

Poetry.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their green-sward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told;
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through the woods at morn;
All other sounds in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The Cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there they lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be rear'd,
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves,
Its Country and its God!

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

FOR THE CATAWBA JOURNAL.

MR. BINGHAM: As you have had the misfortune, like the fox in the fable, to be caught in the trap of matrimony, you endeavor to make rare sport of those not equally curtailed of their enjoyments; as in your last Journal, and generally, by publishing every thing in derision of the bachelors, but nothing in their favor. In self defence I forward you the enclosed; perhaps you may deem it proper to give this a place in your Journal, and oblige an

OLD BACHELOR.

A PICTURE OF REAL LIFE.

Injudicious censure rarely effects reformation. The shafts of ridicule are formidable to the votaries of folly; but unless aimed by accurate judgment, and pointed with skill, prove not only unavailing, but wound the interest of humanity. Wit rolled forth without discretion, often precipitates the author to low vituperation and scurrilous slander. No class in society has been more severely reprobated by facetious declaimers in all ages, than the old Bachelors—no character, possessed of equal dignity, has been so unjustly traduced.

A Bachelor is one whom the refined principles of philosophy, as well as the precepts of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, uniformly influence—who, not desirous of analysing the imperfections of females, is engaged in the more noble pursuit of investigating the works of nature—who, not stooping to the dull pleasures and vexations resulting from domestic life, is drawing the most refined gratification from mental endowments, from the unbounded pleasures of the imagination:—his family, the whole human race; his occupation, un-circumscribed philanthropy.

This being, almost elevated above his fellow man, has been often traduced as an useless existence—a withered limb of the barren fig tree—a moving meteor; void of real life or affection—a being formed of the filings and parings of the rest of creation—a perfect anomaly, partaking in so slight a degree of all things, as not completely to identify any one, either in disposition, endowment or sex—in short, a mere frolic of blind chance.

But why impeach the bachelor as the sole cause of solitary existence? He does not alone fix his destiny. Turn over the pages of real life, and there you will find, that there never was one who did not once wish, once use his highest endeavor, to be connected with the object of his tender affection; and who, struggling with the fervour of unreturned affection, was forced to say,

And must this bosom nurse a flame
My reason should remove?
Why twines affection round a name
I must no longer love!

Disappointed in his first, his warmest love, a despondency glooms his mind, and thus renders his soul intangible to female charms; whilst with astonishment he beholds the irrational and unhappy choice made by numbers of the most respectable females: hence he infers there is a destined fatality attached to all earthly things.

He views cool reason sacrificed to sense,
Sees folly triumph and obtain the prize;
That prize which fancy's idle whims dispense,
While plighted virtue still rejected lies.

Experience thus pointing him to the inconsistencies of youthful attachments—the transitory pleasures derived from such fanciful connections—the infelicity through life which is the certain concomitant of such indiscretion,—prompts him to turn to sources of pleasure, which, though not so congenial to his feelings, are less insecure. He thus becomes a Bachelor, and realizing the destiny of nature, exclaims—

Oh! may my follies, like the fading trees,
Be stripp'd of every leaf by autumn's wind;
May every branch of love embrace the breeze,
And nothing leave but virtue's fruit behind.

Let us now turn to that page in real life, where experience has recorded the commencement and conclusion of conjugal connections.

What situation in life is most congenial to happiness, is not a theme of yesterday. Do the highest and most permanent felicities of man enter in and originate from domestic life? Is the married state a calm serenity of pleasurable life? Is it the enjoyment of rational and affectionate happiness? Is it not as frequently the tempestuous storm of conflicting passions? Is it not often that sandy desert, unproductive of enjoyment, where no flowery parterre soothes the troubled soul; but where the least blast of irritation sweeps away every former trace of kindness, and at the same time engraves on the mind impressions of antipathy, permanent as the grave?

Admitting that the anxiety and sorrow necessarily attached to raising a family, are compensated by the pleasing hopes and rising respectability of descendants,—which is highly problematical,—whence then results the high prospect of domestic enjoyment which participates in so eminent a degree in the instability of all earthly good?

But let us view this connection in its most endearing form, where the perpetuity and increase of domestic bliss have been commensurate with the lapse of time, and trace the ultimate result of human endearment, of this earthly bliss. Here we find true reciprocal affection, founded on permanent endowments, refine and elevate the heart; the bloom of reciprocal affection brightens on the cheek; the hand of mutual tenderness eases up life's craggy steep, reaching the bowers of contentment and the plains of peace; the affectionate smile of approbation stamps its own impress on its partner, and a thousand tender offices smooth the thorny path of life:—even in adversity, the tender melancholy of sympathetic affection pours forth in virtuous sorrow a secret charm, mingled with the painful emotion;—each moves in the wide sphere of mutual confidence, where the cordiality of affection carries consolation, even when sensibility shrinks from the scene of adversity:—the same motives, the same interests, the same incentives to action, regulate and solace their lives.

Happy is such a connection, soothed by the cordial intercourse of kind affection—how smooth the tenor—what a smiling aspect does their life pourtray! Domestic life thus enjoyed, is that germ of happiness which bears the bloom of bliss; its fruit is that balm of life which thus far secures the felicity of man; its leaves protect from the scorching influence of passion, and its unfading verdure, fanned by the zephyrs of mutual love, beautifies and embellishes the scenery of life, and coolly shades our passage to the vale of tears.

But where, on this earth, shines the lustre of perpetual good? Where burns the lamp of uninterrupted bliss? Where blooms felicity without a blast?

Domestic bliss—this,—virtue's fairest flower,
And all that beauty, all that love e'er gave,
Alike must meet th' inevitable hour:
All earthly pleasures lead but to the grave.

Fate, by a sudden blow, strikes its unhappy victim in its arms; the fairest flower is stripped from his tree of earthly bliss, to bloom no more. In the height of enjoyment, when pleasure twines around our heart, and we enfold in our bosom happiness itself, it vanishes like a delusion from our fond embrace. Dwelling by retrospection on joys that are no more, fortune or fame is empty pageantry;—the very seat of feeling has been assailed, and in proportion to the sensibility of mind, and tenderness of affection, such, unfortunately, will be the degree of silent anguish for that beloved companion, who, shrouded

in death's sable mantle, rests in the silent tomb, no more to felicitate, no more to solace the dreary solitude of life. What pleasurable scene then in existence, can compensate this world of woe; where, too often, the mind revolting at its destiny, arraigns the proceedings of heaven as cruel and severe, sinks to despondency, or vibrates to the unhappy extreme of dissipation, intemperance, and degradation.

MENTOR.

[The following articles we found in the handwriting of Mr. J. H. who, it appears, copied them from a book called the Universal Spectator, in the year 1750. Mr. H. was afterwards a worthy and valuable minister of the gospel in Northampton.]—*Hampshire (Mass.) Gaz.*

THE MARRIED STATE.

Amanda proceeded on the married state, thus—Marriage is without doubt a state of the sincerest human happiness, as it is the best fitted for the most exalted friendship; in all other circumstances interfering interest, prevent the possibility of so firm a union, as here, where the interests of both parties must be the same. One would wonder then, that so few in it can boast of true felicity; but this is owing very much to the fallacious forms of courtship, and the strange alteration which follows as soon as the lover commences husband and the mistress is made wife. Immediately the subject becomes the sovereign, and uneasiness must always happen from such a sudden change of government. The mask both sides wore, is usually thrown off too soon; then care to please abates, love grows cold, sickens, languishes, and dies perhaps at last, and then, adieu to happiness. But every couple should remember that from the day their hands are joined, their wretchedness or their felicity is entirely dependent upon each other, and LOVE, which before, may be, was only passion, becomes the highest act of reason from that time.

There can't be a more fatal error, than the common one, of believing that all pains of pleasing are now needless,—on the contrary to be obliged by, and to oblige each other, ought to be their mutual and constant inclination. Their behaviour should always be conformable to good nature and good manners. They mutually must bear with each others foibles, and with care guard against the beginnings of discontent, on either side, but if any difference should arise, let their generous contention be, not who's most to blame, nor who's right or who's wrong, but who shall soonest put an end to it. And I recommend particularly to my own sex, that smiles and complaisance are the most convincing arguments to win the heart, and that in their condition, to yield, is the only way to conquer. As the husband's province is to manage the grand affairs of life, so it is the wife's wisely to regulate the family: it is her duty, her interest, and ought to be her study, to prevent disorder there, to make his home always pleasing to him, to be ever ready to receive him there with open arms and cheerful looks, and diligently to avoid every thing which may wear the face of unkindness or neglect.—But more than all, the business of her life should be to keep her husband's love; for the wife can have no other power than what he gives her, and if once that is lost, her case is bad indeed. In order therefore to preserve it she ought to make herself as amiable in his eyes as possible; the pains she took before marriage to charm him, should be redoubled now: her dress, her looks, her words, her every action should be suited to his taste; he should never see her but in good humor, nor hear from her any thing but the most endearing expressions of regard. She from the first should resolve upon no occasion ever to quarrel with him, or impertinently to oppose his temper. Her expenses should be regulated, not by his fortune only, but his way of thinking also should be considered. She ought to pay no visits, or receive any company, but what he approves; for his esteem is to her of more importance than that of all the world besides—her whole happiness depends upon it.

P. S. Thrice happy will that man be with whom Amanda puts in practice the advice she gives. J. H.

December 5, 1750.

COURTSHIP.

Love (whatever some think of it) is not a passion to be sported with, nor the affection of a lady to be attempted, till a man is well assured his own is founded on a lasting principle. All imaginary caution is necessary and advisable beforehand; but, after his professions of regard, his services, his solicitations have won her heart, and made him dear to her; reason, honor, justice, all oblige him to make good his engagements, and be careful of her

peace. Then there is no returning; nor any thing but her loss of virtue can justify his leaving her; and whether or no he has promised marriage, makes very little difference: for surely if he has courted her affection, and gained it too, upon the reasonable supposition that he intended making her his wife, the contract in the sight of Heaven is of equal force. He, who basely imposes upon the honest heart of an unsuspecting female, and after winning her affection and esteem by the soft and prevailing rhetoric of courtship and persuasion, can ungenerously leave her to sorrow and complaining, is more detestable than a common robber, in the same proportion as private treachery is more villainous than open robbery, and money of less concern than happiness.

THE SLATTERLY WIFE.

To a man of any delicacy, and even moderate neatness, nothing certainly is more odious and ungrateful, than a slatternly and uncleanly woman—'tis enough to quell his strongest passions and damp every fond and tender emotion—'tis vastly more so in a wife, than in a stranger. Besides, 'tis an insult upon a man's taste, an affront to his senses and bullying him to the nose. Let us survey the morning dress of some women.

Down stairs they come, pulling up their dirty, ungartered stockings—slipshod with naked heels peeping out; no stays, or other decent conveniency, but all flip-flop; a sort of a clout thrown about the neck, without form or decency; a tumbled, discolored mob, or night-cap, half on and half off, with the frowzy hair hanging in sweaty ringlets, staring like Medusa with her serpents; shrugging up her petticoats that are sweeping the ground and scarce tied on; hands unwashed, teeth furred, and eyes crusted. This is the real picture of many married women, and the piteous case of many a poor soul of a husband, unless when some stranger is expected. Whereas a wife that is desirous of maintaining herself in the affections of a man of sense and spirit, should take as much care of the neatness of her person, as if she was to be every day a bride, and whosoever neglects this conduct, must blame themselves, if their husbands grow cold and indifferent; for it has a natural tendency to make a man so: it debases the character of the wife, and renders her cheap and unlovely.

"I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

The great difficulty which Christianity has had to encounter in other cases, is that it requires submission to certain restraints.—Its yoke is easy and its burden light; but a yoke it was to the Greeks and Romans, and to Celts and Goths, whose previous belief laid them under few or no restrictions. In the Braminical system every thing is burdensome, and its lax morality is a poor compensation for its oppressive ritual. A fine instance occurred to the Danish missionaries of the effect produced by offering an easier law. A penitent on the Malabar coast having inquired of the many Brahmins and Yogues how he might make atonement for his sins, was directed to drive iron spikes thro' his sandals, and thus go shod a pilgrimage, of nearly five hundred miles. If through loss of blood or weakness of body, he was obliged to halt, that was allowable till he had recovered strength to proceed. One day as he was halting under a tree, one of the missionaries came and preached in his hearing, from these words: *The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.* While he was preaching, the man rose up, cast off his torturing sandals, and cried out aloud, this is what I want! "And he became, says Thomas, a lively witness that the blood of Christ does indeed cleanse from all sin." Come ye who are heavy laden, is truly the invitation which the Gospel holds out to the Hindoos. It is liberty to the oppressed, emancipation to the enslaved, equality to the degraded—good tidings of great joy to all. All human affections and instincts are on its side in Hindostan; it forbids the mother to expose or sacrifice her child, the widow to be burnt with her husband's corpse; the son to set fire to his living mother's funeral pile.

[*London Quarterly Review.*]

"She has finished her education," said my friend. Finished her education! said I—just as though a young lady's education was a stocking or rather a bonnet, and now it was to be placed in the band box, to be displayed to visitors and worn only on set occasions. Mr. Editor, I protest against the doing up and finishing off a young lady's education with her teens—just at that time when she begins, if she ever does begin, to THINK. A young man has just acquired at one and twenty, the elements of education, and is prepared to study advantageously according to

his own discretion: but a young lady has done—finished—the circle of her science is complete; and she is ready for any station in life, that may be thrown in her way. Now, why, in the name of common sense may not a woman THINK, and if she may think, why may she not study, and acquire profitable food for thought?

There is a lady, of whom I have some knowledge, that "finished her education," by leaving peculiarly good advantages at an early age. She is now a wife and mother of six children.—She plays well upon the Piano—sings sweetly—dances elegantly—is very polite, &c.—but her husband must, and actually does put all the children to bed, and takes care of them through the night; and as to her table—the bread is execrable, to one who has visited his grand-mother's pantry; and her coffee—O! her coffee! it would cost her her head, if the very scent of it reached the Grand Turk's palace—and yet this lady has "finished her education."

Buonaparte's Small Clothes.—Alexander's admiration of Napoleon was, as is well known, unbounded, and he manifested it in every way. A line in a play performed before them was, "The friendship of a great man is a present from the Gods." Alexander bowed to Napoleon, and said that line was written for me. He even carried his respect for Napoleon so far, as to rise when he entered the theatre. Napoleon knew how to flatter his brother Emperor, and sent Col. Henri to him one morning to give the sign and countersign for the day.—"My brother Napoleon is too confident, too amiable; it is impossible to be more gallant; but I am not at home; I am his guest, it is for him to give the word; go, I pray you, and tell him so." "Sire, I have orders not to return without obtaining it from your Majesty." "Well, as he insists on it, I will give it. *Erfurth and Confidence.*" One day, Alexander expressed his ardent desire to have a pair of Napoleon's breeches. Duroc, the grand marshal of the palace, sounded his master on the subject. Napoleon laughed heartily. "Oh, by all means," said he, "give him them all if he wishes it, only leave me a pair for a change." This may be vouched for as authentic; but it is not equally certain, though strongly affirmed by many, that Alexander, who was very superstitious, made the campaigns of 1812 and 1813, in Buonaparte's breeches.—[*Anecdotes not in the forthcoming history.*—*Literary Gazette.*]

The publication of the third volume of Count Segur's Memoirs, comprising his curious conversations with Catharine II. has excited still more interest than the preceding Tomes. In fact, a nobleman and a man of talent, who has had the advantage of seeing three distinct States of Affairs and Society in France—its condition, first under the old regime—then during the revolution—and again under the restoration of the Bourbons, could hardly fail to produce a work both instructive and entertaining; added to this, the count has undergone the most singular reverses of fortune; all the vicissitudes of prosperity and adversity, of credit and disgrace, of opulence and poverty, of exaltation and debasement; appearing in his alternations, "not one but all mankind's epitome." His sentiments are often singular, and he divulges with an amusing naïveté, both opinions and facts, which an Englishman would rather keep to himself.

[*London Courier.*]

ILLUSTRATION OF SCRIPTURE.

(From Dr. Clarke's Travels in Asia.)

After leaving "the fountain of the Virgin Mary" we ascended to the town, and were conducted to the house of the principal christian inhabitant of Nazareth. Scarcely had we reached the apartment prepared for our reception, when looking from the window into the court yard belonging to the house, we beheld two women grinding at the mill, in a manner most forcibly illustrating the saying of our Saviour. They were preparing flour to make our bread, as it is always customary in the country when strangers arrive. The two women, seated upon the ground, opposite to each other, held between them two round flat stones, such as are seen in Lapland, and such as in Scotland are called *querns*; but the circumstance is so interesting, (our Saviour's illustration actually referring to an existing custom in the place of his earliest residence) that a little repetition may perhaps be pardoned. In the centre of the upper stone was a cavity for pouring in corn; and by the side of this, an upright wooden handle for moving the stone. As the operation began, one of the women, with her right hand, pushed the handle to the woman opposite, who again sent it to her companion—this communicating a rotary and very rapid motion to the upper stone; their left hands being all the while employed in supplying fresh corn, as fast as the bran and flour escaped from the sides of the machine.

—*Math. xxiv. 41.*