

POETRY.

[From the Atlantic Souvenir for 1830.] THE LAMENT OF EMPRESS JOSEPHINE. BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

The fearful strife of feeling now is o'er, The bitter pang can read my heart no more; A martyr spirit now within me burns, And love that spurns All thought of self is waking, till its power Can conquer e'en the anguish of this hour. Yes! for thy sake I resign e'en thee, My noble husband! though there yet may be Enough of woman's weakness, in my heart, To bid tears start, Yet not one murmur of reproach shall swell, Amid the accents of my last farewell. I loved thee in thy lowliness—ere fame Had shed her halo round Napoleon's name, In the veil'd lightnings of that falcon eye, I read the high And godlike aspirations of a mind, Whose loftiest aim was power to bless mankind. And when thy name through all the earth was known, When monarchs quaked before thy tripple crown, When queens beheld me, in mine hour of pride, Thy glorious bride, No selfish vanity my heart could swell—I shared a throne, but would have shared a cell. Like thine, my soul was form'd for glorious fate; I loved thee as the eagle loves its mate; Nor did I seek with borrow'd strength to climb The height sublime, Where thou hadst built thine eyry; 'twas for me Enough that thou wert there—I follow'd thee. And in thy toils too have I borne a part; In scenes where might have quail'd man's sterner heart; When dark rebellion rear'd his hydra crest, My hand caress'd And sooth'd the dreaded monster till he smil'd, And bow'd him down submissive as a child. Though all untaught the warrior's brand to wield, Yet went my spirit with the thee field, Where charging squadrons met in fierce array: Nor, 'mid the fray, Awoke one terror for her husband's life— Such fear were idle in Napoleon's wife. Alas! how has my pride become my shame! I saw thee mount the rugged steep of fame, And joy'd to think how soon thy mighty soul Would reach its goal; Nor even dreamed, ambitious as thou art, That thy last step would be upon my heart.

MISCELLANY.

RED GAP INN.

I remember well how strongly my boyish feelings were excited at reading the narrative of Raymond's escape from the murderous inn keepers, in Lewis's romance "The Monk." His version of the story has nearly faded from my memory, but the circumstances upon which he founded it are said to have occurred in Ireland, and, wild and improbable as they are, you have them verbatim, as they are related upon the spot; and, moreover, I am not to blame if you think fit to believe them, inasmuch as I give up my authority—and Lord Lyndhurst himself could ask no more.—My informant's name is Catharine Flynn. As you go from Kilkullen Bridge to Carlow, about three miles on your road, there stands, and barely stands, a ruined house. The situation has nothing particularly striking about it, the country is open and thinly cultivated, and a faint outline of hills is visible in the distance. Some seventy or eighty years ago, it was a substantial looking inn; the proprietor was a farmer, as well as an inn-keeper, and although no particular or satisfactory reason could be assigned for it, beyond vague and uncertain rumors, he was by no means a favorite with his neighbors.—He had little, indeed, of the Boniface about him; dark, sullen, and down looking, he never appeared, even to a guest, unless specially called for, much less to a thirsty brother farmer or laborer, passing his heavy old-fashioned door, to ask him to taste his home brewed ale or usquebaugh; yet the man was well to pass in

the world, and with the aid of three or four hulking sons, and a heart-broken drudge of a wife, managed his farm and his inn, so as to pay his way at fair and market, and "hold his own," as the saying is, in the country. For all that, there were those who did not stick to say that more travellers went to his inn in the night than ever left it in the morning; and one or two who remembered him in his early days, before he had learned to mask the evil traits of his character by sullenness and reserve, would not have taken the broad lands of the Geraldines of Lienster to pass a night in the best bed-room in the house;—no, no—they would rather take chance in the Bog of Allen, for that matter. A severe storm, however, compelled a traveller to halt there one evening, altho' he had originally intended to get further on his journey, before he put up for the night. Not that he had any suspicion of the place; on the contrary, he thought it rather a comfortable, quiet-looking concern; and turning from the lowering inhospitable sky, and wishing the pitiless driving sleet good night, he rode into the inn-yard, saying in his own mind, "I may go further and fare worse." Now, I am of a very different opinion. It was late in the evening, and late in the year,—no matter about dates, I am not particular. So the traveller (being a merciful man, was merciful to his beast,) having seen his horse fed and carefully laid up for the night, thought it high time to look after himself, as to both his outward and inward man. Accordingly throwing his saddle-bags over his arm, he walked into the inn-kitchen, in those days the most comfortable winter apartment in the house, to thaw himself at the huge fire, and give the customary mandates concerning supper and bed—to say nothing of a bottle of good old wine, then to be found in every inn in Ireland. This feat accomplished, away he stalked to his own apartment—jack boots, silver-headed riding-whip, cloak and all—followed close by a terrier dog, who had been lying at the kitchen fire when he came in, but who now kept snuffing and smelling at his heels every step of the way up stairs. When he had reached his room, and had disencumbered himself of his heavy riding gear, the dog at once leaped upon him with a cry of joy; and he immediately recognized an old favorite whom he had lost in Dublin a year or two before, wondering at the same time, how he had got so far into the country, and why he had not known him before. When the landlord entered the room with supper, the traveller claimed his dog, and expressed his determination to bring him on with him to Cork, whither he was bound. The host made not the slightest objection, merely observing, that he had bought him from a Dublin carrier, who, he supposed had sold him in the streets. That point settled, the traveller dismissed the landlord for the night, with directions for him to be ready to start in the morning; the man darkly, and withdrew. The traveller made himself as comfortable as he could, with the aid of a good fire and a cheerful fire, not forgetting to post-and found companion, until, after some time; finding that the wine ran low, and that a certain disposition to trace castles and abbeys in the glowing recesses of the burning turf, was creeping over him—that is to say in plain English, catching himself nodding over the fire—he thought it best to transfer his solemnity to a well-curtailed bed that stood invitingly in a recess of the room. As he proceeded to undress, the anxiety and agitation of his dog attracted his attention, and at last fairly aroused him, sleepy as he was, though he could in no way account for it. The animal ran backward and forward from him to the bed, and as he laid aside each article of clothing, fetched it to him again, with the most intelligent and beseeching gestures, and when, to satisfy the poor creature, as well as to discover, if possible, what he wanted and meant, he resumed some portion of his dress, nothing could equal his joy.—Strange suspicions began to flash across the traveller's mind; he ran over every circumstance, even the minutest, which had occurred since he entered the inn; and now that his attention was excited, it did not strike him that, after making every allowance for moorishness, and rusticity, and sullenness of temper, there was more of the goaler than the inn-keeper in the bearing and deportment of the silent host; he remembered too, how heavily the miserable looking, haggard wife had sighed, while she looked at his burly figure as he stood by the fire, as though she sorrowed over a victim whom she could not save; and, lastly, and above all, he pondered on the ominous smile with which the inn-keeper received his directions to be awakened early in the morning. Meanwhile the indefatigable dog was busied in pulling off the bed clothes, as well as his strength would permit; and when his master went to his assistance, what was his horror at seeing, beneath clean sheets and well arranged blankets, the bed and mattress literally dyed with dark red stains of blood! Though a man of peaceful habits, he knew as little of fear as most people; and the exigency of

the moment roused every energy of his mind; he deliberately locked the door examined the walls to see if there was any secret entrance, looked to the priming of his pistols, and then stood prepared to abide by whatever might come, and to sell his life as dearly as he could. The dog watched him intently until his preparations were completed; and then, having assured himself that his movements were observed by his master, he jumped once more on the fatal bed; then, after lying down for an instant, as if in imitation of the usual posture of a person composing himself to sleep, he suddenly changed his mind, as it were, sprang hastily to the floor; and stood with eyes fixed and ears erect, in an attitude of most intense attention, watching the bed itself, and nothing else. The traveller, in the meantime, never stirred from the spot, though his eyes naturally followed those of the dog; and for a time every thing was as a grave; and not a stir nor a breath broke the stillness of the room, or interrupted the silence of the mute pair. At last a slight rustling sound was heard in the direction of the bed; the dog, with ears cocked and tail slightly moving, looked up at his master, as if to make sure that he was attentive; and in an instant the bed was seen descending swiftly and steadily thro, the yawning floor, while a strong light flashed upwards into the room. Not a second was to be lost. The traveller dashed open the window, and leaped into the yard, followed by his faithful companion. Another moment, and without giving himself any trouble on the score of a saddle, he was on the back of his horse, as fast a hunter as any in Lienster, and scouring away for life and death on the road to Kilkullen, followed by a train as pitiless as that which hurried from Kirk Aboway after poor Tam O'Shanter. You may be sure, he spared neither whip, spur, nor horseflesh, and, thanks to Providence and a good steed, he reached Kilkullen in safety. The authorities secured the villainous host and his accomplice sons, and the infuriated peasantry gave the fatal inn and its bloody secrets to the flames. There is the story; and if it be true, I can only say that I wish I knew where I could get one of the breed of the traveller's terrier, for love or money. Sleight of Teeth. There are various kinds of Sleight in this sleighting world of ours—such as sleight of hand, sleight of feet, sleight of memory, sleight of teeth, &c. The first is shewn in the dexter tricks of the juggler; the second, in running away from a creditor; the third, in forgetting a promise; and the fourth, in eating at one peoples cost, and dining upon fire, a la Chabert, and the like. But among all the sleight of teeth tricks we have heard of, the following is not the least worthy of commemoration. A pedlar whom we shall call Peter Snicker, put up at a Dutch tavern in the interior about the commencement of a severe north-easter, and as the weather for some time continued stormy he was in no haste to abandon his comfortable quarters. For several days both he and his horse exercised their teeth to good advantage, and a bill to the amount of ten dollars was incurred. As every storm, however, has been, or will be followed by sunshine, so in this case the clouds began to break away, and Peter began to think of picking up his notions and being off. Having broken his fast preparatory to his departure, he took a pipe as usual with him, host, and both engaged very briskly in the pleasures of fumigating and confabulation.—At length drawing the pipe from his mouth, and peeping under the forestick of the red-hot flip iron, usually styled a loggerhead, Peter said carelessly: 'Landlord, what'll you bet a dollar I can't bite an inch off of that red-hot loggerhead?' 'Why, you tam Yankee fool,' said the Dutchman, 'I know you can't do it.' 'Well now,' returned the pedlar, 'I'll bet you my load of tin ware, and other notions against the amount of my bill, that I'll do it.' 'Done!' said the landlord. 'Done!' said the pedlar. A group now gathered round to see the pedlar eat hot iron. 'That's a cool load of tin-ware of yours, said one with a quizzical smile. 'Not so cool as you think for,' said Peter. 'You'r a gone goose, friend,' said another, with an ominous shake of the head. 'If I am, I'll give you leave to pluck me,' said Peter. 'If I was in your place, I should prefer a cold snack,' said a third. 'I'm not very particular,' said Peter, 'besides you know a poor pedlar can't always choose.' By this time he had got the loggerhead near his mouth, and ready for the exhibition. 'Take notice, gentlemen,' said he, 'I am to bite an inch off of this red-hot loggerhead, and have the amount of my bill for so doing; but if I fail to do it, I am to forfeit my load of tin-ware and other notions, and pay my bill into the bargain.' Isn't that the agreement landlord. 'Yes,' said the Dutchman 'dat is de agreement—take notice, zeethem de a-

'Now observe,' said the pedlar, 'and see that I do it properly.' The pedlar now moved the red hot-iron towards his teeth, gave a sudden snap, and placed the instrument beneath the forestick. 'Is dat all?' said the landlord, drawing half a dozen whiffs from his pipe. 'If dat be all I could do it myself.' 'I dare say you could,' coolly returned the man of notions, 'if you had thought of it. But I'll be a going, if you please and I will thank you for my horse.' 'But de horse and de odder notions are mine,' said the Dutchman. 'O no my dear sir,' said the pedlar, 'I happen to be winner. Ten thousand tiftels!' exclaimed the Dutchman, dashing his pipe on the floor—'how do you make dat out, you did not bite off an inch of de hot iron.' 'No,' but I bit an inch, if not more off of it. I'll thank you for my horse. 'O you tam Yankee cheat! you gets round me once; but I'll look out for you next dime. Here, Haunse, vetch de fellow's horse, give him a glass pitters, and let him go. [Constellation.] A Nice Point of Honor. 'There happened a few weeks ago to be an election meeting in the country (I forget exactly where) at which the rustic politicians speecified with great violence, so much so as to attract the attention of the London newspapers, one of which published a lampoon upon the meeting, ridiculing especially a Mr. Jones who appeared the most violent orator in it. Now Jones being a fiery and ambitious spirit, was enraged almost to madness at finding himself and his speech gibbeted to the public derision, and determined in his indignation to find out his satirist. Accordingly he wrote to the editor, who would give him no satisfaction; he then came up to town (so infuriated was he,) and being upon inquiry told, I suppose, that Sir Nathaniel Callaghan was the author of every witty and severe thing that come out, he hastened to the residence of our friend, and asked him point-blank, if he was the author of such a pasquinade in such a newspaper? Nat, who had read and admired the lampoon, could not resist this tempting opportunity, and replied, that he must beg to be excused answering the question; which Jones understanding, of course, to be an admission, immediately poured forth upon him a tremendous volley of abuse, which he accompanied by a short, but vigorous application of his material, in relation to Callaghan's supposed moral, scourge. Having done which, he flung out of the house, leaving his owner, as you may suppose, astonished. When he recovered his self-possession, he of course began to consider what was to be done. He had been abused and thrashed, under very particular and perplexing circumstances. His assailant was unfortunately, not a gentleman, and therefore could not be pistoled. To bring an action of battery would not be satisfactory proceeding. How, then, was the insult to be avenged? Irishmen are the special pleaders of the law of honor, and our friend was involving himself in all the subtleties of that code, in order to come at a form of procedure, and to collect all the precedents with which he was acquainted, which should meet the circumstances of the case. But after thinking all day upon the subject he found his brain completely pothered, without being ever the nearer the object of his inquiry; so that there was a strong probability that he would be obliged to pocket his licking, from being unable to find any decision upon the singular point which he wished to elucidate. Next day, however, he was revisited by Mr. Jones, who came to make a thousand apologies for the outrage which he had offered him, and which was not intended for him, inasmuch as he had since discovered the real claimant in the author of the lampoon. 'Sir,' answered Nat, 'you have relieved me from much embarrassment: ever since I received the favour which you alluded to, I have been studying how to acquit myself of the obligation; but as I find the thing was a mistake, and not intended for me, my course is clear, namely, to return it to you.' And accordingly he gave the fellow a sound drubbing. A Lapland Wedding. It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without her parents' or friends' consent—therefore if one bear affection to a young maid, upon breaking thereof to their friends, the fashion is that a day is appointed for their friends to meet to behold the two parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of a third part in the race, so that it is impossible, except she will of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid overrun her suitor, the matter is ended—he must never have her it being penal for the man to renew the offer of Marriage. But if the virgin has affection for him, though at first running hard to try the truth of her love, she will (without Atalanta's golden balls to retard her speed,) pretend some casualty, and a voluntary halt, before she cometh to make an end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own wills—and this is the cause that in

this poor country, the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned love, and cause real unhappiness. Dr. Franklin's Legacy. Dr. Franklin, in his will, gave 1000l. sterling to the inhabitants of the town of Boston, to be let out at an interest of five per cent to young mechanics, under the age of 25 years, who have served an apprenticeship in said town, and faithfully fulfilled their duties, and of good moral character. The present value of the fund is \$17,720 64 cents, giving an increase on the original donation, at simple interest, of about 8 1-4 per annum. Economy. Once on a certain time a woman purchasing cups and saucers, was asked what color she preferred. "Why I ar'at particular," says she, "any cullen what wont show dirt." An accommodating Doctor. A physician advertised that at the request of his friends he had removed near the Church-yard, and trusted that his removal would accommodate many of his patients. 'Why in such a hurry,' said a man to an acquaintance? 'Sir,' said the man, 'I have bought a new bonnet for my wife, and I fear the fashion may change before I get home.' THE LADY'S BOOK. CHARLES ALEXANDER, Publisher of the Daily Chronicle, and well known as having been connected in the publication of the Saturday Evening Post and Casket; Proposes in conjunction with LOUIS A. GODEY, to commence, on the first of July next, under the above title, A MONTHLY LITERARY MISCELLANY. This work will be devoted especially to the service of the LADIES, and looking chiefly to their patronage, no exertion will be spared to merit it. The plan contemplated varies materially from that of any of the American Periodicals now circulated; and if executed in the style which the Proprietors believe to be within their means, will be found, they trust, to be an improvement, in some respect at least, upon the best of its predecessors. In the choice of materials, though original contributions of decided merit will always be acceptable, they never will be introduced to the exclusion of other articles of superior value. The numerous Magazines to be provided for the purpose of selection, will always afford a plentiful supply of matter suitable for the LADY'S BOOK, which, when republished, will possess, for all but a few, the attraction of novelty. Extensive arrangements have been made at home and abroad that will give every facility to the ready attainment of the choicest and earliest productions. The design includes every thing which may be expected to afford entertainment and instruction, in an inviting form, to those for whom the work is intended. It is presumed too, that a MISCELLANY deserving the notice of the Ladies, cannot but prove worthy of the attention of the other sex. Among the subjects which may be enumerated as likely to be prominent, will be found music, including notices of new compositions, with occasional disquisitions on the science, and reprints of such new songs as may be thought worthy to be so distinguished; BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES, TALES, and INTERESTING NARRATIVES from writers of real talent; the FASHIONS, with an illustrative engraving quarterly, fancifully coloured. This department will be under the superintendance of persons well versed in the art, and no pains will be spared to render it not the least attractive part of the contents. A word or two now and then will be introduced, touching those exercises and sports which are generally regarded as improving to both health and beauty, among which RIDING and DANCING may be specified; with appropriate wood cuts by skillful artists. POETRY, of course, will be one of the departments to which great attention will be paid; and EMBROIDERY, the POETRY OF NEEDLE WORK, will fill its due space. On this latter subject it will be difficult to find contributors who can write clearly, but the engraver will be perfectly intelligible. CONDITIONS. The work will be issued in numbers, on the first of every month, and comprise fifty-six octavo pages; to be printed on a fine super royal paper with entirely new type, and carefully stitched in coloured covers. Every number will contain a piece of MUSIC, one COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVING, and at least four WOOD CUTS illustrative of some of the contents; and every three months a COLORED PLATE of the LATEST LONDON or PARIS FASHIONS. The subscription price will be \$3 per annum, payable in advance—25 per cent, semi-annually, will be added to all subscriptions that remain unpaid, and the work discontinued to those who neglect to settle up their arrears. Great attention will be paid to forwarding the work to country subscribers, that they may receive it uninjured by mail transportation. Agents, receiving subscriptions, and remitting the amount to the publishers, will be allowed 15 per cent discount, or a proportionate number of copies of the work. Address LOUIS A. GODEY & CO. Daily Chronicle Office, Philadelphia. June 1, 1830. P. N. B. Subscriptions received at this Office for the above work. SIX CENTS REWARD. THE above reward will be given to any person that will deliver to me in Lincolnton, N. C. JOHN HUGGINS, who is a bounden Apprentice to me, to learn the Hatter's Trade; said Huggins ran away from me on the 6th inst. and I do hereby forwarn any person from trading with, or harbouring said Huggins. JOHN CLINE. Lincolnton, June 23, 1830. 19 2w. WEIGHTS AND MEASURES. THE subscriber having been re-appointed by the Court as STANDARD KEEPER, for the County of Rutherford, is now ready to attend to the duties of his office. JOHN LOGAN. JOB PRINTING AND BLANKS. FOR sale at this office the following kinds of Law Blanks: Subpoenas, Constables Bonds, Appeal Bonds, Prosecution Bonds, Writs, Executions, Sheriff Deeds, Apprentice Bonds, Administration Bonds, Constables Warrants, Judgments and Executions, Marriage Licences, Witness Tickets, Deeds of Bargain & Sale, Guardian. All orders for blanks, show bills, printing, of any description, will be executed. A neatness and despatch, upon new and handsome type, and on the most reasonable terms, at this office.