

RALEIGH RECORDS AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE, UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1838. NO. 1.

JOSEPH GALES & SON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. TERMS. Subscription, three dollars per annum—one in advance. Persons residing without the State will be sent to pay the whole amount of the year's subscription in advance. RATES OF ADVERTISING. For every 16 lines (this size type) first insertion, 25 cents; each subsequent insertion, 25 cents. Court Orders and Judicial Advertisements will be charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 25 per cent. will be made from the regular rates for advertisements by the year. Letters to the Editors must be post-paid.

MR. MARLY'S ADDRESS. The excellent Address, delivered before the Alumni and the Senior Class of our University, in June, by CHARLES MARLY, Esq. of this City, has just been published at the STANDARD Office, and we have been favored with a copy. We subjoin a passage, as a specimen of the author's graceful animated style, and of his correct mode of thinking. The whole Address sustains the character of it in this paper, just after its delivery, who were present on the occasion:—

gentlemen Alumni of the University:—pious Pilgrim, who wanders many and miles to visit the Holy Land, as he treads the hallowed ground, in-creased and refreshed in his Christian-re. he voluntary exile from his native-land, who ranges o'er the world in pursuit of happiness, its honors, or its riches, its with gladness heart the place of his lay spring he used to roam. Once the Alumni of our Alma Mater, with sympathies, have come hither on your anniversary. They have come to hallow their early attachment, the flame of sacred friendship. To the fresh inspiration of that spirit which once glowed in their bosoms, when, in these peaceful retreats, unshackled by cares, and unweary by the duplicity of the world, they contended in the noble of generous emulation. Our Classic Jubilee, is indeed, full of attractions. The sober affections of the ardent heart of the young, the thrice welcome plaudits of the soft, without whose inspiring influence, languages, and genius dies, have all up to this Temple of science, to pay homage at her shrine, and to reward their presence and their smiles her faithful votaries. When we contemplate the scenes which surround us, the edifices erected, the professorships established, the standard of classical instruction, of intellectual philosophy prevailing in our University, and related to the early period of her history, our minds are filled with wonder at her advancement. We have seen her struggling existence, against the false imputations and unjust prejudices of the public, of her sectarian Seminary, a nursery for sons of the wealthy alone. We have seen her languishing under pecuniary embarrassments—her energies paralyzed by a load of debt, and her rightful guardians and protectors abandoning her to swift destruction. And we have seen her Trustees, wicked fiduciaries, unmoved by interest, unaided by power, and unclothed with patronage, sustaining her with unflinching fidelity. We have seen them disincumbering her of her embarrassments, animating her hopes, and under the most discouraging circumstances, with the most precarious means, placing her beyond the reach of her unnatural enemies; investing her with liberal endowments, and offering gratuitously the waters of her Pierian fountain, to all who will come and drink. The genius of this mighty republic, which has nurtured our country on, with the race of nations, has hither, the sacred vigils here. We have seen her keeping pace with the progress of science and literature; and in the noble pretensions of a grammar school, elevated and dignified to the rank of one of the most distinguished seminaries of the world. This proud retrospect of the past, and bright anticipations of her future destiny, our hearts are here filled with grateful contemplations of the utter multiplicity of all things. We look around on this sequestered spot, and recognize the venerable oaks, under whose umbrageous foliage we have so oft reclined. We look abroad upon the hills; revisit our former haunts and retrace the inscription have rudely carved on some ancient bark, or listen to the murmuring of the stream, along whose quiet banks we have so often strayed, and recall our golden visions and romantic dreams; but, where are our companions? Where the wild hues that used to re-echo through these glades? Where that kind look, that gen-

de spirit, that kindred soul, which won our confidence and love? "Alas! we miss him on the accustomed hill, Along the heath and near his favorite tree We look in vain, nor yet beside the rill Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood is he." Here too, as with lingering step we pace these Halls, we meet, in imagination, at every pass, the genius of this place. But 'tis fancy's interview. Where is now that venerable form, that dignified brow, that parental voice, that once pervaded this whole community? He, who in early life came into the Institution, nourished her infancy, invigorated her manhood, and who adhered to her with unfaltering tenderness and fidelity, in the darkest hour of her penury and affliction? Where is now that great Apostle, who illuminated the sacred fires of science, and adorned her beauties? Where the revered and faithful instructor, whose zealous and untiring care it was, to instill into our minds the wisdom of this world, and to teach us the way to Heaven? The nothingness of this world's greatness, points to yonder monument, beneath whose humble piles his venerated bones repose. Go there, and learn from the distinctive lines, of the character of JOSEPH CALDWELL, to imitate his energy, his quickness of decision, his promptitude in action, his perseverance in duty, his devoted patriotism, and exalted piety. "Fither let us repair and bedew his ashes with the tear of affection. Green be the sod and unfading its verdure that rests upon that consecrated spot: "Si quid ad famam valent Mens omnibus doctus capax Variis artibus ingenium valde ornata Animusque pius, liberalis, benignus, Nec non vita laetis provehendis coacta Et laboribus assiduis incommo- dum publicum Mouti haud cito delebitur memoria."

When wealth comes to be regarded as the chief good, and virtuous poverty to be despised, the moral sense of the community is infected, and they soon become the prey of their own licentiousness and vice. What but this thirst for plunder and contempt of national character, impels our government in her Indian policy? Why are these poor houseless savages hunted down like wild beasts, butchered in their hammocks, or driven by the unrighteous arm of power from their home and their country? Compelled to submit to arbitrary stipulations, falsely called treaties, on the one hand, and on the other, betrayed and kidnapped by violations of the nation's flag. See their Osceolas, too proud to submit, too brave to be conquered, entrapped by the perfidious display of a flag of Truce, and doomed to languish and die; not in chivalrous strife, with steel to steel, but the tardy and ignominious death of captive slaves. Who will not blush when he dispassionately reads this dark page of his country's degradation. Who would not see the lagoons and morasses and swamps of the Seminoles, struck from creation's map, rather than behold the "star spangled banner," our national ensign, thus tarnished and desecrated? And why all this? Because the white man wants their land. Look to the Cherokees. For many years the benevolent policy of this government, pursuing the suggestions of our illustrious Washington, was employed in the laudable and pious task of civilizing these savages. Implements of husbandry and of the mechanic arts were furnished them; schools established, and the blessings of christian light and truth patronized and sent to them; and now, amidst the successful tide of these experiments, their institutions are to be broken up, their fields and altars sacked, the cup of civilization, as soon as tasted, snatched from their lips, and they doomed to lapse again into herds of wandering barbarians. "The shrill trumpet, "The spirit stirring drum, the ear piercing life, "The pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

have lately burst upon the astonished head of our quiet State. Yes: Even old North Carolina snuffs the tainted breeze. And although living with this people in unbroken amity, she, too, is called upon by the General Government to pollute her hands with this unhallowed work of robbery and murder. They have long lived within our borders, unfelt and unseen. Our citizens, east of the Alleghany, barely knew, until recently, that we even possessed such a population. One of their chiefs, being lately asked by the humane and gallant officer of our army, charged with the execution of this order, whether they intended to resist their removal, replied: "We shall interpose no barrier. We will shed not one drop of blood. But not a Cherokee will go unless tied, and dragged by cords and chains." What a spectacle do we exhibit to the civilized world? A great and powerful nation; the boasted asylum of the persecuted and distressed, the nursing mother of law and of equal rights, pouring out her treasures and her armies, to expatriate this poor remnant of the children of the forest. And for what? Because we want their land. Well may they swear eternal vengeance; and even the stones of their deserted wigwams rise and mutiny. 'Tis a national sin; a stain upon our country's honor. The Almighty possesses no attribute that can take part with us in such a controversy; the Great

Spirit, without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground and who feeds the hungry ravens when they cry, will, it is to be feared, avenge the wrongs of these oppressed people and sooner or later, hurl his heaviest thunderbolts "Against "The deep damnation of their taking off." I make no allusion here to party politics. These remarks cannot be legitimately applied to either of the great political parties of this nation. They are not divided by this question. Stand forth, then, my friends, and rebuke this spirit of avarice and rapine. Strive to preserve our national character; to fill our councils with enlightened patriotism, and our public offices with gentlemen. Despise the demagogue, whether he call himself democrat or federalist, whig or tory, conservative or loco foco. Let talent and virtue, and merit, be the passport to power and place and not boisterous huzzas, in praise of some successful party Chief. Know that freedom is bliss, and that honor is strength. "What constitutes a State? "Not high raised battlements or labored mound, "Thick wall or moated gate, "Not cities proud with spires of beauty crowned; "Not bays and broad armed ports "Where laughing at the storm, rich navies ride; "Nor starved and spangled courts, "Where low-browed business waits perfume to pride. "No—men—high minded men, "These constitute a State."

It is impossible to look upon this assembly of young men, collected here, from various quarters of our country, to think of the purpose for which you have been thus assembled, and the different circumstances under which you have come together, without bestowing a thought on those dear friends you have left behind. When your condition, young gentlemen, is contrasted with that of the thousands of the youth around you, who, chilled by penury, or given up by parental abandonment to sloth and indolence, have never turned their faces towards the goal whither you are aiming, and are doomed to perish, like the beasts around them; when we regard your favored position in life, the facilities that have been here afforded you, of elevating your future destiny, of identifying yourselves with your country's glory, and of learning the way to God, how should your bosoms burn with gratitude and love for the authors of such signal privileges. The kindness and solicitude of your parents, present to you the most powerful incentives to your future exertion. With what tenderness have they administered to your wants in helpless infancy—with what patience borne your indiscretions in wayward childhood—with what anxiety watched your steps in erring youth. No care has been too severe, no self-denial too painful, no sacrifices too great which would contribute to your felicity. To you the meridian of life has been constantly devoted; on you their treasures expended. Treasures! There may be some, whose collegiate course has been sustained by the daily toil of a parent's own hand: Aye; some perhaps from the scanty savings of a widowed mother! A mother encountering the chilling ill of penury, shut out, voluntarily, from the enjoyments of social life; herself the tenant of a garret, that her narrow income might meet the expenses of your education here. For all this affection and kindness and toil, the only reward they expect, the only requital they ask, is, that when you enter upon the world you will act worthy of yourselves, and not dishonor them. And shall this requital be denied them? Will you, by your folly disturb the tranquility of age, rob declining life of its few remaining pleasures, and snatch away from the hands of your dotting parents the last cup of earthly consolation? The chord that vibrates from your generous hearts yields, I feel assured, the ready response. You will never know, till the bitterness of ingratitude shall teach you, the extent of your duties towards them, nor learn the depth of the abiding, unchanging affection which they bear towards you. Neither loss of character, nor abandoned life, nor even black ingratitude itself can eradicate this feeling from the parent's bosom. What beautiful illustrations of this truth are furnished in the Holy Scriptures. That volume, which, in the language of the greatest philosopher and jurist that ever lived, contains "more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other Books, in whatever age or language they may have been composed." Let us pause and contemplate its sublime pages, in the history of one of the Jewish Princes. He was a tall and comely youth, we are told, and his father loved him exceedingly. Heir of the throne of Israel, reared in the lap of luxury and ease, all the wishes of his heart were indulged with alacrity by his Royal Father, and his aberrations covered by the mantle of affection. When urged by the direful spirit of malice and revenge, he becomes the murderer of his brother, and is compelled to flee his country, the offended majesty of the laws is made to yield to the demands of parental tenderness, and the wandering exile is brought back and restored to his father's confidence and pro-

tection. Sullied by the corruptions of his own heart, and stimulated by wicked counsellors and corrupt associates, this atrocious youth advances from one degree of enormity to another, till, by the blandishments of flattery and the seductive wiles of intrigue, he corrupts the fealty of his father's subjects, and plots a deep and dark conspiracy to rob him of his throne and kingdom. Impatient of the tardy development of his treason and rebellion, fired with the lust of rioting unchecked in the voluptuousness of the palace, he approves the horrible counsel of a confederate, and raises his parried arm to imbue it in his father's blood. A king, the greatest monarch of the earth, venerable for his years and victories, sacred in his character, both for piety and prophecy, renowned for prowess and revered for wisdom, is reduced to the condition of a fugitive—to a sudden and extreme necessity of flying for his life from the presence of his own son! With a heavy heart, and a covered head, and a weeping eye, and bare feet, DAVID, we are told, went away from Jerusalem; driven by the insurrection of his own son from his house and from his throne. Yet when the victorious hosts of Israel were issuing from their gates, to rescue their great leader from such unnatural peril, and to blast the machinations of this ruthless Bandit, the illustrious Patriarch remembers that he is his son. Regarding him with unbroken affection, and apologizing for his crimes as the wayward vagaries of youth, he charges his captains that "they deal gently with the young man for his sake." And when arrested in his traitorous warfare by the vengeance of the Almighty, and suddenly overwhelmed in awful destruction, this incestuous murderer and parricide is found suspended between the heavens and the earth, in token of his being an unfit inhabitant of either; and when the intelligence of his death is announced; instead of exulting in his own rescue and in his restoration to his estates and crown, the father is only overwhelmed with still deeper affliction in his bereavement of a child. Forgetting the wrongs and insults that had been heaped upon him, regardless of his own existence and strangled with grief, in the plenitude of a heart bursting with the pangs of parental anguish, he exclaims, in the resistless eloquence of woe: "Oh my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would to God I had died for thee! Oh Absalom, my son, my son!" The Almighty regards with favorable eye the efforts of filial duty. The first promise in the Decalogue is to him that honoreth his father and mother. It is the primal bond of society which the world, depraved and corrupt as it may be, respects with deferential homage. Who is there that does not admire the filial love of the great Epaminondas, who declared that the greatest pleasure which the renowned victory of Leuctra had afforded him, consisted in the reflection that his aged parents had lived to rejoice in his fortune? It was a noble spectacle, amidst the flames that were consuming Troy, and while the eager multitude were intent only on rescuing their paltry treasure, to see the dutiful Aeneas bearing on his shoulder the venerable Anchises, his aged father, to a place of safety. We can scarcely contemplate a sublimer spectacle than that of a virtuous youth urged on in his struggle for knowledge not only by the love of science and by a sense of its importance, but burning with the holy purpose of making, by his mental triumphs, a father's heart beat with delight, and a mother's breast glow with rapture; sacrificing, with manly energy, the customary follies of his age, yielding his soul to the effort, and, like a successful competitor in a mighty race, pressing onward to the goal of honors, fame, and wealth. If the bosom of a parent ever burn with joy, it is in witnessing the efforts of such a son. If when contemplating the possibility of his own premature dismissal from the world, his soul can advert with comfort to any anchor for the shattered vessel which he leaves behind, it is when revolving in the recesses of his burdened mind the prospects and fortunes of his bereaved family, he augurs from the energy, the decision, the diligence, the character of a son, that his wife and children will yet have one around whom they may cling with hope; one arm to stay them in distress; one pillar to support them; one shield to ward from them the perils of desolate widowhood and of orphan helplessness. Take, then, young gentlemen, a retrospect of your past lives; and when, from the giddy thoughtlessness of youth, your consciences shall reproach and chide you with neglect and disobedience, hasten to ask forgiveness, and renew your vows of veneration and fidelity. And be assured, my dear young friends, that when the progress of time or the casualties of life, or the invasions of disease shall bring on that painful moment in which you are to take a last look of the parent who has watched and worked for you, the remembrance of your efforts to gratify him, will send through your hearts a thrill of satisfaction, which monarchs on a throne might envy. Shade Trees.—Be careful not to transplant before the leaves have fallen—as soon after as you please. Select trees of second growth; they have better tops and better roots than the first.

Southern Literary Messenger. This excellent periodical, which reflects credit on the literary character of the State and the South, for November, is before us. It opens with an interesting article on the Italian Opera. The entertaining reminiscences of a residence on the European Continent, (as the article professes to be) appertaining to the subject, are communicated in a style indicating a practised literary writer, and exhibiting a refinement and taste of a very elevated character. As the writer truly says, the "English are perhaps the most unmusical of civilized people;" and we fear our Republic has inherited that "unmusical" characteristic from the mother country. But we will hope that the science of music may yet flourish among us. It is gratifying to see the subject attracting the attention of our leading monthlies. They will be doing the nation essential service in following it up and encouraging the cultivation of musical genius. Let us have something more from the author of the "Italian Opera," in the Messenger. We find a valuable paper on the Literature of Virginia, in the form of a letter to Professor Tucker of the University, by "B." We are glad to see Mr. Heath's Address before the Lyceum of our city recorded on the pages of this No. of the Messenger.—An article on Memory—its pleasures—its connexion with several states of the mind, and with some of the moral emotions—graces the pages of the present No. It is the result of reflection and observation, and enforces the importance of the cultivation of memory. Its title will disappoint most readers—it being little burdened with that sort of speculative metaphysics one would expect to meet, and adapted to practical life, while its style is pleasing and fanciful. "The poetry we do not esteem good, except two pieces—"The Land far Away," by Flora—and "The Emigrant to Himself," by "E. A. S." A description of the Potomac, by E. Snowden, Esq., Editor of the Alexandria Gazette, appears in the Messenger. It is characterized by a chaste simplicity and brevity of sentences, blending throughout the loveliness and grandeur of poetry. "Popular Errors," by "M." contains some very good, and some very trifling things. "Touching Trees and Tree Topics," by "J. F. Otis," in the light poetic vein, is very entertaining. There are two Reviews of "Homeward Bound," and an interesting review of "A Tale of the Huguenots." Mr. Cooper, in the two able reviews of this work, has meted out to him in full measure, credit for his talents, and praise for his literary labors. He receives, however, from the same pens, what we consider an impartial castigation for his reflections on his country, and for the unjustifiable assault on the press in his Homeward Bound. Neither of the Reviewers are, we conjecture, connected in any wise with the press. We have not leisure to glance at the other productions. Francis Armine is continued; and the pretty (we cannot say otherwise) "Authoress" gives us more of "Lucille." The Messenger keeps up its old appearance—its clear, tasteful and intellectual contour. The enterprising publisher does not flag in his exertions, and we trust his patronage may keep pace with them. We do not know a man who has done more to draw forth from the literary cloister, the reflections and fancies of genius, and the results of study and research. Through him, already have brilliant mementoes of the literary genius of our State been spread out on pages for the eyes of posterity. Richmond Compiler.

NOTICE. To GILES NANCE AND WIFE, AND POLLY NANCE, AND OTHER HEIRS OF REBECCA ROGERS IN TENNESSEE, NON RESIDENTS: YOU are hereby notified that, at the next Term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions for the County of Wake, to be held at the City of Raleigh, on the third Monday of November next, application will be made for the appointment of Commissioners, to assess the damages which may result from the condemnation of certain lands belonging to the Heirs of Rebecca Rogers, dec. to the use of the Raleigh and Gaston R.R. Road Company, and the construction of the said road through the same. C. W. MORDECAI, President of R. & G. R. R. Co. Oct. 22, 1838. 52 41

BANK STOCK FOR SALE. 20 SHARES of Stock in the Bank of the State of North Carolina for sale. Apply at this Office. Raleigh, Oct. 18, 1838. 51

NOTICE. WM. F. CLARK & Co. having disposed of their Neuse River Oil Works, the partnership is this day dissolved by mutual consent. William F. Clark is authorized to settle the business of the late firm, and has on hand for sale a large supply of superior Oil for the Lamp and Painting, also a quantity of Cotton Seed-Cake for Cattle. WM. F. CLARK, J. G. McPHEETERS. Raleigh, October 1, 1838. 52 2t

APPLICATION. WILL be made to the next General Assembly for an Act to incorporate the Bethania Fire Company, and also to incorporate the Town of Bethania, Stokes County, N. C. Oct. 14, 1838. 51

THE ROAD TO WEALTH!! \$1000 or 1200 worth of Morus Multicaulis Trees and Cuttings, FOR SALE. THE Subscriber has consented, after many important considerations, to dispose of a part of his present season's crop of the genuine CHINESE SILK MULBERRY TREES, near this City, if applied for soon. They are a part of the produce of the first tree introduced into this State by that intelligent and enterprising citizen, the Rev. Mr. WALKER, and are from slips planted last Spring, and very thrifty, considering the season, and still in a growing state, varying from 3 to 9 feet in height. And since it is now reduced to a certainty, that \$500 may be safely calculated on, per acre, every year, for two or three months work, in raising Silk, if the land be well stocked with Morus Multicaulis, (and this explains the cause of the great wealth of the Chinese Empire,) and that \$1000 at least, per acre, can be realized by raising the trees, for sale—no doubt can remain, that the present demand and princely profits must and will continue and increase in this country, and particularly in the Middle and Southern States, for many years to come. He therefore feels justified in exacting for his outlay and labor in raising said trees, the best prices required for the article in the Southern country—say 25 cents per foot for the main stem of the trees, closely trimmed, counting the root and one inch above it as one foot; and for the limbs, 3 cents per bud—which are the average prices quoted in Frederickburg, Va. on the 24th inst. Terms: Cash on delivery. They could be safely removed about the middle of next month, or any time afterwards, during the cool weather. JOS. B. HINTON. Raleigh, O. C. 26, 1838. 52 1f

NOTICE. IN pursuance of a decree of the Honourable Court of Equity of Chatham County, granted at September Term 1838, we, the undersigned, will proceed to sell in the town of Pittsboro', on Tuesday, the 13th day of November next, TEN NEGRO SLAVES, AND A TRACT OF LAND, Containing about 170 ACRES, adjoining the lands of NANCY DEGRAFFENHEID and others—the same being the property of JOSEPH FOONBERG. Terms of Sale—12 months credit—purchaser giving bond and security, as required by the decree of said Court. JO. RAMSAY, } Commissioners. JOS. F. STONE, } Pittsboro', Sept. 21, 1838. 43 ts pradv \$3 50

NOTICE. AGREEABLY to an Order, passed by the Worshipful Justices of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions for Cumberland County, at September Term 1838, I will expose for sale, for Cash, at the Court-House in Fayetteville, on the 1st Monday in December next, the following pieces or parcels of LANDS, or as much thereof as will satisfy the Taxes due the Town of Fayetteville, for 1837, and all incidental charges, viz: Location. By whom sold. Valuation. Tax. 1 lot, Lower Fay. Arch'd Black, \$250 4 1 poll, \$2 25 1 do West Side, Sophia Hammons, \$50, 25 1 do Lower Fay. Israel James, \$100 4 1 poll, 1 00 1 do Burgess st. Michael McGary, \$500, 2 50 1 do Lower Fay. do 400, 2 00 1 do do 55, do \$200 4 5 polls, 4 00 1 do Wil. Road, Jesse Dukes, \$100, 50 1 do Grove street, O. Stewart, \$100 & 1 poll, 1 50

UNLISTED, SUBJECT TO DOUBLE TAX. 1 lot, Green street, John Burkle, \$200, 1 00 1 do Mason st. & alley, \$200 4 1 poll, 3 00 1 do Lower Fay. Kate J. W. Howell, \$50, 25 1 do North street, John Douglass, \$200 1 00 1 do Rowan do W. F. & B. Saters, \$200 2 50 1 do Wines & Hay st. Peyton Lynch, 150 75 1 do Orange st. l. Owner not known, 50 25 1 do Maiden lane, late Mumford's, 600 3 00 GURDON DEMING, Collector. Fayetteville, Sept. 12, 1838. Pr. Adv. \$5 62 1/2, 50

IMPORTANT SALE. ON Monday, the 18th of Dec. next, the Sub- scriber, as Executor of RANSOM HINTON, dec'd., will sell at public auction, at the late residence of the dec'd., 10 miles South of Raleigh, all his Crop of Cotton, Corn, Fodder, and Oats—Farming Utensils, viz: a superior new Waggon, Cart, Ploughs, Blacksmiths Tools, Cotton Gin, Thrasher, Wheat Fan, &c. Also, all the stock of Horses, Mules, Cattle and Hogs, Household and Kitchen Furniture. On Tuesday, the 11th, will commence the sale of 50 Likely Negroes, Consisting of Men, Women, Boys, Girls and Children. Also, the TRACT OF LAND on which the deceased lived, on Neuse River, containing about 2,000 acres, more than two-thirds of which has never been cleared—the quality inferior to but few, if any tracts in the county of the same size.—The improvements consist of a comfortable Dwelling house, with eight rooms, Corn Houses, Stables, Cotton Gin, Negro houses, and all other necessary out buildings, in good repair. The Land will be divided with a view of suiting purchasers. Terms.—The perishable property will be sold on credit of six months; the Land on a credit of one, two, and three years, with interest from the day of sale. Bond and approved security will be required for the purchase money, before the title of the property is changed. C. L. HINTON, Executor. Wake county, Oct. 7, 1838. 50 ts.

Executor's Sale. THE Subscriber, as Executor of JOSHUA SUGG, late of Wake county, deceased, will offer for sale, on the premises, on the 8th day of November next, the TRACT OF LAND on which the said JOSHUA lately resided, containing 435 acres—adjoining the lands of Lewis and Ransom Poole and others. There is a good Orchard and comfortable Dwelling and out-houses, and an excellent Spring on the premises near the house. Terms.—The Land will be sold on a credit of nine months, with interest from date. Bond and security for the purchase money will be required.—The title is indisputable. WILL. R. POOLE, Ex'r. Oc. 12, 1838. 50 ts.