

RALEIGH REGISTER

AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

VOL. XL. NO. 45.
"Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace, unwarp'd by party rage, to live like brothers."
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1839.

JOSEPH GALES & 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 16 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 50 per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year.
LETTERS to the Editors must be post-paid.

A DIGEST
of all the Reported Decisions
OF THE
COURTS IN NORTH CAROLINA,
Commencing with the earliest Reporter and including the Decisions of the Supreme Court at their June Term, 1837; prepared by
JAMES IRDELL, Esq. Atty. & Counr. at Law.

TURNER & HUGHES, the Proprietors, respectfully ask the patronage of the public for this work, which is now in press, and will be published and ready for delivery about the first of November 1839.

In the original proposals, issued more than a year ago, it was stated that the work would probably not exceed seven hundred pages. It is now ascertained it will contain near a thousand pages, and must therefore be necessarily divided into two royal octavo volumes of about 500 pages each—printed on good type and fine paper, and well bound.—Price NINE DOLLARS a copy.

It is recommended not only to professional men, all of whom will doubtless possess themselves of it, to direct and abridge their labors, but is also urged upon the notice of all Justices, Sheriffs, and other judicial officers, as affording them an exposition, in a few words, of the points which the Supreme Court of North Carolina has decided in relation to their duties. For a similar reason, it is recommended to private gentlemen, who may have the inclination or feel an interest to know the determinations of the Supreme Court, which constitute, so far as they decide, the law of the land, as imperative as any act of Assembly, and as binding in their operation upon every member of the community.

Gentlemen will confer a particular favor upon the author and publishers, by aiding in procuring Subscribers, and returning the list by mail, to Turner & Hughes, by the 1st of November or December next.
Raleigh, September 1st 1839. 44—8t.

LOOK AT THIS!

THE Subscribers having made arrangement for removing their Store to Middleton, Hyde Co. must bring their business at this place to a close as early as practicable. Any persons having claims against them, will please present the same for settlement; and all indebted them are earnestly requested to call and pay up. As the junior partner will be compelled to leave about the 20th September, all must be closed by that time.
Bargains may be had between this and the time for packing their Goods.

Among other articles, they offer a handsome fancy Stove with pipe complete; also, a highly finished Lamp, with four burners.
CARTER & LAMB.
Raleigh, 21st August 1839. 44.

Runaway or conveyed off;
FROM the Subscriber's Residence, near Henderson, on the 16th inst. a negro girl called MARTHA, belonging to the Subscriber. Said girl is of a dark brown complexion, slightly made, and very free spoken, about 21 years of age; she wore off a black silk bonnet with feathers; and had in her possession two calico bed quiltings. I understand she will attempt to pass as a free girl.
A reward of Ten Dollars will be paid either for the apprehension of the person persuading her off, or for securing the girl in any place so that I can get her again.
RIGDON VALENTINE.
Granville County, August 28, 1839. 34—1f.

Pleasant Hill For Sale.
I NOW offer for sale, the very desirable situation on which I reside, in the Eastern part of the City, containing 22 acres of land, on which is a large and comfortable Dwelling House, built this season, in the latest style, with all necessary out houses, new Carriage House and Stables, a fine garden, well watered, and an excellent well of water. The property will be sold low, and, if desired, possession given on the first day of October next.

Also, a good lot of Household and Kitchen Furniture for sale by the Subscriber.
DAVID CARTER.
Raleigh, 24th Aug. 1839. 3t.

A CARD.
BROWN & SNOW have associated with them, in their business, Mr. LAWRENCE HINTON, which will, in future, be conducted under the firm of BROWN, SNOW & CO. They return their thanks to their friends and customers for their very liberal patronage, and hope to merit a continuance.

J. BROWN.
THEO. H. SNOW.
LAURENCE HINTON.
Raleigh, 28th, August 1839. 44—3t.

SHOCCO SPRINGS.
THERE will be a BALL at Shocco Springs, on Tuesday, the 10th of September. Fine Music will be provided on the occasion.
ANN JOHNSON.
August 20, 1839. 43.

No. 26, Liberty Street.
New-York, July 19, 1839.
Huntington & Campbell,

Wholesale Dry Goods Merch'ts.
offer for sale a General Assortment of New Fall Goods. The entire new plan on which they sell, gives great satisfaction.
July 27, 1839. 39—2m.

BACON! BACON!!
FREEMAN & STITHS will receive, this day, a part of a large lot of Midding Bacon, which they will sell either by retail or by the quantity.
August 3, 1839.

Morus Multicaulis!

THE Subscriber will engage to deliver in prime condition, in November next, with the wood well matured, some ten or twelve thousand genuine MORUS MULTICAULIS TREES, now growing from the buds, on high land, near this City; many of them being now 5, 6, 7 or 8 feet in height, and well branched: or, what he would prefer—some two millions of prime buds—and reserve the roots himself. A great bargain may be had by a purchaser of the entire lot; upon which several thousand dollars might be made, next winter, by retelling them out to Planters. He will, however, sell the trees or buds in lots to suit purchasers: and to save trouble, the prices, until the end of September, will be two dollars per tree, rejecting all below three feet in height; or two and a half cents per bud, roots thrown in, on purchases up to \$250 in amount—when beyond that sum a liberal discount will be made. And sales have already been made North and South of us at the prices here mentioned and they will, three months hence, be far higher. He has had some years experience in cultivating and packing for safe transportation, both trees and buds, and he will securely pack and forward to order, all that may be purchased of him, together with full instructions, when requested, for their preservation and culture. Letters per mail, must be post-paid, unless containing money.
JOS. B. HINTON.
Raleigh, N. C., August 28th, 1839. 44.
Star, Standard and Biblical Recorder, each, 10c.

NEW BOARDING HOUSE, IN THE CITY OF RALEIGH.

THE Subscriber has purchased and neatly fitted up that large and commodious House on Fayetteville street, opposite the Court House in this City, lately in the occupancy of Mrs. CARRINGTON, where he intends keeping a

BOARDING HOUSE, for Gentlemen only. Single gentlemen, or families wishing board, whether by the meal, day, week, month or year, who regard their comfort, will do well to call on him, as they will always find an orderly and quiet House, good society, spacious, airy and well furnished parlors and chambers, sweet, clean and inviting repose, and tables spread with the best the Markets afford; together with attentive Servants—and withal, very moderate charges.
JAMES LITCHFORD.
Raleigh, N. C., August 28th, 1839. 44.
Star and Standard, each three weeks.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER AND THE JUDGE.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

It was the land of poetry and song—the land peopled with the memories of the mighty past—the land over which the shadows of a long renowned past were glowing like a present glory. It was beautiful Italy; the air, like a sweet odor, was to the senses as soft thoughts are to the mind, or tender feelings to the heart, breathing serenity and peace. That sweet air swept balmily over the worn brow of an invalid, giving in the pallid hue of his countenance the faint dawn of returning health.

The eye of the invalid was fixed on the dark characters of a book in cumbersome binding and massive clasps, which the Roxburgh club would now consider an invaluable black letter; and so absorbed was he in its perusal, that he heard not the approaching steps of visitors, until the sound of their greetings roused him from his meditations.

"The saints have you in their keeping!" said his elder visitor, a man whose brow bore traces of age, though time had dealt leniently with him.
"The dear Madonna bless you!" ejaculated his other visitor, a young girl with the large flashing eye, the pure oval face, and the classic contour of Italy.

The invalid bowed his head to each of these salutations.
"And now," said the merchant, for such was the elder visitor, "that your wounds are healing and your strength returning, may we not inquire of your kin and country?"

A slight flush passed over the pale face of the sick man; he was silent for a moment, as if communing with himself, and then replied, "I am of England, and a soldier albeit of the lowest rank."

"Of England!" hastily responded the merchant; "of England! of heretic England!" He crossed himself devoutly, and started back as if afraid of contamination.

"I may not deny home and country," replied the soldier mildly.

"But I should incur the church's censure for harboring thee!" exclaimed the merchant. "Thou knowest not what pains and penalties may be mine for doing thee this service!"
"Then let me forth," replied the soldier; "you have been to me the good Samaritan, and I would not requite you with evil; let me go on my way, and may the blessing of Heaven be upon you in the hour of your own need."

"Nay, nay, I said not so. Thou hast not yet strength for the travel, and, besides, England was once one of the brightest jewels in our holy father's crown, and she might reconcile herself again; but I fear she will not, for your master Henry is a violent, hot-blooded man, and he hath torn away the kingdom from apostolic care.—Know you not that your land is under interdict, and that I, as a true son of the holy mother church, ought not now to be changing words with thee?"

"Even so," replied the soldier, "but there are many that think the king's grace hardly dealt by."
"The shepherd knoweth best how to keep his fold," replied the merchant, hastily. "But you are the king's soldier; you take his pay, you eat his bread, and doubtless ought to hope best for him, and even

so do I. I would that he might repent and humble himself, and then our holy father would again receive him into the fold; but, now I bethink me thou wert reading, what were thy studies?"

The brow of the soldier clouded; he hesitated a moment, but then gathering up his resolution, replied, "In the din of battle this book was my breastplate, in the hour of sickness my best balm," and he laid the open volume before the merchant.

"Holy saint!" exclaimed the merchant, crossing himself, and drawing back as he beheld the volume which his church had closed against the layman, "Thou art among the heretics who bring down a curse upon thy land! Nay, thy sojourn here may bring down maledictions upon me and mine! upon my house and home! But thou shalt go forth! I will not harbor thee! I will deliver thee over to the church, that she may chasten thee! Away from him, my child! away from him!"

The soldier sat sad and solitary, watching the dying light of the sun as he passed majestically on the shrine in other lands.—One ray rested on the thoughtful brow of the lonely man as he sat bracing up his courage to meet the perilous future. As he thus mused, a soft voice broke upon his reverie.

"You are thinking of your own far-off home," said the Italian girl; "how I wished that all I love had but one home; it is a grief to have so many homes!"
"There is such a home," replied the soldier.

"Ah!" replied Emilia, "but they say that heretics come not there! Promise me that you will not be a heretic any longer."

The soldier smiled, and sighed.
"You guess why I am here to-night," resumed the Italian girl. "I know it by that smile and sigh. You think that I come to tell you to seek your own land and home, and therefore you smile, and you just breathe one little sigh because you leave the bright sun—and me."

"Am I then to leave you, perhaps to be delivered over to your implacable church?" Emilia crossed herself. "No, no, go to your own land and be happy. Here is money; my father could not deny me when I begged it of him with kisses and tears.—Go and be happy, and forget us."

"Never!" exclaimed the soldier, earnestly; "never! And you, my kind and gentle nurse, my good angel—you who have brought hope to my pillow, and beguiled the sad hours of sickness in a foreign land—words are but poor things to thank thee with."

"I shall see you no more!" said the young Italian; "and what shall make me happy when you are gone? Who will tell me tales of floods and fields? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we met very sadly. My heart stood still when we first found you covered with blood, on our way back to Milan after the battle. You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed but I gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your sick pillow; and while you were insensible in that terrible fever I used to steal into your chamber and kneel at your bed foot, and pray for the Madonna's care. And when you revived you smiled at my flowers, and when you had voice to speak, thanked me."

Emilia's voice was lost in sobs; and what wonder if one from man's sterner nature mingled with them?

The morrow came. The Italian girl gathered a last flower, and gave it in tearful silence to the soldier. He kissed the fragrant gift, and then, with a momentary boldness, the fair hand that gave it, and departed. The young girl watched his footsteps till they were lost to sight, listening to them till they were lost to sound, and then abandoned herself to weeping.

"Thou art sad, dear daughter," said a venerable father to his child, as they traversed that once countrified expanse through which we jostle on our way from the city to Westminster. "Thou art sad, dear daughter."

"Nay, my father," replied the maiden, "I would not be so; but it is hard always to wear a cheerful countenance when—"

"The heart is sad, thou wouldst say—"

"Nay; I mean it not."

"I have scarce seen thee smile since we entered this England—I may not say this heretic England."

"Hush! dear father, hush! the winds may whisper it; see you not that we are surrounded by a multitude?"

"They are running madly to some relay."

"Let us leave the path, then," said the girl; "it suits not our fallen fortunes, or our dishonored faith, to seem to mingle in the stream of folly. Doubtless the King hath some new pageantry."

"Well, and if it be so," replied the father, "happily the gewgaw and the show might bring back the truant smile to thy lip, and lost lustre to thine eye. Thou art too young to be thus moodily sad. See how anxious, how eager, how happy seem this multitude! not one care-worn brow!—thou mayest catch their cheerfulness. We will go with the stream."

The girl offered no further resistance.—They were strangers in the land; poor, almost penniless. They had come from their own country to reclaim a debt which one

of the nobles of the court had incurred in more prosperous days, when the merchant was rich in silver, and gold, and merchandise.

The vast throng poured on, swelling until it became a mighty tide; the bells pealed out, the cannons bellowed, human voices augmented the din. The Thames was lined on either bank; every building on its margin, and its surface peopled. Every sort of aquatic vessel covered its bosom, so that the flowing river seemed rather some broad road teeming with life. Galley after galley, glittering with the gold and the purple, came on laden with the wealth, and the pride, and the beauty of the land, and presently the acclamation of a thousand voices rent the skies, "The King! the King! long live the King!" He came—Henry VIII came, in all the regal dignity and gorgeous splendor in which he so much delighted.

And then began the pageant, contrived to throw odium on Rome, and to degrade the pretensions of the Pope. Two galleys, one bearing the arms of England, and the other marked by the papal insignia, advanced towards each other, and the fictitious contest commenced.

Borne on by the crowd, our merchant and his daughter had been forced into a conspicuous situation. The peculiar dress, the braided hair, the beauty and foreign aspect of the girl, had marked her out to the rude gallantry of the crowd; so that the father and the daughter were themselves objects of interest and curiosity.

The two vessels joined, and the mimic contest was begun. Of course the English colors triumphed over the Papal. Up to this point the merchant bore his pangs in silence; but when the English galley had assumed the victory, then came the trial of patience. Effigies of the cardinals were hurled into the stream amidst the shouts and derisions of the mob. At each plunge groans issued from his tortured breast. It was in vain that Emilia clung to his arm, and implored him, by every fear, to restrain himself. His religious zeal overcame his prudence; and when, as the figure of the Pope, dressed in his pontifical robes, was hurled into the tide, the loud exclamation of agony and horror burst from his lips.

"Oh, monstrous impiety of an accursed and sacrilegious king!" sounded loudly above the din of the mob.

It was enough; the unhappy merchant was immediately consigned over to the secular arm.

Oh, sad were those prison hours! The girl told her beads, the father prayed to all the saints, and then came the vain consolations by which each endeavored to cheat the other. They thought of their own sunny land, its balmy air, its living beauty, and that thought was home.

November came with all its gloom—the month that should have been the grave of the year, coming, as it does, with shroud and cerecloth, foggy, dark, and dreary; the father's brow numbered more wrinkles, the once black hair was more nearly bleached, the features more attenuated.

And the daughter—ah! youth is the transparent lamp of hope—but in her the light was dim.

In fear and trembling the unhappy foreigners waited the day of doom. The merchant's offence was one little likely to meet with mercy. Henry was jealous of his title of Head of the Church. He had drawn up a code of articles of belief, which his subjects were desired to subscribe to, and he had instituted a court of which he had made Lord Cromwell vicar-general, for the express trial of those whose orthodoxy in the king's creed was called in question.

Neither could the unhappy merchant hope to find favor with the judge, for it was known that Cromwell was strongly attached to the growing Reformation; and from the acts of severity with which he had lately visited some of the adherents of the Romish creed, in his new character of vicar-general, it was scarcely probable that he would show mercy to one attached, by lineage and love to the papal Rome.—Strangers as they were, poor, unknown and unknown, what had they not to fear, and what was left for hope?

The morning of trial came. The fogs of that dismal month spread like a dark veil over our earth. There was no beauty in the landscape, no light in the heavens, and no hope in the heart.

The Judges took their places; a crowd of wretched delinquents came to receive their doom. We suppose it to be a refinement of modern days, that men are not punished for their crimes, but only to deter others from committing them. This court of Henry's seemed to think otherwise; there was all the array of human passions in the Judges as well as in the judged. On one hand, recreant fear abjured his creed; on another, heroism braved all contingencies, courting the pile and the stake, with even passionate desire, and the pile and the stake were given with stern and unrelenting cruelty.

At length there stood at the bar an aged man and a beautiful girl; the long white hair of the one fell loosely over the shoulders, and left unshaded a face wrinkled as much by care as by age; the dark locks of the other were braided over a countenance clouded by sorrow, and wet with tears.

The mockery of trial went on. It was easy to prove what even the criminal did

not attempt to gainsay. The aged merchant avowed his fidelity to the Pope as a true son of the church; denied the supremacy of Henry over any part of the fold, and thus sealed his doom.

There was an awful stillness through the court—stillness the precursor of doom—broken only by the sobs of the weeping girl, as she clung to her father's arm. Howbeit, the expected sentence was interrupted; there came a sudden rush, fresh attendants thronged the court. "Room for Lord Cromwell!" and the vicar general came in his pomp and his state, with all the insignia of office, to assume the place of pre-eminence at that tribunal. Notes of the proceedings were laid before Lord Cromwell. He was told of the intended sentence, and he made a gesture of approbation. A gleam of hope had dawned upon the mind of the Italian girl as Lord Cromwell entered. She watched his countenance while he read; it was stern, indicative of calm determination; but there were lines in it that spoke more of mistake than of innate cruelty. Yet when the vicar general gave his token of assent, the steel entered Emilia's soul, and a sob, the veriest accent of despair, rang through that court, and where it met with a human heart, pierced through all the cruelty and oppression that armed it, and struck upon some of the natural feelings that divide men from monsters. That sound struck upon Lord Cromwell's ear; his eye sought the place whence it proceeded; it rested on Emilia and her father. A strange emotion passed over the face of the stern judge—a perfect stillness followed.

Lord Cromwell broke the silence. He glanced over the notes that had been handed to him, speaking in a low voice, apparently to himself—"From Italy—a merchant—Milan—ruined by the wars—ay, those Milan wars were owing to Clement's ambition and Charles's knavery—the loss of substance—to England to reclaim an old indebtedness."

Lord Cromwell's eye rested once more upon the merchant and his daughter. "Ye are of Italy—from Milan; is that your birthplace?"

"We are Tuscans," replied the merchant, "of Lucca; and oh! noble lord, if there is mercy in this land, show it now to this unhappy girl."

"To both, or to neither!" exclaimed the girl; "we will live or we will die together!"

The vicar-general made answer to neither. He rose abruptly, at a sign given by him, the proper officer declared the court adjourned; the sufferers were hurried back to their cells—some went whither they would, others whither they would not; but all dispersed.

A faint and solitary light glanced through a chink of the prison walls—it came from the narrow cell of the Italian merchant and his daughter.

The girl slept—ay, slept. Sleep does not always leave the wretched, to fight on lids unsullied with a tear. Reader, hast thou known intense misery, and canst thou not remember how thou hast felt and wept, and agonized, until the very excitement of thy misery wore out the body's power of endurance, and sleep, like a torpor, a lethargy, bound thee in its chains? Into such a sleep had Emilia fallen; she was lying on that prison floor, her face pale as if ready for the grave, the tears yet resting on her cheek, and over her sat the merchant leaning, asking himself whether, treasure that she was, and had ever been to him, he could wish that sleep to be the sleep of death.

The clanking of a key caught the merchant's ear; a gentle step entered their prison. The father's first thought was for his child. He made a motion to enjoin silence; it was obeyed; his visitor advanced with a quiet tread; the merchant looked upon him with wonder. Surely—no—and yet could it be? that his judge, Lord Cromwell, the vicar-general, stood before him—and stood, not with threatening in his eye, not with denunciation on his lips, but took his stand on the other side of poor Emilia, gazing on her with an eye in which tenderness and compassion were conspicuous.

Amazement bound up the faculties of the merchant. He seemed to himself as one that dreamed.

"Awake, gentle girl, awake," said Lord Cromwell, he stooped over Emilia. "Let me hear thy voice once more as it sounded in mine ears in other days."

The gentle accents fell too lightly to break the spell of that heavy slumber; and the merchant, whose fears, feelings, and confusion formed a perfect chaos, stooping over his child, suddenly awoke her with the cry of "Emilia! Emilia! awake, and behold our judge!"

"Nay, nay, not thus roughly," said Lord Cromwell, but the sound had already recalled Emilia to a sense of wretchedness. She half raised herself from her recumbent position into a kneeling one, shadowing her dazzled eyes with her hand, her streaming hair falling in wild disorder over her, and thus rested at the feet of her judge.

"Look on me, Emilia," said Lord Cromwell. And encouraged by the gentle accents, she raised her tear-swollen eyes to his face. As she did so, the vicar general lifted from his brow his plumed cap, and revealed the perfect outline of his features. And Emilia gazed as if spell-bound, until gradually shades of doubt, of wonder, if recognition, came

struggling over her countenance, and in a voice of passionate amazement she exclaimed, "It is the same! it is our sick soldier guest!"

"Even so," said Lord Cromwell, "even so, my dear and gentle nurse. He who was then the poor dependent on your bounty, receiving from your charity his daily bread as an alms, hath this day presided over the issues of life and death as your judge; but fear not, Emilia; the sight of thee, gentle girl, comes like the memory of youth and kindly thoughts across the sterner mood that hath lately darkened over me. They whose voice may influence the destiny of a nation gradually lose the memory of gentler thoughts. It may be Providence hath sent thee to melt me back again into a softer nature. Many a heart shall be gladdened, that, but for my sight of thee, had been sad unto death. I bethink me, gentle girl, of the flowers laden with dew, and rich in fragrance, which thou used to lay upon my pillow, while this head throbbled with agony of pain upon it, fondly thinking that their sweetness would be a balm; and how thou wert used to steal into my chamber and listen to tales of this the land of my home! Thou art here; and how hast thou been welcomed? To a prison, and well nigh to death. But the poor soldier hath a home; come thou and thy father, and share it."

An hour! who dare prophesy its events? At the beginning of that hour, the merchant and his daughter had been the sorrowful captives of a prison; at its close, they were the treasured guests of a palace.

Loco-Foco regard for the People.—The regard of the Loco Foco party for the people, may be estimated by a fact which we developed at the North Carolina elections. An effort has long been making in Carolina to afford the people of that State the blessings of a good education by means of a judicious system of free schools. This question was submitted to the people at the last election, and they were called on to adopt or reject the plan. The "Aristocratic Whigs," who grind the people to dust for their own selfish purposes, generally sustained the plan, while the Democratic Loco Focos, the especial friends and patrons of the people, who think of their interest by day and dream of it by night, rejected it. We are a little puzzled to know why a party, who are so pre-eminently the people's champions, should wish to deprive them of the greatest earthly blessing. Do they think it is their interest to keep the people in the dark. Do they fear to submit the doctrines of their party to the test of an intelligent and enlightened examination?—*Petersburg Intelligencer.*

Modern definition of a Lady.—"A female in the shape of a pair of saddle bags, small in the middle, and large at both ends."

Morus Multicaulis.

THE Subscriber offers for sale from FIFTEEN to TWENTY THOUSAND MORUS MULTICAULIS TREES, very thrifty and in fine condition, ranging from three to seven feet high.
ELEANOR COLBURN.
Raleigh, August 29, 1839. 6w—p.

Look Here!

BEING desirous of moving to the West, I offer for Sale my Tract of Land lying on the waters of New Light Creek, about 20 miles north of Raleigh, & about 8 miles from Wake Forest College & Rail Road Depot—containing about 450 Acres; a Farm sufficient to work 6 or 7 hands to advantage—well watered, and adapted to the culture of Corn, Wheat, Cotton and Tobacco; a considerable quantity of fresh Land and a good deal of low grounds well improved, with a comfortable Dwelling House, and all necessary out houses. The above mentioned Land will be sold on liberal terms by early application being made to the Subscriber on the premises.
JAS. HICKS.
August 27th, 1839. 44—9t.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

I WILL SELL at the Court House, in the Town of Rockingham, Richmond County, on the 3rd Monday of October next, the following TRACTS OF LAND, or so much thereof as will satisfy the Taxes due thereon for the years 1836, '37 and '38 and costs, viz:
324 Acres, known as the Heirs of John McInis, dec'd., lying on the waters of Naked Creek. Tax 00 50
Matthew Driggers, 250 Acres. Tax \$1 70
Zachariah Skipper, 100 Acres on Falling Creek. Tax \$8 00
The Pierce Place, said to contain 75 Acres. Tax \$1 25
SAML. TERRY, S.F.
Richmond County, August 29, 1839. 44.
(Pr. Adv. \$3.50.)

LAFAYETTE HOTEL.

Fayetteville, N. C.

THIS Establishment will be open after the 1st of August, under the management and direction of the Subscriber. The House has been thoroughly repaired, and will, in a few days, be well furnished; and every effort will be made to render it worthy of patronage.
ED. YARBROUGH.
July 30, 1839. 40—3m.

W. & A. Stuh.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED a few fashionable STRAW & NON'S BONNETS.
Raleigh, July 11, 1839. 37.

JOB PRINTING

EXECUTED at this Office, with neatness and dispatch.