

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



FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

*The Old Bachelor's Excuses for not marrying.*

I would have married, but the girls  
Were so confounded witty,  
They hid their charms, with rouge and curls,  
Which turn'd my love to pity.

I then, for pity's sake, did try,  
With all my arts to win them;  
But lack-a-day, I found that I  
Could find no pity in them.

I dress'd me out beau a la mode,  
Determin'd yet to try them;  
But lack-a-day, as on I rode,  
I found that I must buy them.

On every maid I tried my darts,  
Till at length a pretty old one  
Said, "if with darts you'd pierce our hearts,  
"You must go and get a gold one."

I then gave up my mad career,  
With many a heart felt hi-ho;  
A Bachelor at my sixtieth year,  
And resolv'd that I would die so.

WIT PAID FOR.

*On the pleasure arising from Public Worship.*  
TO MARY.

How dear to pious souls the day  
Which bids them to the church repair!  
How sweet to cast their cares away  
And meet their heavenly Father there!

O how I love that place of rest!  
Where mingling with the peaceful train,  
Devotion fills the yielding breast,  
And soft emotions bless her reign.

If such the happiness that springs  
From prayer and praise in union sweet,  
What must we feel when angel's wings  
Shall waft us to the Saviour's feet!

That heaven must be a blessed place!  
My Mary's gentle sighs declare;  
And when I view her lovely face,  
O how my soul expatiates there!

Yes, Mary, when in thy bright eyes  
Devotion's rising beams I see,  
Fond fancy follows to the skies  
To learn if angels look like thee.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

FROM THE N. Y. LITERARY JOURNAL.

THE TOLL-GATHERER'S DAUGHTER.

Foaming through the chasms of immense rocks that seem to have been driven asunder by some giant stroke, the Hudson forms the cataract well known at Glen's Falls, and makes its way over and through the rocks with a force that shakes the slender bridge, which is thrown across the stream below. At the end of the bridge stands, or rather did stand twenty years since, the humble residence of the toll-gatherer. The neatness of the house gave a charm to its lowliness: it was built on a rock, and half hid by the weeping willows that grew around it; and the traveller, nearly stunned by the noise of the struggling waters that dazzled his sight as they foamed and sparkled in the sun, turned with pleasure to contemplate this simple quiet scene, which seemed the chosen abode of peace and innocence. Butler, the name of the owner, had seen better days: he had begun his life with fair prospects; but the loss of a leg, and many a wo besides, had brought him, in the decline of life, to the lowly occupation of toll-gatherer. Yet this lot was not without alleviations; there was a cheerful and affectionate wife, a lovely and affectionate daughter, and a sincere and excellent adviser in the Dominic, as the minister of the parish was familiarly termed. The Dominic was exactly suited to his situation; his talents were not of the first order, nor was his knowledge extensive, but he was possessed of plain good sense, sound judgment, and that kindness of disposition which loves all, and in turn is loved by all. His piety was simple, but very fervent; perhaps it was this sincerity that rendered his sermons impressive, for he certainly was not eloquent: his language was not chaste, nor his style regular, yet have men's hearts melted and trembled before him. He had never been married: indeed his slender salary, although increased by teaching a school, would not allow him the comfort of a home. He there-

fore resided alternately with the different members of the congregation; and the house was thought blest while it contained the Pastor. Thus he became intimately acquainted with every one of his small flock. He joined with cheerfulness in all their moral sports, and shared their sufferings with the same sincerity. Butler was distinguished by the minister's peculiar favor, and his daughter looked up to the Dominic as a second father.

The good man had bestowed upon his favorite all his sum of learning. She was now sixteen; and being pronounced as wise as her instructor, she had quitted school to aid her mother in her domestic duties. As the father was now infirm, and the dame a busy housewife, the task of gathering toll generally devolved on LETTY; for that was her unsentimental name. There was another reason that rendered her appropriate for this duty; in addition to reading and writing, she had acquired a considerable knowledge of arithmetic, which made her tolerably expert in changing dollars to shillings. A knowledge of the Bible, the Child's Instructor, the history of England, comprehended all Letty's literary attainments; but they were sufficient to engraft on her heart a grateful and fervent love to God, and a strong sense of virtue, and by bounding her hope and wishes to the narrow scene her lot seemed to be cast in, gave her cheerfulness and contentment.

It was a sultry summer evening: Letty had carried her spinning wheel to the side of the house, where, seated under a large tree, she busily spun, while she listened to the deep rolling of the fall as its light spray fell around her. She was roused from her employment by the sound of wheels, and looking up beheld a gig dashing violently down the steep hill that led to the bridge, and in spite of the prohibition, they passed over the entrance, and came full speed over the trembling boards. She perceived the driver had lost all command over his horse, who frightened by the noise of the falling waters, with nostrils extended, seemed to spurn control, and drawing himself up prepared to jump from the bridge, when Letty, running forward, opened the gate. The furious animal rushed through, and before she could retreat, a violent blow from the wheel felled her to the ground. A stranger passing stopped the horse, while the gentleman, whose life Letty had preserved, jumped from the gig and carried her to the house. She had received a severe blow on the temple, and the effusion of blood was with difficulty stanch'd. The stranger waited till she recovered; then leaving a well filled purse on the table, he bade them adieu.

A week had elapsed since this accident, when the stranger returned. Letty was sitting up, supported by pillows: illness shed over her countenance a languor, which, though it took from its bloom, gave it an air of refinement and added to its interest. Even the black handkerchief that bound her brow set off the snowy clearness of her complexion, while the drooping eyelid displayed its long dark lashes, that gave a rich expression to a pair of eyes of heaven's own blue. Letty thanked the gentleman, in her soft tones and artless language for the attention he had shown her, and expressed her regret at occasioning so much trouble, in such a simple yet graceful manner, as astonished her visitor.

Mr. Thornly, as he announced himself, became a frequent guest at the cottage, and often condescended to share their humble repast. Indeed he seemed to forget, while listening to the conversation of his untaught girl, that he had mixed with the learned and witty, and the fashionable. He brought her books, and while instructing her mind, he won her affections. At length he returned to his party at Lake George; although unconscious of the motive, in every excursion his steps were directed to Glen cottage, and his spoils, game fish, and even a wreath of flowers, were used as a pretext for a visit. But as much as he revered the old man and admired his daughter, Mr. Thornly never mentioned their names to his gay companions, or led them near the retreat of Butler, who delighted to talk of him to his friend the Dominic; the old man, who, as I hinted before, did not possess much worldly wisdom, expressed his impatience to see their new friend, nor did he read in Letty's downcast eye and burning cheek the secret of her bosom.

Meantime some business called Thornly home, and detained him some weeks. Convinced how dear the simple rustic had become to him, he sighed, and wished she was well born; how gladly would he marry her! and his heart swelled with rapture at the idea of passing his life with her; but it chilled him to think she was a toll-gatherer's daughter. He determined to forget her; but the next moment he thought of her so lovely and gentle, and set off for Glen's Falls. His heart beat when he marked the flash of joy that lit upon Letty's beautiful eyes when she saw him.

Thornly talked of love; although Letty was silent, her blushes plainly showed what her lips durst not utter. One day as they were strolling through the woods that lined the banks of the stream, Letty interrupted her lover in the midst of his ardent declaration, by looking up with a blushing cheek, as she innocently said, "but I am too young to marry."—"Marry!" said Thornly with the air of a man just awakened from a dream; oh! we will not think of that, my dear Letty; and throwing his arms around her, continued, "we can love without marriage." Letty withdrew from his embrace, and said in an earnest tone, "then although you love me dearer than life, you do not think of marriage?"

Thornly was rather disconcerted, but replied, "my family, dearest girl, is rich and honorable"—and I am the daughter of a beggar," said Letty. "I see it is all in vain, weak girl that I was. But you, sir, though a great and rich man, should at least have been a merciful one." "Better," said the poor girl, unable to suppress her tears, "better to have left me to die on the road, than to break my heart." As half choked with sobs, she uttered these words, she hastened from her astonished lover. He followed her imploring her pardon. Letty stopped, and with an effort that sent the blood to her heart, bade him depart forever, and not forget that her father, though old and infirm, could protect his child from insult.

There is a dignity in virtue that even in the simple words of Letty awakened her dissolute admirer. A woman of polished education might have expressed her sentiments in a firmer and more touching language, but she could not have shown greater firmness and dignity than did the humble rustic.

Letty walked or rather ran home, and throwing herself on the bed, she literally 'lifted up her voice and wept bitterly.' Violent agitation working on a mind unused to great emotion produced a fever, which jeopardized her life for some days. Her parents and her friend the minister watched by her bedside in sorrow. Her life was granted to their tender prayers. Letty recovered, but she was no longer the cheerful being who gladdened the hearts of her friends. The minister related her history to a lady in the neighborhood, who, interested by her story, sent frequently for Letty, and becoming attached to her, prevailed upon the parents to consent to her residing with her entirely, while she bestowed upon the old man a comfortable house, and a small but well stocked farm. Mrs. W. had retired from a world of which she had seen too much and knew too well, to love. But she had brought to her retirement a mind well cultivated, and a fund of useful knowledge. She took delight in opening to her protegee these copious stores; and while she imparted substantial knowledge, she also gave her a refinement of taste and manners, of which, from her education, she was necessarily destitute.

Two years glided on; but in the midst of her benevolent plan Mrs. W. died, and Letty returned to her parents, wiser but not happier. She had gained refinement and cultivation, but had not that willingness to be happy, if I may so express it, that marked her earlier days. The simple pleasures that once would have caused her heart to beat with rapture, were now dull and vapid; and she was shocked to perceive that the recollection of the luxuries she enjoyed at her friend's mansion, rendered her at first discontented with the humble habits of her father's cottage. At this period a neighboring farmer, young and wealthy, offered his hand to Letty. Her parents urged her to accept him, and at length she consented to give her hand, but protested that she could not bestow her heart. A week before the intended marriage was to take place, as one evening the family were

enjoying at the porch of the house the cool breezes of twilight, an exclamation of alarm from Letty caused her father to look up from his bible, when he recognized the features of Thornly. "Come not here young man," said the indignant father; "depart while you may in peace." "One word," said Thornly; and passing the old man, he threw himself at Letty's feet and implored her forgiveness. "I have been a wretched wanderer, he said, but with Letty's pardon and yours, sir," turning to Butler, "I shall find happiness and rest." It is not necessary to state, the long loved Thornly did not plead in vain. The farmer was dismissed, and in a week the lovers were united by the venerable pastor. Though moving in polished circles and fashionable society, Thornly never had cause to blush for THE TOLL-GATHERER'S DAUGHTER.

ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.

Dr. Johnson has often been unjustly accused of having been rude in his manners towards females: we never heard a more flattering reply than that he once made to Miss Reynolds, the sister of Sir Joshua. Miss Linley, afterwards the first wife of Mr. Sheridan, was then at the height of her celebrity; and Dr. Johnson went one evening to drink tea with Miss Reynolds, according to a previous appointment. When he entered the room, Miss Reynolds said—"See, Dr. Johnson, what a preference I give your company, for I had an offer of a place in a box at the Oratorio, to hear Miss Linley sing; but I would rather sit with you." "And I, madam," replied Johnson, "would rather sit with you than sit upon a throne."

FROM THE RICHMOND ENQUIRER.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

During the administration of William Pitt the younger, at the time when Mr. Addington (now Lord Sidmouth) was Speaker in the British House of Commons, I often repaired to the gallery of St. Stephen's Chapel; and more especially in the winter season, listened for whole nights to the speeches of all the great parliamentary debaters. The Speaker, clerk and chaplain commonly arrived about two o'clock, P. M. Prayers were sometimes read when only these individuals were in the house. After this, the speaker, by the exertion of the officers in attendance, usually obtained a quorum for business; i. e. forty members, about three o'clock. As soon as he had counted this number, scores of private acts before twilight were read a first, second or third time; and indeed, every transaction, not of general interest, was concluded. At the period to which I refer, no great public measure was debated in the British House of Commons, until the minister appeared and candles were lighted. Meanwhile, it was a custom for most of the members who meant to be present only when great questions were agitated, to appear in the house between 5 and 5, P. M. take particular seats, place their name upon them written on a small piece of paper, and immediately go out again—and perhaps not return till after they had dined at a coffee-house contiguous to the lobby.

It happened one day when I occupied the front seat in the gallery of the House of Commons, where I sometimes remained five hours before any debate began, that I observed a member, a respectable country gentleman, J. Johnston, Esq. enter the house early, take his seat, and then after placing his name on it, go out again. Soon after I beheld this piece of paper, by a puff of air, wafted from that seat. Meanwhile, a member by the name of Summer came into the house, and took the same seat as vacant, and retained it for several hours. At length, about 7 in the evening, while a committee of the whole house were in eager debate, Mr. Johnston entered, and stalking up directly to the seat, now filled by Summer, in a boisterous tone demanded it as his right. To this demand Summer demurred—whereupon Johnston seized him by the shoulders and forcibly laid him sprawling on the floor—cursing him and the Speaker with the lungs of a Stentor. Summer arose and smote him. "Order"—"Order"—"Chair"—"Chair"—"Adjourn, adjourn"—was vociferated from all quarters of the house.—Many members, the friends of the combatants, rushed in between them. Four or five of the stoutest, aiding the proper officers of the house, (after remonstrance had proved unavailing,) laid violent hands upon Johnston, and by main force lugged him out of the house into the lobby, and then into a hackney coach. Half an hour had elapsed before the strife and uproar could be quelled, or the debate proceeded. Meanwhile the minister, the speaker, and the leaders of opposition concurred in the opinion, that Johnston must apologize in his seat for such outrage, and submit to the reprehension of the Speaker and house the next day.

The next day the gallery and house

were thronged. Johnston in his seat, being called upon, arose and addressed the chair in a few disjointed sentences to this effect:—"Mr. Speaker, they tell me I was very drunk yesterday, and that I behaved ill and made a great uproar. I believe, Mr. Speaker, that you and other members here often get drunk too, and behaving as I did, are the next day ashamed of it. I did not mean to insult you or any body else."—Here Johnston was interrupted by peals of laughter, and shouts of "Hear him, hear him." The Speaker at length obtained a pause, and assuming gravity, put the question to the House—"Is the apology of the disorderly member satisfactory?" "Aye," was re-echoed in unanimous acclamation; and thus ended a more clamorous and unruly scene than I ever witnessed before or since, in any deliberative assembly. C.

Religious.

EVIDENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

The most illustrious evidence of the divine origin of Christianity, and that evidence to which its great Author most confidently appealed, when called upon to prove the authority of his mission, consisted in the exercise of miraculous powers. The miracles of Christ were so frequent, that they could not be the effects of chance; so public, that they could not be the contrivance of fraud and imposture; so instantaneous, that they could not result from any preconcerted scheme; and so beneficial in their immediate consequences, and so conducive to propagate the salutary truths he taught, that they could not proceed from the agency of evil spirits. They must therefore have been effected by the interposition of that divine power, to which Christ himself attributed them. Our Lord did not come according to the expectation of many of the Jews, as the conqueror of their enemies, to display his policy in council, and his courage in the field: but he was invested with powers, that enabled him to triumph over the works of darkness, and suspend the laws of nature. The frequent and public exercise of those powers was essential to his character as a teacher sent from God, so that miracles were the fullest and the most satisfactory credentials of his divine mission.

This divine personage, whose manifestation to the world was preceded by such a regular train of prophecies; who instantaneously cured inveterate diseases, and at whose word even the dead arose; whose mind was adorned with consummate wisdom, and whose conduct was distinguished by every virtue; descended from heaven to deliver a perfect rule of faith and practice, and taught those important and indispensable lessons of duty, which are essentially necessary to the present and future happiness of mankind.

EXTRACT.

"And is it then possible that mortal man should in any sense attain unto perfection? Is it possible, that we who are born in sin, and conceived in iniquity, who are brought forth in ignorance, and grow up in a multiplicity of errors; whose understandings are dark, our wills biased, our passions strong, our affections corrupted, our appetites inordinate, our inclinations irregular—Is it possible, that we who are surrounded with things themselves obscure, with examples evil, with temptations numberless, as the variety of objects that encompass us—Is it possible, that we should make any progress towards arriving at perfection? With men, indeed, this must needs be impossible; but with God all things are possible. For when we consider on the other side, that we have a perfect rule, and an unerring instructor; an example complete as the divine life, and yet with all the condescensions of human infirmity; motives strong and powerful as the rewards of heaven, and pressing as the necessity of avoiding endless destruction; assistance mighty as the grace of God, and effectual as the continual guidance of the Spirit of truth; when we consider this, I say, we may then perhaps be as apt to wonder on the other hand, that all men are not perfect. And yet with all these advantages, the perfection, that the best men ever arrive to, is but in a figurative and very imperfect sense, with great allowances, and much diminution, with frequent defects, and many, very many limitations."

Bigotry murders religion, to frighten fools with her ghost.