



POETRY.

From the New York Mirror. LAKE ONTARIO. I love thee not, thou mighty lake. Although thy glories brightly shine...

At this sweet hour of closing day. The hues of nature are fitting o'er. Thy gentle breakers graceful play...

Give me old Ocean's steamiest glooms. His warning voice, of ceaseless sound. Wide waves of waves—the countless sound...

LAZY SAM.—The following will go to the credit of being true: A Kentucky horse-driver, being in South Carolina...

While he was thus introducing himself and telling his business, the General opened the letter, which read as follows: "Dear General—I take this opportunity to write to you by my job, who is taken the first drive he ever drove, and I want you to roll a log a little for him, so he can suit you."

PETER TOMPKINS.—The best of horse-races, cotton-bags and sugar-bags thought that he perceived a sugar-bag hidden accordingly. Mr. Job Tompkins was received with courtesy; his man and boy entertained with the best in the larder...

Lord General, as them their saddle-saddlers made out of the parrot stuff? I never seed any sure but it's one and many uses her shears. And all them are things on that big chest (the sideboard) is the real Spanish casings? I heard talk of this afore, but never seed it. Now, if I was to tell this in our settlement, may be they wouldn't hop straddle me, and ride over me rough-shod, for a liar. But they said you're a powerful sight the richest man in the South States, ain't you the General returned suitable answers, and Mr. Job and he were hand and glove for a successful lodgment in his neighbor's pocket with a view of clearing it out, a Hurekian labor to be sure. When Job heard in the next room the sound of music several Kentucky reels were played, and the sweet breathings of a melodious voice sang "Sweet-sweet home."

My daughter is playing on the piano, said the General, who will walk in the room and hear her. Here were arrangements to strike Job dumb and entrust all his senses. "The man who has no made in his soul, and is not moved with concord of sweet sounds. Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." Job thought a man might love music and sports too. He felt a tingle for both. Therefore he applied the music in his own way most rapturously.

Said Job, "my I never pull another trigger, if she's not a priming above any thing I heard talk about. Why she's charmed! She's a real one, I assure you. Why its enough to make a fellow swim that can't; and if it was not for all these fine kiverids over the track (the tarpet) and I had a partner to my mind, I'd go my drove to nothing or less, I can shake the sticks off of any boy you can produce."

The General now thought the Kentuckian ripe enough. To aid in which he had been well plied with choice liquor, as he denominated the brandy and madras. The horse-seers brought out, and examined and praised, and cheapened, and faulted sound with all. They could agree upon nothing. "Well, where is your quarter-horse?" asked the General. "Oh, ho! I sort of thought what you were after," answered Job, "for you hardly looked at them that matches, and these fine geldings. So you must be after the quarter-nag. Jim, fetch out Lazy Sam, will you? Now, General, I'll tell you, honor bright, he's never been licked in a quarter-sport but once; by Joe Miller's sorrel mare, which runs like a streak of lightning. She's a real sorrel mare. Daddy swart for him but he give you her marks, so as you mightn't be took in. For I need Joe was bringing her to the South, to win his expenses. But heres the horse any how, and I assure you he's not slow."

Now, he remembered, that honest Job was not ignorant that General H—was, at that time the owner of this identical mare, and for reasons best known to himself, he wished to make a race between her and Lazy Sam. The General examined Lazy Sam with the eye of a jockey. "Fish!" said he, very contemptuously, "why this thing cannot run; it's as flabid as a sheep and as heavy as a hog, and out-hammed besides. I would not give a good mile for three of it. Why did you not bring a lot of miles to market? I would have bought some at a fair price. Your horses do not suit me. Pray what do you ask for this thing, which you call a running nag? It may do to plough a season or two? Does it work?"

Unlike the Job of ancient days, Job Thompkins suffered his anger to rise and master him. At least he made the General think so. To use his own words he scowled—he screamed out. "Hollo mister, I wonder you are so mighty wise, considering you know so leetle. Why you make me feel all over in spots, to listen to you, I reckon may be you've got a quarter-nag yourself, ain't you?" "I ain't got a plough-nag here," said the General very coolly, "but I am sure to run away from that thing of yours."

"Thing!" hallowed Job: "why you make me feel sort of wofly, and I've a good mind to go my whole lot agin any thing you can parade in the whole South. 'I would not spoil a good mind then,' quoth the General. I suppose you are afraid to run, as your father has forbid it. 'I don't care no solitary dirt what daddy says when my Irish is up,' exclaimed Job indignantly. 'Bring on your nag, and let's see it.' The General gave the order; and as Job expected, the sorrel mare (once Joe Miller's) was brought forward. While Job examined her, his adversary endeavored all he could to fret him, by disparaging his horse; and Job appeared to be worked up to fever heat. To out short the story, the drove was staked against twenty-five hundred dollars in a check upon the C—Bank—and the company adjourned to the General's track, to see the race. On the way, Job stopped short, and, facing the General, asked very earnestly, "Now you're sure this ain't Joe Miller's nag? My mind sort o' misgives me, case, from what I have heard, they sort o' favor leetle. 'D—n your Joe Miller and his nag also,' replied the General; and the more is mine, I tell you."

The General lost his usual mahogany color and became pale; but said nothing. Lazy Sam won the race by thirty feet. Job was suddenly cool as a cucumber—and so he put the twenty-five hundred dollar check in his greasy pocketbook, which he did very deliberately, he looked round cunningly. "I sort o' think that's first rate and a half," said Job, and a leetle past common. Why, General, Sam's laid you as cold as a wedge? Turning round suddenly to his rider, he said, "Jim, here's five dollars—why it all goes in a man's life-time. And the General looks as if he'd been squeezed through the little end of nothing, or less."

Humiliating Picture.—Man may be justly entitled the great destroyer and exterminator of life, without regard to the time, place or circumstance. By this power the strongest are overcome; by his ingenuity, the most subtle are circumvented, and their energies of body and mind made subservient to his necessities or pleasures. He is superior to the whole animal creation in the noblest attributes; but he enjoys one preeminence, for which even the lowest have no cause to envy him. All the destructive animals fulfil their dire offices upon creatures belonging to other kinds; when the lion leaps from ambush, it is into the neck of the wild ox or the antelope that the buries his claws upon, the wolves howl inhumanly, as they devour the creatures they are pursuing when the scream of the eagle sounds shrillest, then let the wild duck beware! Even the insatiable ferocious fish keeps aloof from his brethren of blood. But when the drums roll, and the trumpets clang—when the soldiers are shaken abroad upon the air, and the neigh of the charger re-echoes the deep notes of the bugle; then is man, with his boasted reason, prepared to spill the blood of his brother—to drive his desolating chariot over the faces of his kindred; spread havoc and despair before his path, and leave famine and pestilence to track his foot-steps.

The ladies are said to have been thrown into a state of conversation at a recent appointment of a number of lawyers in all parts of England to register the death of married women."

NEWSPAPERS. It is an astonishing fact, that in a country free as ours is, and where every voter votes or twice a year is called upon to discharge a duty at the ballot box, there are many persons, who never read a newspaper, and who know but little more what is going on in their own country than the dominions of the Grand Mogul. When they learn of their own political affairs, they learn from verbal communication, except as it is to various persons, coloring by misconception—and acting upon such communications, only, they venture to assume to discharge the high and holy, and of course responsible duty of a judge of men's actions and principles. They venture upon attempting to settle the affairs of a great nation, extending through various degrees of latitude, and embodying an immense variety of interests and prejudices—and this without the study of qualifications demanded even in the teacher of a common country school, extending not over 30 feet square! What a judge!

Newspapers are in this country one of the necessities of life, second only to food and clothing, and as imperiously demanding the attention and forethought of men, as fire and habitation. Think of living in a world, and of knowing nothing what is going on within it!—Think of a revolution here, and an earthquake there—of a grand discovery here, a sublime invention there—of movements and agitations in one place, influencing the destinies of nations and the world for years, and of improvements and advances in other places, elevating and ennobling the condition of man—and yet a freeman, in a free country, standing amidst all, affected by all, and yet ignorant of it! What a blank, a cypher, is such a man! how little above a mere animal, who sees as he eats, breathes as he breathes, and above whom he is, only in the faculty of speech! For what is intellect without facts, information, direction, calculation? What but a mere slumbering, raked up, smothered ember, needing the fanning breeze of what is going on in the world, what the world does as inspired by what it knows—and that breeze, the news of the day, the hurry, the bustle and excitement of the time in which we live, move, and think? Talk of just knowledge! It is a good foundation on which to build. But the superstructure is to be reared now. This moment's knowledge, is worth all past knowledge; as time present is worth more than time past. And he who would benefit mankind, or do honor to himself, must come further into the world, and know what the world is doing, and shape and embody its energies.

History is important, every body grants. Science is important in all estimation. Politics are government, and as a government is good or bad so is a people prosperous or wretched, generally speaking. But here, in a newspaper, we have the history of the very day, all spread before us with a vitality and freshness no historian can equal. The very things themselves, not their images, not their shadowy ghosts, sit before you. The substance out of which history is to be woven is upon the table.—Men talk for themselves—and no historians talk for them. You are living among all, and are to read, aye, to study, what ye are so much interested in? But newspapers are more than historians. They parade before you all the invention and discoveries of the times—they trifle with you, sport with you, and condescend with you, as well as instruct you. By your own fire side, far from the scenes of interest, no matter where you are in the crowded city or in a remote country house, ye they bring all before you, and to the very life—and you are as well as letter informed by them than he who has seen and participated in it. You need not stir from your farm, or your own chair, from your bed even; and yet these little messengers, silent and speechless as they are, will take you into the wide world and show forth all that is going on.—Portland Advertiser.

allel lines; so that if she had sufficient power to propel her 30 miles per hour, the motion in the water would be less than any modern boat at 5 miles per hour—not even a riddle enough would be thereby produced to disturb a skiff within 5 miles of her side. Every one is familiar with the fact that a North River boat, in her progress, will set every craft a dancing within a half a mile of her. All this agitation of the water is obtained at the expense of steam and of course is a dead loss, ever and above Mr. Burden's principle.

It is to be added, in conclusion, that the cross section of both the hulls of Mr. Burden's boat displaces a quantity of water of only forty superficial feet; whereas the North River boats generally displace about 150 feet, all of which quantity of water is to be removed and taken back to the stern in the short space of four seconds of time, when at their maximum speed. Mr. Burden's boat, on the contrary, having but forty feet to displace and take back, and also 12 seconds of time to do it in, supposing the speed of both boats to be 25 per second, it is obvious that the difference of pressure between the water on the bow and stern of Mr. B's boat is about equal—so that the North River and all other boats of similar construction ought not to be propelled over ten miles per hour, as the extra speed is obtained at an enormous consumption of power for the reasons above stated. N. Y. Eve. Star.

Raising and removing brick houses, is a business very successfully carried on in this city, and is a great curiosity in a scientific point of view. Carrying back a large five-story fire proof store ten feet, or making a brick house face another street, would at one time have been considered an extraordinary undertaking. We were admiring the ease and security with which the handsome two story brick house, 210 Bowery, was raised by screws and blocks to a height as to enable the owner to build another story under it, and when completed it will be a substantial three story house. The raising of this brick house was done by Geo. Bakewell, 177 Elizabeth street, & not a wall was cracked or a timber out of place.—Id.

REESIDE. This man is now about to attain the climax of notoriety. We all remember his Horse Parade in Chestnut street, a year or two ago—and his Curric and four spanking Greys, and his Carriages—and his in fact—every thing splendid! every thing tip-top—in style! bang up d—me—and all as General Jackson! The poor natives stared as if moon-stricken—the Editors sang 'lo pean'—for master Reeside had patronage—and what Editor would whisper a word against the Reeside—few-fum—I smell the blood of an Englishman! "And who said we to an old Dutch friend, is this R.? Lord love you! he's no body, answered our honest acquaintance! Genl. Jackson made him a great man, that's all!—Why! he was a wagoner, and drove team but 't'other day!" A sudden fortune truly! that lifts a man from wagon driving, to sleeping in the President's house, in a few days. "The General could do with a few more," said our honest Dutch friend. "So it appears—and he could't do without the General," said I.

It now seems that Reeside is right minded that the Post Office Committee have insinuated doubts of his integrity; and even gone so far as to—insult—REPERJURY! So says Mr. R. himself! But before we refer the reader to the following account of the \$1,000 downer from Reeside to Barry—we must beg him to look over the Post Office Report, take a pencil in his hand—sum up the total paid by Barry to Reeside. What, Reader, do you suppose it amounts to?—Exactly \$249,267 12!!!—for \$40, he was allowed \$1,400!!!—for \$99, he was paid \$1,990!!!—for \$6000 contract, he received \$28,775!!! Surely he is a very honest fellow! But now the "PERJURY" insinuated—we take from the U. S. Telegraph, and it is signed by Reeside himself. The Editor of the Journal daily remarks:—"if those who are implicated in that Report, are not more successful, it will be found that silence is the part of prudence." Read the following extract from Reeside's justification:—"As I give my testimony on oath before the Committee, if the statement here made were true, it would appear that I had committed PERJURY, in saying that the \$1000 draft referred to was negotiated at the Botanykill Bank; and the interference is almost irresistible, that I had fabricated the story and confirmed it with my oath. For purpose of giving the appearance of a loan to this advance on my part to Mr. Barry, while it was, in reality a corrupt occurrence; This is evidently the object for which this transaction is drawn into the report by the majority. And yet, says the Editor of the U. S. Telegraph, "it will be found that the silence is the part of prudence!" Mr. R. had better remain silent—the more you stir it—the more offensive it smells. National Banner.

A WORLD OF MONEY.—The Golden "Gloss." It appears that "Gloss" has had its full share of Post Office Paper! Only \$22,000!!! at a time! In two months, he received \$8,400!!!—Immediately he was proceeding the Presidential Election, he was paid by the Post Office Department, \$116 a day!!! ANOTHER. PENN. of the Louisville Advertiser, has also been lavishly pampered with Paper! He was paid \$10,000!!! for blanks!!! OTH REY is for blanks, &c. \$25,000!!! was paid!

Melancholly Occurrence.—A sudden gust of wind sweeping up the valley of the St. Marks on Friday afternoon, the 30th ult., descended with sad and distressing effects on the mansion of E. B. Vass, Esq. During the fury of the storm, his amiable consort with maternal solicitude, rushing to the rescue of her infant daughter in an adjoining building, and whom she imagined to be in danger, was herself prostrated beneath the fallen ruins of her own dwelling. Mr. Vass with his two elder daughters were most miraculously preserved amid the shattered limbs of trees; and the shivered timbers of the upper story of the house; but scarce had they time to be sensible of this merciful dispensation of Providence in their behalf, than they were called to weep tears of sorrow over the body of a wife and mother.

Not to be mistaken by the Senate, a Resolution yesterday passed the House of Representatives, at the suggestion of the Post Office Committee, of that body, to appoint a select Committee, to sit during the recess, to investigate and report the affairs of the Post Office Department. As no debate preceded or accompanied this motion, we are somewhat at a loss how to take it. If this Committee be intended to follow up the good work in which the Senate has been the pioneer, it will be well. If the Committee is intended for any other purpose, it is very certain that it will not answer that purpose. Nothing but full inquiry and development of the abuses now admitted to exist, can satisfy the country. Col. Crocker says, the appointment of the Committee puts him in mind of what sometimes happens away up yonder in his country. A bear will catch a stray log on the outside of a plantation, and devour him entirely, from snout to tail except the bones. The owner of the plantation, mightily wroth at this depredation, when he finds it out, will load his rifle, mount a tree and, perched in it all night long, will watch the place where the bear had cut up his hog.—Nat Int.

The nomination of William Hunter, of Rhode Island, to be Charge d'Affairs at Rio Janeiro, was confirmed the same evening; as also was that of HUMPHREY H. LAYTON (now a Representative in Congress) to be district Judge of the United States for the district of Ohio.

Boston, June 21. Fruits of the Experiment.—We have understood that the Glass Companies in operation at Lehigh Point are beginning to feel the consequences of the Experiment—and that the "Bottle Manufactory," and also the "Flint Glass Works," are about to be discontinued for the present. Thus adding about one hundred and fifty persons to the many thousands already out of employment.

SUDDEN DEATH.—The New Orleans Argus says—Mr. Brown, of the Circus, after playing at his own benefit in Mobile, a few days ago, died the same night, a few hours after the performance. Just as poor Johnson died here.

RICHARD POLLEN, of Virginia, has been appointed, with consent of the Senate, Charge d'Affaires of the United States at Cayix.

LIST OF BRITISH PREMIERS. The following list of the different British Prime Ministers during the reign of George Third, George Fourth, and William Fourth, are interesting, as showing the comparative duration of the various administrations:

Table with 3 columns: Name, Start Date, End Date. Includes Duke of Newcastle (1754-1762), Earl Bute (1762-1763), George Grenville (1763-1770), Marquis of Rockingham (1763-1765), Duke of Grafton (1765-1768), Lord North (1769-1782), Marquis of Rockingham (1782-1783), Earl of Shelburne (1783-1783), Duke of Portland (1783-1783), William Pitt (1783-1794), Henry Addington (1794-1801), Wm. Pitt reappointed (1801-1804), Lord Grenville (1804-1806), Duke of Portland (1806-1807), Spencer Perceval (1807-1810), Earl of Liverpool (1810-1812), Geo. Canning (1812-1813), Viscount Goderich (1813-1817), Duke of Wellington (1817-1828), Earl Grey (1828-1830).

Calculating from this list it would appear that the average duration of a ministry is about 5 years. THE PHILOSOPHER OUTDONE.—A learned philosopher being very busy in his study, a little girl came to ask him for some fire. "But says the Doctor you have nothing to take it in," and as he was going to fetch something for that purpose, the little girl stooped down to the fireplace, and taking some cold ashes in one hand, she put live embers on with the other. The astonished Doctor threw down his books, saying, "With all my learning I should never have found out that expedient."

A Wit.—A man that has once got his character up for a wit, is always sure of a laugh, say what you may. He plays utter as much nonsense as he pleases, and all will pass current. No one stops to question the coin of a rich man, but a poor devil cannot pass off either a joke or a guinea, without its being examined on both sides. Wit and coin are a ways doubted with a threadbare coat.

Belle.—A beautiful, but useless insect without wings, whose colors fade from being removed from the sunshine.

The ladies of New Haven it is said, have pledged themselves neither to walk, dance, or in any other way, hold communion with natives who use tobacco, either by chewing or smoking.

Evidence of an Irish Witness.—The following evidence was given the other day before Barren Smith—"Please your honor, it was on that month St. Patrick's day, and I just saw a man with his feet over the wall—Pat," says I; "what," says he, "his feet says I; "where," says I; "where" says he, and place your honor that's all I'm after knowing of the matter."

A good wife.—A woman who makes good coffee, and does not wash days.

A Irishman asked a store in King street last week for a pair of gloves, where he was told the kind he wanted would come to one dollar and twenty five cents, "Och, my soul, thin," says he, "I'd sooner my hands id go barefoot, all the days of my life, than give ye that for em."

NOTICE. THE firm of Murphy & Moss, is dissolved by mutual consent, all persons indebted to the said firm, are requested to make immediate payment. William Murphy, John E. Moss, Salisbury July 1st 1837. TO MY CUSTOMERS. The subscriber having purchased the entire stock of goods of Murphy & Moss, will continue to sell goods as usual, at the old stand. He invites all those indebted, to call and settle as the concern must be positively closed in a short time. William Murphy, July 2d 30.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE. THE Subscriber offers for sale a Tract of Land in Cabarrus county, three miles South West of Concord, on the Stage Road leading from Concord to Charlotte, on the waters of Goddle Creek.—The tract contains about 450 ACRES, and consists of between 25 and 30 acres of good Meadow—about 100 Acres of first rate cleared Land, the balance of first rate uncleared Land. It lies in the heart of some of the best land in the county—joining J. Phifer, J. Young, Col. Barringer and John J. Phifer, Jr. It is level and well watered, and has the common improvements. I am determined to sell, and offer a bargain for land of the above quality. I will take notes or good notes in payment. Person desirous to purchase are requested to visit the premises, or the subscriber at Concord. W. M. C. MILES. June 20th 1834. If—48.

Book Store. A LARGE and valuable assortment of Books belonging to the estate of the late Rev'd Daniel Gould, are for sale at his late residence in Statesville; and in addition to those purchased by the deceased for sale, his private library is in market, containing some rare and valuable works not to be ordinarily met with; among which are The Christian Observer, in 19 vols. Christian Spectator, in 8 do. Rosenmuller's Scholia in Nov. Testamentum, Crabb's English Synonymes. Biblia Hebraica, Schlessner's Lexicon. With a great variety of other BOOKS. All of which will be sold low for Cash. A. SIMONTON. June 21—6423