LAW AND LOVE; OR MONEY VS. MATRIMONY.—Elizabeth Eberts is a pretty, young German widow, who works at the tailoring business, and has a snug pile of money, to set off the beauty of her shrewd, good-looking countenance. Lewis Datts, a batchelor friend from the "fader-land," has had his eye on the "vidder," and she in turn, has had a tender regard for him. Some months since there was a mutual promise of marriage between them, and a portion of the money of the woman was lent to the firm of which Lewis was a partner. All the time she had a sharp look-out for the affairs of the firm, and about a month ago, under a suspicion that affairs were not prospering with her intended, she got the better of her attachment for Lewis, and at the same time procured an attachment upon his property. Other creditors made a strike, and the firm was found unable to pay more than twenty cents upon each dollar of the debts. Lewis is saved by about $250, which he put into the hands of the lady to keep for him, while affairs were being settled, supposing that it would all be made right by their marriage. No sooner had she got the money into her possession than she determined to appropriate it towards the payment of the debt due her, and at the same time began to talk of postponing the ceremony, and finally declined the honor of giving him her hand. He took a friend and called to see her, but was told that he was not smart enough to be *her* husband. He then demanded the money, but she was in no hurry to pay over, postponing that as she had formerly done the nuptial ceremony. This angered him, and he told her that she must either pay him the money or marry him, or suffer the consequences. She chose the latter alternative, and yesterday was taken before the Police Court to answer to a charge of larceny. Lewis and several friends testified to the facts in the case, and she was held in $400 for trial at the Municipal Court. She appeared modestly upon the stand, and seemed to care but little for the charge against her; probably she knows that she can at any time stop the proceedings by accepting the hand of her accuser, when all other means of escaping from the accusation fail.—*Boston Herald.*

LOT'S WIFE.—A French savant, M. de Saulcy, gives the following interpretation of the sacred narrative of Lot's wife:

"The Djebbel-el-Melehh, or Djebel Sdoum, presents a compact mass of rock salt, the height of which varies, but never exceeds 100 yards. At the summit, the salt is covered over by a stratum of clay of a dirty white hue. The whole of the hill side presents numerous fissures hollowed by the winter torrents, and the constant crumbling of the soil.—At many points appear vast pyramidal columns of salt, one of which has no doubt been taken by Captain Lynch for the famous pillar into which Lot's wife was transformed. All the disconnected masses, and those which still adhere to the mountain, have their surfaces deeply furrowed and indented by the rains. And lastly, wherever the rock leans over, its lower part is hung with stalactites of salt. Is it possible to explain the death of Lot's wife? I am inclined to believe so, and this would be my solution: At the moment when the huge mountain was heaved up volcanically, there must have been throughout its whole extent tremendous falls of detached masses, similar to those we have observed at every step. Lot's wife having loitered behind, either thro' fright or curiosity, was most likely crushed by one of these descending fragments, and when Lot and his children turned round to look toward the place where she had stopped, they saw nothing but the salt rock which covered her body. The catastrophe may be explained many ways; but having visited the spot, I hold to the opinion I have now advanced, without seeking, however to impose it on others."

PLAIN ENGLISH.—What a pity people will swear, and what a pity they use the best of mother tongue to do it in. We heard a Flanderish cartman, this morning, bestowing a string of epithets and a string of buckskin upon an audience of one, viz. his poor old horse; the former of which, as good, sterling Saxon, would have made the fame of any man who, for half an hour, could draw from the same pure English wells. We do not mean to say that our cartman's language was very courtly, but it was muscular and Saxon to a degree; there was the ring of true coin in it, just as a man grows earnest—we came very near writing honest, and perhaps it would have been better if we had—he grows natural and child-like and fall back upon his vernacular. When a man gets in a fog, he drifts on a Homeric bar, or *togrles*, we can't think of a better world, his broken thought, with some passage from Tacitus or Livy.—Irritate the most artificial man that ever was "made up," and if he is not an unmitigated fool, his vernacular will come up from the bottom of his heart, where it was packed away beneath much Latin and Greek, and thin strata of French and German, and he will say more and better, in a minute, than he had uttered before in month.

English, like beauty, is, "when unadorned, adorned the most." The cunning old rogue who said that language was made to hide one's thoughts would not have spoiled the point, but saved the truth, had he amended it by substituting *used* for made, and, "pity 'tis, 'tis true."

When people fall to quarreling, they have much to say about "plain talk." That's just the sort of talk—plain English, or none at all.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

WHO KILLED THE BULL?—The bull of a neighbor of mine (Squire Johnson) was killed; it was a valuable one, and the Squire's suspicion was immediately fastened on a trifling fellow in the neighborhood, with whom he had a difficulty, by the name of Williams, as the perpetrator of the deed, but who indignantly repelled the "soft impeachment." The Squire, from his intimate acquaintance with human nature, believed that he could substantiate the charge by a fellow of the name of Smith, and accordingly had him summoned as a witness. The trial was before Squire W——, and John S. Fale appeared for the plaintiff. The defence was conducted by Ceylon F. Brayser.

The witness Smith was called, and after being duly impressed with the solemnity of an oath, and of the importance of deposing to the truth, by Squire W., Fale began.

"You know, Mr. Smith, that Squire Johnson's bull was killed?"

"I do," says Smith.

"And you also know that Williams killed the bull?"

"I do."

"Your honor," says John, "the testimony is sufficiently clear and to the point, I think to justify his commitment."

"One moment, Mr. Smith," says Ceylon, "before you retire. You say that my client, Williams, killed the bull."

"I do."

"How far off were you when the bull was killed?"

"About four hundred yards."

"Did you see Williams kill the bull?"

"No."

"Did you hear the report of the rifle, when the bull was shot?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear Williams, or any one else, says that he killed the bull?"

"I did not."

"Then, Mr. Smith, if you were four hundred yards from where the bull was killed, didn't see him, didn't hear the report of the rifle, Williams nor any one else didn't tell you he did it, please inform this court how you know that my client, Williams, killed the bull?"

Smith thought a minute, and then said:

"*I heard him drap.*"

New York Spirit of the Times.

GONE ASTRAY.—Cold words to fall on a loving heart—he has gone astray. And is this the time to desert him? This the time to taunt him with words that roll like lava from your passion, and only sear his soul? No! he passes under clouds; be his light now; perhaps he has no other.

Many a true heart, that would have come back like the dove to the ark after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace, the taunt, the savage charity of an unforgiving soul. Be careful how you freeze the first warm emotions of repentance. Beware lest those pleading words, unheeded now, sting you in some shadowy vale of your future sorrow. Repentance, changed by neglect or unkindness, becomes like melted iron hardened in the mould. Trifle with it never. Be the first to meet the erring with outstretched arms. Wipe the tear from his eye—pour the balm of consolation on the wounds that guilt has made. Let your hearts be the grave for his transgressions, your pity find vent in bearing his burden, not in useless words. O, forgive the erring! Did not He who died on Calvary, shield him from the contempt of grosser minds; make brightness and beauty where all was cloud and storm before in his sad life?

INDIAN SUMMER.—We do not know the author of the following pleasing poem, which we find in a recent number of the Musical Review. A sweeter fancy of the "Indian Summer" we have never seen:

There is a time, just ere the frost
Perhaps to pave old Winter's way,
When Autumn, in a reverie lost,
The mellow day time dreams away;
When Summer comes in musing mind,
To gaze once more on hill and dell,
To mark how many sheeves they bind,
And see if all are ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low,
The dying flowers look up and give
Their sweetest incense ere they go,
For her who made their beauties live.
She enters 'neath the woodland shade,
Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf,
And bear it gently where are laid
The loved and lost ones of its grief.

At last, old Autumn, rising, takes
Again his sceptre and his throne,
With boisterous hands the trees he shakes,
Intent on gathering all his own.
Sweet Summer, sighing, flies the plain,
And waiting Winter, gaunt and grim,
Sees miser Autumn hoard his grain,
And smiles to think it's all for him.

PROOF THAT A MAN IS DEAD.—A subscriber to one of the Eastern papers, a few years ago, being sadly in arrears for the same, promised the editor, that if his life was spared to a certain day, he would without fail discharge the bill. The day passed and the bill was not paid. The natural conclusion therefore was, that the man was dead—absolutely defunct. Proceeding on this conclusion, the editor in his next paper, placed the name of the deliquent under his obituary head, with the attending circumstances of time and place. Pretty soon after this announcement, the subject of it appeared to the editor—not with the pale and ghastly countenance usually ascribed to apparitions, but a face as red as scarlet. Neither did it, like other apparitions wait to be spoken to but broke silence "What sir, did you mean by publishing my death?" "Why sir, the same that I mean when I publish the death of any other person—viz: to let the world know that you were dead." "Well, but I am not dead." "Not dead! then it is your own fault, for you told me you would positively pay your bill by such a day, if you lived till that time. The day is passed, the bill is not paid, and you positively must be dead—for I will not believe you would forfeit your word—O no." "I see you have got around me, Mr. Editor—but say no more about it—here's the money.—And harkee, you wag, jest contradict my death next week, will you?" O certainly, sir, just to please you—though upon my word I can't help thinking you dead at the time specified, and that you merely came back to pay this bill on account of your friendship for me."

LUSCIOUS KISSING DESCRIBED.—Almost any writer, says the *Yankee Blade*, can describe emotions of joy, anger, fear, doubt or hope: but there are very few who can give anything like an adequate description of the exquisite, heavenly and thrilling joy of exquisite kissing. We copy below three of the best attempts that we have ever seen. The first is by a young lady during her first year of courtship:

"Let thy arm entwine
Around me like a zone of love,
And thy fond lip so soft,
To mine be passionately pressed,
As it has been so oft."

The next is by a lady after her engagement. It will readily be seen that her powers of description are far in advance of the one's above quoted:

"Sweetest love,
Place thy dear arm beneath my drooping head,
And let me lowly nestle on thy heart;
Then turn those soul lit orbs on me and press
My parting lips to taste the ecstacy
Imparted by each long and lingering kiss."

But the best thing we have seen is the following, by Alexander Smith. We think, however, when man indulges so freely in osculatory nectar as to imagine he is "walking on thrones," he should be choked off! Hear him:

"My soul leaped up beneath thy timid kiss,
What then to me were groans,
Or pain or death! Earth was a round of bliss,
I seemed to walk on thrones."

BOSTON IN OLDEN TIMES.—The Boston Transcript, in a notice of the newspapers published in Boston in 1767, of which there were ten, says:

The printer in those days was a man of "all work." If a negro or a horse was up for sale, the printer was the seller. The advertisements in these old papers are curiosities in their line.

What would the enlighted readers of the Commonwealth newspaper do or say to its printer should such notice be found in its advertising columns as the following which appeared in the Boston Evening Post, printed by Thomas Fleet, in 1741:

"TO BE SOLD BY THE PRINTER OF THIS PAPER, the very best negro woman in this town, who has had the small pox and the measles; is as healthy as a horse, as brisk as a bird, and will work like a beaver."

"TO BE SOLD BY THE PRINTER OF THIS PAPER, a negro man, about thirty years old, who can do both town and country business very well, but will suit the country best, where they have not so many dram shops as we have in Boston. He has worked at the printing business fifteen or sixteen years; can handle axe, saw, spade, hoe, or other instrument of husbandry, as well as most men, and values himself, and is valued by others, for his skill in cookery."

Think of a colored slave in Boston in 1741, a printer for fifteen years, fond of visiting dram shops, and valued for his skill as a cook!

COLERIDGE ON KEMBLE.—I always had a great liking—I may say a sort of nondescript reverence—for John Kemble. What a quaint creature he was! I remember a party at which he was discoursing in his measured manner, when the servant announced his carriage. He nodded and went on. The announcement took place twice afterwards, Kemble each time nodding his head a little more impatiently, but still going on. At last, and for the fourth time, the servant entered and said, "Mrs. Kemble says, sir, she has the rhuematise, and cannot stay." "Add *ism*," dropped John, in a parenthesis, and proceeded quietly in his harangue. Kemble would correct anybody, at any time, and in any place. Dear Charles Matthews—a true genius in his line, in my judgment—told me he was once performing privately before the king. The king was much pleased with the imitation of Kemble, and said "I liked Kemble very much. He was one of my earliest friends. I remember once he was talking, and found himself out of snuff. I offered him my box. He declined taking any—he, a poor actor, could not put his fingers into a royal box. I said, 'take some, pray: you will obleege me.' Upon which Kemble replied, 'It would become your royal mouth better to say, oblige me;' and took a pinch.

A novel view of the Eastern question is presented in the London News of the 21st ult, by Mr. Urquhart, the same whose writings under the political condition of Turkey were read here with so much interest some years ago, and whose opinions are entitled to much weight. He asserts that Russia has neither the purpose nor the power to make war upon Turkey; that she has deceived Europe into this belief; and that her real object in the occupation of the Principalities is to revolutionize Turkey, and all the European governments, where the material for convulsions is abundantly furnished. So he may well say to England and France, "beware of the spring of 1854!"

A BEAUTIFUL MORAL.—We find in an exchange the following simple and touching paragraph. There is a wealth of beauty in it, and a moral on which many a word might be said and lesson taught:

"God will take care of baby." A beautiful infant had been taught to say it, and it could say little else, "God will take care of baby." It was seized with sickness, at a time when both parents were recovering from a dangerous illness. Every day it grew worse, and at last was given up to die.

Almost agonized, the mother begged to be carried into the room of her darling, to give it one last embrace. Both parents succeeded in reaching the apartment, just as it was thought the baby had breathed its last. The mother wept aloud, when once more the little creature opened its eyes, looking up in her face, smiled, moved its lips, and in a faint voice said, "God will take care of baby." Sweet, consoling words! they hardly ceased when the infant was in Heaven.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The velvet moss grows on a sterile rock, the misletoe flourishes on the naked branches, the ivy clings to the mouldering ruins, the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amid the mutations of the receding year; and, Heaven be praised! something beautiful to see and grateful to the soul, will, in the darkest hour of fate, still twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temple of the human heart.

A CONUNDRUM.—What is the difference between a man who stabs another with intent to kill, and the man who stabs a hog and actually kills him?

ANSWER.—The first is assault with intent to kill, and the latter is a kill with intent to salt.

"I Hain't Been Stealin' Nothin'!"

A rich incident occurred a short time since, in one of the County Courts in Vermont, which we consider too good to be lost.

Many of the jury, together with the judge and lawyers, were intending to participate in a celebration of a society of which they were members, and were consequently—in their anxiety to close the term—rushing cases through with all the despatch that honor and justice would permit.

At half past twelve o'clock, one day, an intermission for half an hour for dinner was granted, with a strich injunction from the judge that "all hands" must be back punctually at *one*, to commence a new case of larceny.

The dinners that day were swallowed with greater rapidity than usual, and as the clock struck *one*, the officers of the law rushed into Court like chickens into a meal-trough.

While they were eating their dinners, however, a young man from the "kedntry," being somewhat anxious to see the manner in which justice was meted out, walked into the Court-room, and, as he afterwards expressed himself, "took a squint at all the seats, and seein' there wasn't nobody in the nicest one, with a railin' all around it, and thought he'd make sure on it "afore the tellers got back from dinner."

In five minutes after the crowd entered the room, the Judge rapped the desk with the butt end of his jacknife, and with a dignified frown cried—

"Silence'n the Court!"

"Silence'n the Court," repeated the broad-shouldered constable leaning on the railing in front of his honor, and immediately resumed the occupation of picking his teeth with a pin.

"Silence'n the Court!" echoed the squeaking tones of a small, red head constable near the door; and the latter speaker immediately commenced elbowing the crowd, right and left, to let them know that he was *around!*

"All ready?" says the Judge.

"All ready!" replied the attorney.

"Command the prisoner to stand up!" says the Judge, "while the indictment is being read!"

The broad-shouldered constable now walked up to the prisoner's box, during the apparent momentary absence of the sheriff, placed his hands on the shoulder of the young man, and exclaimed—

"Stand up!"

"Wat fur?" said the astonished young farmer.

"To hear the charge read!" exclaimed the constable.

"Wall, I guess I kin hear what's goin' on, without standin', as well as the rest on'em," was the reply.

"STAND UP!" roared the Judge, in a burst of passion—he had just bit his tongue while picking his teeth; "young man, *stand up!* or the consequences be upon your own head."

The victim came upon his feet as if under the influence of a galvanic battery, and looking around the court-room, and noticing that all eyes were upon him with an expression about as affectionate as that of a rabid man toward a bowl of water, he hung his head in confusion and mortification, and was nearly deaf to the words of the indictment, but he heard enough of the long, complicated, tangled sentences to learn that he was charged with stealing, or embezzling, or cheating, or pilfering some house or somebody, and he couldn't tell exactly which.

"What does he say to the charge? Guilty or not guilty?" inquired the Judge, peeping over his spectacles with a look cold enough to freeze a man's blood. Guilty or not guilty?"

"The young man ventured to look up, in hopes to find a sympathising eye, but all were cold and unfriendly, and he again gazed on the saw-dusted floor and trembled with confusion.

"Guilty or not guilty?" again vociferated the Judge in a tone that plainly denoted impatience with the case.

The broad-shouldered constable being rather a humane man, now stepped up to the prisoner and said—

"You had better say '*not guilty*,' of course! If you say '*guilty*' you don't stand no chance *this* term, that's *sure*, and if you say '*not guilty*' and wish at any future state of the case to change your plea to '*guilty*,' you can do it, without any injury to yourself. Therefore I advise you to say *not guilty*,' and stick to it as long as there's any chance."

Jonathan's feelings had been simmering some time, but now they fairly boiled over, and with a look of innocence, but determined resolution, he swung his arms about his head and exclaimed—

"What in all nature' are you fellows a trying to dew? I hain't been stealin' nothin'! *I hean't sure!*"

Just at this moment the front door opened, and the sheriff, with the *genuine* prisoner, walked into the room, and proceeded at once to the box.

The Court saw in a moment its mistake, and tried to choke off its effect with a frown—but it was no go. The crowd burst forth into a horse laugh that fairly made the windows rattle, and the young man left the room, exclaiming as he passed the door—

"I knowed all the time that I had'nt stole nothin'!"

Literary Museum.

Amount of stocks redeemed at the Treasury during the week ending 19th November, 1853:

Loan of 1842	- - - - -	$146,40000
" 1846	- - - - -	87.03971
" 1847	- - - - -	215.30000
" 1848	- - - - -	56.750 00
Texan indemnity	- - - - -	33,000 00
		$538,489 71

THE WONDERS OF BABYDOM.—A correspondent, writing to the Auburn Advertiser, tells of two remarkable babies, one "eight months old that can sing more than twenty tunes," (Nobody will doubt the truth of that statement.) The other baby he says, is two years old, and never made the least sound, "not even a whisper." It can make up a proper face to cry by, but can't cause the noise. He also speaks of another in Niagara county that ain,t a baby. Though it is twelve years of age, the child "never had a tooth or the sign of ene."

Mr. Powers has received an order from Boston for a bronze statue of the great statesman, to be placed in front of the Massachusetts State House. His bust of Mr. Webster, made some years ago, is confessedly the best existing portrait of the original.

☞ **Will you Read the Truth!**—A medicine must have merit, and great merit, to stand the test of public opinion.—No art of man can galvanise a worthless article so as to keep it up as a good medicine, if it be not really so.

A good medicine will live, become popular, and extend its sales year after year, in spite of opposition. The people readily find out its virtues, and the fame of them passes from mouth to mouth with more rapidity than newspapers can spread it. A LIVING WITNESS, testifying to the cure a medicine has made for him, is of far more service than any newspaper advertising.

In proof of what we say above, we refer you to HAMPTON'S VEGETABLE TINCTURE, and its effects. Its praise is in the mouths of multitudes. The best men in our country give their testimony to its wonderful cures. Among them we name Hon. H. Clay, Hon. Richard M. Johnson, Vice President of the United States, with hundreds of others. Captain Thomas Canot—brother to the celebrated physician os the Emperor of Frauce—was cured by it of a disease of seven years' standing, after the skill of all the Doctors of Europe and America had failed to cure.

In fact, the rich and the poor, young and old, in every place, in the city and country, find that the same success attends its use.

Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, and all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels are cured by HAMPTON'S VEGETABLE TINCTURE. As a cure and preventive, it has been wonderfully successful. It will be found, on inquiry, that those who use it have an exemption from those diseases so incident to the Summer.

Delicate females and children will find this a great blessing. It has restored thousands to health.

HAMPTON'S VEGETABLE TINCTURE.—Call and get pamphlets gratis, with history of discovery of this wonderful Blood Purifier, and see certificates of our own citizens, of Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Liver Complaint, General Weakness, Nervousness, &c., &c.

See advertisement on fourth page.

Holloway's Ointment and Pill have cured a Desperate Wound in the Leg.

Patrick Leinster, residing near Carrick-on-Shannon, injured his leg about two years ago with a plough, which caused a most formidable wound, which spread over the leg to a most alarming extent, so that he could not put his foot to the ground, and, in despite of all his efforts and the various remedies he used, it would not heal. In this very bad state he applied some of Holloway's Ointment to it, and regularly took the Pills; this treatment had such an effect on the wound than in little more than a month his leg was perfectly cured.

Sold at the Establishment of Professor Holloway, 244, Strand (near Temple Bar, London,) and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the British Empire, and of those of the United States, in Boxes at 37½c., 87c., $1 50. each. Wholesale by the principal Drug houses of the Union; by Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands, New York; S. S. & J. A. Evans, Wilmington, N. C.

☞ There is a considerable saving by taking the largest sizes.

N. B. Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each Box.

CLINTON FEMALE INSTITUTE.

THE Board of Trustees will receive applications from persons desirous of taking charge of the Steward's department until the 4th day of December next, on which day a selection will be made. None need apply unless well recommended. H. A. BIZZELL, Sec'y

Clinton, Nov. 19th, 1853. 12-2t

MARRIED.

In Clinton, Sampson County, on the 17th inst., by Rev. Mr. Jones, Dr. L. J. ROSE, to Miss PORTIA A., daughter of Dr. Wm. McKoy, of Clinton.

At Morrisville, Pa., on the 22d of September, by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. HENRY BURKHIMER, of Wilmington, N. C., to Miss MARY A. CROZAR, daughter of the late Sam'l Crozar of Penn's Manor, Pa.

In Duplin county, on the 17th inst., by Isaac B. Kelly, Esq., Mr. SOLOMON HALL, to Miss MARY C., daughter of Wm. B. Southerland, Esq.

DIED.

In Colorado county, Texas, on the 22d Aug. last, WM. JONES WRIGHT, Jr., aged 23 years. Also, in same county, on 2d Oct., SALLIE ANN WRIGHT, wife of William Jones Wright, Sen., formerly of New Hanover county, N. C.

Marine Intelligence.

PORT OF WILMINGTON, NORTH-CAROLINA.

ARRIVED.

20—Schr Dolphin, Lord, from New York, to J. H. Flanner; with mdze.

Schr. Mary Anna, Gibbs, from Boston, to Parsley, McRae & Co.

U. S. Mail Steamer Gov. Dudley, Bates, from Charleston.

21—U. S. Mail Steamer Gladiator, Sterett, from Charleston.

21—Schr. A. J. DeRosset, Brewster, from New York, to DeRosset & Brown; with mdze.

Steamer Fanny Lutterloh, Stedman, from Fayetteville, to E. J. Lutterloh.

Brig Mary Lowell, Peterson, from Boston, to Rankin & Martin.

Nov. 22—U. S M. steamer Wilmington, Burns, from Charleston.

22—Steamer Henrietta, Allen, from White Hall, to Wessel & Eilers.

23—Steamer Douglass, Banks, from Fayetteville, to John Banks.

CLEARED

20—Brig J. A. Lancaster, Gifford, for Tobago, by George Harriss: with 90,000 feet lumber.

U. S. Mail Steamer Wilmington, Burns, for Charleston.

21—U. S. M. Steamer Gov. Dudley, Bates, for Charleston.

21—Steamer Southerner, Creele, for Fayetteville, by Wm. H. McRary.

Steamer Douglass, Banks, for Fayetteville, by Jon. Banks.

Nov. 22—U. S. Mail Steamer Wilmington, Burns, for Charleston.

Schr. Village Gem, Case for Boston, by Jos. H. Flanner; with 238 bbls. spirits turpentine, 510 do. rosin, 400 do. pitch, 40 do. tar and varnish, and 60 do. rosin oil.

Steamer Fanny Lutterloh, Stedman, for Fayetteville, by E. J. Lutterloh.

Steamer Gov. Graham, Evans, for Fayetteville, by T. C. Worth.

Brig Rufus Soule, Chapman, for New Orleans, by Geo. Harriss; with 1,178 bbls. tar, 100 do. pitch, 270 do. rosin.

23—Brig Mary McRae, Bramhall, for Demarara, by J. & D. McRae & Co.; with 25 bbls. tar, 25 do. pitch, and 140,000 feet lumber.

Barque Saranac, Bigley, for Havana, by J. Hathaway & Son; with 75 bbls. tar, 120,000 feet lumber.

$25 REWARD FOR IRELAND.

RANAWAY from the subscribers on Monday, the 21st inst., their negro man, "IRELAND," about five feet eight inches high—very stout built—very black—with large mouth and eyes—stoops in his walk, and moves quick; about 26 years old. He is probably lurking somewhere in the neighborhood of his former master's, Mr. Anders, in this county. The above reward will be paid on his delivery to the subscribers, or his lodgment in the Jail of this county.

ANDERSON & YOUNG.

Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 23d, 1853. 12-tf

GABRIEL HOLMES,

INSPECTOR OF NAVAL STORES AND PROVISIONS, WILMINGTON, N. C.

All business entrusted to him will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.

☞ Office at the Cape Fear Bar, North Water Street.

Nov. 25th, 1853 12-tf

NOTICE.

THE Subscribers have this day entered into Partnership, under the Firm of, HALLETT, GARRASON & CO., for the purpose of transacting the business of GENERAL MERCAANTS AND TURPENTINE DISTILLERS.

BENJAMIN HALLETT,
JAMES GARRASON,
ROBERT HENNING,
T. H. WILLIAMS.

Halletsville, Long Creek, Nov. 21st, 1853 67-2w-12-2t

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

NEW HANOVER COUNTY.

WHEREAS, complaint upon oath hath this day been made to us, two of the Justices of the Peace for the State and county aforesaid, by James E. Kea, of the said county, that a certain male slave belonging to him, named PHILIP, aged about 21, five feet seven inches high, (5 ft. 7 inches,) and brown complexion, formerly belonging to Elkanah Allen, of said county, has absented himself from his master's service, and is supposed to be lurking about said county, committing acts of felony, and other misdemeanors: These are, therefore, in the name of the State aforesaid, to command the said slave forthwith to return home to his master; and we do hereby, by virtue of the act of the General Assembly in such cases made and provided, intimate and declare, that if the said slave Philip does not return home and surrender himself immediately after the publication of these presents, that any person may kill and destroy the said slave by such means as he or they may think fit, without accusation or impeachment of any crime or offence for so doing, and without incurring any penalty or forfeiture thereby.

Given under our hands and seals this the 21st day of November, 1853.

JNO. COWAN, J. P., (Seal.)
J. L. CORBETT, (J. P., (Seal.)

$75 REWARD.

I WILL give a reward of Twenty-Five Dollars for PHILIP if delivered to me, or lodged in Jail so that I get him, and Fifty Dollars for his head if not taken alive. Said slave has been acting as fireman on the Wilmington & Raleigh Rail Road. JAMES E. KEA.

Nov. 22, 1853 68-3t—12-2t

INDEX RERUM, or Index of Subjects; intended as a Manuel to aid the student and the professional man in preparing himself for usefulness, with an introduction illustrating its utility and method of use. By John Todd. For Nov. 14] sale at S. W. WHITAKER'S.

50 BBLS. Refined Sugars, which will be sold very cheap for cash, by C. DuPRE & CO.

10 HHDS. Prime Molasses, for sale cheap for cash, by C. DuPRE & CO.

SALT.—125 Sacks Salt, for sale low, by
nov 18—65-1w—11-1m] UTLEY & ALDERMAN.

10 BBLS. Extra No. 1 Mackerel, just received and for sale by C. DuPRE & CO.

BUTTER—20 firkins No. 1 Goshen Butter, a superior article for family use, for sale by
Nov. 22] FREEMAN & HOUSTON.

GLUE, BUNGS, AND VENETIAN RED—For Turpentine Distillers, for sale by
Nov. 22] FREEMAN & HOUSTON.

THE YOUTH'S CABINET. A Book of Gems for the Mind and the Heart, beautifully embellished with wood cuts. Edited by Rev. Francis W. Woodworth, received and for sale at S. W. WHITAKER'S.

VALUABLE PLANTATION FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his ROCKY POINT PLANTATION, "Moorfield's," containing 360 Acres, 285 of which are of the best quality of Rocky Point Lands, and 75 of Piney Woods. There are on the premises a new and comfortable Dwelling House, just finished, and all necessary out buildings. JAMES F. McREE, Sr.

November 3d, 1853 9—52-4w

NOTICE.

HAVING changed my business and sold my stock of goods, I hereby give notice to all indebted to me, that their accounts are made out and ready for settlement, and respectfully request their immediate attention.

W. C. HOWARD.

P. S.—Also, all indebted to the late firm of HOWARD & PEDEN, who do not pay up by the 1st of January next, will find their accounts placed in the hands of officers for collection. [nov 18] W. C. HOWARD.

FLOUR—Hiram Smith's double Extra, Fayetteville Family and Superfine, for sale by
Nov. 22] FREEMAN & HOUSTON.

20 FIRKINS best Goshen Butter; 100 boxes Cheese—premium Cheese. For sale by
Nov. 22. W. M. SHERWOOD & CO.

SACK SALT. 500 sacks Liverpool ground Salt, to arrive, for sale from vessel, by FREEMAN & HOUSTON.

MOLASSES. 50 hhds. honey expected, for sale by
Nov. 22. FREEMAN & HOUSTON.

J. R. RESTON & CO., No. 5 Market, below Front, have on hand various articles useful for housekeepers, such as plate Warmers, Jelly Strainers, Jelly Moulds, Tin Pans, all sizes, Coffee Pots, ditto with Biggins, Pudding Boilers, Cleavers, Cook's Knives, Bread Knives, Ladles, Oyster Knives, Towel Stands, Knife Powder, Liquid for renovating Furniture, Brass and Silver Powder. In short, many conveniences worth looking at.

Now landing, everything fresh in the Grocery line; among other matters, fresh Quinces for Preserving.

WILL be opened on Friday, a new lot of those "Yoke Seam Shirts," sold only at
Nov. 23d SCOTT & BALDWIN'S.

SILK NIGHT CAPS. A beautiful article, at
Nov. 23. SCOTT & BALDWIN'S.

MONEY BELTS. A few water proof, at
Nov. 23. SCOTT & BALDWIN'S.

SHOULDER BRACES. The most approved article in use, at SCOTT & BALDWIN'S.

SUSPENDER ENDS. Don't throw away your Suspenders because the ends are *worn out*. Go to
Nov. 23. SCOTT & BALDWIN'S.

OVER COATS AND BUSINESS COATS. A new assortment just opened, at SCOTT & BALDWIN'S.

OPENED YESTERDAY. Another newly imported article of Silk Shirts and Drawers, extra large and extra heavy, at SCOTT & BALDWIN'S.

CASH PAID FOR LAND WARRANTS—the highest prices, at SCOTT & BALDWIN'S.

WHISKEY. 250 bbls., to arrive, for sale low from vessel. FREEMAN & HOUSTON.

25 BOXS. Extra Buckwheat daily expected, which will be sold on the best terms, by C. DuPRE & CO.

WILMINGTON WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

BEESWAX, ₱ lb.	.25 @	00	NAVAL STORES, ₱ 280 lbs.		
BEEF CATTLE,			Turpentine,		
₱ 100 lbs.	5 00 @	6 00	*Virgin dip	0 00 @	8 80
BRICKS, ₱ M.	7 25 @	12 00	Yellow dip	0 00 @	3 87
CANDLES, ₱ lb.			Hard	2 10 @	2 15
Tallow	14 @	16	Tar	0 00 @	2 30
Adamantine	28 @	40	Pitch	0 00 @	0 00
Sperm	50 @	62½	Rosin, No. 1	0 00 @	2 75
COFFEE, ₱ lb.			do. No. 2	0 00 @	1 15
Java	14 @	00	do. No. 3	1 10 @	1 12½
Laguayra	12 @	13	Sp'ts Turp.		
Cuba	00 @	00	₱ gallon	00 @	61
Rio	11 @	13	Varnish, ₱ gal	20 @	22
St. Domingo	11 @	12	OILS, ₱ gallon.		
COTTON, ₱ lb.	9 @	9½	Sperm	1 15 @	1 65
CORN MEAL,			Linseed, raw	75 @	80
₱ bush	82½ @	85	do. boiled	00 @	90
DOMESTICS,			Whale	0 00 @	0 00
Sheeting, ₱ yd.	7½ @	8	Rosin	20 @	75
Yarn, ₱ lb.	16 @	17	POTATOES,		
EGGS, ₱ doz	25 @	28	Sweet, ₱ bush	50 @	75
EMPTY BARRELS, each,			Irish, do	00 @	0 00
Spts. Turp.	2 40 @	2 60	do. ₱ bbl.	2 25 @	2 50
FEATHERS, ₱ lb	00 @	55	PROVISIONS, ₱ lb.		
FISH, ₱ bbl.,			N. C. Bacon,		
Mullets	6 00 @	6 25	Hams	12 @	13
Mackerel, No. 1	@00 00		Middlings	9 @	9½
do. No. 2	@ 0 00		Shoulders	9 @	00
do. No. 3	@ 0 00		Hog round	9½ @	10
Shad, Ocean,	00 00@00 00		Western Bacon,		
Herrings, East.	@ 0 00		Middlings	0 @	00
do. N.C. roe,	@00 00		Shoulders	0 @	00
do. Smoked,			N. C. Lard	12½ @	13
₱ box	40 @	50	West'n do	12 @	13
Dry Cod,			Butter	23 @	27
₱ cwt	3 75 @	4 00	Cheese	11 @	12
FLOUR, ₱ bbl.,			Pork, Mess, ₱		
Canal	7 00 @	9 00	bbl.	17 00 @	18 00
Baltimore	0 00 @	0 00	do. Prime	00 00 @	00 00
Fayetteville	0 00 @	6 75	Beef, Mess.	13 50 @	14 00
GRAIN, ₱ bush.			do. Fulton		
Corn	00 @	00	Market	00 00 @	20 00
Oats	00 @	60	POULTRY.		
White Beans	@	00	Chickens, live	15 @	30
Peas, Cow	75 @	80	do. dead	00 @	00
Rice, rough	1 08 @	1 10	Turkeys, live	75 @	1 25
do., clean,			do. dead, ₱ lb	00 @	00
₱ lb.	4 @	4½	SALT,		
HAY, ₱ 100 lbs.			Alum ₱ bush	00 @	55
Eastern	0 00 @	1 20	Liverpool ₱ sack,		
Northern	0 00 @	1 00	ground	1 50 @	1 60
IRON, ₱ lb.			do. fine	00 @	0 00
English, ass'd.	4½ @	00	SUGARS, ₱ lb.		
American, ref.	5½ @	00	Porto Rico	5¾ @	7
do. sheer	0 @	00	New Orleans	5½ @	7
Swede	5½ @	00	Muscovado	5½ @	7
LIME, ₱ bbl.	1 25 @	1 37½	Loaf & crush	10½ @	11
LIQUORS, ₱ gall. (domestic)			Clarified and		
Whiskey	34 @	35	Granulated	6¾ @	9
N. E. Rum	38 @	40	SOAP, ₱ lb.	5½ @	7
Gin	38 @	40	SHINGLES, ₱ M.		
Brandy	37½ @	40	Contract	5 00 @	5 50
do. Apple	40 @	1 00	Common	2 25 @	2 50
LUMBER, ₱ M., (River.)			STAVES, ₱ M.		
Floor. B'ds.	11 50 @	13 00	W. O. Bbl.	00 00 @	0 00
Wide do.	8 00 @	9 00	R. O Hhd.	00 00 @	00 00
Scantling	0 00 @	8 00	Ash Head'g.	0 00 @	12 00
MOLASSES, per g