

POETRY.

STANZAS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "RICHELIEU."

I've sat and seen one bright wave chase Its fellow on the strand, Then fall away, nor leave a trace Upon the printless sand— Though scarce the pebbles felt the shock, The waves have worn the solid rock!

LIEUTENANT LUFF.

All you that are fond of wine, Or any other stuff, Take warning by the dismal fate Of one Lieutenant Luff. A sober man he might have been. Except in one regard— He did not like soft water, So he took to drinking hard.

Let us go to the graves, where our loved ones are, And let us choose the midnight time, When the heavens are glorious with many a star, And silence and grandeur raise thoughts sublime;

MISCELLANY.

FOOL'S DAY.

The tricks commonly played off on fool's day have been current coin every where, and are, for the most part, of the most miserable character, without wit or meaning.

The French, who are the first people in the world at a joke, not only for its wit but its application, have long enjoyed fool's day. Among them ridicule is that most successful weapon for correcting folly and holding vice in terrorum.

There is a very common practical joke on fool's day in the British metropolis: it consists in despatching a letter by an unlucky dupe, who is to wait for an answer.

whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find it so to our disappointment, if we have built on any other calculation. To endure cheerfully what must be, and to elbow our way as easily as we can, hoping for little, yet striving for much, is perhaps the true plan—But don't be discouraged, if occasionally your neighbors tread over you a little; in other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you—accidents happen; miscalculations will sometimes be made; things will often turn out differently from our expectation and we may be sufferers.

BIRDS.

If, as no one can deny, the study of the animated productions of Nature become of the most delightful that can occupy the attention of man, it is equally true, that of that wide and varied kingdom, the choicest province, the very paradise, is the birds. The gracefulness of their forms, the exquisite delicacy of their covering, the imitable brilliancy of their colors, the light and life-giving transparency of the element in which they live, the singular variety of their habits, the delightful melody of their songs, and the most singular fact, that, with organs apparently more unfitted for articulation than many of the quadrupeds, they are the only animals that can imitate man in the wondrous of voice, and rival him in the intricacy of music: these, and a thousand other qualities, with the bare enumeration of which we would fill a number of our journal, render the study of birds a favorite of every elegant mind.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

The Duke of Burgundy, the celebrated pupil of the good Archbishop of Cambrai, Fenelon, is thus described by the Duke de St. Simon: "The Duke of Burgundy was born terrible, and during his first years, continued an object of terror. Hard-hearted, angry, to the extreme of passion; even against inanimate objects, impetuous to a degree of fury, incapable of bearing the least opposition to his wishes, even from time or climate without putting himself into paroxysms of rage that made one tremble for his existence, [a condition in which I have often seen him.] stubborn in the highest degree, passionate in the pursuit of every kind of pleasure, addicted to the gratifications of the table and violent hunting, delighted to a degree of extacy with music, and with deep play, in which he could not endure to lose, and in which it was personally dangerous to be engaged with him; in fine abandoned to all the passions, and transported by every kind of pleasure; often ferocious, naturally born to cruelty; barbarous in his rallies, seizing the ridiculous with astonishing justness; high as the clouds, in his own opin-

ion, considering other men as atoms, with which he had no resemblance, and regarding his brothers, though they were educated on an equality with him as intermediate beings, between him and the rest of the human race:—but even in his passions, talent beamed from him: his repartees were surprising: in his answers, there was always something of justness and depth; he seemed to play with the most abstract subjects; the extent and vivacity of his genius were astonishing; but they always kept him from attending to any one thing at a time, and thus made him incapable of learning any thing.—The prodigy was, that, in a short space of time, religion and the grace of God made him a new man; and changed all those terrible qualities into all the opposite virtues. From the abyss, which I have described, there arose a prince, affable, gentle, moderate, patient, modest, humble, austere only to himself, attentive to his duties, and sensible of their great extent. His only object appeared to be, to perform all his actual duties of a son and a subject, and to qualify himself for his future obligations."

The Darien Phenix a paper conducted with some smartness, in the town of Darien Georgia, thus pleasantly informs the public of its own demise.

Died, to-day, after an existence of not quite 15 months, the Darien Phenix.—Consumption, inherited from its ancestor, the Darien Gazette, may perhaps be assigned as one of the remote causes of its death, but the proximate agent was undoubtedly starvation: for with the appetite of the cormorant, it had scarcely pabulum enough to subsist a swallow. Yet nither hunger nor disease could subdue its spirit or damp its cheerfulness.

Figure of Speech. At a training in one of the northern counties of this state, several years since, the professional merits of two drummers, a certain Ben Morse, drum major to the regiment; and a very uncertain Tom Burnham, a candidate for the same office, were discussed very freely by the soldiers, over a pint tumbler of blue ruin, at a cake and a beer shantee without the centre. Some maintained that Burnham was the best musician; others again that Morse had not his superior in six counties, when a long lantern-jawed, freckled faced chap, standing some six feet four, without either stockings or shoes, elbowed his way into the ring, with an old rusty Queen Ann's firelock in one hand, and a card of rye gingerbread in the other, and after picking his teeth with his bayonet, and wiping his face on something that served as an apology for a coat-sleeve, addressed one of the company thus: "I tell you what it is, Corporal Cowan, I grant that Morse can beat Burnham in drumming on training tunes, but when you come to the real sentiment, I tell you Corporal, (and he spoke the words with great emphasis) Tom Burnham can drum Ben Morse's shirt tail off." [N. Y. pa.]

A good answer. An anecdote was related to us to-day, by an eye witness of the ready wit of an unsophisticated son of St. Patrick. A case was trying yesterday before one of the judges of our City Court, in which a drayman a legitimate son of Erin, was called to testify. He was sworn on his voir dire. A limb of the law, who prides himself on his skill in perplexing witnesses, commenced the examination with "Sir, are you not directly or indirectly interested in the termination of this suit?" "Not a bit sir." "Why you not gain any thing in case of its termination in favor of the plaintiff?" "Gain any thing? By my soul, I'll rather lose than gain any thing!" "Ah, ah," says the wise one, (with a very significant look,) "so you will rather lose than gain by it? Pray, how may you lose by it?" "By standing here answering questions, while my horse and dray stand idle in the street."—The effect was contagious, and extended to his honor, so that the throne of justice shook for awhile. [N. O. paper.]

A Quaker apothecary meeting Doctor Fothergill, thus accosted him:—"Friend Fothergill, I intend dining with thee to-day. I shall be glad to see thee," answered the Doctor; "but pray friend, hast thou no joke?" "No joke, indeed" rejoined the apothecary, "but a very serious matter. Thou hast attended Friend Ephraim these three days, and ordered him no medicine. I cannot at this rate, live in my own house, and must live in thine!" The Doctor took the hint, and prescribed handsomely for the benefit of his friend Ephraim, and his friend the apothecary.

The following is an affecting instance of the extremity to which man may be driven by want and misery. A gentleman being stopped in the night, in a street, by a man who demanded his purse in a very determined manner, at once delivered it to him. "How much money is there in

it?" asked the robber. "I know not," was the answer; upon which the thief opened the purse, took out 10 francs, and returned the rest to its owner. Surprised at this extraordinary proceeding, the gentleman followed the man at a distance till he saw him enter a baker's shop which he in a very few minutes left again. The gentleman then went and made inquiry of the baker, who informed him that the man in question having become indebted to him 10 francs for bread, he had refused to give any more credit till the debt was paid, and which had just been brought him. After some further inquiries, the gentleman having discovered the lodgings of his assailant, went there with the intention of offering relief; but he had scarcely entered the miserable garret, when the poor fellow, imagining he was on the point of being arrested, sprang to the window, threw himself out, and was taken up lifeless.

[French Paper.]

Anecdote of Whitefield. As Whitefield was preaching to a large multitude on the banks of one of the noble rivers of Virginia, he spoke in the course of his sermon of the strength of human depravity, and of the insufficiency of the means of grace, without the influence of the Spirit. "Sinners," said he, "think not that I expect to convert a single soul of you, by any thing that I can say, without the assistance of him who is mighty to save. Go and stand by that river as it moves on its strong and deep current to the ocean, and bid it stop, and see if it will obey you. Just as soon should I expect to stop that river by a word, as by my preaching to stop that current of sin that is carrying you to perdition.—Father in heaven! see, they are hurried on towards hell; save them or they perish!" The impression which this produced upon his hearers was so strong, that they were ready to respond with trembling, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

SCHOOL.

The subscriber will commence his School in Charlottesville, on the 10th day of January next, for the instruction of boys, in the English, Latin, Greek and French languages, which will comprise a session of little upwards of ten months. A vacation of one month will be given in August. The course will comprise, in the English Department, English Grammar, Geography, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, and a preparatory course of Mathematics; viz. Lacroix's Algebra and Legendre's Geometry; in the classical, the Latin, Greek and French languages with Ancient History, Geography, and Mythology. The instructor will be generally during the day with his pupils, save a sufficient time for exercise and recreation; so as to assist and instruct them both in the preparation and recitation of their lessons. As he intends his school to be permanent, and believes the advantages of an education, and the facility of acquiring it increased by pursuing a regular and systematical plan, he would prefer, as pupils, those boys who will probably complete their scholastic course with him. His course is such as to give boys all the necessary preparation for any of the Colleges or Universities, and especially for the University of Virginia, with an eye to which it has been prepared. He would be glad if those who intend to favor him with their patronage, would immediately apprise him of their intentions, for if the size of the school will justify it he will employ an assistant, so as to have the French Language taught by a native Frenchman. Those who may not be acquainted with the subscriber, he would refer to Thomas W. Gilmer, Rice W. Wood, V. W. Southall, James W. Saunders, Henry T. Harris, Dr. Ch. Cooke, Thomas J. Randolph, Philip P. Barbour and Wm. F. Gordon. Board in genteel families, can be obtained in Charlottesville from eight to ten dollars per month. For instruction in the English branches, Latin, Greek, French and Mathematics, \$35. English branches, Latin and Mathematics, \$30. English branches only, \$25. GEORGE CARR, Principal. Charlottesville, Va. December 1, 1829.

POCKET BOOK LOST. LOST BY the subscriber on the 5th inst. in passing from Patten's Store, in Burke, to Moore's Mills, in Rutherford, a POCKET BOOK, which had in it \$20 in different bank notes beside some small change; among the notes were two of \$5 and three or four of \$2, and the others are not recollect-ed. The Pocket Book contained several notes of hand, two on Elizabeth Wilkins, one for \$125 as well as can be recollected, there were several credits on the note, —the other of \$55.50, according to the best recollection; a note on Daniel Blanton due Elizabeth Wilkins for \$15 with a credit of five dollars; a note on Granderson Blanton due Green B. Palmer, for \$10 with a credit of five dollars; a note on Green B. Palmer for \$16; a duobill on Hezekiah Wilkins for \$27; and other papers, among which is an old grant made to Matthew Gaty for 100 acres of land. A drove of negroes were coming down Cane Creek on the day of the loss, & it is tho' some of them may have picked it up. Any person who may find said pocket book or any of the papers, and return them to the subscriber shall be well rewarded. All persons are hereby warned against trading for said notes or papers. REUBEN WILKINS. t/1 Irvinestville, March 8, 1830.

RUTHERFORD HAT FACTORY. THE subscriber would inform his friends and customers that he continues to carry on the MANUFACTURE OF HATS of all descriptions, made of the best stock in a superior and excellent manner and after the latest and most approved fashions, at his shop in Rutherfordton, where he invites his customers to call upon him, and examine for themselves. All orders will be punctually attended to, and the subscriber will warrant his work equal in quality to any that can be procured. An experienced Journeyman will meet with good wages and constant employment by applying to the subscriber. MARTIN BEAM. Rutherfordton, April 16, 1830.

TAKEN UP. BY the subscriber living on North Pockolet, on the 30th of March, a small BROWN MARE and a MULE COLT, supposed to be two years old. The owner is requested to come forward and prove his property, pay charges and take them a way. ASPACIO EARLE. 94. April 14, 1830.