

Literary and Miscellaneous.

CURIOSITY—A TALE.

Four persons felt inclined their steps to bend, To see the famed... with much skill and care, Who had selected a set of paintings rare...

A MOORE-ISH MELODY.

Oh! give me not unmeaning smiles, Though worldly clouds may fly before them; But let me see the sweet blue eyes...

MARY WRESTLING.

Winds, whisper gently while she sleeps; And fan her with your cooling wings; Whist her drops of beauty weep...

LIVING LITERARY CHARACTERS. JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

The following article is but an abstract of that in the New Monthly, which is accompanied by a handsome engraved portrait of Cooper.

Among the frequenters of circulating libraries, and indeed in literary coteries of all kinds, Mr. Cooper is generally designated "The great American Novelist."

He suddenly found himself recognized as the Sir Walter of the New World, one who was to do for his country what Scott had done for his; to delineate the character of its people; to paint its scenery; to exult in its acquisitions and prospects; but, above all, to assert its glory and independence.

If some portion of the success of our trans-atlantic Novelist was referable to circumstances, and to the peculiar attractiveness of his subjects, a still greater portion was attributable to himself, and to the energy and enthusiasm which he brought to his labors.

His sea scenes are unique. He does not give you a painted ship upon a painted ocean. All is action, character and poetry. You see, in the images which he conjures up, every accessory of the scene, which he describes, you hear, in the terms in which the voices of the seamen, and the flapping of the sails.

An example of Mr. Cooper's appreciation of his illustrious rival occurred while he was sitting for the portrait that accompanies our sketch. The artist, Madame Mirbel, requested him, as is usual in such cases, to fix his eye upon a particular point.

It is more wild and experimental in parts, but it lacks nothing in point of freshness and energy. From all that we can learn of the gifted American, from those who have had the best and most recent opportunities of personal observation, we should judge that this general bearing indicates a man of strong natural powers, great decision of character, and observant habits—more perhaps, of things than men.

His manners are a pleasant mixture of the mariner and the gentleman. He is an American, even in our English sense of the term; the amor patrie is in him a passion that never subsides; he is devotedly attached to his country, to its institutions, and (as is apparent from his works) to its rugged but magnificent scenery.

The family of Mr. Cooper was originally from Buckingham in England, settled in America in 1679, and about a century afterwards became established in the state of New York. He was born at Burlington, on the Delaware, in 1789, and was removed at an early age to Cooper's Town—a place, of which he has given an interesting account in "The Pioneers."

A MORNING DIALOGUE.

Between Mr. Lake, the Artist, and Lady Jane March Trotter Standish, his sister.

Scene—A Studio, on the first floor, in Newman street.

Lady.—Nay, don't be afraid of a little excess that way, Mr. Lake. To be plain with you, I would be as pretty as possible in my picture. In fact, I wish to be flattered, though people are sometimes silly enough to tell me that is impossible. But pray do tell me what is that great awkward doll of a figure you have in the corner, there, looking like a housemaid petrified!

Artist.—We call it a lay-figure, and it is used to arrange such drapery upon as we wish to paint from. Lady.—Drapery! Why I should imagine the most fitting drapery for such a monster to be a curtain, de haut en bas. And what is that outre old chair for? It surely must have come from Lumber Court.

Artist.—I can assure your ladyship—your eyes a little more in this direction, if you please—it forms a picturesque object on canvass, and gives a highly suited support to the seated figure of an old lady or gentleman, in a fine old sombre apartment, with every thing venerable to match.

Lady.—Possibly it came out of the ark. Artist, (smiling).—Really I know of no Archives in which its history is recorded.

Lady.—Well; but don't stick any such antiques into my picture, or I shall die of premature old age by the force of association. Mais voyons un peu l'affaire. Mercy on me! what is that white spot you have put on the tip of my nose! Is it an icicle from Diana's temple, or a stray pearl from my dress, or what? Surely I have no speck of the kind.

Artist.—Oh! that is merely the light caught by the extremity of the feature, and reflected from it. Lady.—Well, it's vastly odd. And that dark patch under the nose? I certainly have nothing like that.

Artist.—That, Madam, is a very common appearance. Lady.—I never saw any such appearance—unless, indeed, now and then in the case of—of old people who take a good deal of snuff.

Artist.—I can assure your ladyship, the effect in question depends on no such exciting cause. It is but the shadow cast downwards from the nose, where it intercepts the light. It is one of those effects which, in nature, are too apt to escape notice.

Lady.—Its escape from notice, here, is impossible. It amounts to a partial eclipse. Artist, (bowing).—An eclipse which only renders more conspicuous the brilliancy of that larger portion which the light kindly reveals.

Lady.—Flattering—and therefore, I suppose, artist-like, or, at all events, gentleman-like! Artist.—Your head a little more turned. Madam, I beg.

Lady.—So far as that object may be gained by flattery, sir, you are not neglecting the means. Now for another peep at the canvass, to see how you have managed my toilette. Lud! what a dress you have put on me! Comme me voila denaturee! For a white dress, 'tis really the most yellow, and blue, and black, that ever looked reproaches against an evil blanchisseuse. Positively you must give it a bleaching—you must shed more of the snows of your pencil upon it.

Artist, (bowing with an air).—Alas, Madam, every thing melts in your presence; and thus the snows of my pencil sink but into a deeper tint, and, to use the words of the poet, "conclude in a moist relentment."

Lady, (smiling).—Well, I protest, if men are flatterers, painters are men in the extreme. But poetry and flattery apart, why should the plain white undergo all this conversation? Artist.—The tints which your ladyship observes, are partly the effects of position in the modification of the light, and partly of the reflection from neighboring objects of color.

Lady.—Ah! you are an ingenious puzzler, Mr. Lake. But now tell me again,—you have not com-

plied my hair comme il faut—what's your philosophy for that?

Artist.—The fashion of frizzing out the hair at the sides disturbs the repose of the head. Lady.—Repose! Oh, then I'm to look as if I were going to sleep. I hate your dormouse people.

Artist.—Your Ladyship mistakes me. I simply meant that, in looking at the picture, the eye would be disturbed by that artificial arrangement of the hair, and taken away from what is far more important, the native charms of the countenance.

Lady.—A most conciliating explanation, upon my word. But now, really, one can't see the texture of the hair. It looks somehow all of a lump. Surely they manage it differently in prints.

Artist.—Why yes, Madam, they give wire instead of silk—minuteness instead of smoothness—and then, the fact is, that the most finished picture must hardly be expected to challenge inspection with what is incomparable among the objects of nature. (Another bow.)

Lady. A mellifluously moving argument. But, la! now, what a red ear you have given me on that side! 'Tis an auricular confession, of a really too blushing reluctance. Oh, and the lockets too! It is not plain enough. I can't make out the plaited hair in it, nor the fillagree work round it; and then, oh ciel! what odd looking lace around the skirt of the dress! It seems all rumpled, and doesn't show the pattern.

Artist. I trust I can explain all to your Ladyship's satisfaction. The reddish tinge of the ear results from its transparency, the light being seen through it. The little details of the lockets, if more distinctly worked, would make the more massy portions of the picture appear deficient in finish: and the same remark applies to the lace. Besides, paintings in general are expressly calculated for inspection at a certain distance, in order that the effect of all the parts may be blended into harmony. And surely, Madam, to scrutinize closely the little accessories of jewelry, and lace, and texture, were indeed, "to consider too curiously," in cases like the present, where the face so manifestly claims pre-eminence of homage. (A low bow.)

Lady. If you varnish your pictures equally well with your explanations, sir, they must arrive at a gloss highly in unison with polished society. (Laughs.)—But pardon my assailing you with one question more: pray, why have you made one of my arms shorter than the other?

Artist. The effect of the point of view in which it is seen. It projects towards the eye, instead of from it, and so appears fore-shortened, as we term it.

Lady. Jaime la raison. But, after all, it would need some time to make a Painter of me. You Painters appear to see every thing as if you looked through some vastly peculiar pair of spectacles, that would suit nobody else's sight but your own.

Artist. These spectacles, Madam, are merely professional knowledge, concentrated into a focus, and, perhaps, worn bright by use.

Lady. Well, I must own I like to hear you talk; you give such odd reasons for things that one knows nothing about; and then, you heartily discard all compliment. (Laughs.)

Artist. Madam, your presence, like Alchemy, transmutes the dross of compliment into the gold of truth.

Lady. (Looks at her watch). Eh, mon Dieu! 'Tis 3 o'clock. I cannot sit any more to-day, for I've promised to take up Lady Goughly in my way to Howell and James's; and I am getting tired too.

Artist. I'll ring, and order your Ladyship's carriage. (Rings the bell.) One more sitting will enable me to complete the picture.

A singular Adventure.—Once upon a time a traveller stepped into a post coach. He was a young man just starting in life. He found six passengers about him, all of them grey headed and extremely aged men. The youngest appeared to have seen at least eighty winters.

Our young traveller was struck with the singularly mild and happy aspect which distinguished all his fellow passengers and determined to ascertain the secret of a long life, and the art of making old age comfortable.—He addressed the one who was apparently the oldest, who told him that he had always led a regular and abstemious life, eating vegetables and drinking water. The young man was rather daunted at this, inasmuch as he liked the good things of life. He addressed the second, who astounded him by saying he had always eat roast beef and gone to bed, regularly fuddled, for seventy years, adding, that all depends on regularity. The third had prolonged his days by never seeking or accepting office—the fourth by resolutely abstaining from all political or religious controversies, and the fifth by getting to bed at sunset and rising at dawn. The sixth was apparently much younger than the other five—his hair was less grey, and there was more of it—a placid smile, denoting a perfectly easy conscience mantled his face, and his voice was jocund and strong. They were all surprised to learn that he was by ten years the oldest man in the coach. "How," exclaimed our young traveller, "how is it you have thus preserved the freshness of life?" "It is no great mystery," said the old man, "I have drank water and drank wine—I have eat meat and vegetables—I have held a public office—I have dabbled in politics and written religious pamphlets—I have sometimes went to bed at midnight, got up at sunrise and at noon—but I ALWAYS PAID PROMPTLY FOR MY NEWSPAPERS.

Ladies, don't be duped! beware of an impostor!—A person calling his name Hudnot, passed through this place, about ten days since, on foot, and some six or eight miles above, called on a family, and through his remarkable powers of persuasion, after a courtship of nearly twenty-four hours, succeeded in gaining the consent of a young miss about nineteen to become his spouse—parents not objecting, the nuptials were celebrated. The circumstances of this novel affair are enough to excite one's risible faculties, and at the same time teach a good lesson to those who, for pecuniary motives, will sacrifice higher considerations. The impostor introduced himself to this family, who are respectable, as a nephew of the old folks from Massachusetts, possessing immense wealth, and having at his command all the good things of the world—and so ingeniously tells the story, that his new acquaintances could not but believe that he was the real Simon Pure! He had come this great distance, he said, on purpose to seek this young lady, and one great object of his marrying her was to keep the wealth in their own family. He was for having furniture, beds and bedding sold immediately at vendue when they would all start, for the land of promise together.—The next morning our hero starts his father-in-law for Tioga to procure an elegant carriage and greys, which he said were in readiness for him. On his father's departure to accomplish this pleasing expedition, his new son starts on a route directly opposite, after borrowing \$4 of his good mother to expend at the stores above, for necessities, promising to replace the same after breaking one of his \$100. As our readers would naturally suppose, the carriage,

&c. were not to be found, and on the father's return to his own habitation, his son-in-law was not there to explain the mystery! sad reverse, he was 'oph.' A proper officer was immediately despatched after him. He was found a few miles west of Covington, brought back, examined and suffered to escape. We understand he had made use of the borrowed money. Should any of our readers see a man about 40 years of age, 5 feet 5, dark complexion, wearing goggles, independent minded, glib tongued fellow, they will have some idea of our hero, who was last seen in this section, running for the woods, to avoid a sound flagellation threatened him by one of his new acquaintances.—Tiago Gazette.

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

What may be done by Industrious Habits.

Mr. Wesley, the venerable founder of the Methodist denomination, is universally allowed to have been an extraordinary and highly distinguished character. Whatever may be thought of his peculiar sentiments, no one can deny him the credit of truly apostolic zeal and benevolence in what he conceived to be the way of duty. For upwards of fifty years he travelled eight thousand miles each year on an average, visiting his numerous societies, and presiding at 47 annual conferences. For more than 60 years, it was his constant practice to rise at 4 o'clock in the morning, and nearly the whole of that period to preach every morning, at five. He generally preached near 20 times a week, and frequently four times a day. Notwithstanding this, very few have written more voluminously than he; divinity both controversial and practical; history, philosophy, medicine, politics, poetry, &c. were all, at different times the subjects on which his pen was employed. Besides this, he found time for reading, corresponding, visiting the sick, and arranging the matters of his numerous society; but such prodigies of labor and exertion would have been impossible, had it not been for his inflexible temperance and unexampled economy of time. Yet, to suppose that he had no failing or that he was free from faults, would be absurd; but after viewing his sufferings, and the extreme of his success, with an unprejudiced mind, it is impossible to deny him the character of a singularly great and worthy man.

In 1791 he finished his earthly career in the 88th year of his age. In the course of which time he preached near 40,000 sermons and travelled about 400,000 miles.—Worcester Rep.

VARIETIES.

Sir Francis Buller, while pupil to Mr. Coulthard, uncle to the Graham of Lincoln's Inn, having bought a fiddle, was addressed as follows by the special pleader:—"I would advise you, young man, to part with your kit, for music is so enticing, that, if you take to it, you will never endeavor to comprehend Coke upon Littleton." Mr. Buller took the hint; and became a judge!

Royal tenderness.—The Emperor of China has reproved the sheriffs for strangling the wrong subject, by mistake, and requests them not to do so in future.

Relics.—A traveller on the Continent visiting the Cathedral of—, was shown by the Sacristan, among other marvels, a dirty opaque glass phial. After eyeing it some time, the traveller said, "Do you call this a relic? Why, it is empty?" "Empty!" retorted the Sacristan, indignantly. "Sir, it contains some of the darkness that Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

When the Duke of Cumberland was defeated at the battle of Laffett, it is said, that after the loss of that day, an English captive telling a French officer, that they had been very near taking the Duke prisoner, the Frenchman replied, "We took care of that; he does us more service at the head of your army."

I takes 'em as they come.—A Cantab, one day observing a ragged Alberman-looking boy scratching his head at the door of Alderman Purchase, where he was begging, and thinking to pass a joke upon him, said, "So, Jack, you are picking 'em out, are you?" "Nah, Sir," retorted the urchin, "I takes 'em as they come!"

Gascon Dinner for a Week.—Are you Frenchman enough to know how a Gascon sustains his family for a week:—

- Dimanche, une esclanche; Lundi, froide et salade; Mardi, j'aimé la grillade; Mercredi, hachee; Jeudi, bon pour la capillotade; Vendredi, point de gras; Samedi, qu'on me casse les os, et les chiens creveront des restes de mon mouton.

Nelson.—"There are three things, young gentleman," said Nelson to one of his midshipmen in the war of 1793, "which you are constantly to bear in mind. First, you must always implicitly obey your orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety. Secondly, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your king; and Thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil."

In the year 1457, a proclamation was issued by Henry the Eighth, "that women should not meet together to babble and talk, and that all men should keep their wives in their houses."

The fashion of dividing shops, where rents are high, leads often to whimsical results. A house in London, parted in this way, presents a singular appearance; one side being occupied by an apothecary, and the other by an undertaker!

"This in a moment brings me to my end; "But this assures me I can never die."

A coincidence almost as ridiculous, may be seen in Fleet-market. An undertaker who lets out the upper part of his dwelling, has stuck his bill "Lodgings to let," upon a coffin that stands in front of the shop window.

Oaths.—At a late assizes in Limerick, a boy was brought forward as a witness for the prosecution in a case of murder. He appeared so young and so ignorant, that the judge thought it necessary to examine him as to his qualifications for a witness, when the following dialogue took place: Q. Do you know, my lad, the nature of an oath? A. Yes. Q. Do you mean to say that you do not know what an oath is? A. Yes. Q. Do you know any thing of the consequences of telling a lie? A. No. Q. No! What religion are you of? A. Catholic. Q. Do you never go to mass? A. No. Q. Did you never see your priest? A. Yes. Q. Did he never speak to you? A. Oh! yes. Q. What did he say to you? A. I met him on the mountain one day, and he bid me hold his horse, and be d—d to me. Judge. Go down; you are not fit to be d—d to me.

It is only proper to add, that the boy appeared to be more knave than fool, and that his ignorance was well paid for by the defendant.

Crowle was a noted punster. Once on a circuit with Page, a person asked him if the judge was not just behind? He replied, "I don't know; but I am sure he never was just before."

A Gallant Retort.—As a nobleman was leading a very lovely young lady from the theatre, after the representation of the tragedy of Zaire, at which she had been greatly affected, they met Voltaire, to whom

the nobleman said, "You have much to answer for—the crime of drawing floods of tears from those beautiful eyes." Voltaire replied, "Ah, my Lord, those eyes know but too well how to revenge themselves."

Mr. Patrick Mulroony, Schoolmaster, who has just arrived from Ballycough, begs leave to acquaint the Commonalty, the Nobility and Gentry herabouts, that he intends teaching Young Ladies and Gentlemen all sorts of Learning, and as he does not wish to be circumlocutious, he begs leave to make mention of the following branches of Education: He teaches the Primer and Reading Modeasy, in all its various branches and ramifications; English Grammar taut in most correct manner; likewise Spelling and Arithmatick; and also the following dead and alive Languages—Hi and Lo Duch, Alghbra, Fortyfications, the Use of the Globes, Navigation and Riting, with many other things to numrus and curious to mention, all on the following Terms:—for elderly Young Gentlemen, tience each quarter; for Young Ladies not rising 17, one teaster only; Childer, a finny bit. Each Scoller to purvide himself with pins and ink, and pencils and slats.—Those Scollors who lerne to rite, must bring six sheets of whitened brown paper to write upon for a copper-book—the same time not forgetting to bring a sod of turf under their oxters. Any Lady or Gentleman misdoubting what Mr. Mulroony has communicated, begs they will question any of the boys here present.

Two country girls, who came into Boston to make a purchase, inquired of a shopkeeper if he had any Summer Coolers; he was a little puzzled at the question, but fancying he might not be very wrong, he showed them some muslin; "why you, I did not ax you for any o' that"—when casting her eyes on a parcel which lay on the shelf, with a fan tied on the outside, she cried out, "Why I guess as how there is some in that are paper?" The fans were instantly placed on the counter, and on opening one of them which was sufficiently gaudy, and embellished with all the colours of the rainbow, with her bows elevated, she screamed out to her companion, "O mi! ony look o' this ere." The other, with equal astonishment, exclaimed, "O, Ruth! Ruth! Ruth! bye that are,—it will draw Jonathan's eyes a Sabber day, jist like a mellilot plaster."

REMOVAL.

Dying & Scouring Establishment.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has removed his Establishment to the house formerly occupied by Mr. James Riggs, on Cravenstreet, two doors below Mr. Durand's Clothing Store, where he is prepared to execute all orders in the line of his business. He returns thanks for the liberal patronage which he has received during his residence in this place, and hopes by assiduity and attention, to merit a continuance of the public patronage.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments, of every description, Dyed and Cleaned in the neatest manner, at the most reasonable prices. Moreen Curtains, Cleaned or Dyed Crimson, Blue, Yellow, &c., the same as original. Furniture Calicoes, Cleaned and Dressed with the same gloss as new. Carpets cleaned and the colors greatly revived.

Bobinet and Silk Lace Veils, with Cotton or Linen Figures, Bleached or Dyed a perfect Black.

Merino and Cashmere Shawls, Bleached and Pressed to equal new.

Merino, Circassian, Silk, Barrege, Batiste, Palmareen, Crape de Lyon, and all others, Dressed and Dyed the most brilliant and permanent Colours, and handsomely finished.

JNO. BRISSINGTON.

May 6, 1631.—d 3 P. S.—Persons sending articles to the Establishment, will please leave them at the Millinery Store, front Room of the Building, where they will be delivered and punctually attended to. J. B.

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, 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.—t f 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.

Money! Money! Money! IN ABUNDANCE, IN MARKET.

To owners in Gold Mines, Plantations and other property.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he is daily visited by capitalists, whose funds are great and who are desirous and anxious of purchasing wholes or shares of properties—improved or unimproved—who wish to become proprietors or partners of Gold Mining Companies—or would loan and invest money at reasonable interest satisfactorily secured—would invest and advance their money in any way, provided that they were secured and satisfied of realizing a fair and reasonable interest for the same—therefore those who wish to sell or mortgage property, or get cash partners, will do well to apply to the subscriber per mail, forwarding every necessary information and instructions, accompanied with an advance retaining office fee of 5 or \$10—postage in every instance to be paid.

GEO. W. EVERITT, Real Estate, Broker's, Attorney's and General Agent, No. 33, South-Fourth st.

Philadelphia, Pa. The North, South Carolina and Georgia papers will copy the above one month and send in their bills.