

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



FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

TO A FRIEND.

Who recommended the study of *PROBITY* to the author, in order to facilitate the labors of her muse.

Parnassian mount I seek in vain,  
My genius never can attain  
Its towering height sublime.  
A title to poetic fame  
Those only should, or can obtain,  
By genius taught to rhyme.  
True, you may learn to rhyme by *RULE*,  
And so might any other fool,  
That's not the skill required;  
For what avails it that you know  
To make your numbers smoothly flow,  
Unless by genius fired?

The Iambic, Pyrrhic and Spondee,  
The Anapestic and Trochee,  
With all those rules of art,  
Should you to memory commit,  
Would that increase your store of *WIT*  
Those rules *GOOD SENSE* impart?

No, surely not! Yet I admit  
A knowledge of those rules befit  
All who'd in rhyme excel;  
But rather learn how to control,  
To plan, connect, and blend the whole,  
In order to write well.

FROM THE BOSTON GAZETTE.  
TO A \* \* \* S.

There was an hour when I did love  
To watch the day's departing beam,  
To see its golden tints above  
Fade gently like a blissful dream.  
And once I loved at eve to view  
The sky all gemmed with stars so bright;  
And that mild orb of silver hue  
O'er the soft azure spread its light.  
And once I loved to tread the glade,  
And pluck each sweetly blooming flower;  
And once beneath yon elm's dark shade  
I loved to pass the noontide hour.  
But then thy own loved form was there,  
And why should I each object mark;  
Ah, with thee, all was radiant, fair—  
Without thee, all was gloomy, dark.  
For when the sun had ceased to shed  
Its glorious light around the sky—  
When its last crimson beam had fled,  
Thy cheek, my Anna, bore its dye.  
And when the stars came on with night,  
And when the moon resumed her throne,  
Some cloud would shade them from the sight—  
But thy eye still with lustre shone.

Original.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE ATHENIAN CLUB.....NO. VIII.

Envy is the canker of the soul.

The following beautiful production on the force of talents, we have selected believing that its delightful language will please, while the sentiments which it breathes will meet the approbation of those who may feel its touch with a greater degree of sensibility than others:—

"Talents, wherever they have had a suitable theatre, have never failed to emerge from obscurity, and assume their proper rank in the estimation of the world. The celebrated Camden is said to have been the tenant of a garret. Yet, from the darkness, poverty, and ignominy, of this residence, he advanced to distinction and wealth, and graced the first offices and titles of our Island. It is impossible to turn over the British Biography, without being struck and charmed by a multitude of correspondent examples; a venerable group of *novi homines*, as the Romans called them; men who, from the lowest depths of obscurity and want, and without even the influence of a patron, have risen to the first honours of their country, and founded their own families anew. In every nation, and in every age, great talents, thrown fairly into the point of public observation, will invariably produce the same ultimate effect. The jealous pride of power may attempt to repress and crush them; the base and malignant rancour of *impotent spleen* and *envy* may strive to embarrass their flight; but these efforts, so far from achieving their ignoble purpose, so far from producing a discernible obliquity in the ascent of genuine and vigorous talents, will serve only to increase their momentum, and mark them with an additional stream of glory. When the great Earl of Chatham first made his appearance in the House of Commons,

and began to astonish and transport the British Parliament, and the British nation, by the boldness, the force and range of his thoughts, and the celestial fire and pathos of his eloquence, it is well known that the Minister, Walpole, and his brother Horace, (from motives very easily understood,) exerted all their wit, all their oratory, and all their acquirements of every description, sustained and enforced by the unfeeling "insolence of Office," to heave a mountain on his gigantic genius, and hide it from the world.....poor and powerless attempt! The tables were turned; he rose upon them in the might and irresistible energy of his genius, and in spite of all their convolutions, frantic agonies and spasms, he strangled them and their whole "faction," with as much ease, as Hercules did the serpent Python. Who can turn over the debates of the day, and read the account of this conflict between youthful ardor and hoary headed cunning and power, without kindling in the cause of the Tyro, and shouting at his victory? That they should have attempted to pass off the grand, yet solid and judicious operations of a mind like his, as being mere theatrical start and emotion; the giddy, hair-brained eccentricities of a romantic boy! That they should have had the presumption to suppose themselves capable of chaining down to the floor of the Parliament, a genius so ethereal and sublime! Why did they not, in the next breath, by way of crowning the climax of vanity, bid the magnificent fire ball to descend from its exalted and appropriate region, and perform its splendid tour along the surface of the earth?

"Talents, which are before the public, have nothing to dread, either from the jealous pride of power, or from the transient misrepresentations of party, spleen or envy. In spite of opposition from any cause, their buoyant spirit will lift them to their proper grade—it would be unjust that it should lift them higher.

"It is true, there always are, and always will be individuals in every society, whose characters and acquirements are reputable; yet they are underrated by the public.

"In spite of every thing, the public opinion will finally do justice to us all. The man who comes fairly before the world, and who possesses the great and vigorous stamina which entitle him to a niche in the temple of glory, has no reason to dread the ultimate result; however slow his progress may be, he will, in the end, most indubitably receive that distinction. While the rest, "the swallows of science," the butterflies of genius, may flutter for their spring; but will soon pass away and be remembered no more. No enterprising man, therefore, has reason to droop or repine at any efforts which may be made to lepress him. Let, then, the temper of *envy* or of *malice* howl around him. His genius will consecrate him; and any attempt to extinguish that will be as unavailing, as would a human effort 'to quench the stars.'"

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

"Elicite animo repetentem exempla tuorum,  
Et pater Aeneas et avunculus excitet Hector."

In the perusal of this genuine exhortation, we cannot avoid being moved by sympathy when we see such strength of feeling portrayed by those heroes of antiquity. When we see their solicitude to impress the salutary principles of virtue, justice and equality on the minds of their youths, we feel inwardly a reproof, that it is not in our power to bequeath this last admirable privilege to our posterity.

Under the propitious auspices of justice and equality, we have probably equaled, in civilization and improvements of every description, the most sanguine expectations of those who reared the standard of liberty, and sounded the trump of freedom—whose blood fertilized the plains of America in bequeathing those happy privileges which we have enjoyed. I repeat, *have* enjoyed; because the period is past, and those barriers of independence prostrated with the dust! Inequality and oppression have assumed their stations, and wield the weapons of tyranny over the citizens of the West!

We looked with anxiety and solicitude to the last session of our Legislature, as a source from whence we could with confidence expect relief. How far we have succeeded, you are aware. Faction has reared her Medusa head, to distract the councils of our state.—You have seen, with extreme regret, the prevalence of the tyrannising spirit that pervades the East, which thirsts after *ascendancy*. But I confess, the prospects are more propitious at present than have been presented for a number of preceding years: yet I fear that the period is far remote, when we can again repose under the sacred banners of justice, and sound the clarion of equality.

Our state, unfortunately, is divided into two parties...the East and West. Under which of these will you be enrolled? Do you say the former...where are the imperious to dictate, without the sanction of expe-

rience! where youth is clamorous, without energy of spirit? where the crafty flatter the vanity of ignorance, and the bold overawe the temerity of caution? Or under the latter... where nothing but that golden principle is solicited, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you?"

"Versate dia, quid ferre recusant,  
Quid valeant humeris."

Pause, citizens of the East! Contemplate, for a moment, the detestable complexion that has always distinguished the features of faction. Connive not at her folly and profligacy in the streets of Athens, where she derided the salutary laws of Solon; nor her weakness and instability under those of Lycurgus.—Behold her lighting the "fasces of discord" and sounding the bugle of rebellion in England, and furling the standard when crimsoned by the blood of a sovereign. Or shall I point you to a more hideous aspect, where she ravaged and almost depopulated the fertile plains of France; where she stained her hands in the blood of a mild, inoffensive monarch, whose only crime "was his affection for his subjects;" where she offered up thousands as an immolation to satisfy her sanguinary and inexorable ferocity, and ultimately plunged her deluded votaries into the horrible abyss of despotism.

A word to our friends of the West: Beware of this *demon*—she comes "as a wolf in sheep's clothing"—with smiles depicted on her countenance, she solicits our embraces; but her heart is cankered; she is corrupted by a loathsome disease, and polluted by a passion more contagious than the fang of a viper.

Our rights have been encroached on in direct opposition to our constitution. We ought to participate the same privileges as those of the East, or any other state. Why, then, are we debarred from them? Let our demands for retributive justice cease not until obtained...or let them attend us to our latest breath.

CIVIS OCCIDENTALIS.

A farmer in England, who had promised to marry a girl without a fortune, afterwards gave his hand to another, who was very rich; and endeavoring to vindicate his conduct to the rector of the parish, the Doctor said, "such an action as you have been guilty of, does not admit of any palliation; for it is wrong, so palpably wrong, that I really do not know any thing like it." "But I do," replied the farmer; "it is like your taking a poor living at first, and leaving it for a richer, as soon as it fell in your way."

Moral.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

On the Foundation of Moral Obligation.

Among the different subjects which have arrested the attention, and employed the talent and the time of the wise and the good, the science of *Manners* and *Duty* holds a distinguished place. That science which has for its object the duty of man, whose office it is to direct him in its discharge, and to teach him the nature and ground of those obligations which bind him to its performance, and whose end is the promotion of human happiness, must be dignified and important.

From the different topics, the discussion of which this science includes, it would be difficult to select one of greater interest, or one on which a greater variety of sentiment has been expressed, than the nature and ground of Moral Obligation. Obligation, in general, denotes that by which we are bound to perform any action. Consequently, when we add the epithet moral, and speak of moral obligation, we mean that which binds us to the performance of what we believe to be our duty: or, in other words, to do what is right, and to forbear from doing that which is wrong. Thus A, when called to give his testimony in a suit pending between B and C, is morally bound to declare the truth and nothing but the truth. Whence, then, is this binding influence in relation to right and wrong derived? To what source shall we trace it?—One adduces the moral fitness of things... another its agreeableness to the reason and nature of things...a third, its conformity to truth...and a fourth, its expediency, by promoting the public good. All of these, whether taken collectively or separately, fail to afford the inquiring mind the satisfaction which is desirable, or even necessary.

What is to be understood by these answers is not easily determined; nor is there reason to doubt but the wise and learned themselves would express different views, were they called to express them: Nor is it, indeed, possible for mortals, endowed with limited capacities, even to ascertain what will promote the good of the whole. It is a plausible, but fallacious, method of ascertaining what will promote the good of the whole, to ask the question, what would be the consequences if such and such practices were generally followed? The reason is obvious.—This method of ascertaining what would promote the good of the whole is founded upon

this supposition, that we are able, in forming a rule of conduct, to connect in our minds a present existing cause with its remotest effects...a task too arduous for finite minds.—So different are the minds of men, both from nature and habit, that they would be differently affected by one and the same action.—Its influence upon one might be salutary, while upon another it would produce an effect exactly the reverse; and we must take men as we find them, and with them as we find them are we obliged to deal. Besides, this method takes it for granted, that the cause, and the effects resulting from it, must be of the same nature and wear the same character, a supposition no less repugnant to the history of the human family than it is to our almost daily experience.

How often have we found that the most unhalloved and malicious designs and actions of men, have produced the most extensive good. Were I to reason with Christians to prove the fallacy of this method, I would adduce the conduct of the sons of Israel, in selling the delight of their father to a company of travelling Ishmaelites—an act so barbarous and unfeeling, that it cannot be contemplated without horror and resentment; nevertheless, an act which was a necessary means of saving themselves and thousands of others from the appalling destruction of a famine. I would even conduct them to Calvary's mount, and place them at the foot of the Cross, to behold the Son of God and the Saviour of men, buffeted, crowned with thorns, clad in a gorgeous robe, and crucified—sufferings which irresistibly excite the tenderest sympathies and compassions of the human heart, and inflicted amidst the brightest displays of innocence and virtue; but sufferings which, by appeasing the wrath of an offended God, have exalted apostate man to the society of Angels in the realms of immortal bliss. Guided, therefore, by the lamps of divine revelation, we must believe "partial evil to be universal good;" and that the existence and practice of evil have been no less instrumental in accomplishing the benevolent purposes of Deity, than the existence of good.

To the same conclusion will we be led, if we consider the causes and effects which are of a political nature. British exaction (in itself an evil, and deservedly an object of detestation) produced the revolt of her American colonies; this revolt terminated in the establishment of their independence, and in the formation of a government the object both of the admiration and envy of the civilized world. While, therefore, we exult in the blessings procured by our independence, we view with abhorrence the spirit and conduct of those who, by their oppressive acts, produced measures that led to an event, the commemoration of which the patriot and the christian unite in songs of gratitude.

If these things be so, does it not necessarily follow, that if general utility, or the good of the whole, be the foundation of Moral Obligation, 1st, That we may do evil that good may come of it? 2d, That the foulest crimes which have ever darkened the page of history, may be justified? and lastly, That that which is in itself sinful, does bind to the performance of the duties of life? which is no less paradoxical than it is self-contradictory and impious.

But is all this reasoning illogical? Is counsel darkened by words? Let it be so. If driven from ground which we endeavored to occupy, as untenable, there remain other strong holds to which we have access. I would, then, ask, if that which is admitted to be the foundation of moral obligation ought not to be understood? Is it not absurd to speak of a rational creature being bound to do what is right and to avoid what is wrong, by something which he neither does nor can understand? But what do the industrious peasantry, who, in every country, constitute a large majority of the inhabitants, know about general utility, or the good of the whole?—They are phrases that they have never been taught to understand—if, perchance, they have reached their ears.

Where, then, shall we place the foundation of moral obligation? We answer, in the authority of God. With this, the practice of the civilized world agrees.

If the Hindoo or the Persian be called to give testimony in a court where the christian religion has shed its rays, they are nevertheless required to be sworn according to their respective religions. By whatever name their God may be called, whatever form of appearance he may wear, is a matter of little consequence. Whatever they believe him to dictate, that, impressed with a supreme regard to his authority, they will study to perform. Yea, when christians reflect upon the deference the unlightened heathen pay to the authority of their Gods, their cheeks may redder with the blush of shame.

PHILIP BURTON