

WILMINGTON ADVERTISER.

F. C. HILL, Editor and Proprietor.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

Wilmington, North Carolina.

VOL. IV. NO. 42.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1839.

WHOLE NO. 198.

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TERMS. THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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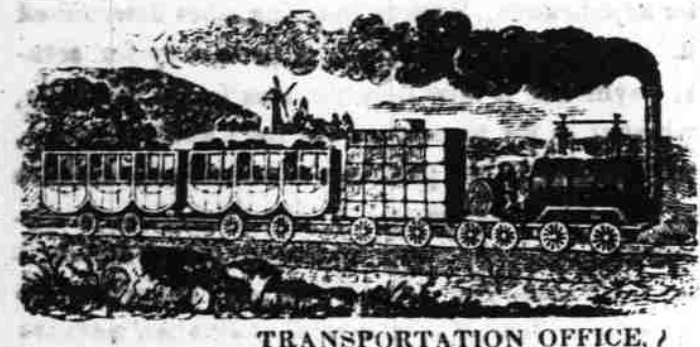
Legal Advertisements will be charged 25 per cent higher.

No Subscribers taken for less than one year, and all who permit their subscription to run over a year, without giving notice, are considered bound 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.

Letters to the Editor on business must be post-paid.

Office North West of the Town Hall, one door from corner of Second & Market streets.



TRANSPORTATION OFFICE, December 18th, 1838.

No article will be received for transportation at the Depot at Wilmington, until the freight has been paid. Nor will any article which has been brought on the railroad be delivered, until the freight has been paid.

L. L. I. SAUNDERS, Agent Transportation.

CHEAP CASH STORE!



THE Subscriber has just returned from the North and is opening in the store lately occupied S. W. LANE, a handsome assortment of gentlemen's and ladies' BOOTS & SHOES, and a splendid assortment of mens, boys' and children's

HATS and CAPS, of the latest fashion, which have been made to order by the best manufacturers in N. Y. York, which will be sold low, for cash only.

S. M. WEST, 193-134.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber intending to be absent from the State during the ensuing five months, has appointed Mr. William A. Williams as his agent during his absence.

All persons indebted to the subscriber in his own right, or as the Administrator of the late S. W. Lane, are advised to make prompt settlements with his agent, as he is instructed to make speedy collections without respect to persons. Those indebted by book debts will find their accounts in the hands of James T. Morris.

LEVI HURLBUTT, 195-7.

Sale of Valuable Property AT AUCTION.

THE Subscriber will sell at Auction, during the week of Superior Court, the following valuable property, viz:

Two Brick Stores on the south side of Market street, viz. the Store occupied by Rowell & Rankin, and the Store recently occupied by S. Harverson and W. Ware.

The one story Dwelling House occupied by Mr. G. Costin.

Six unimproved Lots in the vicinity of the Dry Pond. Terms made known on the day of sale.

The above Houses will be rented out on the 1st October.

The Subscriber also offers for sale FIVE Shares of the W. & R. R. Stock.

Apply to

WILLIAM N. PEBEN, 191-11.

Wilmington, Sept. 13, 1839.

WAYNESBORO' STAGE HOUSE.

THE proprietor of this establishment returns his thanks for the liberal patronage extended towards him, since his proprietorship, and assures the public of a continuation of his most unflinching exertions, and attentions, to render his comfortable and satisfactory, who shall call on him.

Within the last twelve months considerable improvements have been made in the BUILDINGS, FURNITURE and BAR department, and with an entire set of new STABLES. The House, Bar and Stables will be furnished respectively, with the best of the country affords.

THE Raleigh and Newbern STAGES arriving and departing from this place both stop at my house, where seats are secured, and no exertions will be spared to give general satisfaction to passengers.

The Wilmington and Raleigh R. Road, being but one mile from here, a vehicle for the accommodation of passengers there, will always be kept in readiness with a careful driver, and it will arrive at the Depot every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, to bring in the passengers who wish to take the Raleigh and Newbern STAGES, which leave here every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

C. MCHURCHILL, 193-11.

Waynesboro' Sept. 27, 1839.

Valuable Servant, For Sale.

THE Subscriber has for sale a mulatto WOMAN, about forty years of age, of excellent character, a good washer and ironer, and has been accustomed to cooking.

JAMES F. McREE, 195-11.

Oct. 11, 1839.

GREAT BARGAINS IN

WOOL Dyed Blue and Black Broad Cloth, some very fine.

Bro. and Mix Broad Cloth, Pilot Cloth, all prices and colours, Super No. 1. Beaver Cloth, of colors Drab Blue and Invisible Green—Extra heavy and cheap for overcoats.

Cassimere and Sattinets, Super Merino Vestings, Valencia and Silk do, Supr Black Silk Velvet Vesting, Satin, plain and figured do.

Black Italian Cravats, Figured do, Satin and Bombazine Stocks, Buckskin Givves, Doe and Woolen do.

Black Kid Gloves, Bosoms and Collars, Woolen Socks and Stockings, Saxony Wool Wrappers and Drawers, some very extra heavy.

Hat, caps and gloves, Fashionable Fur and Cloth Caps, Super Plush Caps, all colors, Fine Calf Boots and Pumps, Bowler Knives and Pocket do, Pistols, some very fine.

Jewellery, Purses, Shaving Soap, Razors, Footsweep and Letter Paper, afeers, Sand Boxes, Pens, Quills, Canes, &c. &c.

CHARLES SHELTON, 196-11.

Oct. 18th, 1839.

Brown & DeRosset,

OFFER for sale at their Store, North side of Market street, near the wharf,

20 Hbls Sugar, Porto Rico and St. Croix, Barrels do St. Croix, choice for families,

5 Cases Gold Sherry Wine, 20 Qr. Casks Malaga Wine,

11 do do Malaga and Teneriffe do, 5 Brs Imitation Brandy,

50 Mats Cassia, 35 Cases Tea—variety,

10 Bags Pepper, 5 do Ginger,

105 Kegs Nails, assorted, 3d to 30d, 120 Bags Sho, assorted,

250 lbs Lead, 20 Boxes Candles, Sperm and Patent,

65 Bags Coffee, Java, Laguira, and Rio, 3 P pes Gin and Brandy,

52 Boxes Soap—prime, 5 Hampers Vine Bottles,

15 Boxes Crackers, 6 do Starch,

5 Barrels Gin, 10 Kegs superior Goshen Butter,

30 Boxes Glass—Putty, 3-6 Bars Iron, assorted, Swede, English and

American, Cast Iron Ploughs, and Extra Shares, 100 Reams Wrapping Paper,

25 do Letter Paper, 100 Gross Corks, prime,

15 Baskets very sup'r Champagne Wine, Besides numerous other Articles, in the way of FAMILY SUPPLIES, Flour, Buckwheat, &c. &c. expected hourly per Caroline E. Platt.

MACKEREL, No. 1, in various packages, best quality—and no 3, in Barrels. All of which they are prepared to sell low. Oct. 11, 1839.

N. E. RUM, &c.

30 BARRELS N. E. RUM, 10 do GIN,

15 casks sweet Malaga WINE, 5 Qr. Casks Spanish BRANDY,

100 Hbls. IRISH POTATOES, 50 Bbls. HAY,

25 Casks NAILS, 50 Doz. Boston PALE ALE.

For sale by BARRY & BRYANT, 195-11.

Oct. 11, 1839.

TIN MANUFACTORY.

THE Subscriber has recommenced his TINNING BUSINESS at his old stand between the Court House and Town Hall, where he is prepared to make to order every thing in his line. Also Guttering for Houses or Copper Business. Repairing of all kind done at the shortest notice.

LIKewise, I shall keep on hand generally a full assortment of

Tin Ware, Japanned Ware and Britannia Ware, Brass Kettles, Lanterns, Brass Bells, Seals, Iron Weights, &c. &c.

STOVES and PIPE, made to order at any time.

CHARLES SHELTON, 196-11.

Oct. 19th, 1839.

FOR SALE.

THAT commodious dwelling house and 2 stores on the corner of Dock & front street now occupied by Mr. Charles Frost is offered for sale at a low price. The dwelling over the store is conveniently and comfortably arranged for a boarding house, having in all, eleven rooms.

JAMES F. McREE, 195-11.

If the above property is not disposed of at private sale by the 1st of Nov., it will on that day be sold at public Auction.

Office, Sugar & Molasses.

55 BAGS Rio COFFEE, 30 do St. Domingo do,

20 Hbls. Mascovado SUGAR, 30 Fluids. MOLASSES,

20 Bbls. Low double refined SUGAR, 4 do powdered do.

For sale by BARRY & BRYANT, 195-11.

Oct. 11th, 1839.

NOTICE.

The following lands on the Waccamaw River, having been lately sold for taxes, and purchased and regularly surveyed, according to law, by the subscriber, all persons are hereby warned from cutting timber or committing other depredations on said lands, under such penalty as the law will inflict.

The Land above alluded to is 20 surveys, patented by Patrick Henry, numbered as follows:

373 274 345 373 371

307 344 361 350 370

343 345 352 368 373

347 366 348 368 352

There will be an agent who will keep a bright look out.

SAM'L POTTER, 191-11.

September 13, 1839.

POETRY.

For the Wilmington Advertiser.

In a solitary nook

Of the church yard ground,

Where straying eyes might hardly look,

Stood forth a little mound—

A little mound, and fit to be

The cradle grave of infancy—

Laid there in quietness to keep,

A dreamless and eternal sleep.

Meet emblem did it seem to be,

Of innocence and purity.

And did the dew alone descend

Upon the baby's grave?

One flower alone in silence bend

Above the baby's grave?

Ah no! I saw, when the moon was high,

A sorrowful damsel passing by—

Slowly and sadly passing along

Like the tone and the tune of a sorrowful song,

Sung by a sad and desolate maid,

'Reft of her hearts love, lost or dead;

The hollow earth scarce echoed her tread,

As fearing to wake the sheeted dead.

The dead, that below, were slumbering pent,

Each in his stone girt tenement.

And when her step, had reached the mound,

'Neath which her baby slept,

How mournfully she looked around,

How bitterly she wept!

There to the breezes did she tell

The burden of her tale,

And soft and fast the big tear fell,

Adown her cheek so pale.

Methought I heard of plighted love,

Of faithless man's caprice—

The earnest prayer sent up above,

That prayed her soul's release;

And then in accents motherly,

She breathed her baby's name,

And looking round with wistful eye,

She vanished as she came.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

THE VOICE OF AUTUMN.

You can hear this voice now, in solemn monotony, as it speaks in husky whispers, among the trees at evening,

and in cadence with the big drops of the October rains, that are falling with the leaves together, like tears of the departing Season, shed amid sighs and murmurs,

as its slow-lingering footsteps "steal from the low-lying." What a time for reflection! How, at such an hour does Remembrance put on its plumage, and gird its winged sandals, for voyage and communion with the Past! The past: it has our better years, our earliest friends, yielded with mingled grief and hope to its dim dominion!

The rain is falling on their graves but the chill autumnal rain

Calls not from out the silent earth the cherished one again!

And yet there is something in the variegated pomp and garniture of the time, still lovely in its lifelessness, which seems to bind up the bruised heart, and sanctify the desolated spirit something of a celestial brightness, breaking in upon the fluctuations of this changeable sphere, which makes the glory of the dying year appear like the heritage of a sere land than ours:

For still, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the leaves are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,

Then the South wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of One who in her youthful beauty died,

A peerless blossom that grew up, and faded by my side!

In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the tempest cast the leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a day so brief;

Yet not unmet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,

So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

A Puzzling Question for Locofocoes.

The Lynchburg Virginian asks the following pertinent question:

Mr. Cambreleng told us last winter, and the remark has been over and often repeated, that the Sub-Treasury is now in full operation, and yet a suspension of specie payments has occurred!—Where is its power, then, to prevent a recurrence of this evil? What virtue, what efficacy, can there be in this nostrum of the experimenting quacks, who, having diseased the system by their prescriptions, are now resorting to a desperate expedient, which will kill, instead of curing the patient, and being prostrated by the debilitating effects of previous experiments?

Warm Walking.—On the last 4th July, the following toast was given at a western celebration:

"The wretch who would refuse to defend the liberties of his country—Shod with lightning, may be condemned to wander over a desert of gunpowder!"

OLD HUMBURG.

A CHAPTER FROM THE NEW ROMANCE, HYPERION.

What most interested our travellers in the ancient city of Frankfort, was neither the opera nor the Ariadne of Dannecker, but the house in which Goethe was born, and the scenes he frequented in his childhood, and remembered in his old age. Such for example are the walks around the city, outside the moat; the bridge over the Main, with the golden cock on the cross, which the poet held and marvelled at when a boy; the cloister of the Barefooted Friars, through which he stole with mysterious awe to sit by the oilcloth covered table of old Rector Albrecht; and the garden in which his grandfather walked up and down among fruit trees and rose-bushes, in long morning gown, black velvet cap, and the antique leather gloves, which he annually received as Mayor on Pipers-Doomsday representing a kind of middle personage between Alcibiades and Laertes. Thus, O Genius! are thy foot prints hallowed; and the star shines forever over the place of thy nativity!

"Your English critics may rail as they list," said the Baron, while he and Fleming were returning from a stroll in the leafy gardens, outside the moat; "but, after all, Goethe was a magnificent old fellow. Only think of his life; his youth of passion, alternately aspiring and desponding, stormy, impetuous, headlong;—his romantic manhood, in which passion assumes the form of strength; assiduous, careful, toiling, without haste, without rest; and his sublime old age,—the age of serene and classic repose where he stands like Atlas, as Claudian has painted him in the Battle of the Giants, holding the world aloft upon his head, the ocean-streams hard frozen in his hoary locks!"

"A good illustration of what the world calls his indifference!"

"And do you know I rather like this indifference? Did you ever have the misfortune to live in a community, where a difficulty in the parish seemed to announce the end of the world? or to know one of the benefactors of the human race, in the very 'storm and pressure period' of his indiscreet enthusiasm? If you have, I think you will see something beautiful in the calm and dignified attitude which the old philosopher assumes."

"It is a pity that his admirers had not a little of this philosophic coolness. It amuses me to read the various epithets, which they apply to him; The Dear, dear Man! The Life-enjoying Man! The All-sided One! The Representative of Poetry upon earth! The Many-sided Master Mind of Germany! His enemies rush into the other extreme, and hurl at him the fierce names of Old Humburg! and Old Heathen! which hit like pistol-bullets."

"I confess, he was no saint."

"No; his philosophy is the old ethic philosophy. You will find it all in a convenient and concentrated, portable form in Horace's beautiful Ode to Thaliarchus What I most object to in the old gentleman is his sensuality."

"O nonsense. Nothing can be purer than the Iphigenia; it is as cold and passionless as a marble statue."

"Very true; but you cannot say the same of some of the Roman Elegies and of that monstrous book of Elective Affinities."

"Ah, my friend, Goethe, is an artist; and looks upon all things as objects of art merely. Why should he not be allowed to copy in words what painters and sculptors copy in colours and in marble?"

"The artist shows his character in the choice of his subject. Goethe never sculptured an Appollo, nor painted a Madonna. He gives us only sinful Magdalens and rampant Fauns. He does not so much idealize as realize."

"He only copies nature."

"So did the artists who made the bronze lamps of Pompeii. Would you hang one of those in your hall? To say that a man is an artist and copies nature is not enough. There are two great schools of art; the imitative and the imaginative. The latter is the most noble, and most enduring; and Goethe belonged rather to the former. Have you read Menzel's attack upon him?"

"It is truly ferocious. The Suabian hews into him lustily. I hope you do not side with him."

"By no means. He goes too far. He blames the poet for not being a politician. He might as well blame him for not being a missionary to the Sandwich Islands."

"And what do you think of Eckermann?"

"I think he is a toady; a kind of German Boswell. Goethe knew he was drawing his portrait, and stylized accordingly. He works very hard to make a Saint Feer-out of an old Jupiter, as the Catholics did at Rome."

"Well; call him Old Humburg, or Old Heathen, or what you please; I maintain, that with all his errors and short-comings, he was a glorious specimen of a man."

"He certainly was. Did it ever occur to you that he was in some points like Ben Franklin? a kind of rhymed Ben Franklin? The practical tendency of his mind was the same; his love of sci-

ence was the same; his benignant, philosophic spirit was the same; and a vast number of his little poetic maxims and south-sayings seem nothing more than the worldly wisdom of Poor Richard, versified."

"What most offends me is, that now every German jackass must have a kick at the dead lion."

"And every one who passes through Weimar must throw a book upon his grave, as travellers did of old a stone upon the grave of Manfredi, at Benevento. But, of all that has been said or sung, what most pleases me is Heine's Apologetic, if I may so call it; in which he says, that the minor poets who flourish under the imperial reign of Goethe resemble a young forest, where the trees first show their own magnitude after the oak of a hundred years, whose branches had towered above and overshadowed them, has fallen. There was not wanting an opposition, that strove against Goethe, this majestic tree. Men of the most warring opinions united themselves for the contest. The adherents of the old faith, the orthodox, were vexed, that, in the trunk of the vast tree, no niche with its holy image was to be found; nay, that even the naked Dryads of paganism were permitted to play their witchery there; and gladly with consecrated axe, would they have imitated the holy Boniface, and levelled the enchanted oak to the ground. The followers of the new faith, the apostles of liberalism, were vexed on the other hand, that the tree could not serve as the Tree of Liberty, or, at any rate, as a barricade. In fact the tree was too high; no one could plant the red cap upon its summit, or dance the Carmagnole beneath its branches. The multitude, however, venerated this tree for the very reason, that it reared itself with such independent grandeur, and so graciously filled the world with its odor, while its branches, streaming magnificently toward heaven, made it appear, as if the stars were only the golden fruit of its wondrous limbs. Don't you think that beautiful?"

"Here is the old gentleman himself!" exclaimed Fleming.

"Where?" cried the Baron, as if for the moment he expected to see the living figure of the poet walking before them.

"Here at the window,—that full-length cast. Excellent, is it not! He is dressed, as usual, in his long yellow nankeen surtout, with a white cravat crossed in front. What a magnificent head! and what a posture! He stands like a tower of strength. And, by Heavens! he was nearly eighty years old, when that was made."

"How do you know?"

"You can see by the date on the pedestal."

"You are right. And yet how erect he stands, with his square shoulders braced back, and his hands behind him. He looks as if he were standing before the fire. I feel tempted to put a live coal into his hand, it lies so invitingly half open. Gleim's description of him, soon after he went to Weimar, is very different from this. Do you recollect it?"

"No, I do not."

"It is a story, which good old father Gleim used to tell with great delight. He was one evening reading the Göttingen Museum-Almanach in a select society at Weimar, when a young man came in, dressed in a short, green shooting-jacket, booted and spurred, and having a pair of brilliant, black, Italian eyes. He in turn offered to read; but finding probably the poetry of the Museum-Almanach of that year rather too insipid for him, he soon began to improvise the wildest and most fantastic poems imaginable, and in all possible forms and measures, all the while pretending to read from the book. 'That is either Goethe or the Devil,' said good old father Gleim to Wieland, who sat near him. 'To which the Great I of Osmannstadt replied; 'it is both, for he has the Devil in him to-night; and at such times he is like a whirling coil, that flings out before and behind, and you will do well not to get near him!'"

"Very good!"

"And now that noble figure is but mould. Only a few months ago, those majestic eyes looked for the last time on the light of a pleasant spring morning. Calm, like a god, the old man sat; and with a smile seemed to bid farewell to the light of day, on which he had gazed for more than eighty years. Books were near him, and the pen which had just dropped, as it were, from his dying fingers. 'Open the shutters, and let in more light,' were the last words that came from those lips. Slowly stretching forth his hand, he attempted to write in the air; and, as it sank down again was motionless, the spirit of the old man departed."

"And yet the world goes on. It is strange how soon, when a great man dies, his place is filled, and so completely, that he seems no longer wanted. But let us step in here. I wish to buy that cast; and send it home to a friend."

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

From the Baltimore Patriot.