POETIC RECESS.

LINES

[BY T. MOORE.

If thou would'st have me sing and play,
As once I played and sung,
First take this time-worn lute away,
And bring one freshly strung.
Call back the time when Pleasure's sigh
First breathed among the string;
And time himself, in flitting by,
Made music with his wings.
Take, take the worn-out lute away,
And bring one newly strung,
If thou would'st have me sing and play
As once I played and sung.

But how is this? though new the lute,
And shining fresh the chords,
Beneath this hand they slumber mute,
Or speak but dreamy words.
In vain I seek the soul that dwelt,
Within that once sweet shell,
Which told so warmly what it felt,
And felt, what nought could tell.
Oh! ask not then, for passion's lay
From lute so coldly strung;
With this I ne'er can sing or play
As once I played and sung.

No! bring that long loved lute again,
Though chilled by years it be,
If thou wilt call the slumbering strain
'Twill wake again for thee.
Though time has frozen the tuneful stream
Of thoughts that gush along,
One look from thee, like Summer's beam,
Will thaw them into song.
Then give, oh give that wakening ray,
And, once more blithe and young,
Thy bard again will sing and play
As once he played and sung.

THE THREE GIFTS.

Addressed to my Daughter—by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, of London.

Thou hast the gift of genius!—fatal dower!
Fame's thorny wreath is budding on thy brow;
And thine will be the poet's magic power
Enchantment's chains round other minds to throw;
Would that my watchful care could keep from thee
So sad a lot—so dark a destiny!

Thou hast the gift of beauty! fatal spell!
To man a lure, to woman but a snare;
As many a broken, bruised flower can tell,
Drooping and blighted in the world's parterre;
Stript of its earthly fragrance;—that doth lie,
A ruin amid weeds, to wake the gazer's sigh!

Thou hast the gift of goodness! oh! my child!
May'st thou retain this pearl above all price,
To guide thy footsteps through life's dangerous wild,
Where mass hide the treach'rous thorns of vice!
A frontlet 'twixt thine eyes, may it be bound,
An amulet 'gainst ills, that gird earth's pilgrims round.

[*Lady's Book.*

SCRAPS.

MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

Hadyn when he sat down to compose, always dressed himself with the utmost care; had his hair nicely powdered, and put on his best suit. Frederic II. had given him a diamond ring, and Hadyn declared, that if he happened to begin without it he could not summon a single idea. He could write only on the finest paper, and was as particular in forming his notes as if he had been engraving them on copper-plate. After all these minute preparations, he began by choosing the theme of his subject, and fixing into what keys he wished to modulate it; and he, as it were, varied the action of his subject, by imagining to himself the incidents of some little adventure or romance.

Gluck, when he felt himself in a humour for composing, had his piano carried into a beautiful meadow, and with a bottle of champaigne on each side of him, transported his imagination to Elysium.

Sarti, a man of gloomy imagination, preferred the solemn stillness of a spacious room, dimly lighted by a single lamp.

Cimarosa delighted in noise and mirth; surrounded by a party of friends, he composed his operas; and as the ideas presented themselves, he seized and embodied them. In this way he planned the beautiful opera, *Il Matrimonio Secreto.*

Pasiello composed his *Barbierre de Saviglia*, and *La Molinara*, in bed.

Sacchini declared that he never had moments of inspiration, except his two favorite cats were sitting one on each shoulder.

Very Good.—The New York Whig squibs in this wise:

Mankind, morally and grammatically.—Mankind may be divided into three distinct classes: superlatively honest men—confirmed scoundrels, and—no men at all.

To which the Philadelphia Times adds the following capital hit:

First person—We are.
Second do.—You or You are.
Third do.—They (the women) are.

A lady's secrecy has been complimented in rhyme—

"She's secret as the grave I allow."
"I do—I cannot doubt it;
But 'tis a grave with monitor on,
That tells you all about it."

The Czar and his Army after review.—They (the soldiers) do not salute, but as every division passes, the emperor hails them with the accustomed cheer of "How are you, my children?" to which they respond, in enthusiastic roar, "We thank you, our father." The corps having defiled, the emperor again touches his hat to all the officers, saying, "Adieu, messieurs;" and then walking from the regiment, he exclaims, "I am satisfied with your zeal and conduct, my children." "We'll do better next time," is then the cry from the battalions.

A wag, lately describing an elephant, remarked that this sagacious animal took care never to be robbed, for he always carried his trunk before him.

Cheerfulness is Wines.—Boz well remarks that a cheerful woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow. A pleasant, cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky when her husband's mind is toned with storms and tempests; but a distrustful and fretful wife in the hour of trouble is like one of those fiends who delight to torture lost spirits.

An Irishman inquired at the Boston post-office if there were any letters for him—"If Your name, sir," said the clerk. "That you will find upon the letters," replied Pat.

A New Nose.—We learn from the Medical and Surgical Journal of Boston, that Dr. J. M. Wes-

ton, of that city, has been a second time successful, at manufacturing a nose from the integuments of the forehead. The patient was a young lady residing in Maine, who through the ignorance of a quack doctor in trying to demolish a pimple, completely destroyed her nose. Her visage being thus rendered unseemly, she applied to Dr. Warren for assistance. She bore the rhinoplastic operation without flinching, which was performed on the 17th ult. Every thing has worked kindly, the new nose knit by the first intention, and the nostrils and wings are well turned, and promise to go on improving in appearance.—*N. Y. Cour. & Enq.*

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
Southern Literary Messenger.

W. W. SMITH,
Editor and Proprietor.

THIS is a monthly Magazine, devoted chiefly to LITERATURE, but occasionally finding room also for articles that fall within the scope of SCIENCE; and not professing an entire disdain of tasteful *selections*, though its matter has been, as it will continue to be, in the main, *original.*

Party Politics and controversial *Theology*, as far as possible, are jealously excluded. They are sometimes so blended with discussions in literature or in moral science, otherwise unobjectionable, as to gain admittance for the sake of more valuable matter to which they adhere; but when ever that happens, they are *incidental* only: not *primary.* They are *dross*, tolerated only because it cannot well be severed from the sterling ore wherewith it is incorporated.

REVIEWS and CRITICAL NOTICES, occupy their due space in the work: and it is the Editor's aim that they should have a threefold tendency—to convey, in a condensed form, such valuable truths or interesting incidents as are embodied in the works reviewed,—to direct the reader's attention to books that deserve to be read,—and to warn him against wasting time and money upon that large number, which merit only to be burned. In this age, of publications that by their variety and multitude distract and overwhelm every undiscriminating student, IMPARTIAL CRITICISM, governed by the views just mentioned, is one of the most inestimable and indispensable of auxiliaries, to him who *does wish* to discriminate.

ESSAYS, and TALES, having in view utility or amusement, or both—HISTORICAL SKETCHES—and REMINISCENCES of events too minute for History, yet elucidating it, and heightening its interest,—may be regarded as forming the staple of the work. And of indigenous POETRY, enough is published—sometimes of no mean strain—to manifest and to cultivate the growing poetical taste and talents of our country.

The times appear, for several reasons, to demand such a work—and not one alone, but many. The public mind is feverish and irritated still, from recent political strifes;—The soft, assuasive influence of Literature is needed, to allay that fever, and soothe that irritation. Vice and folly are rioting abroad:—They should be driven, by indignant rebuke, or lashed by ridicule, into their fitting haunts. Ignorance lords it over an immense proportion of our people:—Every spring should be set in motion, to arouse the enlightened, and to increase their number; so that the great enemy of popular government may no longer brood, like a portentous cloud, over the destinies of our country. And to accomplish all these ends, what more powerful agent can be employed, than a periodical, on the plan of the Messenger; if that plan be but carried out in practice!

The SOUTH peculiarly requires such an agent. In all the Union, South of Washington, there are but two Literary periodicals! Northward of that city, there are probably at least twenty-five or thirty! Is this contrast justified by the wealth, the leisure, the native talent, or the actual literary taste, of the Southern people, compared with those of the Northern? No: for in wealth, talents, and taste, we may justly claim at least an *equality* with our brethren; and a domestic institution exclusively our own, beyond all doubt, affords us, if we choose, twice the leisure for reading and writing, which they enjoy.

It was from a deep sense of this *local* want, that the word SOUTHERN was engrafted on the name of this periodical: and not with any design to nourish local prejudices, or to advocate supposed local interests. Far from any such thought, it is the Editor's fervent wish, to see the North and South bound endearingly together forever, in the silken bands of mutual kindness and affection. Far from meditating *hostility* to the North, he has already drawn, and he hopes hereafter to draw, much of his choicest matter thence: and happy indeed will he deem himself, should his pages, by making each region know the other better, contribute in any essential degree to dispel the lowering clouds that now threaten the peace of both, and to brighten and strengthen the sacred ties of fraternal love.

The SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER has now completed its FOURTH volume. How far it has acted out the ideas here uttered, is not for the Editor to say. He believes, however, that it falls not farther short of them, than human weakness usually makes *Practice* fall short of *Theory.*

December, 1838.

List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post Office at Salisbury, January 1st, 1839.

A.
Col. Wm. J. Alexander,
Chas. J. Aldridge,
Mrs. Margaret Anderson,
B.
Enoch Brock,
James Brown,
Jos. Brown,
Horace H. Beard,
Ebenezer Burkhead,
Miss C. Beard,
Mrs. Amelia Ballard, 3,
Jacob Beaver,
Austin Bradshaw,
Henry Bassinger,
Paul Beaver,
Susan Bulling,
Elizabeth Bolin,
Mrs. Sarah How,
John Barringer,
C.
Mrs. Mary Chambers,
Andrew Cranford,
Jesse A. Clemmons,
Winfield Klutts,
Wm. H. Curreton,
Carter Crittendon, 2,
John Clement,
David Curry,
Thos. Conrad,
D. F. Caldwell, 13,
Adam Casper,
D.
Mrs. Mary Dent,
Henry Doland, 2,
Wm. G. Davis,
E.
Robt. L. Edmonds,
Allen Egner,
Albert R. Elliotte,
F.
T. Forkner,
Rev. Wm. Henry Foote,
G.
Warren Green,
David Gardiner,
John Goodman,
John Graham,
Dr. Jas. S. Gilliam,
H.
Rachel Ann Hampton,
Guy Hill,
Dr. P. Henderson,
Williamson S. Harris,
John Headener,
Richard Harris,
E. D. Hugunnin,
Solomon Hielick,
Thos. T. Hunt,
Wm. Hornbarger,
David Hunt,
Wm. Harris,
Paton Hasket,
Preston Harry,
Casper Holdshouser,
John Hartman,
Mrs. Nancy Hall, 2,
J.
Kindle Jacobs,
Nathan Johnston,
John Josey, or
Peter Josey,
E.
Miss Mira Kennedy,
Jesse Kincaid,
Mrs. Elizabeth Krider,
L.
Charles Lucas,
Robt. E. Love,
Miss Nancy Lavely,
Daniel Linbaugh,
Thos. F. Lowery,
Wm. J. Love,
Sam'l. Linn,
Patience Lewis, or
Humphrey Linster,
M.
Tobias Moyers,
John W. Moyers,
Sam'l. Marin,
Henry Miller,
Nathan Morgan, Jun.,
George Miller,
John B. McClain,
Dr. W. L. Moultrie,
Mr. McClain,
Miss Scota McNia,
John McNeely,
John McLeod,
P.
R. Parsons,
John Parker,
Jacob Propst,
Wm. Peninger,
R.
Noah Roberts,
Peter Rough,
John Rossman,
Wm. Rough,
Wm. Robertson,
James Rush,
S.
Harriet Steele,
Mrs. Nancy Smith,
Bery Simms,
Wm. H. Scarborough, 2,
Henry Seehler,
James Sloan,
Joseph Scott,
Susan Swink,
Leonard Swink,
T.
Rev. H. H. Tippett,
L. W. Taylor, 2,
Dr. Robt. S. Trower,
Moses Thomas,
Wm. Taylor,
Wm. J. Turner,
Burgess Thomas,
V.
George Vice,
W.
Aaron Woolworth,
Mrs. Elizabeth Williams,
P. M. Wells,
James Williams, or
George Goodman,
Noah Wyatt,
Mrs. Ann Wilson,
Martin Wilhelm,
Thos. Womack,
Y.
Philip Yoaste, Sen.

H. W. CONNOR, P. M.

LIST OF LETTERS,

REMAINING in the Post Office at Lexington, 1st January, 1839:

A.
Benj. Albertson,
B.
James Bryant,
Casper Bringle,
Jacob Bierly.
George Bierly,
William Butler,
O. Bryan,
C.
Jacob Clodfelter,
D.
N. J. F. Douthet,
Daniel Delap,
H.
Jesse Holmes,
Michael Hedrick,
John Hedrick,
John P. Hedrick,
Philip Hedrick,
William Hill,
J.
John Jemler,
L.
John Long,
—— Long,
M.
Wm. McRory,
Geradus McDonald,
William McCare,
Mrs. Penny Mallard,
R.
Joseph Rice,
S.
Lewis Sowers,
James Sluder,
Lawrence Seacrist,
W.
John Woodly,
Henry Walser,
Jacob Walser,
John Ward.

M. ROUNSAVILLE, P. M.

Lexington, N. C. 30-2t