

## Seat of the Muse.

(From Maxwell's Poems.)

### THE REVERE.

I AM come to this Sycamore tree,  
And lay myself down in its shade;  
The world has no pleasure for me,  
The hopes of my Youth are betray'd.  
Flow on thou sweet musical stream,  
My murmurs shall mingle with thine;  
My spirit is wrapt in a dream,  
The sadness I feel is divine.

Hope took me a gay little child,  
And sooth'd me to sleep on her breast;  
And, like my own mother, she smiled  
O'er the dreams of my innocent feast.  
Then Beauty came whispering sweet,  
Every word had a magical pow'r;  
And Pleasure, with eyes of deceit,  
Entic'd me to enter her bow'r.

Then Love show'd his glittering dart,  
Just bath'd in the nectar of Bees;  
While Fancy persuaded my heart,  
That his only design was to please.  
And Fame held her wreath of Renown,  
All blooming with laurels divine;  
And promis'd the flourishing crown,  
To circle these temples of mine.

Then I said to myself in my sleep,  
How lovely is all that I see!  
I shall never have reason to weep,  
For the world is a garden to me.  
But an angel came down from the skies,  
And claim'd me at once as her own;  
Fair Truth shed her light on my eyes,  
And the shades of Delusion are flown.

I sigh for the dreams of my Youth,  
All melted away into air;  
Yet say, can the sweet light of Truth  
Betray my poor heart to despair?  
Ah no! I may mourn for a while,  
Till my bosom freed from its leaven;  
Then Peace shall return with a smile,  
And Faith waft my spirit to Heaven.

### Rural Reflections.

Far from the busy world, and cares of life,  
Beneath a shady oak, I sit, alone,  
Unseen by man, to meditate and ponder  
On fair creation's works; how sweet the  
employ!

Pensive I muse, on all surrounding heaven,  
While nature, deck'd in lying green, looks  
gay.

Her face how lovely, her attire how fair!  
How grand, how beautiful the rural scene!  
The warbling flock, the lowing herd,  
Waite, and with a mutual zeal conspire  
To speak the greatness of creative power,  
And will vain man, prompted by base de-  
sires,  
And new flush'd, ever flattering hopes,  
dare call

The being of a God in question? Let him  
Be mute and still, while all creation round,  
In loudest accents speaking, utters forth  
Its Maker's praise. With patient eloquence,  
It bids us know that aught was made in  
vian,  
Nor aught without a cause. \* \* \* \* \*

CHILDHOOD.—There are few who  
are travelling down the hill of life  
but will FEEL the justness of the  
following observations:

"I have just been observing  
several children of eight or ten  
years old, in all the active vivacity  
which enjoys the plenitude of the  
moment without 'looking before  
or after;' and while observing, I  
attempted, but without success, to  
recollect what I was at that age. I  
can indeed remember the principal  
events of the period, and the actions  
and projects to which my feelings  
impelled me; but the feelings them-  
selves, in their own pure  
juvency, cannot be revived, so as  
to be described and placed in com-  
parison with those of maturity.  
What is become of all those vernal  
fancies which had so much power  
to touch the heart? What a num-  
ber of sentiments have lived and  
revelled in the soul that are now  
irrevocably gone. They died, like  
the singing birds of that time,  
which now sing no more."

PATIENCE.—It buoys up the  
the heart amidst billows of adversity,  
by cheering its possessor with the  
expectation of brighter pros-  
pects; for, guided by the polar  
star of Hope, he resolutely keeps  
his course; and though the tem-  
pests of fear should for a time drive  
his bark contrary to the place of  
his destination, yet PATIENCE will  
lead him to safety, and exertion  
crown him with success. PATI-  
ENCE is, in fact, the standard of the  
firm, the hope of the weak, the sup-

port of the steady, the pillar of the  
steady, the pillar of the tottering,  
the stamp of the man, and the  
characteristic of the christian. He  
who becomes possessed of it will  
be happy in the midst of misfor-  
tunes; whilst the victim of impa-  
tience will be the victim of mis-  
ery.

UGLY SIGHTS.—The most com-  
mon and ugly sights to be seen in  
this unseemly world, are Lawyers  
without honesty, Physicians with-  
out sympathy, Soldiers without  
courage, Priests without religion,  
Virgins without modesty, and Men  
without humanity.

FORGIVENESS.—"What great  
matter," said a heathen to a christi-  
an, while he was most unmercifully  
beating him, "what great mat-  
ter did Christ ever do for thee?"  
to which the christian, in the true  
spirit of his profession, replied,  
"Even this, that I can forgive you  
though you use me thus cruelly!"

To enable men to act with  
weight and consistency, and to  
answer the purposes of society, the  
weak, the ignorant, and the unpro-  
vident, must be conducted by the  
wise the expert, and the opulent.

### THEATRIC PUFFING.

Yesterday Miss—, above  
whom all the world has been talk-  
ing, exposed her beautiful, adaman-  
tine, soft, and lovely person, for the  
first time, in the theatre royal, in  
the bewitching, melting, and all  
tearful character of Isabella. The  
house was crowded with hundreds  
more than it could hold with thous-  
ands of admiring spectators, that  
went away without a sight. This  
extraordinary phenomenon of  
tragic excellence, this star of Mel-  
pomene, this comet of the stage,  
this sun of the firmament of the  
muses, this moon of blank verses,  
this queen & princess of tears, this  
despot of the poisoned bowl, this  
empress Rusty Fusty of the pistol  
and dagger, exceeded expectation,  
and went beyond belief, and soared  
above any description. She was  
nature; she was the most ex-  
quisite work of art; she was the  
very daisy, primrose, tuberosa,  
wall-flower, cauliflower too, sweet  
briar, furze, blossom, gillyflower,  
and rosemary. In short she was  
the very coquet of Parnassus.  
Several fainted before the curtain  
drew up—the very fiddlers in the  
orchestra, blubbered like hungry  
children for their bread and butter;  
109 ladies fainted; 46 went into  
fits; and 95 had strong hysterics.  
The world will hardly credit the as-  
sertion, that fourteen children, five  
old women, a one handed sailor,  
and six common council men were  
actually drowned in the inundation  
of tears, that flowed from the gal-  
leries and boxes, to increase the  
briny flood in the pit. The water  
was three feet deep, and the people,  
that were obliged to stand upon the  
benches, were, in that situation, up  
to their ankles in tears. Nature,  
surely, in one of her humane leisure  
hours, in one of her smiling days,  
in one of her weeping months, and  
in one of her all sorrowing years,  
made this humane lump of clayey  
perfection.

London Paper.

From the Connecticut Courant.

### The Brief Remarker

There is a pretty large number  
of men in this county, who, cleave  
fast to that part of the old Mosai-  
cal law which enjoins a Release.  
They think, or seem to think, that  
the debts owed by them are by so  
much the less binding, by how  
much older they have grown, and  
that when they have become seven  
years of age, they are of course  
cancelled in the chancery of equity  
and conscience. This is more par-  
ticularly the case as respects small  
debts; about which a great many,  
otherwise of good memories have  
a convenient lack of recollection.

The following story I have heard  
related as a matter of fact.—No  
very long while since, A lent his  
neighbor B, a small sum of money,  
to be repaid in one week. How-  
ever, without any thing being said  
about it on either side, it ran on a  
whole year, when the lender asked  
for the money and got a prompt  
renewal of the old promise of

\* 25th Chapter of Deuteronomy.

payment in week's time. In the  
same way it was permitted to run  
on another year, when the loan  
was craved again, and again was  
the same promise renewed. At  
the end of the third year, A sol-  
lited payment the third time, and  
in the presence of a third person;  
and, receiving naught but a new  
edition of the like fair promise; he  
expressed his determination of  
speedily doing himself justice, and  
went his way in a pet. B was  
amazed at his unmerciful behav-  
our—for they had ever before been  
loving friends—he was struck with  
amazement, and addressing the  
said third person, remarked;  
"That neighbor of mine, sir, I  
must needs say, is a worthy man  
in the main, but after all he is an  
odddy.—The trifling debt do you  
see, is an old affair of several years,  
standing, and yet he duns me as  
hard, as if I had borrowed the  
money but a month ago!"

It is a curious fact, of no very  
auspicious omen, that while most  
other things have been growing  
dearer, promises have been grow-  
ing cheaper. They are come to be  
like that drug that operates speed-  
ily or not at all. They become  
stale as it were by time; so that  
the longer the execution of per-  
formance is borne, the more diffi-  
cult it is to obtain it. Hence small  
debts that are waxen old are as bad  
as lost, being scarcely worth the  
trouble of collecting.

Nor is it altogether among the  
baser sort that this delinquency is  
found. You may find it among  
men of high standing, and of hon-  
orable feeling in most other re-  
spects. They would scorn the im-  
putation of meanness, or falsehood,  
or roguery; but nevertheless, per-  
mit themselves to forget promises,  
especially in little matters, and the  
rather perhaps from thinking that  
their creditors out of respect or fear  
would as lief lose the debts as to  
urge for payment in good earnest.  
It is found, often found, among men  
mild in temper, courteous in their  
manners kind and neighborly, hos-  
pitable in their houses, and in short,  
of excellent reputations, "save this  
dead fly in the precious ointment"  
If you are in distress and need  
their charity, they will give; but  
if they owe you, they will shuffle  
off payment without any regard to  
your interests or feelings.

Marvellous inconsistency! are  
they so blind as not to see that with  
holding just dues, of however small  
amount, is positively injustice?  
That it scarce makes any difference  
on the moral scale, whether one  
filches from his neighbor or inten-  
tionally with holds what belongs to  
him? Are they unaware that it  
destroys their credit and blots their  
reputation? That it attaches to  
them a general suspicion of want  
of principle or rather of wilful  
falseness and dishonesty? are they  
unaware of the smothered indigna-  
tion that burns in the bosoms of  
those they so lightly disappoint?  
Of the hard and bitter things that  
are privately said of them on this  
account even by their friends? Or,  
finally, are they unaware that the  
public interests suffers more from  
this species of evil than from all  
the theft and robbery that is com-  
mitted in the land; and that if all  
men acted, in this respect like  
themselves, there would be an end  
to private credit and mutual con-  
fidence?

Small debts are entitled to be  
regarded as debts of honor. A  
man of strict honor and competent  
means, will be particularly careful  
to discharge, spontaneously and  
punctually, those trifling debts,  
which it is so unpleasant even to  
ask for, and much more to dunt for  
over and over again. A man of  
strict honesty will not say to his  
neighbor, "Go, and come again,  
and to-morrow I will pay," when  
he has it by him. Instead of which,  
it is his settled rule, as far as his  
circumstances will permit, to pay  
without delay, without grudging,  
without hesitation, without giving  
neighbor the trouble and pain of  
repeated requisition and impor-  
tunate solicitation.

### Juvenile Preacher.

"Tis filed. Before breakfast  
too. Ah, I could the deceiver  
speak would tell a tale its owner  
would blush to hear. But enough,  
From the drunkard and his corpse,  
let us turn, with compassion from  
the man, with contempt for his

crime, and pay a visit to his next  
door neighbor, the—But hark!  
The knell of some departed spirit  
arrests our attention. In yonder  
house lies the pale, the lifeless re-  
mains of a once promising youth,  
snatched from the fond embrace of  
his aged parents, about to be con-  
signed to the cold clods of the  
valley. Distracted with grief;  
unsupported by the consolations of  
a pious resignation to the will of  
Heaven, the partner of his bosom  
knows not where to look for relief.  
Ask you the reason why death has  
entered the window, and borne  
triumphant on its iron horse the  
fallen victim? You might be in-  
formed that once he bid fair for a  
long, a prosperous and useful life.  
But falling into the company of  
Gamblers he was persuaded to pass  
a few leisure moments at the innocent  
diversion of cards. A little he  
lost—a little more he gained inclina-  
tion followed indulgence, till at  
length, by slow and imperceptible  
degrees, what at first was merely  
diversion became the chief object of  
pursuit. The business of life and  
the cares of his family were forgot-  
ten and neglected. The wife of  
his bosom, the mother of his child,  
left alone to wearisome days and  
sleepless nights, anxious for his  
late, impatient for his return, sits  
and mourns in silent sorrow, till the  
clock strikes two, and steps at the  
door announce his approach! But  
ah! how awful the disappointment!  
It was the approach of others,  
bearing the breathless remains of  
what once he was! Need we be  
informed, that, stripped of his  
property by an unlucky game, he  
madly plunged the fatal weapon,  
and became at once the instrument  
of his awful exit, and the cause of  
"lamentation and mourning and  
wee," to his afflicted family, bring-  
ing down the grey hairs of his  
venerable parents with sorrow to the  
grave.

Reader—say you that.

"On fancy's horse I ride?"  
Go, then, to the chamber of revelry,  
to the garret of the gamester,  
and learn from the language and  
the quarrels of the card table, that  
these are not the airy phantoms of  
a distempered imagination—go,  
and with sorrow exclaim, "the  
half has not been told me."

Watchman.

### Candles, Soap, &c. &c.

A few boxes, best mould Candles  
ditto ditto Soap  
10 boxes Glass Tumblers  
1 ditto ditto Entry Lamps  
1 ditto containing 12 Guitars, very  
elegant,  
Just received and for Sale by the  
Subscribers, Hay-Street  
W. E. & B. SALTER.  
Fayetteville, Oct. 17. 36f

### Hides & Deer Skins!

WE will give the highest  
prices in Cash, for Hides  
and Deer Skins.

McNeill & Kirkland,

Opposite State Bank,

November 6th, 1816. 39 4

### LOST,

ON Tuesday the 29th instant, a  
Note of Hand, drawn by Mr.  
Reuben Loring, in favor of the  
subscriber, for Thirty Eight Dol-  
lars, payable on demand.

This is to forewarn all persons  
trading for said Note, as payment  
is in consequence stopped.

Amos Taylor.

Fayetteville, October 31. 38 3

### For Sale,

A HOUSE and LOT, in the  
Town of Fayetteville, situ-  
ated on Maiden Lane, nearly oppo-  
site the Dwelling House of Mr.  
A. F. Bowell's, and now occupied  
by Mr. Danch M'Coll, for further  
particulars apply to

John M'Coll.

Long Street, Cumberland  
County, Nov. 6th, 1816. } 39 3c

### Printing,

In all its various branches  
executed with neatness  
and dispatch.

## \$10 Reward.

LOST on Tuesday the 29th of  
October last, my POCKET  
BOOK; it is made out of an Ot-  
ter skin, and containing in it when  
lost, seven dollars in bank notes,  
some due bills, a few papers, among  
which are, one note of Tamer  
Mills, I believe payable to Tho-  
mas Jones, for ninety pounds; one  
on John Norman, for about twenty  
eight dollars, payable to the  
subscriber; one on Daniel Cul-  
breath, for about fifty dollars; one  
on Archibald Smith, with some cre-  
dits on it, a balance of about eight  
pounds; a due bill on John Black,  
for about fourteen dollars; an or-  
der from John Maxwell, on John  
C. Williams, for twenty dollars;  
and other papers that I do not re-  
collect. Whoever has found the  
aforesaid Pocket Book, with its  
contents, and delivering the same  
to the subscriber or by leaving it  
at the Store of Mr. Bowell, shall  
receive the above reward.

William Armstrong.

Cumberland county.

November 6, 1816. } 39 4

## \$10 Reward

RUN AWAY from the Sub-  
scriber on the 23rd of July  
last, a negro boy named

### B O B,

about eighteen years of age, about  
five feet six or seven inches high;  
had on when he went away, a pair  
of mixed pantaloons and coarse  
shirt. Bob is a smart quick-  
spoken boy of a black complexion;  
his under lip a little longer than the  
upper; he is very well known a-  
bout Fayetteville, and formerly be-  
longed to a Mr. Evans of that place.  
Any person apprehending said boy  
and securing him in any Jail, shall  
receive the above reward—I have  
much reason to believe that he has  
been harboured by his mother or  
some of his connections belonging  
to Mr. Evans, as he said he had  
been frequently in his Kitchen,  
when he was absent from me be-  
fore. It is hoped that no one will  
subject themselves to the law in  
this respect, as the law will be re-  
gorously enforced.

Robert Brown.

Lynchess Lake, Williamsburg, S. C.  
October 24th, 1816 40 3c.

## Ten Dollars Reward.

RAN AWAY from the sub-  
scriber, a negro man named

### P E T E R.

It is supposed he will make for  
Wilmington; he is about 5 feet  
9 inches high, 30 years of age, and  
has had his right leg broken and  
is shorter than the other, walks  
lame, stout made, full faced, a lit-  
tle yellow complexioned, low voice  
when speaking. Any person se-  
curing said fellow and delivering  
him to Dr. Jacques Bishop, Dar-  
lington Court House, South Caro-  
lina, or to Wm. H. Bowen, Fay-  
etteville, shall have the above re-  
ward and all reasonable expenses  
paid.

Jaques Bishop.

May 25, 1816. 15f

## Committed to Jail,

ON Friday the 18th instant, a  
negro man by the name of

### CHARLES LEWY.

He is about 32 years of age, five  
feet eight inches high, dark com-  
plexion, his little finger on his right  
hand cut off, and has followed the  
sea, says he belongs to Menhays  
Saturday & Co. of Baltimore.

The owner is requested to come  
forward, prove his property, pay  
charges and take him away.

R. Dudley, Jailer.

Fayetteville, October 31. } 38f

## Strayed or Stolen,

FROM the subscriber in Fay-  
etteville, on or about the 1st  
instant.

## A Light Sorrel Horse,

eight years old next spring, about  
fifteen and a half hands high, light  
mane and tail. Whoever will  
bring to me the said horse, shall  
be handsomely rewarded, and all  
necessary charges paid.

P. Benjamin.

October 24. } 38 3