

Literary and Miscellaneous.

When we speak of simplicity, it were injustice to the manes of the unknown bard not to introduce to notice a piece of former times, the author of which has slid into the current of oblivion, but which it will be a merit in any publication to be the medium of restoring.—Europ. Mag.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

Alas! I am an Orphan Boy,
With naught on earth to cheer my heart;
No father's love, no mother's joy,
Nor kin nor kind to take my part;
My lodging is the cold, cold ground,
I eat the bread of charity;
And when the kiss of love goes round,
There is no kiss, alas, for me.

Yet once I had a father dear,
A mother, too, I want to prize;
With ready hand to wipe the tear,
If chanc'd the transient tear to rise.
But cause of tears was rarely found,
For all my heart was youthful gleed,
And when the kiss of love went round,
How sweet a kiss there was for me.

But, ah! there came a war they say;
What is a war?—I cannot tell;
But drums and fifes did sweetly play,
And loudly rang our village bell,
In truth it was a pretty sound
I thought—nor could I thence foresee,
That when the kiss of love went round,
There soon should be no kiss for me.

A soldier coat my father took,
And sword as bright as bright could be,
And feathers that so gaily look,
All in a shining cap had he.
Then how my little heart did bound,
Alas, I thought it fine to see—
Nor dreamt, that when the kiss went round,
There soon should be no kiss for me.

At length the bell again did ring,
There was a victory they said;
'Twas what my father said he'd bring,
But, ah! it brought my father dead,
My mother shriek'd, her heart was woe,
She clasp'd me to her trembling knee;
O God! that you may never know,
How wild a kiss she gave to me!

But once again,—but once again,
These lips a mother's kisses felt;
That once again,—that once again,
The tale a heart of stone would melt.
'Twas when upon her death-bed laid,
(O God! O God! that sight to see),
'My child, my child,' she feebly said,
And gave a parting kiss to me.

So now I am an Orphan Boy,
With naught below my heart to cheer;
No mother's love, no father's joy,
Nor kin nor kind to wipe the tear.
My lodging is the cold, cold ground,
I eat the bread of charity;
And when the kiss of love goes round,
There is no kiss, alas, for me.

It is on the last four lines of the fifth verse ending
"O God! that you may never know,
How wild a kiss she gave to me,"

that we will repose our judgment, willing here to take our stand, and to rest on this our reputation for critical discernment. We maintain this to be as simple, natural, pathetic and touching a sentiment, and clothed in as unaffected diction, as any to be found in the elegies of the most admired poets. The speaker expatiates not on the particular feeling excited in his mother or himself, when the kiss was imprinted, but breaks out into an exclamation which, while it depreciates our knowledge of the reality, implies the impossibility of description. As the mother's feelings, his merely "her heart was woe," not the seat of woe, nor distracted by a thousand woes. It is these bursts of nature, these unlaboured starts of genuine sentiment, that constitute the attraction of the simple elegy.

SPRING-TIME.

Away—away to the pleasant hills, where the grass is springing forth
And weaving its beautiful mantle of green all over the joyous earth—
Where the white flowers bloom in the creviced rock,
and the violet's eye of blue
Smiles on the pure and beautiful sky through its pearly tears of dew!

Go—leave the thick and crowded mart, and the city's roisome breath,
Where Crime with its dagger lurks unseen, and the air is dark with Death—
Where Avrice plucks the staff away whereon the swickled lean—
And Vice reels over its midnight bowl, with the song and jest obscene.

Away—away, to the forest shades, where the boughs are green again—
And the young bud opens its perfect leaves in the kindly sun and rain;
Where the vine puts forth its delicate hands to clasp the oak's huge limb—
And the woodland flowers are blowing wild on the shadow'd streamlet's brim.

Away—'tis better to tread the earth, and breathe the mountain air,
Than to muse o'er the lore of other times by the taper's yellow glare,
Better—far better the open page where the finger of God hath been,
Than the dim, strange scrolls of forgotten days and the ponderous tomes of men!

Let the beautiful dancer leave the hall where the midnight moods the day,
And freer and lighter shall be her step where the healthful breezes play—
Let the scholar turn from his weary task, and his heart shall lose its pain,
The blood flow back to his pallid cheek, and his brow be smooth again.

Away—to the hills—the streams—the woods—for a spell of peace is there—
A welcome bland from the early flowers, and a kiss from the perfum'd air—
Away—and thy heart shall find a friend in every flower and tree,
And Nature's pure and beautiful forms shall whisper of love to thee.

THE TALBA:

A Romance by Mrs. Bray: 2 vols.—Messrs. Harper, N. Y.—This is an American edition of an interesting romance, a tale of Portugal, which embraces the story, immortalized in prose and in verse, of the fair and ill-fated Inez de Castro. It is not of the first class of novels; but it will nevertheless prove attractive to novel readers: and to them we leave it only making such an extract as without revealing the plot of the story—an offence we hold to be unpardonable—may serve to arouse interest, and at the same time to illustrate our author's talents:

Coello led the way, bearing the lamp, which he shaded with his hand; and, with a stealthy step did all three ascend a flight of stairs that led to an upper chamber. Most cautiously did they proceed into it, closed the entry through which they passed, secured the bolt—and Gonzalez pointed with his hand to a second door that communicated with the sleeping apartment of Inez de Castro.

"Which way shall we return?" whispered Coello, in a low voice. "There is, I know by sure information, another door within her room, that leads down to the court, the court where the chapel stands,—we had better go that way when all is over, for fear—" "Peace, peace," said Gonzalez: "Diego, will you pass in?" Diego waved his hand.

"No," said Gonzalez; "thou wilt remain here, then, and keep watch. Well, it may be better you should do so. Coello, forward, open softly your chamber door." Not a word more was spoken, lest the least sound should disturb those within. Diego stood fixed to the spot, the image of horror; yet there was no relenting purpose in his soul. Gonzalez was firm, cool and collected. He held the dagger grasped in his right hand, with the other he motioned Coello once more and to go on. The taxman again shaded the lamp; and all its light settling on his own countenance, showed the haggard, yet ferocious expression of a man capable of witnessing murder. He stole into the chamber, as did the fiend into Paradise, to bring evil, sin and death, where beauty and innocence found their place of repose.

Though the lamp was darkened by his hand, and looked upon the sleeping children. The night was sultry; they had thrown off the clothes, leaving bare their limbs, as the two innocent beings lay twined in each other's arms. Their senses were fast locked in sleep, their cheeks red as the sweetest blossom of the rose, their skin so soft and white, with their little hands dimpled in the beauty of infancy,—all presented an image of such perfect loveliness, yet so helpless, so endearing, that even Coello turned aside the lamp, as if fearful to trust himself to contemplate, a sight that was likely to awaken feelings of tenderness within him.

As he turned away, the rays of the lamp fell on the couch that stood near the bed. Coello shuddered. His fleshed seemed to crawl upon his bones as he caught the first sight of the unhappy mother of the children. She was sleeping. It was what he had desired; yet now, in spite of himself, he repined to witness the unconscious security of her repose at such a moment. Her hair hung loose about her neck; and there were a few bright drops upon her cheek that showed she had wept even in her sleep. One arm was motionless by her side, the other partly extended beyond the couch; the hand was open; no sculptor could have chiselled finer proportions than that hand and arm displayed.

As Coello looked upon Inez, so still, so beautiful and placid, that, but for the soft low breathings which came upon his ear, he could almost have fancied he beheld an image of marble, a masterpiece of art. The thought, too, how soon she would be no better than a thing so cold and inanimate, forced itself on his mind, but could not awaken his conscience, and looked upon her; for there is in beauty, and in the helplessness of sleep, a charm that will excite or pity. And Coello, cold, selfish, hardened as he was, could not acknowledge, as he contemplated the loveliness of the being before him, that it was a pity it was doomed so soon to pass away, so soon to fall like a withered and broken flower, to be no more than dust. "Yet," he thought, "death is but like sleep, and the dead and the sleeper are the same." Comforted by this poor attempt to revive his sinking courage to witness a deed so wicked, he stole back gently to close the door, that had opened again, by the spring not catching the lock, after he first came into the chamber, and having secured it, glided up once more to the side of Gonzalez, who stood bending over the sleeping victim's couch.

From the American Monthly Magazine. CAPTAIN THOMPSON.

I was unfortunate enough, one bright July morning in my senior year, to receive an expressive note from my Tutor, which rendered a journey of some hundred and fifty miles quite necessary. I was in the coach in less than an hour with a travelling companion pulled over a very long face, partly to avoid recognition by my classmates as we were by the colleges, and partly with an indefinite feeling that a pretty woman who sat in the opposite corner of the coach would observe a tear that was coquetting very capriciously with my eyelids. The rumbling echo of the wheels from the broad front of East Rock, roused me from a very bitter fit of reflection, and recollecting that there were now two miles between me and certain official gentlemen, I raised my cap and took a long breath and a look out of the window. The lady on the back seat had a child on her lap.—We three were the only passengers.

It is surprising how "it's all in your eye" whether beautiful objects seem beautiful in this world. I do not think there is a sweeter gem of scenery in New England than the spot upon which my eye fell at that moment—the little hamlet of Whitneyville at the foot of East Rock. I had rambled all over its wild neighbourhood, and threaded for hundreds of truant days its deep passes.—I knew, and loved as a romantic collier well love, every striking tree and sheltered moss-knoll from its base to its summit—I had stood on the romantic bridge many a moonlight hour thinking of you, dear — (ehem!) and stargazing in the black mirror of the tide below—and now, as I hoped to be recalled, I thought it the most exquisitely dismal spot I ever looked upon—the trees ugly and distorted, the "fine old trap-rock" the Professor's epithets were as good as an apotheosis to it; the desolate and naked, and the pretty buildings below (the only factory that ever adorned a stream) absolutely insulting with their peaceful picturesqueness.

"What a desolate place!" said I, in a soliloquizing tone as the coach rolled out from the covered bridge (a new one, by the way, that was not half as pretty as the old one) and toiled slowly up the steep hill beyond.

"Sir!" said the lady. She did know how a sudden start for home in the middle of the term, affects the moral sensorium. I should have called Diana a hag.

"I mean, madam—I beg pardon—and then I went into a long rhodomontade to explain away my apparent want of taste, and the lady told me her son's name was John, and that he was named after his father, who was Captain Thompson of the brig Dolly, that had just arrived in Boston after a three years' voyage, &c. &c. &c.—ending in a request that I would assist her with my knowledge of localities when we arrived at the end of our journey. In ten miles, I was on a very sociable terms with Mrs. Thompson. In ten more, by dint of ginger-bread and good humour, Master John was persuaded into my lap, and in ten more—but travellers have a reputation for a long bow, and I shall not be believed. The day was divine, and I shall not be believed. June, and if it had not been for an occasional sight of the mail-bag under my feet, which I presumed contained a simple explanation of my journey, I could have contrived to forget the imminent peril in which I stood of losing my graduate's sheepskin and my father's blessing. The coach, however, rolled on, and would have rolled on just as it did, probably, if I had been ten times as miserable (I know nothing more provoking than the indifference of such vehicles to one's feelings) and by and by, what with now and then a very sweet smile from Mrs. Thompson, and a disastrous discomfiture of my sham shirt-bosom by Master John, I think I may flatter myself that I was tolerably resigned to circumstances.

second day, and that name always sounded to me, (as L. E. L. would say, calling for her eau de Mous-selline) like a gushing tear! If she was not sentimental, there is no truth in symptoms. At any rate I was tender to her upon suspicion. The chain of circumstantial evidence would have borne me out, I think.

Travelling after twilight, I have always remarked, makes one very affectionate. The forty miles between Worcester and Boston on the mail route (they used to pass it before the "reform" between sunset and midnight) should be sacred to sentiment. If there were "tongues in trees," or if the crooked fences could tell straight stories, a pedestrian tour over that part of the highway would be highly interesting. I can answer for its effect upon myself and Mrs. Thompson.

We were aroused from a deep metaphysical discussion of elective sympathies, by the rattling of the wheels on the pavement; and at the same moment the city clocks struck twelve. The streets were all deserted, and the lamp-posts and watchmen performed their duties in dismal silence. Captain Thompson, so said Mrs. T. was at the Marlborough Hotel; and singularly forgetful as his lady had seemed to be of his existence for the previous six hours, she grew very anxiously anxious about him as the coach rattled on to Washington street. A crack of the whip, brought us to the door after a turn or two, and the half-dressed bar-keeper peered out with his flaming candle, and gave us the gratuitous information that the house was full.

"Is Captain Thompson here?" said my companion in an eager voice from the coach window. The sleepy mixer of liquors wet his thumb and finger, and sniffed two huge coffins from the wick of the candle, then sheltering it with his hand, he walked towards the lady with his head protruded inquisitively, and looked at her a minute in perfect silence.

"Is Captain Thompson here?" thundered I, enforcing the question with a smart slap on the shoulder, for I thought he was not fully awake. "Be sure!" said the bar-keeper. But still he stood holding the candle to the lady's face, not all disturbed either by the emphasis of my question or the pathos of Master John, who was crying lustily to get out. The driver by this time had got off the big trunk, and the little trunk, and the band-box and the bag, and the two baskets, and stood beside the heap very impatient of the delay.

"What the d— do you mean?" said I, getting into a passion. "If Captain Thompson is here, take your candle away from the lady's face, and go up and tell him his wife and child have arrived." "Wife and child!" echoed the fellow, backing slowly into the house, with an incredulous grin crawling slowly over his dull face—"wife and child!" And he coolly drew his slipshod feet over the threshold and bolted the door. The driver looked at me, and I looked at Mrs. Thompson.

"You are sure?"—I saw a tear in her eye, and left the sentence unfinished. I could not doubt her. "The bar-keeper must be drunk," said the driver opportunely; and believing in my soul that the driver was right, I thumped away once more at the door.—In a few minutes the master of the house answered the summons from a chamber window.

"Is Captain Thompson here?" said I. "Yes sir." "Will you be kind enough to tell him his wife and child are at the door?" "Wife and child!" said Boniface, repeating my words very slowly: "I have always understood that Captain Thompson was a bachelor."

Mrs. Thompson leaned back in the coach, and sobbed audibly. "It's no consequence what you have always understood, Sir—will you convey that message to Captain Thompson, or not?" He withdrew his head, and came down presently to the door. "I have no objection to showing you Captain Thompson's room, Sir," said he, "and you may carry your own message; but I assure you he'll be very likely to pitch you over the banisters for your intelligence."

I took the candle, and mounted after him three flights of stairs. He stopped at the landing, and pointing to a door at the extreme end of the passage, he cautioned me to be particularly respectful to the bar-keeper. A gruff "Come in," was the immediate answer; and opening the door, I walked up to the bed, and touched my hat as courteously as I knew how.

"Have I the honour of addressing Capt. Thompson?" As I asked the question, I raised the candle, and got a fair look at the premises. On a bachelor's bed, narrow and well tucked up, lay a man of the heaviest frame, whiskered to the eyes, and with a fist as it lay doubled on the coverlid like the end of the club of Hercules. A very lock of hair, redder than his face (I feel as if I was using a superlative) straggled out from a black silk hair-kerchief twisted tightly round his head, and his nose and mouth and chin, masses of solid purple, might have been, for delicacy of outline, hewn with a broad axe from a mahogany log. He looked at me just about as long as I have been writing this description before he answered my question.

"What do you want?" he bolted at last, as if the words were forced out of his mouth with a catapult. "I am sorry to disturb you, Sir, but—but—I took a backward position as I approached the crisis of my sentence, and stood prepared to run!" Mrs. Thompson and little John are at the door—and—and—and—

A loud laugh from the landlord in the entry cut off the sequel of my explanation, and completed my dismay. I looked at the Captain's fist, and stole a glance over my shoulder to see if the door was open, and then the thought of Mrs. Thompson in tears shamed my courage back again, and I recovered my first position. The Captain raised himself slowly upon his elbow, and lowering his shaggy eye brows till they met his whiskers, fixed his eyes upon me, and prepared to speak. If he had levelled his pistols at me, I should not have been less frightened.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Milk-and-Water," said he in a voice as deliberate and decided as the fall of a sledge hammer, "I was a slender student in those days, and paler than usual of course, I'll tell you what, if you are not out of this room in two minutes with your Mrs. Thompson and little John, I'll slam you through that window—if I don't—me!"

The threat was definite: I doubted neither his inclination nor his power to keep it. My heart was grieved for Mrs. Thompson; but if I was thrown down to her from my sentence, and stood prepared to run! Mrs. Thompson and little John are at the door—and—and—and—

It was sensible advice, and I got in and comforted Mrs. Thompson as we drove to Hanover street. The first person that appeared on the step of the tavern door was Master Captain Thompson, a stout, hand-some fellow, who took "Mrs. Thompson and little John" into his arms at one clasp, and kissed them—as one might be supposed to do after a three years' voyage. I heard in the course of a day or two, that a rough old sea Captain at the Marlborough, who had been there, off and on, for thirty years, and had always sworn himself a bachelor, had been awakened at midnight by the arrival of a wife and child whom he had desisted in some foreign port, and had gone to sea very suddenly. The last part of the communication was a great relief to my mind.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

The End of Military Glory.—It is estimated that more than a million of bushels of human and inhuman bones were imported last year from the continent of Europe into the port of Hull. The neighborhood of Leipsic, Austerlitz, Waterloo, and of all the places where,

during the late bloody war, the principal battles were fought, have been swept alike of the bones of the hero and of the horse which he rode. Thus collected from every quarter, they have been shipped to the port of Hull, and thence forwarded to the Yorkshire bone-grinders, who have erected steam engines and powerful machinery, for the purpose of reducing them to a granular state. In this condition they are sent chiefly to Doncaster, one of the largest agricultural markets in that part of the country, and are there sold to the farmers to manure their lands. The oily substance evolving as the bone calcines, makes a more substantial manure than almost any other substance—particularly human bones. It is now ascertained, beyond a doubt, by actual experiment upon an extensive scale, that a dead soldier is a most valuable article of commerce; and for aught we know to the contrary, the good farmers of Yorkshire are, in a great measure, indebted to the bones of their children for their daily bread. It is certainly a singular fact, that Great Britain should have sent out such multitudes of soldiers to fight its battles upon the continent of Europe, and should then import their bones as an article of commerce to fatten their soil.—English paper.

From the St. Andrews (N. B.) Herald.

About twenty years ago, Mr. Brundige, who then resided at the mouth of the River Philip, N. S. lost a promising son, aged four years. The child had been playing by the river, and it was naturally supposed, had fallen in. Numerous parties of the inhabitants were on immediate pursuit—three days were spent in searching the river for miles in extent.

It was then conjectured that the child had been lost in the wood adjoining, and although all hope of his being yet alive was in a manner gone, the cries of the agonized parent spurred them on. Week after week passed away in fruitless endeavours—no trace of the lost one appeared, and he was given up forever.

In January last, a party of Indians entered the village, and among them there was a young man who bore a striking resemblance to the Brundige family. A neighbour first noticed this and communicated his suspicions to them. They hastened to the camp—found the mysterious stranger—a mark on his face could not be mistaken—it was he—the long lost child of their affections!

He inherits all the savage manner and restless disposition of the wilderness of the wilderness, speaks tolerable English, and is now placed at school at the Bay Verte.

By the information he has given of himself, it seems he was made a perfect slave to the whims and caprice of his red tyrants. He often attempted to escape, but was overtaken by their dogs & almost devoured by them. He has been many times off Quebec, but was never permitted to land, and it was here he first recollects seeing a white man. Many white children were captured by the Indians during his stay with them; girls were considered the greatest prize, and were intended as wives for the rising generation. He has been also at the river Philip, but had no prior recollection of that place.

I may safely vouch for the veracity of the above, having conversed with several gentlemen of known integrity, who have seen the young man since his return to the bosom of his large circle of friends and connexions.

PULL IT UP BY THE ROOTS.

"Father, here is a dock," said Thomas, as he was at work with his father in the garden, "shall I cut it off close to the root?"

"No," replied his father, "that will not do, I have cut it up myself many times, but it grows again stronger than ever. Pull it up by the root, for nothing else will kill it."

Thomas pulled and pulled again, at the dock, but the root was very deep in the ground, and he could not stir it from its place; so he asked his father to come and help him, and his father went and soon pulled it up.

"This dock root, Thomas," said his father, "which is an evil and a fast growing weed in a garden, puts me in mind of the evil things that grow so fast in the hearts of children. A bad passion even when found out is hard to be removed, it is of no use to trifle with it; there is no other way to overcome and destroy, but to pull it up by the root."

"You have often seen in our garden, Thomas, that when the weeds are allowed to grow, they spoil all the plants and flowers that grow near them. So it is with evil passions in the heart of a child. If a little boy is ill-tempered, he must not expect to find in him good humour, cheerfulness, thankfulness, and a desire to make others happy. And a little girl who is idle, we need not expect to be industrious, neat or careful. As weeds injure the flowers, so bad passions will injure good qualities. If a child is undutiful to his parents, and despises the commandments of God, we might as well look for a rose or a tulip in a bed of nettles, as hope to find in his heart those graces and good desires that we love to see growing there. Now this is quite a sufficient reason why all bad passions should be pulled up by the root."

Every bad habit, every evil passion which troubles you, you should try with all your heart and mind to overcome; you should, if possible, tear it up. But you will find your own strength but weakness, and you must apply to that Almighty friend, who alone is able to strengthen you, and assist you. He can take from your heart the love of sin; and this is the only sure way of destroying it, as we have the dock, by pulling it up by the roots.—Youth's Friend.

The last number of the Journal of Law relates an anecdote of an eminent Judge, who, while holding a court on a sultry July day, being oppressed by the heat, directed a door which opened directly on the bench, to be left open. The door was repeatedly shut, and the order as often repeated. At length the Judge's patience being exhausted, he committed an unfortunate fellow for shutting the door. Before afternoon the weather changed, a cold easterly storm blew up, and the Judge was more annoyed than before, for every man, woman, and child who came in, carefully left the door wide open. Vexed beyond endurance, the Judge finally committed a man for leaving the door open. The two delinquents met in prison, both confined for contempt of court; the one for leaving open, the other for shutting the door.

VARIETIES.

A more elegant compliment was perhaps never paid even in the peculiar land of politeness, than that involved in the reply of the celebrated Mercier, to the modest author of a very affecting tragedy, who begged he would tell him what faults he observed in the work. "How could I see any faults? My spectacles were always too wet for me to discern them."

The Last Touch.—The bucks have this year "been every thing" that was ever done before in the way of fashion. The tippee article "for trowers" this week, just from London, is stout twilled and checked flannel, precisely the article of which the men in New England make winter frocks, and the women wash aprons. If the Yankees don't believe it, let them come and see for themselves.—N. Y. Jour., Com.

A Major Long Bow.—A friend from abroad, calling on me one morning, I enquired if he had seen any thing very particularly interesting in his travels? He replied, "No; with the exception, perhaps, of a curious mode they have in Siberia of procuring the skin of the Sable. Their fur is in the greatest perfection in the depth of winter, at which time the hunter proceeds to the forest armed with a pitcher of water, and some carrion-meat; he deposits the bait at the foot, and climbs himself to the top of a high tree. As soon as the animal, attracted by the scent, arrives, the man drops some water on his tail, and it instantaneously becomes frozen to the ground! On which, descending from his situation with incredible rapidity, his pursuer with a sharp knife cuts him transversely on the face. The Sable, from the excess of pain, taking an extraordinary spring forward, runs off, and (his tail being fast to the ground) out of his skin, of course, leaving it a prey to the hunter!" Upon expressing a slight doubt as to the probability of this mode of skinning the animals, my friend assured me that he never could have believed it had he not frequently beheld it himself.

The churchwardens of a certain parish having called more than once on a tradesman for his subscription, towards the evening lectures at the church, asked him why he declined paying? Because, said he, my wife reads me a lecture every evening gratuitously.

Rogers observed, on seeing two officers in pursuit of a distressed author, that it was a new edition of the "Pursuits of Literature," unbound and hot-pressed.

Porson.—The late professor having once exasperated a disputant by the dryness of his sarcasm, the petulant opponent thus addressed him: "Mr. Porson, I beg leave to tell you, Sir, that my opinion of you is very contemptible." Porson replied, "I never knew an opinion of yours, Sir, which was not contemptible."

An ignorant plebian having entered the apartment where the late Emperor Napoleon was shaving, in a small town in Italy, he said, "I want to see your great Emperor; what are you to him?" The Emperor replied, "I shave him."

Cardinal Richelieu one day said to M. de Lort, a celebrated physician, "I am grey-headed, yet my beard is black. Your head is black, yet your beard is grey; can you account for these appearances, doctor?" "Easily," replied de Lort; "they proceed from exercise; from labour of the parts. Your eminence's brains have laboured hard, and so have my jaws."

The following curious advertisement is copied from a shop window:
Sold Here
Bibles and Bacon,
Godly Books, and Gimlets,
Testaments and Treacle.

It is stated in French papers that a still born infant was carried to M. Portal, of Paris, for dissection, who conceived the idea of inflating its lungs. The experiment was tried for a few minutes, when the air returned warm, the blood began to circulate, and the child was sent back alive to its parents. A surgeon at Lyons recently made a similar experiment with complete success.

Lord Chesterfield says, "New-Year's day is a time when the chrested and warmest wishes are exchanged, without the least meaning, and the most lying day in the whole year."

Every man has in his own life follies enough—in his own mind troubles enough—in the performance of his duties deficiencies enough—in his own fortunes evils enough—without minding other people's business.

Lorenzo de Medicis being asked who are the greatest fools in the world, replied, "Those, surely, who put themselves in a passion with fools."

Pat had been sent by his master to purchase half a bushel of oysters, but was absent so long, that apprehensions were entertained for his safety. He returned at last, however, puffing under his load in the most musical style. "Where the devil have you been?" exclaimed his master. "Where have I been? why where would I be but to fetch the oysters!" "And what, in the name of St. Patrick kept you so long?" "Long! by my soul! I think I've been pretty quick, considering all things." "Considering what things?" "Considering what things? why, considering the gutting of the fish, to be sure!" "Gutting what fish?" "What fish? why, blar-arn-owns, the oysters, to be sure!" "What do you mean?" "What do I mean? why, I mean, that as I was resting myself down foremost the Pickled Herring, and having a dropt to comfort me, a jentleman axed me what 'Pd got in the sack?" "Oysters," says I. "Let's look at them," says he; and he opens the bag. "Och! a thunder and praties," says he, "who would you these?" "It was Mick Carney," says I, "aboard the Powl Doodle smack." "Mick Carney, the thief of the world!" says he; what a blackguard he must be to give them to you without gutting?" And arnt they gutted?" says I. "Devil o' one of them," says he. "Musha, then," I says I, "what will I do?" "Do," says he, "Pd sooner do it for you myself than have you abused," and so, he takes 'em in doors and guts 'em nate and clame, as you'll see," opening at the same time, his bag of oyster shells, which were as empty as the head that bore them to the house. If we had this from an Irish paper, we should doubt its authenticity.

NOTICE.

AT May Term of Craven Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, Letters of Administration on the Estate of the late Captain JOSHUA DELANO, were granted to the subscriber. Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said Estate, to make immediate payment, and those to whom the Estate is indebted, are required to present their claims, duly authenticated, within the time prescribed by law, or they will be barred of recovery.
JOHN L. DURAND, Adm'r.
Newbern, May 13, 1831.

NOTICE.

AT May Term of Craven Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, Letters of Administration on the Estate of Mrs. FRANCES WICKER, deceased, were granted to the subscriber. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make speedy payment, and those having claims against it, are required to present them for payment, within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.
WM. BAILEY, Adm'r.
Newbern, May 13, 1831.