



FROM THE NEWARK CENTINEL.

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND IN ADVERSITY.

Thou, thou wert ever only dear,  
In joy or sorrow, peace or danger,  
Then start not Love!—'tis but a tear—  
Then start not at a trembling stranger!  
I weep not for the wealth we had,  
Or fashion's idle splendor fled;  
Oh! no—'tis that thou lookest sad—  
'Tis for thy sighs so oft repeated!

Thou, dear one, smile, as once thou smil'd,  
If but for me thy tears are flowing;  
Some little cot, lone, simple, wild,  
Where nameless flowers around are growing,  
Shall shine a palace proud to me,  
If thou art there to point my duty—  
Delightful scene! while blest by thee,  
Each morn shall breathe of peace and beauty.

Tho' cheeks that glow'd, and hearts that vow'd,  
Are gone when fortune fails to cheer thee,  
Yet Love! far happier from the crowd,  
One heart, unchang'd, is beating near thee!  
Tho' all those sunshine friends are flown,  
Who throng'd our blooming summer bowers—  
Oh! say thou art not all alone!  
I'll share—I'll cheer this adverse hour!

Nay, sigh not thus—tho' thou dost see  
Tears wrap my cheek in pensive sadness,  
'Tis ecstasy to mourn with thee,  
Yet bid thee hope for days of gladness!  
Wealth is not bliss—Look brightly round,  
Recall past scenes of peace and pleasure,  
When, on Passaic's banks, we found  
Love, simple love, life's truest treasure!

How oft, at twilight's holy calm,  
Beside that dear, secluded river,  
We drank the valley breeze's balm!  
Was there one roving wish? Oh! never.  
Then was the maple trembling green,  
With some lone fountain, mildly sporting,  
Sweet emblem of the happy scene—  
Serenely bright and ever courting!

And love—true love—doth yet remain,  
With thy fond wife's unalter'd bosom—  
Nor wilt thou feel regret or pain,  
While heaven leaves one faithful blossom!  
Oh! thou art lovelier far to me—  
Far dearer in this hour of sorrow!  
For I can think of only thee—  
Wish for thy sake a brighter morrow!

S—, OF NEW-JERSEY.

May, 1820.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

From education, as the leading cause,  
The public character its color draws;  
Thence the prevailing manners take their cast,  
Extravagant or sober, loose or chaste. CORNER.

The safety of a republic is based on the virtue of the people. Good constitutions and wholesome laws can have no salutary effect, or at most, not for any length of time, unless there is virtue enough in the great body of the people to carry them into execution. And when laws for the conservation of public morals, individual rights and property, are few in any state, under whatever forms of government, it is an indubitable evidence of the happiness of such a state, and of the virtue and morality of the people. But wherever we see laws multiplied for the prevention of crimes, wherever we find numerous penal laws loading the statute books, we may at once conclude that such a government is rotten at the foundations, and that the morals of the people, to say no worse, are deplorable. And should we be asked what form of government would best suit a people generally corrupt, we might, without any hesitation, answer, a despotism. The mild and genial sway of a republic is calculated only for a virtuous, and sober, and industrious people—they can be happy, safe, and prosperous under it: but to a people enervated and corrupt, it is a "mere rope of sand"—it possesses no force and efficacy—cannot afford protection to the good, nor restrain and punish the bad. It only makes a mockery of government, by promising protection, when it wants the power to protect; by enacting good laws, but which are destitute of the least efficacy.

I am led to make these few reflections, by noticing the alarming and rapid increase of crimes in this country—alarming to every friend to the perpetuity of our free institutions. To see a nation like ours, which has barely attained to adolescence, blackened by the same crimes which pollute the nations of the old world, whom the increasing corruptions of ages have brought to their present maturity of vice,—throws a veil of darkness over our future prospects, and agitates us with the most gloomy forebodings. Other nations have approached, by regular gradations, to that fearful precipice, over which are precipitated all that nobles humanity, all that is pure in morals, sacred in religion, amiable and endearing in love, and dignified and venerable in justice: but we have vaulted, by a wonderful precocity of crime, to the top of that giddy height beneath which is rolling, with impetuous force, the dark stream of destruction, on whose murky billows, unless something be done, will occur be-

launched all the bright prospects which have opened on our country; and all the hopes which have swelled our breasts with joy. This is not the production of a disordered imagination, a sickly fancy; but the sound conclusion drawn from undeniable premises: It is the result of that self-evident proposition, "that like causes produce like effects."

To render the stream pure, the fountain must be purified; and to cure the disease which is preying on our vitals, the cause must be eradicated. We must revert to first principles, and see what is wrong in them. And by turning our attention to the elements of our strength and of our safety, we shall find: that by commencing the work of reformation there, the growing evils which are gathering around us, and hurrying our liberties to destruction, can be dissipated, and their recurrence prevented in future. In our children we behold our future statesmen and defenders: with them, then, we must begin the work of reform: in them we must lay deep the foundations of our liberties, by fixing in their tender minds the principles of virtue and morality, which are the Jachin and Boaz of our constitution and free systems of government. "Every age," said the ancient philosophers, "bears within itself the age which is to follow." The age of patriotism, and industry, and sobriety, in this country, was succeeded by freedom and glory, by wealth, and good public morals. And if the present age be corrupt, vicious, and enervated,—we may safely predict, that the next will be enslaved, degraded, and pusillanimous.

It is owing, in my opinion, to the lax manner in which our children are educated, more than to any other cause, that we behold vice so fearfully accumulating among us, and threatening to bury "in one undistinguished ruin," those inestimable rights and privileges, the attainment of which cost so much blood and treasure. When I speak of education, I do not mean to confine the term to the instruction which children receive in schools; but I intend it to embrace, and more particularly, the whole time during which they are sheltered under the parental wing. On parents is devolved the most important part of their education; and on the instruction which they give them; on the principles with which they imbue their young and susceptible minds—depend their future usefulness and respectability in society, and the liberty and prosperity of our country. Children are imitative creatures, and what they see others do, they are very apt to do themselves. If they behold their parents conforming to the rules of morality and virtue, they will be likely to imitate a love for the same, which will "grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength." The responsibility of parents, then, extends not only to the instructions which they give their children, but to the example which they set them. For in vain will they wish them to conduct with honor and propriety, when from under their immediate care, if, when in their presence, they behold little to attract them to the superior pleasures of sobriety, and to the beauty and amiableness of virtue.

The legislators of ancient times bestowed particular attention on the education of children, and prepared them, by early culture and discipline, to perform, with honor and integrity, that part in the affairs of the state, which the revolutions of a few years would devolve on them. They were early taught to reverence the gods, and to perform those religious duties and ceremonies which the religion of their country required. In some states, children were taken from their parents at a very tender age, educated at the public expense, and under the inspection of the government; and in all, or nearly all, of the more renowned nations of antiquity, it was always thought the duty and the prerogative of government, to superintend the education of youth, as thereby laying the surest foundation of the perpetuity and prosperity of their country. In several states in our own country the education of children is considered so important, and so peculiarly necessary in a government like ours, that liberal public provision is made for that purpose, and schools are thickly scattered over every part of the country. None are so poor as not to be able to bestow on their children a good common education, at least—the beneficial effects of this system are every where apparent. Crimes are less frequent there, than in other parts of the Union, where children are left to grow up in ignorance, both of their duty to their country and to their Creator. Morals are better—the great body of the people are sober and industrious—intemperance, which, like the "pestilence that walketh in darkness," is almost daily destroying its thousands and tens of thousands, is there confined to a few, those among the lowest classes, and generally the refuse of foreign nations—religion is less corrupted, her forms simple, and her influence, like the mild and mellow beams of the setting sun, sheds a calm and holy splendor over the moral character of the citizens.

I have, as yet, but barely touched on this important subject; I have only trod on the threshold. It presents too many powerful considerations, is too big with interest, and too important in its consequences, to be treated lightly, and in a hasty manner. And, besides, it will be more agreeable to you, Messrs. Editors, and to your readers, to have your correspondents practice brevity, and not tire out your patience and theirs, with a tedious and monotonous prolixity. But I shall, however, in such leisure moments as I may have, resume this subject, and, with your permission, lay my reflections before your readers.

ALIQUIS.

Reading.—A mechanic in the north of England, has invented a machine for scanning, which, by means of a beam, the eye scans the room, but gets all the books, or a graduated scale.

WASHINGTON.

Every thing which relates to the life and actions of this great and good man, cannot fail to interest every reader whose bosom is warmed by American feelings. Of all men, the name of Washington must be most dear to American hearts, and as the years roll away, instead of being lost in distance, the more brilliant do his virtues appear, and the more strongly convinced are we of the true greatness of his character. "There is a mournful pleasure," says the eloquent Dr. Collier, "in recalling the actions and reviewing the feelings of those who are gone before. Time has effected changes by his slow devastations, which speak to the heart: and we cannot hear the voice of years departed without feeling our attention arrested: amid the suspensions of our employments, giving reverence to the testimony of those whose wisdom, snatched from that all destroying hand, remains upon record for our instruction."

The following interesting anecdote of the Father of our republic, we find in Bisset's continuation of Hume; and we do not recollect to have met with it in any other place. It illustrates, in a most forcible manner, the over-ruling hand of Providence, in directing the operations of a man's mind, in moments when he is least aware of it. This curious incident, from which it appears that the life of the hero was in imminent danger, took place during some skirmishing, a day or two previous to the battle of Brandywine, and is detailed in a letter from major Ferguson, who commanded a rifle corps in advance of the Hessians under Gen. Knyphausen, to his friend in England. The letter in question gives the following account:

"We had not lain long, when a rebel officer, remarkable for his Hussar dress, passed towards our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another, dressed in a dark green and blue, mounted on a bay horse, with a remarkably high cocked hat.—I ordered three good shots to steal near them and to fire at them; but the idea disgusted me, and I recalled the order. The Hussar in returning made a circuit, but the other passed within a hundred yards of us, upon which I advanced from the wood towards him. Upon my calling, he stopped; but after looking at me, proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made signs to him to stop, levelling my piece at him; but he slowly cantered away. As I was within that distance at which, in the quickest firing, I could have lodged half a doz. balls in or about him, before he was out of my reach, I had only once to determine; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was quitting himself very coolly of his duty, so I let him alone. The day after, I had been telling this story to some wounded officers who lay in the same room with me, when one of the surgeons who had been dressing the wounded rebel officers, came in and told us that they had been informing him that Gen. Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in a hussar dress, he himself dressed and mounted in every point above described. I am not sorry that I did not know who it was. [Connecticut Mirror.]

Remarkable Phenomena at Christiana.—The following curious details have been received from Christiana in Norway:—On the 7th ult. the barometer rose to the extraordinary height of 29 inches 16 lines, which has not taken place here for a great number of years. The sea was eight feet lower on that day than it has been for the last 20 years. Professor Hansteen, who measured its height, made also some experiments on the intensity of the magnetic force, and found the needle in such agitation that he could obtain no fixed results from his experiments. These different phenomena appear to portend some extraordinary revolution in nature.

MORAL and RELIGIOUS.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

ARCHIBALD ALISON, L. L. B. Prebendary of Sarum, Rector of Rodington, &c. &c. Edinburgh, is known to the learned American reader, generally speaking, by his celebrated *Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste*. As the author of sermons he is not, perhaps, so generally known. In a volume of his sermons, preached on particular occasions, there is one on each of the four seasons; and from the one on Autumn, preached from the text of Isaac meditating at eventide in the fields, the following elegant extracts are taken:

"There is an even-tide in the day—an hour when the sun retires, and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearances of soberness and silence. It is an hour from which every where the thoughtless fly, as peopled only in their imagination, with images of gloom;—it is an hour, on the other hand, which, in every age the wise have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendors of the day.

"Its first impression is to still all the turbulence of thought or passion which the day may have brought forth. We follow, with our eye, the descending sun,—we listen to the decaying sounds of labour and of toil,—and, when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness

to breathe upon our souls, and to calm them from the agitations of society. From this first impression, there is a second, which naturally follows it:—In the day we are living with men,—in the even-tide we begin to live with nature;—we see the world withdrawn from us,—the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves alone. It is an hour, fitted, as it would seem, by Him who made us, to still, but with gentle hand, the throeb of every unruly passion, and the ardour of every impure desire; and, while it veils for a time, the world that misleads us, to awaken in our hearts those legitimate affections which the heat of the day may have dissolved, there is yet a further scene it presents to us:—While the world withdraws from us, and while the shades of the evening darken upon our dwellings, the splendours of the firmament come forward to our view. In the moments when earth is overshadowed, Heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer being; our hearts follow the successive splendours of the scene; and while we forget, for a time, the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are "yet greater things than these."

"There is, in the second place, an "even-tide" in the year,—a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious light,—when the winds arise, and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general, to be the season of melancholy; and if, by this word be meant that it is the time of solemnity and of serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy; yet, it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they who have known it feel, as instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched, but to fine issues.

"When we go out into the fields in the evening of a year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still but steady advances of time. A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of Heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant. He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more "blossoms like the rose;" the song of joy no more heard among the branches; and the earth is strewn with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we pause amid the apparent desolation of nature. We sit down in the lodge "of the way-faring man in the wilderness," and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate. Such also, in a few years, will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring,—the pride of our summer, will also fade into decay;—and the pulse that now beats high with virtuous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop for ever. We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have "disquieted ourselves in vain."

"Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity, will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass,—the loudest notes of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave;—the wicked, wherever active, "will cease from troubling;" and the weary, wherever suffering, "will be at rest." Under an impression so profound, we feel our own hearts better.—The cares, the animosities, the hatreds which society may have engendered, sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature, we feel the littleness of our own passions;—we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all;—we anticipate the graves of those we hate, as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls, with the leaves that fall around us; and we return slowly to our homes, and to the society which surrounds us, with the wish only to enlighten or bless them.

"If there were no other effects, my brethren, of such appearances of nature upon our minds, they would still be valuable,—they would teach us humility; and with it they would teach us charity."

The final application of this great moral of nature is as follows:—

"There is an even-tide in human life; a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snow. It is the season of life to which the present is most analogous; and much it becomes, and much it would profit you, my elder brethren, to mark the instructions the season brings. The spring and the summer of your days are gone, and, with them, not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them.—You have entered upon the autumn of your being; and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the intemperance of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and of solitude which the beneficence of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare yourselves for the mighty change which you are soon to undergo.

"In the long retrospect of your journey, you have seen every day the shades of the evening fall, and every year the clouds of winter gather. But you have seen also, every succeeding day, the morning arise in its brightness, and in every succeeding year the spring return to renovate the winter of nature. It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven,—it mingles its voice with that of revelation,—it summons you in these hours when the leaves fall, and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation: And, while the shadowy valley opens which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that hand which can comfort and can save, and which can conduct to those "green pastures, and those still waters," where there is an eternal spring for the children of God."