

THE HORNET'S NEST.

"INDEPENDENT IN EVERY THING, NEUTRAL IN NOTHING."

VOL. 1.

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NO. 1.

PROSPECTUS OF THE HORNET'S NEST.

To be published weekly in Newbern, N. C.,
at \$1 Per Year.

The publication of two papers in this town, could seem to forbid the attempt to establish a third; but how well soever they answer the object of their proprietors and patrons, it has struck some one's mind, that there exists a desideratum in periodical or newspaperial literature to be filled.

Man is no better than he ought to be, consequently not so cheerful and happy as he might be. We are perhaps as good natured and as kind as the ancient (?) Athens of the Old North State, as people are in other favored spots; but there is nothing so good that it might be better; and few are so happy, they might be happier. There is a breathing after the stormy days of the "BUZZARD" of precious memory. We want a *check* to stilt-walking, a *la parafacea* for the big head; an alternative, a corrective for gossip, and a cure for slander; a guide for men's manners—a guardian to the public morals—a spy upon the doings of Church and State; and a complete antidote to *mania*. "The Hornet's Nest" is designed to supply the desideratum.

The publication of "The Hornet's Nest" on a small sheet, at the low price of \$1 00 per annum in advance, as soon as the subscription list will justify the expense. The friends of good order, good morals and good joking, will oblige them by extending its circulation.

It is the desire of those concerned in its management, to hold intercourse with all persons disposed to aid and patronize "The Hornet's Nest," through the medium of epistolary correspondence alone; therefore all communications intended for publication, or on business, will be addressed to the editor of "The Hornet's Nest," and left at the New Bern Book-Store, until further orders.

Editors copying the above, and referring to it editorially, will be entitled to an exchange.

From the N. O. Delta.

LUKE LIGHTHEAD:

OR, THE EFFECTS OF THE ILLUMINATION.

Last night a man was taken up for endeavoring to make a personal illumination of himself in St. Charles st. He stuck a little tin machine, full of camphine, in his shirt bosom, by way of a breast pin, and had a couple of spermaceti candles in each of his vest pockets. From one of the patriotic "doggeries" on the Levee he had obtained a very ragged "bar angled spatter," and cutting arm-holes through it, walked up and down the st. with the pride of Joseph when he first put on his "coat of many colors." The watchman who arrested him, thought in the first place, that he was crazy, but Luke Lighthead soon

demonstrated to the contrary. Luke's hair was as red as fire, his eyes were light, and his beard the color of pink coral. His nose turned up towards Heaven—it was a most sanctimonious pug—and his eyes rolled around in their orbits like a pair of distracted comets that wanted to come in collision with each other. As soon as the watchman saw him he knew him to be an old customer, and was conducting him towards the watch-house when he broke away from him. A crowd of ragged boys seeing a man with a garment composed of our "national banner," streaming in the wind, ran after Luke with the speed of hounds after a deer. Cut off and surrounded in his own lair—a dirty alley—Luke thus addressed Charley, who by this time had come up with him:

"I ain't been doin' nothin'."
"You've been kickin' up a bobbery—tryin' to set yourself on fire and keepin' the attention of the people away from the illumination."
"It's no sich thing. I got up a illumination on my own hook. 'Taint me, Charley—it's patriotism. I couldn't stand it no longer—the firin' of them cannon, and the blazin' of the lamps, and the general enthusiasm carried me right off my feet. On of 'em was

only the St. Louis, or Hewlett's Exchange, a steamboat, or even a flatboat—anything that I could hang lamps on, I'd consider myself a made man! I'd put a lantern on my head, and hang a pair of sconces to my ears; I'd drill a hole through my nose and carry a blazin' balloon by a piece of rope yarn!—Now, could you blame a feller for feelin' like a powder magazine just ready to blow up, about these times! There was all the names of the battle fields—Paly Alto, Sarah Gordo, Monterey, Bonny Bista and Vera Cruz—all fixed off in blazin' letters of fire, brighter than them that Daniel writ on the walls of old King Belshazzar's house. There was all the hotels sparkin', crackin' and shinin' with about forty million lamps! Why, Charley, the whole city looked like a divin' dolphin, or a great big rainbow cut up as fine as mince-meat. Could I stand it? No-sir-ee! I illuminated myself and paraded for the glory of my country, and solitary and alone made the splurge which has conferred eternal honor on my devoted head. Take the candles, Charley—take one and all—but don't take the "sacred banner"—though it is made into a bob-tail coat?"

Luke's oratory had such an effect upon the watchman that he was let go.

"Pomp, what de debbil am a Jury of Inkest?" "Wal, de fac is, nigger, a Jury ob Inkest am a lot ob fellers what sits down on a dead man to find out whedder he am dead for sartin, or only playing possum."

For the "Hornet's Nest."

Mr. Editor.—I send to your valuable paper, the last sad outpourings of the broken heart of my late beloved friend; which, with others of his eminent productions, he left in charge of your obedient servant, his much afflicted friend. My friend, as you will evidently perceive in the following, was gifted beyond the common lot of mortals, with great powers of intellect; but most eminently with a luxuriant imagination, and fine flowing fancy. Unfortunately however, like most great geniuses, his feelings were too powerful for the delicate organization of his nervous system. Like all of his tribe, he fell a prey to "unrequited love." Ah! woful woman, how many are the victims of thy cruel treachery! Thou art indeed often, alas! too often,

"Incapable of pity, void and empty
From every drachm of mercy."

But, Mr. Editor, I will no longer trespass on your columns. By inserting the inclosed, you will add your tribute to the memory of the "illustrious deceased," and much oblige

Your most humble servant,

JOHN LOVER.

FRANTIC VIBURRATIONS OF A DISCARDED LOVER.

I left the distracting beauty of my lovely Dalcinea immersed in the deepest despair. Wretched and forlorn, I fled to the summits of Virginia's proud peaks, to gaze on the orb grand and soul inspiring beauties of nature. The stars, once, all sparkingly bright, yea, the beauteous constellations of night, blackened and rolled like balls of thickest gloom, as they cotrsed their endless orbits. My brain reeled! The sun grew green! mountains moved from their bases! I trembled! Volcanoes thundered—I shuddered! Old ocean threw up her vast reservoir of waters!—Clouds spake, mysterious, menacing, awe-working sublime, muttering in tones of deepest detonation, discharged the direst bolt of heaven's electric battery! The livid lightning, the destructive stream struck the earth—she quaked, opened, and swallowed the moon!!!! Agast, amazed, all consciousness deserted me. Profound stillness prevailed. I heard nothing, saw nothing. All was gloom dark and dismal; deep night! And, in that gloom, I did dream a dream—and it was a dream which, in the inmost workings of the soul was all horrible and hellish!! It was a massacre of love!!!! It was the tearing asunder of heart from heart—the rending the ties which bind us to earth; and earth's affections. It was a spirit struggling within with rage diabolical, meditating revenge disastrous. It was the breaking loose of that spirit, and on the wings of his fiendish fancy, did he soar through the farthest region of nature's grand expanse—and in the intricate