

The Muse's whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires. SCOTT.



THE FLOWER OF LOVE.

SELECTED FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN BY A LADY.

'Tis said the Rose is Love's own flower,
Its blush so bright, its thorns so many;
And winter on its bloom has power,
But has not on its sweetness any.
For though young Love's ethereal rose
Will droop on Age's wintry bosom,
Yet still its faded leaves disclose
The fragrance of their earlier blossom.

But ah! the fragrance lingering there,
Is like the sweets that mournful duty
Bestows, with sadly-soothing care,
To deck the grave of bloom and beauty:
For when its leaves are shrunk and dry,
Its blush extinct to kindle never,
That fragrance is but memory's sigh,
That breathes of pleasures past forever.

Why did not Love the amaranth choose,
That bears no thorns, and cannot perish?
Alas! no sweets its flowers diffuse,
And only sweets Love's life can cherish.
But be the rose and amaranth twin'd,
And Love, their mingled powers assuming,
Shall round his brows a chaplet bind,
Forever sweet, forever blooming.

BEAUTY'S GRAVE.

Tread softly, stranger! this is ground
Which no rude footsteps should impress,
With tender pity gaze around,
Let sadness all thy soul possess;
Tread softly, lest you crush the flowers
That o'er this turf are taught to wave,
Transplanted from their native bowers,
To shed their sweets o'er Beauty's grave!
And, stranger! let your melting heart
Mark well this fresh and verdant sod,
And e'er you from the scene depart,
O let your soul commune with God!
Thus fade the fragile buds of earth,
Thus fade the lonely and the brave,
Come here, ye thoughtless Sons of Mirth,
And pause awhile o'er Beauty's grave!
Sweet withered Rose! may thy pale doom,
Call tears into the virgin's eye;
O may the prospect of this tomb,
Remind her all that live must die;
And warn her in the ways of youth,
To think of Him who being gave;
And bid her seek the ways of truth,
Like her who sleeps in Beauty's grave!

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

The Age of Chivalry.

In the character of a true knight, during the golden age of chivalry, we behold an assemblage of virtues which command our esteem and admiration, and confer the most honorable distinction upon human nature.—His air was noble, his deportment manly, and his manners condescending and gracious to all. His promise was inviolable and sacred; and he chastised that falsehood in others, which was the peculiar object of his abhorrence. His love of arms was softened by the refinements of courtesy, the fair offspring of that high-born and noble society, which he enjoyed in the castles of the great. His professions of attachment and service were invariably sincere; and all his actions were dictated by courage, and guided by honor.—He was as ambitious to render his name illustrious by affability, probity, generosity and benevolence, as by the extent and number of his expeditions, trophies and victories. By such conduct were those knights signalized, whom their contemporaries celebrated as the fairest ornaments of chivalry, and whose renown has been transmitted through all succeeding ages. Such were Edward the Black Prince, the Chevalier Bayard, and Sir Philip Sidney.

Edward the Black Prince was accomplished, valiant, and amiable. One anecdote of his behavior will be sufficient to prove that he was as moderate in the use of victory, as he was great in obtaining it. "Soon after the glorious battle of Poitiers, in 1356, he landed at Southwark, and was met by a great concourse of people of all ranks and stations. His prisoner, John, king of France, was clad in royal apparel, and mounted on a white steed, distinguished by its size and beauty, and by the richness of its furniture. The conqueror rode by his side in meaner attire, and carried by a black palfrey. In this situation, more glorious than all the insolent parade of a Roman

triumph, he passed through the streets of London, and presented the king of France to his father, who received him with the same courtesy, as if he had been a neighboring potentate that had voluntarily come to pay him a friendly visit. It is impossible, on reflecting on this noble conduct, not to perceive the advantages which resulted from the otherwise whimsical principles of chivalry, and which gave, even in those rude times, some superiority even over people of a more cultivated age and nation." Hume, vol. iii. p. 460.

The Chevalier Bayard, the valorous and distinguished companion of Charles the 8th Louis the 12th, and Francis the 1st, in their wars, flourished at the beginning of the 16th century. After taking the city of Bresse, he received a large sum from his host for saving his house from being plundered. Of this money he generously made a present to his two daughters who brought it. In the following winter he was quartered at Grenoble, near a young lady of good family, but of indigent circumstances: her beauty inflamed his love, and her situation gave him hopes of being able to gratify it. Her mother, urged by poverty, accepted his proposals, and compelled her reluctant daughter to visit him.—As soon as she was introduced into his presence, she threw herself at his feet, and with streaming eyes besought him not to dishonor an unfortunate damsel whom it was more consistent with a person of his virtuous character to protect. "Rise," exclaimed the Chevalier, "you shall quit this place as innocent as you entered it, but more fortunate." He instantly conducted her home, reproved her mother, and gave the daughter a marriage portion of 600 pistoles. This conquest he gained over himself at the age of twenty-six, when in the situation of the great Scipio Africanus, he was most exposed to temptation, as "juvenis, et celebs, et victor." At the battle of Marignan against the Swiss, in 1515, he fought by the side of Francis I. and so impressed was that monarch with the high opinion of his prowess, that he received from his hand the honor of knighthood. Being once asked what possessions a nobleman had best leave to his son, he replied, "such as are least exposed to the power of time or human force—Wisdom and Virtue." At the retreat of the French at Rebec he received a mortal wound, and with his last breath requested his Esquire to inform the king, "that the only regret he felt on leaving the world was that he could serve him no longer." He then requested to be placed under a tree facing the enemy, and then expired. He was called the "Knight without fear and without reproach," and no one could have a better claim to so excellent a character.

Sir Philip Sidney, descended from John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, by the mother's side, was born at Penshurst, in Kent, 1554, and died at the age of 32. During his education at Shrewsbury and Oxford he made an astonishing proficiency in all branches of learning. His conduct was upon all occasions such as to do honor to a true Knight. He could not brook the least affront, even from persons of the highest rank, as he proved by his spirited behavior to the haughty Earl of Oxford, a nobleman very high in the favor of Queen Elizabeth. This quarrel occasioned his retirement from court, during which he wrote his Romance called Arcadia, which he dedicated to his sister, the countess of Pembroke. At the grand tournament held in 1581, for the entertainment of Anjou, when he came to solicit the Queen in marriage, Sir Philip went through his feats of arms with great ability and gained singular commendation. Such was his fame for relieving all who were in distress, that when the Spaniards had seized the kingdom of Portugal, Don Antonio, the chief competitor for the crown, applied to him for his assistance. He was appointed Governor of Flushing, one of the towns delivered by the Dutch to the Queen, and in several actions with the enemy behaved with extraordinary courage, and with such mature judgment as would have done credit to the most experienced commanders. His high renown and great deserts were so well known throughout Europe, that he was put in nomination for the crown of Poland upon the death of Stephen Batori, but the Queen refused to further his promotion. On the 23d of September, 1586, being sent out to intercept a convoy that was advancing to Zutphen, he fell into an ambush, and received a fatal wound in the thigh. In his sad progress from the field of battle, passing by the rest of the army, where his uncle, Robert Earl of Leicester was, and being thirsty with excessive loss of blood, he called for drink, which was soon brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had been wounded at the same time, eagerly fixing his eyes upon it.—As soon as Sir Philip perceived his inclination, he delivered the bottle to him with these words: "Thy necessity is greater than mine." This action discovered a disposition so ten-

der, a mind so fortified against pain, a heart so overflowing with generosity to relieve distress in opposition to the most urgent call of his own necessities, that none can read a detail of it without the highest admiration.

The closing scene of his life was the parting with his brother, Sir Robert Sidney, of whom he took leave in these words: "Love my memory, cherish my friends; their faith to me may assure you they are sincere: but above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator, in me beholding the end of the world with all her vanities." As he had been during his life beloved, admired, and almost idolized by all ranks of men, so was his death most deeply lamented. He was the fairest flower of Chivalry, the bright jewel of an illustrious court, and a pattern of superior excellence, even in an age of heroes. KETT'S ELEMENTS.

THE GOOD NEIGHBOR.

The following droll circumstance lately occurred in the north of the metropolis. A lady, probably very ignorant of what was passing in her own house, was, as she thought, and had reason to think from her unwearied vigilance, perfectly acquainted with all the domestic economy of her neighbors. It happened that, by a long and diligent observation of the proceedings in an opposite mansion occupied by a foreign nobleman, she had ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the footman went to bed in the maid-servant's room. To be convinced of error, and to lose no time in correcting it, is the grace of virtue. A letter charged with these suspicions, was immediately despatched to the count, who wrote her a very polite answer, stating how much he was obliged to her for the lively interest she took in the morality of his family, that he would forthwith institute an inquiry into the matter, and put a speedy end to any impropriety he might discover; but he begged leave to observe, that he had hitherto understood that it was the custom of this country for man and wife to sleep together! London Paper.

ORIGIN OF RIVERS.

A question has long existed among philosophers, and has never been settled by universal consent, whether the rivers depend solely for their supply upon the water which descends from the atmosphere, or whether there is a kind of circulation of water within the earth like that of the blood in the animal economy, or that of the winds of the atmosphere, by means of which perennial springs are constantly supplied, by some mechanical process in nature, from "the fountains of the great deep." Riccioli affirms, upon calculation, that the Volga, or the St. Lawrence, alone discharges annually, a greater quantity of water than falls in rain, snow, and dew upon the whole surface of the globe. These and other known rivers are said, upon a very moderate calculation, to discharge more than five hundred times as much water into the sea, as falls in rains, &c. It would seem, therefore, that there must subsist subterraneous communications between the sea and the sources of fountains, rivers, and larger springs, by which these are supplied; and this opinion is corroborated by the known existence of Charybdes which swallow the sea; if these happen to be stopped, the largest rivers have been said to be dried up, and wholly ceased to run for a considerable time. It is stated in Ree's Cyclopaedia, that there are accounts in history, of this having happened to the Thames, the Medway, and the Trent, in England; the Elve, the Motala, and Gulspar, in Sweden, and other rivers in other countries. On the contrary, if these Charybdes happened to be too open, fresh water springs depending upon them became salt. Pliny relates, that this once happened in Caria, near Neptune's Temple. Various other instances have been stated by historians, ancient and modern.

A member of a certain Legislature moved for leave to bring in a bill for extending the powers of Justices of the Peace. Another requested, as a previous motion, that a statute might be passed to extend their capacities.

IN PROMPT.

Says fair Ophelia, with surprise,
How dark have lately grown my eyes:
True, sighs a lover, they're arrayed
In mourning for the deaths they've made.

MORAL and RELIGIOUS.

ELOQUENCE OF M. BRIDAINE.

The ABBE MAURE, in his work on the Principles of Eloquence, has the following article, on the eloquence of M. Bridaine, a celebrated French Missionary. After giving an example of the eloquence of Cicero, the Abbe proceeds as follows:—

CHRISTIAN VISITANT.

"If there be extant among us any traces of this ancient and energetic Eloquence, which is nothing else than the original voice of nature, it is among the missionaries, and in the country, where we must seek for examples.—There, some apostolic men, endowed with a vigorous and bold imagination, know no other success than conversions; no other applauses than tears. Often devoid of taste, they descend, I confess, to burlesque details; but they forcibly strike the senses; their threatenings impress terror; the people listen to them with profit; many among them have

sublime strokes; and an Orator doth not hear them without advantage, when he is skillful in observing the important effects of his art.

M. BRIDAINE, the man, who, in the present age, is the most justly celebrated in this way, was born with a popular eloquence, abounding with metaphorical and striking expressions; and no one ever possessed, in a higher degree, the rare talent of arresting the attention of an assembled multitude.

"He had so fine a voice, as to render audible all the wonders which history relates of the declamation of the ancients; for he was as easily heard by ten thousand people in the open fields, as if he had spoken under the most resounding arch. In all he said, there were observable unexpected strokes of oratory, the boldest metaphors, thoughts sudden, new, and striking, all the marks of a rich imagination, some passages, sometimes even whole discourses, composed with care, and written with an equal combination of taste and animation.

"I remember to have heard him deliver the introduction of the first discourse which he preached in the Church of St. Sulpice, in 1751. The first company in the capital went, out of curiosity, to hear him.

"BRIDAINE perceived among the congregation many Bishops, and persons of the first rank, as well as a vast number of ecclesiastics.—This sight, far from intimidating, suggested to him the following exordium, so far at least as my memory remains, of a passage, with which I have been always sensibly affected, and, which, perhaps, will not appear unworthy of Bossuet or Demosthenes.

"At the sight of an auditory so new to me, methinks, my brethren, I ought only to open my mouth to solicit your favor in behalf of a poor missionary, destitute of all those talents which you require of those who speak to you about your salvation. Nevertheless; I expect to-day, a feeling very different. And, if I am cast down, suspect me not of being depressed by the wretched uneasiness occasioned by vanity, as if I were accustomed to preach myself. God forbid that a minister of Heaven should ever suppose he needed an excuse with you! for, whoever ye may be, ye are all of you sinners like myself. It is before your God and mine, that I feel myself compelled at this moment to strike my breast.

"Until now, I have proclaimed the righteousness of the Most High in churches covered with thatch: I have preached the rigours of penance to the unfortunate who wanted bread. I have declared to the good inhabitants of the country the most awful truths of my religion. Unhappy man! what have I done? I have made sad the poor, the best friends of my God! I have conveyed terror and grief into those simple and honest souls, whom I ought to have pitied and consoled! It is here only where I behold the great, the rich, the oppressors of suffering humanity, or sinners daring and hardened. Ah, it is here only where the sacred word should be made to resound with all the force of its thunder; and where I should place with me in this pulpit, on the one side, Death which threatens you, and on the other, my great God, who is about to judge you. I hold to-day your sentence in my hand. Tremble then in my presence, ye proud and disdainful men who hear me! The necessity of salvation, the certainty of death, the uncertainty of that hour, so terrifying to you, final impenitence, the last judgment, the number of the elect, hell, and above all, Eternity! Eternity! These are the subjects upon which I come to discourse, and which I ought, doubtless, to have reserved for you alone. Ah! what need have I of your commendation, which, perhaps, might damn me, without saving you? God is about to rouse you, while his unworthy minister speaks to you! for I have had a long experience of his mercies. Penetrated with a detestation of your past iniquities, and shedding tears of sorrow and repentance, you will, then, throw yourselves into my arms; by this remorse, you will prove that I am sufficiently eloquent."

"Who doth not, by this time, perceive, how much this Eloquence excels the frigid and miserable pretensions of modern wit? In apologizing, so to speak, for having preached upon hell in the villages, Bridaine boldly assumed all the authority over his auditory, which belonged to his office, and prepared their hearts for the awful truths, which he intended to announce. This exordium alone gave him a right to say every thing. Many persons still remember his sermon on Eternity, and the terror which he diffused throughout the congregation, whilst blending, as was usual with him, quaint comparisons with sublime transports, he exclaimed, "What foundation, my brethren, have you for supposing you are dying day at such a distance? Is it your youth? 'Yes,' you answer; 'I am, as yet, but twenty, but thirty.' Sirs, it is not you who are twenty or thirty years old; it is death which has already advanced twenty or thirty years towards you. Observe: Eternity approaches. Do you know what this Eternity is? It is a pendulum whose vibration says continually, Always—Ever—Ever—Always—Always! In the mean while, a reprobate cries out, 'What o'clock is it?' and the same voice answers, Eternity."

The thundering voice of Bridaine, added, on these occasions, a new energy to his Eloquence: and the auditory, familiarized to his language and ideas, appeared at such times in dismay before him. The profound silence which reigned in the congregation, especially when he preached until the approach of night, was interrupted from time to time, and in a manner very perceptible by the long and mournful sighs, which proceeded, all at once, from every corner of the Church where he was speaking.