

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS WATSON...

GARDEN SEEDS. General assortment of FRESH GARDEN SEEDS received and for sale by WILLIAM SANDERS.

MISS VIPON WILL resume her School, at her residence, on the 1st of March next.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE. WILL be sold at the Court House, in Newbern, on Monday the 6th of March, the Household and Kitchen Furniture, and a Canoe, the property of Alfred Jones, dec'd.

NOTICE. AT the February Term, A. D. 1836, of Craven County Court, the subscriber qualified as Administrator of Alfred T. Jones, late of said County, deceased.

FORTY DOLLARS REWARD. AN AWAY from the subscriber, on the 5th of May last, a Negro Woman named CARER, formerly the property of George A. Thompson.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA. CRAVEN COUNTY. SUPERIOR COURT OF LAW.

Medical and Chemical ESTABLISHMENT. MR. JENKINS takes this method of announcing his arrival to the inhabitants of the Town of Newbern and its vicinity...

Lime Juice; Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla; Davyle's Compound, for cleaning coat collars; Soda Powders; Seidlitz Powders; Dr. Steer's Chemical Opodeldoc; Syrup of Liverwort...

Soporaceous compound Shaving Soap; Pungent Smelling Salts; Otto of Roses; Ditto Wash Balls; Castile Soap; Toilette and Nursing Powder...

A supply of Nutmegs, Cinnamon, Cloves, Mace, Allspice, and Pepper, always on hand; Raisins, Figs, Almonds, &c., and a 'Good Article' of TOBACCO and SEGARS.

Malmsey, 25 years old, an article of the very first description, in Bottle; Old Port, in ditto, and by the case one dozen; Old Sherry, in bottle; superior Claret, in bottle...

MONTAGUE'S BALM. An Indian Remedy for TOOTH-ACHE.

THE FISHMAN OF SCAPROUT. BY G. P. JAMES. Higher still grew the storm as the night came on; more frequent and more fierce were the howling gusts of wind; and the waves of the stirred-up ocean, cast in thunder upon the shore...

When applied according to directions given on the bottle, it has never failed to afford immediate and permanent relief. It also arrests the decay in Defective Teeth, and relieves that soreness which so frequently renders a strong Tooth useless.

A supply of the above article, just received and for sale by WILLIAM SANDERS, Druggist, Newbern, 15th Feb., 1836.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE FIRST. ABOUT midway between Ostend and Sluys, exposed to all the awful wrath of the North Sea, lies a long track of desolate shore, frowning a fierce defiance back upon the waves that dash in fury against it...

Higher still grew the storm as the night came on; more frequent and more fierce were the howling gusts of wind; and the waves of the stirred-up ocean, cast in thunder upon the shore seemed to shake the lowly cottage as if they vain would have swept it from the earth.

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coming storm. The fisherman himself was a tall, gaunt man, with hair of grizzled black, strongly marked by not unpleasant features, and many a furrow across his broad high brow.

The spot on which he stood was a small sandhill on the little bay formed by a projecting ridge of Dunes, at the extreme of which stood the old castle of Scarpout, even then in ruins, and at the time of high tide separated from the land by the encroaching wave, but soon destined to be swept away altogether, leaving nothing but a crumbling tower here and there rising above the waters.

The boy ran away along the shore to some still lower cottages, which could just be seen at the opposite point, about two miles off; and the fisherman turned toward his own dwelling. Four rooms were all it contained; and the door which opened on the sands led into the first of these; but the chamber was clean and neat; every thing in it showed care and extreme attention; the brazen vessels above the wide chimney, the pottery upon the shelves, all bore evidence of good housewifery; and as the fisherman of Scarpout entered his humble abode, the warm blaze of the fire, and the light of the resin candles, welcomed him to as clean an apartment as could be found in a palace of princes.

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stranger. "But we have no time for long conferences, good fisherman. A party of assassins are triumphant in Flanders. The count is slain; his son, a youth, yet unable to recover or defend his own without aid; his daughter is here, pursued by the murderers of her father; she cannot be long concealed, and this night, this very night, I must find means to ear her to the shores of France, so that I may pace her in safety; and, as a faithful friend to thy dead sovereign, obtain the means of snatching his son's inheritance from the hands of his enemies, ere their power be confirmed beyond remedy. Will you venture to bear us out to sea in your boat and win a reward such as a fisherman can seldom gain?"

The storm is loud!" said the fisherman; "the wind is cold; and ere you reach France, that fair flower would be withered near to revive again. You must leave her here." "But she will be discovered and slain by the murderers of her father," replied Baldwin. "What are you a man and a seaman, and fear to dare the storm for such an object?"

"I fear nothing," answered the fisherman, calmly. "But here is my son! Albert, heaven's benison be upon you, my boy," he added, as a young man entered the cottage, with the dark curls of his jetty hair dripping with the night rain. "Welcome back! but you come in an hour of trouble. Cast the great bar across the door, and let no one enter, while I show this stranger a refuge he knows not."

No one shall enter living," said the young man after returning his father's first embrace; and the fisherman taking one of the resin lights from the table, passed through the room where the fair unhappy Marguerite lay, recovering from the swoon into which she had fallen, to a recollection of all that was painful in existence. "Should they attempt to force the door," whispered the fisherman to his wife, "bring her quick after me, and bid Albert and Emilie follow." And striding on with the lord of Wavrin, into the room beyond, he gave his guest the light, while he advanced toward the wall which ended the building on that side. It had formed part of some old tenement, most probably a monastery, which had long ago occupied the spot, when a little town no longer now existing, had been gathered together at the neck of the promontory on which the fort of Scarpout stood.

This one wall was all that remained of the former habitations; and against it the cottage was built; though the huge stones of which it was composed were but little in harmony with the rest of the low building. To it, however, the fisherman advanced, and placing his shoulder against one of the enormous stones, to the astonishment of the stranger it moved round upon a pivot in the wall, showing the top of a small staircase, leading down apparently into the ground. A few words sufficed to tell that the staircase led by a passage under the neck of sandhills, to the old castle beyond; and that in that old castle was still one room habitable, though unknown to any but the fisherman himself. "Here, then, let the lady stay," he said, "guarded, fed, and tended by my wife and children; and for you and me, let us put to sea. I will bring you safe to Boulogne, if I sleep not with you beneath the waves; and there, from the king of France, you may gain aid to re-establish rightfulness within the land."

To Boulogne," said the stranger, "to Boulogne? Nay, let us pause at Bergues or Calais, for I am not loved in Boulogne. Once," he added boldly, seeing some astonishment in the fisherman's countenance, "I once wronged the count of Boulogne—I scruple not to say it. I did him wrong; and though he has been dead for years, yet his people love me not, and I have had warning to avoid their dwellings."

The lord of Wavrin mused for a moment, but consented, and all was speedily arranged. The fair Marguerite of Flanders, roused and cheered by the care of the fisherman's family, gladly took advantage of the refuge offered her, and found no terrors in the long damp vaults or ponderous stone door that hid her from the world; and feeling that she herself was now in safety, she scarcely looked round at her confinement to which she was led, but gave herself up to the thoughts of her father's bloody death, her brother's situation of peril, and all the dangers that lay before the faithful friend who, with a father's tenderness, had guided her safely from the house of murder and desolation. He, on his part, saw the heavy stone-door roll slowly to after the princess, and ascertaining that an iron bolt within gave her the means of securing her retreat, at least in a degree, he left her, with a mind comparatively tranquilized in regard to her, and followed the fisherman toward the beach. There, was found already the boat prepared, with its prow toward the surf, and one or two of the fisherman's hardy companions ready to share his danger. The lord of Wavrin looked up to the dark and starless sky; he felt the rude wind push roughly against his broad chest; he heard the billows fall in thunder upon the sandy shore; but he thought of his murdered sovereign, and of that sovereign's helpless orphans, and springing into the frail bark, he bade them push off, though he felt that then was many a chance those words might be signals for his death. Watching till the wave had broken, the three strong men pushed the boat through the yielding sand; the next instant floated; the leaped in, and struggling for a moment with the coming wave, the bark bounced out into the sea, and was lost to the sight of those who watched them from the shore.

A LETTER FROM A VICTIM. The Albany Journal of a late date contains the following letter from one of the ill-fated young men who perished at Tampico. It cannot be read without a feeling of regret and indignation. It was mentioned in a Washington Letter a few days since, that the President had determined to institute an investigation in relation to the cold blooded massacre of the twenty-eight American citizens, who were shot down by the myrmidons of Santa Anna.—Phil. Inq.

Tampico, Dec. 12, 1835. Dear Brother,—When this reaches you, I hope you will bear the relation of my fate with at least as much firmness as I, who will have been placed beyond the reach of future calamity. I cannot break the news to you by degrees, but must immediately say that I left New Orleans, as my last letter to home expressed, with a view to go to Texas in company with a great many others, who, like myself, were seeking to better their circumstances; and as soon as we were out at sea, we were introduced to a general of the Mexican Revolution, and who in the course of the voyage, had us all formed into companies of soldiers;—a step against which, when I attempted to remonstrate, the only satisfaction gained was an order to go below. The next disastrous news was, that instead of going to Texas, we found ourselves landed at the place from whence I now address this.

I felt myself already sacrificed to the ambition of this demagogue, Gen. Mejia, and attempted to leave the company, but unfortunately was compelled to return; but upon arriving at the town, which it was intended to attack, I again left them, and to shorten the sad tale, I was taken the morning following by the successful repellant, and being dressed in the uniform of Mejia's troops, have received the sentence of death together with 27 other young men whose lives have been made a sacrifice to villany and deception.

It does not become me so near the point of death to make an expression of hatred to any individual; but will the United States permit their citizens to be abducted by men who are now in their bosom in the midst of affluence and luxury? If not, then is Mr. Christy, Notary Public of New Orleans, still answerable for this wholesale murder. But as I have now only a few hours left, let me use part of that time upon another subject. I have not written home, nor could I; the shock would have been too sudden, and the task would have unmanned me. Believe me, when I say, that death is not so frightful upon a close inspection, as we are apt to think. Tell my mother and all the family, not to think they are forgotten—they cannot think it; but as it would be useless to harrow up my feelings by calculating the worth I leave behind, so it is consoling to think that hope points out a future meeting, when all the troubles of this world, if remembered at all, will only serve to heighten the felicity of the next.

There is not a little consolation in the reflection that the debt of nature has not been hastened by any crime of my own; and that I die neither an ignominious nor guilty death.—To be shot, on Monday morning, at 7 o'clock, would at one time sounded alarming in my ears, but it is only anticipating the event which all expect in the course of a few years at the farthest; and the last request which I have to make is they will not suffer the news to overwhelm them, but to prepare to meet death as calmly as I assure them is the case with me. There is nothing in it but a departure from care and trouble—and let them consider, I leave them in a short, very short struggle, and that this, at least, is better than to suffer on the languishing death-bed. Farewell and again,

I add—be very particular to break the tale with great circumspection, as the keenest pang I have yet felt, has been the fear that they will feel greater sorrow at my death, than I do myself. My last prayer is, that the power which they supplicate for all blessings, will sustain them in this trial, and watch over them till we meet again. Farewell.

Your unfortunate but happy brother, JAMES CRAMP. Tampico, Dec. 13, 1835.

The Legislature of Alabama has just granted a charter for a rail road to connect Mobile Bay with the Tennessee River, which passes through the north west corner of the State. The capital of the Company is to be three millions of dollars, and the provisions of the charter as to the mode of raising it are novel, and very suitable for a new and agricultural state in which there is little accumulation of capital. Instead of subscribers to the stock paying in money the amount of subscription as is usual, they give mortgages on real estate to double the amount of the value subscribed, upon which security the State issues bonds payable in twenty years for the amount of the capital. The State in fact, says the Mobile Register, undertakes to make the road, on her own credit; 'if owners of real estate can be found to give, as the proof of their earnestness in the cause, a lieu of money subscriptions to stock to be released on the completion of the work, and the payment out of its own resources of the money advanced.' The road is to be commenced in two years and finished in ten, under pain of forfeiture of the charter, and a fine of two hundred thousand dollars to the State. The rail road will pass through and into one of the finest cotton planting regions in the United States, and cannot fail to add greatly to the wealth of Alabama, and particularly of Mobile, which rapidly growing city promises to rival New Orleans as a cotton market.—Balt. American.