RALEIGH REGISTER,

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

VOLUME XXXV. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1833. NO. 2.

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By Joseph Gales & Son.

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 the 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 proportion. If the number of insertions be not marked on them, they will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

FOR THE REGISTER.

Messrs. Gales & Son: According to promise, I send you the answer to the humorous letter written by Dr. Franklin on "American White-washing," published in your last paper. The answer purports to be written by a lady, but in fact was also the work of the same fruitful mind. It will, I think, be found equally amusing: and all will agree that it is a pretty good picture of real life. EUPHRANOR.

Sir:—I have lately seen a letter upon the subject of *White-washing*, in which that necessary duty of a good house wife is treated with unmerited ridicule. I should probably have forgotten the foolish thing before this time—but the season coming on, which most women think suitable for cleansing their apartments from the smoke and dirt of the winter, I find this fancy author dished up in every family, and his flippant performance quoted wherever a wife attempts to exercise her reasonable prerogative, or execute the duties of her station. Women generally employ their time to better purpose than scribbling. The cares and comforts of a family rest principally on their shoulders; hence it is, that there are but few female authors; and the men, knowing how necessary our attentions are to their happiness, take every opportunity of discouraging literary accomplishments in the fair sex. You hear it echoed from every quarter: "My wife cannot make verses, it is true; but she can make an excellent pudding; she can't correct the press; but she can correct the children, and scold the servants, with admirable discretion; she can't unravel the intricacies of Political Economy and Federal Government; but she can knit stockings." And this they call praising a wife, and doing justice to her character, with much nonsense of the like kind.

I say, women generally employ their time to much better purpose than scribbling; otherwise this facetious writer had not gone so long unanswered. We have ladies who sometimes lay down the needle, and take up the pen; I wonder none of them have attempted a reply. For my part, I do not pretend to be an author. I never appeared in print in my life, but I can no longer forbear saying something in answer to such impertinence, circulate how it may. Only, sir, consider our situation. Men are naturally inattentive to the decencies of life; but why be so complaisant? I say, they are naturally filthy creatures. If it were not that their association with the fair sex polished their manners, and had a happy influence on the general economy of life, these lords of the creation would wallow in filth, and populous cities would infect the atmosphere. It is the attention and assiduity of women that prevent men degenerating into mere swine. How important then is the services we render; and yet for these very services, we are made the subject of ridicule and fun. Base ingratitude!—Nauseous creatures! Perhaps you may think I am in a passion. No, sir, I do assure you I never was more composed in my life; and yet it is enough to provoke a saint to see how unreasonably we are treated by men. Why now, there is my husband,—a good enough sort of man in the main—but I will give you a sample of him.

He came into the parlour the other day, where to be sure I was cutting up a piece of linen. Lord, says he, what a flutter here is! I can't bear to see the parlour look like a Tailor's shop; besides I am going to make some important Philosophical experiments, and must have sufficient room. You must know my husband is one of your would be Philosophers. Well, I bundled up my linen as quick as I could, and began to darn a pair of ruffles, which took up no room. I thought, however, I would watch my lord and master's important business. In about an half an hour, the tables were covered with all manner of trumpery:—bottles of water, phials of drugs, paste-board, paper and cards, glue and gum arabic, files, knives, scissors, and needles, rosin, wax, silk, thread, rags, gags, tags, books, pamphlets and papers.—Lord bless me, I am almost out of breath, and yet I have not enumerated half the articles.—Well to work he went, and although I did not understand the object of his manœuvres, yet I could sufficiently discover that he did not succeed in any one operation. I was glad of that I confess, and with good reason too; for, after he had fatigued himself with mischief, like a monkey in a china shop, and had called the servants to clear every thing away, I took a view of the scene my parlour exhibited. I shall not even attempt a minute description: Suffice it to say, he had overset his ink-stand, and stained my best mahogany table with ink; he had spilt a quantity of vitriol, and burnt a large hole in my carpet; my marble hearth was all over spotted with melted rosin; beside this, he had broken three china cups, four wine glasses, two tumblers, and one of my handsomest decanters: And after all, as I said before, I perceived he had not succeeded in any one operation. By the by, tell your friend, the white-wash scribbler, that this is one means by which our closets become furnished with "halves of china bowls, cracked tumblers, broken wine glasses, tops of teapots, and stoppers of departed decanters." I say, I took a view of the dirt and devastation my philosophic husband had occasioned, and there I sat, like "Patience on a monument smiling at grief"; but it worked inwardly. I would almost as soon the melted rosin and vitriol had been in his throat, as on my dear marble hearth and beautiful carpet. It is not true that women have no power over their feelings, for notwithstanding this provocation, I said nothing or next to nothing: for I only observed very pleasantly, what a lady of my acquaintance had told me, that the reason why philosophers are called *literary* men is because they make a great *litter*; not a word more. However, the servant cleared away, and down sat the Philosopher. A friend dropped in soon after—Your servant, sir, how do you do? "O Lord! I am almost fatigued to death; I have been all this morning making philosophical experiments." I was now more hardly put to it to smother a laugh, than I had been just before to contain my rage. My *precious* went out soon after, and I, as you may suppose, mustered all my forces; brushes, buckets, soap, sand, lime. Skins, and cocoa-nut shells, with all the power of house-wifery, were immediately employed. I was certainly the best Philosopher of the two; for *my* experiments succeeded, and *his* did not. All was well again, except my poor carpet, my vitriolized carpet, which still continued a mournful memento of philosophic fury, or rather philosophic folly. This operation was scarce over, when in came my experimental Philosopher, and told me with all the indifference in the world, that he had invited six gentlemen to dine with him at 3 o'clock. It was then past one. I complained of the short notice. Poh! poh! said he, you can get a leg of mutton, a loin of veal and a few potatoes, which will do well enough. Heavens! what a chaos must the head of a Philosopher be?—A leg of mutton, a loin of veal and potatoes! I was at a loss whether I should laugh or be angry; but there was no time for determining: I had but an hour and a half to do a world of business in. My carpet, which had suffered in the cause of experimental Philosophy in the morning, was destined to be most shamefully dishonored in the afternoon, by a deluge of nasty Tobacco-juice. Gentlemen smokers love cigars better than carpets. Think, sir, what a woman must endure, under such circumstances—and then, after all to be reproached with her cleanliness, and to have her white-washings, her scourings and scrubbings made the subject of ridicule.—It is more than patience can put up with. What I have now exhibited is but a small specimen of the injuries we sustain from the boasted superiority of men. But we will not be laughed out of our cleanliness. A woman would rather be called any thing than a *slut*, as a man would rather be thought a *knave* than a *fool*. I have a great deal more to say; but I am called away. We are just preparing to white-wash, and of course, I have a deal of business on my hands. The white-wash buckets are paraded, the brushes are ready, my husband has gone off—so much the better; when one is about a thorough cleansing, the first dirty thing to be removed is one's husband.—I am called for again. *Adieu!*

THE ADVENTUROUS BOY.

While the fleet lay at anchor, one of the most heart thrilling scenes occurred on board the Commodore's vessel, that my eyes ever witnessed. In addition to the usual appendages of a ship of war, there was a large and mischievous monkey on board, named Jocko, retained for the amusement and diversion of the ship's company. It was my watch on deck; and having retired to the side of the vessel, I was musing on the beautiful appearance of the fleet, when a loud and merry laugh burst upon my ear.

On turning to ascertain the cause of such an unusual sound on the frigate's deck, I perceived the Commodore's little son, whom the crew nicknamed "little Bob Stay," standing half way up the main hatch-ladder, clapping his hands, and looking aloft upon some object that inspired him with a deal of glee. A single glance explained the occasion of the merriment. As Bob was coming up from the gun deck, Jocko, the monkey, perceiving him on the ladder, and dropping suddenly from the rigging, leaped upon his shoulder, seized his cap, and running up the main-top-sail-sheet, seated himself on the main-yard.

Here he sat picking the tassel of his prize to pieces, occasionally scratching his sides, and chattering as if in exultation for the success of his mischief. Bob being a sprightly, active fellow, did not like to lose his cap without an effort to regain it. Perhaps he was the more strongly incited to make chase after Jocko, from observing me smile at his plight and hearing the loud laugh of Cato, a black man, who seemed inexpressibly delighted at the occurrence.

"Ha you rascal, Jocko," said the black man, "hab you no respec for de young officer, dat to steal his cap? We bring you to de gang way, you black neger, and gib you a dozen on de bare back, for a tief." The monkey looked down from his perch as if he understood the threat of the negro and chattered a sort of defiance in answer. "Ha, ha, Massa Bob, he says you mus' kech him, 'fore you flog him; and 'tis no easy matter for midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey barefoot."

The cheeks of little Bob looked red as he cast a glance of offended pride at Cato; and springing across the deck, in a moment he was half way up the rigging.—The monkey quietly watched his motions, and, when nearly up, suddenly put the cap on his own head, and ascended to the top cross-trees, and quietly seating himself, resumed his work picking the tassel.

In this manner, the mischievous animal succeeded in enticing Bob as high as the royal-mast-head, when sudenly springing on the rigging, he again desended to the fore-top, and running out on the fore-yard, hung the cap on the end of the studding-sail-boom, where, taking his seat, he raised a loud and exulting chattering. By this time Bob was completely exhausted; and not liking to return to the deck to be laughed at, he sat down on the cross-trees.

The spectators, presuming that the boy would not follow the monkey, but descend to the deck, paid no further attention to them. I also had turned away, and had been engaged some minutes, when I was suddenly started by a cry from Cato, exclaiming that "Massa Bob was on the main-truck!" A cold shudder ran through my veins as the word reached my ears; I cast my eyes up—it was too true.

The adventurous boy, after having rested a little, had climbed the sky-sail pole, and at the moment of my looking up, was actually standing on that circular piece of wood, on the very summit of the loftiest mast, at a height so great that my head turned dizzy as I looked up at him. There was nothing above him, or around him but empty space; and beneath him nothing but a small unstable wheel.

Dreadful temerity! If he had attempted to stoop, what could he take hold of to steady his motion? His feet covered up the small and fearful platform on which he stood; and beneath that a long smooth pole that seemed to bend beneath his weight, was all that upheld him from destruction. In endeavoring to get down, he would inevitably lose his balance, and be precipitated to the deck, a crushed and shapeless mass.

In this terrible exigency, what was to be done? To hail him, and inform him of his danger, it was thought, would ensure his destruction. Every moment I expected to see the dreadful catastrophe. I could not bear to look at him; and yet I could not withdraw my gaze. A film came over my eyes, and a faintness over my heart. By this time the deck was covered with officers and crew, to witness this appalling, this heart rending spectacle. All seemed mute. Every feeling, every faculty, seemed absorbed in one deep, intense emotion of agony.

At this moment, a stir was made among the crew about the gangway, when the Commodore, the boy's father, made his appearance. He had come on board without being noticed by a single eye. The Commodore asked not a question, uttered not a syllable. He was an austere man; and it was thought by some that he had not a very strong affection for his son.—All eyes were now fixed on him, endeavouring to read his emotions in his countenance.

The scrutiny, however, was vain—his eye retained its severe expression; his brow the slight frown it usually wore;—and his lip its haughty curl. In short, no outward sign indicated what was passing within. Immediately on reaching the deck, he ordered a marine to hand a musket; when, stepping aft, and leaping upon the look out block, he raised it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son, at the same time hailing him with his trumpet, in a voice of thunder.

"Robert," cried he, "jump! jump overboard! or I'll fire at you!" The boy seemed to hesitate, and it was plain that he was tottering; for his arms were thrown about like one endeavoring to balance himself. The Commodore raised his voice again, and in a quicker & more energetic tone, cried—"Jump! 'tis your only chance for life!" The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before he left the truck, and sprung out into the air.—A sound between a shriek and a groan burst from many lips.

The father spoke not—sighed not; indeed, he seemed not to breathe. For a moment of intense agony, a pin might have been heard to drop on the deck.—With a rush like that of a cannon ball the body descended to the water; and before the waves closed over it, twenty stout fellows, among them several officers, had dived from the bulwark. Another short period of suspense ensued. The boy rose! he was alive! his arm was seen to move—he struck out towards the ship.

In spite of the discipline of a man-of-war, three huzzas, the outburst of unfeigned joy from the hearts of five hundred men, pealed through the air, and made the welkin ring. Till this moment the old Commodore had stood unmoved. His face was now ashy pale. He attempted to descend from the block, but his knees bent under him; he seemed to gasp for breath, and attempted to tear open his vest; but in the attempt he staggered, and would have fallen, had he not been caught by the bystanders.

He was borne to his cabin, where the surgeon attended him, whose utmost skill was required to restore his mind to its usual equilibrium and self-command, in which he at last happily succeeded.—As soon as he recovered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob, and had a long confidential conference with him; and it was noticed when the little fellow left the cabin, he was in tears.—*Selected.*

CURING OF BACON.

From the Winchester Virginian.

We intend to make our paper as *necessary* to every family as a Dutch Almanac; and we do this by helping our friends along in a *practical* way. The time for curing Bacon is approaching, and we tell our friends, below, how this is to be *well done*. The mode here recommended is copied, but has been submitted to some of the most experienced among us, and fully approved.

From the Kanawha Banner.

Good bacon is so important an article in a Virginia family, that I am induced to offer to young house-keepers and others not practiced in preparing and preserving it, the following directions; by the observance of which, I think their bacon will do credit to their tables.

Hogs, weighing from one hundred and fifty to two hundred are to be preferred, and they should be corn-fed for at least five or six weeks. Corn fed pork may be distinguished by the appearance of the kidney-fat, as it will be hard, and crack into small squares like beef-suet; those should be avoided whose fat is more tenacious and inclined to transparency, adhering to the fingers, and bearing the complexion of lard.

The salt should be of pure quality; that taken from the kettles when somewhat more than half boiled down, or found in the pans after cooling is most to be relied on.

To every thousand lbs. of meat, put three pecks (by measure) of salt, with which a pound of pulverized saltpetre has been previously and thoroughly mixed. This composition is to be well rubbed on, and then sprinkled thickly on the outside of the meat. There is no danger of oversalting it from quantity: it is the length of time which has that effect.

The meat is now to be laid with the skin down in good casks or troughs, with salt sprinkled over the bottom; the hams and shoulders first, and then the middlings and small pieces. On the fourth or fifth day the meat should be taken up, and again well rubbed with salt, to which should be added, whenever it can be procured, a teaspoonful of powdered garden pepper to each piece; and the meat replaced as before, after removing any bloody brine, or other impure matter that may have collected in the troughs or casks. At the end of two weeks, if the meat is kept without freezing, all the pieces except the hams and shoulders, will be salted sufficiently, and should then be removed, at which time, the remaining pieces should be repacked, placing those which appear least salted lowest down.—A change of position is absolutely necessary, because the pressure will prevent the passing of the brine through the meat, if not turned.

In three weeks from the first salting, the shoulders are to be removed, and in four weeks, the hams.

To make good bacon, the meat should be hung with the thickest part upwards, to prevent the exudation of its juices, and each piece clear of the wall, or other pieces, and left there until it is quite dry.—Some sound chips, with a few billets of hickory wood, or corn cobs make the best smoke, and also keep the house warm, which is important; for if the smoke-house is cold, all former care will be in some measure lost; a damp will settle on the bacon, and it will have a bitter flavor. Bacon should never be smoked in damp weather, as is too often practiced, as by it the meat gains nothing in color, but acquires a bad taste; one or two good fires each day, will smoke the pieces in precisely the same time required for salting; that is to say hams 4 weeks, shoulders 3 weeks, middlings and other pieces 2 weeks.

I have tried pepper with, I think decided advantage, by throwing a few pods into each fire while smoking, this article in salting or smoking, or in both, improves the flavor of the meat, and tends to secure it against insects. If the meat house is dark and cool, the meat may be left hanging until wanted for use; but if otherwise, it should be taken down at the commencement of warm weather, and packed away in salt, clean hickory ashes, or oats; either will secure it from insects or dripping, if the meat be entirely covered over, and the interstices between the pieces properly filled. The use of dry salt will not increase the saline flavor of the meat. I have known bacon very finely preserved, by preparing a strong ley of wood ashes, concentrated by boiling, into which, when cold, the pieces were dipped.

The alkali and the oil of the meat, forms a coating of soap in all the crevices as well as on the surface, which is an admirable protection against the insect tribe.

H. KYLE'S STORE.

TO BE LET, and immediate possession given, the Store-House occupied by the late H. KYLE. It is in complete repair, and ready for the reception of a tenant. Application to be made to

GEORGE SIMPSON.

Raleigh, Nov. 12 1833. 1 tf

A CARD.

DR. D. HALL tenders his Medical Services to the Citizens of Raleigh and its vicinity. He may be found, during the day, at the Medicine and Druggist Store of Messrs. Beckwith, Blake & Co. and at night, at his room at the residence of Mr. Nathaniel O. Blake, in the Eastern part of the City, near Mrs. Hosea's tavern, when not called off by the duties of his profession.

Raleigh, Nov. 7, 1833. 1 3t

A CARD.

THE Proprietor of the American Farmer Establishment, aware of the disadvantages under which he labored in many instances the last winter for want of a *direct* conveyance between Baltimore and the ports of North Carolina, has the past summer made arrangements with certain houses in New-York, to forward without delay, all packages, animals, &c. that he may send by that route. In all cases therefore, when he cannot send to those ports directly, he will avail himself of this alternative; so that his North Carolina customers may depend on all articles ordered, being *promptly* forwarded.

Baltimore, Nov. 5. 1

TEMPERANCE NOTICE.

UP to this date, we have received Reports from only two local Societies. Should the request of the Managers of the State Temperance Society, made on the 25th of August last, through their Secretary, and published in many of our newspapers, be generally overlooked, or disregarded, the utility of the Institution will of course be at an end, and a motion will probably be made at the annual meeting to be held in this place, on the 28th instant, for its discontinuance.

By order of the Managers,

WILL. PECK, Sec. N. C. S. T. S.

Raleigh, 6th Nov. 1833. 1

State Bank of North-Carolina,

RALEIGH, 5th Nov. 1833.

AGREEABLE to the 2nd Section of the Act Incorporating the State Bank of North-Carolina, an Election of Directors of the Principal Bank is to take place, annually, on the first Monday in December. The Stockholders of the said Bank are therefore called upon to meet at the Principal Bank in this City, on Monday, the 2d of December next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and hold the said election, and to attend to such other business in relation to the general interests of the Institution as may be judged necessary.

By order of the Board,

C. DEWEY, Cashier.

☞ Such Stockholders as cannot conveniently attend, will please vote by proxy. 1 4t

Grocery Establishment.

JOHN G. MARSHALL, would respectfully inform the Public that he has on hand ☞ at the New Brick House *near the Market*, on Market Street, Second door East from Fayetteville Street—an Extensive and Choice Supply of

FRESH GROCERIES, &c.

He solicits from his former customers and friends in the City and Country, a continuance of liberal patronage, and respectfully invites the Public generally to call and examine for themselves the various articles and prices of his extensive and select assortment:—among which will be found, besides other articles too tedious to enumerate,

Cognac; Apple and Peach Brandy,
Jamaica, Antigua and St. Croix Rum,
Holland Gin,
Irish Whiskey,
Monongahela,
Baltimore Rye, & Country do.
WINES.
Madeira,
Port,
Sherry,
Malaga,
Champaign,
Frontignac,
Claret, and
Scuppernong,
London Brown Stout Porter,
Albany Ale, and Cider,
Pine Apple Cheese, and Cask ditto,
Butter and Water Crackers,
Smoked Beef, and Bologna Sausages,
TEAS.
Imperial,
Hyson, and
Pouchong,
Almonds, Raisins, and various Nuts,
SUGARS.
Brown,
Loaf, and
Havanna,
Coffee, Pepper, Spice, and Ginger,
Starch, Mustard, and Copperas,
Brown & Ground Alum Salt, and Saltpetre,
Snuff and Tobacco,
Sperm and Tallow Candles,
Winter Strained Oil,
Turpentine and Shaving Soap,
Glass and Tin Ware,
Codfish, and smoked & Pickled Salmon, &c.

Raleigh, Nov. 10, 1833. 1

Likeness of Judge Marshall.

ALFRED S. WAUGH, proposes to publish by subscription, a compound Cameo full length likeness of the Hon. JOHN MARSHALL, Chief Justice of the United States, taken from the life at Raleigh, last May.

The likeness of which only a limited number of copies can be taken, may be seen at the Bookstore of Joseph Gales & Son, where subscriptions will be received. The terms are as follows:

White figure on a blue back ground, with frame and glass } $20.
Figure and back ground in 1 colour, with frame and glass } $15.
Bronze, with frame and glass $12.

THE SUBSCRIBERS

ARE NOW RECEIVING IN PART,

THEIR FALL SUPPLIES OF

FANCY & STAPLE

DRY GOODS,

HARDWARE and CUTLERY.

Men's Fur and Wool Hats,
Men's and Boys' Fur Caps,
Leghorn and Dunstable Bonnets,
Men's and Women's coarse and fine Shoes,
Boys' & Misses' Prunell and Leather Shoes,
Ready made Saddlery; of all descriptions,
Cotton and Wool Cards,
Cotton Yarns,
Saddle Trees, cotton and Worsted Webbing,
Foolscap and Letter Paper,
Baskets, Canton Blinds, &c. &c.

The whole of which are expected in the course of the present week, and which will comprise a greater *variety* and a *much more general and extensive assortment* than heretofore kept by them.

They would invite the attention of their friends and the public generally, to their present Stock, flattering themselves they will be enabled to offer such inducements as will make it worthy the interest and the attention of dealers generally.

HALL & JOHNSON.

Fayetteville, October 21. 51 3t

ADMINISTRATOR'S

FAVORABLE SALE.

ON the *3rd Monday* in November next, being the first week of the session of the *Legislature*, and during the term of the *Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions* for the County of Wake, will be sold the *judiciously selected STOCK OF GOODS* of ROBERT CANNON, deceased; comprising among a *great variety of other articles*,

Cloths, Casimeres and Vestings,
Flannels and Blankets,
Plain, Striped and Merino Angola,
Freize, Beaverteen and Stormants,
An excellent supply of plain and twilled Cotton and Yarn Homespun,
A very extensive, varied, and excellent assortment of CALICOES,
Flowered Muslins,
Book, Mull and Jaconet Muslins,
Plain and Figured Swiss do.
Orleans, Merino and Hair Cord Ginghams,
Batiste, Adrianople and Indiana,
Drillings and Mole-face Satteen,
Cloaks and Corduroy,
Plaid, Silks and Bombazetts,
A fine assortment of Fancy Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, &c.
Ribbons, Shawls, Bonnets and Wadding,
Bleached and Unbleached Domestics,
A very large supply of Cotton Handkerchiefs,
Silk Handkerchiefs and Gentlemen's & Ladies' Gloves—among which are some Genuine Buckskin,
Capes in great variety and abundance,
Suspenders in do. do.
Combs, Hats, and Yarn and Cotton Cards,
READY MADE CLOTHING, viz: Pantaloons, Vests and Round-abouts, Gentlemen's and Ladies' long yarn and cotton Stockings, Gentlemen's yarn and cotton Socks.

HARDWARE.

Knives and Forks, Pad and Stock Locks,
Pen Knives, Scissors, Shears and Patent Balts,
Plane Irons, Augers, Bridle Bits and Pincers,
Brass Knobs and Curtain Pins, &c. &c.
Anvils, Hammers and Vices,
Bellows and Bellows Pipes,
Mill-Saws, Steelyards and Hinges,
A very extensive assortment of Weeding Hoes,
Several Boxes Gilbert's best blistered Steel Axes,
Frying Pans and Waffle Irons,
Sifters and Carpenters' Tools,
An excellent assortment of Nails,
Iron and Steel, &c. &c. &c.

A LARGE AND SUPERIOR ASSORTMENT OF CROCKERY AND GLASS.

Rum and Apple Brandy,
15 Barrels excellent Whiskey,
2 Liquor Cases,
Excellent Chewing Tobacco, &c. &c. &c.

Also, 3 Silver Huntsman's Watches,
1 Common double cased Silver Watch,
All keep excellent time.

At the same time, *one Double Gig* and the Wheels and Axles of a *New Sulkey.*

These articles, together with a great number of others, not enumerated, will be offered for sale at the Store near the Presbyterian Church, *without the least reserve*; so that the *Members of the Legislature, Merchants* from a distance, and *all others*, desirous of making purchases, will find it to their interest to attend the sale.

Persons residing in the *Country*, who may not wish to purchase *large lots* of Goods, are particularly invited to attend, as most of the articles will be put up in *small parcels*, so as to enable them to buy for *Family use*.

Terms.—All bills under *ten dollars*, *Cash*, all over *ten dollars*, 12 *months credit*, on bond with approved security.

Sale to commence on Monday at 11 o'clock, and to be continued each succeeding day, at the same hour, until the *Entire Stock* is disposed of.

T. J. CANNON, Adm'r.

October 25, 1833. 51 tf

BLANKS

For sale at this Office.