

In advance, per year, \$2 00 Not paid in advance, 3 50 Not paid until six months have expired, 300 Not paid till the year has expired, 350

No subscription received for a less time than a year, unless the price be paid in advance.

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.

BY WM. H. BAYNE.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., APRIL 6, 1850.

VOL. 11—NO. 580.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING: One square of twenty-one lines or less, for one insertion, 60 cents; every subsequent insertion, 30 cents...

DR. J. N. BAIRD, (Of the firm of McKenney & Baird, Dentists, Norfolk, Va.) Respectfully announces that he will be in Fayetteville the third week in March next...

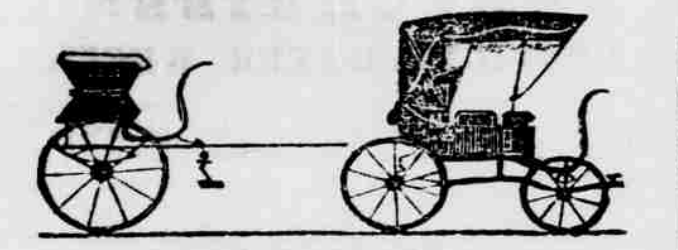
CLOTHING AT WHOLESALE. C. T. LONGSTREET, & Co. 54 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

OUR FOREIGN GOODS Are our importation, and our Domestic direct from the manufacturers, which enables us to sell our stock at a lower price than can be found in houses that do but a limited trade...

FOR RENT. A comfortable dwelling, with convenient out-houses, and from 20 to 30 acres cleared ground, 2 miles west of Fayetteville...

PREVENTION & CURE OF CONSUMPTION. A treatise on the prevention and cure of consumption, by the water treatment—a valuable work by John Sher...

FOR SALE, At the lowest Market Prices, 40 Hhds. New Crop Molasses, 1500 sacks Salt, 5000 bushels Alum Salt, 9000 lbs. Cotton Yarn...



A. A. MCKETHAN Still continues to carry on the CARRIAGE BUSINESS in all its branches, at the OLD STAND. He returns thanks for the liberal patronage he has heretofore received...

FOR SALE, Rowland's extra thick Mill Saws, 6 cross-cut Saws, 3 dozen fine Hand-saws, 4 dozen Coffee Mills, 4 dozen fine house Locks...

Cheap as possible! The Subscribers having associated themselves together, would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they carry on the Saddle and Harness-making BUSINESS...

DENTISTRY. S. S. GILCHRIST, Dental Surgeon, respectfully informs the citizens of Fayetteville and vicinity, that he has taken an office in the Fayetteville Hotel...

FRESH SPRING DRY GOODS. The Subscribers are receiving and opening, at their Old Stand, North East corner Market Square, the largest and richest stock of...

STAPLE AND FANCY SILK GOODS Ever offered by them in this market, consisting in part of— FASHIONABLE DRESS GOODS:

Plain and fig'd Dress Silks; plain black and watered ditto; Silk Tissues; plain and fig'd Berages; Trappe Shawls; French worked Colours; Swiss Moulines; Linen Lustres; plain and dotted Tartans; Grenadines; English and Scotch Gingham and Gingham Lawns; Printed and Organized Lawns; mourning and second-mourning Dress Goods of every description; a splendid assortment of English and American Prints; Printed Jaconets, &c. &c., including, we have no hesitation in saying, every style of Dress Goods ever called for in this or other markets.

Black, blue, and fancy cold French Cloths; black and fancy Cassimeres; plain and striped white and colored Linen Drillings; Marseilles Vestings of every pattern; black and fancy cold Silk ditto; Scarf and Cravats; black and colored Cashmeres, for coatings; Drop Dettes, &c. A very pretty and fashionable lot of READY MADE CLOTHING.

30 doz. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Kid Gloves, of every size and color; a beautiful lot of white and colored Lace Capes, plain and embroidered Canton Trappe Shawls; French worked Colours and Cuffs; hem-stitched and embroidered Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs; Swiss and Jaconet Edging and Insertings; embroidered Lace Muslin Curtains, &c. &c. A very pretty lot latest style Bonnets, Misses' ditto; Ribbons, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Parasols, and umbrellas; Meleskin, Panama, and Leghorn Hats; Boys' and Youths' ditto; sup'r Call-skin Boots; Gentlemen's Shoes, very fine; Ladies' white Kid, Satin, and other Slippers.

SOMETHING NEW!! And the best article known for cleaning and polishing Brass, Britannia, Tin, Glass &c. Every family will have it when they know its value.

MOUNT EAGLE TRIPOLI. Directions for Use on Metallic Surfaces. Rub the finished surface with a little of the Tripoli on a damp cloth. Finish with a dry fine cloth or wash leather. On Brass, use oil or alcohol. Silver and Gold may also be cleaned and polished with a soft brush, slightly dusted with the Tripoli, and used dry.

Collard Seed, Just received, and for sale by S. J. HINSDALE.

LIVERY STABLE. John J. Phillips is prepared to furnish the public with Horses, Carriages, and Buggies, FOR HIRE.

A fresh supply of best winter SPERM OIL, and a few barrels of Tanners' and Lined Oil, just received and for sale by B. ROSE & SON.

Taylor & Underwood Are now receiving their stock of SPRING & SUMMER GOODS, Embracing a general assortment of DRY GOODS, Hats, Shoes, Bonnets & Straw Goods.

SPRING GOODS. 1850. H. & E. J. LILLY Are now receiving a heavy stock of SEASONABLE GOODS, to which they invite the attention of their customers.

NOTICE. The Copartnership heretofore existing under the name and style of McNabb & Warner, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, and Robert McNabb is authorized alone to close the business of the firm.

LAND FOR SALE. About 40 Acres Valuable Land, belonging to the Estate of Anna Burdick, de'd, 2 miles North of Fayetteville, and on the west side of Cape Fear River, joining the Lands of Messrs Isham Blake and W. J. Anderson, is now offered for sale.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. For sale by S. J. HINSDALE.

NORTH CAROLINIAN. Wm. H. Bayne, Editor and Proprietor. FAYETTEVILLE, N. C. APRIL 6, 1850.

DEATH OF MR CALHOUN.—As was expected by those who knew of Mr Calhoun's illness, he has gone to his final rest. He died in Washington city, on the 21st ult., of pneumonia, perfectly calm and serene in mind and feeling.

CONVICTED.—Dr John W. Webster, whose trial for the murder of Dr Geo. Parkman, both of Boston, has been progressing in that city, for the last two weeks, has been convicted of murder, with malice aforethought.

RIP VAN WINKLE. A TALE, BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lordly it over the surrounding country.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the near landscape.

At the same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle.

A fresh supply of best winter SPERM OIL, and a few barrels of Tanners' and Lined Oil, just received and for sale by B. ROSE & SON.

SPRING GOODS. 1850. H. & E. J. LILLY Are now receiving a heavy stock of SEASONABLE GOODS, to which they invite the attention of their customers.

NOTICE. The Copartnership heretofore existing under the name and style of McNabb & Warner, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, and Robert McNabb is authorized alone to close the business of the firm.

LAND FOR SALE. About 40 Acres Valuable Land, belonging to the Estate of Anna Burdick, de'd, 2 miles North of Fayetteville, and on the west side of Cape Fear River, joining the Lands of Messrs Isham Blake and W. J. Anderson, is now offered for sale.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. For sale by S. J. HINSDALE.

frivolous for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences: the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farms; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; every thing about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, and urchin begotten in his own likeness, promises to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog, Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on: a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving himself to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be for the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble.

From even this strong-hold the unlucky

Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquility of the assemblage, and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as fellow-sufferer in persecution.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs; and scarcely lighted by the reflecting rays of the setting sun.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in sheet of foamy foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some were short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar:

one had a large head, broad face, and small piggyish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feathers, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncounted, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip: "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle!"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrustured with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roasters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle & shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to visit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain-stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometime tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in sheet of foamy foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled for his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

(Concluded on 4th page.)