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| For the Carotinian. <br> Written for Thes 囬ag's athim. <br> Time, like the ever-restless tide Of ocean, rolls its waves along, And bears us on its bosom wide, Towards our long eternal home; And as we pass life's troubled way, Of blighted hopes and prospects bright, Each rustling floweret seems to say : Beyond "flows rivers of delight." Still, as we pass life's tarbid stream, And view the shore on either side, Each flow'ry lawn and landscape green Invites us to their peaceful shade; We pause and cull the richest flowerInhale sweet odors as they riseClip roses from each lovely bower, And deck our pathway to the skies. <br> 'Tis thus, fair charmer of my soul, Thy presence cheers each louely hour, Drives back the clouds of grief which roll And o'er my aching bosom lower; While frieudship sparkles from thine eye, And beauty gleams from every part: Thy smile drives back the starting sigh, And pours its balu into iny heart. <br> We know in life's rich garden fair, That many a lovely flower blooms, And shed their sweetness on the air, Regaling us with rich perfumes; But, 'midst them all my muse can tell Of none so excellent as thou : Intelligence and beanty dwell Together on thy radieut brow. <br> Sweet girl, may all thy heart's desire, Of whatsoever things are pure: And blessings infinitely higher, Attend thee all life's journey through; And when its fitful dream is past, And ends its mortal joys below, May thy pure soul ascend at last, And dwell where joys immortal grow. <br> Fayetteville, 1855. <br> Asbery. |  |
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A. J. O'IIANLON
Has jnst reeeeived and offers for sale--
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| have prepared myself to do HOUSE PAINTING: in all its various hrianches, and all work done by me will be neatly and quickly executed, and on very moderate terms. <br> Work execated in any part of this or aljoining counties. <br> s.aml. J. DeCcker. |
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