

The North Carolinian.

CHARACTER IS AS IMPORTANT TO STATES AS IT IS TO INDIVIDUALS; AND THE GLORY OF THE STATE IS THE COMMON PROPERTY OF ITS CITIZENS.

H. L. HOLMES, Editor and Proprietor.

FAYETTEVILLE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1839.

VOL. 1.—NO. 38.

TERMS.

\$2 50 per annum, if paid in advance; \$3 if paid at the end of six months; or \$3 50 at the expiration of the year.

ENTERTAINMENT.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having been satisfactorily engaged for more than three years in attending to a

Boarding House, feels encouraged to say to the public, that her HOUSE and STABLES are well furnished for the reception and accommodation of those who may be pleased to call.

All the STAGES arrive at, and depart from my House, where seats are secured, and no exertions spared to give general satisfaction to passengers.

My residence is on the corner of Gillespie street, the lot formerly occupied by Mrs. Barge, convenient to the market, and near the State Bank.

Mrs. E. SMITH. Fayetteville, August 24, 1839.

PIANO FORTES. A variety of Piano Fortes are opened at the Female Seminary, for sale on commission.

Watches, Jewelry, &c. &c. &c. THE subscriber has just received a large assortment of GOLD and SILVER PATENT LEVER, Lepine and plain Watches of various quantities, fine and common fashionable Jewelry of every description, together with a splendid assortment of SILVER and PLATED ware, such as Table, Tea, Dessert, Cream, Mustard and Salt Spoons, Sugar Tongs, Cups, Cake Baskets, Castors, Wine Spoons, Glass Knives, Santals, and Trays, Butter and Fruit Knives. Every article in the MILITARY line, Swords, Epaulettes, Buttons, Lace, Stars, Limes, Sashes, Drums, &c.

COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES & SHAD. 50 Bags Rio, 25 Bags Cuba, 20 Bags Laguaira, 10 Bags Old Java, 10 Hhds. Sugar, 10 Hhds. Molasses, 5 Barrels of Shad.

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LATE FROM EUROPE. New York, Nov. 3, 1839. The Great Western steamer arrived at 11 o'clock last night, bringing 123 passengers and 9,525 letters! Among the passengers are Abraham Van Buren, Esq. and lady, Senator Lion of Missouri, Baron de Roenne, the Prussian Minister, Louis McLane, Esq. and the Hon. Aaron Vanderpool of the House of Representatives. The news by the steamer is that all the bills of exchange drawn by the United States Bank have been protected, and that Mr. Jaudon has arranged with private houses, without the aid of the Bank of England, for all the post notes. The arrangement by which he was to have taken consols, was only conditional, and the remittances by the Great Western enabled him to dispense with it. That he pays heavily for these accommodations cannot be doubted; and that the United States Bank was in sufficiently bad odor is evident from the fact that its stock had been sold as low as 181, though it is said the last sales were at 19 1/2. How the agent will be able to keep the Regulator oiled for the movements of some rough months to come is not known; but one thing is pretty certain, viz: that the operations of the mammoth have brought this country, and its stocks of all sorts, into great discredit in Europe. I have no time for further comment, but must refer you to the accompanying paper.

Water Haul.—"The office of the collector on the Morris Canal at Newark, was broken open on Saturday night, and \$3,000 stolen therefrom. The whole amount was in one, two, and three dollar notes of the Morris Canal company."

"They've discharged me," as Cannon said when the Democrats of Tennessee Pelt'd him out.

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TRUST SALE.

IN conformity to the provisions contained in a Deed of Trust, made to us by John McLeran, we will expose to public sale on the 19th day of December next, at the plantation of the said McLeran, the following property, viz: a quantity of corn, fodder and peas, farming utensils, stock, &c. ALSO, one other tract of land, containing six hundred and eight acres, lying on McKay's Creek, and near the above mentioned. And on the following day, at his residence, one negro man, all his household and kitchen furniture, one set of blacksmith's tools, one Wagon and Gear, Lumber at the Saw Mill, Sheep. ALSO, his right as above, in and to three other tracts of land, containing six hundred and eight acres, joining John Colvin and others, on Juniper Creek, whereon said McLeran now lives, and on which there is a Saw Mill in good repair.

Terms liberal, and made known on day of sale. JAMES MCKETHAN, JOHN MCNEILL, Trustees. MARY McLERAN.

At the same times and places, I will offer for sale my interest in the lands described in the above advertisement. November 9, 1839.

FOR SALE.

LARGE Maps of Mississippi and Alabama showing the Public and Indian Lands, Indian Reservations, Land Districts, Townships, &c. engraved from the Government surveys and plats in the General Land Office. Washington City, by E. Gihman, draughtsman in the General Land Office. F. Taylor, book-seller, Washington City, has just published (and secured the copy right according to law) the above Maps, which will be found infinitely more complete and accurate than any heretofore published. They are published on separate sheets, each containing nearly six square feet, and will be found especially useful and valuable to those interested in the lands of either State as they show every item of information which is in the possession of the Land Office relative to water courses, township lines, Indian land and Reservations, land districts, &c. and will be found perfectly accurate and precise in those points. They can be sent by mail to any part of the United States, subject to single letter postage. PRICE two dollars, or three copies of either will be sent by mail for \$5 dollars.—A liberal discount will be made to travelling agents, or to any who will buy to sell again.

Editors of newspapers, any where, who will give the above advertisement (including this notice) one or two insertions, shall receive by return mail a copy of each map, if they will send a copy of the paper containing it, to the advertiser. November 2, 1839.

COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES & SHAD.

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POETICAL.

From the London Weekly Despatch. "GOOD BYE!" Farewell farcwell! is often heard

From the lips of those who part; 'Tis a whispered tone—'tis a gentle word, But it springs not from the heart.

It may serve for the lover's closing lay, To be sung 'neath a summer's sky; But give to me the lips that say "The honest words—"Good bye!"

Adieu! adieu! may greet the ear, In the guise of courtly speech; But when we leave the kind and dear, 'Tis not what the soul would teach.

When'er we grasp the hand of those We would have forever nigh, The flame of friendship bursts and glows "In the warm, frank word—"Good bye!"

The mother sending forth her child To meet with cares and strife, Breathes through her tears her doubts and fears,

For the lov'd one's future life. No cold "adieu," no "farewell" lives Within her choking sigh; But the deepest sob of anguish gives—"God bless thee, boy, good bye!"

Go watch the pale and dying one, When the glance has lost its beam— When the world is as cold as the marble stone, And the brow a passing dream;

And the latest pressure of the hand, The look of the closing eye, Yield what the heart must understand, A long—a last "good bye."

THE MORNING DREAM. Oh! thou morning vision, Why so soon depart? Bring thy joy Elysian Once more to my heart!

Ah! let me behold them— Dear ones I deplore! Bring that best and fairest, Her, Love could not save! Why shouldst thou flowers the rarest Earliest find a grave?

Let me gaze upon her, Beautiful as when first in youth I won her— Let me gaze again!

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Ah! a moment longer, Vision bright, beguile! Sleep in fetters stronger Bind me yet awhile. Vain! entreaty scorning, Vision! thou hast flown! And the cold, grey morning, Sees me weep, alone!

GENERAL SELECTIONS. REUBEN SMALL—OR THE YANKEE OUTWITTED.

In a pleasant Southern town, sojourned Reuben Small, Schoolmaster—a restless, cadaverous individual—who some years previous to the date of our story, had emigrated from somewhere along-shore, in the land of steady habits.

Now Reuben, having, like most of his countrymen, the organ of acquisitiveness remarkably developed, and not content with the emoluments derived from his literary station, drove a large and profitable business in the water melon line. The year in question, his melons were remarkably fine, and were in great demand. Reuben guarded them from infancy to the full fruition of melonhood, with a parent's care. He nursed each embryo, and saw with pain a blossom nipped by bug or worm; and oh! he gloried when he stood among them, like a father in the midst of his children, and saw their striped backs grow broader and rounder, beneath the genial influence of the summer sun. At length it became evident to Reuben that wolves entered his fold—each morn some six or eight striped backs was among the missing, leaving no trace of their former location behind them, save an oval impression on the ground, like the print of a departed hog in a mudhole. This was not to be borne. Reuben gloried in his melons, and thought of the dollars they would have brought him; and his spirit was stirred to vengeance. Determining to place the remainder out of all danger before executing his scheme of revenge, he plucked all that were ripe, or nearly so, and placed them away carefully in an upper room of his domicile.

Unfortunately for him this movement was observed by an idle wandering boy, (one of the thieves,) who, suspecting his intention, hastened to communicate it to his fellows. They, alarmed at the prospect of losing their plunder, and determined to outwit the master, immediately held a secret council, in which a plan was suggested and plot laid; the result will be found in the sequel.

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POETICAL.

Night had thrown her mantle over the earth, and all the honest people were at home, when Reuben anticipating a foray, and chuckling over his ingenuity, unaware that his plan was discovered, and armed with loaded pistols, emerged from his back door, and creeping along in the shadow, at length deposited himself and his artillery in the fence corner—determined to blaze away at the first intruder upon his premises. All was still—not a mouse or a cricket disturbed the silence, but Reuben slept not. "Solitary and alone," he sat like a grim sentinal on some beleagured rampart, unconscious of the fact that the enemy were at his gates—Alas! could he have beheld the scene transacting on the other side of the house, how would his blood have boiled within his veins! Slowly and silently a party of fifteen or twenty boys approached the window in Indian file; a ladder is planted, the window is raised, their leader enters, a line is formed, and melon after melon is passed hand to hand, like buckets at a fire, till all are safely deposited in the valley below, to be removed at leisure. The enemy departed unseen and unheard; the garrison slumbered undisturbed, while Reuben, unconscious of his loss, kept guard on the other side. Hour passed after hour, but all was still: the full moon had climbed to her meridian, the stars winked, and Reuben nodded; when lo! a wandering jackass, mistaking him for a slumbering brother, put his head over the fence to salute him: lifting up his trumpet voice, he poured his uncertain "Woo-oo-oo" into Reuben's affrighted ear. Reuben started, stumbled, and fell—bang, bang, went the pistols; away ran the jackass, and away ran the schoolmaster, the one bringing up against a board fence, and the other against his own kitchen door. Reuben's face was soon deluged with blood; for, as is usual in such cases, his organ of smelling struck first. Affrighted; bruised and dirty, he scrambled in, struck a light, washed his face, and started to bed; in his way there he passed through the room in which he had deposited his much loved melons. A single glance told him they were gone; the open window pointed out the way of their departure. Truly "misfortunes never come alone."

To this day Reuben thinks the whole affair was conducted by the devil and his imps—the young chaps having flown away with his melons, while the old 'un belloyed in his ear, and knocked him down by a kick on the nose with his club foot. As a confirmation of the truth of his story, he is ready to swear that the marks of a hoof were distinctly visible outside the fence; also that the devil started off in a flash of lightning, with two distinct claps of thunder, leaving a strong smell of brimstone behind him.

To those who have read our story, it is evident that the lightning, thunder and brimstone proceeded from the pistols, involuntarily discharged by Reuben—that the boys had outwitted the Yankee, and two jackasses had frightened one another.—N. O. Picayune.

From the New York Mirror. WHAT'S IN THE WIND? BY A SEXAGENARIAN.

I do not believe that a more restless, eager, excitable multitude can be found on the face of the Globe, than that which congregates daily in Wall street. What a contrast does a scene here present to the good old times of the Knickerbockers; when Newport was a bigger place than New York, and when it was the hope of the burghers that the city of Manhattan would yet rival her more flourishing sisters of Rogue's Island! But now, forsooth, the real Dutch blood is almost exterminated and it is enough to raise from their last sleep the steady old pipe-smokers, the bustle and rattle that are going on above their graves.

I found my way, a week or two since, into Wall street, just before the hour of exchange; the first time for a twelvemonth. A young southern friend was with me, returning home from Saratoga. Crowds were collected about the side-walks, little knots hurrying down to the wharves; man stopped man inquisitively, and parted with a mutual shrug of the shoulder. Something was evidently in the wind.

"Ah," said I to my companion, as we passed the lower corner of the Exchange, here comes my old friend D——; man and boy, he has haunted Wall street this hundred years, more or less; and if there's any mischief afloat, he knows all about it.

"He was passing me with a firm, rapid step, his eyes bent on something or somebody beyond. 'Hale and hearty yet,' I exclaimed, though I have grown quite too old for you to remember. Time was, sir, when I was your junior, but it has gone faster with me than with some folks. What in the deuce is to pay in Wall street?"

"Ah! Mr. L——," replied the old gentleman in specs, for it was none other, "the report is that the British Queen is in possession of the revenue cutter."

"What's the matter?" "Ah, that's more than I know. The story I tell as it is told to me, and do not vouch for the truth of it. There are a thousand rumors, but I am going to find out the facts."

"As fond of facts as ever, D——? I cannot comprehend how you can still take such an active interest in affairs. For my part, I have got out of them these ten years. I believe you were born in Wall street, and your ghost will haunt it for a century after you are gone. But I see you are in haste. Good morning."

The active old gentleman waved his cane courteously, and was off in a twinkling. My companion looked askingly.

"That sir," I replied, "is the biographer of Burr, and is more than suspected of being the Spy in Washington. He has been a partisan for half a century, and has never asked or accepted office at the hands of the government or the people."

"And why so?" "Simply because he would never be bothered with it. He would never consent to merge his individual influence and character in an office. He prefers his independence, and will have his own way in spite of the world."

Thus conversing, we threaded our way through the crowd to the par: in front of the Courier and Enquirer.

"Let us take a look at the bulletin." "Not a word of the British Queen! We will inquire at the door."

"What's the matter! what's the matter!"—They were all asked and listened.

"I understand," said a rosy-visaged, plump gentleman, "that there are two cutters along-side of her, but what they want is more than any body can tell."

"where is the consignee? What says he about it?" "I have just come from the consignee's, and he is just as wise as you are," says Tompkins.

"The government has given orders to search every Steam-vessel that goes abroad, for fear that there may be some more elements of Sub-Treasurers," suggests Smith.

"The truth is, gentlemen," said a dapper young man in black, who had just come up the street, fresh from the scene of action, "the marshal has gone aboard to inquire after an absconded creditor."

Higgins looked on in contempt. Higgins knew. Higgins knows every thing. Higgins shrugged his shoulders, and observed that the fact was that there was some specie on board not entered at the custom-house