

POETRY.

[For the Spectator and Advertiser.]  
TO MISS.

If my heart is too warm 'tis my nature's defect,  
'Tis a weakness I cannot subdue;  
Yet, because it is warm in its general respect,  
O think not its love is untrue.

No! the heart that looks out at the love beaming eye,  
Though it seem all alike to revere,  
Tho' often its smile, and though frequent its sigh,  
When it pledges, 'tis ever sincere.

Nor think the warm heart if it once be deceived,  
Is robb'd of its sensitive fire;  
O no! it deprecates what it wrongly believed,  
But still feels the pleasing desire.

It rouses as quickly at beauty's bright ray  
As though it were never distrest,  
And while one affection is fading away  
Another is gently imprest.

Then doubt not my love, though I seem to admire  
Every object where beauty is shown,  
It is only a light, that emits from the fire,  
That burns for my Betsy alone.

[From the Boston Galaxy and Mercury]

A SONG.

Young Joe he was a carman gay,  
As any town could show,  
His team was good, and like his pence,  
How was always on the go—

Thou' he was every jackass knows,  
Which often leads to woe,  
The bill all out that he fell in love,  
Propriety some odd chance or whim,

My dear Alice Paine,—beside whose eye  
All other eyes were dim:  
The painful tale must out,—indeed  
She was a Paine to him.

For when he ask'd her civilly  
To make one of them two,  
She whipp'd her tongue across her teeth,  
And said—"D'ye think it true,  
I'd trust my load of life with such  
A waggoner as you?"

"No, no—to be a carman's wife  
Will ne'er suit Alice Paine;  
I'd better far a lone woman  
For ever more remain,

Than have it said while in my youth,  
My life is on the wain!"

"O Alice Paine, O Alice Paine!  
Why don't you meet with me?"  
Then up she turn'd her nose, and said,  
Go ax your axletree;

I tell you, that once for all,  
My Joe you shall not be!"

She spoke the fatal "no" which put  
A spoke into his wheel—  
And stopped his happiness as though  
She cried woe! to his woe!—  
These women ever steal our hearts,  
And then their own they steal.

So round his melancholy neck  
Poor Joe his drag chain tied,  
And hock'd it on a book,—"Oh! what  
A weight is life!" he cried!  
Then off he cast himself—and thus  
The cast off carman died!

[From the Liverpool Mercury.]  
A MODERN MIRACLE.

He who giveth to the Poor, lendeth to the Lord.  
Last Sunday, when at Church, 'tis said,  
Collections for the poor were made,  
GRIFE, with a heart as heavy as his purse,  
And uttering many an inward curse,  
Eying his shining pieces o'er,  
At length selected from the store,  
Half of a sovereign, short of weight,  
And trembling, placed it on the plate.

MISCELLANY.

[From the Mass. Journal.]

THE FAVORITE GUEST.

It is strange how some people find their way into society as they do. There is, for instance, an old lady of my acquaintance, who has neither wealth, beauty, wit or talent, who manages to be a welcome guest every where.

When I first met her, she was taking tea with a family of unmarried sisters of "a certain age;" and here she made herself infinitely amusing by telling how Miss Tabitha Such-an-one had set her cap in vain for a certain widower; and how she guessed Miss Susan had outstayed the market; and how she had it for a positive fact, that Miss Would-be-Young did use her spectacles to thread her needle, and that she was very shy of letting any one see her with her cap off.

All this appeared to me to be very flat and uninteresting; but, said I, "these spinners have so little to occupy their minds, no wonder they are entertained with trifles." The old lady would find no listeners except among old maids. But the next day I met her in the dwelling of a very responsible mechanic. She was telling the "woman of the house" how her next door neighbor laid abed till nine o'clock, and put out all her sewing. It was strange to me that the mother of a family could find time to listen to such unimportant stuff; but she seemed delighted with her visitor, and begged her to come often. To me the old creature began to be very disagreeable; and I resolved to avoid her. I will go to the fashionable world, thought I; she is too vulgar to be admitted there;

and changes from a la Santog to Bishop's sleeves will hardly leave time to attend to her nonsense. But as sure as I am alive, the very first mansion that I entered, I found the old thing lounging on an ottoman, pouring her talk into the ear of a cherry-lipped lady and her laughing sister, who were handsome, beautifully dressed, and looking for all the world, as my little servant Mary says "just like a fashion." The conversation was made up of shreds and patches; for the old lady's mind was a perfect rag-box. "Mrs.——'s new set of emerald was nothing in the world but blue glass. As for Miss——, who produced such a sensation with her crimson dress, I could tell a few things about; and so could Barrett, too, I fancy—I always know a colored dress the very moment I see it. But then economy is a very praiseworthy thing, to be sure. What can Miss——be thinking of? She spends a thousand dollars a year in blonde lace, to my certain knowledge; and her father is no more worth a million than I am. It is true beauty ought to be decorated; but I reckon her beauty would not amount to much if calculated according to the rule of subtraction; she uses pearl powder, and wears false hair; I have been credibly informed her teeth are made of china—and as for her eyes—you know there is a man in town who makes killing false eyes!"

"What sort of a time did you have at Mrs.——'s party? There was a good deal of laughing, I understood, because the lights kept such good hours, eh? Even inanimate things get regular habits, you know, in a well ordered family. Was any body bold enough to cut the great centre cake? I've heard it surmised that it was nothing but a frosty fog—a very appropriate ornament to this cold weather!"

This desultory mass one would hardly think worth hearing; yet it took the ladies all the next day to walk round and repeat it; and by the time they have used it up, their guests will furnish them with another budget equally valuable.

"There is one place," thought I, "where I shall not find this walking pestilence—by the fire-side of the intelligent and the literary!"—Alas!—I found the old one there! "Mr. Such-an-one is very agreeable in conversation; but he is the greatest thief imaginable; every fine thing he hears he appropriates to himself. Miss——is going to be married! What can the man be thinking of! A little sentimental romantic thing as she is! Why I'd as soon marry Lights and Shadows of Scottish life! I should think his friend's fate might have taught him a lesson—he is obliged to clean his wife's nails, they say; and he finds her pastry not half as light as her poetry."

"As for subscriptions, you cannot judge of the goodness of a work by them. There are a thousand motives for subscribing, you know. I subscribe for——, but then"—and here the old lady shrugged her shoulders; she had a remarkable talent for winking, nodding and shrugging virtue and talent out of the world.

I flew to the fire-side of the clergyman—and there I found her telling how a Rev. Unitarian brother had looked in at a ball; and given it as his opinion that moving the feet was not one of the seven deadly sins. In despair, I went to see the accused personage; but my enemy seemed gifted with ubiquity,—for there I found her laughing about the good eating and drinking of the self-deceiving discipline of the orthodox.

In good truth I find her every where—in the ball room descending upon dress—in the kitchen talking about economy—in the counting-room whispering about failures—in the store winking a comment on the eighth commandment:—and morning, noon and night, in the insurance offices, talking about every thing under the sun. She is the greatest hypocrite alive; yet everyone thinks her true to them, and false to their neighbors. Every body by turns figures in her "black book," yet every body believes that they shall escape. Gentle reader, it is not Mrs. Royal, of whom I complain—Mrs. Royal has been voted crazy for committing one half of the offences of this favorite guest. Mrs. Royal could not get President Jackson, or any body else to keep her in countenance at Washington; but this woman is petted, and caressed, and quoted at Washington beyond measure.

Her name is Mrs. Gossip. She has a daughter of very bad character called Scandal. This daughter often goes into society in her mother's garments. One half the world don't know them apart; and the other part think there is not much to choose between them.

companions, would at any time command my most grateful acknowledgments; but to have been chosen by them during my absence from the country to fill this responsible office, at a period when our ancient and honorable institutions are so unjustly assailed, has awakened warmer and deeper feelings than I can find language to express.

I cannot but regard the clamour, that have been raised against us from whatever they may originate, and the charitable and noble principles of our order lead us to judge favorably of the motives of our adversaries, as a fortunate circumstance; for it will induce us to be more mindful than ever of our duties as Masons and to practise more earnestly those virtues out of the Chapter, which are inculcated in it.—Those persons who have organized themselves into an opposition to masonry, cannot know what the virtues and duties taught by our venerable traditions really are, or they would be convinced that to be anti-masonic, is to be anti-moral, anti-charitable, and in this country, anti-christian and anti-republican. If they would only read the prayers and charges of the volume I hold in my hand, (the Amimon Rezon) they would say "we are opposed to all conventions of men where such doctrines are taught—we will withdraw our trust from all those who are guided by such principles." If they knew the benefits derived from our honorable and wide spread institutions by the poor and distressed in distant and foreign lands, by the shipwrecked mariner, the wounded soldier, and the heart-sick traveller, they could not say to their fellow-citizens, "we will deprive you of these advantages—you shall renounce them, or we will put you to the ban." No American would do so.—The Anti-Masons must labor under false impressions, and the cloud which now hangs over us will soon be dispelled by the light of truth. Let us in the meantime answer the aspersions that are cast upon us by rigidly practising the virtues that are taught us in every Lodge and Chapter we enter, and above all, let us abstain from every act of retaliation. When called upon to vote for a public man, never let us ask the question, is he, or is he not a Mason. It would be unworthy of us both as honorable men and as Masons, to be governed by such motives in our choice of those who may best serve their country. In this country, Masonry has not yet been made a political engine.—Let us never be driven by our opponents into a course so contrary to our principles, and which would inevitably disgrace our institution.

I have been most unjustly accused of extending our order and our principles into a neighboring country, with a view of converting them into an engine of political influence. In the presence of this respectable assembly of my brethren, and on the symbols of our order which are spread around me, and the sacred book which is open before me, I solemnly aver that this accusation is false and unfounded—and that if masonry has any where been converted to any other than the pure and philanthropic purposes for which it was instituted, I have in no way contributed to such a perversion of its principles, and with the same solemnity I here declare, that if such evil councils were ever so prevalent in this country, and Masonry be perverted into political uses, which God forbid, I would sever the ties, dear as they are to me, which now unite me to my brothers. No, my beloved companions and brethren, let the storm pass by us, and let us withstand its violence by firm adherence to the admirable principles of our order. Let us seek to convince our enemies of their error, by the uniform purity of our lives, and by our zealous devotion to our civil and religious duties.

I repeat to you, companions, my sincere thanks for the honor you have conferred upon me, and assure you that I will cheerfully exert my best faculties in the discharge of the duties of the station you have elevated me—duties which will be rendered less arduous, by the character and qualifications of our most excellent companion who so worthily fills the first office of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of these United States.

The ceremonies of the occasion being concluded, the Fraternity repaired to the Refectory, and partook of a handsome entertainment which had been prepared, during which a number of sentiments were given, and several appropriate original songs sung.

The Editor of the New York Commercial relates the following singular anecdote:

"In the work of Morbois, recently translated by Mr. Lawrence, of this city, an anecdote is related, which shows upon what slender contingencies, political events of high importance depend. At the commencement of our revolution, the American Ministers were endeavoring to induce the Count de Vergennes the French Premier, to sign a treaty of amity. The wary politician had received intelligence that the health of the Elector of Bavaria was in a declining state, and of course, in the event of his death, a war would in any probability, take place, for the succession, between France, and Austria. Not wishing to have too many enemies on his

hands at once, Vergennes wrote to Marbois, who was then Resident Minister at the Court of Bavaria, to know exactly the state of the Elector's health. He received for answer that his highness was in excellent health, and not likely to die in any sudden manner, unless from small pox.—Immediately upon receipt of this intelligence, Vergennes signed the American Treaty. So that any derangement of the digestive organs of a petty German Prince, might have deprived us of the important aid of France, and by prolonging the war, have increased greatly the loss of blood and treasure during that sanguinary conflict. It is not a little curious that the Elector died about a year afterwards, and of small pox.

In the last number of the London Quarterly Review, the reviewer, after dwelling on the blunders of physicians and surgeons, makes these remarks:—

"Medical men, however, are not more wrong headed than others; for the same abundance of mistakes are committed in all the practical pursuits of life. Our servants, our tradesmen, our builders, our lawyers, are constantly committing blunders. One third of the affairs of our life are done wrong. The errors of medicine are only the ordinary errors of the human mind, exemplified on a subject of extraordinary importance."

Hard Cider. "Why dear me, Mister Longswallow, (said a good lady) how can you drink down a whole quart of that hard cider at a single draught?" As soon as the man could breathe again he replied, "I beg pardon madam, but upon my soul it was so hard I could not bite it off."

Repatee. A counsel at the Old Bailey, in cross-examining a witness, asked him, among other questions, "where he was on a particular day?" to which he replied, "he was in company with two friends." "Friends!" exclaimed the council, "two thieves I suppose you mean." "They may be so" replied the witness, "for they are both lawyers!"

The World Good on the Whole. You ask, If I would agree to live my seventy, or rather seventy-three, years over again?—To which I say, yea. I think with you, that it is a good world on the whole; that it has been framed on a principle of benevolence, and more pleasure than pain dealt out to us. There are indeed—(who might say nay)—gloomy and hypochondriac minds, inhabitants of diseased bodies, disgusted with the present, and despairing of the future, always counting that the worst will happen, because it may happen. To these I say, how much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened?—My temperament is sanguine. I steer my bark with hope in the head, leaving fear astern. My hopes, indeed, sometimes, fail, but not oftener than the forebodings of the gloomy.

[Memoirs of Th: Jefferson.]

The Influence of Temperance. We might congratulate our readers weekly on the progress of this noble cause; but as they know that it is on the advance daily, we think it unnecessary to occupy our columns with the numberless little victories it is obtaining in different places. But now and then a fact of weight comes before us, giving unequivocal testimony of its powerful and extensive control, which we must employ a moment or two to record. A gentleman of extensive business, who has recently travelled from Albany south as far as Baltimore, informs us that the quantity of liquor drank at the public houses on that way, by the passengers, was so small that he was very sensibly struck with it, and was induced to inquire of a land-lord how the inn keepers could make a living, as they seemed to sell no liquors. He said they could not make a living.—The temperance societies had ruined their bar business. On his return to Albany, the same regard for temperance was manifested, by his fellow travellers; and on his way from Albany to Utica, hardly a bar was troubled by an applicant. Such a journey as this, performed in public vehicles, must, with the ever changing company, furnish to a close observer a pretty fair opportunity of judging of the influence this cause is exerting in the community. If the bars of these inn keepers had been well supplied with hot coffee, and fruit, in the opinion of the same gentleman, they would not have lacked custom sufficient to make up for the reduction of their sales of liquor. [N. Y. Bap. Register.]

JOB PRINTING AND BLANKS. FOR sale at this office the following kinds of Law Blanks: Subpenas, Administration Bonds, Constables Bonds, Constables Warrants, Appeal Bonds, Judgments and Executions, Prosecution Bonds, Writs, Marriage Licences, Executions, Witness Tickets, Sheriff Deeds, Deeds of Bargain & Sale, Apprentices Bonds, Guardians Bonds.

All orders for blanks, show bills or job printing, of any description, will be executed with neatness and dispatch, upon new and handsome type, and on the most reasonable terms, at this office.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE, SUPERFINE Letter Paper, Writing Paper and a general assortment of Blanks.

NEW YORK AMULET.

THE primary object of this work will be to portray the deleterious consequences of vice in the most vivid colors—to exhibit the beauties and rewards of virtue in all their captivating loveliness—to awaken the better feelings of humanity—to cultivate the social and domestic affections—to lead the mind through the most delightful avenues to the bowers of happiness and peace. To accomplish these designs, we shall call to our aid all the eloquence of truth clothed in the most fascinating forms—such as moral essays—simple or pathetic tales, varying from "grave to gay," from "lively to serene"—poetical sketches—didactic articles in verse—and sometimes to enlighten our pages, a tale of fancy—a humorous story—an allegory—a ballad—or a song, will receive an insertion. In each and in all, the great end and aim will be to convey useful instruction, through a pleasing medium, to the heart.

The entire series of a distinguished literary gentleman, late from London, formerly Editor of the London Literary Magazine, contributor to the New Monthly Magazine, Literary Gazette, &c. are engaged for the New York Amulet. Another gentleman, formerly of London, who is favorably known in literary circles, has kindly promised to become a regular contributor to our columns. If these considerations, added to the fact of our having enlisted in our favor, some of the most talented writers in this country, are any recommendation to the favor of a generous public, our claims will, we trust, receive attention.

The New York AMULET will be published semi-monthly, in the city of New York, at the unusually low price of one dollar per annum. Those who forward five dollars shall receive six copies; and those who remit twenty dollars shall receive twenty-five copies—reducing the price to eight cents per volume, only.

From among the many highly respectable journals which have been kind enough to speak of the Amulet, we extract the following commendatory observations—to which might be added numerous others, equally favorable, had we room. Stimulated by such flattering encouragement, nothing shall be wanting, on our part, to render the work worthy the approbation which has been so liberally bestowed upon it.

"We are highly pleased with the manner in which the work is got up, and take much pleasure in recommending it to the attention of the public." [Wellsburg Gazette.] "Judging from the masterly manner in which it is edited, and the excellent moral selections it contains, we think it promises to be a useful and interesting work." [Somerset Whig.] "We particularly recommend this periodical to the patronage of the ladies." [Jerseyman.] "We have seen no publication for a long time, with which we have been better pleased." [Northern Spectator.] "It is conducted with spirit, and written in an elevated style, calculated to attract the learned, and to instruct the humble scholar. The unusually low price at which it is published, places it within the reach of every family; and it is just such a work as the Christian parent would be instructed by reading himself, and would willingly place in the hands of his offspring." [National Historian.] "The Editor is a man of talents and abilities, well calculated to conduct such a work." [N. Y. Evening Journal.] "I do not see how, in a family where there are any to read, a dollar can be better expended than in the purchase of this paper." [Liberty Hall, and Cincinnati Gazette.] "This paper is beautifully printed, and an excellent work of the kind." [N. C. Gazette.] "For neatness of execution, purity of taste, and elevation of sentiment, it bids fair to sustain a high rank among the many periodicals of the day." [N. B. Times.] "In our opinion, the work is not surpassed in style, matter, or appearance, by any of its kind published in the United States." [West Jersey Observer.] "We would recommend it to the patronage of the ladies in preference to any literary periodicals we have late perused." [Danville Intelligencer.] "If we may be allowed to judge of the usefulness of the work by the specimen before us, we know of no work which promises to be of greater benefit to society. The editorial in the first number evidences deep thought, and the selections are excellent. In mechanical appearance, it will vie with any periodical of the present day." [Piqua Gazette.]

Subscriptions for the above publication will be received at this Office, where the work can be examined.

WILKESBORO' ACADEMY.

THE Summer session of this institution will commence on the first Thursday of May, under the superintendance of the Rev. A. W. GAY. Good boarding can be had in the village at \$30, and in the country at from \$20 to \$25 per session of five months. Tuition, \$10 per session for Latin and Greek, and \$7.50 for English studies.

Wilkesboro' is situated in a romantic valley between the Blue Ridge and Brushy Mountain, and affords a pure air, good water, and as much good health, as perhaps any other village in the United States. To those who are desirous of placing their sons at an institution combining the requisites of competent teachers, cheapness of board and tuition, and an almost absolute certainty of good health, this presents inducements which probably are not surpassed.

By order of the Board,  
S. F. PATTERSON, Sec'y.  
Wilkesboro' N. C. April 10, 1830.  
10p

POCKET BOOK LOST.

LOST by the subscriber on the 5th inst. in passing from Pattons' Store, in Burke, to Moore's Mills, in Rutherford, a POCKET BOOK, which had in it \$20 in different bank notes, besides some small change; among the notes were two of \$5 and three or four of \$2, and the others are not recollected. The Pocket Book contained several notes of hand, two on Elizabeth Wilkins, one for \$125 as well as can be recollected, there were several credits on the note,—the other of \$55.50, according to the best recollection; a note on Daniel Blanton due Elizabeth Wilkins for \$15 with a credit of five dollars; a note on Granderson Blanton due Green B. Palmer, for \$10 with a credit of five dollars; a note on Green B. Palmer for \$16; a duobill on Hezekiah Wilkins for \$27; and other papers, among which is an old grant made to Matthew Gaty, for 100 acres of land. A drove of negroes were coming down Cane Creek on the day of the loss, & it is tho' some of them may have picked it up. Any person who may find said pocket book or any of the papers, and return them to the subscriber shall be well rewarded. All persons are hereby warned against trading for said notes or papers.  
REUBEN WILKINS.  
Irvingville, March 8, 1830.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned from cutting or removing any timber, or committing any other depredations on the lands of John L. Biting, in the county of Rutherford, adjoining the town of Rutherfordton, under the penalty of law in such cases.  
REUBEN D. GOLDING, Agent for JOHN L. BITTING.