

POETRY.

SURNAMES.

FROM THE (LONDON) NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Men were once surnamed from their shape or estate,
(You all may from history learn it)
There was Lewis the Bulky, and Henry the Great,
John Lackland and Peter the Hermit.
But now, when the door-plates of Mistery and Dames
Are read, each so constantly varies
From the owner's trade, figure and calling,
Surnames
Seem given by the rules of contraries.

Mr. Box, though provoked, never doubles his fist,
Mr. Burns in his grate has no fuel,
Mr. Playfair won't catch me at hazard or whist;
Mr. Coward was wing'd in a duck,
Mr. Wise is a dunce, Mr. King is a Whig,
Mr. Coffin's uncommonly sprightly,
And huge Mr. Little broke down in a gig,
While driving fat Mrs. Gollyty.

Mrs. Drinkwater's apt to indulge in a dram,
Mrs. Angel's an absolute fury,
And meek Mr. Lion let fierce Mr. Lamb
Tweak his nose in the lobby of Drury
At Bath, where the feeble go more than the stout,
(A conduct well worthy of Nero,)
Over poor Mr. Lightfoot, confined with the gout,
Mr. Heavyside danced a Bolero.

Miss Joy, wretched maid, when she chose Mr.
Love,
Found nothing but sorrow await her,
She now holds in wedlock, as true as a dove,
That fondest of mates, Mr. Hayter.

Mr. Oldcastle dwells in a modern built hut,
Miss Sage is of madcaps the archest;
Of all the queer bachelors Cupid e'er cut,
Old Mr. Youngusband's the starchest.

Mr. Child, in a passion, knock'd down Mr. Rock,
Mr. Stone, like an aspen-leaf shivers,
Miss Pool used to dance, but she stands like a
stock,
Ever since she became Mrs. Rivers.

Mr. Swift hobbles onward, no mortal knows how,
He moves as though cords had entwined him,
Mr. Metcalfe ran off, on meeting a cow,
With pale Mr. Turnbull behind him.

Mr. Barker's as mute as the fish in the sea,
Mr. Miles never moves on a journey,
Mr. Gotob-d sits up till half after three,
Mr. Wilde with timidity draws back,
Mr. Ryder performs all his journeys on foot,
Mr. Foote all his journeys on horseback.

Mr. Penny, whose father was rolling in wealth,
Kick'd down all the fortune his dad won;
Large Mr. Le Fever's the picture of health,
Mr. Goodenough is but a bad one.

Mr. Cruickshank slept into three thousand a year,
By showing his leg to an heirless.
Now I hope you'll acknowledge I've made it
quite clear,
Surnames ever go by contraries.

LOVE.

Alas! that clouds should ever steal
O'er Love's delicious sky;
That ever Love's sweet lip should feel
Aught but the gentlest sigh.

Love is a pearl of purest hue;
But stormy waves are round it;
And dearly may a woman rue
The hour that first she found it.

DRESS.

What better reason can you guess
Why men grow poor, and ladies thinner,
Than, thousands now for dinner dress,
Till nothing's left to dress for dinner.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Not chaos like, together crushed and bruised,
But like the earth, harmoniously confus'd.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

HANGING...AN EASY DEATH.

"An animal, when first suspended, is observed to make repeated but ineffectual attempts to inspire; violent convulsions of the whole body then ensue, but which are not to be considered as the indications of suffering, for they arise in consequence of the dark-colored blood having reached the brain and spinal marrow; and the animal at this period is necessarily insensible; hanging does not occasion a painful death.

It would appear that it has been a very common thing in France, for criminals to recover after being hanged; and M. Fodore has been enabled, from their reports, to prove distinctly, that of all deaths there cannot be a more easy one than that of the gibbet.

"Casalpin," says M. Fodore, "affirms, that he had been informed by several men who recovered their life after execution, that the moment the knot was fastened, they fell into such a stupor, that they were sensible to nothing whatever of what followed.—Wepfer, talking of a man and woman who had also survived the gibbet, says, that the woman remembered nothing at all, and was in all respects like one that had suffered and revived from a

stroke of apoplexy; and that the man, who could tell something of what happened, only said, that he felt not the least pain after the noose was drawn, but remained entirely deprived of sensation, just as if he had been cast into a deep sleep." Morgagni also speaks of a man who had not been thoroughly hanged; and who told him that "for a moment he saw some blue lights dancing before his eyes, and then instantly lost all feeling and sense, the same as if he had been buried in the profoundest slumber." Lord Bacon tells an anecdote about this matter, not less interesting than singular. He knew, personally, "a gentleman, who took a strong fancy for ascertaining whether hanged men did or did not suffer a great deal, and who made the experiment on himself. Having put the cord round his neck, he leaped from off a low stool, which he had thought he could easily recover again at pleasure; but the instant deprivation of all sense rendered it impossible. It would have ended tragically, but that a friend came accidentally into his room and cut him down ere it was too late. This strange curiosity satisfied him, however, that that species of death involves no pain whatever." M. Fodore goes on to tell a story of his own, in every part similar to this of Lord Bacon's. A fellow-student of his hung himself up one day after dinner, that he might satisfy his medical curiosity as to the fate of those who are hung. Luckily, he too was cut down, and he told precisely the same thing with the English gentleman. "He had seen a glimpse of something dazzling, and been conscious of absolutely nothing more."

HOW TO TAME A HUSBAND.

A Tradesman, who lived in a village near St. Albans, who had been twice married, and ill-treated his wives so as to cause their deaths. He sought a third, but as his brutality was well known in the place where he dwelt, he was obliged to go fifty miles off for a wife.

He obtained one, and after he brought her home, all the neighbours came to visit her, and acquainted her in what manner her husband used to treat his former wives. This somewhat surprised her, but she resolved to wait patiently till her lord and master might take it into his head to beat her. She did not wait long, for her husband was a terrible fellow.

One morning he waited on his lady with a cudgel, and was preparing himself to make use of it. "Stop," said she, "I fancy that the right which you now pretend to have over me is not mentioned in our marriage contract; and I declare to your worship you shall not exercise it." Such a distinct speech disconcerted the husband so much, that he laid down his cudgel, and only began to scold her. "Get out of my house," said he, "and let us share our goods." "Readily," said she, "I am willing to leave you;" and each began to set aside the moveables. The lady loosens the window curtains, and the gentleman unlocks an enormous trunk in order to fill it with his property; but as he was leaning over to place some articles at the bottom, she tripped up his heels, pushed him in and locked the lid.

Never man was in a greater passion than our man; he threatened to kill her, and made more noise than a wild-boat caught in a trap. She answered him very quietly: "My dear friend, pray be calm, your passion may injure your health; refresh yourself a little in this comfortable trunk; for I love you too much to let you out now you are so outrageous." In the mean time she ordered her maid to make some custards and cream-tarts, and when these were baked and ready, she sent round to all the neighboring gossips to come and partake of her collation.

This was served up, not on a table, but on the lid of the trunk. Heaven knows what pretty things the husband heard all these famous tatters publish in his praise. In such a case, a wise man must submit and give fair words. So did our friend in the chest. His language was soothing; he begged pardon, and cried for mercy. The ladies were so good as to forgive him, and let him out of the trunk. To reward him for his good behaviour, they gave him the remainder of the custards and tarts. He was thus completely cured of his brutality, and was afterwards cited as a model for good husbands; so that it was sufficient to say to those who were not so, take care of the trunk, to make them as gentle as lambs, like himself.

THE CHINESE.

China is a country in which there are fewer idle people than in any other, and perhaps, the only one where there are none. Though they have the art of printing, and all the general means of education, they can show neither a capital building, nor a beautiful statue, nor any elegant composition, in poetry or in prose. They have no music nor paintings; nor have they any knowledge, but what an observing man might acquire by himself, and by his industry carry to a great degree of perfection. More profit attends the invention of the smallest useful art, than the most sublime discovery that only shows an exertion of genius. The person who can turn the cuttings of gauze to some use, is more esteemed than one who can solve the most difficult problem. The principal question is, *What is that good for?* Interest must be the secret or open spring of all their actions. They must therefore be addicted to lying, fraud and theft; and must be mean spirited, narrow-minded, selfish and covetous.

CURIOS PHAID.

From Major Long's Narrative.

Among a variety of stratagems practised in this part of the country to obtain titles to lands, was one which will be best explained by the following anecdote, related by a respectable citizen of St. Genevieve. Preparatory to taking possession of Louisiana in 1803, the Legislature passed a law, authorizing a claim to one section of land, in favour of any person, who should have actually made improvements in any part of the same, previous to the year 1804. Commissioners were appointed to settle all claims of this description, more commonly known by the name of Improvement Rights. A person somewhere in the county of Cape Girardeau, being desirous of establishing a claim of this kind to a tract of land, adopted the following method. The time having expired for the establishment of a right, agreeably to the spirit of the law, he took with him two witnesses to the favorite spot, on which he wished to establish his claim, and in their presence marked two trees, standing on opposite sides of a spring, one with the figures 1803, and the other 1804, and placed a stalk of growing corn in the spring. He then brought the witnesses before the commissioners, who, upon their declaration that they had seen corn growing at the place specified, in the spring between 1803 and 1804, admitted the claim of the applicant, and gave him a title to the land.

At the Court of Oyer and Terminer, held at Albany, N. Y. the last week, Dr. D. W. Sackrider, for forgery, was sentenced to confinement in the state prison for 14 years at hard labor, first three months solitary. This, says the Albany Advertiser, perhaps was one of the most remarkable convictions that ever was heard of. After the counsel for the prisoner had closed their remarks to the Jury, and left the court room, and after the district attorney had closed his remarks, there was but one opinion by the spectators, the bar, the court and the jury; which was, that the prisoner would be acquitted without the jurors leaving the box. When to the astonishment of all, the prisoner requested of the court to be indulged before they charged the jury, to examine one more witness, who was then in court, and whom he had forgotten to call before. The court indulged the prisoner—the witness was called and sworn, who not only convinced every person present of the guilt of the prisoner, but that even on that very day he had been guilty of forgery, by making an endorsement on a paper which the witness had given the prisoner that day, and upon which before there was no endorsement. The court then charged the jury, and in a few minutes the prisoner was found guilty.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms and cities, churches, and even heaven itself. Celebrity, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness; but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies and fills the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interests of mankind; and is that

state of things for which God hath designed the present constitution of the world. Marriage hath in it the labors of love, and the delicacies of friendship; the blessings of society and the union of hands and hearts. It hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety than a single life; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of joys and fuller of sorrows; it lies under more burdens, but it is supported by all the strength of love and charity; and these burdens are delightful.

Jeremy Taylor.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THOUGHTS ON HUMAN HAPPINESS.

In order to introduce my remarks on this subject, I would premise that the end of man's creation is to serve his Creator, and him alone. This applies with the same force to all creation; but the nature of the subject necessarily confines my observations more particularly to that species of created beings to which I myself belong.

This service embraces the whole man, of course any deviation from it violates the law by which he is to be governed; and is, if I may so speak, a species of idolatry.

This idea leads us to inquire, what is the will of God, our Creator? and whenever we are satisfied what it is, we are conscientiously bound to obey it.

No reflecting creature would pretend to attribute passion and mutability to the deity; of course he cannot be supposed to be the subject of pleasure and pain in the manner we are, but is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, without variation or shadow of turning; and although he is from everlasting to everlasting the same, independent in and of himself, without any possible addition or diminution, yet we seem of necessity to have sprung from him as the source and fountain of all life and happiness. The preservation of our being would therefore seem to be agreeable to his nature and will, and while it redounds to our happiness, shows forth the glory of the great architect of the universe.

If we unfold the sacred page and look at nature around us, we shall find the scope and tenor of the whole to be life and happiness on the one hand, and misery and death on the other. Doing our duty, therefore, cherishes life, results in our happiness, and all to the glory of God our Master.

From this position, it will appear that a man's duty to his creator and his own happiness, are so intimately connected that they depend the one upon the other. But as life here is short, and checkered with many grievous pains and difficulties, we are naturally led to look beyond the grave for a more durable and happy state of existence. Hence results the great pleasure of hope, the anchor of the soul, and the sweetener of all our cares. This hope is the spring that gladdens the heart, and gives a zest to all our enjoyments. This hope strengthens life itself, and the greater it abounds, our happiness does more exceedingly abound; but when it fails, misery ensues, and life withers. "Why shrinks the soul back upon himself, and startles at distraction? It is the divinity that stirs within us; 'tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter, and intimates eternity to man."

Every revolving day, therefore, points out to us, in a more conspicuous light, the great advantage which, in time as well as eternity, arises from a regular and virtuous life.

Man's wants, in a state of nature, are limited to a few things. The world is held in common, and the earth yields to all an equal participation of her bounties; and having food and raiment, he is therewith content.

Although it be correct, that the imbecility of individuals impels them into a state of society, and that we are sociable beings by a law of nature, it ought never to be forgotten that it is for the mutual safety and benefit of all.

The permanent establishment of property is artificial. Nature gives nothing more than the use, fruit, or temporary enjoyment of it; therefore, an inordinate desire after more than a competency, is not natural. It discovers an ambition to lord it over others, embitters life with a thousand unnecessary cares, and is the mortal enemy of human happiness.

If we trace the wars and strifes which deluge the world with blood, we shall frequently, if not always, find their origin in this evil passion. Look at society, and see man kidnapping, buying, selling, and preying upon man. Look at public sycophants and private mur-

derers. Look at our modern fortune-hunters, and thousands of unhappy and (I may almost say) unnatural matches! and view the cruelty of masters to their servants; and, in a word, all the evils of civil government; and it will be found that they all spring from the same corrupt fountain.

Let us, therefore, if we mean to be happy, set bounds to our ambition.—Let us read, look round, contemplate, and learn that true wisdom which will lead us through the thorny ways of this life in peace and tranquility of mind, and which will be most likely to conduct us to those heavenly mansions beyond the grave, "where moth doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through, and steal."

EXTRACT.

"I have no inquiry to make as to the religious sect or denomination to which any one belongs. Let him but appear to be a sound believer in the Bible, and to make it his object to regulate his conduct by it; and he gives me more evidence that he is truly a good man, a good citizen, and a good Christian, than the man who subscribes a volume of articles,—whose heart is narrowed by party views and party feelings,—whose temper is severe and repulsive,—who delights in censure and denunciation; and whose life, in a moral or religious view, is found essentially wanting."

In the summer of 1800, Mr. John Quincy Adams, then minister at Berlin, made an excursion through Silesia, and visited the Giant Mountain, the highest land in Germany. It was the custom for travellers, after they had visited it, to write their names, and some sentiment, in a book kept in a cottage on the side of the mountain. Mr. Adams was the first American that had ascended the mountain, and he thus describes his sensations:

"Sentiments of devotion, I have always found the first to take possession of the mind, on ascending lofty mountains. At the summit of the Giant's head, my first thought was turned to the Supreme Creator, who gave existence to all that immensity of objects that expanded before my view. The transition from this idea, to that of my own relation, as an immortal soul, with the author of nature, was natural and immediate; from this to the recollection of my native country, my parents and friends, there was but a single, and a sudden step. On returning to the hut, where we had lodged, I wrote the following lines in the book:

From lands, beyond the vast Atlantic tide,
Celestial freedom's most beloved abode,
Panting, I clim'd the mountain's craggy side,
And view'd the wondrous works of Nature's God.

Where yonder summit, peering to the skies,
Beholds the earth beneath it with disdain,
O'er all the regions round I cast my eyes,
And anxious sought my native home—in vain.

As to that native home, which still unfolds
Those youthful friendships to my soul so dear,
Still you, my parents, in its bosom hold;
My fancy flew, I felt the starting tear.

Then, in the rustling of the morning wind,
Methought I heard a spirit whisper fair;
Pilgrim, forbear, still upwards raise thy mind,
"Look to the skies, thy native home is there."

Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; pain of body none.—This proves that the health of the mind is of far more importance to our happiness than the health of the body; although both are deserving much more attention than either of them receives.

CURE FOR WEAK EYES.

Recommended from actual experience.
Take a small lump of white copperas, say about the size of a pea, put it in a small phial holding about two ounces of water, carry this in the pocket, and occasionally, taking out the cork, turn the phial upon the fingers end, and thus bath the eyes. This will positively effect a real cure in a short time.—Amer. Farmer.

He who imagines he can do without the world, deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him, is still more mistaken.

An English school-mistress, who had an obliquity in her vision, asked a child what S. E. E. spelt. The child hesitated. What do I do when I look at you? said the mistress. Squint, said the pupil.

A man fishing at the Island of Jersey, took a sole out of the net, and put it between his teeth to kill it, when the fish sprung into his throat and choked him: he expired in dreadful agony.