

SEAT OF THE MUSE.

FOR THE AMERICAN.

Mr. Editor, The following lines were intended for your paper; I have not confidence enough in myself to recommend them.

Sincerity.

SINCERITY! delightful name! The pearl of human joy— Daughter of honor—child of fame, My every thought employ.

Conscience, Heaven's agent in the mind, Shall mark the flowery way, That leads me to the hope, friend, Of thy imperial way.

Oh! may I ne'er transgress thy laws, And seek the bitter draught, That reason, friend of virtue's cause, Prepares for treachery's craft.

Whatever plan I may profess, Whatever cause I reverence, My actions with thy sanction bless, And let me be sincere.

A NEW PSALM.

PART of a Psalm composed by a clerk in Yorkshire, on the dismemberment among the horned cattle, 1782. Sung and chorused by the whole congregation in the church. The first four stanzas contain an account of the cattle that died, and the names of the owners; the remaining verses were as follows:—

"No Christian bull, nor cow, they say, But takes it out of hand; And we shall have no cows at all I doubt within this land.

The Doctors tho' they all have spoke Like learned gentlemen, And told us how the entrails look Of cattle dead and green.

Yet they do nothing do at all, With all their learned store; So Heaven drive out this plague away, And vex us not no more."

This piece was well received, that after the service it was desired again by all the congregation except five farmers, who wept bitterly; and said the lines were too moving.

The minister going out, said to the clerk; "why John, what psalm was that we had to day? it was not one of David's."—"David's! No, no, Sir," quoth John, big with new honor he had acquired; "David never made such a Psalm since he was born. This is one of my putting together, Measter."

From the Connecticut Courant.

The Brief Remarker.

An excellent and wise Mother gave the following advise with her dying breath—"My son, learn how to say, No."—"Not that she did mean to counsel her son to be a churl in speech or to be stiff hearted in things indifferent or trivial—and much less did she counsel him to put his negative upon the calls of charity and the impulses of humanity; but her meaning was that, along with gentleness of manners and benevolence of disposition, he should possess an inflexible firmness of purpose—a quality beyond all price, whether it regards the sons or the daughters of our fallen race.

Persons so infirm of purpose, so wanting in resolution, as to be incapable, in almost any case, of saying No, are among the most napless of human beings; and notwithstanding their sweetness of temper their courteousness of demeanor, and whatever else of estimable and amiable qualities they possess, Though they see the right, they pursue the wrong; not so much out of inclination as from a frame of mind disposed to yield to every solicitation.

An historian of a former and distant age, says of a Frenchman who ranked as the first Prince of the Blood, that he had a bright and knowing mind, a graceful sprightliness, good intentions, complete disinterestedness, and an incredible easiness of manners, but that, with

all these qualities, he acted a most contemptible part for the want of resolution; that he came into all the factions of his time, because he wanted power to resist those who drew him in for their own interest; but that he never went out of an ill but with shame; because he wanted resolution to support himself whilst he was in them.

It is owing to the want of resolution, more than to the want of sound sense, that a great many persons have run into independencies, injurious and sometimes fatal to their worldly interests. Numerous instances of this kind are to be named, but I shall content myself with naming only one—and that is, rash and hazardous courtship. The pit stands uncovered, and yet men of good sense, as well as amiable dispositions plunge themselves into it, with their eyes wide open. Norwithstanding the solemn warning in the prayer of the Wise Man, and notwithstanding the examples of the fate of so many that have gone before them, they make the hazardous leap; and why?—Not from inclination, or with a willing mind, but because being solicited, urged and entreated they know not how to say No. If they had learnt, not only to pronounce that monosyllable, but to make use of it on all proper occasions, it might have saved them from ruin, both them and their wives and their children.

But the worst of it is still behind. The ruin in of character, of the very heart and soul of man originates out in a passive yieldingness of temper and disposition, or in the want of resolution to say No.—Thousands and many thousands, through this weakness, have been the victims of craft and deceit. Thousands and many thousands, once of fair promise, but now sunk in depravity and wretchedness owe their better judgment, to the enticements of evil companions and familiar. Had they said No, when honor, when conscience, when every thing sacred demanded it of them—happy might they have been—the police of their kindred, and ornaments of society.

Sweetness of temper, charitable-ness of heart, gentleness of demeanor together with a strong disposition to act obligingly, and even to yielding in things indifferent or of a trifling moment—are amiable and estimable traits of the human character; but these are to be valued, and as the ground-work of the whole, such a firmness of resolution as will guard against yielding either imprudently or unmercifully, to solicitations and entreatments—else one has very little chance, in passing down the current of life, of escaping the eddies and quick sands that lie in his way.

I will add here only one remark, which is, that stiff tempers in children, are of better omen than generally they are thought to be. Such tempers, properly managed and rightly directed are the most likely to form characters of fixed and immovable resolution; characters the least liable to be bent by threats, or by persuasions, from the line of prudence and of duty.

FROM THE DUTCHESS OBSERVER.

Extracts from Jonathan's Memoir, of a tour to see Yark State.

MONDAY AUGUST, 1815. Twenty-one days, one day, buzz! Haying, and harvest done, mounted old Dobbin, with my Sunday clothes on, and a ten dollar bill in my pocket, going to see Yark state. Never was out of Connecticut in my life. Took cousin Ichabod in my route, and got my dinner for nothing; a penny saved is a penny earned. Crossed the line just before night—don't see but the Yark state folks are civil enough—wonder if they know how to read! Saw a school boy, thought they had none here. Stopped at a tavern and put up good supper and good lodging—don't see but the folks live as well here as they do in Connecticut.

Tuesday morning. Five and sixpence to pay—wonder how they can count Yark money—plaguey unhandy. Meant Dobbin and jogged on—met a Quaker and enquired the road to Poughkeepsie—appeared civil and clever enough—wonder what they used to hang'em for. Good land—guess they might

raise great pumpkins and onions here. Turnpike gate—got a bottle of beer of the woman, pretty good beer, wonder if they make it. Men making trick—queer things to mix with—wonder what they do with. Got into Poughkeepsie about noon—more than 50 miles from home—houses thick as pepper—never saw a city before in my life—went to a tavern and put old Dobbin up to hay—got some dinner and then walked about to see the wonderments of the place. Folks looked as fine as if they were going to meeting—wonder if they have meetings here—guess they do—see a man steeples. Quaker bonnets the ladies wear—pull 'em down over their faces, as tho' they were going to the gallows, or had sore eyes—have all the backside of their heads poked—stick their hair all of comb—mistake the backside of a lady's head, with one of these tip-up bonnets on, for her face—thought she looked as neat as though I was a lawyer or a doctor, because great things—made her what cousin Ichabod calls a quarter-faced bow, before I found out my mistake. Man drunk, right Yark state fashion. Wonder what the gentlemen wear boots for this hot weather; guess their stockings are dirty, or else haven't got any—boot tassels—good things to keep off flies—By brushes I call 'em. Ladies wear their hair combed t'other way; all on the top of their head, braided, and twisted and squared round and round like as I've seen sister Molly wind up a bed cord to boil in a kettle to fill the bugs; wonder what they call it—wonder if Capital's nest be a good name? (Mum!) Ask cousin Ichabod when I get home) curl their forelocks down over their eyes, and then catch a good nap to catch me I guess—look like a spaniel. Went back to the tavern and ordered Dobbin four quarts of oats—order a clever fellow told me all about the fashions and wonders of the place—couldn't guess till he told me, what made the ladies walk so lightly straight and plumb—says the wear Corsets, or Corsets, or Corsets, something I've forgot the name. What the deuce is that? says I. Why, it's a little kind of a board, says he, that they wear 'em on their backs, and if that don't do all—never heard of such a thing before—should love to see 'em. I'll go with their Corsets on—guess they'd ache before long, faith. By which of the seven heavens do you know that? says I—shouldn't know it if they were fifty Corsets. Oh that's easy enough, says he, can tell 'em that across the street. Wonder if some of the ladies wear their Corsets so short—queer fashion—book books would hardly read 'em—heard a young buck say, didn't care a d—n how high they carried the fashion—guess they'd look comical if they carried it much higher, faith. Promised, when I left home, to get sister Molly a new bonnet—went into a milliner's shop, and told the woman I wanted a bonnet for my sister Molly, of the newest fashion. "Yes, sir," says she, "I have some right from Yark, of the first quality and best fashion; here's one, sir, that I presume will suit your sister exact." Looked at the bonnet—just like her old last year's one. Aye, aye, ma'am, you needn't think to pack me off with your old duds and trumpery, don't catch old birds with chaff; left the shop, shan't say no more. The shop was full of notions; bought ninepence worth—no a shilling; darn the Yark money. Went to the tavern and got supper—men playing checkers and drinking grog; Yark state exactly; old Connecticut best yet went to bed.

Wednesday morning. Fine break-fasting nothing wanting but a little pepper in pye to sop off with—queer coffee pot—watered Dobbin—ostler's excellent reason why the gentlemen wear open jackets on Monday and close buttoned on Saturday—cause their ruffles get dirty. Vessels in the river, wonder if they ever build any bigger ones—steam boat—smoke like a coal pit. Don't know whether I'd better get Molly one of the tip-up bonnets or not; guess our folks would make a rum-pus if they should see her get it on, with her hair combed t'other way into Capital's nests and beancatchers, with essets and short petticoats, faith!

The Public

ARE respectfully informed that the School under the LANCAS-TERIAN SYSTEM, will commence in the Academy, on Monday next.

A regular monthly meeting of the Trustees of the Institution, will be held at the usual time and place.

By order, D. OCHILTREE, Sec'y.

Fayetteville, Nov. 1. 42

Hugh M'Guire,

HAS REMOVED, NEXT DOOR TO THE STATE BANK,

Where he is opening a Fresh Supply of Seasonable

GOODS,

Aware of the facility, which a Monied Institution gives to every branch of business, he is disposed from his convenience to afford Cash Customers accommodations at all hours, between 5 A. M. and 9 o'clock P. M. on the most reasonable terms.

Fayetteville, Nov. 3. 42

The Subscribers

BEGS leave to inform their friends and the public, that they have rented the Store, formerly occupied by Messrs. Hogg & Misco, where they have on hand

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

Dry Goods;

They intend commencing the

TIN & PEWTER

MANUFACTORY.

Country Merchants and others can be supplied on reasonable terms by the quantity.

Johnson, Hall & Co.

Fayetteville, Nov. 5. 42

The Subscribers,

HAVING entered into Co-partnership, under the Firm of

Salmon & Monk,

they respectfully inform their friends and fellow-citizens, that they have just opened, (four doors South West of the Town House, Hay Street)

A New and handsome Assortment of

Dry Goods,

Hardware & Cutlery.

Which they are determined to sell on the most reasonable terms for Cash or Country Produce.—Country Merchants who would wish to purchase by the piece, would find it to their advantage to call.

D. D. Salmon,

A. Monk.

Fayetteville, October 27.—41

15 Dollars Reward.

STRAYED from the subscriber, on the 11th September last, and from Mr. Daniel Patterson's, Buffalo, Cumberland county, on the 14th, a

Bay Mare,

3 years old, about 13 hands high, a star on her forehead, one of her hind feet white up to the footlock, her main inclines to either side indifferently, rides well, and works well in any kind of gear. The above Reward will be given to any person who will deliver the said Mare to me at my house, or ten Dollars by giving certain information where she is, so that I get her again.

Hugh M'Kay.

October 31, 1815. Two miles of Stewart's Store, Richmond county, 5 42 3p

Notice.

I WILL rent out my Store-House and Ware Houses belonging to it, for six or nine months, if applied for soon.

Chisholm's GABE is hired to me by the year—Any person hereafter hiring him without my approbation, may depend on being prosecuted to the very extent of the law.

JOHN DICKSON.

October 4, 1815. 38 4

Blank Deeds,

For Sale at this Office.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post-Office Fayetteville, 1st of October, 1815, which, if not taken up before the 1st of January next, will be sent to the General Post-Office as dead Letters.

JOHN Atkins, Cumberland county, John Andres, Bladen county.

B John Byrce, Fayetteville, Capt. Thomas Beykin, do. Joseph Barrington, do. Charles Blalock, do. John Baxter, do. John Bateman, Cumberland county, John Buckhorn, do.

C James Cameron, Fayetteville, Wilson Cooper, do. Jonathan Coop-William Cocks, do. John Cameron (saddler do).

D Fisher Deming, Fayetteville, Jesse Dukemaneer, Cumberland county, William Dolly, do. Edward Dickson, do.

E John S. Epps, Fayetteville, Ann Earle, do. Mary E. England, do. George W. Evans, Cumberland county, Susan Evans, do.

F Archibald Fairly, Fayetteville, Meshack Fifield, do. William Flack, do. Henry Feiren, do.

G Mary Gwin, Cumberland county, Daniel Graham, Robeson county, 2.

H David Henderson, Fayetteville, James Howard, Cumberland county.

J The Jailor, Fayetteville, James Johnson, Cumberland county.

K Martha Kinrick, Fayetteville, Ezekiel King, do.

L Alexander Levey, Fayetteville, William Lilly, do.

M Ann Miller, Fayetteville, John Murphy, do. Washington Mack, John Morrison, do. Eliza F. Mitchell, do. Charles M'Arthur, Cumberland county, Archibald M'Keller, do. Mary M'Lauren, do. Neil M'Kinzie, do. Arthur Moore, do. Aaron Moore, do. Donald Mac Guchon or M'Guchon, Duncan's creek, Cumberland county, Alexander M'Milan, Craun's creek Hugh M'Coll, Pappy creek, Daniel M'Kee, Big Rockfish, John M'Connell, Lower Little River, Daniel Maxwell, Cumberland county, Joel Mathews, Sampson.

N Joseph Newsom, Fayetteville, John Nelson, do 2, John Norman, near do.

O Daniel Patterson, Upper Little River, Thomas Payton, Cumberland county, Samuel Pharis, do. William Parker, do 2, Monstee Peritzette, Fayetteville.

P Ceasar Rowan, Fayetteville, David Ruth, jun. do. James Richardson, do 2, William Ramsay do.

S Margaret Suter, Fayetteville, John Strong do Thomas Smith do Thomas G. Scott do James Stewart do Samuel Scott near do Mary Sikes, Cumberland county, Heitor Stewart do John Stewart do Charity Smith do.

T William Taylor, sen. Cumberland county.

V Ezekiel Vano, Cumberland county.

W Abijah Warden, Fayetteville, Charles Williams do John Watson do.—87

D. MacRae, P. M.

Ten Dollars Reward.

RANAWAY from the subscriber, a negro boy named

B O B,

formerly the property of Theophilus Evans, Esq. near Fayetteville, North Carolina, he is about sixteen years old, five feet six inches high. The boy had on when he went away a mixed coloured coat, white homespun pantaloons and small black hat, his under lip is longer than the upper eye, and very thin hair. Whoever will secure the said boy in any jail and send the subscriber word shall receive the above reward.

James Brown.

Lynchess Lake, Williamsburgh District, South-Carolina, October 11. 39