

POETRY.

[From Moore's Life of Lord Byron.] The following verses, never before printed, were written by Lord Byron in answer to some lines received from a friend exhorting him to be cheerful, and to 'banish care.' They will show with what fidelity, even while under the pressure of sorrow, he reverted to the disappointment of his early affection, as the chief source of all his sufferings and errors.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 11, 1811.

'Oh, banish care'—such ever be The motto of thy revelry, Perchance of mine, when wassail nights Renew those riotous delights, Wherewith the children of despair Kill the lone heart, and 'banish care,' But not in morn's reflecting hour, When present, past, and future lower, When all I loved is changed, is gone, Mock with such taunts the woes of one Whose every thought—but let them pass— Then know'st I am not what I was. But, above all, of this world hold in a heart, that ne'er was cold, All the powers that men reverse, Into thy bosom dear,

thy hopes above, Speak—speak of any thing but love. I were long to tell, and vain to hear The tale of one who scoras a tear; And there is little in that tale Which better bosoms would bewail. My name has suffered more than well 'T would suit philosophy to tell: I've seen my bride another's bride— Have seen her seated by his side— Have seen the infant which she bore Wear the sweet smile the mother wore, When she and I in youth have smiled, As fond and faultless as her child, Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain, Ask if I felt no secret pain— And I have acted well my part, And made my cheek belie my heart, Return'd the freezing glance she gave, Yet felt the while that woman's slave; Have kiss'd, as if without design, The babe, which ought to have been mine, And show'd, alas! in each caress, Time had not made me love the less. But let this pass—I'll whine no more, I seek again an Eastern shore, The world befits a busy brain— I'll die me to its haunts again. But if in some succeeding year, In Britain's 'May is in the sear,' I hear 'st of one whose deepening crises With the saddest of the times— One, whom Love nor Pity sways, A hope of fame, nor good men's praise; One, who is stern Ambition's pride, Enhance not blood shall turn aside; One rank'd in some recording page With the worst anarchists of the age; Him wilt thou know—and knowing, pause, Nor with the effect forget the cause.

'The anticipations of his own future career, in these concluding lines, are of a nature, it must be owned, to awaken more of horror than interest, were we not prepared by so many instances of his exaggeration in this respect, not to be startled at any lengths to which the spirit of self-libelling would carry him. It seemed as if with the power of painting fierce and gloomy personages, he had also the ambition to be himself the dark 'sublime dread,' and that in his fondness for the delineation of heroic crime he endeavored to fancy, where he could not find in his own character fit subjects for his pencil.

"He health the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."—Ps. 147. 3.

Oh! thou who dry'st the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be, If, when deceived and wounded here, We could not fly to thee. The friends who in our sunshine live, When winter comes are flown; And he who has but tears to give, Must weep those tears alone. But thou wilt heal that broken heart, Which, like the plants that throw Their fragrance from the wounded part, Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer sooths or cheers, And e'en the hope that threw A moment's sparkle o'er our tears, Is dimm'd and vanish'd too! Oh! who would bear life's stormy down, Did not thy wing of love Come brightly wafting through the gloom Our peace-branch from above? Then, sorrow touched by thee, grows bright, With more than rapture's ray; As darkness shows us worlds of light, We never saw by day!

MISCELLANY.

[From the New York Courier and Enquirer.] NEW YORK FANCY BALL. The Masquerade Ball recently held at the Park Theatre, was a great bore—a prodigious humbug, and illegal to boot. A few days ago one of these magnificent entertainments was given in one of the fashionable streets, by one of our fashionable leaders of the ton. It was the first one given during the present season, and a splendid opening it was. For many weeks preceding the celebrated night, nothing was heard in the private walks of life, or in the tete-a-tetes of the haut ton but inquires about characters, suggestions on dress, and criticism on doublets, hats and drapery. Since the Fancy Balls of 1830, the beau monde have made many improvements and many discoveries. Character is now studied with an inten-

sity and delight, inconceivable to the uninitiated and ignorant.

Propriety of costume has been elevated into a science, and it is expected that the New University of Columbia College will establish a professorship in that elegant art. Talents of the most original kind have been discovered hid under bushels and flour barrels. The most beautiful coruscations of fancy have been brought out of heads that had been considered full of bills, accounts, reduction and subtraction. In short, the excellent effect of these fancy balls has been generally perceived in every section of the *haut ton*. On the occasion referred to the various characters were striking original—well supported and admirably hit off. The following is only a specimen of the characters.

Tecumseh, the great Indian warrior. This was a good dress, so far as the legs were concerned. He talked Indian with great rapidity, but a Winnebago told him his tongue had a touch of the "brouge." He had a long dispute about the removal of the Indians, and the flavor of canvass backs.

A couple of Swiss peasants. These were two beautiful girls—and danced like angels. Their short dress revealed ankles of the most bewitching kind, and what is lovelier than a beautiful foot and ankle? A Turk with a big mustachio went up and asked them something about Rosseau and the lake of Geneva. They told him they drank water out of it last summer when they returned from Niagara. Ha! ha! ha! The peasants were particularly lovely.

Queen Elizabeth in crimson dress vandyked, starched stiff and lined ermine. She moved around the rooms with great dignity—ordered her vassal lord to attend her and hand her blanc mange, &c. &c. A little bit of young Raleigh pulled off his jerkin and transferred it into a carpet for her majesty to walk over in proceeding to her carriage. She was a splendid Queen, and a fine woman. Her bosom was very delightful.

Six or seven nuns perambulated the rooms for several hours. Several of them told sad and mournful stories about how they were crossed in love—how their fathers locked them up in the nunnery—how they preyed and confessed. "Ah," said a Cossack, "I wish you would confess you love me." "Never," said one of the nuns. Another drank off a glass of champagne, and said "I feel now my sins somewhat lightened." "No doubt of it," said Commodore Trunion, "champagne is a devilish good thing to lighten the load."

There was a very pretty lot of English dairy maids and French girls. Several moved about with great elegance, and talked without ceasing. They laid siege to one of the supper tables, and it disappeared like enchantment.

A most beautiful gipsy girl, with a straw bonnet and buff dress, tripped about the rooms, singing 'Buy a Broom,' and telling fortunes to a host of Greeks, Turks, Africans and other Barbarians. There was an exquisite smile in her face that looked extremely wicked when she commenced decyphering the palms of several broad hands. She predicted several singular events, but appeared to be more at fault with the past than the future.

A tall young fellow made his appearance as Goldfinch, whip and hunting jacket in the true style. He said he had tested the Widow Warren, by his stop watch on the Sarotoga race course.— "Wont do," says he "I must and shall have that Hungary peasant girl. Widows flat—d-d flat now a days, unless they have fifty thousand to begin with."

Mary, a beautiful Mary—Queen of Scots, entered the room and attracted every eye and touched every heart. She had all the loveliness of face, beauty of shape and dignity of demeanour, which she displayed when she was the head of the court of France and the consort of Francis. She danced several quadrilles, and displayed altogether one of the finest persons in the world. There was a beautiful woman that made a deeper impression on the mind of the men than either pickled oysters or *Went's* oysters stewed according to the most approved methods. Is this not true soul of sensibility?

A beautiful little Buenos Ayrean girl tripped it lightly through a German waltz, and afterwards a Spanish fandango. Her broken English was particularly admired by an immense Calmuck Tartar, whose latitude and longitude both measured six feet and one inch. A young Greek officer, fresh from the *Aegean*, brushed the Tartar away, and took the lovely Buenos Ayrean under his arm, carried her to the tables, and stuffed her with pine apples and compliments, ice cream and flattery.

A number of the old characters and old dresses of last year perambulated the rooms, but there was nothing so remarkable in appearance as to produce either thunder, lightning, or rain, or even a touch of an earthquake. They cracked several of their old stories, but there was little laughing done on that account. On the whole, however, it was a splendid assemblage of the beau monde, most elegantly and judiciously assorted for the occasion.

Several new beauties made their debut in fashionable society. There was one girl in particular, who is considered the most perfect specimen of female, her air, ever seen in N. York. Her face, her complexion, her bust, her bosom, her foot, her ankle, her all in all, have already captured several hundred hearts among the race of dandies. Her intellect is even superior (for any thing can be superior) to her person. Her powers of wit, fancy and imagination, are just opening and they show a richness, an unrivalled richness, perfectly astounding to all the naturalists of the city. Some think that she came down from the bright, blue sky, others that she is the daughter of some enchanted king of the great deep; many swear that she was dropt from the bright cloud last summer was a year, and that Doctor Mitchell knows the fact, but he passes it off as one of the phenomena of electricity. Such is the transcendent beauty of this unique creature that three hundred young men of fashionable life have been taken sick, and now complain of despair, dyspepsia, and the other ten thousand signs of true lovers. The physicians are ever on the drive.—The Journal of Health, and Medical Enquirer, are read by the head of every family. A most violent disorder like the influenza, has sewed up all the old bachelors, in consequence of this wonderful girl. The poor old withered sprigs of the beau monde are almost killed one day with sneezing, and another with coughing. In short, N. York was never in such an awful predicament as it is at this moment. One third of our population is dying in love—one third for lucre—and the remainder of starvation.

The following passages from the 'Memoirs of Lord Byron by Moore,' relate to Sheridan, and are truly characteristic of that great and eccentric genius. "In society I have met Sheridan frequently; he was superb! He had a sort of liking for me; and he never attacked me, at least to my face, and he did every body else—high names, and wits, and orators, some of them poets also. I have seen him cut up Whitehead, quize Madame de Stael, annihilate Colman, and do little else by some others, (whose names as friends, I set not down) of good fame and ability. The last time I met him was, I think, at Sir Gilbert Elliot's when he was as great as ever—no, it was not the last time; the last time was at Douglass Kinnaid's."

"I have met him in all places and parties—at Whitehall, with the Melbourns, at the Marquis of Tavistock's at Robin's the auctioneer's, at Sir Humphrey Davy's at Sam Roger's—in short, in most kinds of company, and always found him very convivial and delightful. "I have seen Sheridan weep two or three times. It may be that he was maudlin; but this only renders it more improper, for who would see—

From Marlborough's eye the tear of dotage flow And Swift expire a driveller and a show. "Once I saw him cry at Robin's the auctioneer's, after a splendid dinner, full of great names and high spirits. I had the honor of sitting next to Sheridan. The occasion of his tears was some observation or other upon the subject of the sturdiness of the Whigs, in resisting office and keeping to their principles. Sheridan turned round: Sir, it is easy for my Lord G. or Earl G. or Marquis B. or Lord H. with thousands upon thousands a year, some of it *presently* derived, or *inherited* in sinecures or acquisitions from the public money, to boast of their patriotism, and keep aloof from temptation; but they do not know from what temptation those have kept aloof who had equal pride at least, equal talents and not unequal passions, and nevertheless knew not, in the course of their lives, what it was to have a shilling of their own. And in saying this he wept.

"I have more than once heard him say, 'that he never had a shilling of his own.' To be sure he contrived to extract a good many of other people's. "In 1815 I had occasion to visit my law-er in Chancery-lane; he was with Sheridan. After mutual greetings, &c. Sheridan retired first. Before recurring to my own business, I could not help inquiring *that* of Sheridan. "Oh," replied the attorney, "the usual thing! to stave off an action from his wine merchant, my client." "Well," said I, "and what do you mean to do?" "Nothing at all for the present," said he.— "Would you have us to proceed against Old Sherry? What would be the use of it? And he began laughing, and going over Sheridan's good gifts of conversation. "Now from personal experience I can vouch that my attorney is by no means the tenderest of men, or particularly accessible to any kind of impression out of the statute of record; and yet Sheridan in half an hour had found the way to soften and seduce him in such a manner that I almost think he would have thrown his client (an honest man, with all the law and some justice on his side,) out of the window, had he come in at the moment. "Such was Sheridan! he could soften an attorney! There has been nothing like it since the days of Orpheus. "One day I saw him take up his own 'Monody on Garrick.' He lighted upon the Dedication to the Dowager Lady.

it he flew into a rage, and exclaimed, 'It must be a forgery—that he had never dedicated any thing of his to such a d-d canting, &c. &c. &c. and so went on for half an hour abusing his own dedication, or at least the object of it. If all writers were equally sincere it would be ludicrous.

"He told me that the night of the good success of his School for Scandal, he was knocked down and put into the watch house for making a row in the street, and being found intoxicated by the watchmen."

"When dying, he was requested to undergo an operation. He replied that he had already submitted to two, which were enough for one man's life time. Being asked what they were, he answered, 'having his hair cut and sitting for his picture."

"I have met George Colman occasionally and thought him extremely pleasant and convivial. Sheridan's humour, or rather wit, was always saturnine, and sometimes savage; he never laughs, (at least that I saw and I watched him,) but Colman did. If I had to choose, and could not have both at a time, I should say, 'let me begin the evening with Sheridan and finish it with Colman; Sheridan for dinner, Colman for supper; Sheridan for claret or port; but Colman for every thing from Madeira and champagne at dinner—the claret with a *layer of port* between the glasses—up to the punch of the night, and down to the grog or gin and water, day break. All these I have threatened with both the same. Sheridan was a grenadier of Life Guards, but Colman a whole regiment—of Light Infantry, to be sure—but still a regiment."

A young city fop, in company with some bells of fashion was riding in the country "a pleasuring," when they saw a poor country lad at work by the road's side.—thinking it a fine opportunity to show his wit to the damsels, by sporting with the boy's ignorance, he thus accosted him—Can you inform me, Mr. Zebedee, how far it is to where I am going, and which is the most direct road?" Poor Zeppy, being not at all daunted, but with the most sober, composed face, said: "If you are going to the gallows, it is but a short distance; if to the jail, it stands but a few rods this side; but if only to poverty and disgrace, you are now approaching your journey's end—As for the most direct road to either, you are now in it, and cannot miss the way." The dandy dropped his head and drove on.

During the American revolutionary war, 80 old German soldiers, who, after having long served under different monarchs in Europe, had retired across the Atlantic, and converted their swords into ploughshares, voluntarily formed themselves into a company, and distinguished themselves in various actions on the side of liberty. The Captain was nearly 100 years old, and had been in the army 40 years, and present in 17 battles. The drummer was 94, and the youngest man in the corps on the verge of 70. Instead of a cockade, each man wore a *piece of black crape*, as a mark of sorrow for being obliged, at so advanced a period of life, to bear arms. "But," said the veterans, "we should be deficient in gratitude, if we did not act in defence of a country which has afforded us a generous asylum, and protected us from tyranny and oppression."

[English paper.] A newspaper is a panacea for every disease, both mental and bodily. Sick or well, hot or cold, full or fasting, it is always welcome.—The man of business relaxes his toil to devour the inestimable treasure; the idle man declines it as the first and last remedy for ennui.

The following letter, addressed to a gentleman in Farmville, Va. enclosing \$100, has been received by the person to whom it was addressed:—"For about \$70 stolen from your large iron chest box, in Manchester, a number of years ago." The sum returned, exactly covers principal, interest and postage.

The smallest bank notes that are circulated in England are of five pounds, equal to about \$22. In a commercial way, it is important that our currency should approximate as near as possible to that of England. In a recent debate in the British Parliament, the Duke of Wellington said "nothing was so desirable as for the country to carry on its mercantile operations with a paper currency founded on and supported by a *metallic basis*." In France there is no bank paper in circulation less than 500 francs, say equal to \$100.

The Philadelphia Gazette says, the new almshouse on the west bank of the Schuylkill, will have a front *eight hundred feet*, with two wings, each extending back *five hundred feet*. It will, probably, be the largest poor house in the world.

The receipts of the Ladies Fair in Savannah, on Friday last, for the building a new Baptist Church in that city, amounted to nearly *two thousand seven hundred dollars*.

"Clarence," a tale of our times, by the author of Hope Leslie, is announced as being in press at Philadelphia.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

[From the Charleston Courier.] Cemetery of Paul's Church, Radcliffboro'

Much, as well of improvement as pleasure, may be derived from a walk to the Cemetery of a Churchyard. There we may be said to be in the midst of our friends—of those who never deceive, and whose impressive, though silent admonitions, convey to the beholder, truths that bear the most beneficial influence. The frequent monumental inscriptions that attract observation, are at once salutary and warning. They remind us of those that once were, and are now no more forever, and teach us, as "the still small voice" to prepare to follow them. The memorials by which we are there surrounded, not unfrequently discover to us the resting place of some near relative, or friend, some kindred or acquaintance, with whom perhaps we were wont to participate in many of the glad scenes of life, whose presence cheered, whose smiles enlivened, and whose sympathies, warmed by the tender emotions of human nature, shed around them the congenial endearments of each social bliss. In contemplating such a scene, who is he that is not humbled? Alas! how just an emblem of the youth and beauty that sleep beneath the sepulchral marble, is the once blooming, but now withered flower, that droop upon yon grave!—Whilst indulging such reflections, the melodious tones of the Organ, accompanied by a female voice of unusual harmony and sweetness, added much to the solemnity that breathed on all around. I listened, but the music was soon gone! It had passed away like the breath of life that had departed. All was again hushed and still! The Sun was about to set. The shadows lengthened apace. Musing on the transitoriness of all that is earthly, I retired from the precincts of the Sanctuary.

John Westley's Bible—"I have, this week, (says a correspondent,) seen an old Bible which is in good condition; it contains about 1000 copper-plate engravings and maps of all the ancient places mentioned in scripture. It contains the Apocrypha, and the Psalms of David in metre. This Bible formerly belonged to the grandfather of the immortal Rev. John Westley. It also belonged to his father, and finally became the property of the late Mr. John Westley. It was in the house when it was on fire, but was saved from the conquering element. It was left to Mr. Westley by a friend; of his, and was given to Mr. Robert Daggett, of this town, when preaching in London, by an old lady, with the following words written on a blank leaf by her:—"Search this holy book as those once did to whom it belonged; for it informed them that Christ died for all."

NOTICE TO MINERS.

THE subscriber claims the right of invention to the CAST IRON PLATES or SIVES used for the purpose of separating Alluvial Gold from the auriferous earth and pebbles: and hereby forbids all persons from making or using said Plates or Sives as he intends applying for a Patent. T. W. A. SUMTER. Harrisburg, Burke Co. March 27, 1830. 7c.

WHO WANTS MONEY.

THE Commissioners of the HICKORY-NUT GAP ROAD, have let that part of the road marked by the "*below Wm. Porter's to Dobson Freeman's*," to Robinson Freeman; the contract to be completed on the 16th of October next. The Lots or pieces of Road, marked for alteration and improvement, at the *Stand Ridge*, above Washington Harris, and from the *Island Ford*, above John Davenport's, to *Wm. Ledbetter's*, are still undisposed of, and now offered for contract at private sale. All persons desirous of making some money, at a leisure time, after they lay by their crops, would do well to examine these alterations and make proposals to the Commissioners, or either of them, immediately, as these contracts will be let in a short time. Bond and security will be required for the completion of the work—and the Road to be finished on the 16th of October next. The money will be paid beyond all doubt according to contract.

JAMES GRAHAM, } Commis- T. F. BIRCHETT, } Agents. Rutherfordton, March 18, 1830. 5c.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of THOS. N. PETTIS, deceased, are requested to make payment immediately; and all those having demands against said estate are requested to bring them forward legally authenticated for settlement, or this will be pled in bar of their recovery. 3wpd4 JOHN S. FORD, Administrator. Rutherfordton, March 8, 1830.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of BEN JAMIN HERNDON, deceased, are requested to make payment immediately; and all those having demands against said estate are requested to bring them forward legally authenticated for settlement, or this will be pled in bar of their recovery. 3wpd4 JOHN S. FORD, Administrator. Rutherfordton, March 8, 1830.

NOTICE.

ALL persons are forwarded from cutting or removing any timber, or committing any other depredations on the lands of John L. Bitting, in the county of Rutherford, adjoining the town of Rutherfordton, under the penalty of law in such cases. REUBEN D. GOLDING, Agent for JOHN L. BITTING. February 26, 1830.