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North-Carolina, to be entitled the

**WEEKLY GLEANER.**

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NO. 1.

**THE SEASON.**

FROM A NORTHERN PAPER.

"Sacred to musing is the Autumn eve,  
And dear to tender thought. The Summer's pride,  
The gorgeous fields, and flowers of every tint,  
Have mellow'd, and have wither'd. Silently,  
Across the aspect of terrestrial things,  
The chilling change hath pinion'd its wide flight,  
And all is alter'd."

**NOVEMBER.**

The season comes, when tedious nights do cool the earth, and frosts congeal the margin of the shallow pool, and forests doff their withered honors, and the yellowing herbage shrinks in ripened decadence; and leaves accumulate in bowers, thither borne by eddying gusts, that howl portentous auguries of heavier blasts, and storms and snows, far treasured in the skies, to fall anon on shivering, skulking man. There is a grey and drowsy mist uprising from the chilly marsh, now folding with its dewy veil successively the stubby grass, the creeping vine, the sheaves of grain, the lonely depredated corn-stalks, and the heap of hay last cropped; it scales the barn's high roof, the pine-trees topmost limb, and even yonder rugged precipice, whose aged brow frowns sulkily upon the spreading fog, like some grim big-wigged portrait on a tavern wall, making wry faces at the foul Virginian fume that idle smokers do send up from shades below.

'Tis Autumn. Now farmers keep rare holiday, and measure crops, and stubble glean, and garner stores, and hoard supplies for homely use, making provision large likewise for sheep and cattle, swine and poultry, and the stranger that shall haply come within his gates—that when the cloud its fleecy grist shall drop, and snow drifts pile across the traveller's way, and tempests rend and rive the tangled woods, a refuge and a sanctum shall be found beside his hearth, plenished with generous fuel, and around his board, loaded with smoking eates, with pumpkin pies in comfortable platters, broad and deep, and cider sparkling busily in scoured flagons, and walnuts for the chimney corner when the jokes are ripe and ready. Now citizens prefer the sunny sidewalk, and ruminate on flannel, with here and there a thought on Winter's wood. The schoolboy, trudging forth at morn, by instinct blows his thumb, whereon his satchel hangs, and meditates on mittens. Now congregate in tribes the wandering wild geese from the Northern lakes, and wend their noisy course above the ocean's edge, away, away, to Carolina's warm and dismal swamps—and suffering mortals eke, disquietude with phthisic, and rheumatic ails, do flock towards the South, where balmy airs fall soothingly on vexed lungs, and joints do pliant grow, where Fahrenheit with zero has no fellowship.

"Cold Winter is coming—all stript are the groves,  
The passage-bird hastens away;  
To the lovely blue South like the tourist he roves,  
And returns like the sun-burnt in May."

Now wanes the year apace. There's not a feathered minstrel left to sing the season's

dirge; nor does a leaf of green remain amidst the foliage, that but yesterday inwrapt yon grove umbrageous, which even might serve to decorate its tomb withal. Now flowers must grow in artificial beds, and roses without fragrance flourish in Miss Flora Pottinger's back parlor. Now, folks begin to think. In August, 'twas too warm; too busy in September; but sober sentiments now cool the brain; and while the unfledged urchin cogitates on college, his grandsire gravely gets his will engrossed, and certain serious spinsters solemnly reflect, as evening lingers in the lap of night, upon that awful subject, wedlock.

"Cold Winter is coming—ye delicate fair  
Take care when your hyson ye sip;  
Drink it quick, and don't talk, lest he come unaware,  
And turn it to ice on your lip."

Lo! Winter comes, indeed! Then—but 'tis not wise to borrow evils in advance—anticipation holds no place in man's regard, when circumstances, full of fearful meaning, thrust themselves within the farther verge of life's too gloomy vista. Then—let it come. And let philosophy await the worst; be squalid poverty, or cold indifference, or disease, or griefs, domestic, or a scanty doublet, or a cheerless hearth, the unacceptable attendant. For Winter also hath its hopes, its comforts and its joys. Then nature sleeps, to wake afresh in Spring's sweet sunny morn, with vigor gathered in her slumbers. Then social man puts forth his virtues, and the widow's groan, the orphan's tear, the invalid's complaint, the beggar's prayer, touch most effectually the soul of charity. Then all the sons of toil, with wages in their chests, the meed of honest industry, enjoy the harvest of their labors, peruse the public prints, and ever and anon adjust the Presidential question.

"Cold winter is coming—I've said so before—  
It seems I've not much else to say;  
Yes, Winter is coming, and God help the poor!  
I wish it was going away!"

**DESULTORY.**

**THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.**

The scaffolding and shed which have so long concealed from the public eye the tympanum of the Capitol, have at length been removed, and the lover of the fine arts cannot but be truly gratified with the beautiful production of the chisel which has been disclosed. Mr. Pevsico has shewn himself to be an artist of the superior class, and by the admirable execution of the ground, has given the utmost effect to a design as chaste and eloquent as ever entered into the imagination of man. The central and principal figure represents the Genius of America, designated by the appropriate emblems about her, and the bird of Jove at her feet. On her left, Hope directs the attention of the Genius to the bright prospects which open to her, while the latter, pointing to the majestic figure on her right, representing Justice, indicates the righteous restraint which a pure morality has created to regulate the conduct of nations as

well as men. The beautiful idea stands before us in a form as classic as the conception which originated it, and elevates to a kindred fame the designer and the artist.

All the figures of the group are gigantic, being about nine feet in height. A perfect symmetry has been given to the forms, and the attitudes are at once graceful and expressive. Viewed with the eye of an anatomist, the minutest parts of the human structure are developed with a distinctness and truth, which, while it displays the labor which the artist has directed to the production of these details, exhibits also the extent and correctness of his scientific acquirements. In the draperies of the figures there is great felicity of execution; the fulness, the folds and flow of the mantle exhibit surpassing excellence. The Eagle will, however, be regarded as the *chef d'œuvre* of the artist. Great labor has been exhausted in that requisite finish necessary to produce the feathery effect which instantly strikes the eye of the spectator. The attitude also is strikingly true to nature; and the symmetry of the bird is the most perfect of any we have seen.

[National Journal.]

*Superstitious Directions for his Funeral, by the late Dr. Parr.*—"My hands must be bound by the crape hat band which I wore at the burial of my daughter Catharine; upon my breast must be placed a piece of flannel which Catharine wore at her dying moments at Teignmouth. There must be a lock of Madeline's hair enclosed in silk, and wrapped in paper, bearing her name; there must be a lock of Catharine's hair in silk and paper, with her name; there must be a lock of my late wife's hair, preserved in the same way; there must be a lock of Sarah Wynne's hair, preserved in the same way. All these locks of hair must be laid on my bosom as carefully as possible, covered and fastened with a piece of black silk to keep them together."

The Christian Intelligencer relates an anecdote of a person living in a town not a hundred miles from Hallowel, who was a most zealous partizan in favor of Gov. Strong, in days gone by. One morning he took from the post-office a printed sheet directed to his name, and on opening, found it headed—*Commonwealth of Massachusetts*, and looking at the bottom, he saw the name of Caleb Strong. The thought came into the man's head, like lightning, that the Governor had sued him; he turned pale with rage—said he never owed the old scoundrel one cent, and now, for all his zeal in the Governor's favor, he had been sued. On applying to a lawyer for advice, the writ turned out to be a commission for a Justice of the Peace! [BOSTON PALLADIUM.]

At the close of the Agricultural Exhibition in Worcester, Mass. the company sat down to a dinner, at which Gov. Lincoln presided. Among the toasts, was the following:—Our fair Sisters—in the language of the orator, "the best friends and most efficient patrons of the farmer, for they would have all men to be the best husband-men."

*A Dog's Jews-Harp.*—A brace of Paddies having recently landed in the United States from the Emerald Isle, went to a tavern and called for dinner. The landlord informed them that they had no victuals prepared but apple dumplings, which were accordingly set before them. One says to the other—"what kind of meat is this? I never saw such meat in Ireland!" "Arrah, by my showl," says the other, "I'll soon find out if it's poison," and threw one of the dumplings under the table to a large dog, who instantly swallowed it. The heat of it severely burning the dog's throat, the animal began to whine and howl, and paw his mouth with his fore feet. "There, by St. Patrick," says Paddy, "they are dog's jews-harps, see how scatchly he plays on it!"

*NEW JUVENILE PAPER.*—The smallest paper in the known world, without any dispute, has just reached us from Salem, Mass. It is called "The Hive," and may be read profitably by all our little statesmen and stateswomen in the nursery, before breakfast. The paper is 5 inches long, by 3 in width. It has not declared itself on the Presidential question.