



MARBLE FACTORY, BY JAMES FOSTER, Liberty Point—Fayetteville, opposite THE JACKSON HOTEL.

May 4. 10—(37)

A NEW SCHOOL.

ON Monday the 5th of October, the subscriber will open in this town, a school for boys, where the various branches of English and Classical studies will be taught.

POTATOES.

20 BUSHELS POTATOES. GEO. McNEILL. Feb. 12, 1841. 103—17

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR!

For sale by GEO. McNEILL. Nov. 24, 1840.

FLOUR MILL.

Blunt's Creek mill has been thoroughly repaired. Wheat will be received and ground with despatch.

PIANO FORTES.

A GOOD Assortment of Piano Fortes may constantly be found for sale at the Female Seminary.

Timber and Lumber Agency.

THE subscriber will attend to the sale of TIMBER, LUMBER, &c. in the Town of Wilmington, North Carolina.

MILL STONES.

THE Subscriber having recently opened a new quarry of superior grit, is prepared to furnish any number of Stones.

THE FRANKLIN LIBRARY

IS now open, and Stockholders can obtain books, on application.

SYRUP!

9 barrels Camp's refined Syrup. 9 barrels New Orleans TREACLE.

LIME.

60 Casks Thomastown Lime, for sale, GEO. McNEILL. Feb. 12, 1841. 103—17

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, BLADEN COUNTY.

County Court, February Term, 1841.

Margaret Henry, vs. M. McBride, Administrator of Elizabeth McBride.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant, Peter McBride, is not an inhabitant of this State.

Witness, DAVID LEWIS, Clerk of our said Court at office, this fifth Monday of March, A. D. 1841.

LOST.

A Pocket Book, containing the following notes, viz: one of thirty-eight dollars, on Peter McBride of Cumberland county; one on John W. Cameron, Esq. of Carthage, Moore county, for twenty-five dollars.

I hereby forwarn all persons from trading for, or taking any of the above described notes, either for collection, or payment to be made by said makers of the notes, to any other person than myself, or order.

PETER D. MUNROE. Moore County, March 25, 1841. 111-31

teract it? Exposure to the action of frosts and winds, rains and suns, will do much towards effecting the desired change.

Let the dung, while green, be mixed with muck, because the ammonia which passes off in its first stages of decomposition, will then be saved and used.

The principal use of the lime in this process is, to generate ammonia rapidly from the dung. This ammonia is the strong smelling effluvia or gas, that goes off from the fermented dung heap.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

By His Excellency, John M. Morehead, Governor, Captain General and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the State aforesaid.

WHEREAS, I have been duly informed by the Proclamation of His Excellency, William Henry Harrison, President of the United States, that the last Monday of May next, (being the 31st day thereof), has been fixed upon by him for the meeting of the first Session of the twenty-seventh Congress of the United States.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the authority in me vested, by an Act of the General Assembly of this State entitled "An Act concerning the mode of choosing Senators and Representatives in the Congress of the United States," (Revised Statutes of N. C. Chapter 72d.)

In testimony whereof I have caused the Great Seal of the State to be hereunto affixed, and signed the same with my hand.

Done at the City of Raleigh, this twenty-second day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, and of the Independence of the United States the sixty-fifth.

J. M. MOREHEAD.

By the Governor: J. T. LITTLEJOHN, P. Sec'y.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

Clinton, North Carolina.

THIS Establishment will be open after the 20th of February, under the Superintendence of the subscriber.

W. M. McKOY. 103-3no.

LAFAYETTE HOTEL.

Fayetteville, North Carolina.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT will be open after the 1st of August, under the management and direction of the Subscriber.

EDWARD YARBROUGH. 23-17

For Sale.

Being desirous of embarking in another business, I now offer the establishment of the WILMINGTON ADVERTISER for sale.

I do not know of a more eligible situation for persons desirous of embarking in the printing business, than Wilmington, North Carolina.

Terms accomodating. Application post-paid.

F. C. HILL. 96-17.

NOTICE.

THE late firm of Not & Starr being dissolved by the death of Mr William Not of said firm, Notice is hereby given by the Subscriber, as Surviving Partner, to all persons having claims against persons indebted to them, whose notes and accounts are due, that immediately payment is required, as the business of the firm must now be closed according to Law.

JOHN D. STARR. 102-17.

some twenty ladies patiently awaiting your movements, each of whom will trouble you for a side bone.—Madison (Indiana) Courier.

"It is the property of crime to extend its misery over innocence, as it is of virtue to extend its blessings over many that deserve them not; while frequently the author of one or of the other is not punished or rewarded at all."

Byron said "he would rather have a nod from an American than a snuff box from an Emperor." This was certainly a compliment, since his interest in the struggles of Greece, shows he was fond of rappée.

"I have always found the English baser in some things than any other nation—for instance, in gratitude,—perhaps because they are prouder; and proud people hate obligations."

"I think I have heard of you before, sir."

"Very probable, sir. My name is Brown."

"O bless your soul, yes, I've heard of fifty of you."

ANAGRAMS.—An anagram is the dissolution of any word or sentence into letters or its elements, and then making some other word or sentence from it, applicable to persons or things named in such original word or sentence.

The following is a selection of some of the best transpositions:

- Astronomers Moon starrs
Democratical Comical trade
Encyclopedia A nice cold pie
Gallantries All great Sius
Lawyers Sly Ware
Misanthropie Spare him not
Mouach March on
Old England Golden Land
Presbyterian Best in prayer
Penitentiary Nine Thumps
Radical Reform Rare made frolic
Revolution To love Ruin
Telegraphs Great Helps

"Do you see anything remarkable, Tom that you stand there, all the morning, gazing down Main street?"

"No! I see nothing yet, but I expect every moment when I shall. I'm watching for the better times they promised us when Old Tip was elected."

"Very well, look sharp, and when you see them coming, just let me know, will you?"—Vt. Spirit of the Age.

A QUEEN 'UN.—The N. E. Review says there is living in Baltimore, near the Clipper office, a negro man whose legs are so crooked that he can't find his knee joints and that his heels are so long that he is obliged to go down stairs backwards, and can't turn the corner of a street without knocking a lamp post down.

Agricultural.



FLOWERS AND SHRUBS.—Why does not every lady who can afford it—and who can not—have a geranium or some other flower in her window?

It is very cheap—its cheapness is next to nothing if you raise it from seed, or from a slip; and it is a beauty and a companion. It is the remark of Leigh Hunt, that it sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is to love.

And if it cannot love in return, it cannot hate you; it cannot utter a hateful thing, even for your neglecting it; for, tho' it is all beauty, it is no vanity; and such being the case, and living as it does purely to do you good and afford you pleasure, how will you be able to neglect it!

We receive, in imagination, the scent of those good natured leaves, which allow you to carry off their perfume on your fingers; for good natured they are, in that respect, above all other plants, and fitted for the hospitality of your room. The very feel of the leaf has a household warmth in it—something analogous to clothing and comfort.—Boston Traveller.

From the New England Farmer.

Muck. Muck.

These bog meadows are among the best of lands in the eastern part of Massachusetts, and they contain in abundance, materials by which we may, and by which we shall, in a few years greatly enrich our uplands.

These bogs are the most valuable part of our farms.—This assertion is made deliberately. We are aware of its extent and its import.—We have made it seriously, and we predict that not many years will pass away before its truth will be generally admitted.

Leaving at present all consideration of their worth for cultivation, we wish to draw attention to them as sources from which manure can be obtained. Muck, properly prepared, and spread over our uplands, will greatly enhance their fertility.

"Stop, young man"—merrily I hear the aged farmer saying—"Stop, young man. I have used this muck, and experience tells me it is sour stuff, doing often more harm than good to the uplands. Such is the lesson which experience has often taught." We do not deny it—nor doubt it; we know that it is true.

Muck, as it comes from its bed, is often, if almost always, sour; it will impart of its sourness to the soil on which it is applied.

And until that sourness is removed, this meadow mud is not a manure; it does not furnish food for plants; but as soon as the sourness is removed—as soon as the acid is neutralized—this muck is nourishing to the crops that we cultivate.

How then can we remove the acid or coun-

chair. John had his eyes in his head as well as others, but he had more integrity in his heart; neither the dish cover, the cherries, the drawer knob, the closet door, the round box, nor the key, tempted him to rise from his seat; and the consequence was, that in half an hour he was engaged in the service of the old gentleman at Elm Tree Hall.

John Grove followed his old master to his grave, and received a large legacy for his upright conduct in his service. Read this, ye busy, meddling, peeping, pilfering young people, and imitate the example of John Grove.

Things certain in 1841.

The year 1841 will be a very eventful one to every body who gets married.

Throughout the whole course of the year whenever the moon wanes the nights will grow dark.

Those who have debts to pay, and no cash will lose their credit.

It is probable that if there is no business doing, people will complain of hard times, but it is certain that those who hang themselves will escape starving to death.

Many a man will grow rich this year in a dream.

If the incumbent of a fat office should die, there will be a dozen feet ready to step into one pair of shoes.

He who marries during this year will run a great risk—that is, if he does it in a hurry.

He who steals a match, will make tattlers gossip, and get himself into a scrape.

He who is penniless this year will not grieve much at the fall of stocks.

He who grows without growing wiser, will be a long time coming to the year of discretion.

He who wants to borrow money, will know the value of it.

He who laughs at his own dull jokes, and hunts for a cat with three tails, or becomes an applicant for office, will rival honest Dogberry, and be content to "write himself an ass."

There will be more books published this year than will find purchasers—more rhymes written than will find readers, and more bills made out than will find payers.

If a man builds a house this year without counting the cost, he will know more at the end of his undertaking than at the beginning.

If any body jumps overboard without knowing how to swim, it is two to one that he gets drowned.

If any one lends an umbrella, it is two to one that he is obliged to go home in the rain for his pains.

There will be a great noise about the country—whenever it thunders, and a dust will be kicked up—by coach horses—unless the roads are Adamant.

Whoever makes the discovery that the world is given to lying, will only do what Jack Falstaff has done before him.

Many an old sinner will resolve to turn over a new leaf this year, but the new leaf will turn out a blank.

Many a fond fool will jump into a honey pot, and find it mustard, without being able to say, with the fly, "I'm off."

Many things will be wondered at this year, and turn out not to be miracles.

Finally we are of opinion, that this will be a wonderful year—just like all that have gone before it. Politicians will make fools of themselves, pettifoggers will make fools of others, and women with pretty faces will make fools both of themselves and others.

The world will go round and round back to the place from which it set out and this will be the course of many a man who should be up and doing. There will be a great cry and little wool, as at the shearing of pigs or a session of Congress.

Elements of Physiognomy.

He who has a low forehead and full of wrinkles—will look like a monkey.

He who has a high forehead will have his eyes under it, and will live all the days of his life—and that is infallible.

He who has a long nose will have the more to blow and the better to handle.

A great mouth from ear to ear, signifies much foam and no bridle; such are not hard mouthed, but all mouthed.

A little mouth drawn up like a purse denotes darkness within—and certainly looks more like a loop-hole than a window.

A watery mouth, that spatters when it speaks, and overflows when it laughs, will have need of a slobbering bib.

Whoever has frizzled or black hair, will put the barber to much trouble.

He that is bald will have no hair—but if he happens to have any, it will not be on the bald place.

Sparkling eyes will be very apt to shine. Women who have curious eyebrows will in all likelihood have eye-lashes under them—and will be beloved, if any one takes a liking to them.

Whenever you see a woman who has but one eye, you may certainly conclude that she has lost the other.

The Advantages of Temperance.

A blacksmith in the city of Philadelphia, some forty years ago, was complaining to his iron merchant that such was the scarcity of money that he could not pay his rent.

The merchant then asked him how much rum he used in his family in the course of a day. Upon his answering this question, the merchant made a calculation, and showed him that his rum amounted to more money in the year than his house rent. The calculation so astonished the mechanic that he determined from that day he would buy and drink no more spirits of any kind.

In the course of the next ensuing year he paid his rent and bought a suit of clothes out of the savings of temperance. He persisted in it through the course of his life, and the consequence was, competence and respectability.

MISERABLE.—To be placed at the head of a table with a thumping roast turkey as tough as sole leather before you, and a carving knife as dull as one of parson Finney's sermons;

At first, James Turner was sent into the room, and told that he would have to wait a little; so James sat down on a chair near the door. For some time he was very quiet, and looked about him; but there seemed to be so many curious things in the room, that at last he got up to peep at them. On the table was placed a dish cover, and James wanted sadly to know what was under it, but he felt afraid to lift it up.

Bad habits are he felt afraid to lift it up. Bad habits are he felt afraid to lift it up. Bad habits are he felt afraid to lift it up.

When the room was once more arranged, Thomas Hawker was placed there until such time as he should be sent for. No sooner was he left to himself, than his attention was attracted by a plate of fine ripe cherries, and he thought it would be impossible to miss one among so many. He looked and longed, and longed and looked, for some time; and just as he had got off his seat to take one, he heard, as he thought, a foot coming to the door; but no, it was a false alarm.

Taking fresh courage, he went and took a very fine cherry, for he was determined to take but one, and put it in his mouth. It was excellent; and he then persuaded himself that he ran no great risk in taking another; this he did, and hastily popped it into his mouth. Now the old gentleman had placed a few small cherries at the top of the others, filled with Cayenne pepper; one of these Thomas had unfortunately taken, and it made his mouth smart and burn most intolerably.—The old gentleman heard him coughing, and knew very well what was the matter. The boy who would take what did not belong to him, if no more than a cherry, was not the boy for him.

Thomas Hawker was sent about his business without delay, with his mouth almost as hot as if he had put a burning coal into it.

Wm. Barker was next introduced into the room and left to himself; but he had not been in the room two minutes, before he began to move from one place to another. He was of a bold, resolute temper, but not overburthened with principle; for if he could have opened every cupboard, closet and drawer in the house without being found out, he would have done it directly.

Having looked round the room, he noticed a drawer to the table, and made up his mind to peep therein; but no sooner did he lay hold on the drawer knob than he set a large bell ringing, which was concealed under the table. The old gentleman immediately answered the summons, and entered the room.—William was so startled at the sudden ringing of the bell, that all his impudence could not support him; he looked as though any one might knock him down with a feather. The old gentleman asked him if he rung the bell because he wanted any thing? William was much confused, and stammered, and tried to excuse himself but all to no purpose, for it did not prevent his being ordered off the premises.

Samuel Jones was then shown into the room by an old steward; and being of a curious disposition he touched nothing, but only looked at the things about him. At last he saw that a closet door was a little open and thinking it would be impossible for any one to know that he had opened it a little more, he very cautiously opened it an inch further, looking down at the bottom of the door that it might not catch against any thing and make a noise. Now had he looked at the top, instead of the bottom, it might have been better for him, for at the top of the door was fastened a plug which filled the hole of a small barrel of shot. He ventured to open the door, then another, till the plug being pulled out of the barrel, the leaden shot began to pour out at a strange rate; at the bottom of the closet was placed a tin pan, and the shot falling upon this pan, made such a clatter that Samuel was half frightened out of his senses. The old gentleman soon came into the room to inquire what was the matter, and there he found Samuel nearly as pale as a sheet. Samuel was soon dismissed.

It now came to the turn of Harry Roberts to be put in the room. The other boys had been sent to their homes in different ways, and no one knew what the experience of others had been in the room of trial. On the table stood a small round box, with a screw top to it, and Harry thinking it contained something curious, could not be easy without unscrewing the top; but no sooner did he do this, than out bounced an artificial snake, full a yard long, and fell upon his arm. He started back and uttered a scream, which brought the old gentleman to his elbow. There stood Harry with the bottom of the box in one hand, the top in the other, and the snake on the floor. "Come, come," said the old gentleman, handing him out of the room, "one snake is quite enough to have in the house at a time; therefore the sooner you are gone the better;" with that he dismissed him without waiting a moment for his reply.

Roger Ball next entered the room, and being left alone, soon began to amuse himself by looking at the curiosities around him. Roger was not only curious and prying but dishonest too; and observing the key was left in the drawer of a bookcase, he stepped on tiptoe in that direction; but the moment he touched the key, he fell flat on the floor. The key had a wire fastening to it, which communicated with an electric machine, and Roger received such a shock as he was not likely to forget. No sooner did he sufficient-recover himself to walk, than he was told to leave the house, and leave other people to look and unlock their own drawers.

The last boy was John Grove; and though he was left in the room full twenty minutes, he never, during that time, stirred from his

THE SKY.

The sky! the sky! I love the sky! Earth's wondrous, wide-spread canopy, Domes above us—sight's loftiest bound, Throwing its brightness on all around; Ever present, though reachless, its splendor on high, Who loves not to gaze on the beautiful sky?

I love the sky in its calm of grey, When its mists and night-clouds are rolling away; Or array'd in the blaze of the summer noon, Or the crimson sun-set; or when the moon Pales the bright myriad glistening stars of even, And reigns in her beauty, bright queen of heaven!

I love to look on the clear blue sky, When the fleecy white clouds are flitting by, And to watch their changing hue and form, Temples of vapor, and hills of storm; Or when from its bosom the lightnings flash, While its warring clouds in deep thunder crash.

The earth is fair, but madmen mar Its beauty by rapine and war; They race and they blast, with fire and sword, Defacing the beautiful works of the Lord, And I blush as I look on the green earth's face, Wasted, laid bare, by the sons of my race.

Fair is the bosom of ocean wide, But its depths full many a lost one hide; And the wrecks of navies, the spoils of the shore, Are strewn on "its vast untrampled floor;" I think of its lures, as I list to its roar, And I love the treacherous sea no more.

But look on yon holy, ethereal sky, Man's impotent efforts reach not so high; Thought loves to travel the spacious space, And the mind's eye to see there a place, Where wars, sin, and death, and sorrows shall cease, And the wearied spirit at length find peace.

When the hour shall come of my mortal doom, Immure me not in the close dark tomb; But give me the bright blue heavens to see, For they speak to my soul of eternity, And the dying gaze of my glazed eye Shall seek for a home in yon glorious sky!

PHILANDER.

THE RIVER.

River! river! little river! Bright you sparkle on your way; O'er the yellow pebbles dancing, Through the flowers and foliage glancing, Like a child at play.

River! river! swelling river! On you rush o'er rough and smooth; Loud, faster, to the sea you spring, O'er rocks, by rose-banks sweeping, Like impetuous youth.

River! river! brimming river! Broad and deep and still as time; Seeming still, yet still in motion, Tending onward to the ocean, Just like mortal prime.

River! river! rapid river! Swifter now you glide away; Swift and silent as an arrow, Through a channel dark and narrow, Like life's closing day.

River! river! headlong river! Down you dash into the sea; Sea that line hath never sounded— Sea that voyag'rs hath never rounded, Like eternity.

FRENEY.

Miscellaneous.

Elm Tree Hall; or, do not meddle with what does not belong to you.

About twenty years ago there lived a singular old gentleman in the Hall among the Elm Trees. He was about three score years of age, very rich, and somewhat odd in his habits; but for generosity and benevolence he had no equal. No poor cottage stood in need of comforts which he was not ready to supply; no sick man or woman languished for want of his assistance; nor ever a beggar, unless a known impostor, went empty handed from the Hall.

Now it happened that the old gentleman wanted a boy to wait on him at table, and to attend him in different ways, for he was very fond of young people. But as much as he liked the society of the young, he had a great aversion to that curiosity in which too many people are too apt to indulge. He used to say, "The boy who will peep into a drawer will be tempted to take something out of it; and he who will steal a penny in his youth, will steal a pound in his manhood." This disposition to repress evil, as well as to encourage good conduct, formed a part of his character; for though of cheerful temper, and not given to severity, he never would pass over a fault, till it was acknowledged or repented of.

No sooner was it known that he was in want of a servant, than twenty applications were made for the situation; but he determined not to engage any boy till he had in some way ascertained that he did not possess a curious, prying disposition.

It was Monday morning that seven lads, dressed in their Sunday clothes, with bright and happy faces, made their appearance at the Hall, each of them desirous to obtain the situation they applied for. Now the old gentleman, being of a singular disposition, had prepared a room in such a way that he might easily know if any of the young people who applied to be his servant, were given to meddle unnecessarily with things around them, or to peep into cupboards and drawers. He took care that the lads who were then at Elm Tree Hall, should be shown into this room one after another.

At first, James Turner was sent into the room, and told that he would have to wait a little; so James sat down on a chair near the door. For some time he was very quiet, and looked about him; but there seemed to be so many curious things in the room, that at last he got up to peep at them. On the table was placed a dish cover, and James wanted sadly to know what was under it, but he felt afraid to lift it up.

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