

Muse! what'er the Muse inspires,
Soul the tuneful strain admires....scorr.



FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE ROSE OF THE VALE.

TUNE—*Jessy, the flower o' Dumblane.*

The Cashmere rose is the sweetest of flowers,
That valley's sweet arbors attest its perfume;
And yet there's a flower, that no famed Persian
bowers

E'er equalled for beauty, for odor, or bloom.
In the fair vale of Shiraz, a rose tree is growing,
The queen of all flowers, for odor and hue;
One bud I selected, with blushes all glowing,
In the morning while yet it was covered with dew.

The woodbine is fair, with its dark crimson flow'r,
The violet and hyacinth give sweets to the gale,
And the jasmine in bloom on the vine covered
bower,

Is sweetest of any, save the rose of the vale.
I saw it and gave it a place in my bosom,
It opened its flowers to the zephyric gale,
I inhaled its sweet odor, and admired its blossom,
And thought of Louisa, the flower of the vale.

The rose of the vale, in the height of its
blooming,

Is mild as the first beam of orient morn;
Tho' queen of all flowers, it is yet unassuming,
Nor conceals with its flowers the venomous thorn.
It blushed when I saw it, with modesty glowing,
It imparted such sweets to the evening gale;
It warmed me, it charmed me,—with a heart
overflowing,

I thought of Louisa, the flower of the vale.

PYTHIAS.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

[SELECTED.]

The inhabitants of the north of Europe and Asia, who issued in great multitudes from their native forests, during the fourth and fifth centuries of the Christian era, and who overturned the Roman empire, introduced a new species of government into the conquered countries, which is known by the name of the Feudal System. It is very remarkable that although the barbarians who framed it, settled in their newly acquired territories at various times, were commanded by different leaders, and spoke different languages; yet the system was established, with little variation, in every country in Europe. This great uniformity is peculiarly striking, and has furnished some writers with an argument, that all these people sprung originally from the same stock. But the fact may perhaps with more probability be attributed to the similar state of their manners, and the similar situation in which they all found themselves, on taking possession of their new domains.

The plan of the feudal constitution was this: Every freeman, or soldier, for the terms were at that period synonymous, upon receiving an allotment of conquered lands, bound himself to appear in arms against the common enemy, whenever he should be called upon by his commander. This military service was the condition upon which every one received, and tenure by which he continued to possess his lands; and this obligation was esteemed both easy and honourable. The same service which a soldier owed to his officer was due from an officer to his king. The king obliged those, among whom he distributed the conquered lands, to repair to his standard, with a number of followers, in proportion to the extent of their respective estates, and to assist him in all his expeditions. Thus a feudal kingdom conveys rather the idea of a military than a civil establishment. The victorious army taking their posts in different districts of a country, continued to be arranged under its proper officers, and to be subject to martial laws.

The principle of policy upon which this singular establishment was founded, was self-defence. The new settlers in a country wished to protect themselves, not only against the attacks of the inhabitants, whom they had expelled from their possessions, but against the more formidable inroads of fresh invaders. But, unfortunately for the happiness of mankind, and the tranquility of society, it was replete with many evils. The powerful vassals of the crown soon acquired that land as an alienable property, which was originally a grant during pleasure, and ap-

propriated to themselves titles of honour, as well as places of trust. In process of time they obtained the power of sovereign jurisdiction, both civil and criminal, within their own domains; they exercised the privilege of coining money, and carried on wars with their private enemies. Barons possessed of such enormous power, disdained to consider themselves as subjects; and the consequence was, that a kingdom was broken into as many separate principalities, as it contained powerful nobles. Innumerable causes of jealousy and discord subsisted between them, and gave rise to constant wars. Every country in Europe, either wasted or kept in continual alarm during these feuds, was filled with castles and places of strength erected for the security of the despotic chieftain, not against foreign invasion, but domestic hostilities. In the reign of Stephen of England, when the feudal system was in its height, not less than a thousand castles, with their dependant territories, are said to have covered the southern part of that island. Among fierce and haughty chieftains the laws enacted by princes and magistrates commanded no degree of respect! and the right of retaliation and revenge was considered as an inherent privilege of their order. The estate of every baron was an independent territory; his castle was a strong and well garrisoned fortress, and he always considered himself as living in a state of war. When provoked by injury he met his adversary at the head of his vassals in hostile array, and trusted to his sword for the decision of the contest. Every man was the avenger of his own wrongs, and sought the redress of his grievances in single combat, the regulation and ceremonies of which were formed into a system of jurisprudence. The common people, the most useful as well as the most numerous of the community, were reduced to the miseries of slavery. The peasant was considered as the mere produce of the soil, and was transferred from one lord to another, with the utensils and cattle of his farm. The king, stripped of almost every prerogative, and possessing little more than the empty title of sovereign, had neither power to protect the innocent, nor to punish the guilty. A general anarchy, destructive of all the comforts which men expect to derive from a state of society, prevailed. To complete and confirm these evils, the progress of time gradually fixed and rendered venerable an establishment which originated in violence, and was continued with every species of despotism and injustice; a system which was as hostile to the intellectual as to the moral improvement of the mind; which banished science and the arts, sunk mankind in gross ignorance, obscured the sacred light of christianity in the thickest darkness of superstition, and was favourable only to the growth of those stern virtues, which are characteristic of uncivilized nations. The rigour of tyranny hardened the minds of the nobles, the yoke of vassalage debased the spirit of the people, the generous sentiments inspired by a sense of equality were extinguished, and there was no check to ferocity and violence. Accordingly a greater number of those atrocious actions, which fill the mind with astonishment and horror, occur in the history of the feudal times, than in that of any period of the same extent in the annals of Europe.

MATRIMONY vs. CELIBACY.

The following extracts from a series of moral essays, originally published in the N. Y. National Advocate, over the signature of "HOWARD," are so replete with satirical humor and wholesome doctrine, that we cannot resist a desire to translate them into our columns.

The penny post, a few weeks ago, brought me a note which ran thus: "The Bachelors' Club make their respects to their colleague, Mr. Howard, and notify him that they celebrate their anniversary on Wednesday next, at the Bank Coffee House. Venison, with chaffing dishes, on the table at four; together with a plentiful supply of Billy Niblo's twenty-eight years' old Madeira." Shall I go, or shall I not? said I to myself. I certainly dislike old bachelors, yet I have no aversion to sip Madeira moderately; and as it is but once a year, I'll meet these members of the *ancient regime*, drink with them, take up the cudgels of matrimony.....and who knows but I may make a convert, though even on the shady side of fifty. The hope of doing good, and striking a pure spark out of the rusty steel, determined me.....and at four, precisely, I was there. Almost

simultaneously a beau of the old school, polished and polite, adoring the fair sex, yet still unmarried, made his *entree*; and, after four or five modern bows, he squeezed me affectionately by the hand, and was rejoiced to see me.—Here, thinks I, is a bachelor of unpardonable celibacy. He is no enemy to matrimony; but has put off the day of marriage so long, that it now presents an awful aspect, and terrifies him, as the field of battle alarms the acknowledged coward. The room soon filled. There were some of overgrown fortunes, of moderate possessions, of fat and jolly persons, of lean and lantern'd visages. They were all well dressed; yet there was a certain something about their apparel that had the air of sluggish indifference, as if their wardrobe sighed for the superintending care of some kind female: One man's pocket handkerchief was unhemmed; the ends of another man's cravat were nibbled and ragged; here and there a few holes peeped from the cambric ruffles; and a straggling rent was perceptible in the heels of some stockings. How much care these 'children of a larger growth' seemed to require; how solitary they seemed to me, although their faces were dressed with smiles. Niblo's bell soon announced the dinner; and to it they went.....no ceremony.....no compliments: appetite and epicurism united to pin attention to the well stored table; and the poor creatures, in all their movements, seemed to indicate the want of some female, whose daily presence might refine their manners, control their appetites, give a grace to their actions and a polish to their converse. The old wine, together with pipes and segars, made its appearance; and as the bottle went briskly round, and their old clay moistened, revived and invigorated, each man had something to say in praise of a bachelor's life. "Marriage, (said an old fellow, who owned twenty brick houses in the city,) pshaw! what man would surrender his freedom—give up the joys of celibacy—subject himself to the eternal clatter of a woman's tongue, and a host of old tabbies, in the shape of aunts—be stunned to death with squalling brats—harrassed with illness, accouchments, doctors' bills, and christenings! Who would relinquish the happiness of being free, uncontrolled, and untrammelled! Here am I, happy as a lord; I can drink as many bottles of Niblo's stingo as I please; I can reel home, tumble myself in bed, boots and all; no wife to upbraid me for absence, scold me for a sot, or turn me from my pillow at eight in the morning; my ears are not stunned with her shrill tones, nor my eyes offended by her sour looks; old Phillis cooks my steak, makes my bed, smokes her pipe in peace, and is always glad to see me, drunk or sober: that's your sort.

"A bachelor leads an easy life;
Few folks that are wedded live better."

Hey, Howard, what do you say? Am I right, old Chronicle? Do you not say ditto?.....No, sir, said I, with great gravity, I am not with you—I disapprove of your whole position; I do not say ditto. A forfeit, a forfeit! exclaimed the whole company. Here's treason amongst us.....a spy in our camp.....an advocate for matrimony: fine him a bumper of salt water.....a cold bath; no punishment is too severe for such alarming opinions. Order, order! gentlemen, exclaimed the chairman; let us hear his defence, let us treat him with decorum. Come, Howard, said Van Snarl, your reasons, your reasons, my boy. Why, gentlemen, said I, although aware that I was to dine with bachelors, I was not prepared to meet a party hostile to matrimony. I myself am a bachelor, 'tis true, 'tis a pity, and pity 'tis true; yet I cannot subscribe to the correctness of doctrines such as I have just heard advanced. Man is a social being by nature; he was never intended to be isolated, floating through the world without ties of affection, of association, or of kindred; he has duties to perform to religion, to country, and to morality—and all these point to marriage, as the great end by which they may be accomplished and fulfilled. You boast of freedom, of the joys of your table, and your unrestrained liberty: the savage, whose yell reverberates through the forest, is equally as free; he becomes infuriated by rum, and basks in the sun-beams in dignified intoxication.....no soul feels an interest for you, no soul dares to molest him; so far you are equal: But the savage marries; he roves through the woods with his wife by his side; he hunts the fleet deer because his wife partakes of the spoil, and praises his

dexterity; he teaches his boys to become warriors, familiarizes them to the bow and arrow, and the pointed javelin; the savage has social relations, even in the moment of his brutal intoxication: he is, therefore, your superior. If you have no wife to control or direct your movements, you have no friend who feels an interest for your health and happiness; who sighs for your griefs, who rejoices in your prosperity, who watches your pillow in the hour of sickness, who administers, with her fair and soft hand, the medicine for your health, and binds your brows and soothes your agitation with the sweet kiss of affection. If you are thus free, you have no children whose growing virtues do honor to their sire, whose cheerful prattle blunts the edge of care. If marriage brings with it some privations, it amply compensates, by the additional comfort, confidence, mutual respect and influence which it carries in its train. Why, then, rail at matrimony? Instead of reeling home at night, and encountering the rusty visage of your wench as she opens the door for you, and you sneak through a dark hall to your comfortless and solitary bed, walk upright and soberly home, there meet the cheerful smile and cordial welcome of a fond wife, as she leads you to the ample fire, and there enjoy (what you never will, if you retain your present sentiments) the social converse and innocent hilarity of a lawful and lovely companion.

The faces of the old bachelors began to "cream and mantle," as I took my hat to leave them; and as I closed the door, Van Snarl exclaimed, "Harkee, there, sir, let us never see your rebellious face among us again."

HOWARD.

A PRATER

Is a common nuisance, and as great a grievance to those that come near him, as a pewterer is to his neighbors. His discourse is like the braying of a mortar, the more impertinent the more voluble and loud, as a pestle makes more noise when it is rung on the sides of a mortar than when it stamps downright, and hits upon the business. A dog that opens upon a wrong scent will do it oftener than one that never opens but upon a right. He is as long-winded as a ventiduct, that fills as fast as it empties, or a trade-wind, that blows one way for half a year together.—He is like an ear-wig, when he gets within a man's ear, he is not easily to be got out again.—He plays with his tongue as a cat does with her tail, and is transported with the delight he gives himself of his own making. Butler.

PERSEVERANCE.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with pride or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and distant countries are united by canals. If we were to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pickaxe, or the first impression of a spade, with the general design and last result, we should be overwhelmed with a sense of their disproportion. Yet these petty operations incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties; and mountains are leveled and oceans bounded by the slender force of human beings. It is therefore of the utmost importance to all those who have any intention of deviating from the beaten track of life, and of acquiring a reputation superior to a name, hourly swept away by time, among the refuse of fame,—to add to their reason and their spirit the power of persisting in their purposes, and to acquire the art of sapping what they cannot batter, and of conquering obstinate resistance by obstinate attacks. DR. JOHNSON.

Religious.

EXTRACT FROM THE ABBE MENNAIS.

"This life is the dream of a shadow," says Pindar. When we consider from a certain height the objects upon which the activity of the human mind usually exercises itself, we are astonished at the littleness of the circle in which it voluntarily incloses itself; and that so little is sufficient to amuse its curiosity and to deceive the infinite desire of knowledge, with which it is consumed. I know of nothing which marks more the misery of man than this surprising facility to content himself in some frivolous employments, with an immense capacity for truth. He loves it naturally, an invincible instinct induces him to seek it incessantly: it is his end, his repose, his happiness, and there is noth-

ing which can take the place of it. I do not speak either of the poor man absorbed in bodily labour, or of the rich man, agitated in the emptiness of pleasure; I speak of those who hold from heaven an independent condition with elevated sentiments. What do you think habitually fills up their thoughts? The Eternal Being—the immutable laws, which he has established. O! no: they will wear out their life in combining words, in studying the relation of numbers—the properties of matter—it needs no more to satisfy their powerful intellect. Why do you speak of God to that learned man, who fills the world with the noise of his name? How do you suppose that he will listen to you? Do you not see that at this moment, his mind is altogether occupied in the decomposition of salt, hitherto rebellious to his analysis? Wait till he has made known to the universe a new acid: then perhaps you will be permitted to discourse with him about the infinite Being, who has created, as in sport, the universe and all that it contains. This other man composes a history, a poem, a play, a romance, on which he imagines his glory depends; do not disturb him—he must make haste, for death approaches—and what inconsolable grief, if it arrive before he has put the last touch to his fame! It is true that he is ignorant of his own nature, of the place which he occupies in the order of beings, of his future destinies, of what he may hope, of what he ought to fear; he does not know whether there exists a God, a true religion, a heaven—a hell—but he has long since taken his side in these matters, he does not disquiet himself—he does not think of them. These things are not clear, says he; and immediately he acts as if it were clear that they were only dreams.

The "Fishers of men," as if exclusively bent on catching the greater sinners, often make the interstices of the moral net so wide, that it cannot retain those of more ordinary size, which every-where abound. Their draught might be more abundant, were not the meshes so large that the smaller sort, aided by their own lubricity, escape the toils and slip through. Happy to find themselves not bulky enough to be entangled, they plunge back again into their native element, enjoy their escape, and hope they may safely wait to grow bigger before they are in danger of being caught.

It is of more importance than we are aware, or are willing to allow, that we take care diligently to practise the smaller virtues, avoid scrupulously the lesser sins, and bear patiently inferior trials; for the sin of habitually yielding, or the grace of habitually resisting, in comparatively small points, tends in no inconsiderable degree to produce that vigor or debility of mind, on which hangs victory or defeat.

Conscience is moral sensation. It is the hasty perception of good and evil, the peremptory decision of the mind to adopt the one or avoid the other. Providence has furnished the body with senses, and the soul with conscience, as a tact by which to shrink from the approach of danger; as a prompt feeling to supply the deductions of reasoning; as a spontaneous impulse to precede a train of reflections for which the suddenness and surprize of the attack allow no time. An enlightened conscience, if tenderly kept alive, by a continual attention to its admonitions, would especially preserve us from those smaller sins, and stimulate us to those lesser duties which we are falsely apt to think are too insignificant to be brought to the bar of religion, too trivial to be weighed by the standard of scripture.

By cherishing this quick feeling of rectitude, light and sudden as the flash from heaven, and which is in fact the motion of the spirit, we intuitively reject what is wrong before we have time to examine why it is wrong; and seize on what is right before we have time to examine why it is right. Should we not then be careful how we extinguish this sacred spark? Will any thing be more likely to extinguish it than to neglect its hourly mementos to perform the smaller duties, and to avoid the lesser faults, which, as they in a good measure make up the sum of human life, will naturally fix and determine our character, that creature of habits? Will not our neglect or observance of it, incline or indispose us for those more important duties of which these smaller ones are connecting links?

HANNAH MORE.