

# The Republic - Courier.

NEW-BERNE, N. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1873.

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The Republic - Courier.

By Geo. W. Nason, Jr., & Son.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one insertion \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion .50  
X per year ADVERTISEMENTS .50

One Square, one half-pair or one inch space in length  
of column is considered one square.

Liberal contracts made with permanent advertisers.

POETRY.

NOVEMBER.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;  
They rustle to the eddying east, and to the rabbit's tread.  
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay;  
And from the wood top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

BRAVAT.

LINES TO A SKELETON.

Fifty years ago the London *Morning Chronicle* published a poem entitled as above, which excited much attention. Every effort, even to the offering of a reward of fifty guineas, was vainly made to discover the author. All that ever transpired was, that the poem, in a fair, elegiac hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable beauty of form and color, in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the creator of the Museum had them sent to the Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*. Is the author yet known?

Behold this ruin! Twas a skull,

Once of the ethereal spirit full;

This narrow cell was life's retreat,  
This space was thought's mysterious seat;  
What beauteous visions filled this spot!  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!

Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,

Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this moulderings canopy  
Once shone the bright and busy eye;  
But start not at the dismal void,  
If social love that eye employed.

It with no lawless fire it gleamed,

But through the dew of kindness-beamed.

That eye shall be forever bright,

When sun and stars are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung  
The ready, swift, and trueful tongue.

If falsehood's honesty is disdained,

And when it could not praise, was chid;

It bold in virtue's cause it spoke,

This silent tongue shall plead for thee;

When time unveils eternity.

Say, did those fingers delve the mine?

Or with its envied rubies shine?

To he the rock or wear the gem,

Can little now avail to them?

But if the page of truth they sought,

Or comfort to the mourners brought,

These hands a richer need shall claim

Then all that wait on wealth or fame.

Ah! it is whether, bare or shod,

These feet the path of duty trod;

If from the halls of ease they fled

To seek affliction's humble shed;

If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,

And home to virtue's cost returned,

These feet with angel's wings shall vie,

And tread the palace of the sky.

THAT BOY.

BY GEORGE COOKE.

Is the house turned topsy turvy?  
Does it ring from street to roof?  
Will the racket still continue,  
Spite of all your mild reproach?  
Are you often in a flutter?  
Are you sometimes thrilled with joy?  
Then I have my grave suspicions,  
That you have at home—that boy.

Are the walls and tables hammered,  
Are your nerves and ink upset?  
Have two eyes, so bright and round,  
Made you every care forget?  
Have you garden-beds a prouer?  
Who delights but to destroy?  
These are well-known indications  
That you have at home—that boy.

Have you seen him playing cricket,  
With his head upon the mat?  
And his heels in mid-air twirling?  
For his audience, the cat,  
Do you ever stop to listen,  
When his merry pranks among  
Listen to a voice that whispers,  
You were once just like that boy.

Have you heard of broken windows,  
And with nobody to blame?  
Have you seen a tattered uniform,  
Quite unconscious of the same?  
Do you love a teasing mixture?  
Of perplexity and joy?  
You may have a dozen daughters,  
But I know you've got—that boy.

SEE WHAT  
LORCH BRO'S. & MILLS

WILL PAY YOU FOR

BALE COTTON!

HAY, CORN and OATS

CONSTANTLY ON HAND!

LORCH BROTHERS & MILLS,

NEW-BERNE, N. C.

(Adjoining WADDE & HOWARD.)

HUNTING OR SHOOTING

Any kind of Animals or Birds, or

TRESPASSING

In any manner, upon the grounds of WILDWOOD

PLANTATION, is hereby strictly forbidden, under

penalty of the law.

D. E. CHRISTY,

Wildwood (th) Township Craven Co., N. C.

New-Berne, N. C., October 26th, 1873.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



Plantation Bitters

13 purely a new, little publication, comes from the well known Dr. H. Herbe, and Frank

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