

Notes.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Gloom is upon thy lonely hearth, O silent House! once fill'd with mirth; Sorrow is in the breezy sound Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours Hangs dim upon thine early flowers; Even in thy sunshine seems to brood Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to stranger's gaze, Mine own sweet home of other days! My children's birth-place!—yet for me It is too much to look on thee!

Too much! for all about thee spread, I feel the memory of the dead, And almost linger for the feet That never more my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles,—all vanish'd now, Follow me where thy roses blow; The echoes of kind household words Are with me midst thy singing-birds.

Till my heart dies, it dies away In yearnings for what might not stay; For love which ne'er deceived my trust, For all which went with "dust to dust!"

What now is left me, but to raise From thee, lone spot! my spirit's gaze, To lift through tears my straining eye Up to my Father's House on high?

Oh! many are the mansions there,* But not in one hath grief a share! No haunting shades from things gone by May there o'erstep th' unchanging sky.

And they are there, whose long-loved mien In earthly home no more is seen; Whose places, where they smiling sate, Are left unto us desolate.

We miss them when the board is spread, We miss them when the prayer is said; Upon our dreams their dying eyes In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings vain Trouble no more the heart and brain; The sadness of this aching love Dims not our Father's House above.

Ye are at rest, and I in tears,† Ye dwellers of immortal spheres! Under the poplar boughs I stand, And mourn the broken household band.

But by your life of lowly faith, And by your joyful hope in death, Guide me till on some brighter shore, The sever'd wreath is bound once more.

Holy ye were, and good, and true! No change can cloud my thoughts of you. Guide me like you to live and die, And reach my Father's House on high!

F. H.

*"In my Father's house are many mansions."—St. John, chap. xiv. †From an ancient Hebrew dirge—"Mourn for the mourner, and not for the dead; for he is at rest, and we in tears."

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

POLITICAL ECONOMY vs. MATRIMONY.

Extract from an article on McCulloch's Political Economy, in the last North American Review.

"It is a fundamental tenet in the doctrines of this new school, that the wages paid to a labourer are naturally the smallest sum which will enable him to support himself, and a family large enough to keep the supply of labor already in the market at the same point.

"The liberal exhortation to live well and spend all his wages, which is addressed to the labourer by Mr. McCulloch in the first instance, is, as we have said, naturally dictated by his theory on the subject of wages. The system furnishes, however, an additional motive of a different kind for giving this advice; and if we look a little more nearly into the matter, we shall perhaps be able to account for, though not to reconcile, the inconsistency alluded to above. Mr. McCulloch exhorts the labourer to live well, evidently for the purpose of preventing him from marrying; and having carried this point, he then exhorts him to live poorly, and economize, in order to prevent him from becoming a burden upon the community, when disabled by old age or accident. Marriage and the poor laws are, as is well known, the two great bugbears of the new economical school. Our ancestors, simple souls, thought it a vastly fine thing to promote marriage; but like the man in Moliere, who had reform'd the position of the great vital organs, Nous avons change tout cela. Our readers are not so ignorant as to require to be told, that it is considered at present the greatest object of political economy to bring about a state of things, in which there shall be fewest possible marriages, and to each marriage the fewest possible

children. Since the publication of the work of Mr. Malthus, the sages and statesmen of the mother country are continually beset with the apprehension of being eaten out of house and home by a hungry population, which, as they say, is pressing hard every where against the limits of the means of subsistence. In vain you tell them that there is no appearance that the earth, or any part of it, is, or ever was, or will be overpeopled; that if we cast a glance over the surface of the globe, from Kamtschatka westerly till we come back again to the other side of Behring's straits, we find nothing but immense tracts of uncultivated land, with the exception of some half dozen small spots, which are precisely those where provisions are most abundant; that the population of the earth is not greater than it was two or three thousand years ago, and will probably not be greater two or three thousand years hence than it is now. All this gives them no satisfaction, and they still insist, that the earth and every part of it, has always been, is, and always will be, by a necessary result of the laws of nature, incumbered with an excess of inhabitants; and that every new marriage, and every birth occasioned by such marriage, has the effect of making bad worse. Under the influence of these terrors, they are constantly exerting their eloquence to discourage the people from marrying. To the high classes they hold out the prospects of easier circumstances, greater consideration, and a more rapid progress in the career of professional or political advancement, which, they say, are among the advantages of celibacy. They quote with approbation the opinion of a gallant Scotch general, who in his youth abandoned his mistress to go to the wars and acquire military glory; 'Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love,' and they remember to forget to add the recantation in the same song; 'Ah, what had my youth with ambition to do? Why left I Aminta? why broke I my vow?'

"To the laboring classes who have no pretensions to political advancement or military glory, they offer the solid attractions of a heartier and more substantial diet. When the Hercules of humble life is to make his choice, they point to him vice and poverty in the form of a young wife and a dish of potatoes, while virtue and success are depicted under the seducing image of celibacy, and a smoking beef steak properly garnished with bread and porter. 'Beware what you do,' they say; 'the moment is critical. If you marry young, you will inevitably have more children than you will be able to maintain, your wages will not support you as you have been accustomed to live, and you will be compelled to drag out a miserable existence on poor potatoe diet; while if you will consent to live single, you may revel all your life on beef and beer.' Thus placed, like the long eared animal, between his two bundles of hay, our labourer, we will suppose, in a hungry moment, decides for celibacy, bids adieu to fair eyes and tempting looks, and fixes his gaze resolutely on the air drawn vision of the steak. But now comes the hardest part of the case. No sooner has the disinterested and liberal monitor carried this point, than the scene shifts at once. He flourishes his pen, more potent than the wand of the famous Dr. Snatchaway, sometime court physician of the island of Barataria, and lo! the pretty young wife disappears, the steak goes off in its own smoke, and our prudent laborer, recovering from his day dreams, finds himself clinging as before to the fatal precipice, with a lonely potatoe before him, and the gulf of starvation yawning under his feet. After exercising every species of moral restraint and prudence—After sacrificing his future spouse to a mess of pottage, and then the mess of pottage to the hopes of a provision for old age or accident, he sees himself fixed precisely in the worst position in which he ever could have been placed, without exercising any prudence at all—no provision for old age—no food for life but potatoes—and not even the satisfaction of eating these in company.—'Poor moralist,' as we may well address him with the poet,

Poor moralist! and what art thou? A solitary fly! Thy joys no glittering female meets, Thine last no hive of hoarded sweets, No painted plumage to display; On hasty wings thy youth is flown, Thy sun is set—thy spring is gone.

John B. King of Portugal, was begged one day by a gentleman named Roy Souze, who was greatly oppressed with debt, to have the condescension to speak to him in the streets.—His Majesty agreed, and going out with Souze, conversed with him for some time, and asked him if that honor was sufficient. Souze thanked his Majesty, and replied that it was. Next morning a merchant, who did not doubt of Souze's being in great favor, lent him six thousand crowns, of which he at that time stood in the greatest need.

Heathen Mythology.—The mythology of Greece and Rome is the most contemptible creation of man. In its gross, ferocious and brutal part, it most resembles the Icelandic Edda; what claim it has to elegance and taste, as in the fiction of Venus and Cupid, appears to be derived from the licentiousness of the Syrian goddess, or in the animation which it gives to all nature, from a poetic imagination common to man in every age; and with the whole are incorporated the irregular and desultory actions of mere men of some early and rude age—altogether forming a most incongruous mass. Had it been permitted to Homer and Virgil to have adopted this machinery, at their discretion, and as a vehicle of dignified and elegant moral, it is to be presumed they would have moulded it to their purpose with more taste and judgment. But, obliged to receive it with all its absurdities and fooleries, and grossness, its character in the appeal to true taste, appears to be, that it disgraces their own poems; presents an immorality beyond the utmost licentiousness of man, debilitates the human story, and takes the human agent out of the field of human sympathy, by placing him under the direction and control of a more powerful, but more capricious and immoral agency—Profligate gods and goddesses.

BREAD.

Bread has been very aptly called the staff of life. But in order that it may prove a staff substantial and pleasant, and not a "broken reed," it is necessary that it should be good—i. e. light and sweet.

In order to make good bread, harm or yeast, of a good quality, should be combined in due proportion with good flour. This being premised, the grand secret and mystery of having the bread come out of the oven delicious, inviting and nutritive, is the exact point of time of putting it in. While in the dough, it will naturally run into several sorts of fermentation, the first of which is the saccharine or that which produces sugar; the next is the vinous, the third, the acetous, &c. If the dough be formed into loaves, and thrown into the oven before the first fermentation, the bread will turn out heavy, and whoever eats it may lay his account with having the night-mare, and twenty other "ills that flesh is heir to;" if it be kept from the oven till the second fermentation, it will prove to be light enough, but tasteless, and no better than the same quantity of chips; if it be delayed until the acetous fermentation, it comes out sour, and altogether uneatable. It is, then, during the first, or sugar fermentation, that it should be "cast into the oven;" it will then, after well baking, come forth sweet, and fit for the tooth and the stomach of a monarch—aye, and even of the "sovereign people."

The reason why bread will be heavy, if put into the oven too soon, is, that it wants the enlightening effect of the fixed air which is generated during fermentation. If taken at "the very nick of time," or during the saccharine fermentation, it will have all the requisite lightness, while the sweetness is confined in the loaves and ever ready to greet the taste of the thrice fortunate and happy eater. That it should be without sweetness, when allowed to run into the vinous fermentation, is not at all strange, when it is considered that the sugar has turned into wine, or rather spirit, and the spirit has evaporated during the process of baking. This sort of bread may be easily distinguished without tasting, by its loose, open appearance, the pores or cells being very large—whereas the genuine good bread is marked by finer pores, and a sort of delicate network of an uniform appearance. The reason why bread turns out sour, when allowed to attain the acetous or vinegar fermentation, is obvious to every one. This may be called the hypocritical bread, not only because it is sour, but because it is apt to assume the appearance of all the other kinds, and a reference to the senses, either of taste or smell, is necessary to inform you as to its real character.

Berkshire American.

Ubiquity of Junius.—During the zenith of the fame of Junius, and when all the world were in full cry to identify him, Garrick conceived an idea that he had discovered the person and in consequence wrote to Mr. Ramus, Page to the late King, to call at his house in the Adelphi. When he came, Garrick informed him, with profound caution, what he conceived essential to be communicated to his Majesty. On the ensuing day, Garrick received the following note:

"Sir—I admit your perspicuity in managing the affairs of the drama—but your attempts to discover me are vain and nugatory. I shall take leave of you now by assuring you that when I have done with read Monarchs, I shall begin with the

mock Potentates, of which you shall form the head. Till then, adieu.

JUNIUS.

Garrick was accustomed to relate this anecdote, with marks of astonishment and apprehension.

A Minister and his elders, at Montrose, Scotland, were some years ago engaging a man to act as parish sexton. Having heard the terms of agreement, he affected to be somewhat shy. As an inducement for Duncan to accept, he was told that he should have half-a-crown for digging each adult's grave. "Aweel," quoth he, "but will ye upband me o'constant work, Sirs?" "God for bie!" was the reply.

An Irish drummer being employed to flog a deserter, the sufferer, as is usual in such cases, cried out "strike higher!" The drummer accordingly, to oblige the poor fellow, did as he was requested. But the man still continued to roar out in agony. "Devil burn your bellowing!" cried Paddy; "there is no pleasing of you, strike where I will."

A conscientious Banker says, If the use of Spirituous Liquors were to cease, the sins of the world would be reduced 90 per cent.

Original.

FOR THE CATAWBA JOURNAL.

MR. BINGHAM: If the following ideas are considered worthy of attention, you are at liberty to insert them in your Journal. Although they are hastily thrown together, they have been maturely considered for years past. Much more might be said on the subject and perhaps may, at some convenient season; but at present, my health will not admit a lengthy consideration.

Forty years ago our country was universally healthy. Physicians were scattered from 20 to 50 miles apart, and yet, without much difficulty, attended all the sick. But how are the times changed!—Fever has become our annual visitor, and we look for sickness as we look for change of seasons. Why is it so? What causes may be assigned for this unhappy change? My present design is to point out some of the most prominent, and suggest to the public such methods of relief, which, if attended to, may, I humbly think, render our happy country as healthy as it ever has been. The first cause I shall mention, is old log houses in a state of decay. For a number of years I have observed, that those who dwell in such houses seldom escape the fever; and the reason is obvious.—the decaying wood generates miasm abundantly, to which they are exposed by night and by day; and the most of those old houses being badly ventilated, renders it so much the worse, as the air thus impregnated is the more confined immediately about them. Another cause is old fence rows. Every one knows what vast quantities of trash are collected about them by winds, rains, the growth of vegetable matter, &c. &c. Every farmer who would consult his health or his interest, would do well to re-set his fences every two or three years, and collect all the rotten vegetable matter and spread it for manure, and thereby prevent that continual decomposition in open air, which fills the atmosphere with noxious miasms. Or, if the manure is not thought worth collecting, it would consume but little time to remove the rails and burn the row, and then re-set. Another cause is large piles of wood hauled into yards and convenient places, for culinary purposes. This may be economy, but it is bad policy. Dead carcasses left unburied about our farms, filthy hogsties, &c. &c. may justly be ranked among the causes of the disease. But the most prominent and ostensible of all causes is to be found in the state of our water courses and forests. The time has been, when our branches and creeks met no obstruction and the air had free circulation over all the country. Not so now. In consequence of our forests not being annually burnt as formerly, they have become perfect thickets; the air is obstructed in its circulation and in a manner stagnated; the earth is covered with leaves and other vegetable matter, which, throughout the summer, is continually in a state of putrescence and generating vast quantities of miasm, and thereby filling the atmosphere with the most deleterious cause of sickness. In addition to this, large quantities of leaves and trash are drifted by rains and winds into the branches, obstructing their free passage and forcing them to form new channels, while the old are filled with vegetable matter constantly decomposing and filling the air with death and destruction; and in addition to all this, as if we greedily coveted affliction, it has become customary, when clearing land or water courses, to fell all the timber we possibly can, into them, as a saving of labor—then the rotting of the wood and the stagnation of the water, in my humble opinion, produce more destructive effects than all our mill-ponds combined. Let these causes be removed, and let us return to our former simplicity of manners, diet, &c. &c. & I would not hesitate to hazard my reputation, that we may enjoy as much health

in proportion to the population, as we did 50 years ago. In removing the above causes, cannot our Legislature have some influence? Would it be unconstitutional to pass an act compelling every man to keep all water courses, through his own lands, clear of obstructions, or subject him to heavy penalties for his neglect? Would it not be right, by act of Assembly, to authorize and justify any and every man to fire his own lands, at all hazard, by giving his neighbors timely notice of his intentions? D. R. D.

N. B. When health returns, and opportunity serves, I may treat the subject more fully.

Moral.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

All religions that are not founded in a revelation from God may be likened to a world without a sun, or a dark night without scarcely a star twinkling. Without the knowledge of God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent, which revelation alone teaches, man is a poor blind wretch—The child of doubt, uncertainty and despair. To him the garden of nature is a dreary waste.—Eternity an unknown, vast, unfathomable void, dark, and bleak, and cold—and not a ray of hope flashes on his gloomy soul. The Christian religion is a bright and glorious light, shining in a dark world, and the gospel from which it derives its chief glory hath brought life and immortality to light. When man became subject to sorrow, wretchedness, pain and death, and was driven out of a lost paradise to wander like the blasted Cain, through the dreary mazes of this vale of tears, the Great God had pity on his forlorn condition. He spake—Let there be light, and the Star of Bethlehem arose, its holy beaming thwarted his wildered path and the bow of Hope and promise circled the gloomy skies cheered by his fainting spirits.—And now, thanks be to God! our holy religion spreads its radiant splendors from pole to pole; Heaven's own beacon, reared on high to save us from the dangers of these stormy seas, and point us to the port of endless bliss.

A NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME.

When the pious Bishop Beveridge was on his death bed, he did not know any of his friends or connexions. A minister with whom he had been well acquainted, visited him; and when conducted into his room he said, "Bishop Beveridge, do you know me?" "Who are you?" said the Bishop. Being told who the minister was, he said he did not know him.—Another friend came who had been equally well known, and accosted him in a similar manner—"Do you know me, Bishop Beveridge?"—"Who are you?" said he. Being told it was one of his intimate friends, he said he did not know him. His wife then came to his bed side, and asked him if he knew her,—"Who are you?" said he: Being told she was his wife, he said he did not know her.—"Well," said one, "Bishop Beveridge, do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Jesus Christ," said he, reviving, as if the name had upon him the influence of a charm, "Oh! yes, I have known him these forty years. Precious Saviour! HE IS MY ONLY HOPE."

REV. JOSEPH THAXTER.

This venerable clergyman, who died lately at Edgartown, Mass. aged 88, was Chaplain of Prescott's Regiment, at the battle of Bunker Hill, and afterwards of the other regiments in actual service four years succeeding that bloody engagement. He was one of the earliest, most active and most influential champions of the revolution; was understood to have assisted in planning the first movements of the "malcontents," and with all the ardor of youth, participated in the various conflicts which took place at that period. No warrior of the age of chivalry possessed a spirit more eagerly courting the dangers of the mêlée, or needed less its actual excitement to prompt to deeds of heroism. At the skirmish at Concord, when the Americans were marching up to attack the British, one of the commanding officers said to him, "Mr. Thaxter, had we not better pray before we engage?" "No, sir," said the brave young man, in his usual stern, and remarkably emphatic tone, "No sir, we'll fight first, and then pray," and he rode with the front column to the attack of the bridge, and behaved like a Bayard throughout the action. He continued for four years a chaplain in the army, at which period he resigned. Soon after, he accepted a call to the ministry at Edgartown, where he resided at the period of his death. Until within a few weeks, he continued to perform his clerical duties, in defiance of the tedious suffering he was doomed to encounter, ere his Master called him home.