

THE HORNET'S NEST.

"INDEPENDENT IN EVERY THING, NEUTRAL IN NOTHING."

VOL. 1.

NEWBERN, CRAVEN CO., N. C., JULY 29, 1847.

NO. 2.

A LAMENT FOR D'S. OLD BLUE COAT.

ALTERED FROM THE "BUZZARD."

This coat is all a fleeting show,
I scarce restrain my tears;
The collar's gone, the tail must go
Ye Gods! how can a coat look so,
When worn but thirty years!

And faint the wool that's seen on it,
As fading leaves a fallin';—
But thirty years! alas, I'm bit!
But stop! I do believe 'twill fit—
Thank God, 'twill just fit Allen!

For the Hornet's Nest.

"THE NEWBERN SLANDER CLUB."

MR. EDITOR:—You are undoubtedly aware that our good town has for years (I might almost say *ages*) past, been most seriously infested by a desperate gang of back-biters. The ravages of this most infamous club, have left their traces upon the fair fame of almost every good citizen in our midst.—The pure, the noble, the unoffending have all more or less fallen victims to this most dreadful scourge. Most sadly fulfilling the prophetic dictum of the inspired bard of Avon.

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny."

The organization of this Club has ever been so perfect, that the most assiduous, have hitherto failed to discover its retreat, or even positively identify many of its members. The old brigands of Calabria, or the innumerable host of *La cite* in Paris over which the renowned Vidocq once presided, could scarcely surpass in discipline the "Slander Club" of Cuddyfunk. But thanks to good fortune rather than tact, I have at last found out its hiding place; and in undiscoverable disguise have witnessed its proceedings, and are able now with unerring certainty to name most of its members. As I had all along supposed, this Club is chiefly, if not entirely composed of married ladies, with one or two gentlemen(?) employed as spies and runners. And what will probably strike you almost dumb with surprise, they are almost all wonderfully *pious*. (at least *professedly* so.) You would really be greatly edified, to witness the righteous indignation they manifest at their victims, when unfolding their budgets of news at the club—the raising of pious hands—the elevating of godly eye-brows—the "*Lor'sa Massys*"—the "*I wonders*"—the "*goodness graciouses*." Truly they *must* be a godly set.

The manner in which they so skillfully gather news, is by no means novel, though wonderfully improved under their adroit prae-

tice. They are the general visitors "about town." To see them, you could scarce refrain your admiration; they wear such sweet smiles, and are so gracious in their intercourse. No fair day, but you will see troupes of them tripping it lightly along the streets, or more patricianly, being driven in their carriages and buggies—(For they are all in high places.) They will step into your house for a few minutes, smile and courtesy you out of some little inkling of your private affairs, and pay you largely of the affairs of others. Thus a day spent in "pop calls," overburdens them with an inestimable fund for the club; which they do not fail to disclose with infinite amplifications. Their invention is truly marvelous—and their imaginations almost limitless. For you could hardly suppose that the "sayings and doings" of our pleasant town, would furnish them with half the materials for their benevolent occupation. They as a matter of course proceed upon the principle of the "three black crows," though it is miraculous, with what eminent improvement, they amplify it, and well nigh make it their own. The "crows" had *some* foundation, but this truly astonishing club will sometimes manufacture to your ears a most marvelous story, or setting in its details, and so wonderful in its august whole, that you cease to remark even the "seven wonders" of the world. Why sir, Munchausen is insipid, and Gulliver utterly insufferable, when placed by the side of their *beautiful* inventions. These Lilliputs must hang their heads and sink into utter nothingness, in the estimation of all reasonable men, when the chronicles of "the Newbern Slander Club" shall have been made known to the world.

The meetings of this club, as you would readily suppose, from the *pious* individuals who compose it, are held on Sundays, and Sunday nights; when, after offering a most *devout* prayer, the president takes the chair; and they commence to unburden themselves in true Roman style, by a general confession.

In a future number, I will furnish you with their *modus operandi*, and interesting proceedings together with their names. I must now leave them with the malediction of Hillhouse.

"— Curse the tongue

Whence slanderous rumor, like the adders drop,

Distils her venom, withering friendship's faith,
Turning love's forever."

PAUL PRY.

The students at Chapel Hill have passed a law among themselves, prohibiting *any* scholar from pronouncing *any* word, as it is pronounced in *any* of the English dictionaries, under pain of displeasing the senior class. We may shortly look out for *jaw crackers*.

For the Hornet's Nest.

THINGS I LIKE TO SEE.

I like to see a young gentleman pay his addresses to a lady, and because she does not think proper to favour his visit, blab about that he has the "mitten," and get drunk three times in one day in consequence: It shows that he has a high respect for the lady, and that his sympathetic bump is largely developed.

I like to see a young man take sixteen mint juleps in twenty minutes; it shows that he has a *strong head*.

I like to see a young man lay down under a pine tree and get to sleep, and when he wakes, find that his hair has stuck to a turpentine box; it shows that he has proved the glorious effects of "steam."

I like to see a young man ride furiously through the streets; it shows that he has an eye to the safety of street passengers.

I like to see that same young man, when the town officer exacts the fine of two dollars and a half for the ride, offer to pay ten dollars; it shows that he is a great supporter of corporations.

A LETTER OF NICETIES.

PINY WOODS—JULY 20th, 1847.

DEAR B'HOYS:—The following epistle was handed me a few days since, as a literary curiosity; and as I suppose you are fond of anything which has a tendency to instruct and amuse your readers, I send it to you to dispose of it in any way you choose. It is the opinion of these who have had the good fortune to see it, that it is decidedly "rich." As it is difficult to read the original manuscript, I copy it:—

Loosing Swamp, 1st May, 1847.

MY DEAREST ALICE:—Ever susceptible of the hallowed and refining influence of beauty, and having a soul painfully alive to whatever is lovely in nature, I cannot delay a moment longer to unburden to you a bosom struggling under the deep and ardent emotions of first love, which press like a mountain upon me.—Language, My dear girl, is totally inadequate to express the fathomless profundity of my affection for you. Could I call to my aid the wisdom of Minerva, breathe the impassioned eloquence of a Cicero, and, with the forked lightning for my pen, write my devotion to thee in characters of fire upon the blue vault of heaven, I should fall *infinitely* short of conveying to your mind the remotest idea of the existing reality!

I'm in a bad fix, Alice, and *no* mistake. The flower garden of my heart, once so lovely, has been visited by a thunder-storm, the tem-