

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



FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

FRIENDSHIP A LA MODE.

When shined upon, by fortune's smile,
I could not walk a half a mile,
Without a friendly greeting;
But now, when fortune frowns on me,
I travel on in poverty,
Without one friendly meeting.

All eager then my hand to take,
And shake and squeeze, and squeeze and shake,
With "how d'ye do?" "good morrow;"
But now, they pass with askance eye,
With nod, nor smile, they pass me by
And leave me with my sorrow.

"My friend" 's a word of common place,
Like smiles upon a coquette's face,
Used but to deceive us;
Or like the song that echo sings,
An empty sound, from whence it springs—
It reaches but to leave us.

Had I a fortune, as ere while,
Whene'r such friends as these did smile,
I'd draw my purse-strings tighter;
And every shake or squeeze they gave,
I'd closer draw the strings to save
My purse from growing lighter.

Whene'r a man with flatt'ring praise
Great stress upon my actions lays,
Or says that I am witty;
My form genteel, my person strait,
And "easy manners," "easy gait,"
I do his weakness pity.

Whene'r a service I've received,
(Some trifling debt, or want relieved,)
I'm heartily most grateful;
But when 'tis babbled to the crowd,
And blazon'd forth with trumpet loud,
The deed becomes most hateful.

And if I meet a stranger here,
Who says he'll be a friend sincere,
I'm tempted much to doubt him;
And if he takes me round the neck,
I'm then confirm'd there's not a speck
Of sincerity about him.

And fawning fondness, too, is such,
That one had need of friendship much,
To keep disgust from blasting
The tender bud, ere it shall blow,
And into ripen'd friendship grow,
Or acquaintance made it lasting.

PYTHIAS.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

FROM AN ENGLISH MAGAZINE.

CHARLES II.

The licentiousness and thoughtlessness of Charles II. has become proverbial; and his good nature, which qualifies these, but ill atones for his ingratitude to those who suffered forfeiture in his cause. When he remained in Scotland, suffering the rebuke and censure of austere presbyterianism, before the battle of Worcester, his chief confidant and associate was the laird of Cockpen, called by the nicknaming manners of those times, "Blythe Cockpen." He followed Charles to the Hague, and by his skill in playing Scotch tunes, and by his sagacity and wit, much delighted his merry monarch. Charles's favorite tune was, "Brose and Butter." It was played to him when he went to bed, and he was awakened in the morning by it. At the restoration, however, Blythe Cockpen was forgotten, and he wandered among the Janes, which he once owned in Scotland, poor and unbefriended. He wrote to court, but his letters were never presented, or were not regarded. Wearied and incensed, he travelled to London, and placed himself in all public places thinking that the eye of majesty might reach him: But he was never noticed, and his mean garb did not suit the rich, laced, and embroidered doublets of court; so he was insulted, and pushed from the king's presence. At length, he attempted by cunning what he could not accomplish by plain dealing. He ingratiated himself with the king's organist, who was so enraptured with Cockpen's wit and powers of music, that he consented to his request of playing on the organ before the king, at divine service. He accordingly played with exquisite skill, yet never attracted his majesty's eye. But at the close of the service, instead of playing the common tune used, he played up "Brose and Butter," with all its energy, and characteristic merri-ments. In a moment, the astonished organist was ordered into the king's presence,

"My liege, it was not me, it was not me!" he cried, and dropped upon his knees. "You," cried his majesty, in a delirium of rapture, "you could never play it in your life—Where's the man? Let me see him!" Cockpen presented himself on his knee. "Ah, Cockpen, is that you—Lord, man, I was like to dance coming out of the church!" "I once danced too," said Cockpen, "but that was when I had land of my own to dance on." "Come with me," said Charles, taking him by the hand, "you shall dance to Brose and Butter on your own lands again, to the tenth generation!" And he was as good as his word.

RUINS OF POMPEII.

The streets of the city of Pompeii are said to be daily disencumbered. Mr. Williams, a late traveller, states that he entered by the Appian Way through a narrow street of small tombs, beautifully executed, with the names of the diseased plain and legible. At the gate was a sentry-box, in which the skeleton of a soldier was found with a lamp in his hand. The streets are lined with public buildings, the painted decorations of which are fresh and entire. There were several tradesmen's shops also discovered, such as a baker's, an oil man's, an ironmonger's, a wine shop, with money in the till, and a surgeon's shop, with chirurgical instruments. Also a great theatre, temple of justice, and amphitheatre, 220 feet long, various temples, a barrack for soldiers, the columns of which are scribbled with their names and jests, and stocks for prisoners, in one of which a skeleton was likewise discovered. The principal streets are about 16 feet wide; the subordinate ones from 6 to 10 feet.

WOMAN.

"Sweet, tender sex! with snares encompassed round,
On others hang thy comforts and thy rest." HOGG.

Nature has made woman weak, that she might receive with gratitude the protection of man. Yet how often is this appointment perverted! How often does her protector become her oppressor! Even custom seems leagued against her. Born with the tenderest feelings, her whole life is commonly a struggle to suppress them. Placed in the most favourable circumstances, her choice is confined to a few objects; and unless where singularly fortunate, her fondest partialities are only a modification of gratitude. She may reject, but cannot invite: may tell what would make her wretched, but dare not even whisper what would make her happy; and, in a word, exercises merely a negative upon the most important-event of her life. Man has leisure to look around him, and may marry at any age, with almost equal advantage, but woman must improve the fleeting moment, and determine quickly, at the hazard of determining rashly. The spring-time of her beauty will not last; its wane will be the signal for the flight of her lovers; and if the present opportunity is neglected, she may be left to experience the only species of misfortune for which the world evinces no sympathy. How cruel, then, to increase the misery of her natural dependence! How ungenerous to add treachery to strength, and deceive or disappoint those whose highest ambition is our favour, and whose only safety is our honesty!

FRIENDSHIP.

No man needs a friend, so much as he who is under the slavery of a domineering passion. A friend is like Time, the master of us all, or like boundless Space. He removes us to a due distance from the object, which we see falsely and distorted only because we are too near to it. He makes us view it in the light, in which the generation yet unborn shall view it. The mere communication and common discussion with a sober and healthful mind, of what sovereign power are they! Silence and sequestered thought have a magic charm, sometimes for good, often for harm. The dreams of the poet, while yet they lie "in sacred secundine asleep," ere yet the power of the master has

Turned them to shapes, and given to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name,

perhaps cannot be communicated without the danger to perish. There are certain holy and mind-exalted conceptions of the solitary wanderer, that will not bear the touch of a second individual. But all that is disease in the soul, is, by this gentle exposure, put in a train of cure.

ON THE FUTILITY OF PERSONAL CHARMS, WITHOUT MENTAL BEAUTY.

How often do we see handsome idiots complimented and caressed by men from whom better things might be expected; while the most accomplished woman in the same company is overlooked, if destitute of personal charms. There is in beauty a magic which certainly does enchant for a time, the generality of beholders; but this will be no means

excuse the injustice of neglecting merit in those who want this advantage. Let it be remembered, however, that the triumph of their rivals is short and fleeting: the spell on which it is founded, is soon broken.—Men, at least of any judgment, are seldom long in recovering their senses. The admiration raised by "a set of features, or the tincture of the skin," is often, by the witlessness of its possessor, thrown down in an instant:—the witchcraft of a fair outside is always dispelled by familiarity. Nothing can detain affection, or fix esteem but that kind of beauty which is concentrated in mind. The least degree of understanding will be disgusted at petulance, caprice, or nonsense, even in the fairest form. External allurements are continually losing; internal attractions are continually gaining. A beautiful character is "as the morning light, that shineth more and more until the perfect day."

The power of a face to please, or indeed displease, is diminished every time it is seen. When passion does not predominate, and passion cannot predominate always, the soul will seek a soul; it will refuse to be satisfied with any thing else:—If it find none, in vain shall the brightest eye sparkle,—in vain shall the softest smile entice:—But if a mind appear, it is recognized, admired and embraced; even though the eye should possess no lustre, and smiles should at the moment be banished by sorrow!

As a Knight of Malta, who was ambassador from France to the Pope, was one day walking with the Venetian ambassador in the square before the beautiful church of the Jesu, at Rome, (where, it seems, there is always air, even in the hottest day of summer,) he said to him, "What an odd thing it is that there should be always something of a breeze here! Can your excellency account for it?" "Perfectly well," replied the Venetian, "upon a tradition that has been long current in this city. The Devil and the Wind were one day walking together in the streets of Rome; coming to the—College in this place, the Devil said to the Wind, pray be so good as to stay here a minute or two; I have a word to say to these good fathers within.—The Devil, as the story goes, never returned to his companion, who has been ever since waiting for him at the door."

Moral and Religious.

MISSION AT BURMAH.

The American missionaries at Rangoon, in the Burman empire, from the unfriendly disposition manifested by the governor of that place towards those who manifested a desire to inquire into the truth of the christian religion, (which caused them all to desert the missionaries,) found it necessary either to remain inactive at their station, quit the country, or make an attempt to gain the favour of the Emperor, and his permission to propagate their religion among his subjects. They chose the latter; and for this purpose left Rangoon, and proceeded to New-Ava, or Ahmarapoor the capital, about 350 miles from Rangoon. They arrived there in safety; and after going through the various formalities of eastern etiquette, were introduced to the "golden face," to whom they presented the following petition:

"The American teachers stand to receive a favour from the royal supporter of religion, and the lord of land and water. Hearing of the great power of your majesty, and of the settled state of the royal country, we arrived at Rangoon, the royal landing place. Afterwards we requested the governor of the city, that we might ascend and see the golden face; thus have we arrived at the golden feet. In the great country of America, we are teachers, preaching the numerous things that proceed from the sacred books. In them it is taught that if a teacher crosses over to another country, travels about in it, preaches, and establishes the religion, great profit will ensue, i. e. both teacher and disciple will be delivered from the miseries of hell, and eventually will enjoy the happiness of an eternal heaven, where is neither old age or death.—They therefore petition, first, that they may find protection in the royal power, and obtain permission to preach the religion in the royal kingdom: and, second, that those who are favourably disposed to the religion, and wish to listen and worship, whether Burmans or foreigners, may remain without difficulty.—On these accounts we stand to receive your permission, royal supporter of religion, and lord of land and water."

The Emperor read it through very deliberately, without saying a word. A tract was then handed to him, containing the fundamental principles of true religion, such as there is one eternal God, &c.; he read the beginning of it, and then dashed it to the ground; with something like disdain. An

attempt was then made to conciliate him, by presenting the present intended for him, which was the Bible, in six volumes, covered with gold leaf, in the Burman style, and each volume enclosed in a rich wrapper; but he told them he had no use for their sacred books, and ordered them to be taken away. The missionaries consequently left Ava and returned to Rangoon.

They thus describe the entrance of his majesty into the hall where they, in company with his ministers of state, were in waiting: "He came forward unattended—in solitary grandeur—exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive; and he carried in his hand the gold sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye, that chiefly riveted our attention. He strode on. Every head, except ours, was now in the dust."

This Emperor publicly patronizes the religion of Boodh, which teaches men to pant after annihilation as the supreme good. He allows foreigners, residing in his dominions, to worship after the precepts of their religion; but forbids their making proselytes.

SELECTIONS.

THE SCRIPTURES.

"I will confess to you," says Rousseau, "that the majesty of the scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the gospel hath its influence on my heart: Peruse the works of our philosophers, with all their pomp of diction: how mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the scriptures! Is it possible that a book, at once so simple and sublime should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage, whose history it contains, should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary?—What sweetness, what purity, in his manners! what an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! what sublimity in his maxims! what profound wisdom in his discourses! what presence of mind in his replies!—how great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live and so die, without weakness and without ostentation?—When Plato described his imaginary good man, with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he described exactly the character of Jesus Christ: The resemblance was so striking, that all the christian fathers perceived it."

FROM THE NEW-HAMPSHIRE PATRIOT.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

"Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man perhaps is aware, how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruins, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind. Once let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself in human affairs; that all their improvements perish forever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the poor no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and public good; that an oath is unheard in Heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction; once let men thoroughly abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow? We hope perhaps that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe that were the sun quenched in the heavens, our torches could illuminate, and our fires quicken and fertilize the creation.—What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of the day? And what is he more if Atheism be true? Erase all thoughts and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality will absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and poverty and suffering having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, and principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling, and man would become in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be, a companion for brutes."