Poetry.

SACRED MELODY.

ST. JOHN, XIV. 6.—*"I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."*

Thou art the Way—and he who sighs,
  Amid this starless waste of wo,
To find a pathway to the skies,
  A light from Heaven's eternal glow;
By thee must come, thou gate of love,
  Through which the saints undoubting trod;
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
  An ark, a resting place in God.

Thou art the Truth—whose steady day
  Shines on through earthly blight and bloom;
The pure, the everlasting ray,
  The lamp that shines e'en in the tomb:
The light that out of darkness springs,
  And guideth those that blindly go,
The word whose precious radiance flings
  Its lustre upon all below.

Thou art the Life—the blessed well,
  With living waters gushing o'er,
Which those that drink shall ever dwell
  Where sin and thirst are known no more;
Thou art the mystic pillar given,
  Our lamp by night, our light by day;
Thou art the sacred bread from heav'n;
  Thou art the Life—the Truth—the Way.

STANZAS.

The dew-drop is never so clear
  As when morning's first ray sees it glisten;
And music is never so dear,
  As when to its last note we listen.

Though bright may be rapture's first mien—
  And its parting adieu even sweeter;
The enjoyment existing between—
  Is a vision—and vanishes fleeter.

We never know how we have lov'd,
  Till what we most lov'd has departed;
For the strength of affection is prov'd
  By the joyless and desolate-hearted.

Our pleasures are born—but to die;
  They are link'd to our hearts—but to sever;
And, like stars shooting down a dark sky—
  Shine loveliest—when fading for ever!

Original.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

The Club....No. IV.

A man must serve his time to every trade....POPE.

No class of citizens have been more severely lashed by foreign writers than the American Merchants. Nor has their satire been confined to Americans alone. Every person of ordinary information will remember the language used in the British Parliament, a few years ago, by a distinguished member of that learned assembly: he did not hesitate to declare, that the merchant made his Ledger his Bible, and Gold his God! Some of their writers have asserted, that the American merchant does not understand his business; neither can he hold a distinguished rank as such, unless he is a proficient in the art of lying. Similar remarks have been made by the students of Oxford College, in their prologues, which were spoken in the presence, and under the direction, of the Right Reverends of that distinguished University! But it is not our present design to inquire into the justice or injustice of the remarks of foreigners respecting our merchants: were we to do so, a great allowance would have to be made for prejudice, which has obscured their intellectual vision ever since the achievement of our independence. But it must be admitted, that many of our merchants (or shop-keepers.....excuse the expression) are chargeable with what the learned call *poetic license!* In order to prove this fact, it becomes necessary to state a circumstance which occurred not long since, (and no doubt such occurrences are familiar to most of our readers)—it is this: One of our members had occasion to purchase some broadcloth for a suit of clothes: he went first to the store of Mr. ——; as soon as he entered the door, he saw the merchant behind the counter, who looked very smiling, and accosted our member in these words: Well, my kind sir, can I sell you any goods this morning? Yes, sir, replied our member, provided you have such cloths as I want, and your prices suit, I will purchase some of you. Suit you! says the merchant—I can suit any body! He then threw upon the counter a vast quantity of cloths, of almost as many colors as the rainbow; and at the same time asserting, upon his honor, that he could afford to sell lower than any other person in the village! He declared that his cloths had been lately purchased in Charleston at AUCTION, at least 25 per cent. lower than they could be had of regular traders. He then expatiated on the fineness of the thread, the shortness of the wool, &c. until our member's patience was completely threadbare. With considerable difficulty he, however, got off with the usual promise to call again. The next store he entered, the same merchandize Chinney was displayed: his cloths were cheaper than any in town, &c. The mind of our member was then made up; his conclusion was this—A man must serve his time to every trade; and that merchants had served theirs faithfully, and exercised it under an unrestrained license. But in order to get the best cloth in the place, a tailor was sent for, who went with our friend to another store, where the cloth was purchased upon his judgment alone; who, as it was afterwards ascertained, was a particular favorite of the merchant, and had often recommended his goods in preference to those of the other dealers, when in truth and in fact they were much dearer and inferior in quality! Thus was our member, with all his precaution, deceived by this goose!—There are but few good judges of fine cloths; and, indeed, nothing is much more difficult to judge than articles of this kind. But for the future, let every man judge for himself; and if he should be saddled with a hard bargain, he must rest the blame upon his own head.

There are some merchants, good souls, who are so hide-bound, that they will not take more than the good old fifty per cent. advance on their merchandize; others, of more liberal consciences, will take 75 and 100 per cent. advance: and we know some, who cannot conscientiously take more than 12½ and 25 per cent.! Yet they will loan money, or shave a necessitous man's note, at the moderate discount of 25 or 33 per cent.!!—And this they do without feeling the sting of conscience!! Is this not a slur upon the understanding of mankind?

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

I am of the opinion that the female sex are, at the present day, far more zealous and unremitting in the cultivation and perfecting of politeness, or the rules of etiquette, than the male sex; and were it not for the ladies, I am really apprehensive that even civility itself would degenerate into rudeness and barbarity among the gentlemen. It is the gentle influence of the female character that awes, by its presence, the harsh disposition of man into civility and propriety. I have frequently remarked, that the society of men who live as if they were the only beings worthy of the appellation of man, who shut themselves up from all intercourse and communion with the softer sex, is, at best, but rude and unpolished.

But, Messrs. Editors, there are other passions and principles, more noble and praiseworthy, to which I believe our sex may lay the greatest claim; in which sympathy and commiseration stand prominent, and to which our sex is, undoubtedly, almost exclusively addicted. What principle of action can be entitled to higher commendation, than that which prompts a being of limited capacities to afford relief and protection in every emergency, and under any circumstances. Whatever may be the occasion or nature of the distress, the heart that conceives, the head that devises, and the hand that administers relief and consolation, merit that reward invariably attendant on meritorious deeds.

Conscious of our superior claim to such feelings and sentiments as the foregoing, and deeply impressed with a sense of duty, I have resolved to take up my pen, and, though with a trembling hand, to communicate the necessary information, and thereby to administer peace and consolation to the amiable, but somewhat unfortunate, Miss "Kitty Simple."

With your leave, then, Messrs. Editors, I will proceed, in a plain and simple manner, to prescribe for Miss Kitty the following rules, for her conduct upon entering the stage to which that, to her "unaccountable, freak of fortune," appears recently to have destined her.

And first, Miss Kitty, when you first enter the circle of fashion and gaiety, immediately in prospect before you, you will find it necessary, in order to be well received, to adopt some of the prevailing modes, which will enable you to set off your person to good advantage. But however indispensable exterior accomplishments may be deemed in a "county village," they will bear no comparison with a wise head and a good heart. A woman destitute of good sense and sound discretion, though possessed of the beauty of a Venus, and mistress of all the flippant pageantry of kingly courts or royal palaces, never can expect to receive, even from her own sex, and much less from the other, that respect and assiduity of attention so indispensable to the happiness of a woman, and so grateful to the tender sensibility of a female bosom. Among the variegated objects and scenes which will, no doubt, present themselves to your senses, after your transition from one scene to another more splendid and gay, you will, no doubt, meet with many temptations and trials, which you may find difficult to encounter without suffering contamination by their baneful influence. But whatever allurements may be held out to seduce you from the path of rectitude, be at all times armed against them, with the determined resolution of conquering him who would betray you into any irregularities, and thereby impede your progress towards the temple of sanctity and honor. If your conduct will be such as to merit the esteem of the virtuous and the wise, you will soon have acquired many friends, and some enemies, the portion of every distinguished female.

Immediately after your introduction into this new sphere, and to the acquaintance of individuals, you will, no doubt, find all cheerfulness and complacency around you, with many hearty congratulations and good natured wishes for your fortunate change of condition, and for your prosperity and welfare. All which compliments, as we call them, let me entreat you to receive with at least apparent gratitude, from all, indiscriminately, and never forget to return the compliment by an easy, graceful, but very respectful, inclination of the head and shoulders towards him or her who is complimenting you, accompanied at the same time with a low, but distinct, articulation of words that have something of the appearance of gratitude expressed. All of which apparently unimportant, but really most essential, evolutions of the body and exercises of the mind, you may acquire with facility by a little attention to the manner of others, joined to a little discretion, and aided by the natural docility and subtilty of our minds. Let me also caution you against admitting any of your newly acquired associates into too close intimacy. But here you must learn by observation to make a very nice distinction: some of our sex are entirely above suspicion, and may be intrusted with secrets. But alas! dear Kitty, that number is comparatively but small. And O, were I but with you this moment, how I would vent my sighs and groans, and mingle my sorrows and tears with yours, in lamenting over the follies of our gentle sex. You, who have been accustomed to a country life from your earliest infancy to the present day, can probably form no idea of the pangs and agitations which convulse some of those tender bosoms which were formed and designed by the hand of nature for the reception and seat of every gentle grace and virtue of which human nature is susceptible; and all this for —O Kitty, what shall I say?—for jealousy! That black demon from below is ever watching for an opportunity of planting a grain or two of that poisonous plant in some congenial spot where flowers might be raised.

But I begin to think, my dearest Miss, that I am likely to protract my present "canons" to such a length as to be troublesome to the Printers, and to weary your patience. I shall, therefore, close the present observations with a few particular rules, adapted to present circumstances, hoping that an opportunity will soon offer itself when I may again serve you.

You say you have an invitation to "Mrs. Candour's opposition tea-party," and want to know how to conduct yourself when there. If you go there, I hope that the foregoing directions will, by close attention to them, prove of infinite service to you. But if you can make it consistent with your engagements, don't go there at all: these opposition parties are always calculated to sow the seeds of discord and disaffection, and are very dangerous to girls who, like you, are liable to any impressions that chance, envy or malevolence may make on the mind, and which, when once rooted in the tender mind, are like noxious weeds, hard to eradicate.

As respects your choice of a beau, by all means choose one whose "seat of learning" still remains in the head, as he who has "transferred it to his heels" must be addicted to low pursuits; and besides, his cogitative powers might suffer there from the inclemencies of the weather; among which, the sharp bitings of frost might not prove the least dangerous.

As to your fears and apprehensions of being addressed on the subject of marriage, they are entirely unnecessary. Should any one ever dare to do such a thing, never let an opportunity slip that promises happiness; but you can very easily give such evasive answers as will not lay you liable to the charge of impropriety, and which will keep him in suspense until you may have an opportunity of a private interview. As to our town notions of marriage, and the opinions of your mother and grand-mother on the subject, they are neither the one nor the other; but what we intend it for, is merely to quiet discontent in the mind; and, in case of emergency, to afford protection from insult and injury. There are other notions, also, which we entertain with respect to marriage; but which, from their nature and their length, I cannot now detail, but will tell you when I see you.

I remain yours, &c. NANCY PIPTOP.

Religious.

FROM THE "SCOTCH PREACHER."

"Twice had the sun gone down on the earth, and alas yet was quiet at the sepulchre; death held his sceptre over the Son of God; still and silent the hours passed on; the guards stood by their posts; the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets, and on their spears; the enemies of Christ exulted in their success; the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and in sorrow; the spirit of glory waited in anxious suspense to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God! At length, the morning star, arising in the east, announced the approach of light; the third day began to dawn upon the world—when on a sudden the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of Heaven were shaken; an angel of God descended, the guards sunk back from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the ground: his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment was as white as snow: he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it—But who is this that cometh forth from the tomb, with dying garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength! It is thy Prince, O Zion!—Christian, it is your LORD! He hath trodden the wine press alone; he hath stained his raiment with blood; but now, as the first born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He arises a conqueror from the grave; he brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun, usher in a day so glorious!—it was the jubilee of the universe. The morning stars sung together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy; the father of mercy looked down from his throne in the heavens; with complacency he beheld his world restored; he saw his work that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice, the face of nature was gladdened before him; when the blessings of the Eternal descended, as the dew from heaven, for refreshing of the nations."

From an American Periodical Work.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF OLD.

The shades of the hills fall deep o'er the valleys. The shades of the mountains are lengthening towards the east: Their swarthy summits tower high on the shining west, like dun-clad mourners reflected on a mirror of light. MOINA sits alone 'neath the azure of even. Pensive sits MOINA by the wave of roaring *Carron*. Her long yellow locks come far over her bosom:—lovely, and fair they come, like sun-gilded streams that wander in the hollows of a chalky rock. Her blue eyes are sad; they roll not cheerful as at the feast of mirth, when sparkling 'neath her broad white forehead, they shine like twinkling watchfires kindled under a belf of snow.—The thoughts of the maid are deep. 'Tis not for her love of other years: 'Tis not for the victim in the strife of heroes—Yet sad is the song of MOINA, by *Carron's* dashing wave.

"Stream of the distant mountain, what wouldst thou tell to MOINA? What do thy roarings mean, dark inhabitant of the stoney valley? Thou knowest thy course to the ocean. Sweetly dost thou glide on thy way. Know'st thou the home of the spirit when the breast is cold? Shall MOINA sit by *thy* stream in the land of shades? Alas! thou speakest, but thy language is mysterious. 'Tis like the babblings of infancy, eager, but not understood!

"Soft breeze of evening!—thou that sweepest among the cairns of the dead; canst thou answer the doubts of MOINA: Canst thou comfort her soul?.....Thou sighest low like a keeper of secrets, soothing because thou mayest not declare!

"I have stood on the verge of high *Carmora*, when the blue mantle of morning was fringed with gold. 'Surely,' said I, 'the broad-fronted Son of Heaven will show me: The bright messenger of day will hint at things to come'—But he heeded not the quest of MOINA—Hidden and silent are the realms of those that have been.—There is no answer in the voice of other years!"

The priest of the hill heard the song of MOINA. He heard it from his rocky cell. He came to meet the maid. Leaning on his staff came the aged CATELA. Time had stolen the youthful hairs from his brow; but the white tresses of age hung from behind his crown: Lightly they floated like the hoary honours of the willow, waving from its bended trunk. "Sweet was thy song, O MOINA," said the placid son of truth. "It came to my ear like the music of the purest zephyr. Yet, listen to the wisdom of many years, light-footed child of love!—Learn from the wrinkled CATELA, fair-haired daughter of *Carron*: 'Tis not for man to interpret the voice of Nature—The things to come are concealed from our eyes: Yet here are precepts to guide thee. Here is light from the Prince of Peace!" He gave her the Testament of eternal life. Pure passed the days of MOINA; for thenceforth she dwelt in the bright beam of her Redeemer's love.

FITHIL.