NEWBERN WEEKLY PROGRESS.


|  |  |  |  |  | NUMBER 24 |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| WEEKLY PROGRESS. |  |  | ORIGINAL POETRY. | DEFOREST, ARMSTRONG \& COON |  |
| ay mornitg, march 2 , | Salisbiry, N. C., Feb. $27 \mathrm{th}, 1860$. tor of the $\overrightarrow{\text { Pr rogress : - Having ever possessed }}$ | Well do I remember the old farm house with its |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| 为 | to attempt that beyond my reach, viz: that ofclothing my thoughts in the flowing langtage ofpoesy. Having recently made some futile at- | the stars as they twinkled away up above-think ing of the time when I should become a man and |  |  | , |
|  |  | drawing bright pictures and visions of the far of future-and ofttimes during the long summer eve- |  |  |  |
|  | only the love and not the gift of the "divine af-flatus" Pagassus would not so obstinately refuse end the "Helicon fount," and strike wit | future-and ofttimes during the long summer eve- nings how I sat in its shade-with the cool | Wake the warblers of the grove, Tune anew their notes of love. | and |  |
|  |  | breeze fanning my brow-and watch'd the ves sels with their spotless sails, gliding like huge |  |  | sineme |
| il be inserted in this column at |  | white wing'd birds over the ripling waters of the river-how many pleasant and joyous reminis |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Singing ever as they go. |  | comen |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| , |  |  |  |  | Came Nowis wimention reius |
| mmider |  | bright |  |  |  |
|  |  | the murmurof the waveeles, brake ing on the peb |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | the dell the violets strew, fairy cups with dew |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Where the weter ililes ilow |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | Jontman whatey |  |
|  | visiod it in your peregrinatons: itis a g erat |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | recolections that came foating tuek like the reo |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | staine | Trinithej jummine oer the eteep |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | ${ }_{\text {whid }}^{\text {whid }}$ |  |  |  |
| chant of New werm, hut ty theos of mayy |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | (en |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | Then come, on thy silv'ry cloud, Spring, gentle queen, And threv, o'er the meadow a net-work of green, |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  Gifs sif |
|  |  |  | Child. Mother, where is sister dear-her smiles I used to |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | beguiling our way with anecfotes of his eailier days; they were very pleasant, those strolls | glee; she used to teach me how to read, and kiss my gen |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | the tree tops, and in the Autumn months, when-the leaves were brown and sere, we wonld wan- |  |  | e and forward all orders with atteration arol di. |
|  |  |  |  | CHASE, MCKINNEY \& MOORS. $\underset{\text { Fob } 21 . w}{\text { For }}$ <br> the Dealers Gencrally. |  |
|  | , | crack aroud the fireside or arther the burches |  |  |  |
|  | simk |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | ${ }_{\text {reme }}$ |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |

