

WILMINGTON ADVERTISER.

F. C. HILL, Editor and Proprietor.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

Wilmington, North Carolina.

VOL. IV. NO. 44.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1839.

WHOLE NO. 200.

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Letters to the Editor on business must be POST-PAYD.

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



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. H. SAUNDERS, Agent Transportation.

NOTICE.

THE copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the firm of HALLETT & BROWN, was dissolved by mutual consent, on the 31st day of October last. The concerns of the copartnership will be settled, and the business continued by LEONARD BROWN.

BENJAMIN HALLETT, LEONARD BROWN.

New York, December 24th, 1838.

LEONARD BROWN, late (Hallett & Brown), has associated with him ASA POTTER, (of Kingston, R. I.) and will transact his business in the city of New York, under the firm of BROWN & POTTER, 93, Wall street.

LEONARD BROWN, ASA POTTER.

1st January, 1839.

156 1/2

Liverpool Salt—Crates of Earthenware, &c.

Expected Per Brig Guyana, in about 15 days from Liverpool.

6000 Bushels Salt in Bulk and some in Sacks.

60 Crates assorted Liverpool Ware, 20 Hampers of Porter and Wine Bottles, Stone Bottles, 1 1/2 to 3 Gallon each, 30 Casks of London bottled Porter in quarts and Pints.

A few Cheeses, of good quality, A few Bales of heavy Dunder, Reaping, Which will be sold on favorable terms.

ON HAND.

260 Bags Prime Rio Coffee, 7 Hhls Porto Rico Sugar, 500 Boxes fresh Bush Raisins in Quarters halves and whole.

A few cases of French, English and Domestic GOODS.

All which will be sold good bargains. A. LAZARUS, 198 3/4.

POETRY.

UNREQUITED LOVE.—Many a fair and lovely girl can bear witness to the truth of the following lines from the last Knickerbocker:—

There is a grief which all have known,
Who ever mourned a friendship flown;
And few but once have shed the tear,
Bewailing loss of token dear.
The urn of sorrow marks the spot,
Which speaks the widow's lonely lot,
While Pity is seen to shed
Her tribute at the orphan's bed.
Hope hater her shadows, joy its gloom;
Yet suffer each a gentle doom.
Compared with her whose lot must prove
The pang of unrequited love!
When after all that woman's art
Could do to curb that rebel heart;
With every plea of maiden pride
At length exhausted or defied;
She feels its idle to restrain
The throbb which tells—SHE LOVES IN VAIN.

Rival to the Daguerrotype.—Lipmann, an artist of Berlin, has invented a machine for obtaining correct copies of oil-colored pictures, which is said to be not less ingenious than the Daguerrotype. The particulars of the invention are not given. He produced with his machine, in one of the rooms of the Royal Museum, and in presence of the directors, 110 copies of Rembrandt's portrait, painted by himself—a picture, the copying of which in the usual way presents the utmost difficulties, according to the opinion of all painters. Lipmann's copies are said to be perfect, and to give the most delicate shades of colour.

The Boston papers are waging war with the ladies of that city, or rather with their big bonnets. The Bostonians say, and say with some show of reason on their side, that the bonnet overshadows and obscures all other objects. That their display at public places especially, is equivalent to a total disfranchisement of every citizen who sits behind them. That nobody can see over them at the theatre, at church, or at concert.

From the National Gazette.

CONCLUSION OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

The pleasant and prosperous career of Nicholas Nickleby is here brought to a close. We reserve for our next number a view of the entire story, and of its claims to take rank among our lasting works of English fiction; but we cannot meanwhile refuse ourselves the gratification of transferring to our pages the following extract, for which we shall not then have space, and then which we have never quoted any thing finer from the writings of Mr. Dickens. It is the consummation of a series of miseries and failures that, through the latter chapters, fall heavily on the head of the usurer, Ralph Nickleby. He has at length discovered that Smoke, tortured to death by his relentless persecution, is his own son. Beyond this he will endure no more. He makes one last appointment, and keeps it.

"Creeping from the house, and slinking off like a thief; groping with his hands, when first he got into the street, as if he were a blind man, and looking often over his shoulder while he hurried away as though he were followed in imagination or reality by some one anxious to question or detain him, Ralph Nickleby left the city behind him, and took the road to his own home.

"The night was dark, and a cold wind blew, driving the clouds furiously and fast before it. There was one black, gloomy mass, that seemed to follow him; not hurrying in the wild chase with the others, but lingering sullenly behind, and gliding darkly and stealthily on. He often looked back at this, and more than once stopped to let it pass over, but somehow, when he went forward again, it was still behind him, coming mournfully and slowly up like a shadowy funeral train.

"He had to pass a poor, mean burial ground—a dismal place, raised a few feet above the level of the street, and parted from it by a low parapet wall and an iron railing—a rank, unwholesome, rotten spot, where the very grass and weeds seemed, in their frowny growth, to tell that they had sprung from paupers' beds, and struck their roots in the graves of men sudden in screaming courts and drunken hungry dens. And here, in truth, they lay—parted from the living by a little earth and a board or two—by thick and close—corrupting in body as they had been in mind—a dense and squallid crowd. Here they lay cheek by jowl with life; no deeper down than the feet of the throng that passed there every day, and piled high as their throats. Here they lay, a grisly family, all those departed brothers and sisters of the ruddy clergyman, who did his task so speedily when they were hidden in the ground!

"As he passed here, Ralph called to mind that he had been one of a jury long before on the body of a man who had cut his throat, and that he was buried in this place. He could not tell how he came to recollect it now, when he had so often passed and never thought about him, or how it was that he felt an interest in the circumstance; but he did both, and stopping, and clasping the iron railings with his hands, looked eagerly in, wondering which might be his grave.

"While he was thus engaged, there came towards him, with noise of shouts and singing, some fellows full of drink, followed by others, who were remonstrating with them, and urging them to go home in quiet. They were in high good humor, and one of them, a little, weazen, hump-backed man, began to dance. He was a grotesque, langstic figure, and the few bystanders laugh'd Ralph himself was moved to mirth, and echoed the laugh of one who stood near, and who looked round in his face. When they had passed on, and he was left alone again, he resumed his speculations with a new kind of interest, for he recollected that the last person who had seen the suicide alive had left him very merry, and he remembered how strange he and the other jurors had thought that at the time.

"He could not fix upon the spot among such a heap of graves, but he conjectured upon a strong and vivid idea of the man himself, and how he looked, and what had led him to do it; all of which he recollect-ed with ease. By dint of dwelling upon this theme, he carried the impression with him when he went away, as he remembered when a child to have had frequently before him the figure of some goblin he had once seen chalked upon a door. But, as he drew nearer and nearer home, he forgot it again, and began to think how very dull and solitary the house would be inside.

"This feeling became so strong at last, that, when he reached his own door, he could hardly make up his mind to turn the key and open it; when he had done that and gone into the passage, he felt as though to shut it again would be to shut out the world. But he let it go, and it closed with a loud noise. There was no light. How very dreary, cold, and still it was!

"Shivering from head to foot, he made his way up stairs into the room where he had been last disturbed. He had made a

kind of compact with himself that he would not think of what had happened until he got home. He was at home now, and suffered himself, for the first time, to consider it.

"His own child—his own child! He never doubted the tale; he felt it was true; knew it as well now as if he had been privy to it all along. His own child! And dead too! Dying beside Nicholas; loving him and looking upon him as something like an angel! This was the worst.

"They had all turned from him and deserted him in his very first need—even money could not buy them now; every thing must come out and every body must know all. Here was the young lord dead, his companion abroad and beyond his reach, ten thousand pounds gone at one blow, his plot with Gide over at the very moment of triumph, his after schemes discovered, himself in danger, the object of his persecution and Nicholas's love, his own wretched boy; every thing crumpled and fallen upon him, and he beaten down beneath the ruins, and grovelling in the dust.

"If he had known his child to be alive; if no deceit had been ever practised, and he had grown up beneath his eye, he might have been a careless, indifferent, rough, harsh father—like enough he felt that—but the thought would come that he might have been otherwise, and that his son might have been a comfort to him, and they two happy together. He began to think now, that his supposed death and his wife's flight had had some share in making him the morose, hard man he was. He seemed to remember a time when he was not quite so rough and obdurate; and almost thought that he had first hated Nicholas because he was young and gallant, and perhaps like the stripling who had brought dishonor and loss of fortune on his head.

"But one tender thought, or one of natural regret in that whirlwind of passion and remorse, was a drop of calm water in a stormy maddened sea. His hatred of Nicholas had been fed upon his own defeat, nourished on his interference with his schemes, fattened upon his bold defiance and success. There were reasons for its increase; it had grown & strengthened gradually. Now it attained a height which was sheer wild lunacy. That his of all others should have been the hands to rescue his miserable child; that he should have been his protector and faithful friend; that he should have shown him that love and tenderness which from the wretched moment of his birth he had never known; that he should have taught him to hate his own parent and execrate his very name; that he should now know and feel all this, and triumph in the recollection, was gall and madness to the usurer's heart. The dead boy's love for Nicholas, and the attachment of Nicholas to him, was unsupportable agony. The picture of his death bed, with Nicholas at his side tending and supporting him, and he breathing out his thanks and expiring in his arms, when he would have had them mortal enemies and hating each other to the last, drove him frantic. He gnashed his teeth and smote the air, and looked wildly round with eyes which gleamed through the darkness, cried aloud:

"I am trampled down and ruined—The wretch told me true. The night has come. Is there no way to rob them of further triumph, and spurn their mercy and compassion? Is there no devil to help me?"

"Scarcely there glided again into his brain the figure he had raised that night. It seemed to lie before him. The head was covered now. So it was when he first saw it. The rigid, upturned marble face, too, he remembered well. Then came before him the pale and trembling relatives who had told their tale upon the inquest—the shrieks of women—the silent dread of men—the constriction and disquiet—the victory achieved by that heap of clay when one motion of its hand had let out the life and made this stir among them.

"He spoke no more, but after a pause softly groped his way out of the room, and up the echoing stairs—up to the top of the front garret—where he closed the door behind him and remained.

"It was a mere lumber-room now, but it yet contained an old dismantled bedstead; the one on which his son had slept, for no other had ever been there. He avoided it hastily, and sat down as far from it as he could.

"The weakened glare of the lights in the street below, shining through the window, which had no blind or curtain to intercept it, was enough to show the character of the room, though not sufficient fully to reveal the various articles of lumber, old cased trunks, and broken furniture, which were scattered about. It had a shelving room, high in one part, and another descending almost to the floor. It was towards the highest part that Ralph directed his eyes, and upon it he kept them fixed steadily for some minutes, when he rose, and dragging thither an old chest upon which he had been seated, mounted upon it, and felt along the wall above his head with both hands. At length they touched a large iron hook firmly driven into one of the beams.

At that moment he was interrupted by a loud knocking at the door below. After a little hesitation, he opened the window and demanded who it was.

"I want Mr. Nickleby," replied a voice.

"What with him?"

"That's not Mr. Nickleby's voice, surely," was the rejoinder.

"It was not like it; but it was Ralph who spoke, and so he said.

"The voice made answer that the twin brothers wished to know whether the man whom he had seen that night was to be detained, and that, although it was now midnight, they had sent in their anxiety to do so.

"Yes," cried Ralph, "detain him till to-morrow; then let them bring him here—him and my nephew—and come them selves, and be sure that I will be ready to receive them."

"At what hour?" asked the voice.

"At any hour," replied Ralph fiercely. "In the afternoon, tell them. At any hour—at any minute—all times will be alike to me."

"He listened to the man's retreating footsteps until the sound had passed, and then gazing up into the sky saw, or thought he saw, the same black cloud that seemed to follow him home, and which now appeared to hover directly over the house.

"I know its meaning now," he muttered, "and the restless nights, the dreams, and why I have quailed of late, all pointed to this. Oh! if men by selling their own souls could ride rampant for a term, for how short a term would I barter mine to-night!"

"The sound of a deep bell came along the wind, one.

"Lie on!" cried the usurer, "with your iron tongue; ring merrily for births that make expectants writhe, and marriages that are made in hell, and toll ruefully for the dead whose shoes are worn already. Call men to prayers who are goodly because not found out, and ring chimes for the coming in of every year that brings this cursed world nearer to its end. No bell or book for me; throw me on a dung-hill, and let me rot there, to infect the air!"

"With a wild look round, in which frenzy, hatred, and despair were horribly mingled, he shook his clenched hand at the sky above him, which was still dark and threatening, and closed the window.

"The rain and hail battered against the glass, the chimney quaked and rocked; the crazy casement rattled with the wind as though an impatient hand inside were striving to burst it open. But no hand was there, and it opened no more.

"How's this?" cried one, "the gentlemen say they can't make any body hear, and have been trying these two hours?"

"And yet he came home last night," said another, "for he spoke to somebody out that window upstairs."

"They were a little knot of men, and the window being mentioned, they went out in the road to look up at it. This occasioned their observing that the house was still close shut, as the house-keeper had said she had left it on the previous night and led to a great many suggestions, which terminated in two or three of the boldest getting round the back, and entering by a window, while the others remained outside in impatient expectation.

"They looked into all the rooms below, opening the shutters as they went to admit the fading light, and still finding nobody, and every thing quiet and in its place, doubted whether they should go further. One man, however, remarking that they had not been into the garret, and that it was there he had been last seen, they agreed to look too, and went up softly, for the mystery and silence made them timid.

"After they had stood for an instant on the landing eyeing each other, he who had proposed their carrying the search so far turned the handle of the door, and pushing it open, looked through the chink, and fell back directly.

"It's very odd," he whispered, "he's hiding behind the door! Look!"

"They pressed forward to see, but one among them, thrusting the others aside with a loud exclamation, drew a clasp knife from his pocket, and rushing into the room cut down the body.

"He had torn a rope from one of the old trunks, and hung himself on an iron hook immediately below the trap-door in the ceiling, in the very place which the eyes of his son, a lonely little creature, had so often been directed in childish terror fourteen years before."

"The work is dedicated to Mr. Macready "as a slight token of admiration and regard," and in a pleasant preface public attention is claimed to two statements connected with the contents of the story. These are, to the pictures of Mr. Squeers and his school, which seem to have provoked in various parts in Yorkshire all manner of ludicrous denunciations of the author, but which, we are here assured, are "faint and feeble pictures of an existing reality, purposely subdued and kept down lest they should be deemed impossible," and to the likeness of the Chery-brothers, which are drawn, we are told, from life. "It is remarkable," observes Mr. Dickens, "that what we call

the world, which is so very credulous in what professes to be true, is most incredulous in what professes to be imaginary; and that while in every day life it will allow in one man no blemishes, and in another no virtues, it will seldom admit a very strongly marked character, either good or bad, in a fictitious narrative, to be within the limits of probability. For this reason, they have been very slightly and imperfectly sketched."

Report of the English Commissioners on Steam Vessel Accidents.—We have been favored by a friend with copies of the London Times of September 17th and 18th, containing the Report of the Commissioners on Steam Vessel Accidents, made by direction of Parliament. The investigations of the commissioners appear to have been very thorough; and the Report exhibits an admirable degree of minuteness in the inquiries that were made concerning every disaster occurring to steam vessels, of which information could be obtained. The whole indicates not only the great importance which is attached to steam navigation in England, but also a watchful care for the preservation of human life, which is too often sacrificed on board vessels of this kind.

The particulars of twenty-three explosions are given, occurring during the period from 1817 to 1839. Of these, nineteen happened whilst the vessels were stopping, or in the instant of setting the engines in motion; three only happened whilst steaming. It will be thus seen that explosions in the British waters have been for the most part under circumstances similar to those which have attended the like accidents in this country.

The inquiries into each particular accident are made with singular minuteness, so that no circumstance, which might have contributed to bring it about, should escape detection. The form and structure of the boilers received especial attention. Seven explosions, of the twenty-three, occurred in cylindrical boilers; fifteen in rectangular boilers—in one case the form was not ascertained.

The result of the examination made by the Commissioners into the causes of accidents gives the following summary:

OF WRACKS FOUNDING, OR IMMINENT PERILS OF THE SAME, the causes have been—
Defectiveness of hull; intoxication of captain and mate
Ditto of hull, boilers, and engine
Ditto of boiler, cables, and anchors
Ditto of boilers, cables, and sails
Ditto of boilers and crankness
Ditto of boilers, engine or vessel
Ditto of boiler or engine, and sails
Ditto of hull, cables, engine, and boiler

OF EXPLOSIONS.
Ignorance, carelessness, recklessness, and drunkenness of engine-men.
Bad construction or insufficiency of safety-valves.
Inattention to, or want of, proper apparatus to denote the level of water and pressure of steam in the boilers.
Malformation of boilers to sustain pressure.

OF FIRES.
Carelessness and want of cleanliness.
Bad construction of coal receptacles.
Stowing coals on the boilers and against the undrained sides of the vessel.
Placing boilers too near the decks and sides of the vessel.
Defective state of the boilers.
Want of fire-extinguishing apparatus

OF COLLISIONS.
Want of an universal code of night signals.
Want of a defined and compulsory "rule of the road."
Racing.
Carelessness, or neglect of look-out.

After a careful investigation of the whole subject the Commissioners present an outline of proposed Legislative regulations with a view to remedy such evils as have been ascertained to exist, and to prevent the probable occurrence of others not foreseen.

Increase of Methodism.—From the reports made by the several preachers, in charge, at the late annual Conference, which met at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, it appears that the net increase of members of the Methodist Church, within the bounds of Indiana Conference, during the past year, is about 8,700. It is also stated in the Lawrenceburg Beacon that there had not been a death among the preachers belonging to that Conference, within the past year.

March of Industry among the Indians The steamer Pizarro, Cleveland, master, says the St. Louis Republican of the 5th, left our port on the 3d for the mouth of the Kansas river, with the following cargo for that point, viz: 20 spinning wheels, 20 looms and their appurtenances, 300 axes and 100 ploughs, last though not the least item; \$10,000 in specie. This outfit is for Iowa and other Indians.

DEATH.—Death was painted, among the Romans, as a pale female, of interesting mien; and why among Christians, a hideous spectre? Give us a Roman death.

From the N. Y. American.

"My humble efforts to restore the constitutional currency."
"I leave my people prosperous and happy."

It is now nearly ten years since that illustrious and sagacious man, Andrew Jackson, commenced his intelligent and well directed efforts to reform and improve our currency. The success and prosperity of his measures are before the country, and as his successor is pledged to follow in his footsteps, I may be excused for recalling to the minds of the public some of the prominent acts through which he has endeavored and succeeded, in restoring us to the situation of the country at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, viz: one could not travel fifty miles without going beyond the credit of his money.

In September, 1833, the Secretary of the Treasury (Mr. Duane) and the deposits were removed together, he from his place and the deposits from theirs, and the latter put into State Banks; they pledged themselves to supply the place of the Bank and keep the currency in a whole-some condition. We all know the outcry raised throughout the country, and that Congress avoided either approving or condemning it, leaving all the money power of the country in the hands of the President, who pledged himself to supply us with "a better currency."

A very extensive bankruptcy took place throughout the mercantile community, great doubts were expressed of the solvency of our State Institutions, and a rapid change took place against the Administration in the public mind, to divert which, through foreign influence, a bill was brought into Congress to reduce the value of gold in the eagle, which was passed; immense amounts were coined, even retainers of the Administration was furnished with them, and the people were told that they were to have nothing but "yellow backs," and taught to shout, "huzzas for Jackson, down with the Banks!"

In this warfare many Bank Presidents, Cashiers, and Directors, were engaged—not foreseeing that the storm they were raising would ultimately overwhelm them. To fill up the void about to be occasioned by the withdrawal of so much capital, applications were made to the State Legislatures for Bank Charters; and in this State, every patriot, who wanted an office for services rendered in the Democratic party, was paid in the profits arising from Bank Charters.

The Bank of the United States, whose charter expired in 1836, applied in the winter of '35-'36 to the Loco-Foco Legislature of Pennsylvania, and succeeded in getting a charter from the State. The Girard Bank was, I believe, created about the same time the United States Bank ceased its functions as a United States' institution, and became that of a State.

In August, '36, General Jackson issued his specie Circular against receiving any thing but specie for public lands, and the Government official commenced his lectures on overtrading, doing all it could, while credit was extended, to destroy it. In February, '37, the Loco-Focos of the City of New York, headed by an officer of the Customs, met in the Park with the banners 'down with the rags,' "give us gold and silver," &c. and after an address from this officer, proceeded, and broke open several flour stores.

In May, '37, the Banks of this City suspended specie payments, which was followed by all the Banks of the country. In July, Gen Jackson wrote his letter denouncing them as "fraudulent institutions," forgetting how much character some of his friends in them had lost on his account. Prior to this, Mr. Van Buren had refused to call Congress together, denying that there was any necessity of so doing; but the moment that the salaries of the office-holders were affected, he saw the necessity of calling it together, and laid before it his famous bill for the protection of the office-holders' salaries, or the separation of the Government from the people.

In May, '38, the Banks in this city recommenced specie payments, which was followed, after a short time, throughout the country, and there seemed a prospect of some little prosperity to the country.

In the early part of this year, Mr. Benton, who had suffered by Bank notes, commenced his warcry of specie, gold, &c. Mr. Van Buren, the moment he put his foot on the shores of his native State, began the old song of "irresponsible institutions." The New Era, and all that kidney, recommended that they should be run upon, & a general distrust was caused. This month the Banks of Pennsylvania have stopped, and no doubt the southern and south western Banks will follow; here and at New England we shall stand firm.

I now sum up the results: In March, '37, General Jackson left the Presidential chair with the above declarations; since then the Government has broke once and the Banks twice, and the better currency which we were promised, seems more remote than ever.

I write this in a spirit of seriousness, trusting that the above plain recital of facts may call back my countrymen who have wandered after the evil spirit of Loco-Focoism to the proper path.