

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires...scor.



THE NITHITY.....BY S. WOODWORTH.

Strike the loud anthem to hail the blest morning,
Jesus the Saviour an infant appears
Lo! in the East, a new day-spring is dawning!
Hark! the glad tidings which sound in our ears!
On this auspicious morn,
To us a child is born,
Glory to God in the highest be given:
Hail our Redeemer's birth—
Good will and Peace on earth—

Man shall again have conjunction with Heaven."

Hark! 'twas the voice of a seraph that sounded—
Shepherds of Judea start with surprise;
While, with a radiance of glory surrounded,

Troops of bright angels descend from the skies

Now loud the chord strain

Swells round the happy plain,

Glory to God in the highest be given:

Hail our Redeemer's birth—

Good will and Peace on earth—

Man shall again have conjunction with Heaven."

Hail to the Saviour, descending from Heaven;

To build him a kingdom which never shall cease;

The child that is born, and the Son that is given,

Is God everlasting, the great Prince of Peace.

Praise him with grateful lays,

Pour forth the soul in praise;

The government rests on His shoulders alone;

In Him the Godhead dwells

Which has subdued the hell;

And God the Creator, in Jesus is known.

THE CALL OF WALLACE.

BY S. BAMPFORD.

O come from the valley, O come from the plain,
And arise to the hills of your fathers again,

For a chieftain has placed his banner on high,

And the scourge of his country hath dared to defy.

Our lands are laid waste, and our homes are destroyed,

While the ravaging Saxon is dwelling in pride;

O gather, ye brave ones, in battle array,

And the storm of the carnage shall sweep him away.

What! shall this Usurper be lord of our land?

Not the sons of its heroes appeal to the brand?

And shall it be said that a Scot ever bore

The chains which his fathers had spurned before?

Then come from the valley, and come from the plain,

And arise to the hills of your fathers again;

We will sweep like the whirlwind, or burst like a flood,

And the sun of a tyrant shall set in his blood.

Lincoln Castle, July 16, 1820.

Literary Extracts, &c.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

A PRUDENT HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

When I was a young man, says Philip Thicknesse, I often visited a distant relation, to whom I and my family had been much obliged. This gentleman had nine agreeable, nay, beautiful daughters, who had often entertained me with the slipslop conversation of a rich, but low, unbred woman, their neighbor, whose husband being appointed high sheriff, occasioned her to talk much to these ladies about the *grand sheriff dinner* she was to give. "I am determined, said she, to have no custards; for if I have custards, I must have cheese-cakes; and if I have cheese-cakes, I must have jellies; if jellies, fruits," &c.

As I usually spent my Christmas at the country-seat of this friend, with his lovely family, there sometimes arose a kind of merriment, called Christmass gambols, questions and commands, &c. Now these innocent sports led the gentlemen sometimes to salute the young ladies all around; a pleasure in which I alone, who perhaps loved them best, always declined partaking. This shyness in me seemed so unaccountable to them, that they one and all seized an occasion to rally me for possessing a *mauvais hont*, so contrary to the etiquette at that time of the year. I confessed the force of the charge, and fully acknowledged my guilt; adding, that the only excuse I could offer was, that if I had custards, I must have cheese-cakes; if cheese-cakes, jellies; if jellies, fruits; and if—in short, before I had half done with my *ifs*, they all ran away, and left me in the field of battle, and never rallied to make an attack on me again.

FROM THE N. Y. COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.
"Will ladies hence encourage lads of merit,
And spurn fat fops with a becoming spirit?"

How prevalent is the opinion among young men, that the fopperies of dress can give them respectability in the eyes of the world, or fa-

vor in the sight of the female sex. A more degrading idea of female discernment could not be entertained. To suppose that the exterior decorations of what may, or may not be a handsome person, are weighed by them against good breeding, evinced in a constant desire to please, or the solid acquisition of knowledge, is preposterous in the extreme. A lady of sense would scorn the man who should avow such sentiments; and even she, who is herself destitute of literary acquirements, holds him cheap who depends solely on extrinsic qualifications for respectability.

A coxcomb may amuse in company—may occasionally command a smile or a compliment from a lady, but never personal regard. A graceful dancer will excite admiration; a superior singer will gain applause; a humorous punster will create a laugh; but it is good sense only that can ensure esteem, or inspire affections with the amiable portion of the female sex.

It is remarked by Miss Edgeworth that "a woman may always judge of the estimation in which she is held, by the conversation that is addressed to her." When balls, fashions, dresses, &c. are the sole topics of conversation, a lady must naturally suppose either that a mean opinion is entertained of her understanding, or that the gentleman himself is destitute of the rich treasury of knowledge; unacquainted with the refined pleasure of a well stored mind; unable to enjoy the "feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

Though dress should not be esteemed our "summum bonum," yet it must not be altogether neglected. Let a man be neat—fashionable, if he pleases, in his appearance; it is a respect he owes to his friends and to himself, but let dress be a secondary consideration.—All the useless accomplishments of fashionable life cannot compensate for the want of good sense.—There are, indeed, few females in respectable society who cannot quickly discern and appreciate a vacant or well informed mind.

A display of learning in female society shou'd also be avoided. The pedant is as lightly esteemed as the coxcomb. Conversation should in a great degree be suited to the company; but whether grave or gay, should always evince a reflecting mind, and be worthy of a rational man. Independent of the immediate pleasures we enjoy in the possession of knowledge, the advantages we derive from it are innumerable. It is this that commands the esteem of our acquaintances, an esteem lasting, because based upon solid acquirements, that when once attained are ours through life!

MY FRIEND'S FAMILY.

FROM THE WOODSTOCK OBSERVER.

Domestic scenes are the source of our most substantial enjoyments. Fatigued with business, or dispirited wth vexation and disappointment, we cast our thoughts to our family circles. If all there is harmony, peace and innocence, we are sure of a relief from all our troubles. "The world and all its vanities shut out," it forms a little paradise. Such a family I knew. Harmony and love united the parents; innocence, modesty and learning conspired to make the daughters interesting. Under these advantages they naturally attracted attention. Yet with all these temptations, it may appear wonderful they never caught the contagion of fashion, which is confined to weak minds. No vanity diminished their charms. Though not servile imitators of fashion, they were not superstitiously opposed to a due uniformity of existing customs. They were courteous and polite to all, with whom they fell in company, but never encouraged conversations respecting themselves, nor willingly received a fulsome compliment. They entertained company who were disposed to improvement, and could instruct them by their conversation. The flatterer, the fop and the loiterer, never found audience nor encouragement. The great ornament of all the other accomplishments of these young ladies was the influence of practical religion. The fading nature of beauty, and the uncertainty of life seemed always strongly impressed on their minds. This, far from communicating a gloom, infused a happy serenity; and while it was also a substantial ornament to beauty. No fearful terrors, no melancholy thoughts depressed them on the approach of danger and disappointment. It was an interesting scene when one of them was called upon to part with her friends forever:

"Time had but touched her form to finer grace,
Years had but shed their favors on her face,"
when she was called from the society of the living and her body committed to the silent tomb. With a mind elevated by nature, an understanding cultivated and enlarged by study, a heart tender and sympathetic; benevolent, amiable and modest, this young lady drew to herself the affection, the esteem or respect of all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. Serious and discreet, her intimates were few; sincere and instructive, she

gained their love. Piously resigned, she was patient under all the trials, with which it pleased Providence to afflict her. I saw her in her last illness. Her effulgent eye was "sickled o'er with the pale east of death," her lungs heaved with a violent hectic, and her emaciated frame was tottering on the brink of the grave; yet her soul was calm and serene, looking with composure on the dissolution of nature which the purity of her mind had divested of its terrors. Few of her hours had been spent in frivolous and trifling amusements; few of her days had passed without adding something to her store of useful knowledge. She had none of that pedantic learning which is disgusting in any one, and ridiculous in a female; but that practical philosophy which belongs to us all as active and rational beings, which teaches us to think, to act, and to die, liberalized her mind, and while it raised the dignity of her character, detracted nothing from those delicate accomplishments of her sex.

There was a purity in her conversation, and dignity in her manners, that overawed vice and gained the involuntary admiration of every beholder. But she is gone. The clouds of earth lie heavy on her bosom, and the unconscious storms beat upon her grave. We may pour our tears over the dust that was once moulded in so elegant a form, and animated by so pure a spirit, but her soul has returned to Him who gave it, leaving her friends in tears, and casting a bright and shining light on the path that leads to heaven.

HOGARTH'S LAST PAINTING.

A few months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed for his matchless pencil the work he has entitled *a tail piece*—the first idea of which is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table—"My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the end of all things."

"If that be the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end to the painter,"—"there will so!" answered Hogarth, sighing heavily—"and therefore the sooner my work is done, the better." Accordingly, he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension that he should not live till he had completed it. This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which could denote the end of all things. A broken bottle—an old broom worn to the stump—the butt end of an old musket—cracked bell—a bow unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—towers in ruins—the sign post of a tavern, called the World's End, tumbling—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down—Phœbus and horses dead in clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time with his hour-glass and scythe broken, and a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out—a play book opened, with *Excent Quines* stamped in the corner—an empty purse—and a statue of bankruptcy taken out against nature. "So far, so good," cried Hogarth, "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken, "FINIS!" exclaimed Hogarth, "the deed is done! all is over!"—It is remarkable and little known, that he died about a month after finishing this *TAIL PIECE*, having never again taken the pallet in his hand.

Religious.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

He that is not for me, is against me.....JESUS CHRIST.
These words were spoken by Him who knows the secrets of every heart, and who will bring every work into judgment, whether it be good or bad. The passage does not leave one inch of neutral ground to the foot of any traveller. It decisively fixes every solitary individual as a friend or an enemy to the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour. The Church of God, which has been bought by the precious blood of his Son, is the most interesting community on earth. With its prosperity and happiness, God has been pleased to connect his own honor and glory. A society so dear to God, and so intimately connected with the highest interests of our fellow-men, cannot fail to command the best wishes, the most vigorous exertions, and fervent prayers of every genuine friend to the Saviour and his kingdom in the world. In this momentous period, when the captain of salvation is leading his armies forth to conquest and a crown; when all christendom seems to be awakening from the guilty slumber of past ages; when rich and poor, male and female, who feel an interest in the spread of the Gospel, are up and doing something to advance the cause and glory of Immanuel's kingdom; are there any still idle in this favored land, who are not yet interested

in this best of works and labor of love? My brother or my sister, it is utterly vain for you to say that you are a friend of the Lord Jesus, if you are not attempting to promote his cause. Scing he has said, "He that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad." He has positively decided, if you are not endeavoring to build up, you are, by all that you do, daily attempting to pull down his kingdom. While you are thus employed, do not forget that he has said, it shall stand for ever, and that you will be found fighting against God, although you have never thought nor intended your conduct to bear this construction. With what religious society have you connected yourself? or are you living as an individual, or the head of a family, unconnected with any? Can you find no denomination of Christians in this land of freedom and choice, whom you esteem worthy of your association? Or are you afraid this plan might now and then cost you a dollar or two? Do not be afraid of this; for this best class of friends to society are about to learn how to feed upon the wind, or, like the grasshopper, to live upon the dew. In what bible, or missionary, or tract society, have you cast into the treasury of the Lord, to spread his gospel and his glory throughout the world?—What college or pious young man is receiving your friendly aid, that there may be a sufficient number of well qualified ministers of the gospel, to supply the wants of six hundred millions of our fellow mortals, who are yet in midnight darkness? Is it nothing to you, who are called a christian, that thousands are perishing for lack of knowledge, while you sleep and wake beside a Bible, near a temple of God, where you have opportunity of attending the faithful ministry of some honest servant of the Lord Jesus? What religious paper do you read, in this eventful period of the church, to acquire the necessary information relative to the state of the church? O, I have lately heard you say that you are not able to take one of these papers. It is, indeed, hard times. True: but not too hard to buy as much grog, and as many fine clothes, as have brought a public officer to the houses of many in this county in the past year. I have never yet heard of one man in this county being prosecuted for the debt of a religious or state paper. The stratagems of an ignorant and depraved heart are indeed astonishing. Do some who occupy even a high standing in the church, whisper to those around them, that our religious intelligence is fabricated stories, or Yankee tricks to make money!! O, "tell it not in Gath." Leave this horrid deed to the infidel, (if there be any in these days of light,) or to the old wry-faced professor, who have both ever been opposed to revivals of religion and the power of godliness. Religion has enemies sufficient in every part of our country, ready and willing to detect any sophistical narrative in its favor. Professing brethren, of every name, let me beg you, on a review of past life, to determine on which side of this important and all-interesting business you are engaged. Whether for or against Christ. The issue involves the future destinies of all living.—O, ye heralds of the Cross! what are you doing, and what the influence you have on your dear charges, for this best of causes? You, my brethren, who occupy the lower and more private walks of life, what are you doing for Christ? If you be poor, or in low circumstances, he asks you to do a little for him, who died to save your wretched souls. See that that little be done in the sincerity of your hearts. If you are rich and increased in goods, he calls upon you to do much in these days of wonders. Do not hoard up your gold and silver in your strong coffers, nor in the bank, for your children. If the Lord has need of it, he will call it from your coffers or your children, though secured by a thousand adamantine keys. Or should you order it as a pillow to your stiffened neck, he can as easily call it from under your head in the grave, as to command the fish, with a piece of silver in its mouth, to come to Peter's hook to furnish the tribute money.—What consolation can hoarded treasures afford a man, who must know that he is living and likely to die under all the massy load of his unpardonable iniquities? Dear brethren, the Lord is mustering his armies on every side: he is on his way to conquer the world; nor will he fail to accomplish his purpose.—We see the day of millenial glory breaking on our guilty world; soon shall it burst with all its splendor, and the glory of the Lord shall shine from the rising to the setting of the sun. Ere long Jesus shall indeed receive the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.—O, brethren, let us seek to participate in this greatest of earthly glories—promoting the kingdom of our exalted Redeemer. Let us see that we stand each in his own place, and fill up our day with usefulness in the path of duty; that we may be found faithful unto death, and finally receive a crown of life.