

The Muse's whistle'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires...scorr.



FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Permit me to request the publication of the following verses. They were composed by a young gentleman several years ago. They possess much merit, and display a pathos and delicacy of feeling not unworthy even of Moore. From this specimen we may surmise, that had this germ of genius cultivated his poetical talents, his name, ere this, would have occupied no humble niche in the temple of fame.

MALVINA.

Salisbury, October 13, 1820.

In a far distant clime I have left a sweet Rose,
A blossom unfolding its exquisite ray;
More lovely than morning it brilliantly glows,
And fairer its blush than the rich bloom of May.
I fear that another enamored may view it,
May steal it away from its fond parent stem;
That in absence some fortunate lover may woo it,
And I sigh when I think of the beautiful gem.
To the shade where the flow'ret is destined to flourish,
On the wing of affection I'll hastily fly;
For what can be dearer, than fondly to nourish
What is dear to the heart, what is fair to the eye!
O leave not thy bower, sweet rose, till I come;
Hope whispers thy bloom I again shall survey:
My bosom, believe me, was formed for thy home,
O leave not thy bower, till it bears thee away!

GUIDO AND ISABEL.

From "the Sicilian Story." By BART CORNWALL.

That morn they sat upon the sea-beach green;
For in that land the swart springs fresh and free
Close to the ocean, and no tides are seen
To break the glassy quiet of the sea:
And Guido, with his arm 'round Isabel,
Unclasped the tresses of her chestnut hair,
Which in her white and heaven bosom fell
Like things enamoured, and then with jealous air
Bade the soft amorous winds not wanton there;
And then his dark eyes sparkled, and he wound
The fillets like a coronet around
Her brow, and bade her rise and be a queen.
And oh! 'twas sweet to see her delicate hand
Pressed 'gainst his parted lips, as though to check,
In mimic anger, all those whispers bland
He knew so well to use, and on his neck
Her round arm hung, while half as in command
And half intreaty did her swimming eye
Speak of forbearance, 'till from her pouting lip
He snatched the honey-dews that lovers sip,
And then, in crimsoning beauty, playfully
She frowned, and wore that self-betraying air
That women loved and flattered love to wear.

Literary Extracts, &c.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Music.

Music is an object of universal love, and from its prevalence in every age, and by its cultivation in every part of the world, it seems as if there was something in the "concord of sweet sounds" congenial with the mind of man. Among rude and unpolished nations it has ever risen to peculiar importance, and been introduced to aid the expression of joy and grief, upon all solemn and festive occasions. It has ever been the solace and the delight of men of genius, and there is no subject which is praised in more ardent expressions, or expatiated upon with more delight, by Homer, Tasso, Milton, and Shakspeare. It cheers the traveller as he pursues the journey of life, and produces an innocent and sweet oblivion of his toil.

For a description of the powers of music, recourse can best be had to the sister art, to which sound is so frequently indebted for the most pleasing alliance of sense: and perhaps it will not be found easy to produce a short description of its application to the various situations of life, and different feelings of the heart, more beautiful and just, than the following verses—

Queen of every moving measure,
Sweetest source of purest pleasure,
Music! why thy powers employ
Only for the sons of joy?
Only for the smiling guests
At natal or at nuptial feasts?
Rather thy lenient numbers pour
On those whom secret griefs devour:
Eid be still the throbbing hearts
Of those whom death or absence parts;
And with some softly-whispered air
Smooth the brow of dumb despair.

As the notes used to express any sensations may be equally in unison with those of a similar nature, music requires the aid of language to characterize any individual passion. If correspondent words are the associates of sound, they become by this alliance specific indications of the manners and passions; and

the pleasure conveyed to the ear is attended by the more refined gratification of the understanding. Mysterious as the mode of the operation of sound may be, it is clear that nature has connected certain emotions with them, and their effect is sufficiently ascertained and deeply felt; for they are the keys which unlock all the passions of the soul. Sounds variously modified, and judiciously combined with words, can melt with pity, sink in sorrow, transport with joy, rouse to courage, and elevate with devotion. They have a peculiar effect in cherishing the tender passions, and calling up the long forgotten images of the past, with all their attendant train of associated ideas. While the ear is delighted with the strains of harmony, the fancy is busied in the contemplation of the most affecting images, and the whole soul is exalted to the bright regions of joy and happiness.

The order of sounds in simple melody resembles in their principles that proportion of parts, which constitutes the symmetry of the human form. Our hearing and sight, the noblest of our senses, are indulged by the arts with their proper gratifications. As painting and sculpture produce the means of enjoyment to the eye, so music supplies entertainment to the ear. Of all compositions none are more truly affecting than those which were anciently adapted to the popular ballads of particular countries, such as Switzerland and Scotland.

They come o'er the ear, like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour—

They show in the greatest degree the power of the association of ideas. They can awaken the lively emotions of tenderness and melancholy pleasure in every susceptible mind: but their effect is felt in the highest degree by the natives of those countries, when far distant from home. The instant the sounds of the *Rans de Vaches* strike the delighted ears of the Swiss in a foreign country, his memory and fancy are busied in recalling the charms of the fair nymph who was the object of his early affection; and they revive the images of the lofty Alps, the rapid torrents, the wild woods, the paternal cottage, and all the scenes and occupations of his youth. His soul is melted with tenderness inexpressible, and his passion to return home produces a deep despondency, which nothing but the enjoyment of these beloved objects can effectually remove.*

Nor is the mind less pleasingly affected by the power of sacred music when the various excellence of melody and harmony is united in its subjects. How grateful to a good ear are the anthems of Kent, Boyce, and Hayes, when sung by some of the best choristers, whom St. James' Chapel, Magdalen College, Oxford, Trinity, and Cambridge, can boast;—and how divine are the airs of Handel when warbled from the lips of a Mara, a Bellington, and a Harrison! They disengage our minds from the vulgar objects of life, lull our passions and our cares to repose, and remind us of the pleasure enjoyed by our first parents when listening to the music of the angels in the garden of Eden.

How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to others note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.

Paradise Lost, book 4.

In perfect and full harmony, the different parts of a musical composition are so combined and justly adapted, that no discord results from their number. The various notes are so ingeniously blended, there is such a happy union of the loud and the soft tones, of stringed and of wind instruments, of vocal and instrumental power, that the ear is filled, not overwhelmed; transported, not distracted. The efficacy of the principles upon which harmony depends is so great, that they are able, even of themselves, without calling in the aid of the passions, to produce considerable pleasure. To be sensible of this pleasure, however, depends as much upon skill as a practitioner, as upon taste as a connoisseur.

KETT.

* The bands belonging to the Swiss regiments in the French service were prohibited from playing this tune to the Swiss, as it had caused many of them to desert.

Naval Anecdote.

FROM SILLIMAN'S TOUR TO CANADA.

"A British officer in Canada, of his own accord, spoke to me in the highest terms of the American Navy and its officers.—He mentioned Capt. Hull particularly, with a frankness of commendation that was equally honorable to himself and to the subject of his praise.—He said, that an officer of the *Guerriere*, who was on board of that frigate when she was captured by Capt. Hull, narrated the circumstance to which I am about to allude.

"It will be remembered, that when the two

frigates descried each other, Capt. Hull was standing before the wind, and Capt. Dacres upon it, under easy sail—the tracks of the ships, were at lines converging at considerable angle, so that they could cross each other. When they were within long cannon-shot, the *Guerriere* fired her broadside, but it was not returned by the *Constitution*. The *Guerriere* then wore and gave her antagonist the other broadside—still the fire was not returned; but Capt. Hull, with his ship in fighting trim, continued to bear down on his adversary, who finding that he was thus pressed, continued on his part to wear and to fire, first one broadside, and then another—to all this, however, Capt. Hull paid no attention, but pressed forward till he was now very near. The *Guerriere* then put before the wind, and the *Constitution* followed on directly astern; till finding the *Guerriere* would outsail her, she spread more canvass, and gained so fast upon the chase, that she was soon enabled to choose whether she would lie across her stern and rake her decks, or come alongside at very close quarters, and then be again exposed to her broadsides, from which as yet she had sustained but little damage. It was this crisis of the affair that excited so much admiration among the British officers; for Capt. Hull, instead of tearing his adversary to pieces with comparative impunity, which, by tacking and lying across her stern, he might (according to the opinion of the British Naval Officer) very easily have done, waved his advantage, and did not fire till coming upon the larboard quarter of the *Guerriere*, he shot alongside, and thus gave his antagonist an opportunity to defend himself." "It was the noblest thing (added the British officer with whom I was conversing) that was ever done in a naval conflict."

From the authentic accounts of this action, it is manifest that the gallant American had it in his power to rake his adversary, and from whatever motives it might have been done, he actually waved the advantage. If we do not charge it to his magnanimity and generosity, it must at least go to the account of his bravery, and his confidence (not unwarranted by the result) that he was able to subdue the hostile ship, without availing himself of the adventitious advantage which he enjoyed."

"A gentleman at Montreal, mentioned to us, that a public dinner was given at Torronne, (a small town a little below Montreal,) to Commodore Barclay, after his signal defeat by Commodore Perry on Lake Erie. Barclay, who was sadly cut to pieces by wounds, of which he was hardly recovered, his remaining arm (for he had lost the other before) being suspended in a sling, gave as a volunteer toast, "Commodore Perry—the brave and humane enemy." Commodore Barclay then entered into a detailed account of Commodore Perry's treatment of himself, and of the other wounded and prisoners who fell into his hands; and in narrating the story, he became so deeply affected, that the tears flowed copiously down his cheeks. The audience were scarcely less moved; and how could it be otherwise, when the speaker (who, a few weeks before, had without dismay faced the tremendous cannonade of his enemy,) could not without tears of admiration and gratitude, relate his deeds of kindness to himself and his companions, when suffering under wounds and defeat. O! this was a noble triumph for Perry than the victory which God granted to his arms.

Scarcely had we been gratified by the above anecdote, when the New-York newspapers, which in our parlor at Montreal, we were cheerfully perusing, informed us that the brave, magnanimous and gentle Perry had fallen, not in battle on the water, but by a fever in a foreign land.—The news would have been sufficiently painful at home; but among strangers, and those who were so recently our public enemies, it gave us a severe shock; we not only felt that it was a public loss, but we neither could realize, nor did we wish to, that it was our own public bereavement. Few men of his age have done more to serve and honour their country than Perry, although we must still regret that he gave his sanction to duelling."

AN IRISH FUNERAL.

[From Trotter's Walks in Ireland.]

"We had an opportunity on the road today, at Slane, of observing a very old custom amongst the Irish, which surprised us, as being so near the metropolis. We met a funeral, attended by a great number of country people.—They were orderly, extremely clean and well dressed.—All the women wore bright red cloaks. A select party followed the corpse, and sung the Irish lament in a very impressive, and far from unpleasing manner; sometimes the tones were very low, and then rose as if in excess of grief. All was slow, solemn, and dirge-like. The women all followed the mourners, then the old and young men in separate bands; and finally a compact party of the brethren, well dressed and respect-

ably mounted, closed the procession! at a distance, the scarlet cloaks and horsemen behind, with the wailing cry indistinctly heard, made a singular impression on us. When the procession was passing, we could not but admire the great decency, (which, indeed, the Irish observe at all religious ceremonies,) composed demeanor, and remarkable regularity which were manifested by this affectionate and pious people. Where customs are entwined with nature, it is impossible and very unwise to attempt to root them out.—This funeral dirge is retained in every part of Ireland. Nothing, I apprehend, is more ancient in the world; and surely, for that alone, it is venerable. What can be more pathetic than to behold friends, relatives and neighbors, in simple rural garb and religious procession, accompanying the dead to the grave, as the farewell cry of grief is heard with solemn attention! Prejudice may deem a people barbarous, although they are exactly the reverse. But nature is a sure guide; and when we see them following her pure dictates in their simple way, & with affecting propriety, ought they not to be respected? not ridiculed or insulted!

"In the very territory of Hugh de Lacy, one of the first great English nobles and adventurers, we find the oldest customs of the Irish prevalent and flourishing; whilst this proud Lord and all his bands are forgotten, and little traces of his dominion exist. Hence, conquerors and settlers may learn the useful lesson—that force may do much, but nature will ever assert her rights, and do more."

TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

It is a very just remark, that people in general are in the habit of using terms in common conversation, which appertain to their particular calling or profession. For instance, the blacksmith, when things go smoothly, will say that he has got a good heat, the tailor, that he has taken a "stitch in time"—the shoemaker, that he has accomplished his end—and the printer, perhaps, that he has got a good proof. But after all, we do not recollect to have ever met with a neater witicism on this subject than the following, which we believe was first published in a New-Jersey paper, ten or twelve years ago:—

To view Passaic falls, one day,
A priest and tailor took their way:
"Thy wonders, Lord," the parson cries,
"Amaze our souls, delight our eyes!"
The tailor only made this note:
"O what a place to sponge a coat!"

It is the natural but melancholy history of the unchanged heart that, from youth to advanced years, there is no other revolution in the character but such as increases both the number and quality of its defects: that the levity, vanity, and self sufficiency of the young man is carried into advanced life, and only meet, and mix with, the defects of a mature period; that, instead of crying out with the Royal Prophet, "O remember not my old sins," he is inflaming his reckoning by new ones; that age, protracting all the faults of youth, furnishes its own contingent of vices; that sloth, suspicion, and covetousness, swell the account which Religion has not been called in to cancel: that the world, though it has lost the power to delight, has yet lost nothing of its power to enslave. Instead of improving in candor by the inward sense of its own defects, that very consciousness makes him less tolerant of the defects of others, and more suspicious of their apparent virtues. His charity in a warmer season having failed to bring him in that return of gratitude for which it was partly performed, and having never flowed from the genuine spring, is dried up. His friendships having been formed on worldly principles or interest, or ambition, or convivial hilarity, fail him. One must make some sacrifices to the world, is the prevailing language of the nominal Christian. "What will the world pay you for your sacrifices," replies the real Christian? Though he finds that the world is insolvent, that it pays nothing of what it promised, for it cannot bestow what it does not possess—happiness; yet he continues to cling to it almost as confidently as if it had never disappointed him.—Were we called upon to name the object under the sun which excites the deepest commiseration in the heart of Christian sensibility, which includes in itself the most affecting incongruities, which contains the sum and substance of real human misery, we should not hesitate to say, AN IRRELIGIOUS OLD AGE. The mere debility of declining years, even the hopelessness of decrepitude, in the pious, though they excite sympathy, yet it is the sympathy of tenderness unmingled with distress. We take and give comfort from the cheering persuasion that the exhausted body will soon cease to clog its immortal companion; that the dim and failing eyes will soon open on a world of glory.—Dare we paint the reverse of the picture? Dare we suffer the imagination to dwell on the opening prospects of hoary impiety? Dare we figure to ourselves that the weakness, the miseries, the terrors we are now commiserating, are ease, are peace, are happiness, compared with the unutterable perspective?

HANNAH MORE.