

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



FROM THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

'TIS SWEET IN SECLUSION.

'Tis sweet in seclusion to look on the past,
In the gray of life's twilight recall the day-dream,
To mark the smooth sunshine and skies overcast,
That chequer'd our course as we mov'd down the stream.
For O there's a charm in retracing the morn,
When the star of our pleasure beam'd brightly
Awhile;
And the tear that in infancy water'd the thorn,
By the magic of mem'ry is chang'd to a smile.
How faint is the touch no perspective bestowing,
Our scenery in Nature's true colors array'd!
How dense is the landscape--how vividly glowing,
Where the warm tints of fancy are mellow'd by shade.
With cheerfulness then, retrospective! I'll greet thee,
Though the night-shade be twinn'd in thy bouquet of sweets,
In the twilight of fancy this bosom will meet thee,
While to the dear vision of childhood it beats.
And the heart that in confidence seeks its review,
And finds the calm impress of innocence there;
With rapture anticipates happiness new,
In hope yet to come it possesses a share.
Then away with foreboding, that parent of sorrow,
For the ills of futurity love hath no fear,
By the glimpse of the past will I sketch the gay morrow,
Give sighs to the wind and oblivion to fear.

A DAY DREAM. FROM THE ATHENÆUM.

She must be fair whom I could love,
But more in mind than form;
She must be pure whom I could love,
And yet her heart be warm.
She must be pious, soft, and kind,
A sufferer with the sad;
I could not love a maiden's mind,
Forever idly glad.
She may be wild, she must be gay,
In hours of youthful glee,
When calmer thought gives welcome way
To mirth and melody.
And she must nurse, with loftier zeal,
That pure and deep delight
Which warms and softens all who feel
For nature's works aright.
She may have foibles--nay, she must;
From such what maid is free?
Perfection, if combin'd with dust,
Were sure no mate for me.
Yet she must nurse no bitterness,
Nor aught imagine meanly;
But err through venial fond excess
Of feelings edged too keenly.
Such foibles, like the dewy sleep
That shuts the flower at night,
With renovating shade will keep
Her bloom of feeling bright.
The form of such a maid would blend
With every thought of mine;
Each wish would own her for its end,
Each hope on her recline.
To me she would be such, as spring
To wintry field or wood;
A glowing influence, prompt to bring
Luxuriance of good.

Original.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

Messrs. Printers: In my former essay, I endeavored to maintain that any attempt to relieve the present pressures by legislative provision, although it might not violate the constitution, has no recommendation from its expediency. It is a very important inquiry whether any thing, and if any thing, what can be done to relieve the country from the distresses every where visible.

Before I enter upon the consideration of those remedies, whatever they may be, that present themselves to my mind, it may be proper to inquire a little into the causes that have led us to our present situation; and as Providence has cast my lot in a grain, not in a cotton-growing section of the country, and as my views are mostly the result of observations made in my own vicinity, you will not be surprised to find my remarks mostly of a local complexion, though some of them, perhaps, may be extended a little.

A hoary veteran has remarked, that the close of every war in which America has been engaged, has produced extraordinary convulsions and distresses in pecuniary matters. Admitting the truth of his experience and observation, one is naturally led to conclude that such uniform consequences result from causes bottomed on the character of the nation; and perhaps your philosophers, after

long or other discover the particular trait of our national character which produces this result. A backwoodsman must be content to arrive at his conclusions by some mode of reasoning more adapted to his comprehension. At the conclusion of the war, tobacco and cotton were sought with avidity, and prices were realized for them by the planters exceeding their most sanguine expectations. While this continued, the culture of those articles more immediately connected with subsistence, was greatly neglected in those districts which produced the favorite exports: Hence the horses, the bees, the pork, and the spirits, produced in my neighborhood, found a sure and a profitable market in Virginia, South-Carolina and Georgia. It is with much hesitancy that I venture a conjecture on what it was that occasioned the high prices of produce at the period alluded to. I suppose those articles were really needed in Europe, and that it was some years before the quantity sent to market was sufficient for the consumption. In addition, as Bills of Exchange on England could not be purchased without a high premium, and as the precious metals were mostly in the banks, so that considerable quantities of them could not be obtained, I suppose that merchants, intending to make remittances, were induced to make them in produce whenever there was any hope of realizing their cost and charges: even a small loss sustained in that way, would be no worse than in either of the other. But the markets in Europe becoming overstocked, in process of time, cotton and tobacco fell, and horses, beef and pork fell with them. Now whether this were foreseen by the wise ones or not, I am not able to say. It is certain that but few were actuated by the guarded conduct such a foresight ought to have suggested.

In this period, the banks appeared every where willing to accommodate, and the speculations in European goods and various other things, seemed to invite men of business, whether they had capital or not, to wealth and to happiness. And perhaps the most sagacious could not perceive their danger. Little did they suspect, that by the time they could well open their goods, hosts of pedlers, furnished from the vendue stores in New-York and Philadelphia, would visit every house and every hamlet, however obscure, and furnish the persons to whom they expected to sell, at prices below what their goods had cost them at the regular houses. There was but one way to counterbalance this unexpected blow; it was to sell their goods on a credit, which the pedlers, in general, could not do. The consequence is obvious: those who had purchased their goods by the assistance of the banks, found it difficult to make payment of the customary instalments. In the meantime, the United States' Bank going into operation, sat like an incubus on the local banks, and paralyzed their operations, compelling them to curtail their business, or redeem their notes: The effect has been truly distressing.

I have thus attempted to trace the progress of the disease; let us now, for a few moments, consider the remedy. And here this question meets us at every turn: Will the banks relieve the country? We had better ask, Can the banks extend any further assistance, except in the way of indulgence to their debtors? I have no knowledge of the banking business, except what is sometimes published; But I should think, if circumstances permitted, that the interest of the banks would incline them to put out their notes whenever they could do it with safety; and as they have made no loans for a long time, we must believe that imperious circumstances prevent them. What, then, is to be done? Let every man answer the question by adopting a plan the reverse of that which has brought us to the present crisis. Let retrenchment be the order of the day. We live in a country yielding all the substantial necessities of life; both food and clothing are produced in abundance, and improved methods of farming will make it yield a large overplus. Let the banks extend to their debtors all the indulgence in their power, and occasionally relieve extreme cases. A few years, on this plan, will remedy the errors we have committed, and restore us to independence. In the meantime many, and some of them the most deserving men among us, must pay the forfeit of their indiscretions.

A FARMER.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

Messrs. Editors: Not long since I made some remarks respecting our Squires; since then I have discovered a defect in their manner of transacting business, which demands a remedy, and to which I wish (with due reverence) to call their attention: It is the want of a regular Chairman in our county courts. Many controversies have arisen on this very point; and, indeed, it is impossible to do

justice until this be done. The chairman should sign all orders that are not delivered to the clerk verbally. The necessity of such a regulation was lately suggested to my mind in consequence of having some business to do in court. An order for a useful purpose was granted at my request, which order was signed by a member of the court as Chairman; I concluded, as every rational man would do, that I had nothing more to do than to transact the business in pursuance to said order; for which purpose, after the adjournment of the court, I called at the clerk's office for a copy of the said order, when, to my surprise, I found that a counter order had been made by another Justice, who signed his name as Chairman! I then made inquiry of the clerk, who informed me that every Justice in the county, provided he attended court, signed his name as Chairman at the same term! By this way of proceeding, an order may undergo twenty or thirty mutations in one day! The absurdity and impropriety of such a course of conduct must appear obvious to every man, whose mind is capable of receiving one sensible idea. COLON.

NUPTIAL FONDNESS.

FROM A LATE ENGLISH PUBLICATION.

"The English love their wives with much passion; the Hollanders with much prudence. The English, when they give their hands, frequently give their hearts; the Dutch, give the hand but keep the heart wisely in their possession. The English love with violence and expect love in return; the Dutch are satisfied with the slightest acknowledgments, for they give little away. The English expend many of the matrimonial comforts in the first year; the Dutch frugally husband out their pleasures, and are always constant, because they are always indifferent.

"There seems very little difference between a Dutch bridegroom and a Dutch husband: both are equally possessed of the same cool unexpected serenity; they see neither elysium nor paradise behind the curtain; and *différance* is not more a goddess on the wedding night, than after twenty years matrimonial acquaintance. On the other hand, many of the English marry in order to keep one happy month in their lives; they seem incapable of looking beyond that period; they unite in hopes of finding rapture, and, disappointed in that, disdain even to accept of happiness. From hence we see open hatred ensue; or, what is worse, concealed disgust, under the appearance of fulsome endearment. Much formality, great civility, and studied compliments exhibited in public, cross looks, sullen silence, or open recrimination, fill up their hours of private entertainment.

"Hence I am taught, whenever I see a new married couple more than ordinarily fond before faces, to consider them as attempting to impose upon the company or themselves; either hating each other heartily, or consuming that stock of love in the beginning of their course, which should serve them through the whole journey. Neither side should expect those instances of kindness, which are inconsistent with true freedom or happiness to bestow. Love, when founded in the heart, will show itself in a thousand unpremeditated sallies of fondness; but every cool deliberate exhibition of the passion, only argues little understanding, or great insincerity.

"Of all nations the Russians behave the most wisely in the circumstance of jealousy. The wife promises her husband never to let him see her transgressions; and he as punctually promises, whenever she is detected, without the least anger, to beat her without mercy; so they both know what each has to expect. The lady transgresses, is beaten, taken again into favour, and all goes on as before. When a Russian young lady is to be married, her father, with a cudgel in his hand, asks the bridegroom, whether he chuses this virgin for his bride? to which the other replies in the affirmative. Upon which the father, turning the lady three times round; and giving her three strokes with the cudgel, on the back, 'my dear,' cries he, 'these are the last blows you are ever to receive from your tender father; I resign my authority and my cudgel to your husband; he knows better than I the use of either.' The bridegroom knows decorum too well to accept of the cudgel stupidly; he therefore assures the father, that the lady will never want it, and that he would not for the world make any use of it. But the father, who knows what the lady might want better than he does, insists upon his acceptance. Upon this there follows a scene of Russian politeness, while one offers and the other refuses the cudgel. The whole, however, ends with the bridegroom's taking it, upon which the lady drops a courtesy in token of obedience, and the ceremony proceeds as usual.

"The nuptial ceremonies of the Russians are very singular. When the parents have agreed upon the match, though the parties have never seen each other, the bride is

cally examined by a number of women, in order to discover if she has any bodily defect, and, if any, to remedy it if possible. The bride, on her wedding-day, is crowned with a garland of wormwood, implying the bitterness of the married state. When the priest has tied the nuptial knot at the altar, the clerk or sexton sprinkles on her head a handful of hops, wishing she may be as fruitful as that plant. She is muffled up and led home by a certain number of old women, the priest carrying the cross before, while one of his subalterns, clad in a rough goat skin, prays all the way that she may have as many children as there are hairs on his garment. The new married couple, being seated at table, are presented with bread and salt, whilst a chorus of boys and girls sing the epithalamium, which is always grossly obscene."

LITERARY.

It is stated in the *Port Folio*, that Sir Robert Ker Porter is preparing for publication his *Travels* for the past four years, through that extent of country embraced under the ancient Syrian, Babylonian and Persian empires, from the banks of the Black Sea to the Euphrates, and from the latter to the mouth of the Persian Gulf.

The *Italian Journals* mention that a young lady, only twelve years of age, named *Maria Catharine Gheradi*, a native of Sepolo, has maintained in public a series of philosophical theses, in the Latin Language. Is it not Mr. Addison who says, that arguments are irresistible, when they flow from a pretty mouth?

Kensilworth, a new novel by the author of *Waverley*, *Ivanhoe*, &c. is announced as being in the press at Philadelphia. *Pet. Intel.*

Religious.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN VISITANT.

The following Extract from "*The Liberty of Prophecy*," by Bishop TAYLOR, displays the Christian candour and liberality which ever appear in the writings of that eminent prelate. The beautiful story with which it concludes, or something very like it, has been incorrectly attributed by some injudicious friend, to Dr. FRANKLIN; whose fame, most certainly, does not require the aid of such a borrowed plume.

"Men are now a-days, and indeed always have been, since the expiration of the first blessed ages of Christianity, so in love with their own fancies and opinions, as to think faith, and all Christendom, are concerned in their support and maintenance; whoever is not so fond, and does not dandle them like themselves, it grows up to a quarrel; which, because it is in Divinity, is made a quarrel in religion, and God is entitled to it; and then, if you are once thought an enemy to God, it is our duty to persecute you even to death; we do God good service in it. When, if we should examine the matter rightly, the question either is not revealed, or not so clearly, but that wise and honest men may be of different minds, or else it is not of the foundation of faith, but a remote superstructure, or else of mere speculation; or, perhaps, when all comes to all, it is a false opinion, or a matter of human interest, that we have so zealously contended for; for to one of these heads most of the disputes of Christendom may be reduced; so that I believe the present factions (for the most) are from the same cause which St. Paul observed in the Corinthian schism, when there are divisions among you, are ye not carnal? It is not the differing opinions that are the cause of the present ruptures, but want of charity; it is not the variety of understandings, but the disunion of wills and affections; it is not the several principles, but the several ends that cause our miseries; our opinions commence, and are upheld, according as our turns are served, and our interest preserved; and there is no cure for us but *piety and charity*. A holy life will make our belief holy; if we consult not humanity, and its imperfections, in the choice of our religion; but search for the truth without designs, save only of acquiring heaven, and then be as careful to preserve charity as we were to get a point of faith; I am much persuaded we shall find out more truths by this means; or, however (which is the main of all) we shall be secured, though we miss them, and then we are well enough.

"I end with a story, which I find in the Jews' books: 'When Abraham sat in his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate, and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven? The old man told him, that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, I thrust him away, because he did not worship thee. God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me; and couldst not thou endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble? Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment, and wise instruction.' Go thou and do likewise, and thy charity shall be rewarded by the God of Abraham."