

AGENCY.—James M. Randolph, Post-master at Clinton, is agent for the paper for the Eastern and Middle Counties. Mr. R. will take pleasure in receiving new subscribers and in receiving for any money due in the neighborhood.

From the Petersburg Republican. "PUBLIC OPINION ON THE MESSAGE." Under this head, the editor of the Washington Union, in his Wednesday's paper, publishes the following just and eloquent tribute to the ability of the present Chief Magistrate of the Union. We entirely agree with the opinions which have been so beautifully and forcibly presented by the veteran and accomplished editor, and we venture the assertion that they fully represent the feelings and views of every democrat in the land who has had the pleasure of perusing this the last and the greatest production of our democratic President. All of his annual communications to Congress have been marked with unusual ability—they have borne the most honorable and gratifying testimony alike to his high talents and his devoted patriotism—his wisdom as a statesman, and his firmness and fidelity as the Chief Executive officer of a free and great Republic. But this last production of his pen is greater than any of his predecessors—the noblest of them all—a sort of mirror which, while it exhibits the greatness and the glory of his country, the splendid achievements of her arms and the almost exhaustless magnitude of her resources, at the same time necessarily reflects the consummate skill and ability which so successfully directed the intricate machinery of Government and produced such happy and splendid results. The administration of James K. Polk, illustrious as it has been for its energy, its patriotism, its sagacity and its brilliancy, deserved a close just such as this unsurpassed state paper will give to it—a manly and complete justification of those great principles of democracy which have been his faithful guides, a noble and invaluable legacy for his successors, and a splendid exemplification of the high endowments of his own head and heart.

His marked ability is placed, by his own administration, beyond the possibility of a serious doubt, and they, and they only, may question his integrity and his patriotism, who shall successfully point to the living statesman who has been more intrepid in the discharge of his duties, or more constant in his devotion to all the interests of our great and beloved Republic. Truly, in the appropriate language of Mr. Ritchie, may Mr. Polk "appear to the sober verdict of the American people." That "verdict," if just to them must be gratifying to him; nor are we yet prepared to say that, in the fulness of time, "that same free people" will not call him again for his honored retirement to relume that national glory which has been so splendidly illustrated by his Presidential career.

But, to the extract from the Union: "If the whigs, with a State paper in their hands from the President's pen which puts their arguments to silence and to shame, and leaves to them only the weapon of abuse and vituperation to wield against, because it places upon the impregnable ground of constitutional right and high public expediency the great principles and truths of the democratic policy—it is under such circumstances the whigs choose to make an issue as to the President's ability, we certainly shall not argue that issue with them. Let that matter all speak for itself. The President is our record, and his record will stand. There is the history of his administration. There is the array of the difficulties which it has surmounted. There are its mighty achievements, and their grand results. And there, too, are the successive State papers of the President, in which all these things and the policy from which they sprang, and the grounds of that policy, are set forth to the people. If these things bear witness to the President's ability—if they testify to his foresight, energy, wisdom, statesmanship—then is this paltry whig detraction not only impotent, but ridiculous, undeserving alike of refutation and of notice. But where did the whigs find out Mr. Polk's want of ability? Was it when he took the lead—yes, the admitted lead in the House of Representatives—first as chairman of the most important committee, and then as Speaker, for session after session, during the stormiest times of General Jackson's administration? Was Mr. Polk's position then second in any respect to that of any man in that House? Did not the very brunt of high and arduous public duty fall upon him; and was it not in the sight of all men most ably and manfully borne? Did the whigs find Mr. Polk wanting in ability, when, after he left Congress, seeing the State of Tennessee in whig hands, he went through it as a candidate, opposed by the ablest whig champion, and meeting the people face to face, in a single canvass wrestled it by the main force of argument and eloquence from whig away? At these periods, if we remember, it was not even the whig fashion to deny Mr. Polk's ability. In order to do this, they have waited till he has produced a message which is too conclusive to be answered, too formidable to be neglected, and which, therefore, to the end that its effect upon the popular conviction may be fully availed, must be cried down and disparaged by reckless and vulgar abuse of the intellectual power which produced it. They dread what they defend. If Mr. Polk had written a weak paper for his last message—if he had made the avowal of his principles less manly, or the vindication of them less triumphant, the whigs would have spared him all the compliment of their vituperation. What is now Mr. Polk's lot in this matter, was the lot of Mr. Jefferson before him. His pen, too, was cried down by the federalism which it overthrew, as the pen of a reckless and ranting demagogue. Mr. Jefferson has found his compensation and offset for the slander, in the admiration and reverence of the American people. To the sober verdict of the same free people, Mr. Polk's ability will appeal—in the calm confidence inspired not less by the character and the results of his administration, than by the victorious ability with which, in this his closing annual communication to Congress, he has laid before them an irresistible vindication of the old time-honored principles of the Jeffersonian philosophy."

OLD BUT GOOD.—A country girl once riding past a turnpike gate, without paying the usual fee, the tollman hailed her and demanded it; she asked by what authority he demanded toll of her; he answered the sign would convince her that the law required sixpence for man and horse. "Well," replied the girl, "this is a woman and mare, therefore you have nothing to expect!" and she rode off, leaving him the laughing stock of the bystanders.

AGES of activity are required to raise an empire; a single day of sleep is sufficient to overthrow one.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

From Godley's Lady's Book. BY T. A. ARTHUR. "Didn't he make you a present of anything, Lizzy?" asked Margaret Granger of her cousin, No. 10, Green Street.

"No, Lizzy," said a strawberry cushion, spoke, "the zesty sister Jane, 'that he might have got for a sixpence. I think he's right down mean, selfish, stingy fellow, so I do; and if he doesn't get Lizzy on bread and water, when he gets her, my name's not Jane Green."

"I wouldn't have him," said Margaret, jesting, "yet half in earnest." "Let Christmas go, by and not make a trifling value! He must give me a penny's worth. Why, Harry Lee sent me 'the Leaf of Memory,' and a pair of the sweetest flower-vases you ever saw, and he only comes to see me as a friend. And cousin William made me a present of a splendid copy of Mrs. Hall's Sketches," the most interesting book I ever read. Besides, I received lots of things. Why, my table is full of presents."

"You have been quite fortunate," said Lizzy, in a quiet voice; "much more so than Jane and I, to receive a great many Christmas presents is to be considered fortunate."

"But don't you think Edward might have sent you some token of good will and affection at this merry season, when every one is giving or receiving presents?" asked Margaret.

"Nothing of the kind was needed, cousin Margy, as an expression of his feelings towards me," replied Lizzy. "He knew that I understood our true quality, and felt that any present would have been a useless formality."

"You can't say the same in regard to Jane. He might have passed her the usual compliment of the season. As to the charge of meanness, I don't think the fact you allege a sufficient ground for making it."

"Well, I do, then," said Cousin Margaret. "Why, if a lady, I'd sell my shoes but what I'd give her something as a Christmas present."

"Yes—or borrow or beg the money," chimed in Jane.

"Every one must do as he or she thinks best," replied Lizzy. "As for me, I am content to receive my holiday gift, being well assured, I am well assured, as to the charge of meanness, I don't think the fact you allege a sufficient ground for making it."

"I wish Edward had made Lizzy some kind of a present," said Mrs. Green to her husband, "a day or two after the holidays had passed; if it had been only for the looks of the thing, Jane has been teasing her about it ever since, and calls it nothing but meanness in Edward. And I am afraid he's a little close."

"Better that he should be so than too free," replied Mr. Green; "though I must confess that a dollar or two, or even ten dollars, spent in a Christmas present for his intended bride, could hardly have been set down to the score of prodigality. It does look mean, certainly."

"He is doing very well."

"He gets a salary of \$800, and I suppose it doesn't cost him over four or five hundred dollars to live—at least it ought not to do so."

"He has bought himself a snug little house, I am told."

"If he's done that he's done very well," said Mr. Green; "and I can forgive him, not spending his money in Christmas presents, that are never of much use, say the best you will of them—I'd rather Edward would have a comfortable house to put up his wife in, than seeing him leading her down, before marriage, with presents of one foolish thing or another."

"True, but it would not have hurt him to have given the girl something, if it had only been a book, a purse, or some such trifle."

"For which trifles he would have been as strongly charged with meanness as he is now. Better let it go as it is. No doubt he has good reasons for his conduct."

"Thus Mr. Green and Lizzy defended Edward, while the mother and Jane scolded about his meanness, to the very heart's content."

Edward Mayfield, the lover of Lizzy Green, was a young man of good principles, prudent habits, and really good feelings; but his generosity did not consist in wasting his earnings in order that he might be thought liberal and open-hearted, but in doing real acts of kindness where he saw that kindness was needed. He had saved from his salary, in the course of four or five years, enough to buy himself a very snug house, and had a few hundred dollars in the Savings Bank with which to furnish it when the time came for him to go back to the store for a partner. This time was now at hand, and he gave a new turn to his reflections.

"They don't really need anything," he said to himself, "and yet I propose to spend \$20 in presents, merely for appearance's sake. Is this right?"

"Right if you choose to do it," he replied to himself.

"I am not quite so sure of that," he added, after musing for some minutes. "That's better," he at length said, rising up and walking about the floor. "That would be money and good feelings spent to a better purpose."

lars that were due him for the week's work, 'to-morrow'—the money, and after lingering a moment, turned away and walked towards the door. He evidently expected something, and seemed disappointed. The printer noticed this, and at once comprehended its meaning.

"John," he said kindly. "The printer took a half dollar from the desk, and holding it between his fingers, said, 'You've been a very good boy, John, and I think you deserve a Christmas gift. Here's a half a dollar for you.'"

"Which would you rather have, John, this half dollar or a pair of new shoes?"

"I'd rather have the new shoes," replied John, without hesitation.

"Very well; I will write you an order on a shoemaker, and you can go and fit yourself," and the printer turned to his desk and wrote the order.

"I think, sir, that my shoes will do very well if mended; they only want mending—Won't you please write shoes for my mother instead of me?"

"The boy's voice trembled, and his face was suffused. He felt that he had ventured too much. The printer looked at him for a moment or two, and then said—

"Does your mother want shoes badly?"

"Oh, yes, sir. She doesn't care much by washing and ironing when she can do it, but she sprained her wrist three weeks ago, and hasn't been able to do any thing but work about the house since."

"And are your wages all she has to live upon?"

"They are now."

"You have a little sister, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does she want shoes, also?"

"She has had nothing but old rags on her feet for a month."

"Indeed?"

"The printer turned to his desk, and sat and mused for half a minute, while John stood with his heart beating so loud that he could hear its pulsations."

"Give me your order," the man at length said to the boy, who handed him the slip of paper. He tore it up, and then took his pen and wrote a new order.

"Take this," he said, presenting it to John. "I have told the shoemaker to give you a pair for your mother, yourself and your little sister; and here is the half dollar, my boy—you must have that also."

"John looked bewildered.

"Where did all these come from, John?" she asked, in a trembling voice, for she was overcome with surprise and pleasure at this unexpected supply of articles so much needed.

"John gave an artless relation of what had passed between him and the printer for whom he worked, and added—

"I knew the number you wore, and I thought I would guess at Nettie's size. If they don't fit, the man says he will change them for a pair."

"There you do not need anything?" said Lizzy.

heard at the door. The vehicle had moved so noiselessly on the snow-covered street, that its approach had not been observed. The loud stroke of the whip handle on the door, caused the expectant widow, and her son to start. John immediately opened it.

"Is this Mrs. Elliott's?" asked a carman who stood with his leather hat and rough coat all covered with snow.

"Very well; I've got a Christmas present for her, I rather think; so hold open the door until I bring it in."

"John had been trying on his new shoes, and had got them laced up by his ankles just as the carman came. So he bounded into the snow, leaving the door to a twinkling. It self and was up in the car in a twinkling, to transfer the contents of the car to the widow's store-room, which had been for a long time wanting in almost everything."

"Good night to you, madam," said the carman, as he was retiring, "and may to-morrow be the merriest Christmas you ever spent. It isn't every one who has a friend like yours."

"No—and may God reward him!" said Mrs. Elliott, fervently, as she saw the door and left her alone with her children.

"And now my present was more carefully examined. It consisted of many articles. First and not the least welcome, was half a barrel of flour. Then there was a bag of corn meal, another of potatoes, with sugar, tea, rice, molasses, butter, etc.; some warm stockings for the children, a cheap thick shawl for herself, & a pair of gun shoes—besides a good many little things that had all been selected for a Christmas treat, and some loaves of fresh Dutch cake for the children, had not been forgotten. Added to all this was a letter containing five dollars, in which the generous donor said that on the next day he would send her a small stove and half a ton of coal."

Edward Mayfield slept sweetly and soundly that night. On the next day, which was Christmas, he got the stove for Mrs. Elliott. It was a small, cheap and economical one, designed expressly for the poor. He sent it with half a ton of coal.

Three or four days after Christmas, Mrs. Green said to Lizzy and Jane, as they sat sowing—

"I declare, girls, we've entirely forgotten our washerwoman, poor Mrs. Elliott. It is some weeks since she sent us word that she had sprained her wrist, and that she had better give up her work. I think you had better go and see her this morning. I shouldn't wonder if she stood in need of something—She has two children, and only one of them is old enough to earn anything—and even he can only bring home a very small sum. We have done wrong to forget Mrs. Elliott."

"You go and see her, Lizzy," said Jane. "I don't care about visiting poor people in distress—it makes me feel bad."

"To relieve their wants, Jane, ought to make you feel good," said Mrs. Green.

"I know it ought; but I had rather not go."

"Oh, yes, Jane," said Lizzy; "you must go with me. I want you to go. Poor Mrs. Elliott who knows how much she may have suffered."

"Yes, Jane, go with Lizzy, I want you to go."

Jane did not like to refuse positively, so she got ready and went, though with a good deal of reluctance. Like a great many others, she had no taste for scenes of distress. If she could relieve a want by putting her hand behind her and not seeing the object of penury, she had no objection to doing so; but to look suffering in the face, was too revolting to her sensitive feelings.

When Lizzy and Jane entered the humble home of the widow, they found everything comfortable, neat and clean. A small stove was upon the hearth, and though the day was cold, diffused a genial warmth throughout the room. Mrs. Elliott sat knitting; she appeared extremely glad to see the girls. Lizzy inquired how her wrist was, how she was getting along, and then told her that he would give her a little present instead of that which she didn't really need anything, and which might well forgive him for omitting the usual compliments of the season. Soon after he was gone, a man brought up a car load of things, and on Christmas day the stove and the coal came.

Jane looked at Lizzy, upon whose face was a warm glow, and in whose eyes was a bright light, and said—

"Then you do not need anything?" said Lizzy.

"No, I thank you kindly, not now, I am very comfortable. Long before my coal, flour, meal and potatoes are out, I hope to be able to take in washing again, and then I shall not need assistance."

"Forgive me, sister, for my light words a-bout the widow," said Lizzy, "but she and her children are getting along; and then told her that he would give her a little present instead of that which she didn't really need anything, and which might well forgive him for omitting the usual compliments of the season. Soon after he was gone, a man brought up a car load of things, and on Christmas day the stove and the coal came."

"A WASHING DAY EXPERIENCE. 'My dear,' said I, one Monday morning, as ominous washing day indications met my eyes, 'why don't you put out the washing? I'm sure it would be a great deal better.'"

"Do you know what it would cost?" returned my wife, a little sharply, for it being Monday, the influence of the day was already beginning to be felt.

"I don't know exactly how much it would cost, I replied, 'but I do know that it would be a great saving.'"

"I am not so sure of that. Didn't you tell me this morning to get a pound or two more meat for dinner as the washerwoman was here?"

"You don't suppose she will eat two pounds of meat for dinner?" said my wife.

"Yes, but I am not done yet. There are a few more items to add. There is fire, soap, starch, and indigo. Then comes the wear and tear of tubs, washing-boards, clothes-lines, and pins, to say nothing of temper and breakage, consequent upon the cook and chambermaid's ill temper."

"Breakage! It's preposterous!" said my wife.

"Not at all. Don't you remember when Nancy slipped on the stairs where one of the children had lain a piece of the washerwoman's soap, and broke five dollars worth of things at one smash?"

"You might talk that at me until doomsday, and I wouldn't—"

A loud crash of broken dishes came up from the kitchen at this instant.

"Gracious!" exclaimed my wife. "What is that?" and she left my side in a twinkling, to investigate the cause and learn the extent of this new crockery disaster. I did not wait to ascertain the result, but accompanied for my place of business, fondly hoping that what I had said, enforced so timely by a serious washing-day breakage, would have the desired effect.

At dinner time I went home in that delightful state of doubt as to the reception I should meet, which most men feel on like occasions. The first sound that saluted my ear as I entered, was the crying of one of the children; and instead of that savory odor of dinner so grateful to a hungry man, I sniffed up a humid atmosphere, loaded almost to suffocation with the vapor of soap and lye. I passed the dining-room, but the table was not set, went up into my wife's room, and as I opened the door I greeted with the exclamation—

"There! I knew it would be so! I can't believe Hannah has put a potato on to cook yet, although I sent her word an hour ago that it was time to see about dinner. But she has been as cross as she could be all the morning."

"She's been helping wash, I suppose," said I.

"Of course she has. She always does so. But it's as easy to stop and get dinner at one time as another. I never saw such creatures. I wish you would ring that bell."

I did as desired. It was answered by the chambermaid.

"Go down and see what under the sun keeps Hannah back with her dinner."

"The chambermaid retired, and in a little while came back with word that the fire had all gone out, and that Hannah was just making it up again."

"Oh dear!" said I, involuntarily drawing out my watch, and looking at the time. It's nearly half past two now and I have an engagement at a quarter past three. I cannot possibly wait."

"It shall be ready in a little while," said my wife, looking distressed. "I'll go down and see to it. To think that girl would do so. But it is always so on washing days. Nothing goes right, and there is no comfort in the house."

"To that sentiment I could have uttered an audible 'amen.'"

But I deemed it prudent, just at that particular juncture, to observe a perfect silence.

Sooner than I expected, the bell rang, and I went down to the dining room. I found my wife awaiting me at the table, with flushed and heated countenance, and many evidences of worry and excitement. She had cleared Hannah out of the kitchen, set the fire going with her own hands, and cooked the dinner. But she couldn't eat a mouthful, and my appetite was, by this time, among the things that were. I helped the children and offered to help my wife, but she declined everything. After forcing a few mouthfuls down my throat, I left the table and my unhappy family, and retired to my place of business, feeling in no pleasant mood myself.

"And all this is to be borne and suffered one week, for the meagre saving of twenty or thirty cents—perhaps nothing? I must use my veto power—must bring into exercise my reserved rights—and I will do it. Suppose it cost a dollar a week more to put out the washing, what of that? Five dollars wouldn't pay for having the nuisance retained in the house."

On the following morning I had occasion to go into the cellar to make up a fire in the furnace. A gentle tap loosened the hoop on a washing tub, and I had a choice lot of 'kindling.' I was exceedingly liberal in its use, consuming every vestige!

On the next morning, another tub performed the same important service, and on that which succeeded I split up the washing-board, and gave six dozen clothes-pins, and a couple of clothes-lines, to the de-vouring flames.

On Saturday, I informed my wife of what I had done. You may suppose that she lifted her eyes and grew pale with astonishment. But seeing me so earnest about the matter, she made but little opposition, and on Monday I had the supreme delight of seeing all things in order, and sitting down to a comfortable breakfast, dinner, and supper, with a smiling wife and happy children. The dollar and seventy-five cents which it costs, weekly, to have all our washing done out of the house, I pay with more cheerfulness, and with more perfect consciousness of getting my money's worth, than I do on any other bill that comes.

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

NEW-HANOVER COUNTY. WILMINGTON, N. C., Nov. 23d, 1848. TAKEN UP and committed to the jail of the aforesaid County, a Mulatto man, aged about twenty-five years, six feet high, spare made, intelligent look, long curly hair; he says his name is BONAPARTE EVANS, was born in East Tennessee, Jefferson county, and raised by one RICHARD GIBSON, near Jefferson Court-house, in Jefferson county; he says his mother was an Indian Squaw, named JAW, his father a Mulatto Negro. The owner of said negro is requested to come forward, prove property, and take him away, or else he will be dealt with as the law directs. OWEN FENNEL, Sheriff of New-Hanover County. Nov. 27, 1848.—[12-1]

A QUESTION FOR THE PUBLIC TO DECIDE.

It is expected that Merchants and Druggists, who lend themselves to palm off upon the public their base imitations and counterfeit medicines, in preference to the genuine, merely because they can make more per cent on them, would deal honestly in selling their articles. We think not. Persons that deal out counterfeit medicines, in preference to the genuine, even at the expense of the health and life of their customers and neighbors, are they honest or honorable men? No. And they should be avoided.

REMEMBER, Wm. Shaw is agent, and has for sale, the following PATENT MEDICINES, all of which he warrants genuine: Dr. Swayne's compound Syrup of Wild Cherry; Wistar's Balsam Do; Bailey's Syrup Do; Townsend's Sarsaparilla; Sando's Sarsaparilla; Sando's Iodine Do; Bailey's Do; Sando's Do; Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters; Rowand's Tonic Mixture; Bailey's Tonic Mixture; Peery's Deob Str. Vermifuge; McMurran's Indian Opium; Bailey's American Vermifuge; Dr. Smith's Whooping Cough Syrup; Gray's Ointment; Allen's Vegetable Cure; Chamberlain's Arabian Balsam; Moffatt's Phonic Bitters; Thompson's Eye Water; Carpenter's Compound; Lemp's Syrup; Wood and Wood Naphtha; Thompson's Great Western Indian Balm; Swain's Panacea; Indian's Do; Henry's Calf's Maggista; Indian Cholagogue; Ephraim's Pile Ejectant; Balsam Liverwort; Pease's H. compound; Sarsaparilla; Acoustic Oil; Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills; also, Peeters', Leidy's, Moffatt's, Spencer's, Brandreth's, Beckwith's, Gordon's, and Lee's Pills; Copaha Capsules; Copaha and Cubeb Capsules; British Oil; Opodeldo; Bateman's Drops; Carpenter's Extract Bark; Godfrey's Cordial; Bader's Plaster, Shoemaker's do, Poor Man's do.

Also, all the Spring stocks of the following: Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, &c. consisting in part of: 200 lbs refined Camphor; 100 ounces Quinine; 50 gallons Compound Japan; 25 lbs Prussian Blue; 60 lbs Chrome Green; 50 lbs Chrome Yellow; 2000 lbs Spanish Brown and Venetian Red; 24 boxes Pain Killer; 25 boxes Window Glass; Putty, in Bladders; Paint and White-wash Brushes; 100 lbs White Lead; Linseed Oil; Umber; Vermilion; Rose Pink; Lamp Black; Sand Paper; Chalk; and every article in the Paint Line. Paints ground, and Window Glass cut to order;—a large supply of fresh Spices—a good stock of choice Perfumery.

CHOCOLATE: A pure article, always kept. CONCRETE WATER: Always fresh, in quarts and pints. LAMP GLASSES & WIGS: In variety. Fresh Seltzer and Soda Powders of his own manufacture. Physicians and Country Merchants laying in spring supplies, will find they can purchase fresh goods at low prices, and on accommodating terms, as at any other establishment in the State. The subscriber has a large stock of medicines, of reputation so long enjoyed by the old stand Drug Store. Wm. SHAW. March 17, 1848.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE. ABOUT nine hundred acres, on the western side of Merrick's Creek, in New Hanover County, known as the Rich Land plantation. The tract of land embraces a large portion of very excellent farming land, with excellent water facilities to market. It is situated within two miles of a good landing, on the North-East branch of Cape Fear, and is every way susceptible of being rendered one of the best farms in the lower country. For particulars, enquire of N. N. Nixon, or in his absence, of John A. Sanders. JERE. NIXON. November 17, 1848.—[10-15d]

MUSLIN, EDGINGS, AND INSERTINGS which I offer at from 6 to 30 cents per yard, in a large assortment, just received by Mrs. Mary Powell. H. SUFFMAN. Dec. 1, 1848.—[12-1]

FRESH BUCKWHEAT. Half and quarter blis., known to be good. 1/2 sale by W. M. A. GWYER. LONDON BROWN STOUT, 50 dozen best Brown Stout Porter, in quarts and pint bottles, for sale at [Dec 1] HOWARD & PEDEN'S. FISH ROE. 5 Kegs Fish Roe, for sale at [Dec 1] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

TO FARMERS AND OTHERS. THE subscriber informs his old friends and others in want of BUCK-SHIRT work, of a description, executed in a style not inferior to any work done at any other shop in N. Carolina, as the North, that he continues to carry on the Blacksmith business at his old stand, on Princess-street, opposite the Theatre. Farmers, Turpin and Timber makers, others, having OLD AXES that are worn out, are informed that they can have them mended over, and warranted to be equal to new ones, at a much less cost. He has on hand a supply of PLOUGHS, of the proved pattern. These Ploughs are made by NED BEATTY, who is admitted to be the Plough manufacturer in this section of the State. Also, ROUND SHAVES, manufactured by the subscriber. Also, HORSE SHOD, Carriages, Buggy, &c., REPAIRED in a neat and substantial manner. In a word, every description of BLACKSMITH WORK can be executed at his shop, and at work warranted. Orders are solicited, and prompt attention given. Wm. SHAW. Oct. 27, 1848. 57-5-12m

GROCERIES. I AM now prepared to sell my friends (city and town.) Groceries at the lowest prices, and shall keep up a regular supply. I am on hand, just received per late arrivals—300 lbs sugar; 100 lbs coffee; 200 sacks salt; 300 lbs mull; 20 lbs whiskey; 10 do gin; 40 do brandy; 10 do brandy; 5 quarter cases; 20 do wine; 50 boxes soap; 20 do candles; 100 do starch; 100 do HERRINGS; 100 lbs mackerel; 100 lbs salt, &c. &c. W. L. SMITH. Nov 3]

PORK AND LARD. 5 Blis superior Lard; 6 " Mess Pork; 20 packages Soto, Sugar, Lemon, Pic Nica, &c. ter, and Milk Crackers. Just received by PERRIN & HARTSFIELD. 627

BRANDY—GIN—RUM. For sale at lowest market prices, by W. A. GWYER. R. GRAIN'S SPINO ABDOMINAL PORTER a decided improvement. For sale by W. M. SHAW.

MESS PORK—PRIME PORK. Just received per schr Mary Powell. For sale by W. M. A. GWYER. 013-

SALT—SALT. 2,000 bushels St. Martin's Salt. For sale by W. A. GWYER. 013-

LIME! LIME! LIME!!! 1000 BBLs. Landing, also, Hydrated Cement; Calced Plaster; Plastering Hair, Fire Brick, &c. J. C. & R. B. WOOD. August 18th, 1848.—[19]

SULPHATE OF QUININE. Just received, a large and fresh supply of Farr's Sulphate of Quinine. For sale by W. M. LIPPETT. 829

WHISKEY, FORT, BACON, &c. 20 Blis. N. O. Rectified Whiskey; 2 do country Rye Whiskey; 5 do N. E. do; 5 do Gin; 5 do Brandy; 5 do casks; 20 do wine; 50 boxes soap; 20 do candles; 100 do starch; 100 do HERRINGS; 100 lbs mackerel; 100 lbs salt, &c. &c. W. L. SMITH. Nov 3]

NOTICE. THE partnership heretofore existing between Owen Holmes and John R. Hawes, under the name of Holmes & Hawes, is this day dissolved. JOHN R. HAWES. SACK SALT. 100 Sack for sale by HOWARD & PEDEN. A VERY LARGE LOT OF STRAW and wood ware, consisting of wicker kots, travelling trunks, paper baskets, straw hats, brooms and brushes, cedar and painted horse milk piggins and churns, clothed horse bowls, flour pails, wood trays, and a great variety of tools to mention, but call on the articles too tedious to number, but call on the owner. PERRIN & HARTSFIELD. 627

LARAYETTE HOUSE.

The subscriber takes this method of returning his thanks to a generous public for the liberal patronage he has received; and at the same time respectfully informs his old customers and the public at large, that the LARAYETTE HOUSE, next door above the Hanover Bank, and nearly opposite the Cape Fear Bank, Front Street, (his old stand,) is still open for the reception of transient or steady Boarders. He will at all times be happy to wait upon those who shall favor him with their patronage, and he will spare no pains to render them comfortable while they are with him. His table is furnished with the best the market affords. His BAR ROOM, at the old well known Bar Seneca, will be found at all times handsomely filled up with the best of Liquors and Refreshments.

He also continues to keep at the same place (Back Springs) a set of Livery Stables, with 50 Horses, also, Horses and Riding Vehicles for hire. DAVID THALLY. Sept. 1, 1848.—[51-1]

LIST OF BLANKS ON HAND, and for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE. County and Sup. Court Writs do do Subpoenas do do Fi. Fas. County Court Scire Facias Apprentice's Indentures Letters of