

BURY.

THE EMIGRA-T'S BARE.
BY MRS. BOURNEY.
Near the Catholic cemetery, about three miles from the city of New York, I met one of the most singular and affecting funeral processions which it has ever been my fortune to witness. It was a lone mother, with her little boy by her side, and the coffin containing the body of her dead infant in her arms. She was a German, and could speak but few words of English. She presented a paper, which contained the regular order necessary for every interment in the public vault of the Roman Catholic cemetery. But had she been ever so skilled in our language, it was evident that she had that grief within which does not speak. Her eyes filled, and sobs choked her utterance, as she said, "I lost mine baby—four week."

W. L. STONE.

Emused amid the place of graves,
When the brief autumn day,
With its hoarse minstrelsy of storms,
Sank to its rest away—
The long grass gave a rustling sound,
As to the mourner's tread—
And lo! a lonely woman came,
The bearer of her dead.
No stately hearse, or sable pall,
Or tall plumes waving high,
Impress'd the solemn pomp of woe
Upon the passers-by—
But nature's grief, so oft unknown
Beside the proud man's bier,
Where long processions slowly move,
Spoke forth, resistless, here;
No foot of neighbor or of friend,
In pitying love drew nigh,
Nor the sweet German dirge breath'd out
As 'neath her native sky,
To bless the clay that came to sleep
Within the hallow'd sod,
And emulate that triumph-strain
Which gives the soul to God.
Poor babe! that grieving breast from whence
Thy transient life-stream flow'd
Doth press the coffin, as it goes—
On to the last abode;
Those patient arms that shelter'd thee
With many a tender prayer,
In sad reluctance vield thee back
To Earth, thy mother's care.
So priestly hand the immortal scroll
Of heavenly hope display'd;
As in the dark and darken'd vault
Her infant gem she laid,
And wildly mid the stranger shades
Of that sequester'd dell
The lofty language of the Rhine,
In troubled cadence fell.
But grasping fast the mourner's skirts,
In wonder and in fear,
A boy who thrice the spring had seen,
Stood all unnoticed near,
And watchful in his mother's face
Was fixed that fair child's eye,
While tear-drops o'er his glowing cheek,
Gush'd forth he knew not why.
For sympathy's overwhelming sob
Awoke his bosom's strife,
And wandering sorrow strongly stir'd
The new-born fount of life—
From all that trace of woe must gleam
From life's unwritten page,
Though memory's casket he should search
With the dim eye of age.
But with so strong a sleep a power
To snatch the funeral stole,
From the pictured scenes that dwell
For ever in the soul,
That often when I wander near,
And sad winds murmur low,
Startling, I seem once more to hear
That wailing mother's woe.

THE HEART.

Go coast the sand, and you will find
An endless task to fix your mind;
And just as useless 'tis to trace,
Defection in the human race.
For every heart is prone to sin,
And often lets the devil in;
Who hustles roundly about,
And tries to turn all goodness out.
For then a doubtless strife begins,
He either loses or he wins;
For oft in firm, and will array
Virtue triumphant holds her sway
And plants such innocent about,
His reverence has to hurry out.

SAILORS' PITAFU.

Weep for a seaman, honest and true,
That star away, but brought to anchor here,
Who had a cruel heart, but the conscious
Repented, and resigned him to the crew.
In harbour, safe and sheltered from the sea,
All friends that sign'd his going through the sea,
Reflected in a moment, they shall
Fall from this port on an eternal sea.

VARIETY.

NED OF THE TODDEN—AN AFFECTIONATE STORY OF AN IDIOT.
From the interesting letters of Esprella, just published by dear-born, we make this extract:—"A long time ago there was in these parts a poor idiot, who, being quite harmless, was permitted to wander whither he would and receive charity at every house in his regular rounds. His name was Ned of the Todden, and I have just heard of a tale which has thrilled every nerve in me from head to foot. He lived with his mother, and there was no other in the family: It is remarked that idiots are always particularly beloved by their mothers, doubtless because they always continue in a state as helpless and dependent as in infancy. This poor fellow in return was equally fond of his mother: love to her was the only feeling of which he was capable, and that feeling was proportionately strong. The mother fell sick and died: of death, poor wretch he knew nothing; and it was in vain to hope to make him comprehend it. He would not suffer them to bury her, and they were obliged to put her into the coffin unknown to him, and carry her to the grave when, as they imagined, he had been decoyed away to a distance. Ned of the Todden, however suspected that something was designed, watched them secretly, and as soon as it was dark, opened the grave, took out the body and carried it home. Some of the neighbors compassionately went into the cottage to look after him: they found the dead body seated in her own place in the chimney corner, a large fire blazing, which he had made to warm her, and the idiot son with a large dish of pap offering to feed her. "Eat, mother!" he was saying, "you used to like it!" Presently wondering at her silence, he looked at the face of the corpse, took the dead hand to feel it, and said "Why d'ye look so pale, mother? why be you so cold?"

RAPIDITY OF MODERN PRINTING.

"Can't you print me a Bible?" said a good old lady who some years ago came into a printing office in the country.
"Certainly," said a man at the case, who was dabbling at the types like a hen picking up corn—certainly madam; but not just at present. It'll take some time to do it."
"Oh," returned the old lady, "for that matter, I'm in a hurry—any time to-day will do."
"To do that," said the printer, in astonishment, "I'm afraid you don't think."
"Oh yes!" said the good woman, seating herself on a bench and taking out her knitting—"I can wait just as well as not. It's only about one o'clock now, and I s'pose you'll get it done by tea time."
"What print a bible in an afternoon?—Why madam, it would take me and my devil a whole year to print a Bible."
"Oh, my gracious!" exclaimed the old lady, starting up in astonishment—"You don't have the Evil one to work for you, do you?"
"Evil one? Yes, he's evil enough, the lazy dog."
"I would not have him print a bible for me on no account. I should not believe a word on't,—for if he did, he's a liar and the father of liars."
"I don't know whether he's the father of liars or not, but he is true enough a lying little devil—there's no trusting him. I mean to cancel his indentures."
"Well, good bye, Mr. Printer—I could not think of having a good book done in such a bad office. Employ the devil! O dear!"
The old lady made her way, with all haste out of the office; and when it is considered that she was unacquainted with the technical language of typography, and did not know the difference between the printer's devil and Old Nick, it must be owned that her hurry was natural.
"Though the ways of virtue are rough and craggy, yet they lead to Heaven."

MUCH TO BE DONE.

Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, contain in all not far from 500,000 inhabitants. Of these there are 50,000 who are licensed to sell ardent spirits. If they have on an average ten customers each per day, then there are 500,000 persons in those cities who are daily tipplers at the dram shops. And if each of these 500,000 spend on an average 10 cents each per day, it is \$5,000 per day, or 2,190,000 dollars per year. If this 50,000 drink one gill each per day, the quantity is 1815 gallons per day, or 664,875 gallons in a single year. Again—one out of every forty of these 50,000 will become a drunkard in the course of one year—this will be 1,500. Once more—suppose that two-thirds of these 1,500 are men of families, and that each of these families consists of five persons—two-thirds of 1,500 is 1,000—five times ten is fifty—5,000 persons who have to suffer all that a drunkard chooses to inflict, and bear all the ills flowing from intemperance. Now let us pause and look at the above facts. More than 5,000 men for the sake of a little money are doing—what? Perpetuating one of the greatest curses ever inflicted upon the human family—causing their proportion of a loss to the United States annually of at least 100 millions of dollars, and sending at least 30,000 yearly victims to an untimely grave. And they are doing this after it has been proved by the united testimony of more than one million of persons that men in every kind of business are better without ardent spirit than with it, and that it adds nothing to the happiness or comfort of a single human being. And even those who profess to be good men are furnishing this useless and positively injurious article to all who will buy, and thus are aiding to perpetuate this ruin down to the very end of time.

Diminutives.—The Mount (N. H.) Eagle, chronicle a visit paid to that town by Mr. and Mrs. Boothe, the minutest specimens of humanity; within the edito's knowledge. They collected something over thirty dollars there. The smallest, Mrs. Boothe is 30 years old, and 39 years high to a hair, and 39 years years being of the same size of big folks. Mr. Boothe, is 50 inches high and 42 years old, a complete manikin. Their home is in Brunswick, Vt. where they cultivate a few acres of ground on a small scale of course.
Mr. Boothe is a native of Canada, and his wife originated somewhere in New York. They have had 3 children, and Mr. B. was the only dwarf among a number of brothers and sisters. "Whether," says the Eagle "the match of this diminutive couple was one of love, or whether it was a mere match of size and proportions, of inches and half inches, we know not, neither is it our business. It would not probably take long for such little things to find each other out and come together.—They are said to be very intelligent and converse well, particularly Mrs. Boothe, whose knowledge is thought to be much above her years if not her stature."—Boston Trans.

The Eye.—That the color of the eyes should affect their strength, may seem strange; yet that such is the case, need not at this time of day be proved; and those whose eyes are brown or dark colored should be informed that they are weaker and more susceptible of injury, from various causes, than gray or blue eyes. Light blue eyes are *caeteris paribus*, generally the most powerful, and next to these are gray. The lighter the pupil, the greater and longer continued is the degree of tension the eye can sustain.—*Curtis on the Eye.*

Riding on horseback.—It is often asked which side of a lady it is proper for a gentleman to take when he rides with her. The answer is very simple—always *step on the right side of the ladies.*

"It is unpleasant to meet a beggar. It is painful to deny him; and, if you relieve him, it is so much out of your pocket."

Married in Winsted, on the 14th inst. by J. Z. Hammond, Esq. Mr. Josely aged 17, in Mrs. Paul, aged 7, both of Fairfield District. The young widow, a few moments before she presented herself to the altar, made her will, leaving her husband an equal share of property with her other children at her death, which amounted to about 500 dollars.

Such a getting up stairs,
I never did see—
From such a getting up stairs,
Oh Lord! deliver me.
[Charleston Patriot.]

PROSPECTUS
For publishing a large paper in Greensborough, N. C. to be called

The Southern Telescope.
THE Publishers being desirous of seeing a paper established within the limits of N. Carolina, which will vie in respectability and in usefulness with any other in the country, propose as the proper arrangements can be made, and their patronage is somewhat increased, to enlarge their paper to the size of the large city papers now issued,—printed on an extra imperial size.
A principal feature in the paper as enlarged will be to give it more of a religious character, and make it what every publication of the kind intended for the benefit of mankind ought to be, commensurate with all their intellectual and moral wants; and promotive of their highest and best interests.
The proposed improvement seems to be called for by the wants as well as by the voice of the public, and in fact is manifestly necessary, if we wish to go pari passu with other parts of our country in the march of improvement. We do not by any means wish to arrogate to ourselves any superiority in the scale of intellectual attainments or purity of motives, but merely to make a humble attempt to meet the wants and wishes, and promote the welfare of our common country, by extending so far as we can the means of mental and moral improvement.
In proposing to devote a portion of this paper to a matter of a religious cast,—to give it more of a religious character—it must not be inferred that it is intended to be a sectarian sheet, or that in our selections in this line, we shall be prejudiced in our preference to such articles which are favorable to one particular sect or denomination.—We shall endeavor to be guided solely by our views of the real worth of articles and of the well-being and improvement of our readers.
A certain portion will be devoted to light reading, such as the articles of a miscellaneous cast, and with a scrupulous regard to their moral and instructive tendency on the mind.
The paper will be apportioned and divided into separate and distinct heads, so as to enable the publishers in its ample dimensions to present its readers with such a quantity of matter weekly, as cannot fail to give general and entire satisfaction.
Believing that a paper furnishing such a large quantity of matter, as this must necessarily contain on all subjects embraced within its sphere, would certainly meet with the wishes of a great majority of the people of this, and neighboring States, the publishers are buoyed up with such reflections in the hope of the ultimate success of the undertaking, and induced to offer this prospectus to the public, relying upon their generous support for the prosecution of the work.
The publication of the Telescope, as enlarged, will appear as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained to warrant the consequent increased expense; and arrangements will be made to have forwarded to us in time for its commencement, all necessary additional materials, whenever appearances indicate a sufficient addition of names.

CONDITIONS.
The paper, as enlarged, printed on a large Extra Imperial Sheet, of purest white, with entire new materials, will be furnished to single subscribers at the low rate of \$2.50—or to clubs of five individuals at \$12.00 per annum—the money invariably to be paid in advance, and such who may subscribe before its appearance, to transmit as postage free, or pay into the hands of some one of our authorized agents the amount due, immediately on the reception of the first number. Subscriptions to the paper for six months, \$1.50, for a shorter period than which, none will be taken.

SEVELY & EVANS.
Jan. 26, 1837.
[Editors with whom we exchange, are respectively requested to give the above a few insertions, and the favor shall be reciprocated.]
N. B.—All names procured by our agents, or others, throughout the country, are requested to be forwarded by the first of March, when will be made known the success of the project.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT
Boot & Shoe Manufactory.
One door East of the Store of Hinchshaw & Pugh, in the town of New Salem, N. C.
The subscriber having recently located himself here, would inform his fellow citizens, that he is fully prepared to execute all jobs in his line of business in the most durable, neat and fashionable style.
He intends keeping constantly on hand a general assortment of shoes, made of good material, and in workmanlike manner—to sell on reasonable terms, for cash or country produce. He hopes, by promptness in his engagements, to acquire (as well as merit) a liberal share of patronage.
N. B. Liberal wages would be given for two or three good journeymen; and two apprentices are wanted.

WESLEY D. WILSON.
November, 1836.

TEN DOLLARS REWARD
RAN AWAY from me, on the 2d inst. a round boy, named DAVID LEONARD, about 15 years old, small of stature, yellow hair, light complexion. It is supposed he is lurking somewhere in Guilford county, probably on the waters of Pole-Cat, or Hickory creek. I will give the above reward to any person who will bring him to me in this county, 4 miles North of New Salem, half that sum (five dollars) to any one who will give me information where he is, or confine him in jail or place of safety in this State, so that I can get him again. All persons are hereby forbidden to harbor, give countenance to, protect, or in any wise deal with said boy, under the penalties and penalties of the law; or be left any service without any just cause; and, as I believe, by the seduction of others, who will be likely to ruin his character and prospects in life unless he succeed in reclaiming him speedily.
JOSHUA SWAIM,
Randolph county, N. Carolina,
October 17th 1836.

NEW SALEM.
HOTEL.
Situated at the west end of Main street, in the town of New Salem, Randolph Co. N. C.
THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has lately fitted up in suitable style, a convenient

"INN."
for the reception of Travelling gentlemen and ladies, or families, in a manner which he is confident, cannot fail to give entire satisfaction. His table will be furnished with as good fare as a plentiful country can afford.—Also, good stables, and horse feed.
He tender his unfeigned thanks, for the liberal patronage he has received; since he commenced business, and hopes by a better preparation of his House, and constant endeavors to make his guests comfortable; that he will merit and receive a continuance of the same.
JESSE WATKINS.
Dec. 1836.

MAN OF BUSINESS
OR
EVERY MAN'S LAW BOOK.
In two volumes (872 pages) in good binding, at Two Dollars and fifty cents per volume for sale at this office. Orders from a distance promptly attended to, whether addressed to me at New Salem or Ashborough, N. C.
The postage on these books, if sent by mail, any where within the State of N. C. or where out of the State, not over one hundred miles, is 27 cts. per vol.
All persons indebted to me, for and near for the "Man of Business," will make speedy payment.—I cannot possibly wait longer.—(If I can help it.)
B. SWAIM,
November, 1836.

State Bank of N. Carolina.
PURSUANT to a resolution of the Stockholders of this Bank, at their last annual General meeting, all persons having claims on said Bank for Dividends of Capital or Profits, Deposits, or Notes issued by the principal Bank or its Branches, are earnestly desired to present them for payment to the Treasurer of the Bank, on or before the first Monday in November next. Otherwise, they will be barred, as the Stockholders will then make a final dividend of the profits of the Bank.
S. P. PATTERSON, President.
Raleigh, Dec. 25, 1836.

PAY UP!
The subscriber has in hand for the purpose of collecting money and making settlements, the Books and Papers of Samuel Clark, those also of the firm of Swaim & Donet, and likewise those of Jesse Walker, surviving partner of Dicks and Walker; all of which have already been standing much too long. No person interested in this notice, can expect any longer indulgence.
B. SWAIM
November, 1836.

BLANKS.
Deeds of Conveyance, Deeds of Trust, Sheriff's Deeds, Ca-Sa Bonds, Attachments, Bonds and Affidavits, Military Judgments and Executions, Warrants, with Executions appended, &c. &c.
By the Sheet Quire or Ream FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

LINSEED OIL.
THE SUBSCRIBER now has, and expects to keep constantly on hand at his mill on Deep River in the vicinity of New Salem, a good supply of this oil, to sell by the barrel, or in smaller quantities, on favorable terms.
PETER DICKS,
New Salem, N. C.
21th month 26th 1836.