

"Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace, unwarped by party rage, to live like brothers."

**JOSEPH GALES & SON,**  
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

**TERMS.**  
Subscription, three dollars per annum—one dollar in advance.

Persons residing without the State will be required to pay the whole amount of the year's subscription in advance.

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**

For every 16 lines (this six type) first insertion one dollar; each subsequent insertion, 25 cents. Court Orders and Judicial Advertisements will be charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 33 per cent. will be made from the regular prices for advertisements by the year.

Letters to the Editors must be post-paid.

**MY FIRST AND LAST COURTSHIP.**

BY OSABEN BASHFUL.

Well, I souse if I must tell you all about my courtship, I must. You must know my old man made a great fuss about my skin to him, round the fire, cold winter nights, and said to me one night, says he, "Well, now, Obed," (you see he always called me Obed, but my name is Obadiah,) he said, "Well, now Obed, you might as well be out courting Deb Jones as to be squatin down on your hunkers, and you know, Obed, if you die unmarried, the name of Bashful will be extinct." "Oh, well, now, father," said I, "I don't know nothing about Instinct, but I can't go to court Deb, for you know she dresses her hair so nice, and she's such a rotten nice gal, that every feller 'bout these parts is half crazy arter her—there's Joe Turner, and Bill Davis, and a hull squad o' chaps as wears all the new fashions; and now, father, said I, what would I look like with my buckskin suit, that I have worn six years, long side of their blue coats, and pants, and shawsees, and them are things." But father wouldn't hear nothing gainst his own opinion, and so I had to go just to please the old man.

Deb used to go to the old white church, you know, up Uncle Ephraim's lane, near the blacksmith's shop, right by the orchard. Well, it war'n't there—no, it war'n't—I wish it had been. Well, I went off, dressed tarnation slick, I thought—I guess I rubbed two tallow candles, there or thereabouts, into my hair, trying to make it curl, but I swan to man it was a mistake, there war no curl about it, arter all, it stuck out like puk and pine quills, as Jim Stevens says. Well, somehow or other, I got myself into tolerable slick order, had on the new hat and coat I got at the raffle night before, and I bolted to the church, with my hands in my pockets, whistling Hail Columby. I felt as big as Bony Part at Waterloo. I seed Deb step off her horse like a feather, and up I runs to speak to her, when up comes that eternal Joe Turner, dressed almighty nice, as if he had been put in a band box to keep, and walks her right off afore me, before I could get out "How de dew Debby." If I didn't look nation sheepish, I reckon 'tant no matter. I blushed some too. Never mind thinks I, meeting will have to break up some time or other, and Deb will have to go home; so I went up to their house to wait for her.

She did come at last, and oh my golly, she did look screaming nice. I felt so flustered, I didn't know what to say. At last I got out "Deb"—that is I mean Debby, or Debby, "don't I look as if my face was all over goose pimples?"—and darn my buttons if Deb, and that eternal Joe, did not laugh until I wished to die heartily. But we all went in, and Deb handed me a chair, but I felt so flustered I never looked where I was sittin, and down I come ceswallop right in Deb's bonnet and her fixups, and overset the chair and sprawled right over on the floor, and split my new coat right down the back, all open! Here was a nice pickle, but Deb pinned it up, and that give me a kind of fection for her, and so I staid to tea, but was so flustered I split my tea over Joe's pants, and he called me a darned awkward hog!

I never said one word while I staid.—Deb had to talk all, and I answered yes or no. She asked me "Mr. Obed, did you ever hear a sarantade?" Said I, "No, Miss Debbery, I never heard of Sarah Nade, but I know Sal Edwards," and Joe, the fool, laughed at that. But Deb said she didn't mean Sarah Nade; it was what the town chaps call the music, when they go out to play o' nights—then she looked a kind o' stantindicular at him, and I think he kissed her. But I soon saw that Deb loved Joe more than me, and I got ready to back out. Deb said, "I suppose you're going to see that Moll Mickle?" "Why," said I, "Debbery, I reckon I got a little more taste for the fine arts, than to run arter such a looking critter as she is!"—then she looked quite smart at me, and said she always thought I was a better judge of furniture than to spark with such dandies. That tickled me like old snakes, and I ris up to make a bow for it, but somehow or other, I caught my feet together, and I sprawled right against her—I overset her into Joe's lap. She got up darned mad, I tell you. She says, "Mr. Obed, that is too bad; I wonder what you will do next?" but I had to laugh—I never knowed afore that Deb wore false hair, and when she fell, all her heart catchers, as she used to call them, fell off, and she looked just like a skriech owl. "Wby,"

said I, "Deb, the next thing will be something else." I reckon that made Joelaugh on my side, and I began to pluck courage. Says I, "Deb, we are going to shear our old black ram next Thursday week, and I'll send you enough wool to make you a wig." That ris Deb's ebenezzer; she got up and made at me with the shovel, but I guess it was a mistake—I was on the road home.

I told all to father, and he laughed, (for he always laughed when any thing tickled him.) "Now father," said I, "if you want to court Deb, you can do it, there's no danger now from the heart catchers;" and he laughed again. Says he, Obed, say no more about that," and I kinder took the hint, and never said a darned word about it from that to this.

**THE RING TAIL PANTHER.**

The legislature of Missouri, like many other parliamentary bodies, was once annoyed with a member of singular habits and eccentric character. He was a rude woodsman, and having his nativity east on the frontiers, he moved forward, keeping pace with the pioneers; and it was no grief to him to be a few leagues in advance of the schoolmaster. The alphabet once overtook him, but no sooner were the Roman characters imprinted on his memory than he fled from pedagogue restraints, esteeming himself happy in thus briefly becoming a man of letters. This limited education was useful to him in after life, when he became a representative of the people, for he acquired the art of putting many letters together as would pass, in a crowd, for his name. Like most great men of the Roman Republics, he acquired a pronomem, and he chose one indicative of his location and pursuits. *Ring Tail Panther* was the name to which he answered with equal pride and pleasure. This illustrious pioneer has already had a place assigned him in the annals of the west; but too much is rarely written of any man, whose genius elevates him above the common mass of beings by whom he is surrounded.

At what particular period *Ring Tail Panther* migrated to Missouri, it is not known. His earliest achievement, and that which placed him in the line of preference, was the butchery of a small party of unoffending Indians. His official report of the battle was as laconic as Caesar's: "veni, vidi, vici," and in these words: "I koted'd, I killed, I scalped." His habitation, where domestic kindness and hospitality were cherished, was a block-house, rudely constructed by his own handicraft. Like his namesake, the quadruped Panther, he was carnivorous, and fed generally on venison. His drink was *blue-ruin* and *still-burnt green*. To the influence of these stimulants and the lack of education, all the evils of a misspent life are justly attributable, for he was naturally kind and benevolent.

When Missouri passed from a Territorial to a state Government, the people among whom *Ring Tail Panther* resided, made him a representative in the General Assembly, to assist in enacting for them a code of laws. Tradition will not be sufficiently clear in its details, half a century hence, to determine from what written models he deduced his legislative knowledge; but some crude notions of the twelve tables led him to believe it just, that "an eye for an eye" should be exacted, and he lived up to the maxim, literally, in his practice, for he boasted having divested three several combatants of an organ of vision, and he likewise bit off one finger, two ears and a Roman nose, in the course of his single combats.

As it may be readily supposed, certain passages in his labors as legislator were not as easy surmounted, as spoken of.—*Ring Tail Panther* was, however, discreet enough to attach himself to a member of good acquirements, who cheerfully wrote his bills and resolutions whenever he came forward as a pioneer in law-making. At an early stage of the session of the General Assembly this member arose, and when the speaker had remarked,

"The gentleman from Fishing River," *Ring Tail Panther* proceeded to say—

"Mr. Speaker, there are a heap of difference among men; some are born rich, some get rich by cheating, and some are just naturally poor all the days of their lives. This is as unjust, sir, as bleating up a doe to make an orfin of her poor little fawns in the spots.—A right ra-al rich man would feel a heap easier with less money. But such is the cantankerous character of one of these ding'd old aristocracies, that the more he piles up, the more he hones arter money. Mr. Speaker, a rich man is like a panther, and I know something about the varmint. When he gets in the hog range whar the sweet mast ar good, he will kill half a dozen shotes in a night, when one pig would do him for supper and breakfast. They are uncommon greedy, if they ar'n't I wish I may be shot with a big bore rifle gun. They are as destructive on poor people as a gang of wild-cots whar breaks into a corn field in roasting-ear time. They crack all before them like a horse loose in a cane break. A poor man stands no more chance in a scuffle with a right ra-al rich man, than a short-tailed

horse in fly time, or an inexperienced dog in a bear hunt. Now Mr. Speaker, thar are a heap more poor men than rich ones, and in this we have smartly the majority. Do you think, sir, a gang of wolves, when they corner an old buck, won't pull him down! they will do that thing I reckon! When a right sort of a hunter trees a fat old bear, he will do his house work, no mistake! we have the rich men cornered now, in a sorta quandary like—and I move, Mr. Speaker, that we row them up Salt River. I am for taking the divide and keepin it. It ar a fact, and I know it, that we can't jisttake money from one man, and give it to another, that would be onpopulous and onlawful; but we can take 'em slantendicular, and the way we can exonerate 'em would be pretty expeditious. I move, Mr. Speaker, that we enact a loan office law, authorize the State to issue paper, and the way the boys will bury it will be slick and greasy!—They will never pay it back no how you can fix it. When the State wants money agin, lay on the taxes about as thick as daubing a new cabin afore christmas, and the rich are the yaller flowers of these prairies that will fork it up."

The orator sat down, happy in having uttered his maiden speech. He was, however, informed by the speaker, that he must reduce his resolution to writing. *Ring Tail Panther* rose again, looked wildly around the house, and enquired—

"Where in the name of fork lightning Duff Green took himself to?"

He was told he had gone to his lodgings, a little indisposed.

"There, now, is h—ll!" said he. "Mr. Speaker, Duff are sloped and we must expose the question till to-morrow; and if Duff don't stand up to the rack a little better I'll lick him, there's no mistake. If he slopes off in this way again when I want him, his hide won't hold shucks in two minutes arter, and I won't vote with him to cooperate his Macademey."

The Speaker of the House was a professional gentleman of wit and learning, and he was likewise an efficient business man; he presided with dignity, but the rich vein of humor in which he sometimes indulged, rendered him an object of jealousy, for he would rarely spare his best friends in committee of the whole. The uneducated members regarded him with peculiar suspicion, and they dreaded his satire. In a speech which he made against the gentleman from Fishing River, he played upon his assumed name in a facetious, but good humored vein. *Ring Tail Panther* rose, called Mr. Speaker to order, and threatened to "jump on his neck and claw him up pretty considerable." The Speaker proceeded, and remarked—

"Mr. Chairman, I entertain a suitable regard for the cat family, and I am not insensible to the moral force of brute strength. When I shall have finished the few observations I have yet to make, the gentleman shall have the floor, or tree, which ever he may fancy most, when he may claw up his pen and reduce his amendments to writing."

Here the speaker was interrupted. *Ring Tail Panther* rose in great wrath, and lifting an instand which was near him, exclaimed, "If I can't write, Mr. Speaker, the way I will make my mark on you, won't rub out easy!" The member near him interposed and prevented the violence which the enraged panther meditated.

There was, at some stage of this session, a proposition before the house to enter into a state system of internal improvement. The panther opposed it, as he did uniformly every thing which came from an educated member, excepting always the measures proposed by his friend from Boonslick.—When the question came up for discussion, the gentleman from Fishing River delivered his sentiments to the following effect:

"Mr. Speaker, I am agin all sorts of new-fangled machines, every way you can fix it. These ere snorting things they call steam boats are talked about a heap, and my 'oman sprained her ancle running to see the first creature of the sort that came sneaking up our river. The fish never bit a hook arter that, and the game is all-skeared out of the river bottom. Gentlemen talk about a ra'al rode and eternal improvements."

"Some gentlemen, high larned chaps, think they are a heap smarter nor a steel-trap; but I can tell 'em I wern't rocked in a gum to be skeared by schoolmaster larning. When do you think, Mr. Speaker, they'll see a little steam fixin running on a ra'al through the Loutré, or Twenty Mile prairie?—never in all your life, I reckon! Mr. Speaker, I move the eternal exponent of this ere question, and I'll hire a schoolmaster to put it down in the biggest kind of pot-hooks."

It is needless to add, that from that day forward, the highminded doctrine of *Ring Tail Panther*, in reference to internal improvement, has prevailed in the legislature of Missouri.

**Woman's Charms.**—"There is something to me," says Byron, "very softening in the presence of a woman, some strange influence, even if one is not in love with them. I always feel in better humour with myself and every thing else, if there is a woman within ken."

**COMMUNICATIONS.**

FOR THE REGISTER.

Messrs. Editors: Do me and my sex the justice, if you please, to publish this piece in defence of an attack made upon us by *Homo*, whom you have admitted into your columns.

In your paper of the 18th inst. is a communication, on Snuff Dipping, signed by one "Homo," who, with a show of pedantry, has laboured very hard to prove the injurious use of Snuff, and although he has told us in the commencement, that *he* (who has Latinized himself a "Man," and whom I am disposed to believe so,) has never yet seen this practice, yet what is singular, he says we are compelled at parties to keep up our vivacity, by occasionally retiring to take a "dip." Now Messrs. Editors, what I should very much like to know, is, how does this "Man" find out that we retire for this purpose, unless he has seen it. If we rest from the fatigues of a Ball or a Party room for a few minutes, who has made him so wise as to know that we are "dipping Snuff." If his opinion is founded upon ocular demonstration, then his advice would have been more favourably received if he had omitted the first paragraph of his piece. I would ask this "Man" or any other, if he or they have ever seen any "beautiful creature" or any respectable Lady made drunk by this "narcotic." If he has seen any female, so far deluded, as to be found in this wretched situation, what knowledge has he that Snuff has caused it. Let him speak, or hereafter be dumb.

But I am disposed to give credit, as far as is consistent with truth, to the communication in your paper, and will even go so far as to believe in English what he says in Latin—that he is a "Man." He does not go so far as to say that he is a gentleman, nor can I presume to say so for him. Now, as he has said that he never yet saw this pernicious practice, we may conclude that he was not raised among us, nor can we tell where, or in what society. But really, Messrs. Editors, from this "Man's" communication, he has given us room to believe that he knows but little of the polite or respectable portion of our sex; else, he would not talk of respectable Ladies getting drunk by this practice of drinking "mint Juleps." I defy him, or any one else, to point out in the respectable part of our sex a single one, who is in the habit of getting drunk from either cause, or to show us one who is in the practice of drinking Mint Juleps or any other intoxicating Liquor. And then for this "man" to turn round, and call himself the devoted friend of those wretched drunken creatures whom he has placed almost on a level with the brute creation, reflects but little credit or honor on him, who *unpresumptingly & humbly*, calls himself a "man."

To talk of Ladies regularly taking their morning drams is perfect nonsense, and this to "end in an old age of absolute drunkenness" is a slander upon that portion of my sex who has kindly received him into their society. He cannot find one woman, (I will not say Lady,) in one thousand at the South, who is addicted to this practice. The most illiterate and ignorant, with us, so far preserve the honor of our sex, as to abhor the practice, much more follow it, and this man must go to the suburbs or outskirts of the most populous cities to find subjects that will verify his assertion.

When this "man" talks of reflections cast upon us by ninety-nine hundredths of the gentlemen of the United States, he should first inquire where is one of his devoted friends (he knows whom I mean) in one million who has not in vain not only cast reflections but been loud in their condemnation, of smoking the pipe, chewing Tobacco and worst of all drinking drams. Now, if *Homo* feels desirous hereafter of using his pen to suppress filthy and abominable practices, here is a field for his imagination to work in. And when he talks of the "use of Snuff" changing the ivory whiteness of the teeth to the colour of old bone, and the fairest complexion to a dingy yellow, like smoked leather," he should have first inquired who has the whitest teeth, or the fairest complexion—the Snuff dipper or the Tobacco chewer and pipe-smoker; or whose "intellect is soonest impaired" the Lady who uses Snuff or the man who gets drunk every day of his life. Let him answer these questions first, before he attempts again to abuse the practice we are accused of. We will compare our complexion, our teeth and our intellects, with him or any one else, who is in the habit of chewing, smoking or drinking.

*Homo* has done us justice in one respect at least, and that is, in omitting to mention whether the use of Snuff produces a foul breath and filthy teeth. I should be glad to do him and his sex the like justice, but this they cannot permit: for it is a fact beyond contradiction, that no animal in the world has a fouler breath than the pipe-smoker, or filthier teeth than the Tobacco chewer. And it is an outrage upon society, which "Homo" should blush to acknowledge, that men of this description have presumed to breathe their filthy vapours mixed with the fumes of intoxicating drinks, into our faces and have even dared to snatch a kiss while the amber was drying on their lips. Messrs. Editors, let this man, whoever he may be, do us the justice to use all his exertions in suppressing this abominable presumption of

his sex before he attempts another piece of ill-natured rallery and abuse against us.

We admit that the use of Tobacco in any shape is injurious, but let *Homo* remember, that by his sex we are called poor, weak and frail creatures—no better than our old mother Eve, before whom was placed *good* and *evil*, and we further admit that, like her, it is hard for us to resist temptation, especially when prompted by the *Evil One*.

What I have said is in perfect good humour, nor do I mean any thing personal towards "Homo" as I know not the man.—But before I conclude, I would advise him, that if he wishes us to abandon the use of Snuff, he should first persuade the merchants to quit the practice of buying and selling it. By so doing, there will be no temptation to resist, and we have not the means or power to make it. I will go still further and say, that if the men will quit the use of Tobacco in every shape, and the use of intoxicating Liquors of every kind, I will pledge my word, in behalf of my sex throughout the world, that we will abandon the use of Snuff forever.

Franklin Co., June 25th, 1838.

FOR THE REGISTER.

**Charleston—the Courier—Sea Steamer.**

"With regard to Steamboats, which pass by sea from port to port, along the American coast, it has long been known, that they are so constructed as to be incapable of encountering the perils of the sea, without great risk of being lost."

Charleston Courier, June 20, 1838.

"Connecting the large commercial Cities by the shortest and most direct line which can be drawn, it will not only become the great thorough-fare, but a large revenue will be derived from the transportation of the Mail. When completed, the distance from Weldon to Charleston will be passed in less than 24 hours. The traveller will enjoy the agreeable alternation from Rail-road to Steam-boat, and rest and comfort which he cannot secure on any other route!"—*Wid. & Rail. R. R. Rep. 1837.*

GENTLEMEN:—Scarcely had the recollection of the loss of the HOME, (the conduct of whose Captain was so vehemently advocated by a certain Charleston paper,) with all its distress and dismay, passed from our minds, than the heart-rending accident of the PULASKI again opened to many individuals and families, fresh sources of grief and affliction; and, strange to say, the Charleston Courier comes out with the above quoted language, and thus indirectly avows that, as far as it has been able, by puffing on the one hand, and silence on the other, it has, *sua sponte*, been instrumental in producing these dreadful occurrences.

And what say the good people of Wilmington on this interesting subject? That Steamers are to give "a rest"—"a rest," which is indeed "a rest" that is eternal, and which, in the language of "truth and soberness," is not to be found in this, but in another world—a condition of things which places "the comfort" of Steamers in rather a negative position.

But, sarcasm apart—for a subject involving the lives of our fellow-men is too serious for sarcasm—I would seriously put the question to those citizens of North and South Carolina who do not wish to sacrifice general to local interests (not that there is any distinction between them) whether the benefit of the whole South would not be best consulted in the opening a field, by and over land, for general competition; in short, by the construction of a Road from Raleigh, through North and South Carolina and Georgia, to Waynesboro; and one also to Wilmington, by means of which, those who wish to find the rest and comfort so exclusively to be possessed and enjoyed in the 24-hours passage from Weldon, via Wilmington, Cape Romain and Bull's Bay, to Charleston, could be accommodated. Of the enormous value of the Post Offices on this route, "the merits of which the Postmaster General (*clarum et venerabile nomen*)" has too much discernment to overlook," I will not say a word; nor will I utter a syllable on the wretched unproductiveness and utter uselessness of a mail route from Raleigh to Haywood, to Cheraw, to Rockingham or Wadesboro, to Cheraw; and from thence, saving twenty miles and five or six ferries, in the passage of letters and travellers to Charleston, and 50 per cent. postage on all the correspondence of the Cheras and their "commercial dependencies"—to Darlington, Kingstree, Georgetown, St. James, Santee and Grove Creek, St. Stephens and Charleston. Of all these contemptible circumstances, I say nothing, because, in the presence of such mighty personages as Newspaper Editors and Steamer owners, it is meet that a humble individual, like myself, should be mute—for the latter are the lords of our creation, the controllers of our destinies, and the privileged class of our community, at least, in SOUTH-CAROLINA.

P. S. It is not long since the Corporation of Charleston appointed three inspectors of Steamers, thus making an addition of that number to the order of place-men—men, doubtless, of science and of skill; so much so, that it is possible the examination of the Pulaski's Yawls, with their gaping seams, was *infra dignitatem*. Is either of the Steamers between Wilmington and Charleston insured? I pause for a reply.

FOR THE REGISTER.

**Randolph-Macon College.**

I had the pleasure, among many others, of witnessing the Commencement exercises of this flourishing institution, which occurred on the 20th June; and, as any thing connected with the education of our young men, is vitally important to the perpetuity of our Free Institutions, so the few remarks I am about to make will not be wholly devoid of interest. On Tuesday the 19th, the Hon. JOHN TYLER, late Gov. of Virginia, delivered a most appropriate and eloquent Address before the two Literary Societies. He passed high and well-merited eulogies, on the characters of MACON and RANDOLPH, and congratulated the Board of Trustees in selecting the names of two men, in whom united, so many excellent qualities were found, as to constitute them perfect models for youthful imitation. As the Address is to be published we will make no farther comment. In the evening of the same day, four Addresses were pronounced by the Representatives of the two Literary Societies, which received the applause of the audience, and were highly creditable to the Speakers.—Wednesday, the 20th was the day of Commencement. At an early hour, a large concourse of visitors had assembled, and before the Exercises commenced, the College Chapel was filled to overflowing. The Exercises commenced at 9 o'clock A. M. and then followed a more interesting scene than I ever before witnessed on a similar occasion.—The Oration of the young gentlemen exhibited an unusual degree of talent, and of high moral and intellectual attainments.—They gave marked evidence of having been well taught, and of having minds thoroughly disciplined by the laborious study of a Collegiate course; and of being prepared to act well their several parts on the stage of action. A more interesting picture could not be presented to the view of the Patriot or Philanthropist, than a number of young men like these, going forth into the world, having all that furniture of mind and heart which so eminently qualifies them to become useful citizens and worthy members of society. The Baccalaureate Address by L. C. Garland President pro tem. followed the Oration of the Graduates, and gave universal satisfaction. The degree of A. B. was then conferred on the 16 following young gentlemen; the six first receiving the honours of the Institution. Of the remaining ten, we did not learn the relative standing, and we therefore place their names indiscriminately:

1. Valedictory by J. T. Bramm, Newberry N. C.;
2. Latin Oration by E. H. Myers, Tallahassee, Florida;
3. Philosophical Oration, by J. R. Thomas, Mt. Zion, Ga.;
4. Select English, by E. A. Blanch, Brunswick, Va.;
5. Select English, by J. W. Leak, Richmond, N. C.;
6. Select English, by F. A. Connor, Cokesburg, S. C.

- C. D. Hill, Duplin, N. C.;
- B. Clegg, Chatham, N. C.;
- G. F. Eppe, Newberry, S. C.;
- J. A. Orgain, Brunswick, Va.;
- J. M. Fitts, Warren, N. C.;
- H. E. Lockette, Mecklenburg, Va.;
- T. J. Koger, Nuxube Co., Miss.;
- J. R. Washington, Wayne, N. C.;
- J. W. Wightman, Charleston, S. C.;
- J. B. Russell, Savannah, Ga.

It will be seen from the above, that six of the graduates are from North-Carolina, and that two of the number were distinguished. Whilst listening to their addresses, with which I was so much pleased, I almost breathed the regret, that they did not graduate at our own University; but this I suppressed, when I recollected, that Randolph-Macon belongs equally to the four States; Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia; and that, as far as it regards the morality of her Students, she stands confessedly unrivalled by any similar institution of our Country. Our young men may be intelligent, but without moral cultivation, they will be curses instead of blessings to society. "Knowledge is power;" but this power may be exerted for bad purposes, as, unfortunately for our Country and the world, is too often the case. The morality as well as the high grade of intellectual attainments of her students should recommend this institution to the liberal patronage of an enlightened public. She has an able Faculty and the number of her students amounts to something upwards of an hundred, with the prospect of a large increase the ensuing session. A bright career is opened up before her, and our earnest wish is, that she may continue to flourish yet more and more, yearly to send forth from her walls, a race of men to bless and adorn our highly favoured Country.

G. H. M.  
July 2nd, 1838.

**COACHES, BAROUCHES**



AND BUGGIES.

THE Subscriber has on hand an assortment of the above Carriages. Some very richly finished, which will, he thinks, bear a comparison with any manufactured elsewhere. The work is warranted to be faithfully executed, and will be sold on as favorable terms as can be afforded. Those wishing to supply themselves, will please call and judge for themselves.

THOS. COBB.  
Raleigh, May 21, 1838.