## ORIGINAL.

For the North Carolinian.

### Occasional Thoughts.

BY A. S. A.

Give me a possession of a burying place.—GEN. 23 : 4.

A burying place! A rest for one,
Whose earthly pilgrimage is done;
Whose wearied body seeks relief
From mortal toil, and pain, and grief;
With peaceful hope, in silence here,
We leave the form of one most dear.

A burying place! In cheerful trust
We give to earth associate dust,
Like seed within its bosom cast
When time's revolvings all are past,
To rise to light and life anew,
Enrich'd with a celestial hue.

A burial place! Thy sun has set.
A gentle radiance lingers yet,
Its softly sweet engaging smile,
Encourages our hearts the while;
And seals to those, who lov'd thee here,
That thou hast pass'd "the Gate of Fear."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A French writer very finely observes—"To dream gloriously, you must act gloriously while you are awake; and to bring angels down to converse in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day."

Spurgeon sometimes comes out with a good thing. "Brethren," said he, "if God had referred the Ark to a committee on naval affairs, its my opinion it would not have been built yet!"

PHILOSOPHERS.—There are very few original thinkers in the world, or ever have been: the greatest part of those called philosophers have adopted the opinions of some who have gone before them.—*Stewart.*

Many people drop a tear at the sight of distress who would do better to drop a dime.

An exchange paper says a compass has four points, and yet a *pair* of compasses has only two.

"Come here, my little Eddy," said a gentleman to a youngster of seven years of age, while sitting in the parlor where a large company was assembled; "do you know me?" "Yes, sir, I think I do." "Who am I, then? let me hear." "You are the man that kissed sister Angeline last night in the parlor." Angeline fainted.

CON.—Why was Lavater likely to be a good soldier? Because he could write about face.

A BARE FACE.

With whiskers thick upon my face
I went my fair to see;
She told me she could never love
A *bear* faced chap like me.
I shaved them clean, then called again
To see my love once more:
She laughed outright, and said I was
More *bare faced* than before!

COOL ADVICE.—A young spark, who boarded at one of the principle hotels in San Francisco, had managed for a long time, by one artifice or another, to postpone the payment of his bill. At last the landlord became quite impatient, and stepping up to his juvenile boarder, slapped him gently on the shoulder, and asked him for some money. 'I have not a cent about me, at present,' was the laconic reply. 'But, my dear sir,' said the landlord, 'I cannot afford to keep a boarding house without being paid.' 'Well,' exclaimed the young philosopher, 'if *you* cannot afford it, *sell out to some one that can.*'

The Dutch justice, described by Deinrich Knickerbocker, who sent his tobacco box by way of summons, and his jack-knife as a warrant, was out-done by an acute Yankee younker, in a small village in the western part of New York. A law-suit was coming off in the town, and young "Spoon" (as he is called) was engaged to subpœna the witnesses. The roads were almost impassable on account of the mud, and some of the witnesses living some three or four miles away, a bright idea struck his muddy pate, and was forthwith acted upon. He sat down and wrote each a letter, stating that a sum of money was deposited in his hands, which they could have by calling upon him. They called and got a subpœna and twelve and a half cents each!

MRS PARTINGTON'S VISIT TO THE "TENTED FIELD."—"Did the guard present arms to you, Mrs Partington?" asked a commissary, as he met her at the entrance of a marquee.

"You mean the century?" said she smiling. "I have heard so much about the tainted field, that I believe I could deploro an attachment into line myself, and secure them as well as an officer. You asked me if the guard presented arms. He didn't; but a sweet little man, with an epilepsy on his shoulder, and a smile on his face, did, and asked me if I wouldn't go into a tent and smile. I told him that we could both smile as well outside, when he politely touched his chateau and left me."

The commissary presented a hard wooden stool, upon which she reposed herself.

"This is one of the seats of war, I suppose?" said she. "Oh, what a hard lot a soldier is objected to! I don't wonder a mite at the hardening influence of a soldier's life. What is that for?" asked she, as the noise of a cannon saluted her ear. "I hope they ain't firing on my account."

There was a solicitude in her tone as she spoke, and she was informed that it was only the general, who had just arrived upon the field with his staff.

"Dear me!" said she, "how cruel it is to make an old gentleman come down here, when he is so feeble that he has to take his staff with him wherever he goes."

She was so affected at the idea that she had to take a few drops of white wine to restore her equilibrium, and to counteract the dust from the "tainted field."

ONLY ONE O'CLOCK.—Mr. ——, coming home late one night from "meeting," was met at the door by his wife.

"Pretty time of night, Mr ——, for you to come home—pretty time, three o'clock in the morning; you, a respectable man in the community, and the father of a family."

"'Taint three—it's only one, I heard it strike. Council always sits till one o'clock."

"My soul! Mr ——, you're drunk; as true as I'm alive, you're drunk. It's three in the morning."

"I say, Mrs ——, it's one. I heard it strike one as I came round the corner, *two or three times.*"

A midshipman asked a priest to tell him the difference between a priest and a jackass. The priest gave it up. "One wears a cross on his back, and the other on his breast," said the midshipman. "Now," said the priest, "tell me the difference between a midshipman and a jackass." The midshipman gave it up, and asked what it was. The priest said he did not know of any.