

From Campbell's Metropolitan, for February.

LIFE OF A SAILOR.

We returned to our station, and the Commodore took a run to windward. He was fortunate as to one capture; so that considering we were condemned to that cruising ground for four months we had not done very badly. As Sir Peter Parker's name and fame are justly dear to the English navy, I shall mention one or two of his attacks while off Toulon, and after he had become the senior officer of the blockading squadron. The first desperate affair we had was during the time we were left alone to watch the fleet; and this circumstance ought to have been our safeguard against any wanton attacks on the enemy; for had we been captured, the enemy's fleet might have been put to sea, and sailed round the world before they could have been tracked. One morning we espied a frigate and a store ship running down by the "little pass," endeavoring to get into Toulon. Immediately, of course, we made sail to cut them off; they, being to windward, very wisely hauled their wind, and kept under easy sail until the French fleet in Toulon got under weigh to escort them: in the mean time we made sail to windward. When the fleet were clear off Cape Sepet, the French frigate bore up, and we immediately made all sail inshore, keeping the Menelaus a little off the wind, which blew rather fresh, and which gave us the advantage of advancing at the rate of nine knots an hour. By this time the whole line of the French fleet stood out to sea, with the exception of about four sail of the line, which continued under easy sail a little to windward of their port. We were soon within gun-shot of our friends, who hugged the shore. The batteries commenced the action, the very first shot striking our fore topmast about three feet above the cap, and cutting the mast nearly in half; the fore top-sail was instantly lowered, and the jib hauled down. The frigate now gave three cheers, hoisted her colors, and treated us to a broadside, which did no damage, and which was directed in no very masterly style. We were now within pistol shot, when the master reported that the van ship of the French line had tacked and was looking to windward of us, and that, as it was impossible to keep the ship very close to the wind on account of the wounded fore topmast, we should be cut off unless we immediately wore and stood out. Sir Peter's blood was warm—we had stood about a dozen broadsides, and he was resolved he would have a little revenge; we therefore bore up, kept alongside of our enemy, and gave him such a salute that down went his main top-sail: the peak was shot away, and the whole scene on board the French frigate was one of confusion and noise. In vain did the master show our dangerous situation; we were now fairly cut off, and thirteen sail of the line were standing towards us. "Another broadside," cried the captain, "steady on the main deck and take good aim—that's all right." "We must really wear, Sir," said the master, "for we are getting very close to the shore, and we never can lay to the windward of the fleet." "One more broadside," was the only answer; and so completely lost to the danger was the captain, that he only thought of boarding the French frigate. He suddenly was convinced not a moment was to be lost; we wore off shore, contrived to fish the fore topmast enough to bear the jib, and out we stood to face our numerous foes. In the meantime the batteries took advantage of our retreat; the French frigate continued her fire, and had she hauled off in chase we must have been captured. We steered for the van ship of the enemy's line, an eighty gun ship.—It was now evident enough that the captain had very little prospect of saving his frigate from the already extended jaws of his enemy, and he therefore began to make the necessary arrangements for a change of situation in life. I was quartered at the eight after guns on the main deck, and consequently had the right to walk the captain's cabin on the present occasion. I was standing aft, looking out of the stern windows at our late antagonist, when Captain Parker came below: he appeared just as unconcerned as if he were in security, and called for his clerk with as much composure as if it were to write a common despatch. The clerk came, and was desired to bring the captain's desk which had been removed during our clearing for action. The captain took his letters therefrom and coolly destroyed them: I overheard him remark—"They never shall read her letters, happen what may." This done, the private signals were taken on deck, placed in the box with the weights; and once more the captain took his usual station on the carronade slide, abreast of the wheel. My companion at quarters had been a prisoner at Verdun once, and seemed by no means anxious to try it again; he recommended me to put on my thickest shoes, as the walk would be long and the road bad; telling me at the same time that the gens d'armes were accustomed to tie their prisoners in a long line, the foremost man being fastened to a horse's tail and that tired or not tired the continued walk was inevitable: at the same time he hinted that putting on an extra, and placing a pair or two of stockings in one's pocket, was very advisable. The crew looked with the same dark eye upon our situation, but they knew very well that we had plenty of work to do before we thought of surrendering—more than once I overheard the desponding remarks of some of our veterans. In the mean time we neared our adversaries. We were about two miles distant from the leading ship of the enemy's line, when she tacked and shortened sail, being then a little on her lee bow: the whole line of the French fleet, did the same, as they came in the leading ship's wake, while the inshore squadron filled up the gap between the shore and the ships. As we were obliged to keep rather free on account of the wounded fore topmast, the enemy's fleet all looked to windward of us; and it was evident that we should have to run along the whole line at pistol shot distance, or attempt to cut through it; this last being merely such a desperate shift as nothing but a miracle could terminate prosperously. As the French line had tacked in succession, we were shortly abreast of the sternmost ship of their line, both being on the larboard tack; when, to the captain's excessive joy, the fleet kept away about a point and a half, steering parallel to us. We were first kindly saluted by the whole broadside of a three-deck-

er, not one shot of which struck us, and indeed I believe that half the guns were not shot. We never returned this, as firing is likely to put down the wind, and at that moment, the harder it blew the better for us. Along the whole line we ran, every ship we passed firing her broadside, and acting in the only manner they could to allow us to escape. Had they made more sail as we came up, they must have taken us; but by some extravagance of idleness, or want of common nautical knowledge, they still kept under their topsails and jibs, going about five knots, while we had every stitch set the ship would bear, and were flying through the water. Each ship as we passed was nearer to us than the one we had already passed, and each remembered we were an enemy's frigate, and fired as long as their guns would bear. At last we came alongside of the headmost ship; we were now nearly safe, provided our masts remained untouched, and no chance shot whipped a spar; not a word was heard on board of us as the broadside of this eighty gun ship whistled over our heads. The master was steering the ship with the steadiness of an experienced sailor, determined not to lose an inch of ground, and we had passed the beam of our enemy, when he relinquished the wheel to the quarter master. At this moment the enemy ceased firing, and the whole fleet began to make all sail. We edged away about a point in order to get right ahead of our antagonist; which having effected, we took the liberty to return a shot or two from our stern-chasers.—As the weight aft did not assist our speed, the guns were removed, the men ordered to lie down at their quarters; and very shortly we, thanks to the superior sailing of the Menelaus, were a mile and more ahead of our enemies. As nothing but the greatest good fortune had kept the fore topmast standing, which now began to complain in consequence of the increased force of the wind, we were obliged to edge away about two points more; and the gabies of our Frenchmen, instead of bearing up immediately, when they might have neared us again. At last we got them right before the wind, and instantly began to shift the fore topmast, keeping all our studding sails on the mainmast. This was our worst point of sailing, and it was evident they had gained upon us: we were by no means out of the scrape, and all our activity was requisite to get ready for a little more sail. It seemed magic to our enemies; we had another fore topmast up, the top-gallantmast all right, and sail set forward in a quarter of an hour; on seeing which the French fleet hauled their wind, tacked, and stood in shore. We have had nearly enough of battles; and I should have withheld the following account of a skirmish on shore, had not some of those touching scenes occurred, over which the mind delights to wander, and memory confers a favor when she starts them into existence. We were about ten miles to the eastward of Marseilles, when we saw a small vessel at anchor in a narrow bay. Prize-money is like blood to a blood-hound—once tasted never relinquished, without superior force inter-fires. To see the vessel, small as she was, and to know that a certain sum, however small, would follow her capture, were sufficient excitement. Captain Parker, who had then succeeded to the title in consequence of old Sir Peter Parker's death, having reconnoitred the bay, which seemed totally defenceless, manned the boats, and desired the lieutenant to bring out the prize. We had three boats only employed in this expedition; for as we could not distinguish the slightest appearance of a fortification, or any thing approximating to a battery, this small force was deemed amply sufficient; and we left the ship, just as sure of a bloodless prize as we were of our existence. In each boat, however, three marines had been placed to amuse people on shore, while we towed out the vessel. We approached the land about noon, and shortly were within pistol shot. Not a soul was to be seen, excepting an old woman, who sat at the door of a small hut erected on the further end of the bay; she sat spinning, and seemingly without noticing us. It was a dead calm, and "ocean slumbered like an unweaned child." The bowman was a corpse; a musket had been fired from behind a rock on the left-hand entrance, and that first shot was fatal; it was succeeded by another nearly from the same place, and one marine was disabled; a third came and tore the cravat from the lieutenant's neck, but did not touch him: a fourth and the coxswain lost his arm. There was no standing this—it was deliberate murder; for, ensconced behind the rocks, the Frenchmen fired in perfect security; and so small were the apertures from whence issued their destruction, that they were imperceptible to us. We gave three cheers, and pulled right for the place. Only one more shot came, & that struck an already wounded man. A small sandy cove offered a landing, and one and all, saving the wounded, jumped on shore and began a search. The lieutenant, myself, and a marine, took one direction; the other marine and some of the boat's crew were left to search the rock near which we had landed. Ours seemed a hopeless attempt to discover the enemy; we wound along a narrow path, which sometimes offered a view of the water, and which then suddenly turned inland. We examined every place with the utmost precaution, and search was useless, until another shot, which missed its mark, convinced us we were not far from our foes. We pushed on, one after the other, for the road was rugged and narrow, until, coming into a broader and more open view, we saw a man and a little boy retreating in much haste. The instant we hailed him to stop, he turned round and fired. It was again a harmless shot, it grazed the marine, but no mischief was done. The lieutenant instantly fired, but missed his mark; and he desired the marine to do the same, taking care not to hit the boy. The Frenchman again fired, and the little boy instantly gave a cartridge: it was a running fight, and little harm likely to be done from such wild firing. The marine suddenly stopped, and resting his musket against the rock, shot the child; he fell in the act of offering another cartridge. The father instantly relinquished his fire-arms, and fell by the side of his son: of course he was a prisoner in a moment. Our seizing his musket he disregarded; even of our approach he seemed unmindful. He had seated himself, and, placing the boy's head upon his lap, was wiping

away the blood which oozed from the wound in the forehead. On desiring him to follow us he paid not the slightest attention, he neither wept or spoke, but watched the last chilling shiver of his boy, as he relinquished life, with an eye of inexpressible sadness. The last contraction of the eye—the distended jaw—the motionless lip, announced his death. I stammered, for I could not speak the dreadful truth. The father jumped from the ground with a frantic air; the marine brought his bayonet to the charge, and the Frenchman endeavored to run on its point, but the marine dropped his musket and circled him with his arms. We immediately secured his hands, and desired him to lead us to the beach near the cottage. The marine carried the dead boy, and the father walked by the side, apparently lost in silent observation of the corpse. We certainly did not return the way we came, for we had passed our boat and came suddenly upon the rear of the cottage. The old woman was still at her wheel, and we were within about two yards, when, lifting her head, she discovered her son a prisoner. A violent shriek announced to a lovely female in this hut that something had occurred. She rushed to assist her mother; her first sight fell upon her dead son in the arms of an enemy; she seized the boy, and tore him from the marine; she kissed him more like a maniac than a mother, and giving one deep and audible sigh, she fell at the mother's feet. We hastened from the scene of grief and when the oars were splashed into the water, as we retreated from the shore, we distinctly saw the whole family in the situation we had left them, as perfectly regardless of us as if we had not existed, and unmindful of the retreat of the murderers of their son. "War! war! even to the knife!" said Palafox: this was little better than butchery, and I have often wept over the remembrance of the fatal day, for it left a blot upon my heart. I would have given all the prize-money I ever made not to have witnessed the cruel scene. Alas! I have to record some more fatal, and equally touching.

PALESTINE.

FAMILY LIBRARY, VOL. XXVII.—The Christian, the Jew, and the Musselman, all reverence the Holy Land, all go up to worship at Jerusalem. With creeds at variance, they believe yet much in common, and the same patriarchs are honored in the religion of all. The first European traveler to Jerusalem was Areluius, A. D. 705, who found more relics than are exhibited now:—as the cup used at the last supper, the sponge into which the vinegar was poured, and the lance which pierced the side. The Crusades opened the Holy places to all Europe, but the Saracens soon recovered possession. In 1411 a traveller arrived at Damascus, met many discouragements in his way, and the first two persons who met him in the city knocked him down. A traveller of the same period recommended to all his successors "to make a will like one going not to the earth, but to the heavenly Jerusalem. The first protestant made a voyage to Syria from London in 1581. Near Canida in a violent storm the mariners were inclined to lighten the ship of so much heresy, so that he would neither join in their hymn to the Virgin, nor kiss her image. He arrived however, at Jerusalem, where the monks "dined him of free cost, and he fared reasonable well."

From Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, the pilgrim enters the rocky plain of Sharon, where there is now a profusion of roses, white and red, and of narcissus, lily, and carnation. By degrees the traveller passes over the olive district, to the "hill country," which he follows till all vegetation, even of the very mosses disappears.—Having gained and descended a lofty hill, he sees at the extremity of a plain, a line of gothic walls with square towers, and the tops of a few buildings rising above them. This is the capital of David, the desolate Jerusalem.

Doctor Clarke describes the approach as indicating a flourishing and stately metropolis, with domes, towers, palaces, churches and monasteries. The existence of its city is a miracle, like the nationality of its rightful people, scattered over every land. In a barren country, without water, or commerce, it has little to support it, but pilgrims, and its character for sanctity. The mosque of Omar, a place rigidly closed to Christians, is supposed to be on the spot of Solomon's Temple: tradition is not without authority, among a people who have lived without interruption in the same city, and felt a great reverence for the sacred places.

The Holy Sepulchre, to rescue which there were more than three centuries of Crusades, is under a dome. A tomb of carophagus of marble in the Greek fashion is exhibited in it. Lamps are constantly burning and the vault resounds with the groans and sobbing of devotees.

On calvary is shewn a hole in the rock, where it is said the cross was fixed; but the cross they have not the hardihood to show. In Italy and Spain, however, there are beams enough of it to build a ship of the line. The memorable fissure in the rock is shown which was made at the crucifixion; it runs down to an unknown depth, though it is narrow. A contest for occasional possession of the holy sepulchre is still carried on to blood, between the followers of the Greek and of the Roman Church, who reciprocally and religiously hate each other more than they do the Turks or Jews. It is in fact the slightest shades of belief that generally engender the greatest theological hatred.

Wilson saw many Jews walking about the holy places, and reposing along the brook Kedron: the reply universally given to him when asking why they came to Jerusalem, was this: "to die in the land of their fathers." The faith of the Jews in the coming of the Messiah, is perfect: "Heavy is our captivity, say they, heavy is our burden, heavy is our slavery, anxiously we wait for redemption." At this moment the Hebrews scattered over the earth are as numerous as when David ruled over the ten tribes; all live in the future rather than the present, and look forward to the re-assembling of the dispersed. They have no country, no interest in the lands where they live; their patriotism is for a distant country. They seldom hold land in that country, and it may be said that "they call no spot of all this earth, their own." The pool of Bethesda is the only place in

which antiquaries admit the existence of the original architecture; it is the last remnant of antiquity left in Jerusalem as it appeared in the days of Solomon. The locality of a spring is easily preserved; and at Bethlehem is shown the well of which David longed to taste, and from whence his mighty men brought him the water. The convent over the spot of the nativity was built by Helena, who raised so many churches in Palestine. The circumstances that point out the spot of the nativity, are so numerous and clear, that Dr. Clarke, the most sceptical of all pilgrims is a believer in this.

The waters of the Dead Sea are still full of salt and bitterness; and no fish swims within them. The extent of the lake is seventy miles by nineteen. The water is heavy, and incredibly buoyant. The bather lying still upon it, will have at least one fourth of his body above the water. It gives a sensation like that of lying on a feather bed. But there is a great resistance in moving through the water. Considerable pressure is necessary to sink a piece of wood, which, when the pressure is removed, springs up like a cork. The Jordan, a few miles from the lake, is fifty feet broad and six feet deep near the shore—though it varies at different seasons.

Olive is the great staple of Palestine, and a principal part of the food consists in rice and fruits. There is every variety of soil: the desert where no root strikes and districts richer than any in Italy and Spain.

From the National Gazette.

Extract from Washington Irving's "Alhambra." THE BALCONY.

In the Hall of Ambassadors, at the central window, there is a balcony of which I have already made mention. It projects like a cage from the face of the tower, high in mid air, above the tops of the trees that grow on the steep hill side. It answers me as a kind of observatory, where I often take my seat to consider, not merely the heavens above, but the "earth beneath." Beside the magnificent prospect which it commands, of mountain, valley and Vega, there is a busy little scene of human life laid open to inspection immediately below. At the foot of the hill is an almshouse or public works, which, though not so fashionable as the more modern and splendid paseo of the Xenil, still boasts a varied and picturesque concourse especially on holidays and Sundays. Hither resort the small gentry of the suburbs, together with priests and friars, who walk for appetite and digestion; majos and majas, the beaux and belles of the lower classes in their Andalusian dresses; swagging contrabandistas, and sometimes half muffled and mysterious loungers of the higher ranks on some silent assignation.

It is a moving picture of Spanish life which I microscopically study; and as the naturalist has his microscope to assist him in his curious investigations, so I have a small pocket telescope which brings the countenances of the motley groups so close as almost at times to make me think I can divine their conversation by the play and expression of their features. I am thus, in a manner, an invisible observer, and without quitting my solitude, can throw myself in an instant into the midst of society—a rare advantage to one of somewhat shy and quiet habits.

Then there is a considerable suburb lying below the Alhambra, along the narrow gorge of the valley, and extending up the opposite hill of the Albaycin. Many of the houses are built in the Moorish style, round patios or courts cooled by fountains and open to the sky; and as the inhabitants pass much of their time in these courts and on the terraced roofs during the summer season, it follows that many a glance at their domestic life may be obtained by an aerial spectator like myself, who can look down on them from the clouds.

I enjoy, in some degree, the advantage of the student in the famous old Spanish story, who beheld all Madrid unroofed for his inspection, and my gossipping acquaintance Mateo Ximenes, officiates occasionally as my Amodemus, to give me anecdotes of the different mansions and their inhabitants.

I prefer, however, to form conjectured histories for myself; and thus can sit up aloft for hours, weaving from casual incidents and indications that pass under my eye, the intricate tissue of schemes, intrigues and occupations, carrying on by certain of the busy mortals below. There is scarce a pretty face or striking figure that I daily see, about which I have not thus gradually framed a dramatic story; though some of my characters will occasionally act in direct opposition to the part assigned them, and disconcert my whole drama.

A few days since I was reconnoitering with my glass the streets of the Albaycin, I beheld the procession of a novice about to take the veil; and remarked various circumstances that excited the strongest sympathies in the fate of the youthful being thus about to be consigned to a living tomb. I ascertained, to my satisfaction, that she was beautiful; and by the paleness of her cheek, that she was a victim rather than a votary. She was arrayed in bridal garments, and decked with a chaplet of white flowers; but her heart evidently revolted at this mockery of a spiritual union, and yearned after its earthly loves. A tall, stern looking man walked near her in the procession; it was evidently the tyrannical father, who, from some bigoted or sordid motive, had compelled this sacrifice. Amidst the crowd was a dark, handsome youth, in Andalusian garb, who seemed to fix on her an eye of agony. It was doubtless the secret lover from whom she was forever to be separated. My indignation rose as I noted the malignant exultation painted in the countenances of the attendant monks and friars. The procession arrived at the chapel of the convent; the sun gleamed for the last time upon the chapel of the poor novice as she crossed the fatal threshold and disappeared from my sight. The throng poured in with cowl and cross and minstreys. The lover paused for a moment at the door, I could understand the tumult of his feelings, but he mastered them and entered. There was a long interval—I pictured to myself the scene passing within. The poor novice, despoiled of her transient finery—clothed in the conventional garb; the bridal chaplet taken from her brow; her beautiful head shorn of its silken tresses—I heard her murmur the irrevocable vow—I saw her extended on her bier; the death pall spread over; the funeral service performed; that proclaimed her dead to the world; her sighs were drowned in the wailing anthem of the nuns and the sepulchral tones of the organ—the father looked, unmoved without a tear—the lover—no—my fancy refused to portray the anguish of the lover—there the picture remained a blank—the ceremony was over; the crowd again issued forth to behold the day and mingle in the joyous stir of life—but the victim, with her bridal chaplet was no longer there—the door of the convent closed that secured her from the world forever. I saw the father and the lover issue forth—they were in earnest conversation—the young man was violent in his gestures, when the wall of a house intervened and shut them from my sight.

That evening I noticed a solitary light twinkling from a remote lattice of the convent. There, said I, the unhappy novice sits weeping in her cell, while her lover paces the street below in unavailing anguish. The officious Mateo interrupted my meditations and destroyed in an instant, the cobweb tissue of my fancy.—With his usual zeal he had gathered facts concerning the scene that had interested me. The

heroine of my romance was neither young nor handsome—she had no love—she had entered the convent of her own free will, as a respectable ascetic, and was one of the cheeriest residents within its walls!

I felt at first half vexed with the nun for being thus happy in her cell, in contradiction to all the rules of romance; but diverted my spleen by watching for a day or two, the pretty coquetries of a dark-eyed brunette, who, from the covert of a balcony shrouded the flowering shrubs and a silken awning, was carrying on a mysterious correspondence with a handsome, dark, well-whiskered cavalier, in the street beneath her window. Sometimes I saw him, at an early hour, stealing forth, wrapped in the folds of a mantle. Sometimes he loitered at the corner, in various disguises, apparently waiting for a private signal to slip into the tower. Then there was a tinkling of a guitar at night, and a lantern shifted from place to place in the balcony. I imagined another romantic intrigue like that of Almagiva, but was again disconcerted in all my suppositions by being informed that the supposed lover was the husband of the lady, and a noted contrabandista; and that all his mysterious signs and movements had doubtless some smuggling scheme in view.

Scarce had the gray dawn streaked the sky and the earliest cock crowed from the hill side, when the suburbs gave sign of reviving animation; for the fresh hours of dawing are precious in the summer season in a sultry climate. All are anxious to get the start of the sun in the business of the day. The muleteers drives forth his loaded train for the journey; the traveller slings his carbine behind his saddle and mounts his steed at the gate of the hotel. The brown peasant urges his loitering donkeys, laden with panniers of sunny fruit and fresh dewey vegetables; or already the thrifty housewives are hastening to the market.

The sun is up and sparkles along the valley, topping the transparent foliage of the groves. The matin bells resound melodiously through the pure bright air, announcing the hour of devotion. The muleteer halts his burdened animals before the chapel, thrusts his staff through his belt behind, and enters with hat in hand, smoothing his coal black hair, to hear a mass and put up a prayer for a prosperous wayfarer across the Sierra.

And now steals forth with fairy feet the gentle Senora, in trim busquina; with redose fan and dark eye flashing from beneath her graciously folded mantilla. She seeks some well frequented church, to offer up her orisons, but the newly adjusted dress, the dainty shoe and cobweb stocking, the tresses scrupulously braided, the fresh plucked roe that gleams among them like a gem, show that earth divide with heaven the empire of her thoughts.

As the morning advances, the din of labor augments on every side; the streets are thronged with man and beast of burden; the universal movement produces a hum and murmur like the surges of the ocean. As the sun ascends to his meridian the hum and bustle gradually decline; at the height of noon there is a pause; the panting city sinks into lassitude, and for several hours there is a general repose. The windows are closed; the inhabitants retire into the coolest recesses of their mansions. The full-led monk strolls in his dormitory. The brawny porter lies stretched on the pavement beside his burden. The peasant and the laborer sleep beneath the trees of the Alameda, lulled by the sultry chirping of the locust. The streets are deserted except by the water carrier, who refreshes the ear by proclaiming the merits of his sparkling beverage.—"Colder than mountain snow."

As the sun declines there is again a gradual reviving, and when the vesper bell rings out his smiling bell, all nature seems to rejoice that the tyrant of the day has fallen.

Now begins the bustle of enjoyment. The citizens pour forth to breathe the evening air, and tread away the brief twilight in the walks and gardens of the Darro and the Xenil.

As the night closes, the motley scene assumes new features. Light after light gradually twinkles forth here a taper from a balconied window; there a voice lamp before the image of a saint. Thus by degrees the city emerges from the pervading gloom, and sparkles with scattered lights like the starry firmament. Now break forth from court and garden and street, and lane, the tinkling of innumerable guitars and the clicking of castanets, blending, at this lofty height, in a faint and general concert.—"Enjoy the moment," is the creed of the gay and amorous Andalusian, and at no time does he practise it more zealously than in the balmy nights of summer, wooing his mistress with the dance, the love ditty and the passionate serenade.

\$10 REWARD.

RANA WAY from the subscriber on POLK 23d inst. a Negro woman named POLLY, belonging to the heirs of col. J. S. Smith, dec. The said negro is a tall thin woman, of yellow complexion. It is supposed she is in Newbern, or lurking about Siobum's Creek, as her husband, Ezekiel Chance, a free man, resides thereon. I forewarn all persons from harboring or employing said negro under the penalty of the law. The above reward will be paid on the delivery of said woman to EMANUEL CERTAIN.

Newbern, April 24th, 1832.

NEW GOODS.

JOHN A. CRISPIN HAS just returned from New York with a general assortment of

WAREHOUSES, HARDWARE, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, &c.

The following articles comprise a part of his Stock:

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|--|-------------------------|
| Wines.   | Fruits.                 |
| Champagne, in qt. and pt. bottles,                       | Citron, Currants, Teas. |
| Old Madeira,   | Gunpowder,              |
| Pico, do,  | Imperial,               |
| Naples,  | Hyson,                  |
| Lisbon,  | Souchong,               |
| Teneriffe,   | Pouchong.               |
| Dry Malaga,  | Sugars.                 |
| Sherry,  | Loaf & Lump,            |
| Country.   | White Havana,           |
|  | Brown, various qual.    |
|  | Nuts.                   |
| Cogniac Brandy (superior quality)                        | Filberts,               |
| Peach do,  | Madeira Nuts,           |
| Old Jamaica Rum,   | Almonds.                |
| Superior Holland Gin,                                    | Spices.                 |
| Old Monong, Whiskey,                                     | Mace, Cloves,           |
| N. E. Rum,   | Cinnamon, Nutmegs,      |
| Porter in qt & pt. bottles,                              | Pepper, Spice.          |
|  | Preserved Ginger.       |
| Buckwheat, Goshen Butter, Cheese,                        |                         |
| Spanish & American Segars, Superior Chewing Tobacco, &c. |                         |

Which he offers low for cash or country produce at the Store on Pollock-street formerly occupied by the late George A. Hall, Esq.

Two Sets Stage Harness, for sale.

FIRST quality, Philadelphia made, for sale by JOHN TEMPLETON. April 18th, 1832.