

the Muse inspires,  
and strain admires...scorr.



FROM THE ALBANY PLOUGH BOY.

In looking over some old manuscripts, we found the following lines, which were written by Catharine B. Thompson, formerly of this city, (late Mrs. Milne of Beaufort, S. C.) The hand which penned these lines, and the heart from which they flowed so warmly, are now clods of the valley. But if nothing else was left, this little relic would be sufficient to bear down upon the tide of time, a name dear to genius and philosophy, to friendship and affection.

TO A VERY YOUNG POET.

Mistaken youth! while yet 'tis time,  
From Fancy fly—forsake the lyre;  
Restrain each thought that soars sublime,  
And quench each spark of feeling's fire.  
From Fancy's sweet seducing smile  
Turn thy enamoured eyes away—  
Oh, she is lovely to beguile,  
And bright to lead thy soul astray!  
Heed not the lyre—a fatal spell  
It breathes in each melodious strain;  
It bids such rapturous feelings swell!  
But heed them not—for all is vain.  
Vain, as the memory of a dream,  
Is rapture's bright bewildering blaze;  
And falser than a meteor's gleam,  
The shadowy scenes that hope displays.  
Each generous, elevated thought,  
Must meanly bend to Mammon's shrine;  
And every spark, from feeling caught,  
Be buried in his dirty mine.  
Oh then, in time, forsake the lyre;  
Forget to think, and cease to feel;  
To all that Genius would inspire,  
To all that Fancy would reveal,  
Be dull and blind—or else, prepare  
For sorrow, poverty and care,  
And every ill the soul abhors to bear.  
May, 1817. C. B. T.

KITTY'S HARD TO PLEASE.

I do not like a man that's tall;  
A man that's little is worse than all.  
I much abhor a man that's fat;  
A man that's lean is worse than that.  
A young man is a constant pest;  
An old one would my room infest.  
I do not like a man that's fair;  
A man that's black I cannot bear.  
A man of sense I could not rule;  
And from my heart I hate a fool.  
A drunken man my heart would break;  
All these I do sincerely hate,  
And yet I love the married state.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

FROM THE SAVANNAH GEORGIAN.

ROME, AS IT IS.

From Anastasius.

"As I approached the ancient mistress of the world, the eternal city, the destroyer of Greece, my heart beat high. But, alas! if he who names Rome names energy, names strength—he who beholds her in her present fallen state, beholds nothing but feebleness and imbecility: he beholds the prostrate members of a giant, and corruption at work among their mouldering remains. Sheep graze round the altar where captive monarchs were slaughtered in the name of Jove the great and good; and silence reigns in that arena where eighty thousand spectators could at once count the pangs of wretches tortured in frightful reality, to represent some ancient fable. The very monuments of a more recent date only arise, like fresher weeds, out of the ashes of former decay—they are only the fungus starting forth from the creviced base of some nobler pile, and which, by feeding on that fabric's substance, achieves its destruction. Silva\* seemed to enjoy my disappointment: satire was his profession. These people (said he) cannot prevent the sun of their fine climate from shining at its stated hours; but they make their streets impervious to its cheering light—a deep gloom meets the eye wherever towers man's abode. They cannot prohibit the rich from sowing on their fertile soil from diffusing its fragrance; but they collect every villainous odour to subdue nature's sweets, and convert one sense, at least, into means of torture. They cannot cancel spring's ancient privilege of enameling alike with flowers the hill and the valley, the garden and desert; but they tarry in their fetid town till

The companion of Anastasius on his visit to Rome.

the magic has vanished, and autumn sears the leaf and embrowns the parched meadow: no one thinks of country rambles before the summer's close.— They cannot stop the crystal rills while gushing down the mountain's slope; but they suffer their aqueducts to doze out the captive stream, and to convert the healthy plain into a pestilential marsh. They cannot dive into the inmost recesses of the human brain, to nip, in its very first germs, every brightest faculty; but, conducting its developments as the Chinese do that of their peach and plum trees, they encompass each tender shoot of the intellect with so many minute fetters, religious, political and social, that dwarfs are produced where giants were intended. Their manuscripts are not suffered to be inspected; their pictures are left to rot; their very city has been allowed to slip from its seven hills into the sink between. They clip their trees into men, and their men into singers. In their vaunted "last Judgment," Heaven appears far more dismal than hell. Their law deems infamous, not the thief, but the magistrate—the bargello. Their tribunals sell justice to the highest bidder; their churches protect from it the criminal; and the huge temple on which we now stand, (for from St. Peter's proud dome went forth this bitter diatribe,) built at the expense of all christendom, on a foundation which stands awry, and with a cupola which yawns with rents—contains absolutions for every sin, as well as confessionals appropriated to every language. A priest habituated only to the duties of humility and obedience during the greatest portion of his life, near its close becomes the sovereign, and assumes the supreme power, when his falling faculties fit him to think only of death: and as each inferior member of the imbecile government, like its towering chief, must forego a lawful lineage, so are of each statesman the views oblique, and the ways devious and crooked. The word virtue indeed exists in the language, but is applied to skill in singing: and as to valor, the former signification of the same word, it is a quality which, during so many ages, has been let out for hire, first in the gross by the condottiere, and next more in detail by the professed bravo, that it is become discreditable: and cowardice, under the name of caution, forms not only the privilege of the priest, but the pride of the cavalier.— Visit a friend in the day time, and he surveys you through a grated hole in his entrance door, ere he dares to let you in: venture out at night, and from a distance you are bidden to avert your eyes, lest one murder witness should necessitate a second. The very head of the church, when in the holy of the holies, dares not to take the consecrated wine, except through a gilded reed, lest his lips should suck in poison; and in the heart of his capital, the Pontiff of Rome keeps in his pay (for the safety of his person) the rude mountaineer of Switzerland, as your Turkish Pacha does the barbarian from Epirus and from Cooestan. Thank God, however, this map of imbecility and vice hies fast to its fate; for if, by a late submission, which the Roman's call a treaty, the rotten grant of St. Peter's arch domain is yet saved awhile from utter ruin, its seals are all torn off, and its ornaments effaced. Nature herself conspires with man in the work of just destruction. In that sky so transparent lurks a permanent poison, which, formerly, only creeping like the adder along the hollow valley, now soars like the eagle above the steepest hill, and invades the last abodes, once safe from its intrusion. Thus shall soon the world's ancient mistress again return to nought: and as the herdsman first wandered in solitude where Rome in latter days arose, so shall the herdsman again wander in solitude where Rome has ceased to be."

ADVANTAGES

OF A KNOWLEDGE OF HISTORY.

[CONCLUDED.]

While history holds up to the view instances of eminent virtues and splendid actions, she calls not the student to a servile imitation of her examples; for thus might he unintentionally be led to error and misconduct. No two men were ever precisely the same in moral and intellectual qualities, or in situations exactly similar; and therefore no one can with safety conclude, that the same conduct could in all respects be prudent for him, which his predecessor has followed. Expedients springing from our own minds are formed with more clearness, and exe-

cuted with more spirit than those which are derived from the imitation of others. While the imitator is revolving the precedents of past times, and minutely examining them with reference to his own case, he may suffer the favorable opportunity for action to escape him, and may be undone forever; or, supposing he takes any particular example for his guide, from a want of accurate discrimination, he may be betrayed into some fatal error. The acute and the discerning will not fail to combine originality of plan with the guidance of precedent; they will make every proper allowance for the various dispositions and manners of the times; they will instantly perceive where circumstances differ or agree; and will adopt only so much of the example, as is exactly proportioned to the exigency of their own affairs.

History rises to the highest degree of importance, and attains the full dignity of its character, by fixing our attention upon the conduct of divine Providence in the moral government of the world. It is clear to every one, who takes the most superficial view of the past, that great events have often been effected by trifling means; that the consequences of actions have been much more extensive, more fatal or calamitous than were originally designed by the agents themselves; that the designs of Providence have been brought about by the caprice of human tempers, or the violence of human passions; and that force, craft, and cruelty have always met with their just, though sometimes delayed punishment. The result of actions has been widely different from the end proposed by those who planned them; and great revolutions have been effected contrary to the intention of the persons who were the chief instruments of them. Such extraordinary discoveries draw us much nearer, and give us a much better insight into the operations of the Deity than those occurrences in which the causes are more equal to the effects; as is the case with the common affairs of life. Thus history becomes the handmaid of religion, and opens to us the most wonderful prospects of the divine interposition in the government of the world.\*

Exclusive of the general uses of history, there is a particular application of it, which one naturally makes to his own pursuits, his own age, and his own habits of thinking. The politician searches the records of past ages for the rise and fall of states, the measures which advanced their greatness, and the causes which precipitated them into ruin. The soldier looks for military achievements, the conduct of generals, and the discipline of armies. Cause and effect engage the attention of the philosopher; and the man of science is interested by the description of the phenomena of nature. The antiquarian studies the ancient laws, customs, and dresses, and other peculiarities of nations. The man who is advanced in years is gratified with remarking in the same book those sentiments and actions, which he disregarded in his youth; and the habits of thinking, which he has formed at one particular period of life, induce him to search for different sources of entertainment and instruction at another. Thus every person is influenced by his peculiar taste: when he consults the volumes of history, he discovers something in them to suit the complexion of his own mind; and, from a natural partiality to his own pursuits, may be inclined to think, that the historian wrote only for his use and entertainment.

Readers, however, of every age and description, may find in history ample materials for improving their judgment, by tracing the due connexion which subsists between causes and effects. They ought not to be satis-

\* I subjoin the following remarkable instance from Robertson's Charles Vth, Book 10, C. 5. "It is a singular circumstance, that the Reformation was indebted for its full establishment in Germany, to the same hand which had formerly brought it to the brink of destruction, and that both events should be accomplished by the same arts of dissimulation. The ends, however, which Maurice, the Elector of Saxony, had in view at these different junctures, seem to have been more attended to, than the means by which he attained them. It is no less worthy of observation, that the French king, a monarch zealous for the Catholic Faith, should, at the very same time when he was persecuting his own protestant subjects with all the fierceness of bigotry, employ his power in order to maintain and protect the Reformation in the Empire, and that the league for this purpose, which proved so fatal to the Romish Church, should be negotiated and signed by a Roman Catholic Bishop. So wonderfully does the wisdom of God superintend and regulate the caprice of human passions, and render them subservient towards the accomplishment of his own purposes." In the preface of Sir W. Raleigh's History of the World, many similar examples are taken from the early part of the History of England.

and will certainly rise. Besides, the newspapers are now enlarged in size, without any increase in price. We have this week put down six new subscribers, and it has put us quite in the notion of adding a hundred or two more to our list.

As the conclusion of the whole matter, we should be glad to receive orders for our paper. Village Record.

FROM THE LONG-ISLAND STAR.

The Charms of Newspaper reading to the intelligent farmer who values the instruction of himself and his family, constitute the relish of the week, and furnish abundance for profitable reflection and conversation. If he is a patriot, he cannot be insensible to the welfare of his country. If he is a philanthropist, he feels a concern for his fellow man, however distant. If he is a father, he loses no opportunity to instruct his children, and cannot but view 'the passing tidings of the times,' as a most essential part of their education. Though distant from the metropolis—though secluded from society, he can know all that is necessary to be known of the pomp and bustle of city life.

By a close attention to the diversified columns of newspapers, we are enabled to 'catch the manners living as they rise.' In one column may be seen the march of armies and the fate of nations—and in another, the humble advertisement of the humblest dealer. All may find instruction, amusement or interest, from the hoary sage to the lisping school boy.

Every subscriber to a newspaper should carefully preserve them in regular files, for the benefit of his posterity. After the lapse of forty or fifty years, to look over these and examine the important occurrences of former days, will give a clearer view than can be found in any history. The best account of our revolutionary war may be obtained in this way; and no doubt, the rising generation will in future times anxiously look to newspapers for the particulars of the recent war, which has conferred such high honors on our countrymen.

It is erroneous to suppose, that newspapers are less valuable during peace, than in times of war. It is true, those who delight in recitals of bloody scenes, and ruined towns, will find less to gratify that barbarous appetite; but all who wish for improvement, or delight in sentiment, will find an increased value from the attention paid to science, arts, agriculture, biography, morality, religion, humour, poetry, &c.

The man 'who can't find time' to read one newspaper during the week, must be truly a slave to ignorance or poverty. The truth is, however, that it is an excuse for indolence and parsimony, and thus whole families are deprived of information on those points which afford one half the conversation of society. They are content to borrow from their more intelligent or more cunning neighbors, thus existing in the language of the poet, to 'vegetate and die.'

It is hoped, however, that such are few. Our political welfare so essentially depends on a general diffusion of intelligence, and we have so many examples in the old world, of ignorant people being the slaves of superstition and tyranny, that our young republic should lose no opportunity to establish itself on the only permanent foundation.

THE NEXT CENSUS.

Remarkable!—Some time in January last, a Mrs. Newson, of Fairfield, (N. Y.) was delivered of four perfect children, two sons and two daughters. The professors and students of the medical college at that place, with many others, called to view them, and made many presents and profers of assistance to enable the poor family to bring them up and properly educate them. They however lived but four days, and were all enclosed in one coffin, to the great grief of all the curious.

A cause of the increase of Population.

A paper printed at Levana, Ohio, informs that a Mrs. Byrd, of Brown county, was recently delivered of three children. Last week we noticed a similar circumstance of a woman in Richland county; and two other instances of the kind, one of which occurred in this county, are fresh in the recollection of our readers. If the wedded pair of Ohio continue to go on at this rate, there is no telling what will be our census at the end of another ten years—the bare reflection is enough to frighten Uncle Sam from numbering us. Ohio paper.

THE WORLD'S OPINION.

What will the world say? This is the great scarecrow of weak minds. The world! What is that which is called the world, but for the most part an assemblage of licensed knaves, chartered coxcombs, and tolerated fools and idiots: and it would be just as rational to exclaim with the farmer's wife in the play, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" as regards the tide of opinion, and various currents of society. What will the virtuous and intelligent say? What will my own conscience say? How will the action bear in right? These are the rational questions a man should put to himself upon every important act, and decide accordingly, whether such decisions accord with the fashion of the world or not.

NEWSPAPERS.

The article "On News Papers," selected from the Long Island Star, is so full of good sense, that we beg our subscribers, if they have a neighbor who is able to take a paper and does not, to lend it to him to read. We have no doubt but the perusal will add fifty to our list, and "the more the merrier," as the old saying goes.

Some will pretend to say, perhaps, that "the times are hard, and they can't afford it." Now this, to nineteenth century who make the excuse will be without any just foundation. Can't afford it! Why, what a trifle it is. A small glass of gin, or a pint of beer, which, as Corporal Trim said, "is gone in a moment," will cost more, by thirty per cent, than a Newspaper, which after being read by the father of the family, will impart pleasure and instruction to the wife, the children, the servants; and then, remember it is worth half its cost as wrapping paper, if it is not thought best to preserve it.

A newspaper is a school in a family of children worth ten dollars a year. Even the most barren paper brings something new. Children read or hear the contents, become intelligent of the affairs of the world, and acquire a store of useful knowledge of more importance to them in life than a present of fifty acres of land. Parents are not aware of the vast, we say with confidence, the vast importance of a newspaper in a family of children. We have made the remark before, and we repeat it, that take two families of children, equally smart, and both going to the same school—let the other be deprived the use of it, and it would excite astonishment to mark the difference between them. Full one half, and an important half of education, as it respects the business of the world, and the ability to rise and make one's self respectable in it, is derived from newspapers. What parent would not wish his children to be respectable? Who would be willing to have his neighbor's children more intelligent than his own?—And yet how trifling is the sum a paper costs!—It is even in these hard times absolutely contemptible in amount, and no man ever felt it, except in its beneficial consequence, who paid the subscription regularly once a year.

Truly, we should suppose, that if a young man goes a courting, and his sweetheart finds out that he reads no newspaper, she could, if she thought much of herself, send him away, as one uninformed of his political rights; ignorant of a thousand things which every young American ought to know, and therefore unfit to be the husband of an intelligent girl.

"But the price of newspapers has not fallen as every thing else has done—let us see how the printer will get along with that." I am glad you mention it, reader. It is true. But recollect that the price of every thing was as low as at this time, except wheat and corn, and these from particular circumstances are below their proper value,