

WILMINGTON ADVERTISER.

F. C. Hill—Editor and Proprietor.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

Wilmington, North Carolina.

VOL. II. NO. 44.

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WHOLE NO. 96.

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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.

No Subscribers taken for less than one year,

and all who permit their subscription to run over

a year, without giving notice, are considered

bond for the second year, and so on for all succeeding years.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are

paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

OFFICE on the south side of Market Street, below

the Court House.

Crockery and Glass,

AND

Family Grocery Store.

L. B. PHIPPEN,

HAVING purchased a large part of the

SPLENDID STOCK of CROCKERY

AND GLASS WARE, belonging to the estate of O. K.

WILKINSON, deceased, would respectfully inform

his friends both in town and country, that he has

taken that well known stand, southeast corner of

Second and Market streets, formerly occupied by

H. A. London, where he will be ever ready to

accommodate them with such articles as may be

in store, and trusts, by particular attention, to

gain the confidence and receive a share of public

patronage.

Crockery.

Beautiful Dining Sets, Breakfast and Tea do.

Large China Coffee Cups,

Dining and Breakfast Plates, from 25 cents to

\$2 a dozen.

China, French, and common Dishes,

Fruit Dishes, Steak do. Bowls of all sizes,

Pitchers of various patterns,

Mugs, from 6d to 1s, &c. &c.

Glass.

A large variety of Glass Dishes, and Plates,

cut and plain,

Cut Glass Decanters, Glass Pyramids,

Champagne and Wine Glasses, Tumblers,

Glass Mugs, and Candlesticks,

Common and cut Glass Lamps, large and small,

Passage do. Shades and Glass Jars.

Also, **STONE WARE.**

Groceries, &c.

Sugar, Tea, and Coffee, super. and fine Flour,

Rice, Corn, and Meal, Lard, and Butter,

Table Salt, Molasses, Lamp Oil, Kaffee and

Ground Ginger, Starch, Pork and Beef,

Plug and paper Tobacco, Segars, and Scotch

Snuff, Lucifer Matches, Blacking,

Powder and Shot, Bar Lead, Pocket and Pen-

Knives, Padlocks, Horse Files, and

Razors and Razor Straps, Braces and Bits,

Steele, Percussion Caps, a few good shot Guns,

and one superior Rifle, "double trigger"

worthy the attention of sportsmen, &c.

A few Pieces 5-8 Sheeting.

CONFECTIONARY.

Most of the above Stock is NEW, and of first

quality, and I can safely say I can afford to sell

at cash 25 per cent less than the usual retail

prices.

L. B. PHIPPEN.

Wilmington, October 13th, 1837. 39 if

Carriages.

TWO Splendid Carriages which

were made to order, and of the best materials,

for sale low by

PORTER & SHELTON.

Wilmington, October 20th, 1837. 40 if

Goods! Goods!

Cheaper than ever before offered in

this Market.

DRY GOODS of almost every description,

and FANCY ARTICLES, PER-

FUMERY, &c. &c. at wholesale and retail,

By

PORTER & SHELTON.

Wilmington, October 20th, 1837. 40 if

Tin Manufactory.

THE Subscribers would inform the

Public that they still continue the business of

manufacturing TIN, in all its different branches.

Also, repairing of all kinds done at the shortest

notice, and in the best manner.

LIKewise,

They have constantly on hand a full

Assortment of

JAPANNED TIN AND BRITANNIA

Wares.

PORTER & SHELTON.

Wilmington, October 20th, 1837. 40 if

Wm. A. Williams

HAS just returned from New York,

and is now opening his **FALL IM-**

PORTATIONS. He flatters himself that

his S, O, K, will afford the choice to the most fasti-

dious taste, and his PRICES no ground for the

most parsimonious to chaffer.

Wilmington, October 20th, 1837. 92 if

LIME.

60 Casks for sale.

Apply to

P. W. FANNING.

Also,

Paints, Oil, Glass, Putty, Dye Stuff, Looking

Glass Plates, for all size frames—Sal Sod, for

washing Clothes without labour—Oil Soap, very

powerful—Emery, Salamoniac, Borax, Pearl and

Pot Ashes, Chamomile Flowers, Casts, Canada

Balsam, Camphor, Gold and Silver Leaf, and

various other articles.

Fainting, Gilding, Papering, Bell

Hanging, &c., as usual.

Oct. 20th, 1837. 40—t-f.

DR. PLEASANTS,

DENTIST,

WILL be in Wilmington in a short

time. He has brought with him from

France a BEAUTIFUL COLLECTION OF

TEETH. His stay will be short; and he

would be obliged to those who may require his

services, to apply to him immediately on his

arrival.

Fayetteville, October 29th, 1837. 42 if

Rags! Rags!

or Goods at **CASH** prices, will be

given for **COTTON AND LINEN RAGS,**

by

L. B. PHIPPEN,

S. E. Corner Court House,

October 27th, 1837. 41 if

Poetry.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

BY MRS. ADY.
The mystic science is not mine
That Eastern records teach,
I cannot to each bud assign
A sentiment and speech;
Yet, when in yonder blossomed dell
I pass my lonely hours,
Methinks my heart interprets well
The eloquence of flowers.

Of life's first thoughtless years they tell,
When half my joys and grief
Dwelt in a lily's opening bell,
A rosebud's drooping leaf—
I watched for them the sun's bright rays,
And feared the driving showers,
Types of my girlhood's radiant days
Were ye, sweet transient flowers.

And sadder scenes ye bring to mind,
The moments ye renew
When first the woodbine's wreaths I twined,
A loved one's grave to strew;
On the epicedium weeping spread
My offering from the bowers,
Ye seemed most tribute to the dead,
Pale perishable flowers.

Yet speak ye not alone, fair band,
Of changefulness and gloom,
Ye tell me of God's gracious hand,
That clothes you thus in bloom,
And sends to soften and to calm
A sinful world like ours,
Gifts of such purity and balm
As ye, fresh dewy flowers.

And while your smiling ranks I view,
In vivid colours best
My heart, with faith confirmed and true,
Leans on the Lord to rest;
If He the lilies of the field
With lavish glory dowers,
Will He not greater bounties yield
To me, than to the flowers?

Still, still they speak—around my track,
Some faded blossoms lie,
Another spring shall bring them back,
Yet bring them, but to die;
But we forsake this world of strife,
To rise to nobler powers,
And share those gifts of endless life,
Which from earth's frail flowers.

O may I bear your lessons hence,
Fair children of the sod,
Yours is the calm mute eloquence,
That leads the thoughts to God;
And oft amid the great and wise,
My heart shall seek these bowers,
And turn from man's proud colloquies,
To commune with the flowers.

Petition to Her Majesty for Preserving the Royal

Stud at Hampton Court.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Liege Lady! all the nation's in high dudgeon

As to advise you sell your royal stud,

Which to preserve should be your royal study.

Poor nags you would not in your stables find

Like cavalry of Evans called De Lacey—

No! I do rather hope your royal mind

Is naturally fond of something racy.

Pray, what has Hampton done, that you should

trounce it—

naturally its prancers and its sport?

You have a breed of asses in the council,

Do keep a breed of horses in the court!

His truth who says that you should sell them,

fails;

Believe, liege lady, he tells a crammer;

You'll set your people biting all their nails,

If you put up your horses to the hammer.

I like these money-turning Whigs, indeed;

Who into coin change every thing they're

able.

You're just installed, and they would sell the

stud—

It does not make me think they're very stable.

I dare say they believe they're very knowing,

I think they're close to their official shelves:

And when they set the horses "going, going,"

It's nearly time they should be gone them-

seives.

The nation quite in Hampton Court rejoices.

What sell its stud of steeds beyond all praise?

Nay, sell the people with indignant voices,

And the stud echoes with a hundred neighs!

Then sell them not, dear lady, I implore ye;

Of tears 'twill set your people shedding

'Till tell you what will make 'em all adore ye—

Kick out your Ministers and keep your studs.

SCRAPS.

"Will you allow me to inquire vy you

make up your bed under that 'ere deal

table?" said Sam.

"Cause I was always used to a four-

posted afore I came here, and I find the

legs of the table answer just as well,"

replied the cobbler. **Pickwick.**

There is now living in Spitalfields an

undertaker whose christian name is Mark

Anthony. A wag observing a funeral at-

tended by this personage, and forgetting

the solemnity of the passing scene, ap-

plied to his friend the words of Brutus

over the dead body of Cæsar:—"Here

comes his body, mourned by Mark An-

thony, who, though he had no hand in

his death, shall receive the benefit of his

dyin'."

Labor and Recreation.—It is said that

in the town of Marblehead, the girls have

made improvements in ironing, which

beats the steam engine on common roads

all hollow. They spread the clothes on

a smooth platform, and fasten the hot flat-

irons to their feet, and skate over them

ad libitum. This is combining the recre-

ative with the useful and ornamental.

New Era.

From the French.

TWO EMOTIONS.

It was about sixteen years since that

old General— had withdrawn him-

self from the world, its pleasures, and the

sphere of politics. A soldier from the

early days of the empire, his manner of

life was changed, and his time given up

to the exercises of a double occupation.

He consoled himself as well as he could

with the gone by dream of glory, and

superintended with great diligence the

studies of his niece, who with himself

occupied a modest cottage washed by the

pure waters of the Loire, a few miles

below Amboise. To his title of preceptor

the old General added the still more en-

dearing one of "comforter." His niece

was of that age when the heart vibrates

with the softest emotion and the gentlest

sympathies—in brief she loved. A union

was about to take place which, for its ful-

filment, awaited the return of a young

officer of the army, then in Algiers.

One evening, "twas on the edge of sum-

mer," a barque driven by the wind and

current, laden with young people of

both sexes, "gentle dames and gallant

squires," proceeded in the direction of

Amboise. The echo of the river repeated

the sounds of a light Guitar, and the ac-

cents of several musical voices were

heard from its banks. The young troop

were singing the songs of the Loire,

compositions no less applicable to the

time and place than romantic and well

suited to the occasion.

"Let's take this world as some wide scene,

Through which in frail but buoyant boat,

With skies now rude and now serene,

Together you and I must float,

The old general saw little save the

wreath of blue smoke which was slowly

undulating from the bowl of a Turkish

pipe "the charmer of an idle hour;" but

his fair niece was lost in reverie.

The gay party on board had just finish-

ed a beautiful canzonet, entitled, *Espeur*

et Retour, and the young maiden, whose

thoughts light as the air which fanned

her countenance, had flown on wings of

love "where Africa's golden rivers flow,"

leaving behind a sentimental languor not

to be controlled, and two big round tears

tell almost unconsciously upon the hand

of the general "Well, my dear niece,"

said the veteran reposing his pipe on the

table, "are you so weak that a song should

affect and distress you?" adding withal

some quaint but good humoured irony to

his remarks.—A few moments of silence

ensued, and now another boat glides by.

It was freighted by the inhabitants and

some of the dwellers on the banks of the