

POETICAL.

BALLAD, BY MAT. C. FIELD, ESQ.

(From the St. Louis "Reveille.")

"She never told her love, But concealment, like a worm in the wood, Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought, And with a green and yellow melancholy, She sat like patience on a monument, Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?"

FANNY.

Fanny was seventeen, All full of beauty as a gloaming rose, Winning, bewitching, reigning o'er the beaus, A fiery Queen.

But all unconsciously She scattered smiles, like kindling darts, around her, And all, alike, the same sweet being found her, Simple and free.

Love lives in all things bright, And Fanny loved already, but she never Had whispered of her passion, save in prayer, To the still night.

A strange and silent boy, Gazed distantly on Fanny, and there came Into her heart a fond and holy flame, Breathing of joy.

But he was sad in youth, Nor ever gave he token to the maid, Of passion, in his hollows repaid, With heart and truth.

Time rolled, and Fanny grew To share the sadness of the dreaming boy, And joy in her soul dreaming—the alloy Was pleasure too.

While still around her hung A throng of glittering rivals, none were chosen; And that one burning heart still held a frozen, And silent tongue.

Like the volcanic fire That smothered 'neath a pyramid of snow, So in imprisoned torment seemed to glow The youth's desire.

Time rolled—and came a day, When Fanny for the first time went, alone, For he on whom her wealth of love was thrown, Had roamed away.

O, he was poor and proud, And could not, would not mingle with the crew, That daily to the feet of Fanny flew, With tongues so loud.

Fanny had ever been Of tender moulding, and within her eyes, Light flashed and faded, as the sunbeam dies, Gorgeous at 'e'en.

Now grew upon her cheek, A most strange coldness and a stranger bloom, That deepened still, while smaller spot of room It seemed to seek.

Time rolled—and one by one Fanny's rejected lovers dropped away, And she was lonely, and no longer gay, For he was gone!

Slowly the years rolled by, And Fanny, like some silent floral thing, Faded too early in its native spring, Bent down to die.

Still dreamingly she loved, And muttered, voiceless, to each passing bird, Asking what news was of the wanderer heard, Or where he roved!

But the youth came no more, And Fanny's history was early told; Still rapidly she faded on—time rolled—And Fanny died!

When first her cheek was pale, Some wondrous, and some pitted, but none knew, Of this sad tale.

Time's scythe was still on waves, Years after, when an old man bent and wept, And sighed away his life, and soundly slept, On Fanny's grave! F. H. M.

MARTYRS MADE EASY.

We have the liveliest belief that, with our onward moral and physical progress, some invention will be jumped at by which eels may be even skinned to their own self-satisfaction. We know, it is the theory of some philosophers, that already the frequent endurance of exhortation makes the matter a mere bagatelle to the sufferer. With time however, we have no doubt, the operation will be a positive pleasure. We ground our hope in this, in the condition of O'Connell, the Martyr! There can be no doubt that the Liberator has suffered a martyrdom to which the gridiron of St. Lawrence must have been a bed of roses. Indeed, look through the martyrology; count suffering by suffering; and when every agony is counted, what are they all to the multiplied horrors endured by the Martyr of the Writ of Error!—And yet, with what heroic constancy—aided by the fattest and the best in the way of meat and drink—has Daniel suffered his torments! What a blithe look he puts upon past agony! How he rolls and jukes on bygone horrors! How the Repeat Eel enjoys his three months' skinning; losing a cuticle per diem!—Once a martyr took some time making; but the improvements of the age will soon make martyrs, as they make blocks at Woolwick,—a hundred in a minute. With this prospect, we think it necessary that as we have an Army and Navy List, we should also have a Martyr List; otherwise, we may really be in ignorance of the moral elevation of our next-door neighbors. John Styles may be a martyr, and nobody ever knew it. In addition to the Martyr List for Ireland, we would also have the Martyr Button, a bit of substantial brass, worked with "rent" gold.

Punch.

Religious Women.—They are the women who bless, dignify and truly adorn society. The painter, indeed, does not make his fortune by their sitting to him; the Jeweller is neither brought into vogue, by furnishing their diamonds, nor undone by not paying for them. The prosperity of the milliner does not depend on affixing their name to a cap or collar; the poet does not celebrate them; the novelist does not dedicate to them; but they possess the affection of their husbands; the attachment of their children; the esteem of the wise and good; and, above all, they possess His favor, "whom to know is life eternal."

Walter Scott says that if men could read each other's thoughts and feelings, those who sit so friendly at the dinner-table together, would rise up in horror, and fly from each other in terror.

Answer of Louis Philippe to the Address of the American Peace Society.—I am happy to receive these addresses, and feel particularly gratified to find that our American friends should do justice to the pains I have taken to maintain the general peace of Europe. There is no advantage in making war, even when a nation has attained the object for which it has fought, because ultimately the losses are always greater than the gains. I have ever professed that principle. When I was in America, forty years ago, I was often asked to propose toasts at public dinners, and I almost invariably expressed the wish that universal and permanent peace should exist among all nations. I was then exiled from my country, and my anxious desire was that it should enjoy peace and happiness. This is what caused me to adopt that salutary precept. I could not then foresee that I should be called upon one day to exert my influence and act myself in favor of that great cause. May the Almighty accord me the maintenance of peace! War appears to me a malediction; and war in Europe, between civilized nations, I regard as an absurdity.—If the smaller States desired it, we should prevent them; and as peace between the great Powers becomes daily more consolidated, I hope, if I live a few years longer, that a general war of Europe will have become impossible."

JOHNSON AND GRAY.

In 1747, Gray published his Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College, in which he thus addresses Father Thames:

"Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen Full many a sprightly race, Disporting on thy mermaid green, What idle projects succeed, To chase the rolling circle's speed, Or urge the flying ball!"

In 1749, Dr. Johnson published his Raselas, in which occurs this apostrophe to the Nile: "Answer, great Father of Waters! Thou that rollest thy floods through eighty nations, to the invocations of the daughter of thy native King. Tell me if thou watest, through all thy course, a single habitation from which thou dost not hear the murmurs of complaint?"

In 1781, Johnson, in his life of Gray, thus petulantly and unjustly criticises the beautiful passage from which we have quoted:—"His application to Father Thames to tell him who drives the hoop, is useless and puerile. Father Thames had no better means of knowing than himself."

Gray had then been ten years dead; or, as a staunch Etonian, he might have turned upon Johnson and said: "My dear Doctor, I consider my Father Thames quite as well qualified to give a rational answer to a plain question as your Father Niles."

Agricultural Anecdote.—Furius Cresinus, as mentioned by Pliny the Roman historian, was originally a slave. Having been made a freeman, he purchased a small lot of ground from which he obtained, through his unwearied industry, much finer crops than many of his neighbors, who had much larger farms. This excited general envy, which his enemies carried to such a length, as to accuse him of employing magic charms to render his grounds fertile and impoverish theirs.—The edile caused him to be summoned to appear and answer the charge before the people of Rome. Cresinus obeyed the mandate, accompanied by his daughter, a fresh and healthy coloured girl, charms which appeared to greater advantage from the simplicity of her dress. The accused also brought with him the tools and implements of his profession. His mattocks were remarkably heavy; his plow was of an enormous size, and his cattle were all sound and fat. "Behold!" said the truly dignified farmer, "behold my whole magical equipage! behold the charms which I have recourse to! There are others, indeed, which I am not capable of producing before you: I mean the sweat of my brow, and the incessant toil both of day and night." This native eloquence decided the matter; he was honorably acquitted by the unanimous voice of a numerous and applauding assembly.

Happy Girl.—Ay, she is a happy girl—we know it by her fresh looks and buoyant spirits. Day in and day out she has something to do, and she takes hold of work as if she did not fear to soil her hands or dirty her apron. Such girls we love and respect, wherever we find them—in a palace or a hovel. Always pleasant and always kind, they never turn up their noses before your face, or slander you behind your back. They have more good sense and better employment. What are flirts, and busle-bound girls in comparison with these? Good for nothing but to look at; and that is rather unprofitable business, unless you have nothing else to do. Give us the industrious and happy girl, and we care not who worships fashionable and idle simpletons.—Portland Tribune.

Let it not be forgotten, that from the earliest age the feelings as well as the intellectual faculties may be cultivated.

From the Columbian Magazine.

Capt. Smith and Pocahontas.

Everybody knows the story of these personages; everybody believes it as firmly as though it had appeared for the first time yesterday in a newspaper. But it is a true story after all! The progress of historical science, or rather historical inquiry, is continually depriving us of beautiful legends in which our childhood delighted, which poets and painters have embellished with the additional charms of song and pictorial grace, and to which we have clung through life with the most undoubting faith. Who has not felt his blood tingle and his heart beat high in reading the tale of the Swiss patriot's unerring arrow and the cleft apple? Who has not believed, with all his soul, that Geisler and William Tell were as historically real as Washington and George the Third? Yet now we are assured "by the best authority," that the spirit stirring narrative is a mere fiction; that the plumed hat planted on high for the reverence of the indignant Switzer, the second arrow hidden beneath the coat of the dauntless archer, the apple on the boy's head, are no better than figments—creations of some lively fancy, having no substantial relations of time and place of which authentic record can be found.

Less universal but held of equality firm credence is the story of the faithful dog from which Sir Walter built his ballad of Beth Gebert. In Welsh tradition, in Scottish and in Irish, the fidelity of the noble hound is immortalized, with the erring wrath of the stout baron. Gentle eyes have wept as they hurried adown the page and read how the faithful dog was left to watch by the cradle of the sleeping heir—how the parents, on their return, found the cradle empty and Beth Gebert with bloody jaws—how the father, in his anguish and fury, believing that the dog had slain and devoured the child, with hasty hand smote him to death—and how, on looking more closely into the case, as they should have done at first, they discovered that the child was safe and sound, hidden away somewhere under a table or a sofa, and that the ensanguined stain of the good dog's jaws was caused by the blood of a huge wolf which had approached the cradle with felonious intent, and which he had slain after a desperate battle. Childhood and manhood have believed this legend; but Col. Fitzgerald showed me its original years ago, in the library of the Royal Asiatic Society; showed me that it was an oriental story, current in the literature of the Hindoos long before the Romans made their first visit to the half-naked barbarians of the British island; the only difference being that in the oriental tale the faithful animal was an ichneumon and the invader of the cradle a deadly serpent.

I remember reading in my younger days, when I had time to read, a very ingenious argument to prove that there never was such a man as Napoleon Bonaparte; or I should rather say to prove that the evidence on which we believe in his existence, and in all the wonderful events that make up history, is not sufficient to command belief. The pamphlet was written to meet the objections of infidels who cavil at the divine narratives of the New Testament, by showing that the same objections might be urged, with equal force, against the truth of events so recent as those forming the career of the French Emperor. The same course of argumentation might be employed, with even greater plausibility, against the verity of the story in which Pocahontas figures to such advantage. In fact it would puzzle the most ingenious dialectician to prove that there was a Pocahontas, a Powhatan or even a Captain Smith. We have only to set out with the determination to believe nothing except on the testimony of our own eyes and ears—which is the method of those who seek to impeach the New Testament—and we have a position more impregnable than Gibraltar. We need not even go so far as this; it will be enough to insist on the evidence of credible witnesses whom we cross examine as they do in the courts of justice. Books may be false—we know that they are often false—printers can make their types say what they please—why should we give more belief to the story of Captain Smith, because we find it in sundry books, than we do to the story of Captain Gulliver? Bring us somebody who has seen the lovely princess—in the engraving, I regret to say, her loveliness is a thing to dream of, not to see—bring us Captain Smith himself, for after all we have only his evidence for the truth of the story which the engraving was designed to illustrate. Admitting that divers of his companions certify to the existence of Pocahontas and Powhatan; that books and manuscripts, alleged to be contemporaneous records, speak of her being in England, of her marriage to Mr. Rolfe, of her presentation at Court, and of her early death; admitting all this, we still have only Captain John Smith's word for the murderous intentions of Powhatan and for the heroic interposition of Pocahontas's gentle and copper-coloured daughter. The captain professes to have been alone in that adventure; the tale rests on his veracity alone; was he a man of unquestionable veracity? I do not say that he was not, but who can say that in this particular matter he did not draw upon his imagination, to magnify his peril in the service of the colony? Men will do such things sometimes.

Perhaps the story is in allegory—a myth—like the Pilgrim's Progress of excellent old John Bunyan. Captain Smith, for example, may be taken as a representation, or image, or embodiment, of European civilization struggling for the mastery with the power of barbarism, shadowed forth in the person of the Indian monarch. Pocahontas may represent the latent virtues of barbarism, coming to the aid and rescue of civilization in the contest; or she may stand for the intelligence of the red people, opposing itself to their ferocity.

The capture of Smith and his condemnation to death may signify generally the perils incident to the establishment of white men among savages; and under this supposition Pocahontas may be conceived to represent the interposition of Providence. An ingenious person, now, might build up a very pretty theory of this kind; bringing in all the details of the narrative and making a plausible application of them to the purposes of such a myth as is here suggested. A quarter of the skill and labor would suffice that were expended in the development of Father Miller's unlucky theory, or in the attempt to make something intelligible out of the wheels described by the prophet Ezekiel.

But cui bono? Suppose we prove Captain Smith to be a Ferdinand Mendez Pinto or a John Bunyan, to what extent are we profited by the operation? The story as it stands is a beautiful and touching story; one very worthy of belief; and for the sake of Pocahontas I would not have it disproved if I could. I say for the sake of Pocahontas, not of Captain Smith, for in truth I have no great opinion of that renowned adventurer. Whatever noble qualities he may have had, whatever noble deed he may have done, I have no love for him; I can never forgive his after conduct to the Princess who saved his life; conduct which all accounts agree in representing as cruel and heartless, and of which there is too much reason to believe that it was even worse. It is but too probable that she was betrayed by him in more ways than one.

For her sake, then, let us believe the story; let it be sacred in our memories and our faith. Another and most beautiful illustration added to the long and illustrious catalogue of those in which the tenderness and truth and fortitude of woman are recorded for the admiration and the shame of man—admiration for her noble qualities, shame for the cruel injustice and wrong of which even those qualities are too often made at once the instrument and the victim.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE WATCHMAN OFFICE.

J. J. BRUNER & S. W. JAMES, Respectfully inform the Business Public, that they are now prepared to execute at the shortest notice, LETTER PRESS JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, AND IN THE VERY BEST STYLE.

Their assortment of TYPE for large Posting-Bills, Blanks and Cards, is perhaps superior to any in the State;—and we flatter ourselves that we know as well how to use them as any Printer or Printers in the Southern Country.

They keep constantly on hand a large and handsome supply of BLANKS, of almost every variety used by Sheriffs, Clerks and Constables, (printed on fine paper).

—SUCH AS— Marriage Licenses, Subpoenas, c. & Courts, Ca. Sa. Bonds, Bail, do, Letters Testamentary, Notes of hand, Executions for c. & s. Courts, Warrants, Jurors tickets, c. & s. Courts, BESIDES OTHER VARIETIES, among WHICH ARE A QUANTITY OF EQUITY BLANKS.

All orders of Job Printing, or for Blanks, with which they may be favored, shall receive punctual attention; & no effort on their part shall be spared to merit the favor and patronage of the public.

Any BLANKS that they may not have on hand, will be printed to order without delay.

SULPHATE QUININE, Just received a superior article of sulphate Quinine, and for sale low at J. H. ERNST'S Drug Store, Sept. 28, 1844. 22-1/2

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NEVER REVEAL A SECRET EVEN TO YOUR MOST INTIMATE FRIEND.

It is a sacred deposit and he that betrays his trust is guilty of the worst kind of desertion. The reply of Charles II, when importuned by a nobleman to communicate something of a private nature, deserves to be engraved on the heart of every one. "Can you keep a secret?" asked that subtle monarch.

"Most faithfully," returned the nobleman. "So can I," was the laconic and severe answer of Charles.

A young man without money is like a steamboat without fuel. He "can't go ahead." Among the ladies he is like a moon in cloudy weather. "He can't shine."

This government is to last, I trust, forever; we may at least hope it will endure until the wave of population, cultivation, and intelligence, shall have washed the Rocky mountains and mingled with the Pacific.—Henry Clay.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS FOR 1844! At the Old Tailoring Establishment, HORACE H. BEARD HAS just received of Mr. F. MANN, the London, Paris and Philadelphia Fashions, for the Spring & Summer of 1844, which far surpasses any thing of the kind heretofore published. He still carries on the TAILORING BUSINESS in all its various branches, at his old stand, where he is ever ready to meet and accommodate his old and new customers with fashionable cutting and making of garments, not to be surpassed by any in the Southern country. Punctuality, despatch and faithful work as has been, always shall be his aim and object. Thankful for past encouragement, he hopes to merit its continuance.

P. S. Reference he deems unnecessary, as his experience and work for the last thirteen years will show. Oct 5, 1844.—1738 H. H. BEARD

LAND FOR SALE. THE subscriber being determined to remove to the west, offers for sale his plantation lying on fourth creek, within two miles of Concord Church, two miles of Liberty Hill, and eight miles Northwest of Statesville, containing 380 ACRES, upon which there is about 100 acres in cultivation; 40 of which is fresh; a good Orchard and a first rate meadow; two DWELLING HOUSES, one barn and other necessary outbuildings; the best kind of a spring; a first rate new SAW MILL AND OIL MILL, now building; and will be finished before possession will be given; a good neighborhood and healthy section of country. Persons fond of machinery and a pleasant situation would do well to call and view the premises, as I will sell lower than any plantation can be bought in this section of country with equal soil and improvements.—Terms accommodating. SILAS D. SHARPE. Liberty Hill, Iredeell co., May 20, 1844 15

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!! THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he still continues to carry on the Cabinet Business, in Salisbury, on main street, a few doors south of J. & W. Murphy's store, and just opposite the Rowan Hotel. He has on hand a large assortment of furniture, and keeps in his employment the best of workmen, and uses the best materials the country affords. He has on hand at all times an assortment of such work as will suit the wants of the country, such as Bureaus, Sideboards, Secretaries, Cup-boards, Tables, Candle-stands, Wash-stands, Bed-stands, Cane Bottom and Windsor Chairs, &c. A neat assortment of Coffins will also be kept on hand, arranged from twenty inches to the largest size. All of the above shall be made in the best style, and the charges shall be as low or lower than at any other shop of the kind in this place, or in the State. All kinds of country produce or lumber will be taken in exchange for work. DAVID WATSON Salisbury, Jan. 20, 1844 25-1/2

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION HOUSE. HALL & HALL WOULD inform the merchants of the interior that they have in connection with the general BUSINESS OF FORWARDING AND COMMISSION, added to that of Forwarding; and having large and commodious Warehouses on the bank of the River, are prepared to receive and forward Goods upon such terms as will defy all competition, our charges and expenses being one-third less on the freight bills than any other house in the place. All Goods shipped to G. W. Davis of Wilmington, for the interior, and not otherwise directed, will be found in our possession. Fayetteville, May 24, 1844 16

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FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS FOR 1844 & 1845.

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT! ALSOBROOK AND MILLER, Tailors, (late of the City of Raleigh). HAVING located ourselves in the Town of Salisbury, (permanently), we intend carrying on our business in a style not to be surpassed in the State or any of its counties. Our establishment is in the room on the corner of the Mansion Hotel, formerly occupied as the Post Office. We have demolished the best of Northern Workmen. No expense or pains will be spared to render this a Fashionable Establishment in all respects equal to the most fashionable and durable manner. We have been engaged regularly in cutting for the last years, and part of the time in some of the most celebrated establishments in the Southern States. We shall not hesitate to guarantee every thing to fit and make up in the most fashionable and durable manner.

London, Paris and New York RASERONS received monthly. In consequence, should we be engaged, no one will be under the disagreeable necessity to send away to procure first-rate made clothing. We return thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on us, and hope by fashionable work and strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same. H. S. MILLER, A. F. ALSOBROOK, & T. S. MILLER, Thomas M. Oliver, Raleigh, N. C. Sept. 14, 1844.—1y26

NEW and Splendid Assortment of Confectionaries and GROCERIES! SUCH as fine English Cheese, Soda Biscuit and various other crackers, almonds, English walnuts, raisins, prunes, lemons, fine Spanish cigars, candies of all sorts, and of the best quality; very fine China toys, French confectionery, such as Anis seed, rose do., cinnamon do., gold do., perfect love do., peppermint do., and several other kinds of soap. Fish, such as salmon, sardines, herring, superfine Olive Oil and tip top shoe Blacking. I have also the finest WINES AND LIQUORS, such as French brandy, Holland gin, Jamaica rum; Madeira, Port, Teneriffe, Claret, Champagne, Muscat, Malaga and domestic wines. Also, some splendid Porter, Scotch Ale and Albany Ale.

New Ark cider, lime juice, lemon syrup, &c. I have also a good supply of superior mustard, seedling pepper, essence of peppermint and cinnamon, Scotch and Malaga, fish snuff, and a large assortment of fancy snuff boxes, fish hooks and lines, fiddle strings, sperm and tallow candles; and above all, a splendid lot of BAGGERS' HAMS, and a great variety of other articles in my line of business too tedious to mention; and which I will sell as low as they can be sold for cash, or on credit to punctual dealers. All the above fine articles will be found at the Salisbury Confectionary and Bakery, opposite J. & W. Murphy's store, or at the Salisbury Grocery and Confectionary. F. R. ROUECHE. Salisbury, June 8, 1844 16&26

NOTICE. LAND AND MILLS FOR SALE. THE subscriber now offers for sale his plantation lying on the western of Fourth creek, one mile north of Third creek church, and 15 miles west of Salisbury, containing upwards of FOUR HUNDRED ACRES, Upon which there is a splendid set of MILLS, consisting of GRIST MILLS, SAW MILL AND WOOL CARDING MACHINE, all in operation; with a stream sufficient to run any mill of the year. The same is situated in the heart of a rich and flourishing neighborhood, and doubtless is not inferior to any stand in the country. The plantation can be enlarged or diminished to suit purchasers. Persons wishing to purchase such property would do well to call and examine the same, as I am desirous of removing and uniting my family in Davie county. A bargain will be given. CHARLES GRIFFITH. Rowan county, July 6, 1844 110

STRAYED FROM the subscriber on the 2d inst. two mares, one a sorrel and the other a roan, both bought from a drover, and owned by Wilkesboro'. A liberal reward will be paid any one taking the said mares up, so that I get them. ROBERT W. FOARD. Concord, Sept. 10, 1844 17-20

TAKEN up and committed to the Jail of Davie county, N. C., on the 20th inst. last, a negro girl who says her name is MARY, and that she belongs to Thomas Cox, near Camden, S. C. — Said girl is some 18 or 20 years old, 4 feet 10 inches high, black and stout. She says she was purchased by M. Madlock, a trader, from Mr. Skinner of Perquimans county, N. C., and sold to Mr. Cox. The owner is requested to come forward to receive her, pay charges and take her away. B. B. ROBERTS, Junr. Lexington, June 8th, 1844-17

SANDS' GENUINE SASSAPARILLA. AND PAMPHLETS may be had at all times of Henderson & Wheeler, our Agents for Salisbury, at our retail prices in New York. A. B. & D. SANDS. October 12, 1844.

TAILORING! THE above business is carried on in all its various branches, by B. F. FRALEY, in as fashionable and durable style as it can be done in the Southern States, and warranted to fit well. He keeps on hand ready made COATS, VESTS AND PANTS, for sale very low for cash, and a full supply of cloths and trimmings, which will be made to order cheap. Clothing cut to order. N. B. Persons wishing to learn the art of cutting garments, can be taught as he acts as agent for some of the most fashionable establishments in New York and Philadelphia. Oct 12, 1844 177

New Fashions for the Fall and Winter of 1844-5. THOMAS DICKSON respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he still carries on the TAILORING BUSINESS in all its various branches, at the old stand above J. & W. Murphy's store, where he is ready to execute all orders of his customers in as neat a manner as any work done in this part of the country. He is able to supply all orders for NEW YORK FASHIONS, and prepared to accommodate the tastes of the Fashionable at all times. Oct 12, 1844 173

TO THE PUBLIC. THE subscriber takes this method of informing the public, that he still continues to carry on the business of STONE CUTTING, as usual, at his granite Quarry seven miles west of Salisbury, near the old Charleston road, where he is able to supply all orders for MILL STONES, the best grit, and on the shortest notice. Also, for sale, at the lowest prices, window sills, door sills, door steps, rough building rocks, mill stones, gold grinders, &c. &c. J. HOLTSHOUSE. Salisbury, Nov. 2, 1844.—1y27

N. B. Orders for any of the above wrought articles, directed to me at Salisbury, J. H. Holtshouse, punctually attended to.

FINE SMOKING TOBACCO FOR SALE. Superior Court Witness Tickets for sale.