

The Muse! what'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires...scorn.



FROM "DIEGO DE MONTILLA." BY CORNWALL.

Don Diego falls in love with a scornful lady—and pines on her rejection of him; on which her younger sister falls secretly in love with him—and when he sets out on his travels to forget his passion, droops and fades in his absence; and at last dies of a soft and melancholy decline.—Ed. Review.

Oft would she sit and look upon the sky,

When rich clouds in the golden sun-set lay
Basking, and loved to hear the soft winds sigh

That come like music at the close of day
Trembling amongst the orange blooms, and die
As 'twere from very sweetness. She was gay,

Meekly and calmly gay, and then her gaze
Was brighter than belongs to dying days.

And on her young thin cheek a vivid flush,
A clear transparent color sate awhile:

'Twas like, a bard would say, the morning's blush,
And 'round her mouth there played a gentle smile,

Which tho' at first it might your terrors hush,
It could not, tho' it strove, at last beguile:

And her hand shook, and then 'rose the blue vein
Branching about in all its windings plain.

The girl was dying. Youth and beauty—all
Men love or women boast of was decaying,

And one by one life's finest powers did fall
Before the touch of death, who seemed delaying,

As tho' he'd not the heart to cease to call
The maiden to his home. At last, arraying
Himself in softest guise, she sigh'd, she sigh'd,

And, smiling as tho' her heart were e'er, died.

FROM "T. L. V. I."

A Poem, published in New-York, attributed to Cracker.

FANNY was younger once than she is now,

And prettier of course: I do not mean
To say, that there are wrinkles on her brow,

Yet, to be candid, she is past eighteen—
Perhaps past twenty—but the girl is shy
About her age, and God forbid that I

Should get myself in trouble by revealing
A secret of this sort: I have too long
Loved pretty women with a poet's feeling,

And when a boy, in day dream and in song,
Have knelt me down and worshipp'd them: alas!
They never thanked me for't—but let that pass.

I've felt full many a heart-ache in my day,
At the mere rustling of a muslin gown,
And caught some dreadful cold, I blush to say,

While shivering in the shade of beauty's frown.
They say her smiles are sun-beams—it may be—
But ne'er a sun-beam would she throw on me.

Original.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

The Athenian Club....No. IV.

BY ORADIAH LONGSTAFF, ESQ.

All the world's a stage,
And men and women are merely actors.

SHAKSPEARE.

In a former number of the Club we made some incidental remarks on intemperate drinking, and the evils which it produces among mankind. Since then it has fallen to our lot to view several instances of intemperance within the precincts of our village; but to the credit of the place it must be acknowledged that the persons alluded to are not villagers. The conduct exhibited by these degraded sons of Bacchus, was truly astonishing. Their gesticulations, grinning and whooping in the streets, reminded us of the conduct of the cannibals, as recorded in the history of the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. If these instances of the effects of ardent spirits could have been viewed by an inhabitant of another planet, his conclusion would be that they did not belong to the nobler works of the great architect and governor of universal nature. Such conduct, particularly in the higher classes of mankind, must be of incalculable injury to civilized society. If the man of wealth addicts himself to drunkenness; and thinks it no disgrace, others, in the lower walks of life, will claim the same privilege, and it would seem that they attach to themselves a certain degree of credit for imitating their superiors in moral degradation!

Of all the vices to which humanity is subject, the intemperate use of ardent spirits stands pre-eminent; indeed, it might be called the parent of all. The man who voluntarily grasps the intoxicating bowl, and gorges the poisonous contents, and thus renders himself a monster in human shape, deserves the utter abhorrence and detestation of every vir-

luous man in the community. The Mahometans stand far above him. A good Mussulman despises the man who uses ardent spirits, in violation of the sacred precepts of the Koran. Thus is the drunkard, in this christian land, sunk below the unchristianized Turks, in human depravity!

As intemperance is not, like original sin, hereditary, we think it the bounden duty of the Legislature to check its growth. This might, in a considerable degree, be effected by enacting a law to prohibit the licensing of retailers of spiritous liquors of every kind. The great number of retail shops, in almost every part of the country, is unquestionably the principal source of the evil which we are reprobating. It would be of considerable importance to the welfare of society, if these receptacles of vice were exterminated, as Henry VIII. of England destroyed the monasteries.

As much as we detest the crime of intemperance in men of the world, our feelings of abhorrence are increased when we see professors of our holy religion subjected to the same vice! That such is too often the case, it is presumed no one will deny! O prostitution of holy things! To such we most earnestly direct our remarks. They are the great patterns for others to form the rules of their conduct by. Flee from intemperance: Manifest to the world the sincerity of your profession: Degrade not the cause in which you are engaged: You may be assured your example is powerful. Let us not, therefore, have it in our power to chastise a second time. The task is unpleasant; but good morals must be encouraged, even at the expense of our feelings.

Desultory.

DR. FRANKLIN.

At one of the great agricultural festivals, held annually in July, at Holkham, the seat of the celebrated farmer, T. W. Coke, Esq. of Norfolk, England, Dr. Franklin was noticed by Lord Erskine, a celebrated English statesman and lawyer, in the following manner:—

"I come to Holkham," said he, "to take lessons, that I may find how skill improves capital; for one is not enough: The effect is the result of knowledge, industry, and application; and knowledge is gained by instruction and experience. We see here something like magic, but it is not done by magic, but by skill and capital, by labor and encouragement for labor, by liberality and wisdom, such as are exercised by my noble friend here, whose example is gone forth and its visible effects are seen in distant places. It has improved the produce of soils and refreshed the spirits of men! I looked into his laundry, and I saw the greatest of philosophers, Benjamin Franklin:—His maxims were suspended there for the admiration of youthful minds. You see now what becomes of the folly of those who, either through malice or for hire, through sycophancy or ignorance, have heaped all manner of abuse upon his name, and have ranked him with the scum of the earth, where their own obscurity and obloquy may justly place them in his stead. But the nation to which he belonged knows how to esteem and honor him; and we see a 74 gun ship bearing his name, and bringing over an American ambassador."

RARE BOOK.

Dr. Sims, late of Bath, bequeathed the celebrated volume of Servetus, entitled *Christianismi Restitutio*, to Dr. Sigmond. "The fate of this book," says our informant, "has been not a little singular. All the other copies were burned, together with the author, by the implacable Calvin. I his copy was secreted and saved by D. Celadon, one of the judges. After passing through the library of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, it came into the hands of Dr. Mead, who endeavored to give a quarto edition; but, on the 27th of May, 1723, at the instance of Dr. Gibson, bishop of London, the copies, not half completed, were seized by John Kent, messenger of the press, and were burnt, with the exception of a few. The late Duke de Vidiere gave near 400 guineas for this volume. At his sale it was purchased for 3810 livres. It contains the first account of the circulation of the blood, 70 years before the immortal Harvey published his discovery, and the theory of John Hunter, at this day a subject of philosophic inquiry. "The life is in the blood," is distinctly advanced and defended, upon the very grounds it is at present supported. The latin in which it is written is pure and elegant, and was published in the year 1553.—London paper.

From "Duteu's Memoirs."

A Duet by postulates, or an action upon admissions.

"Sir," said a Spanish officer, "I marvel at your audacity thus to deny my assertions; were I near you, I would give you a blow, to teach you good manners; take it for granted that I have done it." "And I, sir," replied the Gascon, to whom this brigadoie addressed himself, "to chastise your

insolence, this moment run you through the body; take it for granted that you are a dead man."

POLITICAL.

FROM THE NATIONAL ADVOCATE.

At the next session of Congress, the national revenue should be the cardinal object of attention; all other questions are of minor importance, because Congress will be called upon, not only to supply the present deficiency, but to adopt such measures as shall tend to make the revenue correspond in future with the expenditures of government, and without decreasing the means of defence necessary for national purposes. The three alternatives, taxes, loans, and economy, will doubtless be discussed. As to new loans, they should be at once abandoned. This, "borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry." The nation has credit to any amount, but that credit should only be used under pressing exigencies, and never in time of peace if it can be avoided.

A system of borrowing will not only swell the national debt, but in time will produce a neglect of our resources and an extravagance in the administration of government. Money being procured with facility, the nation will be plunged in debt with impunity; and instead of making the national income defray the national expenditures, there will be an increasing annual deficit, which will lay the foundation of serious troubles. Taxes are called unpopular—the people will not be pleased with them; yet we cannot perceive how they are to be avoided, and we never will believe that the people of this country will refuse a reasonable assistance to defray the expenses of government. Economy and retrenchment may be insisted upon, and we think they should prevail; yet, all the retrenchments which can safely be made, in army, navy, and other objects, will net but a very small sum; and if a new loan is determined upon, a system of taxation should also go into operation, although there will be a great difference of opinion as to objects which should be taxed. A report from the different collectors of the Revenue as to the most unobjectionable articles, particularly luxuries and the easiest of collection coming under their observation, would tend to facilitate the discussion of the subject. At all events, a permanent system must be adopted, and the sooner the subject is broached and discussed the better, for procrastination will but increase the difficulties.

Religious.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

PREACH THE GOSPEL.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."

OUR SAVIOUR.

Such was the last high commission of the Saviour of the world, to the eleven, as they sat at meat—and is a commandment to all his followers, while there remains one solitary individual ignorant of this blessed Redeemer. He was, in his high estate, so transcendently happy that he needed nothing on earth to add to his felicity; but viewing the sad condition of man, from the transgression of disobedient parents, he left the realms of bliss, that guilty rebels might be reconciled to a God of inflexible justice. He was truly a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," yet went about doing good; and his whole public ministry and private walks, all ended in the fulfilment of the gracious duty he had charged himself with. His love was so boundless that he never permitted an opportunity to escape of benefiting mankind; he warned, counseled and advised his disciples, in the most tender and persuasive manner; and his immediate Apostles (through whom his peaceful doctrines were to be promulgated throughout the world) were carefully instructed under his own eyes. At length, the cruel voice of a malicious and vindictive multitude caused the most precious of all blood to flow. Amidst this dismal gloom, when forsaken and denied by those who had professed the warmest friendship, and cruelly mocked by his enemies, we find the same heavenly serenity (but more conspicuous) which marked his former life.—The sons of darkness, on Calvary's bloody hill, could barely boast of a temporary triumph, while the Son of God acquired an everlasting victory. If his glory was overshadowed for awhile, it was only to burst forth in a meridian blaze of brighter splendor. The grave could not contain its victim, for it was an Infinite Being it incl. d. He broke the bands of death, arose from his sepulchre, left his benign commands, to "Preach the Gospel," and ascended to his Father.

It is not to be inferred, that our Saviour meant that all should be so gifted and qualified as publicly to preach the gospel; but almost every one can do something towards the attainment of this desirable end;—and one of the most efficacious means for preaching the "glad tidings of great joy" is the Word of God itself. We live in an interesting period of the reign of grace, when great exertions are making for disseminating this invaluable

treasure—the poor are tasting in their mites, and the rich do not withhold of their abundance, but many are cheerfully pouring in their riches for the enlargement of the borders of Zion. The noble and praise worthy examples of the great men of the earth are frequently cited, and laudably too, while those in less dignified stations endeavor to emulate them in this "labor of love." In reciting another instance of this pious emulation, let it not be supposed that it is intended to detract from others; in this sure and certain way of "preaching the gospel," we bid all "God speed"—hoping there may be no strife between the followers of Christ, except who shall do the most for his glory—the "provoking each other to love and good works."

It was in the early part of the inclement autumn of 1817, when this city was visited by a pestilence that was devastating its population, and cutting down its victims on the right hand and on the left, that an aged African was seen walking the streets barefooted. I had before observed him in one of the Temples of the Most High, and admired his becoming demeanour.—His head appeared to have been bleached by at least fourscore winters, for it was ornamented with many gray hairs, that rose conspicuous above those of a darker hue, resembling the hoar frost on our moss covered trees. The wrinkles of age had furrowed his face, but its placid serenity evidenced the peace within; and, as the reverend Man of God spoke of righteousness, mercy and judgment to come, and anticipated the joys of the other world, the half-closed devotional eyes of the attentive African would expand and brighten into a flame, emanating from that pure fountain of light which illumined his tranquil breast. He seemed to be a stranger and pilgrim on earth, and to be progressing towards the place of Eternal Rest. His whole appearance in the Sanctuary had prejudiced one in his favor, who determined to relieve his apparent want of shoes. What was his astonishment, when he understood he had shoes, which he did not wish to injure by wearing, but wanted to sell them for as much as would purchase a BIBLE!—Believing that his pilgrimage would soon be over, and that he could descend to the tomb barefooted, while many of his countrymen were perishing for lack of knowledge, he was anxious to put the Bible into the hands of some of them—declaring, at the same time, if it should be the means of reclaiming one soul from darkness to light, it would afford him more substantial happiness than any thing this world could bestow.

Shortly after this, indisposition prevented me from attending the Sanctuary for some weeks; and, on my again appearing there, the seat of the venerable African (in the door of the vestry opening to the church) was vacant. Thinking he had gone to some of the neighboring islands, or the plantations on the main, as was his usual practice, to instruct his poor ignorant countrymen in the ways of eternal life, no particular enquiries were made respecting him. His absence, at length, appearing longer than customary, I was induced to enquire for him, and was informed that he had closed his earthly career—dying, as he lived, in the full assurance of everlasting joys beyond the grave, through the merits of his Saviour.

Farewell, faithful SAMBO!—Thy seat is occupied by another, but thy sainted form is often before my eyes, aiding my devotions when disposed to murmur at the dispensations of an over-ruling Providence. Recollecting thy piety, patience and resignation, and thy ardent zeal for the gospel, by disseminating the Word of Truth, may thy example be imitated. Had an Emperor performed what thou hast nobly done, his fame would be inscribed in letters of gold, and succeeding generations would hold him in grateful remembrance. Would that some abler pen had been wielded to canonize thy virtues—but thou art welcome to this feeble tribute of thy worth.

Christian reader—you think you have done much towards preaching the gospel, by your liberal donations in aid of the diffusion of the Bible—reflect on SAMBO'S zeal and blush that you have not done more. Be cast in of your abundance—he gave all. He had not silver or gold, but what he possessed was cheerfully relinquished. Should this attract the attention of any who have yet done nothing towards propagating the glad tidings of great joy—I entreat such to begin now. Has the God of Nature been bountiful in his gifts, and blessed you with much of this world's treasures?—Return him a portion of his bounty, to assist in the great work of Preaching the Gospel, that its beneficent rays may shine into every corner of the habitable globe, and dispel the dark mist of idolatry and paganism. Have you nothing to bestow but your tears and your prayers?—Then, with fervour, throw them into the spiritual treasury as a free-will offering, and they will rise acceptable to Him who smiled with complacency on the poor man's mite.