

POETICAL



Stay-stay thy hand,
Stay-stay thy hand, lift not the cup
Of rosy, glittering wine;

Ye say it has the power to drown
Thought of life's sternest ill—
To bring forgetfulness of woes—

From the U. S. Gazette.
The Morning cometh.
"Watchman! what of the night?"

All's well! well! for the morn,
Rich in the glow of sky,
Does now my mountain top adorn,

Miscellaneous

From the New Hampshire Courier.
Aristocracy humbled.
BY SIR PETER TEAZLE, JUN.

In the month of December, 1824, on a
cold, bleak day, a youth was seen wandering
through the principal streets in Massachusetts.

Henry did all he could to help his poor mother
for two years, when she died, and Henry was
left to the mercy of fortune.

He proved faithful, industrious, and steady;
and unlike many young men, "he cut his
coat according to his cloth," and by that

"Did you observe that gentleman at church
this morning, in Mr Wilson's pew?" said
Delia Bell to her mother, after meeting.

Delia Bell was the only daughter of a rich
aristocrat in the town of Rushville—(by which
name I shall call the town where we first found

Delia was now 17 years of age, and by far
the prettiest young lady in Rushville. At the
time there were held in Rushville, what

two, to show their gallantry by escorting the
fair ones home.
By chance, it happened one afternoon that
Delia Bell condescended to attend one of these

Things went on as usual during the af-
ternoon, and as night spread her sable cur-
tains over the face of Nature, the gentlemen
came

Henry had ere this arrived at the age of 21
years, and his employer was so much pleased
with him, that he gave him a situation as fore-

He had held the situation of foreman about
eight months, when he first became entangled
in the meshes of a Love-net, in downright

Ma SMITH—Sir:
I received last week, a note, the contents
of which both shocked and surprised me.

Three weeks from that time, and Henry
Smith was on board a Packet, on his way to
Europe. He had learned a severe lesson from

I shall now pass over three years, leaving
my dear, indignant readers to imagine what
happened during that period, and take up the

One beautiful evening in the delightful
month of October, as the sun was gradually
sinking behind the western hills, the stage

The next day was Sunday. What a solemn
time is a Sabbath in a New England village!
Scarcely a person is to be seen in the street

Thus it was in Rushville, on the Sabbath
morning of which I am speaking. The young
gentleman whom I have introduced to my

"I did you observe that gentleman at church
this morning, in Mr Wilson's pew?" said
Delia Bell to her mother, after meeting.

While this was going on at Mr Bell's, the
stranger in question, inquired of the landlady
as to who those young ladies were, who had

He was politely received by the Bells, and
Delia was in her glory. When he left, that

Things went on smoothly for some time.
Delia was sure she had caught Mr Williams,
and her extreme aversion to common folks

"Is he not charming?" said she, "and
such beautiful language as he uses! It is said
that he wrote that elegant poetry in the last

The next week, invitations were given out
for a splendid party, by Mr Williams, at the
Washington.

The evening arrived, and it was a merry
time at the old hotel. All the beauty and
beaux of the village were there, and music and

Ladies and Gentlemen," said he, "I have
invited you here this evening, that I might in-
troduce myself to you in my true character.

He was held in cruel suspense for a week,
when he received the following note—it mat-
ters not the public how I came by it.

But who was Henry Smith's partner? I
will tell you. 'Twas no other than the hum-
ble Marianna Jordan. I leave my patient

True asked a heathen poet, as he looked
upward to the sky of stars and moonshining,
and yet hugged to his heart, the dogmas of a

What seek we beyond Heaven? A home.
This earth is but the pilgrim-path to eter-
nity, it is way-worn by the feet of many thou-

What seek we beyond Heaven? Peace.
The warfare of the world is a daily, hourly,
warfare; the battle's din is forever sounding

What seek we beyond Heaven? A Father.
Children, lost amidst the mazes of sin and
error, we seek our Father's house and his

Think of it.—A humming-bird once met
a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty
of its person and the glory of its wings, made

What seek we in Heaven? The compan-
ionship of love.

Here, friendship is ephemeral; and the
longest and purest love, must lay its last link
in the grave—the cold, heart-breaking grave.

The way to Wilmington.—Not long
since, (says the Picayune,) a steamboat trav-
eller was on his way from Charleston to Wil-

WONDERFUL CANINE PERSEVERANCE.—
A letter, from Troy, Vt., which is published in
the Patriot, gives an account of an extraordi-

Such an informant is not always met with
on a dark night in North Carolina.

Hail.

It is more easy to account for the formation
of snow than of hail. Hail, however, is gen-
erally supposed to be drops of rain frozen in

God has given an atmosphere to the earth,
which, possessing a certain degree of gravity
perfectly suited to the necessities of all ani-

Scientific.

By the most accurate and incontestible
experiments, it is proved that water is a com-
position of two elastic airs, or gases as they are

THE subscriber having opened that large and
comfortable House on Hay Street, known as
the PLANTERS HOTEL, is now prepared to ac-

PLANTERS HOTEL,

RETURN their thanks for the liberal patronage
they have received and take pleasure in in-

HATS.

J. E. & D. GEE,
RETURN their thanks for the liberal patronage
they have received and take pleasure in in-

FURS, HAT-TRIMMINGS &c. &c.

HAVING removed my business entirely
from Fayetteville, I hereby give notice to all

State of North Carolina,

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court,
that the defendant, Sally Stuart, is not an in-
habitant of this State, It is therefore ordered

FISH!

100 BBLs. TRIM'D HERRINGS.
10 Bbls. Roe do.
10 Half Barrels Shad.
10 Barrels Mullet.