

Published every Wednesday Morning, by THOMAS LORING.

TERMS. THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. ADVERTISEMENTS Not exceeding a Square inserted at ONE DOLLAR the first, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion.

A Great Bargain TO BE HAD.

THE Subscriber as Executor to the will of William G. Beatty, (and empowered by said Will) offers for sale on accommodating terms, the North Carolina STEEL RICE MILL; working fourteen pestles with cast iron Mortars on an improved plan; which are far superior to wooden ones.

Notice. APPLICATION will be made to the President, Directors, & Co. of the Bank of Cape Fear for the renewal of the Certificate of One Share of Capital Stock of said Bank, at the expiration of three months from the date hereof, in the name of John Hall, the original Certificate having been lost by the ADMINISTRATOR.

Having received the appointment of AUCTIONEER, I solicit business in that line. JOHN McRAE, April 15, 1853.

Now Landing, And FOR SALE. At the Store lately occupied by Mr. JESSEE A ROOT. 40 bbls. Prime BEEF, Boston Ins. 40 casks Lard. 10 bbls. Cedar; 5 boxes good Raisins, 25 bbls. Irish Potatoes; 5 barrels Dates, excellent quality.

FOR SALE by R. BRADLEY Just Received. 20 BBLs. Prime PORK, N. York City. 20 do Mess do. 6 do Clear do. Inspection. 4 bbls. Leaf Sugar, 3,000 Havana Segars, 2 boxes Starch, Winter and Fall strained OIL, Castor Oil, (best cold pressed), 10 firkins best Family Butter, Boxes Chocolate, Saleratus, dried Beef, Sausages and Tongues, pickled Salmon, Preserved Ginger, Hyson & Gunpowder Tea, Currants and Citron, Pickles of all kinds, and Ketchup, viz: Cucumbers, Pickilly, Gerkins, Onions, Mangoes, Walnuts, Tomato Ketchup.

TEMPERANCE Convention. The Convention advertised to take place at Rockfish, on the 23d of April, is altered to the Thursday before the 2d Sunday in May, being the 7th of that month. This change is made on account of the sitting of the Superior Court in N. Haver, at the first appointed time. All persons friendly to this moral reformation are invited to attend. The Institution is not influenced or governed by any religious or political creed; the invitation is, therefore, general. April 8, 1853.

Seed Rice. A FEW HUNDRED Bushels of Prime A SEED RICE, believed to be as good as can be purchased on the river, being the product of new land from seed of the best quality. THOS H. WRIGHT. March 11.

List of Letters

- REMAINING in the Post Office at Wilmington, N. C. on the 1st day of April, 1853, which if not taken out before the 1st day of June next, will be sent on as dead letters to the General Post Office. Those whose names appear on this list are requested, when they call, to inquire for advertised letters. A. Capt. Sewall Alibee, Benjamin Adams, 2, Wm. Anderson. B. Rev. Charles Betts, Robert L. Buckley, David A. Brockett, James Battle, Mahlon Betts, Mrs. Catharine Barry, John Bordoux, Nancy Bowers, Capt. David Blanchard, Capt. Joseph Buckman, Edward Bigelow, Archibald Brady, 2, Edward Barry, Adam B. Baker, Monsieur De Rockeferry, Samuel Blasland, Hazen Brady, Miss Ann Dranson, William E. Boudinot, James W. Burwell, Timothy W. Bindworth, Mrs. Clarissa Banks, Charles Brewer Baker. C. J. G. Campbell, Rev. Wm. D. Cairnes, 2, Cyrus Curtis, John B. Cummins, Joshua Coburn, Miss Miranda Capps, Alexr Chawwick, James Corbitt, Miss Mary G. Cruise, R. C. Cutler, Jane Cowan, Joseph R. Cole, Wm. Corbett. D. Levi Dobbe, 2, Philip B. Davis, 2, Mrs. Plunbe, Thos. P. D. Leno, Thos. Dyer, R. C. Davies, Samuel De Young, Wm. Dodge, Capt. Elisha Dyer. E. Gardner Ellis, Capt. John Evans. F. Lorenzo Fink, John Fullerton, James Flinn, Lucy Franny, F. G. Frazer, Rev. Wm. J. Finney, Samuel T. Fisher, Zebina Field, 2, C. Freeland, Wm. A. P. V. Finn. G. John Gruber, Wm. Gardiner, Mrs. Emily Gause, Wm. S. Green, Wm. Griffith, Miss Charlotte Gruch, Master Horace A. Gray, John J. Gause, 2. H. Henry N. Howard, Levi A. Hort, Rev. T. P. Hunt, 3, Jonathan Hopkins, 3, Thos. H. Howe, John Hasty, Samuel Hooper, Capt. John Hanningdon, Edward Hewett, Mrs. Cynthia Hedrick, Jesse Hess, Geo. E. Heuts. I. Wm. R. Jackson, 2, John B. Johnson, Capt. J. Jackson, Capt. Davy Jones. K. Capt. Edward Knight, Wm. Kilpatrick, 2, Mrs. C. Kees. L. Israel H. Lindsey, Miss Elizabeth Lewis, Capt. Wm. Leavett, Richard S. Lombard, John Ludlow, Edward Long, Edward Lee, Miss Elizabeth Litch. M. K. McKay, Mrs. Mean, Miss Caroline Moore, 2, Capt. A. Mayo, Wm. McClanmon, Benjamin W. Miller, John Meyer, Mrs. Wm. Mosely, Mrs. Ann S. Moore, Isaac H. Meadows, R. S. Morse, Charles McClannemy, Capt. Samuel Mitchell, Harry Mercock, Messrs. Miller, Moad & Delvan, Thos. McKay, Rowben Meeks, John M. Middleton, A. McLeslie, Capt. Wm. McLeane, 3, Mr. McClurkin, Mrs. S. M. Moore, Wm. A. McRae. N. Edward Newton, Joseph F. Norton, 2, Capt. John Noyce, Capt. David Newell. O. Milo M. Owen, 3, Leuten Orr, Capt. Richard Otis. P. Loban Peterson, Edward Perry, 2, John V. Philips, Isaac Philips, Junett Phillips, Miles Potter, Joel Parker, John F. Penchard, Mrs. Rhody Potter, Peter Pridgeon, John W. Potter, Alexr Potter, John Pilmay. R. Capt. Wm. Rider, 4, Sewall Reed, Wm. Rourke, Jr., Miss Annetta R. Randol, Edward Rice, Capt. Gates Richardson, John H. Rodgers, Frederick B. Roberts. S. Capt. Ezekiah Sampson, Morgan Sholer, Capt. John C. Soufford, 2, John Solerry, Wm. Shobe, Isaac Sulvan, Mrs. Polly Springs, Moses P. Stall, James Stauffer, Capt. Jesse Snow, Capt. Clement Seaford, Wm. Smith, Thos. Skolfield, Wm. Skolfield, Payton Strangfield, Wm. G. Sherman, Mrs. Drucilla Sikes, Needham Stanaland. T. David Treadwell, Capt. Bedford D. Tollman, Zebanich H. Thomas, John H. Toomer, Capt. C. Thomas, Capt. Henry Thurston, Mrs. Charlotte Toomer, David J. Taylor. U. Wm. Usher, 2. V. Miss Matilda Varnum. W. Capt. Naylor Watrous, Capt. Wm. Wilgomb, 2, Edward D. Wilkier, Maurice Waddy, Daniel W. Wangs, Henry White, John C. Williams, Carlton Walker, James Williams 2, Miss Sarah J. Williams, 3, Charles T. Wright, 3, Benjamin Webb, Mrs. Elsey Wheden, James L. L. Wise, John Whaden, Capt. J. Wiggins, Mrs. Eliza Ann Wright, Capt. Robert Wilson, John J. Walker, Ebenezer Walton. Those who owe for postage for the quarter ending yesterday, are requested to call at the Post Office and pay without further delay or notice. C. DUDLEY, Post Master. 1st April, 1853. 14-3. \$158

THE SLEIGH RIDE. By John Neal.

As I was going past Mr. John Carter's tavern the other day, I heard a terrible noise in the bar room, and thinks I, I'll just put my head in and see what is the matter.—Whoorah! roared a heap of fellows, here's Johnny Beedle, he'll go, and that makes ten; and haul'd me in among 'em. What's the occasion says I? A sleigh-ride over to Shaw's. (every body goes to Shaw's that goes to sleigh riding.) with gals, fiddle and frolic. Whoorah! says I. I motion, says Dr. Partridge, that every gentleman go right straight now, and get his sleigh and his lady, and meet at Hank's corner; and with another whoorah, we burst out of doors and scattered. I ran full speed to the widow Bean's. Her daughter Patty is the handsomest girl in Casco Bay. I had given her some broad hints, and only waited for a good chance to pop the question. And out it shall come this very night, says I. I bounced into the widow Bean's out of breath, and was near catching Patty in the suds. She had just done washing, and wringing out, standing in the midst of tubs, pails, mops, and kettles. She was struck all of a heap at the sight of her spark, and would have blushed nicely I guess if she had not been as red as she could be already. A word in your ear, Patty, says I, giving her a wink, and stepping into a corner, and telling her what was brewing. I'll run and borrow the deacon's sleigh, and come back right away, says I. O you need not be in such a tearing hurry, says she, for I've got to shift from top to toe. You see what a pickle I'm in. Ah! Patty, says I, beauty when unadorn'd adorned the most. Well, I vow, says Patty, says she. And off I shot for how was I to follow up such a bold speech? but I couldn't help sniggering all the way to the Deacon's, to think how swimmingly matters were going on. I was so full of this, that I entirely forgot to make up a story to tell when the Deacon got almost to the door; for the deacon is a sworn enemy to all frolic and so is his mare. I'll tell her, says I, I'll tell her, I want to carry a girl to bed. But that will be found out. No matter, says I, after election, as the politicians say. The deacon gave a mortal squint at my face, when I did my errand, but I was safe under a smut collar. He then felt to chewing his cud and consoling Mother's clean out, says I, both eye and injun. The deacon spit. Well neighbour, if you are cleared to trust a fellow here's two sallings of ahead, Poh, poh, John, says he, walking up and pocketing the money, not trust you? Now Joshua, tackle up Sukey. You'll drive the critter slow, John; and now I think on't you may bring my grist that is now at the mill—and look sharp at the miller, John, when he strikes the toll measure. It was too late to stick at lies now. So I promised every thing, jumped into the sleigh, and steered to the widow's with flying colors. It is the height of gentility, you must know, for a lady to make her beau wait as long as possible on such an occasion. Keat over a heap of warm ashes in the widow Bean's parlor, listening to Patty stamping about in her stocking feet in the chamber overhead, for one good hour.—Then I stood up to the looking glass, and frizzled up my hair, changed my shirt pin to a new place, thought over some speeches to make under the buffalo skin, and finally laid a plot to lug in the awful question in a sort of slantidicular fashion. At last Patty appeared in all her glory; I was just crooking my elbow to lead her out, when in came Mrs. Bean. Where are you going to, Patty? A sleigh riding, mother. What, and leave your cousin Dolly all alone to suck her fingers? A pretty how d'ye do that, after coming all the way from Saco to see you. Here was a knock down argument.—All my plans of courting and comfort melted down and ran off in a moment. I saw directly that the widow was resolved to push big Dolly Fisher into my sleigh, whether or no; and there was no remedy, for the widow Bean is a stump that is neither to be got round nor moved out of the way. I said something about the size of the sleigh, but it wouldn't do—she shut my mouth instantly. Let me alone, says she—I went a sleighing afore you was born, youngster. If I don't know how to pack a sleigh, who does? Patty Bean, stow yourself away here, and shrink yourself up small. If there isn't room, we must make room, as the fellers used to say. Now Dolly, hoist yourself in there. She tumbled her into the sleigh like a shot from a shovel, or a cart load of pumpkins into a gondola. It was chuck full of her. O, she's a whopper, I tell ye. Why Johnny Beedle, says Mrs. Bean, in my day they used to pack us layer on layer. At this hint, I sneaked round to Patty, to begin the second layer in her lap. But the widow was wide awake. She clenched me by the collar, and patting upon Dolly's knees;—Here's the driver's seat, says she. Plant your feet flat and firm, niece—jump up Johnny, and now, away with her my lad. By this time I got so ravin' mad that I could hold in no longer. I fell foul of the old mare, and if I didn't give it to her about right, then there's none o'me, that's

all. The Deacon counted the welts on her side a week afterwards, when he called on me for a reckoning, which was made with chalk upon the upper flap of his every day hat. Sukey not understanding such jokes, took the bit in her teeth, and shot off, right on end, like a streak of true Connecticut lightning. Jemini! how we skimmed over it. And the houses, and barns, and the fences, and pig styes, flew by us like clouds by the moon.—Yonder is Hank's corner Whoorah!— and Whoorah! answered all the ladies and gentlemen, with one voice. Sukey, scared by the noise, turned the corner with a flirt and the sleigh was turned bottom upwards in a—! Whoa there, Whoa! The first thing that I knew, I was in the bottom of a snow bank, jammed down under half a ton of Dolly Fisher! I thought I never should see day light again, and when they hauled me out I left a print in the snow very much like a cocked up hat knocked into the middle of next week as the sailors say. However, no bones were broken. We shook our feathers and crept into our nests again, laughing as loud as the best of them. The sleighs were now formed into a string, the fiddler followed, and away we started on the road to Shaw's—bells jingling, fiddle sounding, and every body halloing and screaming for joy. Peter shaw heard the racket two miles off; for he was always upon the look out of a moonshiny night. He fell to kicking up a dust in the best room to put it to rights, and when we arrived the floor was swept the best jupin candle sticks paraded, the fire place filled with green wood, and little Ben was anchored close under the jamb, to tug at the broken wind-bellows. No fire appeared, but there were strong symptoms of it, for there was no lack of smoke; and part of it missing the way up the chimney, strayed about the room, which gave me a chance to hit off another compliment upon Patty's beauty, as being the cause of drawing the smoke. Every body laughed at the novelty of the idea. But there was no time to chat. As soon as we had taken a swig of the hot stuff all round, we sat the fiddler down by the jamb, took the floor, and went to work, might and main, the fiddler keeping time with it bellows. Not to be prolix, we kept up frolicking and drinking hot stuff all night, and while it lasted the fiddler real geniwine, I tell ye. But as sheep's eye at Patty, I took that she and Siah Golding were thick, considerably. Thanks to make me jealous, to see seeing them in a close canting outside, I put between them and cried. I was soon out of the reckoning—four. Every one groaned, didn't care. of sleighs, in. Such a when m. Patty B. Golding and large m.