



From the Athenaeum.
THE SEA-BOY AND HIS SISTER.
[By Miss Jewsbury.]

"What shall I bring thee from the Isles
Whither our vessel goes?
Bright are the sea-shells scattered there,
More bright than the English rose;
And dust of gold, and diamond,
May be bought where points our prow,
Some shall be thine and mine, ere death,
But what shall I bring thee now, sweet girl?
But what shall I bring thee now?"

"Fear not the sea, thou timid one,
My master and king is he,
And I brook not a word of treason heard,
Not a word, though it come from thee;
Nine weeks and a day have I dwelt on land,
Summer sports and labor seen,
I am sick of the flowers, I am tired of the trees,
I long for the shadows on ocean's green,
For the smell and the foam of the seas."

"Let me go, for my heart beats thickly here,
Not more drowsy thy wheel, than I,
But one touch of the ropes, one breath of the gales,
And less light shall the dolphin ply;
I am wearied to death of landmen's talk,
My friends all tread the deck,
But I love thee, sister, and ere I go,
Say, what shall I bring thee back, sweet girl?
Say, what shall I bring thee back?"

"Ay, go, my brother; first and last
That ever bore such name to me;
Go, while the courage, ebbing fast,
Remains, to bid farewell to thee.
I've watched thy boyish years unfold,
I love thee as a brother now,
Yet go, for restless dreams have scold'd,
The name of rover on thy brow."

"Think not I blame thee—thou art kind—
Hast left me in this cot at ease—
But oh, thou canst not make me blind
To the deep perils of the seas!
Thou speak'st of them with pleasant tongue—
Thou say'st thy heart and home are there;
But oft I think, with spirit wrong,
Thou wouldst not, if I were not here—"

"An orphan with a palid cheek,
A frame too, somewhat overworn;
Enough—the heart is slow to break,
And sorrow comes but to be borne;
The hardest is, to see thee go,
Thus in thy youth, time after time;
To live upon thy toil, and know,
For me thou wearest out thy prime?"

"Yet I must think thou lovest the sea,
'T wouldst madden me to doubt it long,"—
"Love I the deep?—now credit me,
I love it with a love as strong,
As thou myself—it is my joy,
Has been my home, shall be my grave;
Tell thee, tempest scarce alloys
The bliss, the triumph of the wave!
So what shall I bring thee back, dear friend?
So what shall I bring thee back?"

"Bring back to me," said the gentle one,
"That, which no waves may hide;
That which the deep sea cannot quench;
Thy Love—no gift beside!"

**THE KEEPER OF THE PRISON-SHIP
JERSEY.**

"But he, the favorite, the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in his face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that this might be
Less wretched now and one day free;
He, too, who yet was held unfired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away."

Amongst the number of perishing creatures
immured in that vilest of prisons, the old ship
Jersey, were two persons whose appearance
and manners excited a feeling of deep interest
in the minds of all around them—both as it
respected their present situation and the fate
which awaited them. They were brothers,
bearing the name of— I shall call it Ver-
nor. The one, a man of about twenty seven
years, strong and vigorous in his frame,
and possessing a mind buoyant with energy
and enthusiasm. The other was still
a youth of, at most, not more than nine-
teen, although tall and well formed. His face
was fair and beautiful, while the rising of his
features and the down upon his chin pro-
claimed his approach to manhood. His dispo-
sition was full of gaiety and sweetness, and,
like the lark, did carol for several mornings af-
ter his imprisonment, protesting that the enemy
should not rejoice in a conquest over his spirits.
Yet, afterwards, when reclining upon the shoul-
der of his brother—with such fondness would he
talk of their kind mother—then hastily dash the
tear from the corner of his eye-lid, and smiling
hide the elder for his melancholy, who would
reply with a look full of anxiety, "Dear Frank,
did the weight of misfortune fall on me alone, I
could bear it with heroism—but you are not
fitted for this abode—so tenderly reared, so lit-
tle accustomed to privations. As for me, I have
long been inured to fatigues and hardships. So
early did I bid adieu to my home, that I left
you yet a child, smiling in the lap of an indul-
gent mother. Oh, would to heaven that you
were still the same! Scarcely has that mother
recovered from the shock occasioned by the
death of our poor father, when, alas, she is
doomed to feel the pain of a second trial, which
in its effects may prove but little less torturing."

"The delights of home, and the tenderness
of my mother are ever present to my memory,"
replied Frank, with feeling; "they serve to
lighten up this region of misery and gloom—to
give a cordial warmth to the cold and nauseous
vapours around us; they sweeten my cup of
bitterness—feed the craving of my appetite,
and change the dying groans of my companions
in captivity into scarcely audible murmurs,
while this conveys me to the arms of the guar-
dian of my infancy, and the sharer and the
sustainer of my early cares—I revel in the luxu-
ries of home—fold my brother to my heart,
and welcome him to liberty and light! The
social board is spread and laden for our comfort,
and a mother's smile invites us to partake—
when I awake to hunger and the depths of a
dungeon!"

A sign from the oldest was the only reply to
his lively description of fantasies—and after
closing their arms about each other, they sunk
into silence.

Day after day the morning broke and the
evening shade closed upon their sufferings!
Even mercy was withheld, from the wretched
prisoners in their latest extremities; and each
saw heaps of human corpses, blackened by
pestilence and famine, borne up to the deck of
the Jersey, to be interred in one common shal-
low scooped grave upon the heights of Brook-
lyn—their bones to whiten there beneath a
score of winter snows, unnoticed, unhonored!

Still each day the younger of the Vernors
would sing his song, and try to deck his coun-
tenance with cheerfulness—but in vain! His
attempts became less and less effectual; and
the smile that was wont to irradiate his features,
like an expiring light, cast only an uncertain
gleam: a strain of melancholy mingled with
his song till it at last ceased.

"The poor bird," observed he, one morn-
ing, upon finding that his voice had failed him,
"although confined to his cage, may sing if
well fed and cared for; but the imprisoned star-
veling, however sweet his note, can find but
little relish for song."

Sad indeed were the inroads that cruelty and
oppression had made upon the spirits of the
youth, while a death like paleness had taken
the place of the rosy bloom which he had
brought to the prison.

He, too, was fully sensible of the change, and
with a forced smile would say to his brother, as
he folded his coat about his wasted form.

"If hunger feeds so fast, George, I fear there
will be left but a scanty meal for worms to
revel on."

"Alas, my dear Frank," replied Vernor,
"speak not of your death—the thought drives
me to madness. Mother's life hangs upon
yours. She demands of you to sustain your-
self under the evil star that reigns over us—
bear up yet awhile, my dear boy, with cheer-
fulness, and we may ere long possess the power
and opportunity of punishing our oppressors."

But poor Frank Vernor—the load of oppres-
sion was even then too tightly strained upon
him; a painful tear swelled in his eye, and he
mentally cursed the fate inflicted upon him by
the tyrant foe, as he yielded his soul to hope-
lessness and despair. A few days after, his
eyes became languid, and the hectic flush upon
his cheek spoke the feverish pulse which his
anxious brother observed with the deepest
concern; and while he endeavored to support
his wasting form and drooping spirits by ten-
der and consoling words, he perceived that
little hope remained for the life of the youth
unless he were immediately liberated from
confinement, and his disease treated with skill
and attention.

Two days more elapsed of severe trial,
when fatal delirium seized his brain, and the
soothing of his brother could only restrain him
from violence. At length his frenzy subsided,
and languor and weakness ensued—cold chills,
attended with sensations of intense pain, and
the clammy dews of death, were upon his fore-
head.

The night, with all its horrors, had closed
around the wretched victims—had shrouded
their prison in darkness, and all was silent,
except now and then the groans of a dying
man—or a half suppressed murmur of suffer-
ing—or the sound of a solitary footstep in the
apartment. Young Vernor had clasped his
brother in his arms, and had bared his own
warm bosom to pillow the sufferer's head.
Thus a few moments' slumber beguiled that
portion of his last sad hour—and when awake
he was quite rational, and perfectly sensible
of his approaching dissolution.

"I am going, George," he said; "tell our
dear—"

Mother, he would have added, but the over-
powering word swelled at his heart, and died
away upon his quivering lips.

"I know, my dearest Francis, all that you
would have me say," cried the agonized bro-
ther, but do not despair of your life—for, alas,
we must not part so, my brother! Oh, should
you die, what words of consolation could I
convey to your poor mother—what tidings
that would not kill her?"

"Say that I loved her—that I revered her
with my latest recollection—and that we will
assuredly meet in heaven, where virtue finds
a rich reward, and where the wretched pris-
oner is free!—Say, too, that even amid the
pains and dread of death, I find a consolation
in the thought that it is for my country I per-
ish. We cannot all hope to live to enjoy the
blessings that liberty will give—but we leave
them as a sacred inheritance to the rising gen-
eration—may they guard with care that which
we shall so dearly have purchased! And now,
brother, a draught of cold water that I may
die quietly."

Here he raised his exhausted head, and held
forth his hand as if to receive it.

"You shall have it," replied the unhappy
Vernor, as he arose, and laying his brother
gently along the floor, he quickly ascended to
the entrance of the prison to ask water of the
keeper. It was some time before he received
any reply to his repeated knocks and call. At
length the keeper appeared and harshly in-
quired the cause of the disturbance at so im-
proper an hour.

"My brother is dying," answered Vernor;
"in the name of heaven let me have some wa-
ter that he may slake his thirst."

"He must wait till morning—it is not our
custom to open the prisons after nightfall—so
go your ways, and let us hear no more noise"
was the surly reply.

"But, God of mercy! you surely will not
refuse me water! He will die before the morn-
ing!"

"Then he will not need it long," answered
the keeper, coldly, as he turned away—and
muttering that he would not break through his
rules to save a hundred of their lives, he left
the agonized Vernor to grope his way back as
he could.

As he turned to descend, his attention was
arrested by sounds of riotous mirth issuing
from a distant part of the ship, which seemed
to mock his sufferings and convey a double
stab to his grievously wounded heart.

he perceived that the youth's reason was again
bewildered.

"Never mind the water, George," he said,
"the purest streams are before me; I shall
soon overtake them;" and he endeavoured to
moisten his parched lips with his tongue,
which Vernor perceiving by the sound, burst
into tears.

"Is this my mother?" said the dying lad.
"Are these her tears that mingle with the cold
dews on my forehead? Is that her warm breath
that I feel upon my cheek? Oh, give me your
hand, mother!" and snatching that of his bro-
ther he pressed it fondly to his lips. "Go—
get a light that I may behold her," he added,
and attempted to rise. "If you love me,
George, get me a light," he repeated, "that I
may see your face before I die."

"The half-distracted Vernor could no longer
resist his entreaties, and therefore, laying him
down he made a second attempt to awaken a
sense of feeling in the breast of the obdurate
keeper, who demanded, in a terrible oath, who
it was that dared to disturb his repose.

"My good fellow," said Vernor, in a voice
of entreaty, "I have come in search of a light.
My brother is dying—and it is a dreary thing
to be near so dear an object and to be unable
to look upon his features. He, too, asks it of
you as a precious gift."

"Down—down, you foul rebel! I tell you
it cannot be done."

"What—not at the request of a dying man?"
"No. Let him die—a rebel deserves no bet-
ter fate. Away, I say, go back to your berth,
and give me no more trouble."

"A single inch of candle only, I pray you
for heaven's sake," cried Vernor, subdued by
affliction.

"I tell you again that you cannot have a
light. Begone!" and the cruel keeper hastened
from the iron-grated partition that separated
him from his wretched prisoner.

"Heaven grant me patience!" cried Vernor,
as he descended the steps of the prison, his
brain burning with revenge, and his heart sur-
charged with the most painful feelings.

He returned once more to his brother, and
seating himself beside him, placed the cold and
dying head upon his aching breast, and by
fond caresses and words of the sweetest affec-
tion sought to soothe away the pangs of disap-
pointment, and to soften the anguish of the last
sad moments of the youth, which were now
fast approaching. After a few struggles, a few
agonizing sighs, he breathed the name of his
mother, unexpressed.

"Alas! and is it over? Be gracious, holy
heaven, and receive to thyself that pure essence
which but now breathed in this cold form—
animated the kindest of hearts! Farewell,
sweet flower! Thou has been rudely torn as-
under—a fell blight has destroyed thee in the
bud! No friend will deck thy bier—no prayer
will hallow thy grave!"

Vernor laid the body down in an agony of
grief, and breathing an oath of vengeance, fell
upon the neck of his ill starved brother.

The second day after the battle of York-
Town, (that memorable day which put a period
to our long protracted war) late in the after-
noon, a young volunteer of the American corps,
was moving along the ravine in front of the
town, when his attention was attracted by the
groans, as if it were, of a dying creature. On
searching around he perceived a soldier, wound-
ed and expiring, lying in a hole, or rather a
chasm in the ground which had been broken
up. The young man raised the head of the
poor fellow, and placed it in an easier and more
natural position, and so that he could distin-
guish the features of the face, which was
distorted and livid from suffering and exposure.
The volunteer gazed for a moment upon its
lineaments, and then recoiled back with horror.
—A bitter pang shot through his heart! He
could not be mistaken—it was the keeper of
the prison ship Jersey!

"Ah, God!" he cried, as he threw himself
upon his knees on the earth, "avert my hatred,
and let me now return good for evil! Already
have I revenged thy death, my brother! fully
avenged it! Yea, more than a score of the
enemy have these hands slain to thy manes on
the battle field! Then pass in peace, beloved
shade!"

He arose, and once more approached the
wretch, whose groans had become dreadfully
audible. It would seem that he had not only
heard and understood, but also felt the impres-
sive language pronounced by the agonized Ver-
nor, for amid the agonies of death, his eyes
rolled as if in search of the being he had in-
jured.

"What would you have me do for you,
miserable man?" cried Vernor.

"Pardon my offence, and give me a drink
that I may not die a thousand deaths. Two
whole days have I lain in this pit sorely wound-
ed, and in the posture you found me, and no cre-
ature was there to bring me aid or comfort.
Many have passed by, but none perceived or
heard me—and now, alas it is too late."

Vernor, moved to pity by this appeal, attempt-
ed to raise him from the chasm, but found it
impossible; he was too closely wedged in,
and his wounds were in a state of putrefaction,
while the sufferings of his body could be exceed-
ed only by his overlaid conscience, which
feared to meet the death it too justly merited.

Vernor hastened to a spring, and taking wa-
ter in a gourd, bore it back to the unhappy
man that he might drink ere he died. When
it met his lips, his eyes glared wildly upon Ver-
nor, and pushing the water from him, he cried,
"Alas, I cannot swallow it—God's punish-
ment is just!" and in writhing and torture he
soon after expired.

NOTICE.

RANAWAY from the subscriber, about the
middle of March last, a bound Appren-
tice, by the name of **SILAS HINSON**. Said
boy is a bright mulatto, five feet four or five
inches high, well made, and about twenty
years of age. I forewarn all persons from em-
ploying or harbouring said Apprentice, under
the penalty of the law. I will give a reward
of Fifty Cents for his delivery to me at my
residence in Green County, N. C.

JOSIAH WHITLEY, Senr.
May 21st. 1832.

NEW STORE.

The Subscribers have taken the Brick
Store nearly opposite the Newbern Bank,
where they have on hand a general assortment of
**STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS,
Hardware, Groceries, &c.**

Their goods are purchased by Mr. ALEX-
ANDER ANDERSON, who resides in New-
York, and who will be frequently forwarding,
by which means, the assortment will be kept
complete.

They will be constantly supplied with AXES
both long and short bitt, from the makers Platt
& Taylor, which they offer by the box, at \$11½
per doz.

Just received per schr. Rebecca, & now opening,

SUMMER GOODS.

AMONG WHICH ARE
Calicoes; French, Scotch & other Ginghams;
Printed Muslins; black Silks;
Mull, Swiss, Book, and Jaconet Muslins;
Ladies' and Misses Bonnets;
Inserting, and a variety of Fancy articles;
Bombazines; Circassians; Erminetts;
Cassinetts, &c. &c.
Osnaburgs; Brown Shirting and Sheetings,
With a number of other articles.

Purchaser may find it to their advantage to
call and examine.

B. L. HOSKINS, & Co.
May 9, 1832

CHEAP DRY GOODS.

The subscriber has just opened a new and
handsome assortment of fresh imported
DRY GOODS,

Which he offers to the Ladies of Newbern, and
the public in general, at very reduced prices,
at the Store formerly occupied by William J.
Handcock, on Pollock-street, one door from the
corner of Craven-street.

J. VAN SICKLE.
Newbern, 27th March, 1832.

FLOUR, OZNABURGS, &c.

44 bbls. West'n Canal Flour, Beach's red brand,
10 half bbls. do. do. do.
1 bale Scotch Oznaburgs,
4 boxes Sperm Candles,
5 bbls. Spinn Oil,
60 leaves "Premium" Table Salt,
2 dozen Cayenne Pepper,
Lee & Thompson's Bleaching,
Landing from schooner Rebecca, and for sale by
JOS. M. GRANADE & Co.
June 1, 1832.

J. M. GRANADE & Co.

Have just received from New York,
24 bbls. (Beaches fancy Brand) FLOUR,
5 hhd's. N. E. Rum,
1 tierce prime white Rice,
2 boxes Pine Apple Cheese,
50 pieces Smoked Beef,
1 barrel fresh Lime Juice, now on tap,
5 boxes very superior Soda Lemon Syrup,
2 casks Claret Wine, now fining, which by
the first day of June will be ready for use.
Newbern May 18th, 1832.

MRS. BRISSINGTON

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends
and the public that she has removed to
the Store at the south-east corner of the Court
House, lately occupied by Mr. Tredway, where
she continues to carry on the **Millinery
and Mantua-Making business** in all
its various branches. She has just received a
handsome assortment of
**Leghorn, Silk, Dunstable & com-
mon Straw Bonnets;**

which, together with almost every article in
the Millinery line, she offers for sale at re-
duced prices.

Mrs. B. expects, by the first arrivals from
the North, an **elegant addition to her
stock;** and as she will be regularly informed
of the **changes of fashion,** she hopes to
be able to conduct her business in a manner
which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

**Leghorn, Dunstable, and common Straw
Bonnets, Whitened, Altered, and Trimmed, in
the Latest Fashion.—Silk Bonnets made to
order.**

17th May, 1832.

LAST NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given, to all persons in-
debted for Taxes listed in 1830, that a
statement containing their names, and the
amount due by each, has been made out and
delivered to the present Sheriff, at whose office
they are, for the last time, requested to call and
settle the same. This may be done at any
time prior to the first day of July next, at which
period, the property of such persons as have
not then complied with this notice, will, with-
out discrimination, be sold to pay the taxes
due thereon.

JAMES C. COLE, late Shff.
Newbern, May 18, 1832.

NOTICE.

AT May Term, A. D. 1832, of the Court
Pleas and Quarter Sessions of Craven
County, the subscriber obtained Letters of Ad-
ministration on the estate of **Cherry White-
head, deceased.** All persons indebted to said
estate by Accounts and Notes, are requested to
make immediate payment; and those having
claims against it, to bring them forward, pro-
perly authenticated, within the time prescribed
by law, or they will be barred of recovery by
the operation of the Acts of Assembly in such
case made and provided.

JOSEPH PHYSIOC, Adm'r.
Newbern, May 18, 1832.

N. B. The accounts and notes due to the
Estate are in the hands of **MR. JOHN R. GOOD,**
to whom those indebted, will please make
payment.
J. PHYSIOC, Adr.

NEW GOODS.

JOHN A. CRISPIN
HAS just returned from New York with a
general assortment of
**GROCERIES,
HARDWARE, CUTLERY, CROCKERY
GLASSWARE, &c.**

The following articles comprise a part of his Stock:

- | | |
|--|---|
| Wines.
Champagne, in qt. and
pt. bottles,
Old Madeira,
Pico, do.
Naples,
Lisbon,
Teneriff,
Dry Malaga,
Sherry,
Country. | Fruits.
Citron, Currants,
Teas,
Gunpowder,
Imperial,
Hyson,
Souchong,
Pouchong. |
| Nuts.
Loaf & Lump,
White Havana,
Brown, various qual. | Sugars.
Mace, Cloves,
Cinnamon, Nutmegs,
Pepper, Spice. |

Preserved Ginger.

*Buckheat, Goshen Butter, Cheese,
Spanish & American Segars, su-
perior Chewing Tobacco, &c.*

Which he offers low for cash or country produce
at the Store on Pollock-street formerly occupied
by the late George A. Hall, Esq.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICES

WILL be given for likely young Negroes of
both sexes, from one to 26 years of age.
JOHN GILDERSLEEVE.

BOARDING HOUSE.

MRS. KAY respectfully informs the
public that she has removed to that
convenient House on Craven-Street,
formerly occupied by Col. Tisdale, where she
is prepared to accommodate transient and per-
manent Boarders with the best the market af-
fords. Parents and Guardians residing in the
country and who may wish to procure Board
for their children or wards in Town, are assured
that, if placed under her care, every exertion
will be used to promote their comfort and con-
venience.
Newbern Jan. 25.

AT A MEETING

Of the Board of Commissioners of the Town
of Newbern, held on the 21st of May, 1832.

It was Ordered, That the Town Watch be
continued as established by the late Board,
and that the Clerk cause the Act of the General
Assembly of the State of North Carolina, of
1822, chap. 147, to be published in the North
Carolina Sentinel and Newbern Spectator, for
the information of all concerned.

JAMES HAYWARD,
Clerk of the Board of Comm'rs. &c.
Newbern, May 25, 1832.

AN ACT

To amend an act, passed in the year seventeen-
hundred and ninety-eight, entitled "an act
for the further regulation of the Town of
Newbern."

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the
State of North Carolina, and it is hereby
enacted by the authority of the same, That the
commissioners of the town of Newbern are
hereby authorized to class the free white males,
inhabitants of said town, over the age of
eighteen years, into companies of five or more,
for the purpose of watching said town at night;
and it shall be the duty of the said commis-
sioners to appoint some individual of each com-
pany captain of the watch for the night, and
duly to notify the said captain and company
of the place of meeting, and the time at which
they shall commence the performance of their
duties; and if any person duly notified, shall
fail to attend at the hour and place appointed,
and duly to watch during the night, such de-
linquent, without sufficient excuse, to be judg-
ed of by the intendand of police, shall forfeit
the sum of two dollars; and it shall be the duty
of the several captains so appointed by the
commissioners, in the course of the day imme-
diately succeeding their respective watch nights,
to report to the intendand of police, under the
penalty of five dollars for each and every neg-
lect, the names of those members of their re-
spective companies who may have failed to com-
ply with the requisitions of this act: *Provided,*
always, That it may be lawful for any person
subject to the duty of watching to discharge
himself therefrom, in the manner provided by
the before mentioned act.

II. And be it further enacted, That the in-
tendand of police in said town is hereby author-
ized to issue his warrant, directed to the sheriff,
town sergeant, or any constable of Craven
county, to bring the offenders against this act
before him, and, on conviction, which shall be
in the manner of trials before justices of the
peace, the said intendand is hereby authorized
to give judgment, and issue execution, for the
penalties mentioned in this act, with cost.

**VALUABLE SOUND LAND
FOR SALE.**
The subscriber offers for sale, that
well known Plantation formerly be-
longing to Col. Richard Nixon, lying
on Topsail Sound, in front of the Inlet, about
twenty miles from Wilmington, containing be-
tween 800 and 1000 acres, 300 of which are
cleared and under good fence, and about two
hundred well worth clearing; the remainder
well timbered and an excellent range for cattle
and hogs. The quality of the Land is equal
to that of any other tract on the Sound, and the
situation is healthy and pleasant. The im-
provements consist of a good Dwelling and all
necessary out houses. Persons wishing to
purchase, are requested to call and view the
premises, which will be shown by Mr. Oliver,
who resides on the place. For Terms, which
will be accommodating, apply to the subscri-
ber in Newbern.

DANIEL Y. SHINE.
Newbern, May 25, 1832.