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From the Lynchburg Virginian. A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION. The beautiful episode of Sergeant Champe, so admirably told in Lee's memoirs, is familiar to most of our readers. In examining Sparks's writings of Washington, we encountered another story of a kindred character, equally interesting and not a whit less authentic, though but little known. We take pleasure in giving it to the press and hope that it may be copied by each of the thousand and one Journals of the land, and take its place in the popular memory along side of the adventures of Sergeant Champe. There is something noble and touching, in the gallant soldier refusing alike promotion and pecuniary recompense, and limiting his expectation of reward, for services so important, to the restoration of his trusty firelock.

In volume VIII, page 150, there is a letter from Washington to Lafayette, dated Philadelphia September 2d 1781, in which he says: "Should the retreat of Lord Cornwallis be cut off, by the arrival of other of the French fleets I am persuaded you will do all in your power to prevent his escape by land. May that great felicity be reserved for you!" Mr. Sparks subjects to this passage the following note: "This felicity it was his good fortune to realize. The British commander sought for an opportunity to escape into North Carolina but the address and vigilance of Lafayette disconcerted all his schemes. After Cornwallis had arrived at York, and commenced his fortifications, Lafayette asked Colonel Barber if he knew of a trustworthy capable soldier, whom he could send as a spy into Cornwallis's camp. He answered that there was one in the New Jersey line, by the name of Morgan, who was in all respects suited to such an enterprise. The general sent for him, and told him that he had a very difficult task to propose to him which was that he should pretend to desert, go over to the British camp, and enlist as a soldier. Morgan answered, that he was ready to do anything in the service of his country, and to oblige his general, but his feelings revolted at such a proposal. He desired the reputation of a good soldier and a zealous true lover of his country, but he could not endure the thoughts of being a spy. He must assume the character of a spy, if detected, he would not only lose his life, but bring lasting disgrace upon his name. After some conversation, however, he told the general that he would go on one condition, which was, that in case any disaster should happen to him, the general should make the true state of the case known, and have the particulars published in the N. Jersey gazettes, that no reproach might come upon his family and friends for his supposed misconduct. To this the general assented.

Morgan joined the British camp and enlisted. Lafayette left every thing to his discretion, but told him that he wished intelligence of important movements, and moreover desired the impression particularly to be given that he had boats enough to transport all his army across James River. Morgan had been little time in camp, when Lord Cornwallis sent for him and asked him many questions. Tarleton was with him at the time, and inquired of Morgan, among other things, how many boats General Lafayette had on the river. He said he did not know the exact number, but he had been told there were enough to carry over all the army at a moment's warning. "There," exclaimed Cornwallis to Tarleton, "I told you this would not do," from which it appeared, that they had this project in view. The French fleet in the mean time arrived. General Lafayette had been out to reconnoitre, and when he returned he found six men in the British uniform and one green coated Hessian at his quarters; and among them was Morgan. "Well, Morgan," asked the General, with surprise, "whom have you got here?" "Five British soldiers, who have deserted with me, and a Hessian whom we captured at the outpost," was his reply. He went on to say, that, as the French fleet had arrived, and he presumed his services could no longer be of any use to his general in the British camp, he had returned, and these deserters and this prisoner were the fruits of his expedition.

The general sent for Morgan the next day, and told him that his conduct had been in the highest degree meritorious, and that he proposed to make him a sergeant. Morgan listened to the proposal, and said he was highly gratified to have pleased his commander, but declined the promotion. He added, that he believed himself a good soldier; but that he was by no means certain he should make a good sergeant; that he joined the army from a principle of duty and patriotism, because he believed his country needed his services, and the same motives induced him; prefer a station where he was satisfied he should be the most useful. The general then offered him money, but this he refused also, saying his circumstances were such at home, that he did not need money. "What then can I do for you?" inquired the general. "I have

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES, Editors & Proprietors. } "KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR RULES." } "DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE." } Gen'l Harrison. } NEW SERIES. } VOLUME VI—NUMBER 18. }

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1849.

one favor to ask," replied Morgan; "during my absence some person has taken my gun; I set a great value upon it, and if it can be restored, it will give me particular pleasure." The gun was described, and the general issued an order requiring it to be returned. This was all the reward, that Morgan could ever be prevailed on to accept.

The above anecdote was related to me by Gen. Lafayette himself, nearly fifty years after the event, with much warmth of feeling and admiration of the soldier's magnanimity.

A DESPERATE NEGRO.

Some years since a gentleman residing in Anderson county in this state, sold a negro man to a citizen of middle Tennessee. The negro was removed to the home of his new master, but in a short time ran away and returned to Anderson county, and secreted himself for a year or more in the neighborhood of his wife, but was finally discovered and apprehended, and again taken to Middle Tennessee. He remained the second time until a favorable opportunity was presented and again absconded from his master. This was six or seven years since. A large reward was offered for his apprehension. Diligent search was for a long time made, but no trace of him being discovered, it was given up as fruitless, and at length the fact of his running away had passed entirely out of the minds of all but his owners. A few days since, however, two men, residing in Anderson county, by the names of Diggs and Low were out with their rifles hunting game. Being fatigued and thirsty, for the purpose of refreshing themselves, they concluded to go to a fine spring not far off. This they did, and after remaining a short time at the spring, they went up to a cabin which was distant one or two hundred yards, where there were several white women living. Diggs entered the cabin and took his seat upon a bed, while his companion, Low, remained in the yard, being in conversation with one of the females. One of the females was in the cabin, and so soon as Diggs entered, she commenced a sprightly conversation with him, during which she approached the bedside and let fall on the floor a large butcher knife, at which, as soon as it struck the floor, the hand of a negro caught from under the bed. Diggs' suspicion being thus awakened, he with great presence of mind, kicked the knife beyond the reach of the hand, and instantly a huge negro fellow sprang out from under the bed, drew up an axe with both hands, and was swinging it over so as to cleave the skull of Diggs, when fortunately the force of the blow was so far checked by the axe striking the "loft," that all the injury Diggs sustained was only a slight gash in his forehead of four or five inches in length. Diggs immediately sprang back, cocked his gun, presented at the negro and fired, but the negro, with extraordinary presence of mind, observed the precise position of the muzzle of the gun, and placed the broadside of the axe immediately before it, so that the bullet must necessarily strike it, as it did. Diggs, perceiving that his shot had not taken effect, immediately sprang upon the negro and grappled, but did not succeed in throwing him until the negro had stricken him another severe blow with the axe above the eye. The report of the gun brought Low into the cabin just as Diggs threw the negro upon the bed. Low ran up immediately and with his butcher knife stabbed the negro three times in the side, sticking the knife each time as deep as he could. Finding that this did not vanquish the negro, who still struggled with Diggs, he placed the gun at the negro's side and discharged the entire load into his body. This overcame the negro and he yielded, bleeding from every wound very profusely. Diggs and Low supposing that he must necessarily die, went out in search of neighbors, who, when they came in, discovered the negro still alive, and knew him to be the same negro that had been so long "in the woods." The negro was removed to the Clinton jail, where he is now confined to await a trial for the assault upon Diggs' life, the punishment for which, if he be convicted, is death; though we learn there is no probability that he will recover. —*Knoxville Register.*

GOOD INK.

This is a very desirable article, especially when one is occupied much in writing, and wishes, as all good men do, to see his MS. exhibit an appearance of neatness and taste. The following recipe for making a "good article," may be relied on as infallible. Take two ounces of nutgalls in coarse powder, one ounce of logwood in thin chips, one ounce of sulphate of iron, and three-fourths of an ounce of loaf sugar. — Boil the nutgalls and logwood chips together in three pints of water, till the quantity is reduced to one half. Then the liquor must be strained through a flannel into a proper vessel, and the remainder of the ingredients added to it. The mixture is then to be stirred till the whole is dissolved; after which it must be left at rest for a period of twenty-four hours. The ink may then be decanted from the gross sediments, and preserved in a glass bottle, well corked.

Baptism.—A poor woman in one of the middle States, who lived, carried her daughter to church, for baptism. Being asked its name by the bishop, she replied, "Lathy-sar." "What?" says the doctor. "Lathy-sar," says she. "Lacyfer, Lacyfer, that's not do," says the bishop, and baptised the child George Washington. The poor mother confounded, could not speak until near the church door, when she told the parson the infant was a girl!

JOHN HILL, alias NIXON CURRY; Or, The Victim of Circumstances.

A TRUE SKETCH OF LIFE IN ARKANSAS.

"Among the truest friends of the people, of all in the present Convention, may be named John Hill, of St. Francis. His energy, eloquence and courage fully entitled him to the proud place he holds, and as we trust, will long retain—that of leader of the Arkansas Democracy."—*Little Rock Gazette, in the days of the Convention.*

BLOODY AFFRAY.—A desperate rencontre occurred last week in St. Francis. Two distinguished citizens were killed, and three others dangerously wounded. The difficulty resulted from an attempt to arrest John Hill, a member of the last Legislature, and formerly of the State Convention, who, as it is alleged, is the notorious robber, Nixon Curry, that committed such atrocities fifteen years ago in the mountains of Carolina. —*Little Rock Gazette, of May, 1840.*

We have given the previous extracts from the oldest and most respectable journal of Arkansas, in order to satisfy every reader that the following narrative, extracted as some of its incidents may appear, is no tissue of fiction. Indeed, while relating genuine events, and painting true scenes, we have been especially careful to avoid all vivid colors. Should this short sketch, by any chance, reach the forests of Arkansas, the people there will deem its descriptions tame in comparison with the deeds of the man. The writer, who has resided long on the frontier, has no use for fancy in portraying its exciting life. Simple memory will serve him very well.

About fifty years ago there lived in Ireddell county, North Carolina, a Presbyterian minister by the name of Curry. He was a man in easy circumstances, of irreproachable character, and had a large family of promising sons and daughters. Among those the favorite was Nixon, distinguished when a boy for his fearless courage and the tenderness of his heart alike. He seems, from several anecdotes of his early days, to have been a child of impulse and intense earnestness and passion. When only six years of age, he had a combat at school with a bully of the playground, nearly twice his own weight, and after suffering dreadfully, at last achieved victory, due almost to the sheer power of his endurance.

From the time he was six years old, that is to say, from the first session he attended in the country school house, had Nixon Curry been in love. His idol was a little girl of the same age, and under the tuition of the same master. The attachment appears to have been mutual from the commencement. They stood up in one class, and always managed to stand together. During the hours of recess, when the other juveniles were amusing themselves with boisterous sports, the precocious lovers would wander amidst leafy groves, or by the mossy margins of silver rills. Forever, to eternity, and whenever, the soft spell of first love comes, it brings with it the bright spirit of poetry, scattering thick-starred dreams and divine visions of beauty over all things. Even then they exchanged pledges, and discoursed in sweet, sinless whispers of their future bridal.

And thus they grew up into one delicious identity of fancy and of feeling.— Their bias for the society of each other, while children, caused no particular remark. Such attachments are common among the youth of opposite sexes in the country, and as usual, terminate abruptly, on arrival at mature years. Far different, however, was the case of Nixon Curry and Lucy Gordon. Their passion became so evident at fifteen, that all further intercourse was forbidden by her parents—among the wealthiest aristocracy of Carolina. Then followed stolen meetings by starlight, firmer vows and wilder love, which always increases in proportion to its crosses, and, like the tree of Lebanon, sends down its deeper roots into the heart, the more it is shaken by storms.

Finally, at seventeen, when Lucy's relatives were endeavoring to force her into the arms of another, she fled with the lover of her childhood. They are pursued—overtaken; and Nixon Curry shot his rival and one of the proud Gordons dead on the spot, and then escaped with his bride, although hotly chased by more men, and found an asylum in the Alleghany Mountains, near the sources of the Catawba. Here, under the plea of necessity, he embraced the profession of a robber, and rendered his name famous by

the number and astonishing boldness of his exploits. We may record it, not as a matter of merit, perhaps, but for the sake of historical truth—that the youthful bandit never was known to perpetrate any deed of murder for the sake of plunder, though he did several to avoid arrest. At length the rumor of his daring felonies ceased suddenly, and notwithstanding a reward of five thousand dollars was offered for his apprehension by the Governor of the State, he was heard of no more in North Carolina.

At the first settlement of the fertile delta, bordering on the St. Francis, there came an emigrant, who called himself John Hill, and who soon succeeded in acquiring universal popularity. Although of moderate means, he was sober, industrious, generous and hospitable; and such continued to be his character, in the new country of his adoption, for twelve successive years. During all that long period he never had a personal difficulty or quarrel with any human being; and yet every body was satisfied, that such a peaceful life—singular for that latitude, was not owing to a want of courage, or deficiency in power to perform good service, in any sort of battle-field; for of all bear-hunters that ever pierced the jungles of cane in "the great swamp," or descended by torch-light into the dark caves of the Ozark Mountains, he was celebrated as the most fearless.

He was repeatedly elected to the Territorial Legislature, where he distinguished himself by a strong, impassioned eloquence, as a chief leader in the Democratic ranks. He was next, as we have already seen, a member of the Convention that formed the State Constitution; and was elected again the ensuing year to represent his county in the Senate of Arkansas.

At this period commenced his second series of misfortunes. Hill's nearest neighbors were the Strongs,—four brothers of considerable wealth, more ambition, and if we may borrow the phrase of the country, "famous fighters."

Notwithstanding their character was so dissimilar from that of the pacific "bear-hunter," a close and cordial intimacy grew up between them; and Hill, in an unguarded moment, made the eldest brother, George, a confidant as to the secrets of his previous history. It happened that this same George conceived a violent desire for political distinction, and requested Hill to resign his seat in the Senate in the illiberal friend's favor. Hill refused, and the Strongs conspired for a terrible revenge. Writing back to Carolina, they procured a copy of the reward offered for the arrest of Nixon Curry, the far-famed robber; and then collecting a party of a dozen desperate men, they attempted to capture Hill in his own house. The latter had gone armed, with his enormous double-barrelled shot gun, two long rifle pistols, and a knife so heavy, that few other hands besides his own could wield it. The assault of the Strongs proved horrible to themselves. Hill killed two of the brothers, and dangerously wounded five of their friends escaping himself unhurt, although more than twenty rounds of ball and buck-shot were aimed at his breast.

The excitement resulting from the affair was boundless. A requisition came on from the Executive of Carolina, demanding the surrender of Nixon Curry. The Governor of Arkansas published an additional reward for the arrest of John Hill; and thus betwixt the two fires, the victim's chance seemed perfectly hopeless.

Hill's conduct in the crisis was prompt and fearless as ever. Packing up hastily, he set out with his wife and children, in a common moving wagon, for Upper Arkansas, where he knew of a band of desperadoes that he believed would protect him. He was overhauled at Conway Court House by two hundred men in pursuit, all thoroughly armed, and some of them renowned "fighters." Hill saw their approach on the distant prairie, and with his dreadful double barrel—that sure death dealer to either man or beast, within the range of two hundred yards—instantly marched to meet his foes. This incredible bravery, joined to the fear before inspired by his desperation, affected the advancing troops with such an unaccountable panic, that the whole two hundred sought safety in a disgracefully rapid flight.

Several other attempts were made to capture the dangerous outlaw, all alike ending either in ludicrous or bloody failures. In the meantime, Hill's character and conduct underwent a complete change. Forced to be always on the look out, and therefore, unable to follow any steady business in order to support his family, he resorted to the gaming table. He learned to indulge in the fiery stimulus of ardent drink, and his disposition necessarily soured by recent events, became quarrelsome in the extreme.

Perhaps there never was a man, excepting only that Napoleon of duellists, James Bowie, who was so heartily dreaded. I have myself seen persons of undoubted courage turn pale merely at the appearance of Hill's gigantic form, broadly belted and bristling with pistols. He was waylaid and shot at a number of

times, yet still escaped without a scar.— But this could be no wonder; for even brave men's hands have shook when they saw him, and shaking hands generally make very poor shots.

During the September term, 1843, of the Circuit Court of Pope county, in which Hill resided, he got out of bed one morning uncommonly gloomy, and while at the breakfast table, suddenly burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Lucy—that beautiful Lucy, who had formerly left her wealthy home in Carolina for the robber and robber's cave.

"I have had a dreadful dream," answered the husband, shuddering at the recollection; "I saw George Strong in my sleep, and he kissed me with his pale lips, that burned like fire, and smelled of sulphur. I am sure I shall die before sunset."

"Then do not go to court, to-day," said the wife, in accents of earnest entreaty.

"But I will," replied the husband firmly. "When a man's time is come, he cannot hide from death; beside, it would be the act of a coward to do so, if one possesses the power." Then addressing his son, a fine intelligent boy of thirteen, he continued, "Bill, you see my gun"—pointing his finger as he spoke to the great double barrel hanging on buck horns over the door; "practice with that every morning, and the day you are sixteen, shoot the loads of both barrels into the man who will this day kill your father."

"Yonder comes Mose Howard; he will protect you, Pa," remarked Mary, Hill's eldest daughter, a lovely girl of fifteen, who was to be married the next day to the youth then approaching.

Hill and Howard departed; Lucy with tears, and Mary blushing, both calling out as they left the gate, "Take good care of him, Mose, and be sure and bring him back to-night."

"Never fear," answered the youth, with a laugh; "Hill will never die till I kill him."

"Then he will live forever," retorted Mary, laughing also.

As soon as the friends reached the village, Hill began to drink deeply, and manifested more than ordinary anxiety for a combat, insulting every body that crossed his path, and all the youth's entreaties failed to pacify him. At last the desperado swore he would clear the court house, and immediately entered with a furious countenance, and a threat as to his purpose. Judge, lawyers, jury and spectators, made a general rush for the door. One old drunken man did not run as fast as Hill wished, and he sprang on the imbecile wretch and commenced beating him unmercifully.

Howard then caught hold of his future father-in-law, (alas! who was never to be), and attempted to pull him away.

With eyes red and glaring like a mad dog, Hill instantly turned upon his friend, and with a single blow of his fist felled him to the floor. Then, following up the violent act, he leaped on the youth, and began a most ferocious battery. In vain Howard endeavored to escape, crying out in tones of beseeching horror—

"For God's sake, cease! Hill, don't you know me—your friend Mose? Remember Mary!"

Hill's anger only increased, till finally he threw his hand to his belt, and clutched a pistol. And then Howard's blood boiled, and he resolved to fight for his life. He was of as powerful a frame as the other—the only person in all Arkansas to be compared with the desperado in physical strength.

Howard grasped the barrel of the pistol as Hill cocked it, and the weapon exploded in their hands without injury.— Once more they clenched, and the most dreadful struggle ensued ever witnessed in the West. The advantage shifted from one side to the other for the space of five minutes, till both were bathed in streams of their own blood.

Even the bystanders, looking on through the windows of the log court house, were struck with wonder and awe. At length, while writhing and twisting like two raging serpents, the handle of Hill's huge Bowie knife, unthought of previously, protruded from beneath his hunting shirt.— Both saw it at the same time, and both attempted to grasp it. Howard succeeded. Quick as lightning he drew the keen blade from its scabbard, and sheathed it up to the hilt in the bosom of his friend and his Mary's father.

"The dream is fulfilled!" exclaimed Hill, with a smile of strange sweetness, that remained on his features even after he was a corpse. He then sunk down, and expired without a groan.

Howard gazed on him there as he lay, with that singular smile on his face, and his glazed eyes opened. And then, awaking with a start, as if from some horrible vision of the night, the poor unhappy youth fell headlong on the body of his friend, crying in tones that melted many a hardened spectator into tears—"Great God! what have I done!" He kissed the clammy lips of the dead—wet his cheeks with a rain of unavailing sorrow—tried to staunch the bloody wound with his handkerchief—and then, apparently satisfied that all was over, sprang upon his feet with a shout, or more properly a scream. "Farewell, Mary—your father is gone, and I am going with him," and

turning the point of the gory knife towards his own breast, would have plunged it into his own heart, had he not been prevented by the bystanders, who had now crowded into the room.

The same evening Mose Howard disappeared, and was heard of no more for nearly two years, when a horse trader brought back word that he had seen him in San Antonio, Texas.

When the shocking news reached Hill's family, the beautiful Mary burst into a wild laugh. She is now in the asylum for the insane, at New Orleans.

Had we been inditing a tale of romance, we would have paused with a preceding page, but literal truth compels us to record another fact equally characteristic, both as to the chief actors and the back-woods theatre of the main tragedy.

It will be remembered that the fallen desperado had enjoined it on his son to slay the slayer of his father on the day he should arrive at sixteen. Without any such charge, vengeance would have been considered by that boy as a sacred duty; for, on the frontiers, the widows of the slain teach vengeance to their children, and occasionally execute it themselves!

Accordingly, Bill Hill practised with his father's gun every day for two successive years, and this even before he had any rumor as to the place of Howard's refuge. He then learned that his foe was in Texas, and two months before he was sixteen set out to hunt him up.

At the end of four months, Bill Hill came back, and hanging up the double barrels in their old buckhorn rack, answered his mother's look.

"Mother Mose is dead—I let him have both loads. Though I cried before I done it, and afterwards, too—he looked so miserable, pale, and bony as a skeleton."

"Poor Mose!" said the mother, weeping; "but it could not be helped. The son of such a brave man as Nixon Curry must never be called a coward, and besides, it was your father's order." —*Democratic Review.*

A BOLD ROBBERY.

On Saturday morning last two trunks belonging to Mr. J. A. Sadler's children, who were going to Yorkville, S. C. were taken between this place and the river from the boot behind, and rifled of the greater part of their contents. The trunks have since been found near this place with a few of the articles left in them. This is the first time for a long while, that so daring a robbery has occurred in our midst. —*The Hornet's Nest.*

Two children murdered by their Father.—A dreadful affair happened in Wayne County four or five days ago. A man of the name of Thomas Price murdered two of his children, (three or four years of age,) one by shooting, and the other by beating his brains out with a stick.— He was arrested shortly after committing the horrid acts, and confined in jail. It is thought that so daring a robbery has occurred in our midst. —*The Hornet's Nest.*

Major Noah, speaking of the effects of the hot weather on the New York dandies, says "their mustaches droop like the tail feathers of a 'wot hen'."

Pretty Good.—An editor of a Western newspaper announces that he has a fine boy, and expresses a hope that he may live to inherit the fortune his father expects to make by publishing a newspaper.

A man being offered a glass of soda water, the other day, rejected it with indignation. "Do you think I am a salamander," said he, "to drink water being hot."

It is suggested that the question "may a man marry his wife's sister?" is one which can be most effectively answered by the sister herself, when it is popped by the widower.

Letters and documents transmitted by General Campbell to the District Attorney of the United States in the city of New Orleans, were received there on Wednesday; and Mr. Bradford, deeming them of more importance to the Secretary of State than to the District Attorney, whose connection with the affair terminated with the adjournment case, sent them immediately on to Mr. Clayton, at Washington.

COME AND BUY!



BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

The subscriber is now receiving one of the handsomest and cheapest stocks of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

ever offered in this market, purchased in Philadelphia and New York, from the latest Foreign Arrivals, and at the lowest cash prices, consisting in part of black, blue, golden, French and ladies' fine, and green cloth, black military striped and other fancy Cassimeres and Vestings, English and French Drap de Etas, handsome childrens' plaid and stripes; a large stock of cotton goods; and all other kinds of gentlemen's summer wear. Also splendid black Taffeta and Gros de Rhine Silks, plain figured chambray on Bon de Sain, plain and full silk, Tussor, berges, oil silk for lining, linen chambrays, embroidered Swiss Robes, linen cambric Handkerchiefs, a large stock of silk and cold Kid Gloves, organza and gingham Lawns, plaid grandines, fancy and furniture Prints, silk and cold Alpaca Lawns, Flannels, plain straw, Rock Road and Aladdin Bonnets, Tubercles and Parasols, bathing Cloths, linen sheeting 4, 7, 10 and 12 quarter wide, bro. & cutie's ch'd drills, (used) bird and bro. cotton shirts and sheetings, large stock of ready made clothing, floor matting, blasting powder, mining Rope, Rio Coffee, bro. and loaf Sugar, creamed and pulverized do., superior Tea, a standard, rans, sole leather, lining and bowing skins, tanned sheep and Morocco skins, harness leather, clover and grass seed, saddles, bridles and saddle bags, leather trunks, mackerel in blis and half blis, white lead, sp'rs turpentine by the gal. or bottle, copal varnish, tanners oils, by 10, 10 by 12 and 14 by 16 gal. cans, vices, grates and brass scythes, steel wire for line, shovels and spades, mill and cross cut saws, sheet iron. Also, a large

STOCK OF FINE CUTLERY,

carriage springs, axes, stained glass lamps, patent and painted cloth, lace, &c. &c. Men's three boots and ladies shoes, fur, silk, Panama, Leghorn and palm leaf hats and caps.

Books and Stationery, China, Glass and Queensware, Lard Lamps, very handsome, Nova Scotia Grand Stones, &c. together with an endless variety of other goods not mentioned. Persons visiting this market would do well to call at the New Cash Store, corner east of the Court House, before leaving, as I am determined to offer to cash buyers at wholesale or retail, extraordinary inducements in the way of handsome and iron goods and low prices. Call and judge for yourselves.

JOS. F. CHAMBERS, Salisbury, April 12, 1849.