

Poetical.

There is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen,
That breathes on—and breathes on,
From morning until eve.

Bright and pure and all serenely
Shines the moonbeams on the bay,
Pale, and proud, and, and greenly
Moves Night's Goddess on her way!

Beware of Severe Speaking in Company.

No matter whether the company be
large or small, you may be sure that all
you say against an absent person will
reach him.

Nor is this all. Such remarks leave a
sting in your own conscience. You can-
not thus speak disparagingly of the ab-
sent, without giving conscience the right
to call you to an account, and tell you, in
language which cannot be misconstrued,
you have done wrong, and not as you
would be done by.

SKETCH OF SMITHSON.

We find in the Philadelphia Pennsylvan-
ian a memoir of the endower of the
Smithson Institute, (the Regents of which
have been recently appointed,) and of the
donation itself. Take the facts all togeth-
er, as the editor well says, and they bear
more the impress of romance than of re-
ality, and are destined to occupy a conspic-
uous page in our national history.

GEORGE WILSON.

A few years since, as the Rev. Mr. Gallau-
det was walking in the streets of Hartford
there came running to him a poor boy, of very
ordinary first sight appearance, but whose fine
intelligent eye fixed the gentlemen's attention,
as the boy inquired, "Sir can you tell me of a man
who would like a boy to work for him and learn
to read?"

At last supper was unnoiced, and in
rushed our hero in advance of every body,
and seating himself about the centre
of the table, began to beckon to every
waiter whose eye he could catch but not
one, much to his indignation, approached
him until after the ladies had been seated
and served, when he was asked whether
he would take some ham.

IMPORTANT TO...
Fayetteville, January...
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SHEETS...
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FASHIONABLE...
Doct's Summer...
TIN...
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