which to wash the wounds made at the time of pruning; this will be found to dry up the juice and stop the bleeding, as also to protect the wound from the attacks of the insect tribe.

MILTON.

Methodists.—Nearly sixty-one thousand

members have been added to the Methodist Episcopal church during the year ending first of

June last.

## THE PIRATES AND THE PALATINES.

A LEGEND OF NORTH CAROLINA.

There is a tradition of the North Carolina shores, which we have at present in a crude state, but which, in the hands of some of our romancers, may be wrought into a most beautiful fiction. It has been a subject of even recent assertion, certified by the sworn testimonies of credible persons, that, annually, at a certain period in every year, a luminous object, having the exact appearance of a ship on fire, appears upon the coast. Seemingly to burn furiously, it yet speeds along, undiminished in fiery bulk and volume, sailing with incredible rapidity, until out of sight, but again suddenly reappearing at the original point, and pursuing the same identical route, and in this progress, to and fro, it continues throughout that particular night of the year which is appropriated to its exhibition.

This singular spectacle is accounted for by the following story. The burning ship goes by the name of the "Ship of the Palatines." The tradition is, that some time in the reign of the first George, a small company of emigrants who were known as German Palatines, were provided with a ship at London, at the public expense, that they might be transported to this country. It is well known that this sort of assistance was frequently rendered to a class of people, who were in most cases exceeding poor. It so happened, however, that the Palatines in question were in rather better circumstances than was commonly the case with their countrymen. They had money but with a small cunning, they effected a degree of poverty, with the notoriety of which, the help of government—not to speak of private charities—would have been withheld. They had accumulated gold, vessels of silver, goods of various kinds and value,—their whole stock of which had been parsimoniously preserved, and carefully concealed, with all the art of a small and selfish community. Their treasures occupied but a small space, and were cautiously put from sight in the mass of their inferior baggage. In this condition of things, they went on board the vessel which had been provided for them, and soon after put to sea.

The voyage was a protracted one, in a half-rotten bark, and with head winds a great part of the time. Wearied out with confinement, and sickened with a sort of travel to which they were unaccustomed, the poor Palatines were heartily rejoiced when they at length saw land. They made the coast of North Carolina, late in the day, and seeing the shores so high the poor creatures, half mad with joy, began to hoist their baggage in readiness for the promised landing. But they were destined to be disappointed. In the excitement of the occasion & moment they forgot their prudence, and either made an ostentatious exhibition of their wealth, or some words escaped them which led the Captain of their vessel to suspect their possession of it. His greedy eye beheld their treasures, or his greedy ears had heard their foolish boast of possessions which they never made public in England.

This discovery awakened the devil in his heart. He gave the sign to his mate; perhaps intimated his object to the seamen generally. In those days the profession of piracy was not as odious as it is in ours. Successful piracy, indeed, was rather an honorable business; and he who practiced it with most profit, was likely to acquire from it most honor. It was only discreditable, like any other speculation, when unprofitable. At all events, the captain determined upon possessing the wealth of the poor emigrants, contrived to baffle their purpose of landing upon the shores, which seemed to them an high and inviting. It was not difficult for him so to manage his vessel, as to convince them that landing was impossible until the ensuing day. The hopes deferred which maddened the heart sick, drew the greater part of them to their hammocks. Their baggage, with the unsuspiciously exposed wealth, was again restored to the interior of the ship. But a few young men sat upon the deck, watching the faint fires of the land, until swallowed up in darkness; even then with eyes straining in the direction of the shore for which they yearned, conversing together, in their own language, in hope and confident expectation of their future fortunes. While thus employed, the captain and his crew, in another part of the vessel, were concealing their fearful scheme of villany. The hour grew late, the night deepened; the few Germans who remained on deck, stretched themselves out where they were, and were soon composed in slumber. While thus,—under the peaceful cope and canopy of heaven,—in a slumber, which the solemn star-light looking down upon, seemed to hallow; the merciless murderers, with cautious footstep and bared weapon, set upon them. The cabin door of the vessel had been fastened,—the entrances closed to the hold. Each seaman stood by his victim, and at a given signal they all struck together. There was no chance given for struggle; the murderers had planned their crime with consummate deliberation and skill. A spasmodic throes of some muscular frame,—a faint cry,—a slight groan may have escaped the victims; but little more. At least, the poor sleepers below were unaroused by the event.

The deck cleared of the murdered men

(the murderers went stealthily to the work below. Passing from berth to berth with the most fiendish coolness, they struck—seldom twice—almost always fatally—men, women and children; the old, the young,—the tender and the strong,—the young mother, and the poor angel-innocent but lately sent to earth, all perished or were incapable of resisting the objects of the criminals. We may fancy for ourselves the horror of such a scene. We may imagine some one of the victims awaking under the ill directed knife,—awaking to a vain struggle,—unkindly alarming those in consequence who had no strength for conflict. Perhaps a mother may have found strength to rise to her knees, imploring mercy for the dear child of her heart and hope, and may have been suffered to live, sufficiently long to see its death struggle its wild contortions, in the grasp of the unrelenting assassin. Art may not describe such a scene truly, as imagination can hardly conceive it. They perished, one and all,—that little family of emigrants;—the murderers, grouped around the treasures which had damned their hearts into the worst hell of covetousness and crime, were now bused in the division of their bloody spoils. How they settled this matter among themselves; what division they made, and with what temper they carried on the consultation, is, of course, only a matter of conjecture. But tradition, which is always sufficiently courageous for conjecture, asserts, that having possessed themselves of all that was valuable in the ship,—all that could be easily appropriated,—they determined to set her on fire, as the only mode to conceal thoroughly the bloody testimonies of their crime. Their boats were accordingly launched at midnight. The night was still calm, still beautiful, still looking down as innocently as if there were no crimes,—as if death had never been born among the children of men. Having transferred their spoils to the boats, and completed their preparations, the vessel was set on fire. The fire, fed by tar and other matter, seized instantly upon the combustible fabric. The flames rose triumphantly in air, rushing from stem to stern, from keel to bulwark, from the deck to the highest point of the lowering mast, involving shroud and sail, rope and line, spar and stanchion, in one general blaze; but, the astonished eyes of the murderers, these objects soon became distinctly articulated, each in its own outline, by the bright, burning, but unassuming fire. Fast as they fled—stoutly as they pulled for land,—they gazed with horror and consternation upon the wondrous spectacle behind them,—a ship on fire that would not burn! A fire that would neither destroy its object, nor conceal, in its smoke the form which it so completely enveloped! Strange and wondrous spectacle indeed!

It continued all night to burn—speed on with the wind—now passing out from sight and anon, visible, flaming forever, back again on the very spot where the crime had been committed. With the dawn of day, it ceased to burn—but there, it stood erect as ever, with the spars, sails, mast, unaccommodated—every thing, in its place, but every thing blackened, charred, as if the fire, having penetrated sufficiently to discolour its object, had suddenly been extinguished. This was no sight for the wretched criminals, but they watched it through the day with fearful interest. Every moment they looked to see it go down. But strange to say, while it never sunk, it never moved. There was no anchor to hold it to those shores,—there was no calm upon the face of the deep. With eyes upon which some powerful spell had fastened itself with the force of fascination, they watched the strange spectacle. But with the return of night, a new interest of dread was awakened in their bosoms. As the sun went down and twilight darkened the earth, and the pale stars came forth along the great summits of heaven, the flames rekindled upon the vessel. Spar and mast became re-illumined—once more the fire raged, and the frame of the ship reddened from the bulwarks to the wave—from the deck to mast,—from stem to stern. The dreadful sight could be borne no longer. The murderers fled from the shore—fled to the forest, and buried themselves in the vast interior.

Never, says the tradition, has the penalty of blood been paid. The criminals went free. No justice followed on their footsteps. Whatever may have been their regrets, their remorse, it is very certain that human laws had no share in their punishment. They lived on their ill-gotten spoils—their descendants still enjoy them; and thus it is that the burning ship of the Palatines, re-appears, each year, on the anniversary of that night of crime, on the very spot where it was committed. Thus it burns from stem to stern, from deck to mast, but still unconsumed: and thus it will continue to burn, until, upon the last descendant of that bloody crew, the ever-avenging Providence shall have consummated the requisite retribution.

The Madisonian is opening its formidable batteries upon "one or two embayed papers in Alabama," which have avowed their preference for Mr. Van Buren. "We predict," says the Madisonian, "that in less than six months Mr. Calhoun will be read out of the Democratic ranks by the 'Reverend party,' if the ability is possessed to do it." Very likely, John. You are no prophet; that is certain—but Balaam's Ass has found more than one indicator.—Lynch, Vir.

## THE ROOM WITH THE LIGHT IN IT.

The foregoing anecdote is only equalled by an occurrence that took place in early times, in Tennessee, in which General Jackson, (then a young man) was one of the principal actors. The writer heard the story often in the town where the occurrence took place. The General was riding the circuit at the time referred to, as a lawyer, and court was sitting in the little town of R.—now not much larger. It was a pleasant summer evening, and a group of gentlemen of the bar was standing in front of the only tavern in the place, engaged in discussing the news of the day, when a stranger rode up to the door of the tavern and dismounted. There was much of the dandy in his appearance. He stalked into the house, looking neither to the right or left, and paid no attention, whatever, to the friendly greetings of the gentlemen before mentioned. The house was kept by an aged widow lady, who was respected and esteemed by all who knew her.

The important gentleman sought her presence, and demanded, rather than requested, "a room to himself, and a light in it." Mrs. R. politely informed him that as Court was then sitting, and her house was somewhat crowded, it would be impossible to accommodate him in the way proposed, but that he could have a room, if he would share it with another gentleman. This he refused; and finally became so insolent and annoying in his remarks upon the want of accommodation, that the lady sent for General Jackson, as one in whom she could confide, and requested his advice. To his she stated the case, and he desired her to leave the matter to him. He immediately took a servant and made him enter the little log cabin, take the corn all on one side, and sweep the floor. The entrance was a hole about two feet square, with a door or shutter, which fastened with a pallock. The General then repaired to the great man and told him his room was ready, with a light in it. The grinning dandy took another light and preceded him, while the General, with due deference, brought up the rear. Jack led him to the hole, at which he stopped. "There's your room," said the General. "Don't keep us waiting!" "Do you mean to insult me?" stammered the stranger, as he encountered the flashing eyes of the General invited upon him. "Get in sir! [was all the reply] or by the Bernal, you shall go in neck and heels. Jack! [to the negro] help him in; he wants a room to himself!" Jack's aid was not needed. The dandy crawled in, the key was turned, and as he insisted upon—he had a room to himself with a light in it.—Boston Times.

Theory of Marriage.—There was a merry fellow who supped at Plato's three thousand years ago, and the conversation turning upon love and choice of wives, he said:—He had learned from a very ancient tradition that men had been originally created male and female, each individual being provided with a duplicate set of limbs, and performing his locomotive function with a kind of rotary movement, as a wheel that he became in consequence so excessively insolent that Jupiter, indignantly sold him in two and since that time each half runs about the world in quest of its other half, if the two congenial halves meet they are a very loving couple, otherwise they are subject to a miserable, scolding, peevish and unbecoming matrimony.—The search he said, was rendered difficult for the reason that one man alighted upon a half that did not belong to him another did necessarily the same until the whole affair was thrown into irretrievable confusion.

From the St. Louis Pictorial Guard.

## FOR RENT.

ON A LEASE OF FOUR YEARS:

The well-known Farm, situated at Ashland, Kentucky, is hereby offered for rent for four years, from 1st of March, 1845. The present occupant being about to take a leave from the People for the "White House," at Washington, is desirous to let said premises on reasonable terms, to some good, energetic farmer. There are no Hickory or Shagbark Elm trees upon the place. The land being well adapted to the cultivation of such crops as the farmer may desire, can be grown and sold at a profit, with a good solitary resort. The terms are bit and should be taken the lease, he will be allowed to tear them down, for the tree-trunk zig-zag worm leaves.

Application may be made to J. M. B. of Massachusetts; Nathaniel P. of New York; John M. Chapman, of New York; or William C. Preston, of South Carolina. The Ashland Reporter, Washington. Albany Argus and Democratic Review will send the above for six weeks, and send the same to Samuel S. Swallow and William M. P. Esq. late Minister Extraordinary to Europe.

## A Good Joke.—The following is told as a

good joke on board ship. There was a lazy fat fellow among us, who was always falling off sleeping on the bunk, upon whom we replied to play a trick, so seizing an opportunity when he was snug in his customary rest, we placed ourselves with buckets of water just over him. At a signal given, he was jerked off the bunk, and doused from head to foot with such a fall and successive torrent of the briny fluid, accompanied by a cry of "Man overboard! Run! Run! Run!" Down with the helm! &c. that the actually struck upon, as if swimming for his life, till a figure in the supply of water, succeeded by peals of laughter, brought him in a state of his situation.

The Chy ball which the Whigs are trying to roll through the country will stop soon.

Madisonian. Not till it has knocked down the head-pin at Washington. John Jones whines as dolefully at every new demonstration in favor of Mr. Clay and as melancholy as if every nail on his head were a Jew's-harp playing psalm tunes.

## NANKEEN COLOR.

Boil an ounce of Copperas in a painful of good strong ley; it will produce a fine color which may be washed out by using copperas. It will not wash out and is useful for lining for bed-quills, &c.

**NEW TERMS.**  
The "WATCHMAN" may hereafter be had for ten dollars in advance, and two dollars and fifty cents at the end of the year.  
No subscription will be received for a less time than one year, unless paid for in advance.  
No 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 twenty-five cents for each continuance.  
Court notices will be charged 25 per cent. higher than the above rates.  
A deduction of 33 per cent will be made to those who advertise by the year.  
All advertisements will be continued until ordered and charged for accordingly, unless ordered for a certain number of times.  
Letters addressed to the Editor must come post paid to ensure attention.

## LOOK AT THIS!!



## Spring & Summer GOODS.

### THE SUBSCRIBERS

HAVING removed to Concord, are now receiving and opening in the brick house west of the Courthouse, their

## SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

Among which are Dry Goods, Hardware, Cutlery, Shoes, Boots, Hats, Bonnets, Saddlery, Carriage Trimmings, Crockery, Paints, Dye-stuffs, Medicines.

## GROCERIES,

and a variety of other articles; in short it comprises a general assortment, which will be sold very low for cash, or to punctual dealers on time. We invite old customers and the public in general to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, as we think we can give such bargains as will be great inducement to purchasers.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods.

J. & R. WINECOFF.

Concord, May 14, 1842—1152

## CLOCK AND WATCH



## REPAIRING.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his old Friends and the Public generally, that he has opened a shop in Salisbury in the above business, in a room directly opposite West's brick building, in the house of Dr. Briggs' formerly occupied by Jno. I. Shaver and just below J. & W. Murphy.

In addition to the above, the subscriber will carry on the Silver Smith Business in all the varieties common in country towns: such as making Spoons, &c., and repairing Silver Ware.

He begs to assure the public that if punctual attention to business, and skillful work will enable him to patronage and support, he will merit it.

AARON WOOLWORTH.

Nov. 13—1116

## Valuable property for sale in Lexington.

THE Subscriber is desirous to sell, privately, what well known business stand in Lexington, N. C., situated a short distance north of the Courthouse, formerly occupied by Caldwell, Deasberry & Co.; and at present occupied by Byard and Adams. The house is of brick, large and commodious, containing an excellent store room and dwelling apartments all under same roof. Attached to the premises are all necessary out-buildings. Those wishing to purchase or to examine the above property, will receive attention if application be made to

ANDREW CALDWELL.

May 1, 1841—1

## Notice.

THE Subscriber has opened a Public House in Mocksville, Davie County, where he is prepared to accommodate Boarders and Travellers a style which he hopes will prove satisfactory to all who may favor him with their custom. His tables will be abundantly furnished with every thing necessary in the line of proffered, and his charges will be moderate. All riotous and disorderly conduct will be strictly prohibited, and any one who may be guilty thereof, will be dealt with accordingly.

E. R. BIRCKHEAD.

March 12, 1842—1182

## LIME! LIME!!

ANY quantity of fresh lime can be had at the kiln of the late Joseph Williams deceased, the 100 bushels and over 16 cents; 40 to 100 bushels 15; 5 to 40 bushels 20; unslacked proportion.

All persons wishing lime either at the kiln or residence, will apply either to J. or R. WILLIAMS.

Rockford, Surry county, N. C. } 114

Aug. 21, 1841

## A New Establishment.

THE Subscribers having associated themselves together for the purpose of carrying on the CABINET and CHAIR MAKING BUSINESS, now offer their services to their neighbors and the public. It is their purpose to carry on both these departments in all their various branches, and they feel confident of giving satisfaction to all who may favor them with their patronage. Repairing in their line will be done faithfully and on reasonable terms. All country produce will be taken in exchange for furniture or for work done to order.

K. ELLIOTT

WM. ROWSEE.

August 27th, 1842—115

N. E. With the view of lessening the cost and preventing inconvenience, the subscribers also have had a quantity of ready made Coffins.

K. E. & W. R.

Job Printing neatly done here.