



POETRY.

"And from each line the noblest truths inspire; No less inspire my conduct than my verse"

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HER GRAVE. Where shall we make her grave? Oh! where the wild flowers wave In the free air; Where shower and singing-bird Amidst the young leaves are heard— There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her— Now may sleep minister

Balm for each ill! Low on sweet Nature's breast Let the meek heart find rest Deep, deep, and still!

Murmur, glad waters, by! Faint gales, with happy sigh, Come wondering o'er That green and mossy bed, Where, on a gentle heath, Storms beat no more.

What though for her in vain, Falls now the bright spring-rain, Plays the soft wind! Yet still, from where she lies, Should blessed breathings rise. Gracious and kind!

Therefore let song and dew Therefore in the heart renew Lito's vernal glow; And o'er that holy earth Scents of the violet's breathe Still come and go!

Oh! then, where will flowers wave, Make ye her mossy grave, In the free air; Where shower and singing-bird Must the young leaves are heard— There—lay her there!

VARIETY.

"Fancy has shorn all her powers away, In tales, in trapes, and in children's play."

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

In reading Judge Hall's "Legends of the West," (an entertaining work lately published in Philadelphia) we fell upon the subjoined anecdote of two sportsmen in embryo, which we marked with our pencil, thinking it would amuse many of our readers; the occurrence is said to have taken place in 1750, at the period of the attack on Fort Cumberland and Duquesne, in the old Colonial wars between the French and English.—Salon Gaz.

"At that instant Gordon suddenly halted, and directed the eye of his companion to some object before them. They had just passed a solitary cabin surrounded by a few acres of cultivated land, where an adventurous backwoodsman ventured to reside beyond the reach of the guns of the fort. Beyond this clearing, their path led through a slip of marshy ground covered with high grass and trees. The attention of the officers was drawn to two boys, the children of the back woodsman, whose hat they had just passed, one of whom was about eight, and the other ten years of age, who were strutting through the woods with cautious steps, bearing a couple of muskets, the butts of which were borne by the larger boy, while the muzzle rested on the shoulders of the smaller.

They stopped by a large log at the edge of the swamp, and peeped nearly over it, and the officers, then behind a few paces from the log, discovered a large bear, apparently asleep, imbedded in the mud. The boys, having ascertained that the animal remained where they had discovered him a few minutes before, placed one of the guns over the log, and the eldest lad, after taking a deliberate aim, fired. The bear, mortally wounded, sprang up in his bed, and uttered a howl of agony. The youngest boy ran towards the house, while the other clutched nimbly up a small tree. Here he sat in security, watching with delight the expiring struggles of his victim, until the latter sunk exhausted in the mire, when he gasped after his brother, "Bill, come back, I've saved him!" Again they took their post by the log, gaze at their grim adversary, who, by occasional twitching of the muscles, showed life was not entirely gone.

"I guess he's 't live yet," said one of the boys. "Let's give him another nail," rejoined the other. "A corduroy, the other gun was pointed over the log, and discharged. The larger boy then advanced with a long stick, with which he felt his adversary at a distance; and having thus satisfied himself, he approached the body, and seated himself on it in triumph. He then shouted for his brother, "Come, here, Bill! where are you? Why you're no account to be afraid of a dead bear. I've used him up, the rascal says. He's as cold as a wagon tire." The officers now came forward to speak to the heroic children, and learned that they had discovered

ed the bear while at play, and ran to the house; but finding that both their parents were absent, and knowing that their father's guns were always loaded, they had determined to attempt the exploit themselves.

A STREET DIALOGUE ON DIET.

Coffee—Why Cato, what you goin to do wid dem are squash, an dem are mutton chop, wat you got in your basket?

Cato—Why wat a fool question you ax Cuff! I'm a goin to eat 'em to be sure.

Cuff—Eat 'em? My gosh! You die so sartin you eat 'em.

Cato—Wal spouse I do, Cuff? What den? I muss die when my time come, werer I eater no?

Cuff—Yes, but you die fore your time come sartin you take better care your diup. De collar kill you sartin you eat 'em are nassy quash and dem are ogs mutton chop.

Cato—[Looking black.] You tink so Cuff?

Cuff—[Takes out Why I no tink nussan about it—I know so. I hab de proof all around me. Twenty liden in acquaintance de sence the Collat come—and dey all, without deception eat one ting or anudder. What you tink o' dat Cato, ha?]

Cato—Dat is bery alarmin I must ax Cuff; but are you sure any 'em eat de quash and de mutton chop?

Cuff—Are I sure? Wy how long will you spite my word Cato? I tell you dare was Sambo Cesar, he eat a hearty meal o' pork and tatus, and next day he was underneath the Potpourri field. Den dare was Pomp Ticks, he eat a hearty meal o' greens peas, tugging lily bean and in less an tresh hour he catch a cramp, turn blue in de face, and follow after Sambo. Den dere was Dunah Philly, a strong barty wench as eber walked on two leg, she pay no tention to her dut, but she eat hot corn anketlath, now she underneeth de sod. Den, more-over, dere was Tom Trottyshin, wat kep a witin house down seller, he eat sebbenteen hard bite eggs and a pown a gammon, for supper, dat day needn't be loss, and gosh amighty! fore de mornin light he wake in totter wryl. Den more-over besides, dere was—O lody! dere was eber so many ob' 'em die wid eaten dis ting, and dat ting, and totter ting—I tell you Cato, unless you pay more tention to you diup you sartin die sure you lib.

Cato—What mus I eat, dew, Cuff?

Cuff—Eat! Wy de safest way is, not to eat omain at all den you no spouse yourself.

N. Y. Contid.

NATURAL EVIDENCE OF DEITY.

"There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless him—the insects piping in his beams—the elephant salutes him with the rising orb of day—the birds sing him in the foliage—the thunder proclaims him in the heavens—the ocean declares his immensity—man alone has said, 'There no God!'"

"Unit in thought, at the same instant, the most beautiful objects in nature; suppose that you see at once all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year; a morning of spring, and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enamelled with flowers forests hoary with snow; fields gilded by the tints of autumn; then alone you will have a just conception of the universe. While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging under the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what inconceivable magic does that aged star, which is sinking, fatigued, burning in the shades of the evening, appearing at the same instant fresh and bristled with the rose dew of the morning? At every instant of the day the glorious orb is at once rising—resplendent at noonday, and setting in the west; or rather, our senses deceive us, and there is properly speaking, no east or south or west in the world. Every thing reduces itself to one single point from which the King of Day sends forth at once a triple light in one single substance. The bright splendor is perhaps that which nature can present that is most beautiful; for while it gives us an idea of the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God, it exhibits, at the same time, a shining image of the glorious Trinity."

RELIGION.

We pity the man who has no religion in his heart; no high and irresistible yearning after a better and holier existence; who is contented with the sensuality and grossness of earth; whose spirit never revolts at the darkness of its prison-house, nor exults at the thought of its final emancipation. We pity him, for he affords no evidence of its origin, no manifestation of that intellectual prerogative, which renders him the delegated lord of the visible creation. He can rank no higher than animal nature; the spiritual could never stoop so lowly. To seek for beauty extended to minister with a beautiful hand to depreaved and strong appetites—are attributes of the animal alone. To limit our hopes and aspirations to this world, is like remaining for ever in the place of our birth, without ever lifting the veil of the visible horizon which bent over our infancy.

There is religion in every thing around us, a calm and holy religion in the unbreatling things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing in, as it were unawares, upon the heart. It comes quietly and without excitement. It has no terror—no gloom in its approaches. It does not rouse the passions; it is untrammelled by the creeds, and unshadowed by the superstitions of man. It is fresh from the hands of its author; and glowing from the immediate presence of the Great Spirit, which pervades and quickens it. It is written on the arch'd sky. It looks out from every star. It is among the hills and valleys of the earth; where the shrillest mountain top pierce the thin atmosphere of eternal water, or where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong wind, with its dark wave of green foliage. It is spread out like a legible language upon the broad face of the unsleeping green ocean. It is the poetry of nature. It is this, which uplifts the spirit within us, until it is tall enough to overlook the shadows of our place of habitation; which breaks, link after link, the chain which binds us to a materiality; and which opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness.—Essex Gazette.

NEW FHSION.

The following is a little the sleekest notion we've any account of. It is from the Boston Transcript. Mr. Editor: Sir—I have been deprived the pleasure of reading your little paper for the last fortnight. It is no sooner left than one of my neighbors (Mr. —) sends to borrow it. I have been so annoyed, I can bear it no longer. To remedy the evil, I wish you to place his name on your subscription list, and order the paper left at this store and send the bill for the same to me, and it shall be paid.

Yours, This, says the Transcript, is a bona fide—a true copy of a note received by the editor; who recommends a similar remedy to all his subscribers who are afflicted with borrowers.

A sailor was lately at a certain Chappel in Boston the person observing that he looked rather serious asked him, if he felt any change? The sailor put his hand in his pocket, and said, he was very sorry, but he had not one cent.

A SLEEPY HAT.—"Isn't your hat sleepy?" inquired a little urchin of a gentleman with a shocking one on No; why?" inquired the gentleman. "Why, because I think it has been a long time since it has had a nap," was the answer.

Cobbet denies the existence of the Cholera in great Britain. He declares it is nothing more than a political attempt to bamboozle John Bull.

A Lincolnshire man observing in company that in some parts of the country of Lincoln the soil was so prolific, that if you turned a horse into a new mown field at night, the grass would be grown up to his foot-locks next morning! "Pshaw!" says a yorkshire man, "if you turn a horse into a new mown field at night in our country you can't find him next morning."

In a storm at sea, the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger. "O! replied the sailor; if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in heaven before twelve o'clock to-night." The chaplain terrified at the expression, cried out, "Shall we? the Lord forbid!"

Vermont Jockey.—A countryman from Vermont offered a horse for sale to a merchant in Boston. The merchant, supposed the fellow had procured the horse dishonestly, asked if he knew Squire—of wind sor, Vt. He answered, "Yes." "Well," says the merchant, "he is a great rascal." "Very well," replied the jockey, "he says the same of you." Being asked which he believed—"Faith, I believe you both."

Youth requires no artificial stimulus, no extraneous excitement to goad on the fancy to enjoyment. The common air, the earth, the skies were in them selves. They gave us then what millions cannot purchase now. In youth happiness is cheap, but the enjoyment of a jaded spirit must be dearly bought, and when bought are rapid.

A French Officer, quarrelling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's vice of fighting on either side for money, while we Frenchmen, said he, fight for honor. Yes, sir, replied the Swiss, every one fights for that he wants most.

King James I. gave all manner of liberty and encouragement to the exercise of buffonery, and took great delight in it himself. Happening once to hear somewhat hard on one of his Scotch courtiers. "By my soul," returns the peer, "he that made your majesty a king, spoiled the best fool in Christendom."

A gentleman standing by the side of a rapid running river, asked a country fellow what they called that river. "There's no use of calling o' un, an' it please your honor, says the man, he comes fast enow without calling."

MARRIAGE.

The more married men you have the fewer crimes there will be.—Examine the frightful columns of your criminal calendars; you will there find a hundred youths executed, to one father of a family. Marriage renders men more virtuous and more wise. The father of a family is not willing to blush before his children. He is afraid to make shame their inheritance.

ANIMAL REASONING.

A carter, boasting of the sagacity and strength of his horse, in company of a pedant, the latter somewhat scornfully asked if he could draw an inference. "I don't know what that be," replied the carter; "but if it does not waiy above three ton, I'll bet thee a quart that Dobbin will draw it."

"If Britania rules the waves," said a writing master in a storm, "I wish she'd rule 'em staiter."

EPITAPH ON LORD KILDARE.

Who kill'd Kildare? Who dared Kildare to kill? "I kill'd Kildare," quoth Death, "and dare kill whom I will."

A woman a few days ago, went into a grog shop, called for a jill of New England rum and drank it. Upon which the lady who tended the bar, expressed her wonder that she could drink so much rum on an empty stomach. Why la! says she, my stomach is not empty, for I have drank a pint before, this morning!

When I travel, I give the boy that tends my horse a piece of money at the time I stop, instead of giving it to him when going away, as is the general custom. By this means I secure the favor of the boy at the time I need his services.

Why is a debtor confined in jail like a leaky boat? Dye, give it up? because he wants bailing out? Why is a man's foot in a tight shoe like a drunkard in a grog shop? Dye give it up? Because its getting corud.

Why is good conduct like boiling water.—Be cause it raises esteem (a steam).

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

AND Life in New-york, A WEEKLY Sporting paper, on the plan of Bell's Life in London, published every Saturday by WILLIAM T. PORTER & Co. No. 35 Wall Street, adjoining the Merchant's exchange. Devoted to The Turf, The Chase, The Angler, The Hunter—Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, Fashion, Taste, The Drama, Police Reports, & Scenes of Real Life.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION AND ADVERTISING. Subscribers desiring to pay in ADVANCE, : : : \$5 00 At the expiration of six months, : : : 4 00 At the expiration of the year, : : : 8 00 QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE, per quarter, : : : 1 00 No Subscriptions received for less than six months. All Orders and Advertisements for this paper, must be accompanied with Cash or a City Receipt—postage paid. Gentlemen procuring foreign subscribers, will be furnished with the paper gratis or retain a commission of 15 per cent. Yearly ADVERTISERS, paper included, : : : \$20.00 Advertisements per square, first insertion, : : : 75 Do. Do. second do., : : : 25 Do. Do. longer inserted, : : : 15 Yearly Advertisers are required to settle half-yearly.

Boarding.

WE Have three excellent schools in successful operation, in our village, at this time. Health and good order prevail amongst us; and boarding in good families, may be had on very reduced terms. A short, every inducement is held out to parents and guardians as the surrounding country, who would give to those they have in charge a good education, to board them in this place at this time.

The subscriber will soon be prepared to accommodate any number of boarders, in any style they may choose, on terms much lower than the common custom of the place. For particulars apply at the printing office.

WILLIAM SWAIM. Greensborough, August 29th—13—ind.

Apprentices.

THE subscriber wishes to take two or three boys, from twelve to seventeen years of age, as apprentices to the printing business. Such as may have any inclination to try the experiment, will be taken for one month, on trial. If they should be satisfied with the business, and with the situation, terms will then be proposed. But should they dislike the business, or be displeas'd with their situation, they will be at liberty to depart in peace, without money and without price. Young men who may wish to obtain a smattering of the art will meet with encouragement, if application be made soon.

WILLIAM SWAIM. Greensborough, Aug 29—13—ind

A SITUATION.

A Free coloured boy, aged from ten to eighteen years shall have a good situation until he arrives to the age of twenty one, by applying at this office immediately. None need make application, but such as can come well recommended for industry, sobriety and honesty. I will take it upon myself to learn them the art of printing, so far as the press is concerned, by which, in some situations, they may earn from thirty to fifty dollars per month.

If the reader of this should know of any such boy as above described, he is requested to give him this information without delay.

WILLIAM SWAIM. Greensborough, August 29—13—ind.

Union.

IN obedience to a recommendation of the grand jury, the citizens of this county are hereby notified that a meeting will be held in the courthouse on Tuesday of November next for the purpose of having an expression of the public sentiment in regard to the preservation or destruction of our union. All the freemen in the county, without distinction of parties, are respectfully invited to attend.

OUR COUNTRY FOREVER, Greensborough, Oct. 1832—22—3.

ALMANACKS.

Gale's North Carolina Almanacks for 1833, containing the usual astronomical calculations, together with a large fund of useful and interesting matter, for sale by the grose, half grose, dozen or half dozen, at this office. Orders from the country will be gladly received, and promptly attended to.

WILLIAM SWAIM. Greensborough, Oct. 18th 1832—21—ind.

TO SHOEMAKERS

TWO good Journey men Shoemakers, will be furnished with employment and liberal wages, by the month, on application to the subscriber immediately.

H. J. BALDWIN. Bennettsville, S. C. Oct 1832—21—3.

JOB PRINTING.

THE subscriber has just received several Pointings of New Large, and Ornamental Type for Job Printing of every description. He solicits a share of the public encouragement; and pledges himself to execute his work with neatness and despatch, and upon terms suited to the pressure of the times.

WILLIAM SWAIM. Greensborough, March 1st 1831—38—ind.

Blank Deeds for Sale

AT THIS OFFICE ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING. Done at this Office on the shortest notice.