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ORDERS TO MY PORTER.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

**T**HOU faithful guardian of these happy walls,  
Whose honest zeal protects thy master's gate,  
If any stranger at this mansion calls,  
I'll tell thee who shall enter, who shall wait.

If Fortune, blindfold dame, should chance to knock,  
Or proud Ambition court me to her arms,  
Shut, that the door, good John, and turn the lock,  
And hide thy master from their siren charms.

For in their dismal train, as black as night,  
Come hideous Care, and Sullen Melancholy,  
And Song, and Joy, and Laughter take their flight,  
Nor leave one precious moment to dear Folly.

If at my door a beautiful boy be seen,  
(His little feet have o'er my threshold trod)  
You'll know the offspring of the Cyprian Queen,  
His air, without the bow, betrays the God.

His magic smiles admission always win;  
Though oft deceiv'd, I love the dear deluder;  
Morn, noon, or night, be sure to let him in,  
For welcome Love is never an intruder.

Should sober Wisdom hither deign to roam,  
Nor let her in, nor drive her quite away;  
Tell her, at present, "I am not at home,  
But hope she'll visit me another day."

From the Farmer's Weekly Museum.

"WE ALL FADE, AS A LEAF."

**T**HIS morning, when I opened my study shutters, and saw the brown oak leaves flying through the turbid air, heard the "rocking winds piping loud," and remarked that the frozen ground was half concealed by the snow and fleet of November, I turned to Isaiah, and copied my text. Tho' naturally of a lively temperament, yet the state of my spirits is regulated much by the season, and by the sky, and my gaiety, like Mercury in the philosophic tube, rises in warm weather, and sinks in cold. The body of a sedentary valetudinarian, like exposed vegetables, contracts and is impaired by the operation of frost; and, perhaps, as there is a well known sympathy, his mind languishes, as autumn fades. At least, if the intellectual powers do not lose their tone, they have an impression of melancholy from the whole scenery of nature, at this dull and tempestuous season. Nor is this the peculiar infelicity of the hypocondric and the invalid. Many of the robust of my acquaintance, who in spring can join in chorus with the robin, and in summer dance like Ariel "under the sweet blossom that hangs on the bough," will mope during a day in November, like solitary birds. In fact, such is the law of our being, that we are generally animated by spring and sunshine, and generally depressed by cold and by clouds. The vicissitudes of the weather affect certain constitutions much more than others, but we have Shakespear's authority that life itself is "servile to every skiey influence; and Dr. Johnson, in some very feeling and forcible lines, declares that not only the blasted plain confesses the power of the gloomy season, but that its reign spreads still wider, and that he feels its power usurp his breast.

"Enlivening hope and fond desire,  
Reign the heart to spleen and care,  
Scarce frighted love maintains his fire,  
And rapture saddens to despair."

He adds, pathetically, that man still changes with the changeable year, and is the slave of sunshine and of gloom. Thomson, who was a diligent observer of every peculiarity of the seasons, remarks that the power of what he terms *Philosophic melancholy*, is in every breeze of autumn; and no season is more favourable to "woolone quiet in her silent walks." In spring he calls for gay companions to rove with him in quest of trout from the brook, or flowers from the bank; but in autumn most of his lines are in a pensive tone, his images, to borrow a term from painting, are in deep shadow, and he talks of "the lonesome muse."

But most men, however inexpert to describe like the poets the "russian blasts" of this stormy season, feel their baneful influence upon the body, and mark gloomy thoughts rising in the mind. We look around us, and discern a great revolution in the vegetable kingdom. We see the lately

verdant oak stretching out as it were his bare arms to implore pity from the boisterous gale. In the room of aspiring corn and waving wheat, we see the dry thorn stalk, and the shrivelled stubble. Instead of hearing the gay birds in concert, we see them on the wing, migrating to the South, and eager to warble under a softer sky. Whether our walk is in the forest or field, we receive constant warnings of the decay of the year; and look sorrowfully at the leaves dropping from the woods, as at the last figures in a funeral procession.

In this mood of sadness, viewing the desolate state of nature, how natural for us to feel the sentiment, and use the expression of the prophet, "We all do fade as a leaf."

"Frail as the leaves, that quiver on the sprays,  
Like them Man flourishes, like them decays."

Not only life droops, but, its hopes, its schemes, its enjoyments grow fallow with years, and though we may bask in the June of joy, for a time, yet the mournful November of our days "follows harsh and shuts the scene." I think as I now see the flakes of snow, fast falling at my door, that they too, no less than the foliage of spring, are emblematical of much of the friendship, much of the love of this inconstant world. The snow seems fair and promises well, but try it, and like a perjured female, it is faithless and cold. The last month of autumn presents in every driving gale, and on every discoloured leaf some memorandum of nature's change; and if, after the first flush of life is over, we enquire for those once foremost in attachment and prodigal of professions, we shall find in the emblematical language of the east, "that the love of many has waxed cold," and that man as well as plants, alters with the season. These reflections, though melancholy, accord with the time of year. It is in fact, hallowed time; it is the lent of nature. A period of dreariness, in which every one feels unwonted gloom, which is manifested aloud not only by a sedate Lay Preacher, but by authors the most jocund, even by the sprightly Miss Seward, with whose descriptive lines I shall close a sermon, already pronounced too long, by half, for my gayer readers.

"'Twas here, even here, where now I sit reclin'd,  
And autumn's sighs sound hollow in the wind;  
Loud and more loud, the blast o' evening raves,  
And strips the oaks of their last lingering leaves,  
The eddying foliage in the tempest flies,  
And fills, with dusky gloom, the thickening skies,  
Red sinks the sun behind the howling hill,  
And rushes with hoarse stream the mountain rill;  
And now, with ruffling billow cold and pile,  
Runs, swollen and dashing, down the lonely vale;  
While to these tearful eyes grief's faded form  
Sits on the cloud, and signs amid the storm."

THE LAY PREACHER.

War has its Benefits.

IN minds where sympathy triumphs over judgment, and where the pressure of feeling quells the voice of philosophy, war will be looked upon as the scourge and calamity of mankind. Guided by a humane, but a mistaken principle, men of benevolence have seized the pencil of enthusiasm, and delineated the features of war, as bloody and disgusting. But the philosopher who traces the effects from causes, who from apparent evil extracts secret good, whose hand unveils the bosom of nature, and whose eye penetrates her operations, can discover real utility, real advantages in war; can discover that it gives existence to many virtues which support and adorn society, that it routes the noblest faculties of man, drives inactivity from nations and often delivers them from oppression. Could men have rested calm and undisturbed in the bosom of ease, courage had never been numbered in the list of virtues. Had our country never been attacked, we never had felt animosity, or exerted our valour against its foes. Her rosin would be unknown. The love of our country (if it existed) with no perils to try it, with no rewards to excite, must have laid dormant and inactive. The human mind could never have boasted of magnanimity, the results of dangers and experience. Thus we see that war gives existence to virtues.

Wars are of service to a nation—as armies offer a subsistence and an asylum for poverty and wretchedness, as their discipline restrains the luxury of the rich, and represses the desires of the licentious—that set of men who prefer plunder to labour, and who prey upon society, are by the means of arms drawn from its bosom and made in obedient to its defence. Thus wars have the singular and useful peculiarity of rendering vice itself useful. Long peace introduces luxury—and luxury is a known symptom of the decay of empires.

Strange as the position may appear, wars have

been serviceable to science. A desire to excel in the military art, have made the mathematic and mechanic principles of philosophy on which it is founded arrive to astonishing degree of perfection. The Romans where they carried their arms carried their arts. The name of Cicero was revered and his works were read on the remote banks of the Danube and the Rhine.

While we enumerate the advantages of war, we allow and regret the miseries attendant upon it. We mourn that it often arises from unjust and trivial causes—and is often marked by a profusion of blood and treasure.

THOMAS HACKET,  
BOOT AND SHOE-MAKER,

FROM DUBLIN,

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that he has taken that store lately occupied by Wheaton and Hildale, where he makes gentlemen's boots and shoes, in the neatest manner and shortest notice. NB. He also makes ladies dress shoes and slippers. Fayetteville, 7 Jan. 1797. 42-3

WHEREAS my wife Ruth, hath, without any just or lawful cause, eloped from my bed and board on Tuesday the 13th, inst.—Notice is therefore given to all merchants, traders, public house-keepers and others, with whom she might have credit on my account, that I will pay no debt contracted by her, subsequent to the date of this advertisement.—And I do also forewarn all persons whatsoever from harbouring or in any wise assisting or furnishing her with any article whatsoever on my credit, as I am determined to pay no such debts.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

Richmond County, Dec. 13th, 1796. 42-3

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And for sale at the Printing Office, in Fayetteville

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