

Literary and Miscellaneous.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

With twilight comes the hour to rove, When Spring hath clothed the earth in bloom, And from each lawn and blossom grove The balmy breezes wait perfume...

Ha! that hour! for, O, how blest This care-worn bosom oft hath been, When o'er it stole the halcyon rest, That broods and breathes in such a scene!

Hail to that hour! for with it still Return those dreams of youthful bliss, That tuned my soul to rapture's thrill, Ere aught in life was judged amiss!

THE THREE HOMES.

"Where is thy home?" I asked a child Who, in the morning air, Was twining flowers most sweet and wild In garlands for her hair;

"Where is thy home?" I asked of one Who bent with flushing face, To hear a warrior's tender tone In the wild wood's secret place;

"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?" I asked a pilgrim grey, Who came, with furrowed brow, and wan, Slow musing on his way;

From the Englishman's Magazine. NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

I spent all save the dawning of a long day of hard service, far from the din of European strife, under the scorching skies of the East.

When at St. Helena, I started one morning with a small party of brother officers, to survey the spot where the remains of the world's agitator are deposited.

I withdrew my foot—removed with my handkerchief the traces it had left upon the stone, and gave a tear to the fate of the exile.

On the following morning a French frigate arrived from the Isle of Bourbon, having on board a regiment of artillery. The officers solicited and obtained permission to pay a tribute of respect to their old leader's ashes.

In a few days subsequently, the officers of both countries met at Soliman's table, and after dinner the first toast proposed by the French commodore was "The King of England."

Portrait of the Russian Commander.—Field-Marshal Count Diebitsch is a little fat, plethoric looking man, something less than five feet high; he has a very large head, with long black hair, small piercing eyes, and a complexion of the deepest scarlet, alike expressive of his devotion to cold punch and of a

certain irascibility of temper, which has elicited from the troops, to the proud title of Zabalanski, the additional one of the Semavar (or the Tea-kettle.) He is the second son of a Prussian officer, who was of the Staff of Frederick. At an early age he entered the Russian army, and obtained a commission in the Imperial Guard.

The French Journals, which in 1815, were subject to the censorship, announced the escape of Napoleon from Elba, his progress and entrance into Paris, in this ingenious manner; March 9—Cannibal has escaped from his den—10, the Corsican Monster has landed at Cape Juan—11, the Tiger has arrived at Gap—12, the Wild Beast slept at Grenoble—13, the Tyrant has passed by Leon—14, the Usurper is directing his steps to Dijon, but the faithful and brave country people, have risen en masse, and surrounded him on all sides—17, Bonaparte is sixty leagues from the capital, and has had the good fortune to escape his pursuers—19, Bonaparte advances rapidly, but will never enter Paris—20, to-morrow Napoleon will arrive near our walls—21, the Emperor is at Fontainebleau—22, HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR arrived at night at the Tuilleries amid the joyous cheers of his devoted and faithful subjects.

Anecdote of John Randolph.—When Henry Clay was speaker of the House of Representatives, and J. Randolph a member of that body, the latter indulged himself in drawing a fancy portrait, in something like the following words: We will suppose, Mr. Speaker, a young man born in Virginia, destitute of principle, who had spent his patrimony in dissipation and gambling, removed to Kentucky, and by some lucky chance is elected to the state legislature; we will go further, sir, and suppose him elected a member of this House, and still further sir, and suppose him raised to the elevated station of the presiding officer of this very house, and suppose that he now sits in the chair—pointing his long sarcastic finger at Mr. Clay, who immediately called Mr. Randolph to order. Mr. R. appealed to the house, which supported the call to order by the Speaker. Mr. Randolph then rose, and in a manner peculiar to himself, observed, "I drew a picture from imagination—you applied it to yourself—and the House have confirmed its application."

Happiness.—True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises in the first place from the enjoyment of one's self; and in the next from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions: it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows; in short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applause which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and feels the realities of existence but when she is looked upon.—Addison.

The Pleasures of Law.—We learn that a young gentleman of the bar of this city, who enjoys considerable eminence as a pleader, was recently engaged by an individual of fortune to contest the right to an estate, of the value of which, the attorney was to receive one-fourth for his services if successful. He succeeded, and his portion of the spoil is estimated at thirty thousand dollars.—Phild. Inq.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.—The following is extracted from a late speech before the Governor and Assembly of Pennsylvania, by the Chief of the Menomones. It has all the figurative energy of Indian eloquence.

"Brother—We see your Council House.—It is large and beautiful. But the Council House of the Red Man is much larger. The earth is the floor—the clear sky is the roof—a blazing fire is the chair of the Chief Orator, and the green grass the seats of our Chiefs.—You speak by papers, and record your words in books! but we speak from our hearts, and memory records our words in the hearts of our people."

Negative Goodness.—Some people seem to plume themselves upon the notion that they never did any harm, though every body can testify that they never did any good. So far as public evils can be cured by letting them alone, so far they are excellent reformers. An editor lately closed a flattering obituary by boasting that the deceased never had made an enemy during his life. Another editor remarked that in all probability he never undertook to do any good in the world, for no such person ever failed of making enemies. There is some truth in this. Jenkins, the celebrated writing master, used to say that if people even

suspected a man of trying to do good, they would try to kill him. Perhaps it was in revenge for the severity of this testimony, that people called Jenkins crazy. History is, alas! too much on the side of Jenkins in this matter. Who ever did any good, or attempted any, without bitter opposition from enemies, coldness from friends, and secret hindrances from professed supporters?

Women and Whiskers.—One would suppose that in precisely the ratio that the march of mind prevailed in and enlightened this country that the absurdities of fashion would take a retrograde movement and be expelled from all decent society. This is not the case, however, and some of our country readers will doubt the fact, when we assure them, that some of the fashionable belles of this city have an ambition for whiskers, and in an attempt to gratify this absurd whim, so arrange their hair upon their faces so as to give them the appearance of wearing these masculine appendages.

NAPOLEON'S SACRIFICE OF HUMAN LIFE. Never was there a conqueror who fired more cannon, fought more battles, or overthrew more thrones than Napoleon. But we cannot appreciate the degree and quality of his glory without weighing the means he possessed, and the results he accomplished.—Enough for our present purpose will be gained if we set before us the mere resources of flesh and blood which he called into play, from the rupture of the peace of Amiens, of 1804, down to his eventual exit. At that time he had, as he declared to Lord Whitworth, an army on foot of 480,000 men. The decree of the 17 Ventose, au VIII. in arrears 30,000; ditto 28 Floreat, au X. 120,000; ditto 6 ditto, au XI. 120,000; ditto 25 Ventose, au XIII. 2,000; ditto 3 Germinal, au XIII. 30,000; ditto 27 Nivose, au XIII. 60,000; ditto 3 Aug. 1806. 80,000; ditto 4 Dec. ditto, 80,000; ditto, 7 April, 1807, 80,000; ditto, 21 Jan. 1808, 80,000; ditto, 10 Sept. ditto 160,000; ditto, 25 April, 1809, 40,000; ditto 5 Oct. ditto, 36,000; ditto, 13 Dec. 1810, 160,000; ditto, Holland, Rome, Tuscany and the Hanseatic Towns 1808-9, 10, 11, 065; ditto, 20 Dec. 1811, 120,000; ditto 13 March, 1812, 100,000; ditto, 11 Jan. 1814, 150,000; ditto, ditto, (Guards of Honour), 10,000; ditto, 3 April, 1813, (classes 1807, 1812), 80,000; ditto, ditto, (National Guard), 90,000; ditto, 24 Aug. 1813, (Dep. of the South), 30,000; ditto, 19 Oct. ditto, (remaining Dep.) 120,000; ditto, ditto, (a lass 1815), 160,000; ditto, 15 Nov. 1813, (arrears 1804, 1814), 300,000. Total of levies, 2,905,965. This detail, which is derived from Napoleon's official journal, the *Moniteur*, under the several dates, is deficient in the excesses which were raised beyond the levies; but even if we deduct the home casualties, as well as the 300,000 men disbanded in 1815, we shall be much under the mark in affirming, that he slaughtered two millions and a half of human beings, and these all Frenchmen. But we have yet to add the thousands and tens of thousands of Germans, Swiss, Poles, Italians, Neapolitans, Illyrians, whom he forced under his eagles, and at a moderate computation, these cannot have fallen short of half a million. It is obviously just to assume, that the number who fell on the side of his adversaries was equal to that against which they were brought. Here then are our data for ascertaining that the latter years of his glory were purchased at no less a cost than six millions of human lives. This horrible inroad on the fairest portion of the population of Europe resulted in the abandonment of every conquered territory, the bringing of foreign enemies twice within four and twenty months, under the walls of Paris, and the erasure of his name from the records of dominion! *O curas hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane.*—*Liverpool Albion.*

Retort Courteous.—"Hold your tongue for a fool!" was the polite recommendation of an Irish husband. "Sure then, you're going to speak yourself?" was the equally polite reply of the wife.

To the LOVERS OF GOOD BEER. Put two quarts of molasses into a keg with ten gallons cool water. Boil two ounces alspice, two ounces ginger, two ounces hops, and half a pint of Indian meal, in two or three quarts of water about an hour; strain it into the keg while hot, add one pint of yeast; shake it well together, stop the keg nearly tight, and let it stand about twenty-four hours, when it will be fit for use. The whole expense of this quantity will not exceed three shillings.

AGRICULTURAL. USING MARSH MUD FOR MANURE, "Cotton Seed and so forth," the fruits of ten years practical experience.

MR. SKINNER. Sir—In the fall of the year 1818—pretty late in the fall too, (I shall be as concise as possible) I had a small field containing about four acres, adjoining a swamp, not then and not yet "drained and cleared." This field, if I may use the term, was the very essence of sterility, and under the best culture hitherto had produced nothing but sassafras bushes, hog weeds and maycocks, &c. what Doctor Mitchell would very properly call the "passiflora cerulea." I say this field I was determined to make a bold push to improve, for the sake of setting off my farm on the "country high road side."

The plan proposed was short, decisive, availing, and what every one may do likewise. A strong well made horse cart and a good mule were provided, and delivered into the hands of two young men, with a spade for each. Thus provided, and the very poor miserable sterile silicious four acres "checked off," as we call it—the "boys set to work—Dick and Tom," rolled up their breeches above their knees—went into the hitherto useless bog, and constantly carted out heavy blue mud, the compost of nature and ages, and such as Earl Stimpson, nor any one may hope to equalize in sterilities and the like. And half a bushel at least of this compost of nature was thrown from the cart on each check, as we call it, and there suffered to lie and rot, and be acted on by

From the London Court Journal. THE TUNNEL OF SEMIRAMIS. All Europe is looking forward with anxiety to see if the great undertaking, the object of which is to unite the two shores of the Thames by a subterranean gallery under the bed of the river will be completed; if so, it will be in the present times a work of art truly singular in its kind. Yet, notwithstanding this idea has brought so much honor on the English Engineer, the great Semiramis, nearly 3894 years ago, accomplished a similar work of art, on an immense scale, under the Euphrates, which Philostratus mentions in general terms, but of which Diodorus of Sicily, gives a minute description, which we trust our readers will find interesting.

After the fortunate and highly gifted woman, and Queen of the Assyrian Empire, had by the foundation of Babylon, in the year 2064 B. C. rendered her name more immortal than that of her husband, Ninus, who founded the well known city of Nineveh; she caused two magnificent royal palaces to be erected on the most elevated spots of either shore of the Euphrates, which flowed through the midst of

Babylon, from which she enjoyed a splendid view over the largest city of antiquity. An arched stone bridge 400 toises in length, built with all the perfection of hydraulic architecture of the present day, formed the communication between these two palaces. But not satisfied with this open passage, the Queen wished to be able to pass unseen from one shore to the other. The plan of a subterranean gallery was soon formed; but Semiramis constructed an infinitely more expensive, but much more secure tunnel than Mr. Brunel.—One of the lowest parts of Babylon was chosen, with a reservoir excavated three hundred stratum (thirty-seven and a half miles) square, and thirty five feet deep, into which the river was conducted, when the erection of the tunnel commenced on dry ground and in open day. The length of it was something about four hundred toises; its inner width, fifteen; and its height, not reckoning the arch of the vault, twelve feet. The arch and side walls were formed of burnt bricks, which, being twenty bricks thick, made at least twelve feet, as their bricks by all accounts were larger than ours. After the completion of the work, the whole tunnel on either side was smeared with boiled bitumen, till it acquired a coating five feet in thickness, (four Babylonian ell.) The river was then conducted into its former channel, and the two outlets of the tunnel enclosed with brazen gates which still existed in the time of Cyrus, 558 years B. C. or 1506 years after their erection. Diodorus concludes thus.—"The whole work was completed in seven days." Accordingly, therefore, to the simple calculation, at least fifty thousand skillful workmen must have been employed during these seven days. But, as regards the excavation of the reservoir, the dispositions must have been much more gigantic, it being easy to calculate that with the employment of two millions of workmen, it would not be completed in less than ten years.

A project is on foot to make a rail-way across the Isthmus of Suez, and carrying over it vessels of the heaviest burthen from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. The vessels are to be placed on the rail-way, out of the water, by means of Morton's patent slips, and thence transported to the opposite sea by means of locomotive steam engines. The difficulties are said to be less formidable than those which have been overcome in the construction of some of the English rail-roads; and the Pacha of Egypt is reported to have employed an engineer to inspect the patent slips. The proposition has been submitted in a paper before the Society of Arts in London. Thus the rail-way mania—for we cannot yet bring ourselves to look at it in any other light—is diffusing itself over the world, and seems likely to spread until it shall have cured itself by some sudden and irreparable explosion.

SONNET.—FROM NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ. JAMES HOGG.—"I'll sing you one o' the bonniest songs you ever heard in o' your born days. I dinna ken that I ever wrote a better ane mysel. It is by a friend o' mine—as yet an obscure man—Henry Riddell—"Ither day a shepherd like mysel—but now a student.

frost, through the months of December, January, February, March, and until the 18th day of April, 1818, (I keep memorandum books.) The surrounding sand was hauled on top of the blue compost, and two or three of the good old Indian were deposited in the same. Its growth was immediate, rapid, vigorous, and products wonderful indeed. A part of the adjoining land, of the same quality, (but not manured in this way) was planted in the same way—but although it flourished some at first, and promised well even to the end of May, yet when the sun began to shine intensely hot, as it does with us in July and the other summer months, the corn began to fade and lose its natural green for the more brilliant colour of the ruta бага and pumpkin. The summer evenings' thunder showers fell in vain on this unfruitful soil, in which nought was congenial but the sassafras, the hog weed and the passiflora: it was abandoned as of "no avail," until further riches were drawn from the swamp—which, if we will not "drain and dry," let us draw manure from in this way. These swamps are the banks which hold all the valuable effects of their neighbours, the hills, which lift their heads in my country with such "majesty poverty." The value of cotton seed as a manure, in another, when my "hand and head" are more in tune.

A SWAMPER OF CAROLINA. P. S.—I forgot to mention the great surprise expressed by the 'truly court-going neighbours' at the great change effected in the old "sassafras commons"—all of which I told them I had drawn (I mean the idea of using swamp mud,) from the truly valuable American Farmer.

AGRICULTURAL AXIOMS. In no department is Bacon's celebrated maxim "knowledge is power" more true than in regard to agriculture: hence no farmer can be accounted skillful in his profession who does not avail himself of the information to be derived from the experience of others, and who does not improve his knowledge of husbandry by the perusal of the ablest works that have been written on that subject. It is absurd to imagine, that the communication of knowledge by printing, which has promoted the advancement of every other art, should be of no use in agriculture.

Endeavour to raise good grain, for it will always sell, even in years of plenty; whereas it is only in dear and scarce seasons that there is a demand for grain of an inferior quality. Let your stock of cattle, horses, &c. be of the best sorts, and more remarkable for real utility than for beauty or fashion. Be not above your profession, and always consider it as the first that any man can follow. Admit no guest into your house, who cannot live upon the productions of his own country. No farmer ought to undertake to cultivate any more land than he can stock and manage to advantage. It is better to till 20 acres well, than 100 in a slovenly manner. A man's owning a large farm is no excuse for imperfect tillage. What he cannot improve he need not undertake to cultivate. Most of our lands in the vicinity of villages, if left to the operation of nature, will soon be profitable for fuel and timber. Large pastures may be profitable with no other labour than what is necessary to keep them clear of bushes.—But to run over 20 acres of ploughed land or mowing land, for what, with good cultivation, may be obtained from five acres, is the quintessence of bad husbandry. A large farm without skill, capital, or industry, is a plague to its owner. It is like what somebody said of self-righteousness, the more you have of it the worse you are off. Be not afraid of trying experiments; but let them be on a small scale at first, and few at a time.

THE CELEBRATED HORSE GILES SCROGGINS, Will stand the ensuing Spring season, commencing the first of March, and ending the first of July, in Newbern and Kinston, 4 days of the week in each place alternately; & will stop one day at James S. Edmondson's, Esq. COXE'S BRIDGE, of Lenoir County, and one day at the Mill of JOHN HARRIS, Esq. Core Creek, Craven County, in going to and from the above places. GILES SCROGGINS is a beautiful blood bay, with black legs, mane and tail, and with a beautiful coat of hair, indicating great purity of blood. He will be seven years old this Spring, and is sixteen hands high, with great muscular power. All his points are fine; and from the excellence of his pedigree, he is well calculated to improve the stock of blood horses. GILES SCROGGINS was sired by the celebrated Sir Archy, his dam by the imported Bedford—imported Dare Devil—Wildair—Apollo—Mercury—imported Fearnought—imported Jolly Roger, out of Grinnel's imported Mare. STEPHEN SAMPSON, Agent. December, 1830.—If Giles Scroggins will stand, while in the neighborhood of Newbern, at the Stable of Mr. WILLIAM R. STREET, one mile from Town, on the Neuse Road.

DOMESTIC LOTTERY. In which \$200 may be gained by investing \$21-2. SCHEME. Prizes. Value. 1 Elegant Tilbury, \$200. 1 Set superior Plated Carriage Harness, 75. 1 Set Brass mounted Harness for two Horses, 60. 1 Set first rate Plated Gig Harness, 40. 1 Set do. do. do. do. 27. 1 Set sup'r. Japanned do. do. 25. 1 Set do. do. do. do. 25. 1 Set do. do. do. do. 16. 1 Set do. do. do. do. 16. 1 Saddle and Bridle, 25. 1 Ladies' Saddle and Bridle, 25. 1 Pair elegant Percussion Pistols, 10. 1 Pair do. do. do. do. 6. 13 Prizes. 220 Tickets, at \$2 50. \$550.