

# RALEIGH REGISTER

## AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

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

VOL. XXXIX.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1838.

NO. 49.

JOSEPH GALE & SON,  
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

### TERMS.

Subscription, three dollars per annum—one half 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 10 lines (this size 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 rates, for advertisements by the year.

Letters to the Editors must be post-paid.



### Agricultural.

From the Vermont Chronicle.

#### WINTER SHELTERING OF ANIMALS.

Solomon says, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." And it enters into this, properly, that he regards his comfort also. I have often been surprised and pained, at what appears to me, in many farmers, to be an unmerciful regardlessness of the comfort and health of their animals; particularly their colts and horned cattle; in not providing them with shelter, in the winter season. These animals are around a stack, at a distance from any shelter; or around a barn, where there is none except protection by the sides of the barn, from the direct force of the wind; these too, night and day; through storms of rain and of snow; and whether the thermometer is above freezing or below zero; and in severe cold weather, standing shivering, and curling up, with evident signs of discomfort and suffering. Now I would not ask a farmer to build a house, with parlors in it, and stoves to warm his animals; and with floors carpeted, and windows curtained, and feather-beds for them to sleep upon. No such thing; with all my sympathy for their neglect and suffering. But this I would say,—give them at least cow-houses; and so far as practicable, stables, or what shall shut them up from storms and wind.

Another thing. I often see barns and cow-houses which are the mere ghosts of such things,—shingles off; boards off, or so far apart that they are very little shelter from the cold; a door lying on the side, edgewise, before the place where it ought to be hung, bona fide, upon hinges, and capable of being shut. Now here are slovenliness and cruelty, both together;—very fit company for each other, too.

I heard a man, belonging in the next town to where I live, telling how much his cattle suffered through one of our late winters; because the winters came on suddenly, and before he had covered his barn.—"Thinks I to myself," (and I am sorry now I did not say it, as well as think it,)—"Why, man alive! why didn't you snatch every day that came,—after the first onset of winter,—when you could have worked with your great coat and mittens on without freezing, (and there were such days,) and either finish, or put up slab houses for the winter. Go to bed and sleep quietly night after night! with your cattle and colts shivering under the fences, and exposed to rain, snow, and hail, for the want of a little enterprise and bravery of the cold! Shame upon you! Has a beast no sensation of cold, think you?"

Cruelty, of this sort, is bad economy.—Animals that shiver with cold, and tremble from weather-beating winter, will be lean and feeble in the spring.

For two reasons, aye! three,—should a man, who would be considered a good farmer, afford good shelter to his animals, in the winter; to wit,—for economy's sake; for mercy's sake; and for conscience sake.

A FRIEND TO HORSES AND CATTLE.

#### The Discontented Pendulum.

An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

Upon this the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the other. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below, from the pendulum, who thus spoke:

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the point of striking.

"Very good!" replied the pendulum: "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wagg backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out: besides I am really weary of my way of life; and if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum.—"Well, I appeal to you all, if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one? And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect: so after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself—I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such an useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time. So have we all, and are likely to do; and altho' this may fatigue us to think of, the question is whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to enquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum: "it is not six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that although you may think of a million of strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that however often you may hereafter swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," resumed the dial plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon, if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to wag, and to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at his clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

### MORAL.

It is said by a celebrated modern writer, "Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves." This is an admirable hint; and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well doing," from the thought of having a great deal to do. The present is all we have to manage: the past is irrecoverable; the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the moment is the trouble hereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we still need set but one step at a time; and this process continued, would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.

Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or to endure all its crosses at once. One moment comes laden with its own little burden, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last: if one could be sustained, so can another, and another.

Even in looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties, the labors, the trials, to temper and patience that which is expected. Now this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand moments upon one. Let any one resolve to do right now, leaving then to do as it can, and if he were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would never err. The common error is, to resolve to act right to-morrow or next time—but now, just this once, we must go on the same as ever.

It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget that when to-morrow comes, then will be now. Thus life passes, with many, in resolutions for the future which the present never fulfills.

It is not thus with those who, "by patient continuance in well doing, seek for glory, honor and immortality;" day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task to which the requisite measures of time and strength are proportioned; and thus, having worked while it was called day; they at length "rest from their labors, and their works follow them."

Let us then, whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might, recollecting that now is the proper and accepted time.

### A SINGULAR LOVE AFFAIR.

The Delaware Gazette tells a good story of two persons saved from the wreck of the steamboat *PULASKI*, which we will endeavor to repeat in a few words:

Among the passengers was Mr. Ridge, a young man of wealth and standing, from New Orleans, who, being a stranger to all on board, and feeling quite as much interest in his own safety as in that of any other person, was, in the midst of the confusion which followed the dreadful catastrophe, about helping himself to a place in one of the boats, when a young lady who had frequently elicited his admiration during the voyage, but with whom he was totally unacquainted, attracted his attention, and he immediately stepped forward to offer his services, and to assist her on board the boat; but in his generous attempt not only lost sight of the young lady, but also lost his place in the boat.

Afterwards, when he discovered that the part of the wreck on which he floated would soon go down, he cast about for the means of preservation, and lashing together a couple of settees and an empty cask he sprang on it and launched himself upon the wide ocean. His vessel proved better than he expected, and amidst the shrieks, groans, and death struggles, which were every where uttered around him, he began to feel that his lot was fortunate, and was consoling himself upon his escape, such as it was, when a person struggling in the waves very near him, caught his eye. It was a woman, and without taking the second thought he plunged into the water and brought her safely to his little raft, which was barely sufficient to keep their heads and shoulders above water. She was the same young lady for whom he had lost his chance in the boat, and for a while he felt pleased at having effected her rescue; but a moment's reflection convinced him that her rescue was no rescue, and that unless he could find some more substantial vessel both must perish.

Under these circumstances, he proposed making an effort to get his companion in one of the boats, which was still hovering near the wreck; but the proposition offered so little chance of success that she declined, expressing her willingness at the same time, to take her chance with him either for life or death. Fortunately they drifted upon a part of the wreck, which furnished them with materials for strengthening their vessel, and which were turned to such good account that they soon sat upon a float sufficiently buoyant to keep them above water; and when the morning dawned they found themselves upon the broad surface of the "vast deep" without land or sail or human being in sight—without a morsel to eat or drink—almost without clothes, and exposed to the burning heat of a tropical sun.

In the course of the next day, they came in sight of land, and for a time had strong hopes of reaching it; but during the succeeding night the wind drove them back upon the ocean. On the third day a sail was seen in the distance, but they had no means of making themselves discovered.—They were, however, at length picked up by a vessel after several days of intense suffering, starved and exhausted, but still in possession of all their faculties, which it seems had been employed to some purpose during their solitary and dangerous voyage.

We have heard of love in a cottage—love in the deep green woods—nay, even of love on the wild unfurrowed prairie; but love upon a plank in the midst of old ocean, with a dozen frightful deaths in view, is something still more uncommon. And yet it would seem that love thus born upon the bosom of the deep—cradled by the ocean wave—and refined under the fierce beams of an almost vertical sun, is, after all, the very thing. There is about it the true spice of romance—the doubts, the hopes, the difficulties—aye, and the deaths too, to say nothing of the sighs and tears. Mr. Ridge must, therefore, be acknowledged as the most romantic of lovers, for there, upon the deep blue sea, he breathed his precocious passion, mingled his sighs with the breath of old ocean, and vowed eternal affection. Women are the best creatures in the world; and it is not to be expected that Miss Onslow (such was the lady's name) could resist the substantial evidences of affection which her companion had given, and accordingly they entered into an "alliance offensive and defensive," as the statesmen say, which has since been renewed upon terra firma, and is ere long to be signed and sealed.

On reaching the shore and recovering somewhat from the effects of the voyage, Mr. Ridge thinking that perhaps his lady

love had entered into the engagement without proper consideration, and that the sight of land and old friends might have caused her to change her views, waited on her and informed her that if such was the case he would not hesitate to release her from the engagement; and added further, that he had lost his all by the wreck of the *Pulaski*, and would henceforth be entirely dependent on his own exertions for his subsistence. The lady was much affected, and bursting into tears, assured him that her affection was unchangeable; and as to fortune, she was happy to say that she had enough for both.—She is said to be worth two hundred thousand dollars.—*Brooklyn Advertiser.*

### FROM THE NEW MONTHLY.

#### Encounter with a wild Elephant.

But Heaven save us!—what's that? shout the Doctor, springing behind Mansfield, and seizing him by the arms, as a tremendous crash was heard amongst the bamboos, accompanied by a shrill scream that sounded like a cracked trumpet.

"Huttee! Huttee! (an elephant! an elephant!) shouted the Jaggardar, darting behind the shelter of a tree, and beckoning the others to follow his example.

"Down! down for your lives!" exclaimed Mansfield, in an audible whisper, at the same time crouching behind a tree and cocking his rifle. "This must be the far-famed solitary elephant, which has been committing such ravages of late on the edge of the forest; and, if we can manage to kill him, it will be a glorious victory." The Doctor groaned aloud in agony of spirit. "Now, lads, list to me, and if you only behave steadily, the day is our own. Keep perfectly still till he shows himself; when I whistle he will lower his head to listen from whence the sound comes—mind you, take a steady aim at the hollow in his forehead, just above the insertion of the trunk, and when I whistle a second time, fire together, but take care that you only fire one barrel, reserve the other and dash off, two to the right and two to the left, so that if he does not fall, he may find a clear space to make his first rush. They are stupid, short-sighted animals, and if you keep quiet, we shall probably have time to re-load before he discovers us; at all events we shall have our second barrels ready. Now, mind these directions; and every thing depends upon our steadiness, and the slightest mistake may cost our lives."

"The Lord have mercy on us! This is awful work!" groaned the poor Doctor, casting a rueful glance at his favorite *Mons Meg*. There was a moment of breathless silence—another fearful crash was heard, and the gigantic brute, bursting forth into the open space, brandishing aloft his ponderous trunk, like a knight entering the lists, defying all comers, and screamed forth his shrill note of defiance. He was a stupendous animal, a perfect mountain of flesh, and his little twinkling red eye, glared with the fire of madness.

Flourishing his trunk about, he snuffed the tainted air, and his scream of rage, as he stamped upon the ground, announced that he was aware of the close proximity of his enemies, although he had not decided in what direction to make his headlong charge.

"Now lads, steady, and reserve your fire till proper time," and Mansfield gave a low whistle.

The elephant started, cocked his ears, & bent down his head in the attitude of listening. He was just in the right position, and Mansfield was in the act of raising his rifle, when, crack went *Mons Meg*, with a report like a six-pounder, and the Doctor, throwing down his weapon, took to his heels, roaring lustily that the monster was after him. The poor Doctor's nerves had got the better of him, and by an involuntary twitch of his fore-finger, he had pulled trigger when he had least expected it.

Mansfield and Charles fired, and both balls took effect in the head of the elephant, making the blood flow copiously; but being discharged almost at random, and not planted in the correct spot, they only acted as stimulants to his rage. Uttering a shrill scream he dashed madly forward, his mouth wide open, his tail on end, and his trunk upraised to crush all who opposed his headlong career.

Mansfield and Charles darted to one side, and fled for shelter behind the stem of a large teak tree; but the poor Doctor, whose senses were completely bewildered, ran blindly forward, and his red jacket, being much too conspicuous an object to escape the notice of the enraged elephant, his fate appeared inevitable. In vain did the panting wretch, twist, turn, and dodge amongst the trees, like a haunted jackall. The destroyer was close at his heels, following every turn with the perseverance of mortal hate. His strength was failing fast, and the fearful chase appeared to be drawing to a close. The trunk of the elephant was already stretched forward to grasp him, when he made a sudden turn; the elephant over-shot his mark, and for one moment, was at fault, apparently uncertain in which direction his victim had fled. The Doctor, seeing his advantage, began with all diligence, to climb the tree behind which he had sheltered himself. He was already several feet from the ground, and his arm was outstretched to grasp a branch which would have

raised him to a place of safety, when the elephant, catching a hasty glimpse of him, dashed at him with redoubled fury, twisted his trunk round his legs, hurled him to the ground, and rushing upon him, as he lay, stunned and bleeding, and kneeling down, drove at him furiously, with his enormous tusks, burying them up to the very root.

At this moment, Mansfield, who had followed the chase, dodging cautiously from tree to tree, in hopes that some lucky turn might give him a steady shot at the elephant's head, came in sight of the bloody scene.

"The Lord have mercy on his soul, for he is beyond the aid of man!" exclaimed he, dropping the butt end of his rifle to the ground, and leaning against a tree, sick and giddy at the ghastly sight.

The elephant rose from his knees, picked up the body of the unfortunate Doctor in his trunk, tossed it to a short distance, and stood gazing on his victim, with flaming eyes, as if gathering fresh breath before he rushed at him again, to finish the work of death, by trampling him with his feet.

"By heavens, you shall not complete your bloody work!" muttered Mansfield, grinding his teeth, and raising his rifle with a steadiness of hand which never forsook him, even in the most desperate situations. The deadly bullet-petted true to the mark, entering the eye, and burying itself in the brain of the animal. The gigantic brute uttered one shrill scream of mingled rage and pain, and sinking slowly to the ground, rolled over like a falling tower.

### NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

HAVING, for many years, noticed the inconvenience suffered by the citizens of Raleigh and vicinity, to want of any thing like a general assortment of **BOOTS AND SHOES** of good quality, I have commenced the business with the determination to keep constantly on hand a general assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Boots and Shoes.

As I have all my Shoes and Boots of the finer quality, manufactured expressly to order, it will be several weeks before my assortment will be complete. I shall however have a pretty general assortment in the course of the present week.

I have also made engagements with several first rate Workmen, for the purpose of manufacturing Gentlemen's fine Boots and Shoes in this City.

I make no promise about underselling my neighbors, for I do not expect to do it. Every person, of common understanding, must be aware that I can neither manufacture Shoes here, or have them manufactured in Philadelphia, of good quality, and sell them lower than what are usually called *Store Shoes*—that is Eastern or Yankee made Shoes, which, like *Pindar's Razors*, are made to sell, and not to wear. But this I do promise, to keep, at all times, a complete assortment of Shoes and Boots of superior quality, and to sell them as low as they can be afforded in this market; and I have no doubt that persons, disposed to give them a trial, will find them cheaper than those of inferior quality, at less price.

I have also a general stock of **COARSE SHOES** for Servants, &c.

WILLIAM WHITE.

October 1st, 1838.

#### To Shoe and Boot Makers.

THE Subscriber having purchased the Stock of Shoes & Boots from Goodwin Jones, in the Town of Rolesville, and expecting to purchase Shoes, Boots and Leather the present fall, so as to make the assortment complete, he will want a first rate Shoe and Boot maker, who, with those already there, will make the number five, whom he expects to furnish with constant employment, at good wages. He therefore wishes to inform those who have been in the habit of purchasing Shoes from this Establishment during the years 1835, '36, '37, and '38, and the public generally, that he intends making every arrangement required by the business, to render it useful to those disposed to patronize it; and he flatters himself from the knowledge he has acquired from a long experience in business, that he will give general satisfaction.

WILLIAM ROLES.

Rolesville, Oct 1st. 1838.

#### 25 Dollars Reward.

RUNAWAY from the Subscriber, his negro man **ROBIN**, who absconded about the 28th of last month, without any cause whatever.—Robin is a bright mulatto, nearly or quite six feet high—a stout muscular man, about 42 years old—has one of his front teeth missing—has a scar on one of his cheek bones, occasioned by a burn, and the mark of a severe cut on one of his thumbs. He is fond of spirits, and will occasionally get drunk. Robin has worked in a Tan Yard for 20 years, and is a very good Tanner and Currier. He is also a good coarse Shoemaker, and carried off with him his Shoemaker's tools. He had a free woman for his wife, and may probably have procured free papers from some free person of colour.

I will give the above reward for the apprehension and confinement in Jail, of said negro, so that I get him. Any person apprehending him, will please address me, at Oxford, N. C.

THO. B. LITTLEJOHN.

Oxford, 26th September, 1838.

#### Roanoke Navigation Company.

THE Annual Meeting of the Roanoke Navigation Company, will be held at Weldon, on Monday the 5th of November next.

A. JOYNER.

Weldon, Sept. 24, 1838.

#### ANDREW KEVAN & BROTHER,

Commission Merchants,

PETERSBURG, VA.

Refer to DUNCAN CAMERON, Esq. Raleigh, N. C.

THOMAS D. BOWEN, Esq. Orange.

Oct. 1, 1838.

#### Sale of Distillery, Negroes, &c.

BY Virtue of a Deed of Assignment executed to me by T. Reavis, for purposes therein specified, I shall offer for sale at the Court House in Smithfield, on Friday the 9th Nov. next, the interest which said Reavis held in the property belonging to the firm of McLeod & Reavis—being a moiety in a Turpentine Distillery and its appurtenances; also, in a family of Negroes, consisting of a Distiller, his wife and three children, a valuable family—also, in 600 or 700 acres of Turpentine Land—in 100 bbls. Spirits of Turpentine—in about 700 bbls. Rosin—in about 700 bushels of Salt—Some Molasses, and divers other things belonging to the copartnership, and included in said Deed of Assignment. A credit of 6 months will be given with security. The sale will be made without reserve.

H. W. HUSTED,

Assignee of T. Reavis.

Smithfield, Sept. 26, 1838.

#### TO PHYSICIANS.

A Medical gentleman, residing in the South Western part of the State of North Carolina, is desirous of removing to the West and would relinquish his practice (which has been worth from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars per annum for the last ten years) to any regular practitioner of Medicine, who would purchase his Real Estate in the Village where he resides, worth about three thousand dollars, on which liberal terms would be given, the Real Estate consists in part, of a comfortable Family residence on a well improved Lot, &c. This situation is believed to be in all respects desirable.

For further particulars, apply at this office.

September 25, 1838.

The National Intelligencer will give the above 3 insertions, and forward their account to this Office.

#### STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

CHATHAM COUNTY,

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,

August Term, 1838.

Reddin Hatley and Britton Hatley, Exrs. &c.

vs.

Uriah Hatley.

Original Attachment levied on land.

IT appearing to the Court, that Uriah Hatley

the Defendant in this case, is not an inhabitant of this State. It is ordered by the Court, that Advertisements be made in the Raleigh Register for the space of six weeks, for the said Defendant to appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for the County of Chatham, at the Court House in the Town of Pittsborough, on the 2d Monday in November next, and plead, reply, answer or demur, or the land levied on, will be condemned subject to the Plaintiff's recovery.

Witness, N. A. STEEDMAN, Clerk of our said Court, at liberal the 2d Monday of August, 1838.

N. A. STEEDMAN.

#### STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

JOHNSTON COUNTY,

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,

August Sessions, A. D. 1838.

Jane Smith, Widow, &c.

vs.

John Smith, Isaac Smith, &c.

Petition for Dower

Jordan Jackson and Wife

Lethe.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court,

that the Defendants, John Smith, Isaac Smith, Jordan Jackson, and Wife Lethe, are not residents of this State—it is therefore ordered, that publication be made in the Raleigh Register, for six weeks, notifying the said Defendants, personally, to be and appear before the Justices of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, at the Court House in Smithfield, on the 4th Monday in November next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the said petition; otherwise the same will be taken pro confesso and heard *ex parte* as to them.

Witness, Wm. H. Watson, Clerk of our said Court, at office in Smithfield, the 4th Monday of August, A. D. 1838.

WM. H. WATSON, C. C. C.

#### STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

JOHNSTON COUNTY,

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,

August Sessions, A. D. 1838.

John Barfoot & wife Betsey,

Budd Smith, Bryan Smith, James

Johnson & wife Pherebe, West-

brook Lee & wife Esther, Wm.

Tartt & wife Winny, Thomas

Tartt & wife Penny G., Henry

Smith,

vs.

Jordan Jackson & wife Lethe.

PARTITION

OF LANDS.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court,

that the Defendants, Jordan Jackson & wife Lethe, reside beyond the limits of this State—it is therefore ordered, that publication be made in the Raleigh Register, for six successive weeks notifying said Defendants, personally, to be and appear before the Justices of our next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held at the Court House in Smithfield, on the 4th Monday of November next, and there to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the Petitioners should not be granted; otherwise it will be taken pro confesso, and heard *ex parte* as to them.

Witness, Wm. H. Watson, Clerk of our said Court, at office in Smithfield, the 4th Monday of August, A. D. 1838.

WM. H. WATSON, C. C. C.

#### STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

NORTHAMPTON COUNTY,

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,

September Term, 1838.

John Peele, agent for Wm. Britton, Admr. &c.

vs.

John A. Josey.

Attachment Levied on Land.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the Defendant in this case, is not an inhabitant of this State—Ordered therefore, that publication be made in the Raleigh Register, for six weeks, notifying the said Defendant, John A