Poetical.

From the Spirit of the Times.

New Lullabies for Old Nurses.

I.

Hey! diddle, diddle!
The Bank and the Biddle;
Nothing's left in the dish but the spoon!
All the *silver* of late
Has been chang'd *into plate!*
And the gold shines away in the moon!

II.

Nickery, nickery, knock!
Let *cotton* save the *stock!*
The master stroke,
The Bank is broke!
Nickery, nickery, knock!

III.

There was an old Banker who lived in a stew!
He'd so many stockholders he didn't know what to do;
He kept them awhile with his promises cram'd,
Then kicked them all soundly, and bid them be d——d!

IV.

Sing a song o' sixpence,
A pocket full of lies!
And five and thirty millions,
All scattered to the skies!
When the Bank was opened,
There was nothing in to show!
Wasn't that a pretty thing
For Cowperthwaite and Co."

SAUNTERING JOE.

Would you see a man that's slow?
Come and see our footman Joe.
Most unlike the bounding roe,
Or an arrow from a bow,
Or the flight direct of crow,
Is the pace of footman Joe.
Snails, contemptous as they go,
Look behind, and laugh at Joe.
An acre any man may mow,
Ere across it crawleth Joe.
Trip on light fantastic toe,
Ye that tripping like, for Joe;
Measur'd steps of solemn woe,
Better suit with steady Joe.
Danube, Severn, Trent and Po,
Backward to their source shall flow,
Ere despatch be made by Joe.
Letters to a Plenipo,
Send not by our footman Joe.
Would you Job's full merit know,
Ring the bell, and wait for Joe;
Whether it be king or no,
'Tis just alike to lazy Joe.
Legal process none can show,
If our lawyer move like Joe.
Death at last, our common foe,
Must trip up the heels of Joe;
And a stone shall tell—"Below,
Hardly chang'd, still sleepeth Joe;
Loud shall the final trumpet blow,
But the last comer will be Joe."

Miscellaneous.

From the Ladies' Companion.

The Rescue—an Incident of the Revolution.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

It was an autumnal evening; the forests had begun to don their mantles of gorgeous colors. The fields, shorn of their harvest treasures, lay like golden lakelets in the rich and mellow sunset. The noble Highlands, like giant warriors, clothed in their panoply of rock and foliage, threw their sullen shadows far out upon the bosom of the glorious Hudson, who, rolling on in his path of beauty, gleamed like a fallen rainbow in the innumerable tints of incidental glory. Far in the distance towered the venerable Cro'nest, begirt with a diadem of purple and gold. The first star was twinkling on the brow of twilight, deep dark clouds were encircling the zone of creation, rock and mountain, tree and shrub hill, dale, valley, and rivulet, all commingled in one hazy softness, rendering it a scene of indescribable loveliness, beautiful as in those days of primitive innocence, ere sin was known, or desolation and decay had fallen upon the blossoms of our earthly Eden. Such was the evening when a barge was seen to leave the promontory of West Point, in the neighborhood of which we locate our narrative, in the year 1782. In it were several persons attired in the military costume of that period, who, with well-measured strokes of their oars, made it dart over the golden waters like a ray of light. In the stern was seated a man of about fifty years of age; his head was uncovered, and revealed to view a wide and capacious brow—his features were marked and masculine; his mouth, which was peculiarly characterized by a closeness of the lips, gave to him a look of determination, yet which in no way impaired the mild and merciful expression, that reigned over his general aspect. Like the others in the boat, he wore a dark blue coat, with broad buff facings, closely buttoned to the throat, heavy golden epaulettes, buckskin small clothes, high military boots, with spurs of steel, while a belt of buff encircled his waist, in which was fixed a straight sword. Such was the costume of the personage who was destined to achieve the liberty of his country, and to burst the fetters of oppression. Reader, need we say who it was? In your "mind's eye," does he not stand before you? Is not his name the watch word of your independence, and his memory enshrined in the heart of every son of freedom? It was George Washington.

As the barge gained the opposite bank, one of the rowers leaped ashore, and made it fast to the root of a willow which hung its broad thick branches over the river. The rest of the party then landed, and uncovering, saluted their commander, who respectfully returned their courtesy.

"By ten o'clock you may expect me," said Washington. "Be cautious—look well that you are not surprised. These are no times for trifling."

"Depend upon us," replied one of the party.

"I do" he responded, and bidding them farewell, departed along the bank of the river.

"That evening a party was to be given at the house of one of his old and valued friends, to which he with several other American officers, had been invited. It was seldom that he participated in festivity, more especially at that period, when every moment was fraught with danger; nevertheless, in respect to an old acquaintance, backed by the solicitations of Ruby Rugsdale, the daughther of the host, he had consented to relax from the toils of military duty, and honor the party, for a few hours, with his presence.

After continuing his path for some distance along the river's side, he struck off into a narrow road, bordered thickly with brush wood, tinged with a thousand dyes of a departed summer—here and there a grey crag peeped out from the foliage, over which the green ivy and scarlet woodbine hung in wreathy dalliance; at other places, the arms of the chesnut and mountain ash met in leafy fondness—and cast a gloom deep almost as night. Suddenly a crashing among the branches was heard, and like a deer, a young Indian girl bounded into the path, and stood full in his presence.—He started back with surprise, laid his hand upon his sword—but the Indian only fell upon her knee, placed her finger on her lips, and by a sign with her hand forbade him to proceed.

"What seek you, my wild flower?" said the General. She started to her feet, drew a small tomahawk from her belt of wampum, and imitated the acts of scalping an enemy—then again waving her hand as forbidding him to advance, she darted into the bushes, leaving him lost in amazement.

"There is danger," said he to himself, after a short pause, and recovering from his surprise. "That Indian's manner betokens me no good, but my trust is in God; He has never yet deserted me;" and resuming his path, he shortly reached the mansion of Rufus Rugsdale.

His appearance was the signal for joy among the party assembled, each of whom vied with the other to do him honor. Although grave in council, and bold in war, yet in the bosom of domestic bliss no one knew better how to render himself agreeable. The old were cheered by his consolatory words; the young by his mirthful manner; nor even in gallantry was he wanting, when it added to the virtuous spirit of the hour. The protestations of friendship and welcome were warmly tendered to him by the host. Fast and thickly the guests were assembling—the smile, the laugh, and the mingling music, rose joyously around. The twilight was fast merging into night, but a thousand lamps of sparkling beauty gave a brilliancy of day to the scene—all was happiness—bright eyes and blooming faces were every where beaming; but, alas! a serpent was lurking among the flowers.

In the midst of the hilarity, the sound of a cannon burst suddenly upon the ear, startling the guests, and suspending the dance. Washington and the officers looked at each other in surprise; but their fears were soon dispelled by Rugsdale assuring them it was only a discharge of ordinance in honor of his distinguished victories. The joy of the moment was again resumed, but the gloom of suspicion had fallen upon the spirit of Washington, who now sat in moody silence apart from the happy throng.

A slight tap upon his shoulder at length roused him from his abstraction, and looking up, he perceived the person of the Indian standing in the bosom of a myrtle blush, close to his side.

"Ha! again here!" he exclaimed with astonishment, but she motioned him to be silent, and kneeling at his feet, presented him with a boquet of flowers. Washington received it, and was about to place it in his breast, when she grasped him firmly by the arm, and, pointing to it, said in a whisper—"*Snake! snake!*" and the next moment mingled with the company, who appeared to recognize and welcome her as one well known and esteemed.

Washington regarded the boquet with wonder; he saw nothing in it to excite his suspicion; her words and singular appearance had however, sunk deeply into his heart, and looking closer upon the nosegay, to his surprise he saw a small piece of paper in the midst of the flowers. Hastily he drew it forth, and confused and stricken, read, "*Beware! You are betrayed!*" It was now apparent that he was within the den of the tiger; but to quit it abruptly, might only draw the consummation of treachery the speedier upon his head. He resolved, therefore, to disguise his feelings, and trust to that Power which had never forsaken him. The festivities were again renewed, but almost momentarily interrupted by a second sound of the cannon. The guests now began to regard each other with distrust, while many and moody were the glances cast upon Rugsdale, whose countenance began to show symptoms of uneasiness, while ever and anon he looked from the window out upon the broad green lawn which extended to the river's edge, as if in expectation of some one's arrival.

"What can detain them!" he muttered to himself. "Can they have deceived me? Why answer they not the signal? At that moment a bright flame rose from the river, illuminating, for a moment, the surrounding scenery, and showing a small boat, filled with persons, making rapidly towards the shore. "All's well," he continued; "in three minutes I shall be the possessor of a coronet, and the cause of the Republic be no more." Then gaily turning to Washington he said, "Come General, pledge me to the success of our arms." The eye of Rugsdale at that moment encountered the scrutinizing look of Washington, and sunk to the ground; his hand trembled violently, even to so great a degree as to partly spill the contents of the goblet. With difficulty he conveyed it to his lips, then retiring to the window, he waved his hand, which action was immediately responded by a third sound of the cannon, at the same moment the English anthem, "God save the King," burst in full volume upon the ear, and a band of men attired in British uniform, with their faces hidden by masks, entered the apartment. The American officers drew their swords; but Washington, cool and collected, stood with his arms folded on his breast, quietly remarking to them, "Be calm, gentlemen; this is an honor we did not anticipate." Then, turning to Rugsdale, said, "Speak, sir; what does this mean?"

"means," replied the traitor, placing his hand upon the shoulder of Washington, "that you are my prisoner. In the name of King George, I arrest you!"

"Never!" exclaimed the General.—"We may be cut to pieces, but surrender we will not. Therefore give way," and he waved his sword to the guard, who stood with their muskets levelled, as if ready to fire, should they attempt to escape. In an instant were their weapons reversed, and dropping their masks to the horror of Rugsdale, and the agreeable surprise of Washington, his own brave party whom he had left in charge of the barge, stood revealed before him.

"Seize that traitor!" exclaimed the commander. "In ten minutes from this moment, let him be a spectacle between heaven and earth." The wife and daughter clung to his knees in supplication; but an irrevocable oath had passed his lips, that never again should treason receive his forgiveness after that of the miscreant Arnold. "For my own life," he said, while the tears rolled down his noble countenance, at the agony of the wife and daughter, "for my own life, I heed not, but the liberty of my native land—the welfare of millions, demands this sacrifice—for the sake of humanity, I pity him;—but, by my oath, and now in the presence of Heaven, I swear I will not forgive him."

Like a thunder bolt fell these words upon the hearts of the wife and daughter. They sank lifeless into the arms of the domestics, and when they recovered to consciousness, Rugsdale had atoned for his treason by the sacrifice of his life.

It appeared that the Indian girl, who was an especial favorite, and domesticated in the family, had overheard the intention of Rugsdale to betray the American general, and other valuable officers, that evening, into the hands of the British; for which purpose they had been invited to "this feast of Judas." Hating, in her heart, the enemies of America, who had driven her tribe from their native forests, she resolved to frustrate the design, and consequently waylaid the steps of Washington as we have described, but failing in her noble purpose, she had then recourse to the party left in possession of the boat.

Scarcely had she imparted her information, and the shadows of the night closed around, when a company of British soldiers were discovered making their way rapidly towards the banks of the Hudson, within a short distance of the spot where the American party were waiting the return of their commander. Bold in the cause of liberty, and knowing that immediately action could alone preserve him, they rushed upon and overpowered them, stripped them of their uniforms and arms, bound them hand and foot, and under charge of two of their companions, sent them to the American camp at West Point. Having disguised themselves in the habiliments of the enemy, they proceeded to the house of Rugsdale, where at the appointed time and sign, made to them by the Indian, they opportunely arrived to the Relief of Washington, and to the confusion of the traitor.

Thus was the father of his country, by the interposition of divine providence, who in his own words "never deserted him," saved from captivity; and but for which America might, to this day, have been pressed by the foot of oppression, and her children have bowed the knee to a foreign power.

John Randolph, of Roanoke.

From a volume of sketches now preparing for the Press, by the author of Clinton Bradshaw, &c.

"Great wits to madness nearly are allied,"

I remember some years since to have seen John Randolph in Baltimore. I had frequently read and heard descriptions of him, and one day, as I was standing in Market, now Baltimore street, I remarked a tall, thin, unique looking being hurrying towards me with a quick impatient step, evidently much annoyed by a crowd of boys who were following close at his heels, not in the obstreperous mirth with which they would have followed a crazy or a drunken man, or an organ grinder and his monkey, but in the silent and curious wonder with which they would have haunted a Chinese bedecked in full costume. I instantly knew the individual to be Randolph from the descriptions. I therefore advanced towards him, that I might make a full observation of his person without violating the rules of courtesy in stopping to gaze at him. As he approached, he occasionally turned towards the boys with an angry glance, but without saying any thing, and then hurried on as if to outstrip them, but it would not do.—They followed close behind the orator, each one observing him so intently, that he said nothing to his companions. Just before I met him, he stopped a Mr C———, a cashier of one of the banks, said to be as odd a fish as John himself. I loitered into a store close by, and unnoticed, remarked the Roanoke orator for a considerable time, and really he was the strangest looking being I ever beheld.

His long thin legs, about as thick a a strong walking cane, and of much such a shape, were encased in a pair of small tight clothes, so tight that they seemed part and parcel of the limbs of the wearer. Handsome white stockings were fastened with great tidiness at the knees by a small gold buckle, and over them coming about half way up the calf, were a pair of what, I believe, are called hose, coarse and country knit. He wore shoes.—They were old fashioned, and fastened also with buckles—huge ones. He trod like an Indian, without turning his toes out, but planking them down straight ahead. It was the fashion in those days to wear a fan-tailed coat with a small collar, and buttons far apart behind and few on the breast. Mr Randolph's were the reverse of this, and instead of his coat being fan-tailed, it was what, we believe, the knights of the needle call swallow-tailed; the collar was immensely large, the buttons behind were in kissing proximity, and they sat together as close on the breast of the garment as the feasters at a crowded public festival. His waist was remarkably slender; so slender that, as he stood with his arms a kimbo, he could easily, as I thought, with his long bony fingers have spanned it. Around his coat, which was very tight, was held together by one button, and, in consequence, an inch or more of tape, to which it was attached, was perceptible where it was pulled through the cloth. About his neck he wore a large white cravat, in which his chin was occasionally buried as he moved his head in conversation; no shirt collar was perceptible; every other person seemed to pride himself upon the size of his, as they were then worn large. Mr Randolph's complexion was precisely that of a mummy, withered, saffron, dry and bloodless; you could not have placed a pin's point on his face, where you would not have touched a wrinkle. His lips were thin, compressed, and colorless; the chin, beardless as a boy's, was broad for the size of his face, which was small; his nose was straight, with nothing remarkable in it, except perhaps it was too short. He wore a fur cap, which he took off, standing a few moments uncovered. I observed that his head was quite small, a characteristic which is said to have marked many men of talent, Byron and Chief Justice Marshall, for instance. Judge Burnet, of Cincinnati, who has been alike distinguished at the bar, on the bench, and in the United States Senate, and whom I have heard no less a judge and possessor of talent than Mr Hammond, of the Gazette, say, was the clearest and most impressive speaker he ever heard, has also a very small head.

Once, when Randolph was in the city of Baltimore, he was in the daily habit of frequenting the bookstore of one of the largest booksellers in the place. He made some purchases from him, and was very curious in looking over his books, &c. In the course of Randolph's visits he became very familiar with Mr ———, the bookseller, and they held long chats together; the orator of Roanoke showing off with great courtesy. Mr ———, was quite a pompous man, and rather vain of his acquaintance who used to stop in his shop. Subsequently, being in Washington with a friend, he espied Randolph advancing towards him, and told his friend that he would introduce him to the "great man." His friend, however, knowing the waywardness of Randolph, declined.

"Well," said Mr ———, "I am sorry you will not be introduced—I'll go up and give him a shake of the hand at any rate."

Up he walked, with outstretched hand, to salute the cynic. The aristocratic Republican (by the bye, how often your thorough-going Republican is a full blooded aristocrat in his private relations) immediately threw his hands behind him, as if he could not "dull his palm" in that way, and gazed searchingly into the face of the astonished bookseller.

"Oh, oh!" said he, as if recollecting himself, "you are Mr B————, from Baltimore?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"A bookseller?"

"Yes, sir," again.

"Ah! I bought some books from you?"

"Yes, sir, you did."

"Did I forget to pay you for them?"

"No, sir, you did not."

"Good morning, sir," said the orator, lifting his cap with offended dignity, and passing on.

This anecdote does not show either Randolph's goodness of head or heart, but it shows his character.

Another anecdote is as follows: The Hon. Peter ———, who was a watchmaker, and who had represented B———— county for many years in Congress, once made a motion to amend a resolution offered by Mr Randolph, on the subject of military claims. Mr Randolph rose up after the amendment had been offered, and drawing his watch from his fob, asked the Honorable Peter what o'clock it was. He told him. "Sir," replied the orator, "you can mend my watch, but not my motions. You understand *tictics*, sir, but not tactics!"

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Dean Swift says—'It is with little souled people as it is with narrow necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring out."

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Novelty.—To see two women pass each other in the street without each turning round to see what the other had on.

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How to choose a Wife.—"The Patriarch," a Magazine just published, offers the following receipt for the selection of a wife:

"A place for every thing and every thing in its place," said the patriarch to his daughter. Select a wife, my son, who will never step over a broomstick." The son was obedient to the lesson. Now, said he, pleasantly, on a gay May day, to one of his companions, I appoint this broomstick to choose me a wife. The young lady who will not step over it shall have the offer of my hand. They passed from the splendid saloon to the grove; some stumbled over the broomstick, and others jumped it. At length a young lady stooped and put it in its place. The promise was fulfilled. She became the wife of an educated wealthy young man, and he the husband of a prudent, industrious and lovely wife. He brought a fortune to her, and she knew how to save one. It is not easy to decide which was under the greatest obligations. Both were rich, and each enriched the other.

———

A Fair Retort. A very loquacious female witness, whom the opposing counsel could not silence, so far kept him at bay, that, by way of browbeating her, he exclaimed, "Why woman, there is brasa enough in your face to make a kettle!" "And sauce enough in yours (she instantly rejoined) to fill it."

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Balm of Gilead Buds.—The Salem Gazette says. "Those persons who have for many years kept a junk bottle of buds steeped in spirit, say: that no one who knows the efficacy of this liquid for healing wounds, would be without the article. Now is the season, before the buds begin to open, to pick them."

———

To prevent Insects climbing up Fruit-Trees.—At a late meeting of the Antomological Society, Mr James H. Fennell communicated the following successful mode of preventing insects ascending the trunks of fruit-trees. Let a piece of Indian rubber be burnt over a gallipot, into which it will gradually drop in the condition of a thick viscid juice, which state it appears it will always retain; for Mr Fennell has at the present time some which has been melted for upwards of a year, and has been exposed to all weather without undergoing the slightest change. Having melted the Indian rubber, let a piece of cord or worsted be smeared with it and then tied several times round the trunk. The melted substance is so very sticky, that the insects will be prevented, and generally captured, in their attempts to pass over it. About three pennyworth of Indian rubber is sufficient for the protection of twenty ordinary size fruit-trees.

———

Rose leaves dried in the shades, cloves beat to a powder, with a small quantity of scraped mace, all mixed together and placed in a silk bag, is a choice article for a lady's toilet.

PROSPECTUS.

The publishers of the Globe have recently given to the country an exposition of the motives which prompted the attempt by the federal party to prostrate their establishment, by the lawless abrogation of their contract as printers to the Senate. They showed that there were already six federal newspapers—to which a seventh is about to be added—published at Washington—all devoted to the dissemination of Federal principles, and the defence of Federal measures. And to make this overwhelming battery of Federal presses at the seat of Government tell with more effect throughout the Union, the character of the Globe was to be tarnished, its means impoverished, and its political influence destroyed, by a sweeping denunciation of infamy on the part of the federal leaders in the Senate—by throwing the dead weight of an expenditure of $40,000 in preparation to do the Congressional work, on the hands of its publishers, (the printers whose contract was violated) and by having this whole work of defamation and ruin accomplished by the judgment of the Senate of the Union to give it the sanction of the highest tribunal known to our country. The work was done by a caucus packed majority of Federalists, and the editors of the Globe are left to sustain their establishment by the patronage they may receive from political friends for the papers they publish. Sooner than ask or receive the sort of lumping contributions by which the banks and federal politicians sustain their presses, we will abandon the publication of the Globe, if it cannot be supported by the regular supscription price of the paper. If such of our Democratic friends whose circumstances do not justify a subscription to a daily paper, will patronize the cheaper publications issued by us—the Extra Globe, and the Appendix—we shall be enabled to maintain, as heretofore, our corps of Congressional Reporters at the cost of $3,000 per annum, and to draw to our aid some of the ablest pens in our country. We trust, under these circumstances, and at a time when the greatest interest of the country, and its future destiny, are put at stake upon the events with which the first year of the present Administration is pregnant, that no individual who has the cause of Democracy at heart, will hesitate to meet this appeal, when at the same time he will feel assured that this trifling tax for his own advantage, will sustain in triumph at Washington the long-tried and faithful press of his party.

The EXTRA GLOBE will be published weekly for six months, commencing on Wednesday, the 19th of May, and ending on the 19th November next, making twenty-six numbers, the last of which will contain an index. Each number will contain sixteen royal quarto pages. It will contain principally political matter. The political aspect and bearing of the measures before Congress during the special session will be fully developed, and when the proceedings are considered of much interest to the public, they will be given at length.

The CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE and APPENDIX will begin with the extra session of Congress, to commence on Monday, the 31st of May next, and will be continued during the session. The Congressional Globe will give an impartial history of the proceedings of both Houses of Congress; and the Appendix will contain all the speeches on both sides, of important subjects, at full length, as written out, or revised, by the members themselves. They will be printed as fast as the business of the two Houses furnishes matter for a number. It is certain that we will publish more numbers of each than there will be weeks in the session. They will be issued in the same form as the Extra Globe, and a copious index to each. Nothing but the proceedings and speeches of Congress will be admitted into the Congressional Globe or Appendix.

These works being printed in a suitable form for binding, with copious indexes, will form a valuable, indeed, a necessary, appendage to the library of the statesman and politician, giving, as they do, at an extremely moderate price, a complete epitome of the political and legislative history of the period.

Subscriptions for the Extra Globe should be here by the 26th May, and for the Congressional Globe and Appendix by the 6th of June next, to insure all the numbers.

TERMS.

For 1 copy of the Extra Globe		$1
" 6 copies	do	5
" 12 do	do	10
" 25 do	do	20

And so on in proportion for a greater number.

For 1 copy of the Congressional Globe, or Appendix		50 cents.
" 6 copies of either	$2	50
" 12 do do	5	00
" 25 do do	10	00

And so on in proportion for a greater number.

Payments may be transmitted by mail, postage paid, at our risk. By the regulations of the Post Office Department, postmasters are authorized to frank letters containing money for subscriptions to newspapers.

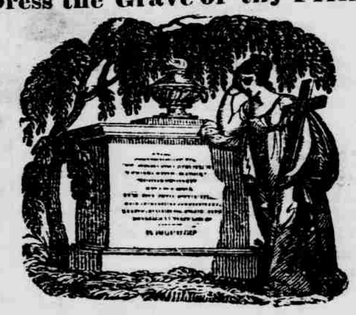
The notes of any bank, current in the section of country where a subscriber resides, will be received by us at par.

☞ *No attention will be paid to any order unless the money accompanies it.*

BLAIR & RIVES.

Washington City, April 20, 1841.

Dress the Grave of thy Friend



MARBLE FACTORY, By

JAMES FOSTER,

Liberty Point—Fayetteville, opposite THE JACKSON HOTEL.

May 4. 10—(y)

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. The charge for Tuition will be $10 25, per term, for all engaged in Classical studies and the higher branches of English, or $11 per annum. For the ordinary branches of English studies the charge will be $8 25 per term, tuition in all cases to be paid in advance, and no student received for less than a term. The year will commence on the 5th of October, and close early in August, with no intervening vacation except an occasional recess of a few days. No deduction will be made for absence unless by special agreement. Having taken a commodious house, the subscriber will accommodate a number of boarders at $140 per annum, including lodging, room, fuel and lights. SIMEON COLTON.

Fayetteville, August 13, 1840. 76-tf

*** Fayetteville Observer and Wilmington Advertiser will please copy four weeks.

POTATOES.

20 BUSHELS POTATOES.

GEO. McNEILL.

Feb. 12, 1841. 103-tf

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. For terms apply to GEO. McNEILL.

☞ Cash paid for wheat.

Nov. 20, 1840.

PIANO FORTES.

A GOOD Assortment of Piano Fortes may constantly be found for sale at the *Female Seminary.* Enquire of the PRINCIPALS of the SEMINARY, or of Col. S. T. HAWLEY.

Fayetteville; Nov. 30 1839. 40—tf.

Timber and Lumber Agency.

THE subscriber will attend to the sale of TIMBER, LUMBER, &c. in the Town of Wilmington, North Carolina, for all persons who may favor him with their commission. He pledges himself to procure for them at all times the highest prices for such articles as they may trust to his management. He is in no way connected with the Steam Mills, or their Agent; and will give the best security for the faithful discharge of his duties as Agent. MILES COSTIN.

Wilmington, N. C. Feb. 23, 1839. 1-tf

MILL STONES.

THE Subscriber having recently opened a new quarry of superior grit, is prepared to furnish any number of Stones, either at the quarry or at the store of C. J. Orrell, Fayetteville. The quality of the Moore county Stones is so well known as not to need description, and the Subscriber will warrant all stones sold by him. If they should not prove to be good, another pair will be furnished without charge. The price is lower than heretofore.

Persons wishing to purchase, can apply in person, or by letter addressed to Carthage, Moore county, N. C. with description of the size wanted.

JESSE SOWELL.

Moore County, April 20, 1839. 8—tf.

THE FRANKLIN LIBRARY

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

JNO. D. WILLIAMS, *Librarian.*

Fayetteville, Jan. 23, 1841.

SYRUP!

9 barrels Camps' refined Syrup.
9 barrels New Orleans TREACLE.

For sale by GEO. McNEILL.

December, 18th.

LIME.

60 Casks Thomastown Lime, for sale,

GEO. McNEILL.

Feb. 12, 1841. 103-tf

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

BLADEN COUNTY.

County Court, February Term, 1841.

Margaret Henry, vs. M. McBride, Administrator of Elizabeth McBride.	Si. Fa. to subject Real Estate.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant, Peter McBride, is not an inhabitant of this State, It is therefore ordered that publication be made in the North Carolinian, printed at Fayetteville, for six weeks, giving him notice to appear at the next term of said Court, to be held on the first Monday of October next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the plaintiff's petition, otherwise it will be taken pro confesso and heard exparte.

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

110—6w.

LAFAYETTE HOTEL.

Fayetteville, North Carolina.

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.

EDWARD YARBROUGH.

August 3, 1839. 23-tf

☞ The Augusta Chronicle (weekly,) Raleigh Register and Standard, Wilmington Advertiser, Greensborough Patriot, Salisbury Watchman, and Cheraw Gazette will insert the above three months and forward their accounts to the subscriber.

E. Y.