before the easel. The noise which they made around her and the brilliant light proceeding from the torches awoke her.

She was a somnambulist.

Thus had she been the model of the artist, who returned to her in love what she had given in fame.

He obtained the prize and was loaded with honors and riches at the English court.

A few days after this scene, they celebrated in the church of St. Paul the marriage of the painter Van Dyck with Dolly, daughter of Ruthven, Count of Gorre.

THE OLD SHEPHERD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO OLD MEN'S TALES."

So they had lived father and son! But two years ago there had been a terrible winter—a winter which, beginning in November lasts till April. The bleak wind whistled over the bare hills; a black, pitiless, impenetrable frost settled upon the face of nature; the sky was lead above—the earth harder than iron beneath; scarcely could the famishing flocks pick a scanty pasture amid the herbage and heath, all parched and dried up with intense cold.

Cold! cold! more and more piercing was the cold. The stout heart of the old Scotchman resisted the elements in that cabin of his; he sat there at night over embers, wrapped in his plaid, and neither shivered, trembled, nor complained; but one day he got an unfortunate wetting by a slip into a stream, as he followed a refractory ewe, and the rheumatism seized upon his knees and crippled him.

"There will be a dew fall to-night, Michael," said he, as his son returned from providing his bleating family with their accustomed share of provender.

"So I think," replied the young man; "and may be we shall be shut up, as I have heard you say you were in the dreadful year '50. Our oat-meal chest is getting low, and I think the best thing I can do is to take old Maggie down to the village, and bring up a couple of sacks of meal in case of the worst."

"Ay, ay," said the old man; "and ye may as well tak the few sheep-skins which lie in the byre, and see what the old hard-fisted body of a baillie will gie ye for them."

"I'll be off directly, father," said Michael, "and be back before dark; for the wind howls as I think I never heard it before, and that cloud there towards the north is loaded with snow. I'm not, for either my own sake or Maggie's, inclined in such a cold, to come home wading knee-deep in the drifts at the rate of half a mile an hour. Keep the fire well up, father, and keep the plaid over your knees. And have a good mess of porridge ready against I come back."

And so they parted.

The old shepherd stood at his door, wrapped in his plaid, now watching while Maggie and her master, as they slowly and cautiously descended the hill, and taking a course in the opposite direction from the little glen I have described, wending their way along a sort of valley, which opened finally upon Strath——and now lifted up his dim grey eye to the threatening heaven. The wind whistled and blew keener and more keen, and the father could see the young man wrap his plaid closer, and urge white Maggie to a trot.

The black, heavy clouds, as if of lead, hung over the north, ominous and melancholy; the wind whistled—the wind roared—the shepherd withdrew into his hut, shut the door, and sat rubbing his stiff and aching knees before the fire.

He made it up with turf and a little wood. The fire began to blaze and flicker; the genial warmth of the ingle nook after the intense cold out of doors, acted as a cheering cordial upon the old man's frame—pleasant dozing dreams began to hum and simmer in his fancy—his eyes closed, his head nodded; yet he was not mere than half asleep.

Such a sudden twirl of the wind! and, ha's what is that? The snow has begun: how it is beating and pelting against the little casement.

The old man started, awoke, and listened. Oh! how drearily the wind howled, and how heavily beat the snow against the pane!

Presently he made his way to the door. He opened it with some difficulty—but such a blast, such a pelt of snow beat in his face! that it almost blinded him. He was an old man, and had passed his life amid the hills, but never had he seen such a snow storm as this. Driven slanting before the wind, the flakes, large as feathers, and thick as sand, fell as fast as it is possible to conceive. Not a single object was to be discerned through the thick, white veil; and the door-sill and door-stone were already an inch deep in snow.

He was forced to close the door again and return to the fire; but through the little casement he could see too well how thick, and white, and rapidly the fleecy shower was descending. In a little time he began to think of his son. He would be blinded and lost if this storm should continue; it was impossible for any man to see his way. "But it cannot continue," said he to himself; "and he is at Aberved long before this time."

He was a hopeful, stout-hearted old man; and in this hope he sat, his knees to the fire; but his eyes were fixed upon the window for some time longer.

"It canna snow thus fast lang," said he—"sharp showers, short showers." But it did.

When he heard the wind mournfully wailing, and shrieking louder and louder, and wilder and wilder, and the snow began to drift—and he saw the wreaths gather round his little window—the old man began to think of his sheep.

They were all lying warm and snug in the little valley. But the snow drifts!

The greatest danger for the flock in the Scottish hills is a snow storm in those narrow clefts and glens.

"They maun be brought out of that," said he on the other side of the shelling, said the old man. "I wish Michael had taken another day for his meal-bags; but sin' he's no here, I maun e'en make a shift to toddle along, and drive the poor bleating things in the meadow."

So he rose and tried to open the door; but there was, as it were, a hillock of snow piled up already against it. The door opened inside, it is true; but the snow presented an impenetrable wall without and forbade all exit that way. The old man returned to his window. Here the drift was not so high; and he could just, through the upper panes, discern the wide blank of nature around him, and the snow falling, and sweeping before the wind as it fell.

He closed his door again; and, with the patient submission to the inevitable which marks a strong nature, returned to his high backed settee in the ingle nook.

He piled up the fire; for he thought of his son, wading through and drenched with snow, coming in spite of the storm to his assistance. He knew Michael well.

He thought of his sheep: his whole earthly wealth; cooped up in that little narrow cleft; and like the patriarch of old, he bowed, and said "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." And now the little casement window was entirely blocked up by the snow, and twilight took possession of the cottage. Some few rays yet penetrated—enough to make a dim twilight, and the fire cast a glowing light at one end of the cabin. There was no clock to give a note of time, and how much of time had passed away he knew not.

He was not very cold. The snow kept the buried cabin warm, and, he had fuel at hand. Sometimes he dozed; at times the old man prayed; at times he struck his knees with his hand, with that expression of patient endurance which may be observed in extreme old age.

The wind no longer howled. The only noise to be heard within the cabin was the low breathings of one sleeping, and the fire which cracked a little now and then.

* * * * * * *

He slept very soundly, or else the snow was thick and soft; for he was not aroused by the noise of footsteps and voices without. There were many men there with shovels and spades, endeavoring to clear away the snow. It was a long business. An avalanche had not precisely fallen, as might have been the case in Switzerland; but the effect was much the same.

They had to dig for hours before they could make their way to the door.

The son was a man of slight and delicate make—quite unlike the magnificent build of his almost giant old father—but he worked with superhuman energy. His neighbors and friends, good honest Scotch hearts, toiled as if their own father, wife, or child lay buried there.

The storm ceased, and a clear, cold, icy noon seemed to stand in, rather than move in, the deep marble sky. Some of the men fell down almost insensible from the intense cold; others griped in vain their tools with their benumbed fingers, but Michael laboured unremittingly. His anxiety kept him warm. At length, through this wall of snow, the narrow way was made—the ridge of the cottage just visible in the white bank of nature which surrounded it had guided them to the spot. Michael had calculated from it the place of the door, and his calculations proved correct: they struck the cottage exactly at the door.

He pushed it open, crying, Father!

No one answered.

The fire was gone out; the snow had beaten in one corner of the roof, and thus admitting the outer air, the cabin was intensely cold.

The old man sat in his settle in the ingle nook—but he moved not.

The son with a cry of anguish rushed up to him, caught hold of the withered, veiny hand, which lay upon his knee. It was quite still.

He had been some time dead, and was frozen stiff as marble.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

On Friday last three young men eighteen and twenty years of age, natives of China, but who have for some time past been prosecuting their studies at Huntly, publicly renounced the religion and gods of their fathers, and professed Christianity, by receiving the symbol of the Christian faith.

The city of Venice is about to send a present to the Pope consisting of *eight remarkable fine pieces of cannon!* What would St. Peter have said to such a present?

The Marshal of the Russian nobility, Von Witelsk Von Cechanowick, a nobleman well known by his extensive travels in Europe and the East, was lately shot by a gamekeeper, *who mistook him for a wild beast, on account of his head covering.* The dying man fully exculpated the innocent author of his death.

The men employed in digging the foundation of the new church at Jerusalem, have had to make their way through forty feet of remains of ancient buildings before they came to the foundation.

From the St. Louis Reveille, Nov. 21.

STEAM BOAT COLLISION—DREADFUL CONSEQUENCES.—On Friday morning, about five o'clock, the steamer Tempest, on her way down to Memphis, came in collision with the steamer Tallassee, bound from Pittsburg to this port, and sunk the latter to the hurricane deck. The accident occurred about five miles below Cape Girardeau, and the loss of life is deplorable—amounting to twenty five or thirty of the deck passengers.

THE COMMERCIAL.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1847.

A NEW WORK.

We have perused a little volume of Poems, from the pen of Mr. GEORGE V. STRONG, son of Dr. SALMON STRONG, of Sampson County, in this State. The subjects are: Francis Herbert, a Romance of the Revolution; Old Brunswick; Robert and Anna; A Vision, in blank verse; Lines on the Death of John Burton; and three other pieces of minor importance.

The author is quite a young man; not too young, however, it seems, to court the Muses with considerable success. We leave the errors of this volume to the critics—and for ourselves commend it to the public as the effusion of poetic genius full of promise, and worthy the cheering plaudits of the lovers of poesy.

The Book is for sale at Mr. PIERCE's Book Store.

AID TO MEXICO.

The report which some time ago prevailed, that several of the South American States would take part with Mexico in the present war, turns out to be unfounded. Only one State, Honduras, has declared such a purpose, and that State will not carry the declaration into effect.

ANTICS OF THE ORGAN.

The *Washington Union*, a short time ago, gave notice that there would be peace with Mexico in the course of six—at all events, of twelve months; that the fighting in masses was nearly, perhaps altogether over.

Other papers took up the matter as the Union laid it down, and gave their readers the pleasing intelligence that peace was at hand.

Whether "Father Ritchie" looked upon this course of the presses alluded to as "stealing his thunder," or as becoming too official in their tone, we cannot tell—but he speaks very contemptuously of the "batch of rumors" that always precedes the assembling of Congress, and classes among them the report that Mr. TRIST had been instructed to re-open, if he can, negotiations for peace with Mexico, which is so far from the case, Mr. RITCHIE says, that despatches have been sent to order him to return! Leaving the public to infer that there are no hopes of peace.

All this whimsicality and buffoonery the Organ has enacted in less than a week's time. What a comical edifier and leader this Washington Union is—sure enough.

CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

Mr. RAYNER, who had been nominated as a candidate for the office of Governor, at a meeting of citizens in Buncombe, has sent a letter to the Chairman of that meeting, positively declining to have his name brought before the Convention, that is expected to meet for the purpose of recommending a candidate to the people. Private business in Tennessee, where his chief interest lies, and inability, from feeble health, to encounter the fatigues of a canvass, are the reasons given by Mr. R. for this determination. So our friend HOLDEN of the Standard is doomed to disappointment in this as he seemed very much to desire that RAYNER should be the candidate. How the *Standard* will fare in respect to Mr. CLAY, we know not. One thing we are sure of—if he is a candidate for the Presidency, he shall not lack our vote, if we live to see the day of election.

OBJECTS OF THE WAR.

We expected that a great deal of fault would be found with Mr. CLAY's Resolutions by his political opponents and also that his language would be perverted and his meaning misrepresented. Among the false statements in regard to his Speech and Resolutions, is that of Mr. CLAY's desire to *back out* from the Mexican War. There is not a word of truth in this. He merely wishes that Congress shall *define the objects of the war* and then, if Mexico refuses to comply with our demands, to continue the war in the most effectual manner.

To us, there appears nothing more reasonable and just than such a course. This will be giving the management of the affairs of the nation into the hands of the Representatives of the People to whom it properly belongs and taking the responsibilities of the tremendous power involved in the question relative to the objects of the war, from under the despotism of Executive control.

No member of Congress, we trust, will refuse to vote for supplies to our army; because the honor and glory of our country must be preserved. But we hope that nothing will be granted merely to gratify the President's wishes, or in obedience to his will. He should be compelled to give his reasons to Congress for every step he intends to take—and should be prevented by all means from adopting any measure contrary to the will of the people, as expressed through their representatives.

The country should no longer be left in the dark as to the designs of the Cabinet in regard to Mexico. Does the President intend to conquer and annex? Let him avow his purpose and see if the people will sanction it. But if we are to give up the extreme of expense, and the right of expressing it, let POLK be at once invested with the supreme power, and the shilli-shalli mode of asserting the integrity of our institutions be abandoned at once. We may as well let liberty die at once, as to expire by a lingering death, under the quackery of unprincipled partizans—under the despotism of President POLK.

[FOR THE COMMERCIAL.]

Mr. LORING:—In your paper of Tuesday, appeared the simple announcement, "Died, on Monday evening, after a lingering illness, F. J. SWANN, Esq., in the 57th year of his age."

To those who have known this gentleman but as an old man broken by the storms of life and feebly contending with misfortune and disease, it may appear sufficient that his death should be thus briefly heralded. But, to those who, like the writer, knew him in the prime of his days, when the sun of his life shone joyously forth, and the blessings of Heaven were upon his head and about his hearth—it is pleasant to awake the memory of those brighter hours by a passing tribute to his virtues. Born of one of the first and oldest families of the State, and received by adoption and by name into another, he acquired by inheritance, and perfected by culture, the boundless hospitality, the simpleness of heart, the high integrity, the graceful accomplishments and winning manners of a Cape Fear gentleman of the old school. Living at a time when the men whose virtues are now traditionary were passing way, it was his aim and his pride to preserve in his own life a memorial of all that was admirable in them. His house and his heart were always open, and he who knocked as a stranger, entered as a friend.—God had given to him bounteously, and with a generous liberality, which knew no stint, he flung abroad his wealth wherever it could contribute to the happiness or enjoyment of those around him. To the old, ever respectful and attentive, to the young, kind, paternal and indulgent—to all, generous, high-minded, honorable and true. He has bequeathed to his family the rich inheritance of his virtues and to all who knew him the remembrance of a valuable citizen, an accomplished gentleman, and a good man. G.

From the N. O. Delta, Nov. 24.

LATER FROM MEXICO.

Arrival of the Steamship Alabama.

The steamship Alabama, Capt. Windle, arrived last night, direct from Vera Cruz, having left that place on the evening of the 18th inst. To the politeness of Captain Windle we are indebted for the prompt transmission of our packages of letters and papers.

Among the passengers by the Alabama we notice the names of Maj. Gen. Quitman, Brig. Gen. Shields; Maj. Borland and Capt. Cassius M. Clay, of the Encarnacion prisoners; and George Wilkins Kendall of the Picayune.

The news is not important. Congress was still in session at Queretaro at the latest dates. A rumor was prevalent that the members were about to quit Queretaro and assemble in the city of Morelia. Speaking on this subject, the *Arco Iris* of the 18th inst., says:

"The members of the Mexican Congress have determined to assemble in the city of Morelia, (the ancient Valladolid,) now capital of the State of Michoacan. It appears that at Queretaro they were always threatened by a new revolution, and, therefore they wanted a safe place to deliberate with all the independence and freedom that they require.

Santa Anna had at the last accounts arrived at Orizaba with a force of about 1500 ragged soldiers. In alluding to the order of Pena y Pena, in depriving Santa Anna of his command, the Arco Iris says:—If the President, Pena y Pena, meant by the order that he sent him to Huamantla, that this chief should be deprived of all command in the army, he must have been greatly disappointed, for General Santa Anna has yet a brigade under his orders.

From the same paper of the 18th, we hastily glean the following items:

The road to Mexico, according to the persons who came down with the last train, presents every where the most complete scene of waste and desolation. At the approach of the Americans, the inhabitants of the villages abandon the houses, and run away to conceal themselves in the woods. The churches have been converted into hospitals or stables by the troops of both armies, and the whole way is strewn with the skeletons of horses, shreds of uniforms, broken wagons, &c.

It is rumored that the Mexicans are gathering all their forces to attack the train on its return to the capital; but if Santa Anna puts a finger in the pie it will turn out all talk and no cider.

The same night in which the American train halted at Tejupaltlo, Gen. Rea was encamped at *Ojo de Agua*, a place on the road, which is about twenty miles from Perote, but Rea did not dare to attack the Americans, although he had been reinforced with all the cavalry of General Alvarez.

Of the social intercourse between the Mexicans and Americans at the capital, the American Star of the 3d inst. says:

"We have taken repeated occasions to express our gratification at the evidences, which every day presents, that the Mexican people are fast learning to entertain a more just appreciation of the American character. They evince a disposition to do justice to those who have been calumniated, and to extend to them the courtesies of life. We are speaking rather of the intelligent and cultivated portion of the citizens, than of those who give no tone to society, and exert no influence upon it. Intercourse between the former and educated Americans is fast increasing. Whether at the theatre, or in the streets, it is getting to be no uncommon thing to see an American gentleman by the side of a Mexican or Spanish lady, showing her that attention and courtesy which are due to a lady, from the intercourse between ladies and gentlemen in every part of the United States. We say, we rejoice at those evidences of kindly feelings on the part of the intelligent people of the city.

From the American Star of Nov. 6.

FROM QUERETARO.—Letters from the seat of Government state that seventy-seven members appearing in their seats, Congress commenced its session on Tuesday last. The candidates of the Moderates were Godoy and Hernandez:—of the Puros, Vepna and Gen. Morales. The latter seem to have abandoned Almonte altogether—his unpopularity with all parties rendering his defeat almost certain. Those who pretend to be in the secrets, however, say that it is the partisans of Santa Anna who have destroyed the hopes of the indefatigable candidate, Almonte. The latter does not disguise his hatred of the late President, and it is believed that were he in power, he would do all in his power to crush the hero of so many defeats. It was understood that the partisans of Santa Anna would vote for Cumplido. The Moderates had settled upon Pena y Pena, though he is stated not to be enough of a war man to suit the views of his party.

The Governors of the States of Vera Cruz and Oajaca recognize the authority of Pena y Pena as constitutional, and pledge their efforts to sustain it. The Bishop of Guadalajara, also recognizes the new Government, and avows his determination to co-operate with it in saving the country.

EXCHANGE OF VISITS.—Day before yesterday, Gen. Scott and suite, in full dress, visited the Archbishop, and yesterday that dignitary returned the compliment, and remained in the General's quarters for some time.

PAREDES.—The movements of this individual appear to be watched with a great deal of interest by a large portion of the Mexicans. His sudden passage from Cuba to Vera Cruz, was somewhat inexplicable, and his escape from the latter city, still more so. The next we hear of him is, that he is in the vicinity of this city, and said to be seriously indisposed. This again is contradicted, and now we find him addressing his countrymen in regard to the present state of affairs, and the future prospect of the Republic. His known monarchical principles, make him an object of much suspicion among all friends of the Republic, and we are not surprised to find the leading journals of Mexico loud in his condemnation. For instance, *El Veraliano* of Sunday last, in announcing that he has issued an address to his fellow citizens in which he gives, at some length, the reasons which induced him to return to the Republic speaks of him in somewhat severe terms. It says that "a General, who ought to be engaged in defending his country from foreign invasion, has turned his back and his arms upon her, is unworthy of being employed by any administration.—What security can such a man offer to the nation, he himself being the main cause of her present troubles? None. Because he who has failed to do his duty once will fail a hundred times."

This is severe language, and may be merited. Certain it is that there is a strong feeling manifested against Paredes, by the prominent journals of the Republic. His monarchical prejudices are probably the ground of this, and we doubt whether such a man is destined to bring order and regularity out of the chaos and confusion which surround the Republic. He will hardly have the power, in the present position of parties in the Republic, even if he had the inclination. We hope some master spirit may yet arise who looking to the best interests of the Mexican Republic, will exert the energies of his mind to restore her to the position she once occupied in the eyes of the world. This can only be done by her doing simple justice to the first place to the people of the United States, whose government, whose army has been every where victorious hitherto, with a spirit of great magnanimity, made honorable propositions of peace. But this is not a subject upon which we propose to enlarge at this time.—*American Star, Nov. 7.*

RASCALITY.—Some of the Gringos about the city have a new way of imposing upon unsuspecting Americans. Three yesterday one of them approached an American gentleman with a five dollar gold piece or half an ounce and asked for the silver. He received five dollars and not satisfied with this demanded half a dollar more. The American not relishing this shave handed back the half eagle and received his five dollars in silver again. Not his five however, for he soon after discovered that the rascal had returned five counterfeit dollars. We have noticed quite a number of such persons lately, with five dollar gold pieces between their fingers, asking for silver in change. Look out for the villains.—*Ib.*

THE WOUNDED.—We occasionally see a many officers and soldiers getting out into the street having sufficiently recovered from their wounds to do so. It is strange indeed that some who were slightly wounded in the leg or arm, died from the effects of the wound, while other, shot through the body and into the head, survived and are now recovering. There is a sometimes about it which we cannot under stand. Capt. Scandland an old friend of ours, who left the 1st Tennessee Regiment to take command of a company in the new levy, was shot through the head, the ball entering near one eye and coming out at the opposite temple. No one thought he would live a day, and now we understand he is not only alive, but has made his appearance on the street, and out.

From the Portland Eagle, Nov. 26.

ANOTHER FATAL RAIL ROAD ACCIDENT.—The down trains came in contact on Wednesday morning on the Concord rail road, at Concord N. H., nearly opposite Starke's Monument and about a mile and a half above the Depot. The engineers were both on the rear of the cars and driving them at such a rate that when they came in contact. The down train was coming slowly, but the up train from Manchester was at a greater speed and the injuries were mostly upon those cars.—Many jumped from the train but others were unaware of the difficulty and were knocked up with the wreck. Wm. Mace the overseer of the train jumped off and escaped without only some slight bruises in his face.

There was a dense fog at the time, and the locomotive was scarcely visible at the distance of a rod. There were eighteen or twenty in all killed, and some of the dead [illegible]

THE WILMOT PROVISO—RECEIVED THRO' A DARK MEDIUM.—Pete, Gumbo and Sam Johnsing, whose interviews latterly have been like angels' visits, met last evening.

'Pete,' said Sam, 'how is you, I is just as glad to see you as a chunk ob tobaccer.'

'And I is too,' said Pete, 'but what am de difficulty now, Sam?'

'Why, Pete, it am dis ere political problem dat de politicians makes such a fuss about—dis Wilmot purwisor—what do it mean?'

'Wal, Sam, it mean jest dis ere, dat if Masser Taylor and Masser Scott conquers a slice ob Mexican Teritory—and it am looking mighty like as if em does—you nor I, nor no darkies wot am got massers—none but free niggers—wont be belowed to go dare.'

'Well, dat ere aint fair, Pete, be it?'

'I reckons not, Sam,' said Pete, in his peculiarly positive manner, 'I reckons not. I tink they might give us darkies the same chance dey gives dese missionarys wot dem sends abroad—dat is, *a widerer field for our labors.*'

'Zackly my opinion, Pete,' said Sam, and the dark dialogueists mutually and politely bade each other good evening.—*Delta.*

STRANGE CARELESSNESS. On Saturday last, says the New York New World, a little boy was sent out, by a respectable family living in the upper part of this city, to bring a bundle of straw, and when he brought it home a horse-pistol was found inside of it.—There were several people in the room, and one after another snapped the pistol, till finally one of them aimed it at a young woman, and, to the horror of all, the pistol went off. Its contents, several leaden slugs, took effect in her neck. Though seriously wounded, her physicians are of opinion that she will recover.

TWO CHILDREN SHOT. Two French children, (Thomas Perro, aged 6, and Mary Perkett 4,) were accidentally shot, on Wednesday afternoon, at the south part of the city.—The charge was fired from a pistol, with intent to kill a dog—the load took effect on the dog, and the children, being in range, received the contents of the pistol. The shot passed through the heart of the boy, killing him instantly. The girl was severely wounded in the side, but it was hoped she would recover. Gilman Creasy, a lad of but 10 or 12 years, was the author of the accident.—*Bath Tribune.*

ONLY HALF A DOZEN! The Sidney Herald states "upon reliable authority," that a woman, residing near St. Mary's in Mercer county, was recently delivered of six children at a birth—four boys and two girls—who are all living, and, with the mother, doing well.

CANAL ACROSS THE PENINSULA OF FLORIDA.—The Apalachicola Advertiser contains a communication setting forth the feasibility of uniting the waters of the Gulf with those of the Atlantic. The writer says a ship canal seventeen miles long, connecting the Wield-roochee river on the Gulf side with the St. Johns which flows into the Atlantic, will accomplish the object. The expense of such an undertaking is estimated at $400,000.

RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.—We learn from the Montreal Herald of the 17th inst., that the first Steamboat direct from the city to the Western lakes left a few days since. It was the new iron boat called the Magnet, commanded by Capt. Sutherland. She is about 600 tons burden, 181 feet long, and 45½ feet beam, with a ninety horse power engine.—She draws six feet when light and about nine feet when loaded.

We learn from Buffalo that there has been a heavy gale on the upper lakes. Several vessels were already known to have been lost, and it was apprehended that other had met with a similar fate.

COOL.

A gentleman from the country, stopping at one of the hotels in Boston, entered into conversation with one of the boarders, asking questions about the Fair at Quincy Hall &c. [illegible] conversation, the [illegible] and asked the [illegible]

"Will you take a cigar, sir?"

"[illegible] I don't mind if I do," was the reply.

Then [illegible] and also one which the [illegible] was smoking, for the purpose of "giving him a light." He carefully placed the cigar first handed to him in his pocket, took his knife and cut off that end of the lighted one which had been in the mouth of his generous friend, and commenced smoking the commander, remarking—

"It aint oft that a man from the country runs a foul of so clever a fellow in the city, as you am."

MARINE NEWS.

PORT OF WILMINGTON, DECEMBER 2

HIGH WATER AT CAPE FEAR [illegible]

ARRIVED

Nov. 30—Schr Olive, Smith, from New York, to E. J. Lutterloh & Co., with mdse to Hunnicutt S. B. Co., J. & D. McR[illegible], A. Marun, E. J. Bernard, Chas. Barr, T. W. Bowen, C. W. Bradley, G. P. & R. H. Cook, J. Dawson & Co., J. H. Parker, W. A. Lane, Son, P. M. Lordan, J. A. Taylor, Merchants S. B. Co., J. C. Lord, J. Garland, A. N. Stedy, Howard & Pelton, G. Polvo, Wm. Nell, S. & D. Tolle, Jas. Anderson, D. S. Sanders, W. G. Peckham & Co., Sandford & Smith, Perrin & Hartsfield and E. J. Lutterloh & Co.

Schr S. M. Wein, Beaston, from Philadelphia, to E. J. Lutterloh & Co., with mdse to Jas. McRae, Merchants S. B. Co., Hunnicutt S. B. Co., F. M. Augustine, J. Lyon, S. Teller, A. C. Evans, R. Bradley, G. W. Davis, C. Gray, Rail Road Agent, J. C. Latta, Howard, Peden, Sandford & Smith and E. J. Lutterloh & Co.

Schr J. D. Jones, Griffin, from New York, to R. W. Brown, with mdse, to sundry persons.

Schr John Hancock, Simpson, from Charleston, to G. W. Davis.

CLEARED

Nov. 30—Br Brig Enchantress, Hockmuth for Nevis, with Lumber and Shingles, by G. W. Davis.

Dec. 1—Brig Amesbury, Berry, for Barbadoes, with Lumber and Shingles, by G. W. Davis.

Schr Sarah Ann, Pope, for Shallotte, with sundries, by Hanse & Russell.

PHILADELPHIA [illegible] ARRIVED

Nov. 29—Brig W. T. Dickson, Kelly, [illegible] CLEARED

[illegible] for this port