

THE MUSE.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

TO MEMORY.

Thou hast, best friend that Heaven assigns below, To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know.

Memory, thou sorrow-soothing power! This is the lov'd, the pensive hour, When most thy influence I feel, While shades of twilight round me steal; The Eden-hour of closing day, When light's last beam fades slow away; When rises night's soft satellite, With borrowed lustre mildly bright; When sparkling orbs salute my view, Gemming with radiance heaven's deep blue; When tranquil the sweet sylvan scene, And no rude zephyrs intervene To break the spell that Fancy weaves, Her willing votaries to deceive. In such an hour, the pensive muse Fondly thy treasured scene reviews; As sweetly lost with thee she roves, And ruminates on friends she loves: Friends...to Omnia ever dear— Far distant from this lone retreat; Whose images, with power to cheer, Steal o'er her heart so softly sweet; Who now, perchance, in slumber lie, Unmindful of the friends ye love: May guardian angels hover nigh, And blissful may your visions prove!

Memory! my only solace now, Remote from all my heart holds dear; Yet, solace and thou art, I trow, Though faint thou would'st my bosom cheer. Then lead me back to childhood's bowers, To cloudless scenes of infancy, Where light I pluck'd life's fairest flowers, In all their budding brilliancy. Thus cheat awhile, with visions gay, The lone, the lingering hour away.

Companion of life's blissful morn, How fondly thought reverts to thee! Wit whom I hail'd the early dawn, I'd welcomed mirth and jollity. The features, form'd in beauty's mould, Memory! methinks I see them now! The glossy locks, with tints of gold, That curl'd around that open brow: The laughing eye, so brightly blue, The cheek of rose and dimpled smile: Lov'd lineaments! thus pictured true, My lonely sorrows to beguile! A father's form and features thine, And heart to every virtue prone, Whilst in thy temper, bland, benign, Our angel mother's sweetness shewn. When elder brothers forth would stray, With kite or top, meet boyhood's play, Thou'dst hush each plaintive moan, Would'st kiss the falling tear away, And fondly promise thou would'st stay, In love's caressing tone; Or join with me in murmured prayer, To H—y—w—d, that her nursing care Might range with thee in open air; But vain permission there to seek, Least zephyrs rude, or Phœbus' ray, Should tan, perchance, a rosy cheek, Or discomposure a ringlet gay,

Memory! erect no more thy power, Nor talismanic glass display, No more reflect the vernal hour Of happy childhood's festive day: For, ah! the retrospective brings A pang this heart can ill sustain— The harrowing pang that anguish wrings, When tenderest ties are rent in twain. April 30th, 1824.

Memory! my only solace now, Remote from all my heart holds dear; Yet, solace and thou art, I trow, Though faint thou would'st my bosom cheer. Then lead me back to childhood's bowers, To cloudless scenes of infancy, Where light I pluck'd life's fairest flowers, In all their budding brilliancy. Thus cheat awhile, with visions gay, The lone, the lingering hour away.

Companion of life's blissful morn, How fondly thought reverts to thee! Wit whom I hail'd the early dawn, I'd welcomed mirth and jollity. The features, form'd in beauty's mould, Memory! methinks I see them now! The glossy locks, with tints of gold, That curl'd around that open brow: The laughing eye, so brightly blue, The cheek of rose and dimpled smile: Lov'd lineaments! thus pictured true, My lonely sorrows to beguile! A father's form and features thine, And heart to every virtue prone, Whilst in thy temper, bland, benign, Our angel mother's sweetness shewn. When elder brothers forth would stray, With kite or top, meet boyhood's play, Thou'dst hush each plaintive moan, Would'st kiss the falling tear away, And fondly promise thou would'st stay, In love's caressing tone; Or join with me in murmured prayer, To H—y—w—d, that her nursing care Might range with thee in open air; But vain permission there to seek, Least zephyrs rude, or Phœbus' ray, Should tan, perchance, a rosy cheek, Or discomposure a ringlet gay,

Memory! erect no more thy power, Nor talismanic glass display, No more reflect the vernal hour Of happy childhood's festive day: For, ah! the retrospective brings A pang this heart can ill sustain— The harrowing pang that anguish wrings, When tenderest ties are rent in twain. April 30th, 1824.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE HERMIT...No. 2.

Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness come; And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud, While music wakes around, veiled in a shower Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

THOMPSON.

It is a truth which is universally admitted, that there is no season of the year as well calculated to inspire us with pleasurable sensations, or better suited to awaken and strengthen the moral senses, than spring. At this gay epoch, the great volume of nature exhibits, in various hues, the beauties of the vegetable kingdom. The garden and the forest are seemingly emulous to rival each other. The stately forest-trees, which cover the mountain's top, give a deeper tint to the vaulted sky, and furnish the imagination with the most excellent of materials for poetry. And the vegetable kingdom, besides administering to our intellectual wants and enjoyments, affords the greater part of the real necessities and comforts of life.

While taking this visual and intellectual survey of the face of vegetable nature, a train of reflection will instinctively rush upon the mind, relative to the cause which has produced these things: And the conclusion of every rational mind should be, that they remotely emanate from a supernatural, infinitely wise, and good Being—who knows our wants, and who affords us assistance in all the trials and ills of life.

To a Being of such unbounded benevolence, divine honors are certainly due; and nothing is more clear to my mind than this: that they should be given cheerfully, with humility, and a sincere heart. And there can be no doubt but they will be acceptable, and the reward will follow as a matter of course. I do not think it necessary that Religion should be proclaimed from the "house-top," or in the public streets: it is a concern between man and his Creator—and it is immaterial whether the world knows the secret prayers of A. or B.; it is only

necessary that they themselves do pray in sincerity, and their "reward will be given openly." There is no requirement in holy writ, more plain than this: in matters of Religion, who cares about the opinion of the world? Divine honors are not due to man; nor do their sneerings in the least affect the secret intercourse between the Christian and his God. Opinions like these, will naturally lead us to the conclusion, that the name of the great architect of nature, should not be abused, or used irreverently, on every trivial occasion. To those who may feel the full force of this remark, I would say, for the past you may be excused; but "sin no more."

If I could, I would not compel any man to think as I do; nor would I fetter his mind down to any creed-book: I only wish for every one to examine and look into the nature of these things, and allow his mind to come to a candid conclusion. Charity for all men, should be our motto; and this would lead us to the correct conclusion of one of the most sublime Poets: See nature's children, all divide her care; The fur that warms a Monarch, warm'd a Bear.

May 1st, 1824.

GUESS WORK.

Mr. White: An odd publication, indeed, appeared in your paper of the 16th of March, signed "A Trustee."

A Trustee confidently states, "that a very serious misunderstanding has taken place among the trustees of the Western College: that it was the uncontradicted opinion of the board, at their last September meeting, that the last annual meeting would be but nominal, with a view of keeping up the charter," &c. He then proceeds to make an objection or complaint against the 30th of March happening on the week preceding the meeting of Presbytery; and in the close of that sentence, seems desirous to hold forth the idea to the public, that the business of the Western College cannot be done.

He next takes upon him to say, that these notices and appointments (having mentioned but one since that of September, except in an oblique way) have originated in want of recollection, or must have for their object the baptism of some petty Grammar-school, or mushroom academy, with the dignified name of College; and then virtually pronounces sentence of death upon the Western College, be the site wheresoever it may.

In the next sentence, he has told a luminous truth (alluding, no doubt, to subscribers who wished with himself) that those who subscribed to the funds of the Western College, understood that their subscriptions were a trial of their strength—and that now many of the subscribers considered themselves released from obligation to pay them.

Now, sir, we are left to guess at the object of a "Trustee," as he has avowed himself. And if I should guess wrong, my case will be an excusable one, as it is guess work only.

In his outset, he seems to impeach the recollection and views of the venerable President of the board, and every member who attended the last annual meeting. But, for his credit's sake, I shall guess that it is for little else than a poor, indirect apology, for being himself absent: "that he would not plough by reason of the cold."—But I am much at a loss to guess at his object, in objecting or complaining that the 30th of March happens on the week preceding the meeting of the Concord Presbytery, and did not intend "to go to Lincolnton to spend a week, in doing what could not be done." But now, perhaps, I have guessed wrong: for if he was a good and wise member of the Presbytery, he surely would not have made so bitter a use of the sacred word "Baptism," in applying it to evil things, under a dignified name: perhaps I may be incorrect in calling his denunciation of the Western College a "sentence of death;" for if he be a Minister, in place of Judge, I guess it is only "Anathema, Maranatha."

He proceeds then to tell us the truth of the fact that has for some time been suspected by the friends of the Western College, but which he has not till now so publicly acknowledged. To use his own words, he says that "those who subscribed to the funds of the Western College, understood that their subscriptions were a trial of their strength." From the manner in which he closed the sentence, I guess that he is not merely a "Trustee," but a subscriber (himself,) and actually intended to pay his subscription, as all

honest and candid men would do; but being disappointed in the location, (the present one not bringing the College under the control of Concord Presbytery) he takes this strange and indirect way of bringing himself, and those against whom he holds subscriptions, out of that dilemma in which his sinister but disappointed views had involved him. ANOTHER TRUSTEE.

April, 1824.

SMALL CONGREGATIONS.

It is a sad mistake, too often countenanced by ministers themselves, that small congregations are unable to support the gospel; when the fact is, that no congregation is able to do without the gospel; for the tax of dissipation is four times as expensive as the tax which is requisite to support the institutions of religion. This is no fiction. Go to those societies which have judged themselves unable to support the gospel; go to parents and demand the tems squandered by their prodigal children, beside breaking their hearts by their undutiful conduct. Go to the tavern on the Sabbath-day, and on the week days;—attend the arbitrations, the courts, the trainings, the horse-racing, and the midnight revels;—witness decayed houses, fences, and tillage; the falling school-house, and tattered children of barbarous manners, and then return to your own little paradise, and decide, whether you will exile the gospel, as too expensive to be supported. If you are too poor to support the gospel, you are demonstrably too poor to do without it. If the one would severely press you, the other would grind you to powder. A few families may fatten in waste places, but it will be upon the vices of the rest. The greater portion will be poor, and ignorant and vicious. Do you demand how a poor people can support the gospel? Let them first appreciate the privilege according to its importance, and then let the father, and the mother, and the son, and the daughter, lay, weekly, a light tax upon their pride, and another upon appetite, needlessly gratified, and add to these savings another item, acquired by some special effort for the purpose; and another, as God has prospered their lawful industry; and the result of the whole would be an abundant supply. Any ten families, of ordinary property, could better afford to support the gospel, than to do without it. When societies calculate what they can afford to give for the support of the gospel, they go upon the supposition, that what they do give is so much subtracted, annually, from the whole amount of their income; a supposition which is utterly erroneous; for, in fact, as it respects the diminution of property, they give nothing. The gospel is not a debtor to those who support it, but they are debtors to the gospel. It does not subtract from the property of a society, but adds to it more than it takes away. It is God himself who hath said, honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thy increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine. The providence of God to this day, has been a practical confirmation of his faithfulness in fulfilling this promise. The Jews often distrusted this assurance, and robbed God, to save their property; but they were always reduced by the experiment. They sowed much, and brought in little, and when it was gathered God did blow upon it. The dew of heaven was stayed, and the earth did not yield her increase. Ye are cursed with a curse, for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, that they may be meat in mine house, and prove now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall destroy the fruits of your ground, neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts, and all nations shall call you blessed, for ye shall be a delightful land, saith the Lord of hosts.

The same rule of administration is regarded still. The curse of heaven still fastens upon communities that despise the gospel, and neglect its support. Their decline in outward prosperity is notorious; and their restoration is no less manifest, when, convinced of their folly, they make a competent provision for the public worship of God. Nor is the fact mysterious, or miraculous, since the life of

man, his health, his wisdom to plan, and strength to execute, the life and vigour of his flocks and herds, every stalk of grain, and every blade of grass, are in the hand of God. In ten thousand ways he can add too, or subtract from, your income. A fit of sickness, a broken bone, a profligate child, a vexatious law suit, a dearth or a flood, a murrain among your cattle, or a blast on your field, may cut off, at once, all your sacrilegious savings, while his blessings can, in as many ways, make you rich, and add no sorrow with it. You may be rich, as exigencies demand, for the support of the gospel, as it shall be given unto you again, good measures pressed down, shaken together, and running over. Your cruse of oil shall not fail, and your barrel of meal shall not water.

(Dr. Beecher's Sermon.

"For the DRUNKARD shall come to poverty," PROVERBS, XXIII. 21.

We too frequently have practical comments on such texts as these. I visited a family not long since, where it was painful to observe to what extent the head of the family had exemplified the truth of the text. He had once been an industrious man, a faithful husband, an affectionate parent. His family was then the centre of social happiness, which flowed forth in all the relations of domestic and civil life. But Mr. — became, by little and little, habituated to the use of ardent spirits. This caused him to be less attentive to his business, which soon declined, in consequence of neglect. He became attached to the company of those who were fond of drink, and spent much of their time at places where spirits were retailed. In the same proportion did his love for home and his family decline. He soon became inattentive to his personal appearance for cleanliness and decency. The family, of course, were neglected. Customers falling off, and creditors calling, one thing after another must be spared—expenses daily accruing, from cost of writs and sheriff's services—his real estate mortgaged—and interest, like a canker, eating up what remained of his property. He still drank the more to drown reflection, until he destroyed his property, his reputation, and the peace and comfort of his family.—Poor man—his health ruined, his temper become worse; diseased, fretful, and profane, his family can have no comfort in him; mortified and ashamed, his children could no longer bear to be spectators of his wickedness, poverty and ruin. They are now like so many broken pieces of a noble ship, wrecked and driven by winds and waves in every direction, never more to be united. Poor sinner—who can measure the extent of poverty which may be the result of thy drunkenness? Already has it spread ruin through thy own family. What will become of those half educated, unprotected wanderers, whom thou hast driven amongst strangers, oppressors and seducers? Instead of having had moral and religious instruction from a father's life, they have recently heard his profane cavillings at religious truth, and reviling of pious people. Yes, they have even heard a father sport with the idea of a future day of reckoning and state of retribution! When half intoxicated, the holy name of God, and the Saviour, were profaned by impious attempts to misrepresent the sacred truths of revelation.

Destruction and misery are in thy ways, and the way of peace thou knowest not.

WITHERFORD, THE PROPHET.

From the Mobile Commercial Register, March 20.

This celebrated savage warrior is at length vanquished; the destroyer is conquered; the had which so profusely dealt death and desolation among "the whites," is now motionless. He died at his late residence near Montpelier, in this state, on the 9th inst. His deeds of war are well known to the early settlers in South Alabama, and will be remembered by the natives, they live, and be called on by the noble by generations yet unborn; but his dauntless spirit has taken its flight; "he has gone to the land of his fathers."

"Billy Witherford," denominated "the prophet," was about one fourth Indian, (some say, a "half breed,") his ancestry, on the white side, having been Scottish. It has been said, that he boasted of having "no Yankee (meaning American) blood in his veins."

This ferocious chief led the hostile Indians to the attack upon Fort Mims, (at Tensa,) on the 30th August, 1813, which resulted in the indiscriminate and shocking massacre of men, women and children, to the number of near four hundred. He was also a leader (associated with the Prophets Francis and Siquister) at the battle fought on the 23d December following, at Echanachaca, or the "Holy Ground," which had been considered by them inaccessible to their enemies, and "the grave of white men;" but they suffered great loss of warriors, and all the provisions, munitions of war, &c. deposited at this place of imaginary safety, being, as they supposed, rendered secure by the influence of some supernatural agency.

It is stated, that, after being saturated with the blood of Americans, and witnessing the almost total extinction of his own tribe, he voluntarily and dauntlessly flung himself into the hands of Gen. Jackson, and demanded his protection. He is said, on surrendering himself, to have made the following speech to the General, which looks very little like claiming protection.—

It displays a spirit which would have done credit to Napoleon, under similar circumstances, after the battle of Waterloo.

"I am in your power, do with me as you please. I am a soldier. I have done the white people all the harm I could. I have fought them, and fought them bravely. If I had an army, I would yet fight, and contend to the last; but I have done; my people are gone. I can now do no more than weep over the misfortunes of my nation. Once, I could animate my warriors to battle; but they will no longer hear my voice; their bones are at Talladega, Talluschattee, Emaucfau, and Tohopeka. I have not surrendered myself thoughtlessly. Whilst there were chances of success I never left my post, nor supplicated peace. But my people are gone, and I now ask it for my nation and for myself. On the miseries and misfortunes brought upon my country I look back with deepest sorrow, and wish to avert still greater calamities. If I had been left to contend with the Georgia army, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river, and fought them on the other; but you people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man. I rely upon your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered people, but such as they should accede to: whatever they may be, it would be madness and folly to oppose. If they are opposed, you shall find me amongst the strictest enforcers of obedience. Those who would still hold out, can be influenced only by a true spirit of revenge, and to this they must not, and shall not, sacrifice the last remnant of their country. You have told us where we might go, and be safe.— This is a good talk, and my nation ought to listen to it. They shall listen to it."

It is due to the relatives of this distinguished barbarian, to say, that they were generally friendly to the whites, (of the United States,) many of whom rendered valuable services to us, while exposed to the combined hostilities of both red and white Savages.

FROM THE NEW-HAVEN (CON.) REGISTER:

The doings of a hunter for eight months past.

This is an accurate account of what I have killed since the 12th day of August last. 151 Partridges, 108 Pigeons, 51 Fox Squirrels, 36 Woodcocks, 27 Rabbits, 23 Robbins, 18 Yellow Hammers, 16 Quails, 16 Muskrats, 12 Minks, 10 Honey Susses, 9 Honey Chunks, 9 Black Snakes, 6 Crows, 5 Wild Ducks, 5 Raccoons, 5 Foxes, 4 Hawks, 4 Owls, 4 Grey Squirrels, and 1 Scorpion, &c. &c. besides a large quantity of other small reptiles.

All this I have done and far greater heretofore, and never have I received one cent of bounty, or sustained any grade of office in the Fox Hunting give it up, and I am about to couragement offered by the towns, or by the Legislature.

J. BROOKS.

MORE FALLING OFF.

We understand, says the Winchester (Virg.) Gazette, that the elector nominated in the Rockingham electoral District, on the Crawford ticket, declines acting, and assigned as his reason in the paper published in that county, his preference for Gen. Jackson.