WILMINGTON ADVERTISER.

F. C. HILL, Editor and Proprietor. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." Wilmington, North Carolina.

VOL. III. NO. 38. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5th, 1838. WHOLE NO. 142.

PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

TERMS.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a Square inserted at ONE DOLLAR the first, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion.

No Subscribers taken for less than one year, and all who permit their subscription to run over a year, without giving notice, are considered bound for the second year, and so on for all succeeding years.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

☞ OFFICE on the South side of Market Street, below the Court House.

Office of the Portsmouth & Roanoke R. R. Co.
Potrsmouth, Va. May 28th, 1838.

Great Central Route

BETWEEN THE

NORTH AND SOUTH,

Via the Portsmouth and Roanoke Railroad, and the Chesapeake Bay Steamboats,

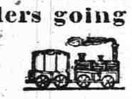
THROUGH from Halifax, N. C. to New York, in FORTY ONE HOURS, being THREE HOURS IN ADVANCE OF ANY OTHER LINE, *and this without a moment's night travelling on railroad south of Philadelphia, and* WITHOUT THE LOSS OF SLEEP—Thus:

From Halifax to Portsmouth,	6 hours.
" Portsmouth to Baltimore	14 "
" Baltimore to Philadelphia,	8 "
" Philadelphia to New York,	8 "
	36
Stoppages,	5
	41

☞ Leaves Halifax every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, Baltimore every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and Washington City every Wednesday. Fare from Halifax to Philadelphia, including every expense, (meals, porterage, &c.) $18.

To be published until forbid in the Augusta Chronicle, Savannah Georgian, Charleston Courier, Norfolk Herald, Baltimore Patriot & American, National Intelligencer, U. S. Gazette, Pennsylvanian, and New York Star, and accounts sent to the Office of the Portsmouth & Roanoke Railroad Company. 125 tf

Travellers going North,



BY THE WILMINGTON & RALEIGH RAILROAD COMPANY'S LINE,

ARE respectfully informed, that they will find the route through Halifax, Gary's, Petersburg, Richmond, Washington, and Baltimore, the most expeditious, the time from Charleston to New York being by this line (through Petersburg, &c.) *half a day less, than by any other interior route.*

The Petersburg Railroad Company have always locomotives, with coaches, &c. at Gary's, ready to proceed immediately for the North, upon the arrival of the passengers; and travellers are referred to Mr. B. F. Halsey, their agent at Halifax, upon whose representations they may implicitly rely.

There is no uncertainty or detention on this route. All the lines north of the Roanoke run in regular connexion; and the engineers being careful, circumspect, and sober, and every other precaution taken to render this line safe and comfortable, the attention of the public is invited to it.

An agent attends at Gary's, and takes charge of all baggage, and accompanies the same, without trouble to the traveller, all the way to Washington.

Petersburg Railroad Company's Office, August 22d, 1838. 137 tf

NOTICE TO MERCHANTS.

ALL Merchandise, &c. intended to be forwarded on the Railroad, must be sent between sunrise and eight o'clock, A. M. Any thing sent after that time cannot be taken on that day. Nothing will be received, unles it is put up in the most substantial manner. Every thing must have the owner's name marked distinctly on it, and a bill accompanying it, specifying the *weight*, stating who it is from, who it is for, and where it is to be left.

The merchants will be held responsible in every case, for the freight on every thing sent by them. Merchants having consignments of produce, and other articles from the country, must take them away the day that they arrive, as the Company will not be responsible for any thing suffered to remain at the Depot all night.

Articles will be delivered at, and taken from the following points on the road, viz. Rocky Point Depot, Water Station, near Burgaw Swamp, and the Depot, near South Washington.

L. L. H. SAUNDERS,
Agent of Transportation.

May 12th, 1838. 122 tf

RATES OF TOLL

AT NHE NEW BRIDGE, NEAR HILTON.

FOR a Gig, or Sulkey and Horse, twenty cents, (20 cents,) Wagon and four Horses, fifty cents, (50 cents,) a four wheel Wagon and two Horses, twenty five cents, (25 cents,) for a Carriage and Horses, thirty cents, (30 cents,) for a Cart and one Horse, sixteen cents, (16 cents,) for a Man and Horse, ten cents, (10 cents,) for a Cart with Oxen, twenty cents, (20 cents,) for a four wheel Carriage with one Horse, twenty five cents, (25 cents, for a foot Passenger, four cents, (4 cents,) for Cattle, Hogs, and Sheep, two cents each, (2 cents,) for Turkies, one cent each, (1 cent,) for single Horses, four cents each, (4 cents.)

A true copy from the minutes.
Witness,
THOS. F. DAVIS, Clerk.

NOTICE.

I HEREBY forewarn all persons from trading for a Note of Hand given by the subscriber to John Curry, dated some time in June last, six months after date for thirty dollars, as I am determined not to pay said note, as it was fraudulently obtained against me.

S. W. MORSE.
August 13th, 1838. 135 tf.

SPRING VILLA
FRENCH AND ENGLISH SEMINARY

For Young Ladies,

AT BORDENTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

THE duties of this Seminary will be resumed on Monday, the 24th September next.

The peculiar feature of this establishment consists in its being essentially a French School, that language being constantly spoken by the pupils in their intercourse with each other and with their teachers.

The department of modern languages is under the charge of the subscriber himself, assisted by a lady lately from France.

The English department is entrusted to Miss M. Turner, from Boston, who is assisted by Miss E. Lunt, from Portsmouth, N. H.

Music is taught by Mr. Edward R. Hansen, from Denmark.

Drawing, Mr. Engstrom,
Dancing, Mr. H. Whale.

For information concerning the character of the Institution, the subscriber begs leave to refer to Col. J. D. Jones, and Levin Lane, of Wilmington, Mrs. Winder, of Smithville, Gen. Wm. Hill, of Duplin county, and John Burgwyn, of Newbern, who now have children under his care.

A catalogue containing terms, &c. may be had at this office. For further particulars, application may be made either personally, or by mail, to

A. N. GIRAULT,
Principal.

138 tf

To Printers and Publishers.

THE subscribers have just completed their new specimen book of light faced book and job printing types, flowers, and ornaments, the contents of which are herewith partially given.

Diamond, Pearl, nos. 1 and 2,
Agate, nos. 1, 2, and 3,
Agate, on Nonpareil body,
Nonpareil, nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4,
Minionette, nos. 1, and 2,
Minion, nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4,
Minion on Brevier body,
Brevier on Minion body,
Brevier, nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4,
Brevier on Burgeois body,
Brevier on Long Primer body,
Burgeois on Brevier body,
Burgeois, nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4,
Burgeois on Long Primer body,
Long Primer, nos. 1, 3, and 4,
Long Primer on Small Pica body,
Small Pica, nos. 1 and 2,
Pica on Small Pica body,
Pica, nos. , 2, and 3,
Pica on English body,
English, nos 1 and 2,
Great Primer, Paragon, Double English,
Double Paragon, Canon,
Five line Pica to twenty,
Eight line Pica Gothic, condensed to 25,
Seven line and ten line Pica ornamental,
6, 7, 9, 12, and 15 lines Pica shaded,
8, 10, 15 and 16 lines antique shaded.

Also, a large and beautiful collection of flowers, from pearl to seven lines pica, which are not to be found in any other specimen, a new assortment of ornamental dashes, a variety of card borders, near two thousand, metal ornaments, brass rules, leads of various thickness, astronomical and physical signs, metal and brace dashes, from 3 to 30 ems long, great primer and double pica scripts on inclined body, diamond and nonpareil music of various kinds, antique light and heavy face two line letter, full face Roman and Italic nonpareil, minion, brevier, long primer, and other blacks, nonpareil, minion, and brevier Greek, Hebrew, and Saxon.

A large variety of ornaments, calculated particularly for the Spanish and South American markets. Spanish, French, and Portuguese accents furnished to order, with every other article made use of in the printing business. All of which can be furnished at short notice, of as good quality, and on as reasonable terms, as at any other establishment.

CONNER & COOK,
Corner of Nassau and Ann streets,
New York.

August 15th, 1838. 139 3w

☞ Proprietors of newspapers printed within any part of the United States, or the Canadas, who will copy the above advertisement three times, and forward a copy containing the same, will be entitled to their pay in any type cast at our foundery, provided they take twice the amount of their bills in type.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber, having qualified at the last term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions of New Hanover county, as administratrix of the estate of A. L. RIVERA, deceased, requests all persons indebted to said estate to make payment to herself, or to L. H. Marsteller, Esq. who is legally authorized to act for her; and all persons having claims against said estate to present them within the time required by law, to either of us, for payment, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery.

M. A. RIVERA,
Administratrix.

Wilmington, Sept 17th, 1838 140 3w

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

THE subscriber, as Executor of Mrs. *Sarah Stone*, late of Raleigh, deceased, will sell at public auction on Monday and Tuesday the 29th and 30th days of October next, at her plantation, about ten miles east of Raleigh, all the crop of COTTON, CORN, AND FODDER, and all the stock of HORSES, CATTLE, and HOGS, and the PLANTATION UTENSILS, consisting of CARTS, WAGONS, PLOUGHS, &c. and on Wednesday the 31st of October, all the NEGROES belonging to said estate—forty six in number—consisting of men, women, boys, girls, and children, will be offered for sale. The negroes will be sold in FAMILIES, pursuant to the directions of the will.

TERMS.

The crop and plantation utensils will be sold on a credit of six months, for all sums over $10—for $10 and under, CASH. A part of the negroes, to the amount of about $5,000, will be sold on a credit of six months, for notes negotiable and payable at the Bank of the State of North Carolina, in Raleigh; and the balance will be sold on a credit of six months. ☞ Bond and satisfactory security will be required for the purchase money, before the property is changed.

D. W. STONE.

Raleigh, N. C. Sept. 3d, 1838. 139 6w

☞ The Advertiser, Wilmington, Spectator, Newbern, and Western Carolinian, Salisbury, will please publish the above for six weeks, and forward their accounts to the Standard office.

† Price $4, 50.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made at the next Session of the Legislature of this State, to amend the Inspection Laws relative to lumber and timber, so far as the port of Wilmington is concerned.

September 19th, 1838. 140 3w

John T. Flynn,

MERCHANT TAYLOR.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Wilmington and the surrounding country, that he has located himself permanently in this town, and is now ready to execute all orders in his line. Having been for some time engaged in the well known establishment of Mr. Charles D. Carr, of Charleston S. C. as a cutter, he hopes that he will give general satisfaction.

ON HAND, A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

Fine Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings, which will be made as fashionable as in any of the northern cities. Also, a general assortment of

FANCY WEARING APPAREL,

A few doors south of Reston's Railroad Hotel.
Wilmington, Sept. 18th, 1838. 141 3ts.

NOTICE.

WILL be sold at public auction, on Monday the 1st of October, 1838, at the Custom House Wharf, the

SLOOP SARAH,

AND ALL HER SAILS AND RIGGING.

Said vessel is of thirty (30) tons, is copper fastened, and coppered to the bends. Her bottom is of African oak. She can be made a profitable vessel for the river, or fruit trade.

By
TALCOTT BURR,
Auctioneer

September 25th, 1838. 141 1w

MILITIA ORDERS.

MAJOR General JAMES B. WHITFIELD has appointed the following days for reviewing the several Regiments in the 3d Brigade of the Militia of North Carolina, viz.

The 31st Regiment,	Duplin Co.	on the 22d	October next
24th "	Onslow, "	24th	"
30th "	New Hanover,	27th	"
39th "	Brunswick, "	29th	"

The Commanding Officer of each Regiment above named is hereby required to have his Regiment in complete order, at the usual place of review, at noon, on the appointed day.

By order of Major General Whitfield.
JESSE PIPKIN,
Aid de Camp.

Lenoir County, 4th Sept. 1838. 140 4w

Regimental Orders.

THE companies composing the 30th Regiment North Carolina Militia are hereby required to parade in Wilmington, on Saturday the 27th of October next, for Inspection and Review. Line to be formed at 10 o'clock.

By order of Major General J. B. Whitfield.

The Officers, Noncommissioned Officers, and Musicians, will meet in Wilmington, on Friday the 26th, at 10 o'clock, for inspection and drill, prepared with their returns, as by law required.

The Commissioned Officers will meet in Court Martial, at 4 o'clock, P. M. of the 26th, to elect a Lieut. Colonel. Capt. Thos. W. Brown, of the Wilmington Militia, will superintend the election, and certify the result to the Colonel.

By order of L. H. Marsteller, Colonel Commanding 30th Regiment N. C. Militia.
R. F. Brown, Adjutant.

Sept. 19th, 1838. 140 6w

A HINT.

THE undersigned respectfully invites all those in his debt for freight or passages, to call and settle the same with Major James T. Miller. Preparing to go south with my steamboat, I find it very difficult to buy articles for the many uses required, without collecting what is due for past services.

The price for a passage to and from Smithville in the Cotton Plant hereafter, will be $1 50—being as low as I can afford. I take no risk for freight or baggage under any circumstances. My contract is with those that employ me. If they do not like my terms, they can go elsewhere.

This notice is intended for all persons that may want my services up the Cape Fear, as well as down to Smithville.

DOYLE O'HANLON.

Wilmington, Sept. 21st, 1838. 140

COPARTNERSHIP.

THE subscribers have this day entered into a copartnership, under the firm of

MILES COSTIN, & CO.

for the transaction of a GENERAL COMMISSION BUSINESS. They will pay particular attention to the sale of Lumber, Timber, and any other kind of country produce that may be sent to their care. They have a large wharf, and the best timber pen in the place, which enables them to keep timber on hand for a price, without any risk of its being lost.

MILES COSTIN,
ARTHUR LEWIS.

Wilmington, N. C.
Sept. 1st, 1838. 138 3mo

PERSONS having unsettled accounts with the subscriber, are requested to come forward and settle the same without further delay. If they should neglect to do so, they will find their accounts in the hands of a collecting officer.

MILES COSTIN.

September 1st, 1838. 133 3mo.

STRAYED OR STOLEN,

A FINE looking HOUND SLUT; she is of a bindle or tan, tall and exceedingly fine in her form, her face rather gray, indicating age. I will give any person who will deliver her to me a reward of TEN DOLLARS.

WM. S. ASHE.

September 14th, 1838. 139 3w

FOR RENT.

THE *Brick Stores* near the South East corner of the TOWN HALL, at present occupied by Charles Nixon, and Dr. Foy. Possession given 1st October next. Apply through Messrs. R. W. Brown & Son, to

S. B EVERETT.

Smithville, N. C., 15th Aug., 1838. 135 tf.

NOTICE.

ALL persons are cautioned against trusting any person whatever, for or on account of the Steam Packet GOV. DUDLEY, without a written order from me, as I will neither sign nor pay any bill, without such written order being presented as a voucher for the same.

THOS. J. IVY.

TO RENT,

AND possession given on the 1st of October, the comfortable DWELLING HOUSE on Market street, at present occupied by Mr. G. R. French.

Apply to

R. H. COWAN.

September 21st, 1838. 140 2w

A NIGHT WTIH THE FIENDS.

Founded on Fact.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

I would have given worlds to recall the action. I had no excuse. It was a deed done with my eyes open. The beggar who steals to save his wife and children from starving, has the sympathy of the judge who condemns him—and the homicide, whose crime is committed in a gust of passion, may find consolation in repentance, and in the consciousness of the infirmity of human nature. Men sin from ignorance, from temptation, from want of experience. I had perpetrated this deliberately, with my eyes open to the consequences. I knew the nature of what I was doing. There was no adequate temptation for it. I could only explain it on the grounds of innate depravity. *I*, who professed a scorn of wrong—who was accustomed to self-examination and self-dicipline—who knew what guilt was—who felt, while I did it, that it was laying up a store of repentance—I had yielded, and I regarded myself with contempt and horror.

Nothing could be more pleasing than the scene in which this accident took place. It was at a ball, amid music, and dancing, and pretty women. All the elements of happiness seemed to lie around. Was I happy? No. Remorse filled my bosom. I felt that I had recorded in the book of fate a *deed* not to be erased—from which was to spring shame and suffering. I felt the ghost of "buried Denmark."—

"Confined to last in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away."

Night came. Night! At this mysterious period, the guilty have a foretaste of their punishment. In summer I should have gone out and wailed till morning. But it was a cheerless November night. I went to bed. In a little while a sort of oblivion descended upon me, faintly lighted with images of the gay scene where I had spent the evening, and where I had unfortunately laid this sin upon my soul. My imagination retained a dim sense of music and dancing, and careless voices, and flashing light, till their oft trepeated impressions pained me; and over the whole, mysteriously and darkly, like a cloud, or an impending danger, lay the definite conviction and shame of that act—a sense of remorse, apprehension, guilt, and folly, from which I strove to recoil and creep away, and hide myself in sleep, or even death. And, in those vague moments, wavering between the real and the unreal, grotesque beings, whose shapes were drawn in lines of light upon the black air, darted around, and made faces at me, and held a sort of devilish revel over my torments as I lay powerles on my back. Such visitations might come to a dead man in his coffin. And a power seemed whispering. 'This it is to commit a sin!' 'I did not think of it,' said I, could not help it.' And, for a moment, this seemed a triumph to me, and I shouted the fact sturdily in the faces of the fiends, and I called the good angels to help me, a poor, misused mortal, set upon in this fashion by a parcel of infernal devils. But a voice, after a pause, answered, as if with a silent smile, '*You knew what you did!*—you gratified your wish—you agreed to pay the price—you scorned consequences—you have no excuse—you are bought and sold—you are ours!' And I answered, '*It is true!* and strove to hide himself. I would have crawled into any cave; and all the while the dancing went on, and the music played one continual tune—and gay crowd moving and bowing around, and beautiful female faces, with radiant smiles and careless words, came and went in throngs and masses, with a floating change and a mocking contrast. Then I fell abruptly off a precipice—started—and awoke.

I groaned aloud. The chamber was lighted by the faint beams of a night lamp, casting grotesque and giant shadows upon the walls and ceilings. There was something unearthly about them. I had not thought that chairs and tables—those homely and familiar objects—could look so strange and impressive. There was a bar lying huge and black across the room—a massive semi circle, broken by an angle of the cornice, appeared like a segment of Saturn's belt—and a rugged profile, that frowned like the spectre of some giant, held forth a threatening arm, and impressed me with a solemn sense of the monstrous and the preternatural.

And soon, amid these huge shadows and that deathly silence, (broken only by a sound from some warping pannel, or, perhaps, a wall settling more heavily into its foundation, secret tokens of time, unheard by the sleeping millions around,) the fatal act which had marked my past evening, appeared before me like a ghost, with a *haunting* power. All the darkest aspects of life presented themselves, as I turned on my pillow and strove to sleep. All that I had ever done wrong, or unkind, or doubtful, sat around my bed like a company of devils, each event converted into a fiend, and at the head of this agreeable *levee* the deed of yesterday, a mocking, heartless demon, and then came the dancing and that old tune again.

At length this awful ordeal was varied by a gleam of comfort. Something which resolved itself at last into a smoothing and most gentle spirit, seemed to steal in unobserved among this set of chattering devils, and whispered in my ear:

'Patience, mortal, and receive this hour as a lesson. You shall not sink beneath your burden, but you must bear it yet a little longer.—When the cock crows your persecutors will disperse. Take care you do not put yourself in their power again. The earth is inhabited by two races—man, a traveller on his way to heaven, but sore beset by the other race, the devils. There is but one method of escaping these gentlemen, who now crowd your chamber so hilariously. It is by following the ways of right and wisdom. They have, comparatively, no power over those charmed paths, but it is the condition of your existence that, when you err, you are exposed to their mischievous malice. Indeed each error creates its own tormentor. Each man, accordingly to his deeds, is honored with a retinue of these disagreeable companions, who acquire more power the more they gain. They retire from around you during the day to watch the effect of new temptations, as an angler keeps himself concealed to catch the fish; even, when hooked, gives him the line in order to plunge the barb yet deeper in his victim. In crowds, in moments of passion, and times of pleasure, they leave their prize apparently free; but in solitude, illness, and during the night, they assume their dominion; and wo to him who becomes entirely their slave. As for you, you have committed an action for which you must bear the penalty. Yield with patience and be wiser to-morrow.'

The face of my instructress was near me when she spoke, and she kissed my forehead. Then came the dancing and the old tune, and the crowds and the demons, and in the pressure I was nearly suffocated. Struggling, attempting in vain to call out, I was at the point of dissolution, when, in frightful convulsions, I once more awoke. At that instant the cock in the neighboring barn-yard gave a sudden, loud, and exultant crow, and I distinctly heard the slapping of the fellow's wings. It was followed by the cheerful cry of a milkman. A faint silvery light fell upon the wall through the openings in the shutters and curtains. The night-lamp burned lower and yet more dim.—Saturn's belt was scarcely visible opposite the pitcher-handle. The huge bar had lost its sharp outline, but retained enough to identify it with the poker, and the frowning giant had dissolved into the outlines of an old *robe de chambre*, carelessly flung over the back of a chair. Blessed human shapes all, after the unearthly images of night. I turned over with a sense of safety, of being among my fellow-creatures, and on the earth again, of having expiated my crime, and of having now life before me to try anew the path of virtue and wisdom, and so I fell into a quiet sleep.

'But what was the crime!' demanded my wife when I read her this essay.

'The reader will know it,' said I.

'Not at all,' said she. 'I assure you I have not the slightest idea of it.'

'Let them guess then!' said I.

'They will think you have been robbing the mail,' said she, 'or committing murder. What is it you have done to bring on yourself such terrible torments?'

'I drank three *cups of strong tea!*' said I, with a blush.

"And it serves you *perfectly right*' said my wife, with a look of indignation?

A POET AND HIS CRITICS.

We extract the following remarks, more philosophical in their temper than one would have expected from a poet, from No. 8 of the 'Letters from under a Bridge,' by N. P. Willis in the N. Y. Mirror.

* * * "Experience was always new to me, I do not seem to myself ever to have seen the Rome I once read of. The Venice I know is not the Venice of story nor of traveller's books. There are two Londons in my mind—one where I saw whole shelves of my library walking about in coats and petticoats, and another where there was nothing visible through the fog but fat men with tankards of porter,—one memory of it all glittering with lighted rooms, bright and kind faces, man all manly and woman all womanly, and another memory, (got from books) where every man was surly and dressed in a buff waistcoat, and every woman a giantess in riding hats and boots. It is delightful to think how new every thing is, spite of descriptions.

Never believe, dear doctor, that there is an old world. There is no such place, on my honor! You will find England, France, Italy, and the East, after all you have read and heard, as altogether new as if they were created by your eye, and were never sung, painted, nor be-written—you will indeed.—Why, to be sure! What were the world else? A pawnbroker's closet, where every traveller had left his clothes for you to wear after him! Pen and ink cannot take the gloss off your eyes, nor can any man look through them as you do. I do not believe the simplest matter—sunshine or verdure—has exactly the same look to any two people in the world. How much less a human face—a landscape—a broad kingdom! Travellers are very pleasant people. They tell you what picture was produced in their brain by the things they saw; but if they forestalled novelty by that, I would as soon read them as beseech a thief to steal my dinner. How it looks to one pair of eyes would be a good reminder pencilled on the margin of many a volume.

I have run my ploughshare, in this furrow, upon a root of philosophy, which has cured heart aches for me ere now. I struck upon it, almost accidentally, while administering consolation, years since, to a sensitive friend whose muse had been consigned, alive and kicking, to the tomb by a blundering undertaker of criticism. I read the review and wrote on it with a pencil, 'So thinks one man in fifteen millions;' and, to my surprise swere my dejected friend, like master Bernardine, that he would 'consent to die that day, *for no man's persuasion.*' Since that I have made a practice of counting the enemy; and trust me, dear doctor, it is sometimes worth while not to runaway without this little preliminary. A friend for instance, with a most boding solemnity, takes you aside, and pulls from his pocket a newspaper containing a paragraph that is aimed at your book, your morals, perhaps your looks and manners. You catch the alarm from your friend's face, and fancy it is the voice of public opinion, and your fate is fixed. Your book is detestable, your character is gone—Your manners and features are the object of universal disapprobation. Stay! count the enemy! Was it decided by a convention? No! By a caucus? No! By a vote on the deck of a steam boat! No! By a group at the corner of the street, by a club, by a dinner party? No! By whom, then? One small gentleman, setting in the dingy corner of a printing office, who puts his quill through your reputation as the entomologist slides a pin through a beetle—in the way of his vocation. No particular malice to you. He wanted a specimen of the genus poet, and you were the first caught. If there is no head to the pin, (as there often is none,) the best way is to do as the beetle does—pretend to be killed and he forgets you, and then slip off without a buzz.

The only part of the calumny that I ever found troublesome was my friends, insisting on my being unhapy about it; I dare say you have read the story of The German criminal, whose last request—that his head might be struck off while he stood engaged in conversation—was humanely granted by the provost. The executioner was an adroit headsman, and watching his opportunity crept behind his victim while he was observing the flight of a bird, and sliced off his bulb without even decomposing his gaze. It was suggested to the sufferer presently that he was decapitated, but he thought not. Upon which one of his friends stepped up, and begging he would take the pains to stir himself a little, his head fell to the ground. If the story be not true the moral is. In the many times I have been put to death by criticism, I have never felt incommoded, till some kind friend insisted upon it; and now that I can stand on a potato hill in a circle of twice the diameter of a rifle-shot, and warn off all trespassers, I intend to defy sympathy, and carry my top as long as it will stay on—behead me as often as you like, beyond my periphery, it is very pleasant now

The eagle suffers little birds to sing.
And is not careful what they mean thereby.'

and then to pounce upon a bigger bird screaming in the same chorus. Nothing impairs the dignity of an author's reputation like a newspaper wrangle, yet one bold literary vulture, struck down promptly and successfully, serves as good a purpose as the hawk nailed to the barn-door. But I do not live in the country to be pestered with recentments, I do not well know how the thoughts of them came under the bridge. I'll have a fence that shall keep out such stray cattle, or there are no posts or rails in philosophy."

Profundity of thought is generally purchased at the expense of versatility. To be very profound, it is necessary the intellectual eye be fixed for a long time on one continuous series of operations; to be versatile, the mind must glance from subject to subject, and brood over none. Profoundity plunges to the depths, while versatility skims the surface, of the sea of speculation—while the former is going down, the latter is sporting onward on easy wing.

SCRAPS.

The disappointment most difficult to bear, is that which attends a gratified desire.

Men are apt to throw the blame on nature, which belongs to themselves; and are oftener shipwrecked by bad pilotage than adverse gales!

What an admirable epitaph on a pious friend,

Not lost, but gone before!

The sentiment is magnanimous (*de mortuis nil nisi bonum,*) which, like the gentle process of nature, seals up the grave, and covers it with verdure and flowers.

Feelings, habits, and principles make up character.

The sacred light of the soul is an immortal element, which floods cannot drown.