RALEIGH REGISTER,

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE, UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

VOLUME XXXIV. TUESDAY, JULY 2, 1833. NO. 34.

THE REGISTER

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TERMS.

THREE DOLLARS per annum; one half in advance. Those who do not, either at the time of subscribing, or subsequently, give notice of their wish to have the Paper discontinued at the expiration of their year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding *sixteen lines*, will be inserted *three times* for a Dollar; and twenty five cents for each subsequent publication: those of greater length, in the same proportion. If the number of insertions be not marked on them they will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

AGRICULTURE.

THE LATE MR MEADE'S SALE.

We learn from the Winchester Republican, that the sale of improved Durham Short horns, belonging to the estate of the late Richard K. Meade, took place on Wednesday last, near White Post, in Frederick county, Va. From a gentleman who was present, the editor of the Republican has obtained the following list of the sales, which will be interesting to many of our readers. A large number of persons attended—among them several from the lower counties and the South Branch of the Potmac. The stock, it is known is not the full bred Durham, but a mixture of that breed with our first-rate valley. The older cattle may be called, in reference to the Durham stock, *half-blooded;* the younger, which is a further cross or mixture, *quarter blooded.*

BULLS.

Powell, 4 years old, sold to Dr. J. G. Gray, of Apple-pie Ridge, at	$140 00
Frederick, 2 years old, sold to Col. Bunguerant, Buckingham,	140 00
Jackson, 3 years old, Bishop Meade, White Post,	100 00
John Kerfort, 2 years old, Thomas F. Nelson, near Millwood,	50 00
Henry Berry, 18 months old, Corbin Worwick, Goochland,	50 00
John Randolph 2 years old, Alexander Finnell, Frederick,	53 00
A red yearling, T. F. Nelson, near Millwood,	34 00
One do Bishop Meade, White Post,	34 00
One do do do	28 00
One Red and white do. Robt. Crupper, Paris, Fauquier,	40 00

COWS.

Young Scint, with her calf, Mr. Warwick, Goochland,	107 00
Jordan, with her calf, Col. Bunguerant, Buckingham	99 00
Red Rose, Mr. Morseley, Buckingham,	82 00
Blossom, mother of Powel, and Frederick, Mr. Warwick, Goochland,	52 00
†Kerns, mother of Jackson, Col. Joseph Tuley, Millwood,	41 00
Stokes, with her calf, Col. Bunguerant, Buckingham,	70 00
†Neely, Mr. Warwick, Goochland,	50 00
Calf from same, five months old, Col. Bunguerant,	24 00
†Meg, John Alexander, near Millwood,	35 00
Helen with her calf, Geo. S. Kerfoot, near Bethel, Frederick,	32 00
†Cherry, with her calf, Bishop Meade, White Post,	30 00
Daisy, with her calf, Wm. Jenkins, Jefferson,	32 00
†Jent, Bishop Meade, White Post,	25 00

HEIFERS, PRINCIPALLY YEARLINGS.

One to Mr. Warwick, Goochland, $36; one to do. at $30; two to do. at $25 each; one to T. F. Nelson, near Millwood, at $25; one to do. at $20; one to Bishop Meade at $20; one to Elias Edmonds, Fauquier, at $24; one to Col. Bunguerant, Buckingham, at $30.

BAKEWELL SHEEP.

One old ram, sold to Mr. Sloan, at	$39 75
One young do. Hector Bell, near White Post,	12 25
Two ewes and three lambs, Seth Mason do.	18 50
Fifteen wedders, Bishop Meade,	50 00

FREDERICK RAMS.

This is the improved breed, obtained by repeated crosses from the best stock in the Union, many of the fleeces of which have weighed between 16 and 17 lbs. unwashed. A flock of sixty were offered—the respective choices of single ones went as follows:

1st choice, George H. Burwell, Millwood,	$70 00
2d " Dr. James Hay, Stone-bridge,	46 00
3d " Bishop Meade, White Post,	33 00
4th " Mr. Warwick, Goochland,	33 00
5th " M. M'Ilhaney Hillsboro, Loudon,	17 50

The 6th choice went at $16 50, and the sale was soon afterwards stopped.

FREDERICK EWES.

A flock of 85, with 31 lambs, were sold, in lots of two each, i. e. two ewes, each of them with one lamb:

1st choice, Thos. F. Nelson, near Millwood,	$27 50
2d choice, do. do. do.	30 00
3d " do. do. do.	31 00
4th " Mr. Warwick, Goochland,	27 00
5th " Bishop Meade, White Post,	27 00
6th " Mr. Warwick, Goochland,	26 00

In the succeeding ten lots, the prices continued to decline to about $20. These embraced all the lambs. The ewes were then put in lots of five each the choices went off as follows:

1st choice, Thos. F. Nelson, near Millwood.	$40 00
2d choice, do. do. do.	35 00
3d " Samuel H. Davis, Winchester,	30 0
4th " Bishop Meade, White Post,	29 00
5th " Buckner Ashby, Stone-bridge,	25 00

The prices continued to decline to about $20, all being sold in the neighbourhood.

The sales of sheep were exclusive of the fleece, which being put up, sold at 26½ cts. per lb. unwashed.

We have seen a letter from an eminent wool stapler in the interior of Pennsylvania, which pronounces this wool to be superior to any he had ever seen.

Another letter from the manufacturer of Philadelphia speaks of it in similar terms of commendation.

The whole amount of sales was about $32 00, besides 300 or 400 dollars' worth of Frederick rams remaining unsold.

Those marked thus † were what are called "common cows," selected by Mr. Meade during his life time from the best which could be found in our valley.

Am. Farmer.

VISIT TO MR. MADISON.

From the Correspondent of the Portland Evening Daily Advertiser.

Orange C. H. Va. May 23, 1833.

I left Charlottesville a little before midnight in the mail stage, and found myself here by day-light this morning, distance thirty miles. As Mr. Madison's plantation is only five miles distant from this, I resolved to stop, and to visit almost the last of the Romans I took a horse, raining though it was, and after going over a Virginia road, about three miles, which you probably know is one of the worst in the world; for here it is "unconstitutional" to have good roads, I came to a bye-path, a sort of a carriage road that led into the woods, where I kept on riding and riding for nearly two miles, or one mile and half, passing one gate that led to a plantation, till I came to another where I met an old negro, who told me the way, and added that his "old master would be glad to see the young gemman," that "Mr. Madison raised him," and that he (the negro) was now "sixty-one years of age" and "Mr. Madison was a good master," and "would not let his overseer make fight with the men," thus running on with communicative loquacity, seeing he had found a white man to listen to his talk. I rode on then through a well-built gate—on the road-way—leading through an immense field of rye—by yet another gate—and came at last to a large and elegant brick house, built in the Virginia fashion, with wings, a projecting portico, a walk in front, &c. &c.

What on earth could send a man here, I said to myself—here, so far from the road, so far from neighbors, so far from the village, the post-office—in this hide-and-go seek place in the woods, where it is difficult to find a dwelling, no matter how conspicuous it may be. But such is the Virginia fashion. The Virginians get off from the road with the same zeal that we crowd on—and here you may travel where there are no signs of life, but where, if you were to sound a trumpet to call men together, they would jump up as from the earth. Truly this *is* retirement, this habitation in such a field—in such a valley—with the morning music of the whippoorwill and the evening song of the nightingale—undisturbed but by the little bustle in the neighboring negro camps, or the solitary traveller who perchance, stays here, as I have done, to pay the homage that is due to character, to patriotism, to an upright and well-done political career. As I fastened my horse, and drew near to the door of the yard, with a well-fitted and well-painted fence, I was musing much on the changes that come over a man in the course of a long life. How can we accustom ourselves to such a solitude after all the bustle of an active life to which we have been habituated? How can we withdraw and forget men and things, and live and feed on the thoughts within us, and with the few and unvarying companions that our own home affords. Cicero, in that admirable treatise of his—*De Senectute*, puts into the mouth of Scipio,—I think it is he, but my memory of the readings of other days is even now growing rusty—the true lesson for enjoying a happy old age, or a change of life, or meek submission to circumstances. It was not long before I saw a living exemplification and practiser of all these lessons,—with yet another aid for the enjoyment of a happy old age than Cicero has spoken of.

I rapped at the door. A servant, courteous, well-bred, and well-dressed, came to my call. I sent in my card, for not expecting to return home this way, I had refused letters offered me by friends in Washington to Mr. and Mrs. Madison. The card was carried to Mr. Madison—and I was invited into the parlor, in the centre of the building, full of the portraits of eminent individuals, among which were those of Washington and Jefferson, and Lafayette, I think, but am not certain—and of paintings also, representing different scenes and passions, but chiefly of a religious character. The furniture was of that rich old cast, which, while it keeps up the idea of magnificence carries us back to other days, and reminds us, that we are in the houses of our ancestors, or our fathers. Mrs. Madison soon appeared, and after a little conversation, carried me into her husband's room, and presented me to Mr. Madison. He was lying on his bed, in a thick silk robe—reading—with the book near at his side, and his spectacles put in to preserve the place. His reception was generous and courteous. His conversation fluent, agreeable, vigorous, and frank—and displayed even on common topics, instruction and interest.

There is no decay of mind—not the least visible decrease of that intellectual vigor, which ever distinguished him. His memory seems to be as good as ever—and he speaks of trade, of improvements, of public health, and of the different sections of the country, with all the interest of a man who is calmly but zealously surveying what his countrymen are doing. In speaking of his eye-sight, he remarked that it was but a short time since he began to wear spectacles. He attributed the long duration of his visual power to the fact that he was near-sighted—and I was interested in hearing his argument to sustain the position, founded as it was on an intimate knowledge of the science of Optics. Of course I avoided, as all persons would, intimate friends except, any allusion to the passing politics or scenes of the day,—though I should have been interested in hearing him speak of his own Virginia. As to his health, he said it was as good as could be expected, tho' he was slightly afflicted with rheumatic pains. Old age was his chief disease.—He then eulogized the air and climate he lived in,—and Mrs. Madison remarked, that there were in this vicinity a large number of very old people. These remarks reminded me of a conversation I had at breakfast at a tavern in the mountains west of this. I enquired of the lady of the house, "What are your prevailing diseases?" We have none." "Any consumptions?" "No." "Fevers?" "No." "What do you die of?" "Oh, of old age." Such being the good reputation of the air and climate in this part of Virginia, I hope Mr. and Mrs. Madison will live many, many years yet.

I tarried as long as politeness would seem to justify. Both pressed upon me with a hospitality distinguishing almost every Virginian, a continuance at dinner,—which, though I would have gladly accepted for the sake of a few minutes more conversation with the venerable man, I felt constrained to decline. I parted with both—they offering me their hands, and wishing me with great kindness a prosperous journey homeward.

The character of Mr. Madison, I have ever pre-eminently admired. I think him the model of what an American statesman ought to be. Among all our great men, he is my favorite, if not the chief, at least one of the chief. And surely as I look at his fine plantation, his well-housed and happy negroes, his flourishing fields of grain, his flocks of sheep, and see him in his old age, though stretched upon the bed, there nourishing his mind with books and amusing his idle hours, which else would hang heavy upon him, I cannot but think he is enjoying the true *otium cum dignitate*, and realizing the picture of a happy old age that Cicero has so touchingly and beautifully described—thus adding to the character of the statesman and the patriot that of the philosopher.

I have said Mr. Madison has yet other aids for the enjoyment of a happy old age, than Cicero speaks of. Added to his own resources, his own house and plantation, he has for a companion, his wife, a lady who even now well sustains her old reputation, that of being the most accomplished woman in America. With such a companion, he ever has society, interest and conversation by his own bed side. The picture of domestic enjoyment they now exhibit, is one of the most attractive I ever witnessed. How sweet must even old age be when thus softened and watched over! How glorious and good the life of a man after such services, ending thus, with such a companion to administer to his wants and comfort! The fame Mr. Madison has won, the glory he bequeaths to posterity, and the bright pages which his name is to occupy in his country's story, are, after all, not of so much worth to him as the possession of such a wife.

B.

YANKEE MANAGEMENT

From the Portland Advertiser.

Our Southern brethren are perplexed to know how it is, that they with rich land, a warm sun, and staple productions giving an income of from four to twenty per cent. are becoming poor and cashless, while we Yankees are becoming rich, and are having money, if not in abundance, at least as much as is neccessary. If they would come among us, and study our economy, the answer would soon strike them.—One little instance is no bad example of that Yankee economy and skill that turns all things, even the worst to advantage.

It may not be generally known that in many parts of our State, our schoolmasters are, not only "boarded round," so as to save the drawing the pay of the schoolmaster's board from the school fund—that is, the schoolmaster is boarded a week here and three days there, according to the number of children—but that the schoolmaster is often "bid off" or "put up at auction," as our paupers—and the *lowest* bidder in the district takes him, as the *highest* bidder takes an article at regular auction.

The writer of this article, when preparing to be a college boy, being short of funds, and with no other means of getting money than by keeping school, hired out as a schoolmaster for ten dollars a month. This was all the school district could well afford to give, as their fund was small; and even with this small sum given, it was necessary to board the schoolmaster as cheap as possible. The school committee, therefore, called the school together, into a new, neat, convenient and comfortable school house, and in his presence, a scene of this sort took place.

Auctioneer.—"What will you take him for?"

1st Bidder.—"One dollar and twenty-five cents a week."

Auctioneer.—"One dollar twenty-five, one dollar twenty-five.

2d Bidder.—"One dollar twelve cents and a half."

3d Bidder.—"One dollar."

Auctioneer.—One dollar, who'll take him for less than a dollar? One dollar, one dollar, any body less? Who speaks?"

4th Bidder.—"Seventy-five cents."

5th Bidder.—"Seventy cents."

And thus the bids went on, the auctioneer exclaiming as usual in the mean time, till the schoolmaster was bid off at forty cents per week! Yes, the lowest bidder took him on board for forty cents per week. On going home with this bidder, a sociable happy man, whose house had more comforts and luxuries than nine-tenths of the houses of the rich planters in the interior of the Southern country, and whose table was as good as many sit down at, paying fourteen dollars a week for board, the writer held the following dialogue:—

"How on earth can you afford to board me for forty cents a week?"

Ans.—"I make money by it, and have your company in the bargain."

"How so?"

Ans.—Why, you will board with me fourteen weeks. The whole pay for board will be $5 60. My taxes are a little over six dollars. Now I have bread enough, meat enough, poultry enough, cider enough—in short, enough and more than enough of every thing but money.—All I want of money is to pay my taxes.—But in order to raise these six dollars, if I do not get a town order for your board, I must make a journey to Portland or to Bath, with three times the produce you will eat, and from all this I find it difficult to raise six dollars in cash. Therefore I make money in keeping you to eat this produce, and have your company these long winter evenings in the bargain. Thus you see I am interested in boarding you even at forty cents a week."

Now, we give this to all our Southern brethren, as a specimen of the manner in which we Yankees live and thrive. Let them do likewise, and their country will be the richest and happiest on the globe. Here we are shivering in summer, with corn but three inches high at the most, while they are enjoying the blessings of mid-summer, and have corn almost ready for harvest.

MILITIA MUSTER.

'Tention the hull! shoulder! as you were!' 'I say Capting, Mike's priming his fire lock with brandy.' 'Why deacon Michael Bigelow, aint you ashamed to do sitch a thing arter the temperance paper? I'll report you to the court martial. You, without bagnets on your corn-stalks, stand back in the rare rank—trail arms.' 'Capting, why the dickens don't you put the ranks faither apart? That are chap's bagnet has stuck into Jem's trowsers, and I rather guess he won't sit down as slick as he used to.' 'I say, Mister, don't blow your backer smoke in my face.' 'Why, darn it, how could I help it? This here fellor shoulderin' his fire lock, struck his bagnet strate thro' the rim of my beaver, and I rather guess as how any on ye would jerk your head a little on one side, smoke or no smoke. Mister, hand me down my hat.' 'Can't do it—wait till the Capting tells us to order arms; won't bring down my fire-lock without orders if your head was on the top of it.' 'That's right, Joe, rale solger, I tell ye; only arter this, shoulder your fire-lock perpendicular.'—'John you've got a fire-lock; what made you bring your numbrel?' 'Why Capting the wind was due east, and I heard the turkeys screeching, so I knew we'd have a shower.' 'Tom, what are you bawlin about?' 'Why, Capting, James Lummis smashed my toe with the but of his gun, and I rather guess it's a thirty-six pounder, for it's tarnation heavy.'—'Jim Lummis, just have the purliteness to take your gun off Tom's toe; and look out how you smash arter this.' 'Capting I say, here's an engagement on the right flank.'—'You don't say so Leftenant;—what is it?' 'Why, Parks Lummis and George King fighting like blazes.' 'Well make a ring after parade and see fair play, only tell them to wait till we're done sogering.' 'Capting, I say, its arter sundown, and I rather guess I needn't stay any longer according to law.' 'Well, I'm agreed. Now get into a strate line as quick as greased lightning—Right face dismiss.'—*Norfolk Herald.*

LETTER FROM MAJOR DOWNING.

From the Portland Courier.

To Uncle Joshua Downing, Post Master, no in Downingville, in the State of Maine. This to be sent by my old friend, the editor of the Portland Courier, with *care and speed.*

Philadelphia, June 10, 1833.

Dear Uncle Joshua,

We are coming on full chisel. Iv'e been trying ever since we started to get a chance to write a little to you: but when we've been on the road, I could'nt catch my breath hardly long enough to write my name, we kept flying so fast; and when we made any stop there was such a jam around us, there was'nt elbow room enough for a muskeeter to turn round without knocking his wings off.

I'm almost afraid now we shall get to Downingsville before this letter does, so that we shall be likely to catch you all in the suds before you think of it. But I understand there is a *fast mail* goes on that way, and I mean to send it by that, so I'm in hopes you'll get it time enough to have the children's faces washed and heads combed, and the gals get on their clean gowns. And if Sargeant Joel *could* have time enough to call out my old Downingsville Company and get their uniforms brushed up a little, and come down the road as far as your new barn to meet us, there's nothing would please the President better As for victuals, most any thing wont come amiss; we are as hungry as bears after travelling a hundred miles a day. A little fried pork and eggs, or a pot of baked beans and an Indian pudding would suit us much better than the soft stuff they give us here in these great cities.

The President would'nt miss seeing you for any thing in the world, and he will go down to Downingsville if he has legs and arms enough left him when he gets to Portland to carry him there. But for fear any thing should happen that he should'nt be able to come, you had better meet us in Portland, say about the 22d, and then you can go up to Downingsville with us, you know.

This travelling with the President, is capital fun, after all, if it was'nt so plaguy tiresome. We come into Baltimore on a Rail-road, and we flew over the ground like a herrycane. There is'nt a horse in this country that could keep up with us, if he should go upon the clean clip. When we got to Baltimore the streets were filled with folks as thick as the spruce trees down in your swamp.—There we found Black Hawk, a little, old, dried up Indian king.—And I thought the folks looked at him and the Prophet about as much as they did at me and the President. I give the President a wink that this Indian fellow was taking the shine off us a little, so we concluded we would'nt have him in our company any more, and shall go on without him.

I can't stop to tell you in this letter how we got along to Philadelphia, though we had a pretty easy time some of the way in the steam boats. And I cant stop to tell you of half the fine things I have seen here. They took us up in the great hall this morning as big as a meeting house, and then the folks began to pour in by thousands to shake hands with the President; federalists and all, it made no difference. There was such a stream of 'em coming in that the hall was full in a few minutes, and it was so jammed up round that they couldn't get out again if they were to die. So they had to knock out some of the windows, and get out 'tother way.

The President shook hands with all his might an hour or two, till he got so tired he couldn't hardly stand it. I took hold and shook for him once in a while to help him along, but at last he got so tired he had to lay down on a soft bench covered with cloth and shake as well as he could, and when he couldn't he'd nod to 'em as as they came along. And at last he got so beat out, he couldn't only wrinkle his forehead and wink. They then concluded it best to adjourn for to-day.

And I've made out to get away up into the garret in the tavern long enough to write this letter. We shall be off tomorrow or next day for New York, and if I can possibly get breathing enough, there I shall write to you again.

Give my love to all the folks in Downingsville and believe me your loving nefew,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

Galvanism.—The most astonishing experiments on record of Galvanism, are those made by Dr. Ure, at Glasgow, on the body of a murderer, after he had hung an hour at the gallows. An impressive account of these experiments will be found in the work under review, but we have not space to copy it in detail. In the first experiment with the galvanic fluid, every muscle of the body was agitated with convulsive movements. In the second, one of the legs was thrown out with such violence as nearly to overthrow one of the assistants. In the next experiment, full laborious breathing was established; the chest alternately heaving and falling. In another experiment the muscles of the face were thrown into fearful action.—"Rage, horror, despair, anguish, and ghastly smiles, united their hideous expression in the murderer's face, surpassing far the wildest expressions of a Fuseli or a Kean. At this period, several of the spectators were forced to leave the room, from terror or sickness, and one gentleman fainted." In another experiment, the fingers moved rapidly like those of a performer on the violin, and an assistant who tried to close the hand, found it to open forcibly in spite of all his efforts.—In the last trial, one of the conductors was applied to a slight incision in the tip of the forefinger, the fist being previously clenched, when this finger was instantly extended, and, from the convulsive movements of the arm, the murderer seemed to point to the different spectators, many of whom thought he had come to life.

The counterfeits and genuine notes of the little country banks of the State of New-York are circulating among us, and as our people are unacquainted with those banks, it is difficult to tell the spurious from the good notes. This is a serious evil—this is a small touch of the *blessings* showered down upon us by the veto message—this is the advantage of putting down the United States Bank!—this is the benefit derived from listening to the nonsense of political demagogues, and deserting the principles of common honesty, and rejecting the solemn lessons of bitter experience! Let the people be up and doing, and they yet may preserve a sound currency for the nation.—*Bellefonte Patriot.*

LIME.

150 CASKS unslacked Thomastown LIME, expected to-morrow, having arrived the 14th inst. in Wilmington and put on board the Steamer John Walker. For sale by

JAMES MARTINE.

Fayetteville, June 17, 1833. 37 3w

TO PRINTERS.

400 Pounds of Superior PRINTING INK, in convenient sized Kegs, just received from the Philadelphia Factory, and for sale by

JOSEPH GALES & SON.

Raleigh, June 24.

Hillsborough Academy.

THE Fall Session will commence on Friday the 9th of August.

The English department is under the conduct of a competent and faithful assistant from the "Andover Seminary for Teachers." A class of English scholars will be received.

W. J. BINGHAM, *Principal.*

June 18. 33 3w

☞ The Editors of the Raleigh Star and the Constitutionalist will insert the above three times, and forward their accounts.

BERNARD DUPUY

INFORMS his friends and the public generally, that having again been burnt out of his Establishment, he has re-opened his WATCH, JEWELLERY, and FANCY STORE, two doors below the Post Office; where he will be happy to execute all orders with which he may be favored. Having just received from New-York and Philadelphia his *Spring Supply of Goods*, the assortment is still very extensive, and being very desirous of reducing the Stock on hand, he will dispose of them unusually low.

CLOCKS & WATCHES repaired in his usual careful manner. All kinds of Gold and Silver articles manufactured with his accustomed neatness, punctuality and despatch.

June 21 33-4t

Comfort, Safety and Expedition

THE PEOPLE'S LINE

BETWEEN

BALTIMORE & PHILADELPHIA.

(Via Chesapeake and Delaware Canal,)

Every Morning, at six o'clock.

THE President and Directors of the People's Steam Navigation Company have the pleasure to announce their Line for the conveyance of passengers between the cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia, by the new, swift and splendid steamers KENTUCKY, Capt. D. Robinson,—and OHIO, Capt. W. Whilden, Jr.

The KENTUCKY will leave the Company's wharf, *Light-street*, every morning at 6 o'clock, for Philadelphia, by way of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, through which the passengers will be conveyed in splendid and commodious Barges, (affording, particularly to ladies, the most comfortable and desirable route,) to Delaware city, where they will take the OHIO, and arrive in Philadelphia the same afternoon at an early hour.

The Table and Bar shall not be excelled by those of any other line in the Union. This being the People's Line, no exertion will be spared on the part of the Agents, to entitle them to a full share of patronage of the travelling public.

☞ *Passage only Two Dollars!*

All baggage at the risk of the owners. The greatest attention, however, will be paid to its safety, by the Captains and the assistants on the route.

S. McCLELLAN, Agent,

No 8, Light-st. Wharf.

Baltimore, June, 1833. 33-8t.