



The following lines were composed by St. Leger L. Carter, Esq.; of Virginia. The subject was suggested to his mind in the streets of Richmond, by the happy and independent bearing of a waggoner from Augusta, who drives a fine team, and is moreover an excellent model of health and contentedness.

#### THE WAGGONER.

I've often thought, if I were asked  
Whose lot I envied most—  
What one I thought most lightly tasked,  
Of man's unnumbered host,—  
I'd say, I'd be a mountain boy,  
And drive a noble team—wo hoy !  
Wo hoy ! I'd cry,  
And lightly fly  
Into my saddle-seat ;  
My rein I'd slack,  
My whip I'd crack—  
What music is so sweet ?

Six blacks I'd drive of ample chest,  
All carrying high the head—  
All harness'd tight, and gaily drest,  
In winkers tipped with red ;  
Oh yes, I'd be a mountain boy,  
And such a team I'd drive—wo hoy !  
Wo hoy ! I'd cry—  
The lint would fly—  
Wo hoy ! Dobbin—Ball !  
Their feet should ring—  
And I would sing—  
I'd sing my *sal-de-ral* !

My bells would tingle, tingle ling,  
Beneath each bear-skin cap—  
And as I saw them swing and swing,  
I'd be the merriest chap ;  
Yes then I'd be a mountain boy,  
And drive a jingling team—wo hoy !  
Wo hoy ! I'd cry—  
My words should fly—  
Each horse should prick his ear !  
With tightened chain,  
My lumbering wain  
Would move in its career.

The golden sparks—you'd see them spring  
Beneath my horse's tread ;  
Each tail—I'd braid it up with string  
Of blue or flaunting red ;  
So does, you know, the mountain boy,  
Who drives the dashing team—wo hoy !  
Wo hoy ! I'd cry—  
I ach horse's eye  
With fire would seem to burn ;  
With lifted head,  
And nostril spread,  
They'd seem the earth to spurn.

They'd champ the bit and fling the foam,  
As they dragged on my load—  
And I would think of that distant home,  
And whistle on the road ;  
Oh, would I were a mountain boy !  
I'll drive a six-horse team—wo hoy !  
Wo hoy ! I'd cry,  
Now, by yon sky,  
I'd sooner drive those steeds,  
Than win renown,  
Or wear a crown  
Won by victorious deeds,

For crows oft press the languid head,  
And health the wearer shans—  
And victory trampling on the dead  
May do for Goths and Huns ;  
Seek them who will—they have no joys  
For mountain lads and wagon boys.

**GOODNESS OF HEART.**—Goodness of heart is eager to act and produce: it seeks not its own gratification, or the suffrage of others, but the real fruits, which are to conduce to the general happiness. It has an industry which is peculiar to itself, inexhaustible in invention and resources. The good nature which stops at external professions, is often but the desire to please, the offspring of vanity, coveting the honors of goodness of heart, without accepting its burthens; or a kind of selfishness, which has recourse to false allurements, that it may obtain the easier conquest. Goodness of heart is not in the least mercenary; it might be called impartial and general generosity. It does not aspire to be noticed; it even loves to disguise itself, and hardly is conscious of its own existence. It does not repel gratitude, while gratitude presents itself as a return for affection; but it flies from it, when it takes the form of acquittal of debt. Such a mercenary return would take away both its enjoyment and its merit. Goodness of heart can be generous, even in consenting to accept a service; for to please others sometimes involves sacrificing one's pride; and we must feel within us a very great depth of love, to bind ourselves to be grateful. A feeling of just dignity sometimes makes us refuse a benefit, but there are those who refuse because they have too narrow hearts to pledge themselves to be grateful.

Far from being liberal with professions like the wordly, the good often seem sparing of them. They avoid all kind of ostentation. They have a certain gravity and reserve;—and being occupied with an all-absorbing sentiment, they are sometimes even rough and severe: to the superficial they may appear cold, but every thing betrays them to the eyes of the attentive. He who understands them from sympathy, sees that they are quiet to meditate and prepare their touching dispensations; that they are collecting themselves to act. They are serious, because they are true; and when they break silence, their words are actions, that have an unexpected value and power, penetrating to the depth of the soul, and carrying confidence and repose; appeasing the storms of passion, and soothing the deepest sorrows.—Justice may give to society that imperfect peace, which consists in the cessation from war: it is contented with staying the arms of men, that are ready to injure one another.

Goodness of heart consummates the treaty by extinguishing animosities, and inviting men to help each other. The calmness of its innocence is diffused over every thing around. Its attractive power draws after it the beings whom it envelopes; uniting them to each other by the same tie, with which it binds them to itself. Justice says "Lay down your arms;" goodness of heart says, "Love one another."

Gratitude is a duty none can be excused from; because it is always in our own disposal.

**ANGER.**—As the whirlwind in its fury teareth up trees and deformeth the face of Nature or as an earthquake in its convulsions overturneth cities; so the rage of an angry man throweth mischief around him; danger and destruction wait on his hand.

But consider, and forget not thine own weakness; so shalt thou pardon the failings of others.

Indulge not thyself in the pass of anger; it is wetting a sword to wound thy own breast, or murder thy friend.

If thou bearest slight provocations with patience, it shall be imputed unto thee for wisdom; and if thou wipest them from thy remembrance, thy heart shall feel rest—thy mind shall not reproach thee.

Seest thou not that the angry man loseth his understanding? whilst thou art in thy senses, let the madness of another be a lesson to thyself.

Do nothing in thy passion: why wilt thou put to sea in the violence of a storm?

If it be difficult to rule thine anger, it is wise to prevent it; avoid therefore all occasions of falling into wrath, or guard thyself against them whenever they occur.

A fool is provoked with insolent speeches; but a wise man laugheth them to scorn.

Harbor not revenge in thy breast; it will torment thy heart, and disorder its best inclinations.

Be always more ready to forgive than to return an injury, he that watcheth for an opportunity of revenge lies in wait against himself, and draweth down mischief on his own head.

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May 13, 1836.

#### SEEDS, SEEDS.

MAY, 1836.

RECEIVED per Ship Halifax, from Liverpool, and for sale at the Drug store of the Subscriber, a large assortment of

#### Flower and Garden Seeds

These Seeds have been obtained from the same House in London, whose supplies for the last four years, have given such general satisfaction.

JOHN NAYLOR.

Also, red Clover and Timothy Seed.  
May 9.