

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



SERENADE.

[FROM PERCIVAL'S POEM.]

Softly the moonlight
Is shed on the lake,
Cool is the summer night—
Wake! O awake!
Faintly the curlew
Is heard from afar,
List ye! O list
To the lively guitar.

Trees cast a mellow shade
Over the vale,
Sweetly the serenade
Breathes in the gale,
Softly and tenderly
Over the lake,
Gaily and cheerily—
Wake! O awake!

See the light pinnace,
Draws nigh to the shore,
Swiftly it glides
At the heave of the oar;
Cheerily plays
On its buoyant ear,
Nearer and nearer
The lively guitar.

Now the wind rises
And ruffles the pine,
Ripples foam-crested
Like diamonds shine,
They flash where the waters
The white pebbles lave,
In the wake of the moon,
As it crosses the wave.

Bounding from billow
To billow, the boat
Like a wild swan is seen
On the waters to float;
And the light dipping oars
Bear it smoothly along
In time to the air
Of the gondolier's song.

And high on the stern
Stands the young and the brave,
As love-led he crosses
The star spangled wave,
And blends with the murmur
Of water and grove
The tones of the night,
That are sacred to love.

His gold-hilted sword
At his bright belt is hung,
His mantle of silk
On his shoulder is flung,
And high waves the feather,
That dances and plays
On his cap where the buckle
And rosary blaze.

The maid from her lattice
Looks down on the lake,
To see the foam sparkle,
The bright billow break,
And to hear in his boat,
Where he shines like a star,
Her lover so tenderly
Touch his guitar.

She opens her lattice,
And sits in the glow
Of the moon-light and star-light,
A statue of snow;
And she sings in a voice
That is broken with sighs,
And she darts on her lover
The light of her eyes.

His love-speaking pantomime
Tells her his soul—
How wild in that sunny clime
Hearts and eyes roll,
She waves with her white hand
Her white fazzolet,
And her burning thoughts flash
From her eyes' living jet.

The moonlight is hid
In a vapour of snow!
Her voice and his rebeck
Alternately flow;
Re-echoed they swell
From the rock on the hill;
They sing their farewell,
And the music is still.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

NATURAL CURIOSITY.

Description of the Natural Bridge in Virginia,
extracted from the *Christian Herald*.

"On a lovely morning toward the close of spring, I found myself in a very beautiful part of the Great Valley of Virginia. Spurred on by impatience, I beheld the sun rising in splendour and changing the blue tints on the tops of the lofty Alleghany mountains into streaks of purest gold, and nature seemed to smile in the freshness of beauty. A ride of about 15 miles, and a pleasant woodland ramble of about two, brought myself and companion to the great *Natural Bridge*.

Although I had been anxiously looking forward to this time, and my mind had been considerably excited by the expectation, yet I was not altogether prepared for this visit. This great work of nature is considered by many as the second great curiosity in our country, Niagara falls being the first. I do not expect to convey a very correct idea of this bridge, for no description can do this.

The Natural Bridge is entirely the work of God. It is of solid limestone, and connects two high mountains together by a most beautiful arch, over

which there is a great wagon road. Its length from one mountain to the other is nearly 80 feet, its width about 35, its thickness 45, and its perpendicular height over the water is not far from 220 feet. A few brushes grow on its top, by which the traveller may hold himself as he looks over. On each side of the stream, and near the bridge, are rocks projecting 10 or 15 feet over the water, and from 200 to 300 from its surface, all of limestone. The visitor cannot give so good a description of this bridge as he can of his feelings at the time. He softly creeps out on a shaggy projecting rock, and looking down a chasm of from 40 to 60 feet wide, he sees nearly 300 feet below, a wild stream foaming and dashing against the rocks beneath, as if terrified at the rocks above. This stream is called the Cedar Creek. The visitor here sees trees under the arch, whose height is seventy feet; and yet to look down upon them, they appear like small bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch, and they looked like insects. I threw down a stone, and counted thirty-four before it reached the water. All hear of heights and of depths, but they here see what is high, and they tremble, and feel it to be deep. The awful rocks present their everlasting butments, the water murmurs and foams far below, and the two mountains rear their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon, and the stars, and allow that none but God could make them, will here be impressed that none but an Almighty God could build a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge from below, is as pleasing as the top view is awful. The arch from beneath would seem to be about two feet in thickness. Some idea of the distance from the top to the bottom may be formed, from the fact, that as I stood on the bridge and my companion beneath, neither of us could speak with sufficient loudness to be heard by the other. A man from either view does not appear more than four or five inches in height.

As we stood under this beautiful arch, we saw the place where visitors have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed up 25 feet and carved his own name, where it still remains. Some wishing to immortalize their names, have engraven them deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert them high in this book of fame.

A few years since, a young man, being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near losing his life in the attempt. After much fatigue he climbed up as high as possible, but found that the person who had before occupied his place was taller than himself, and consequently had placed his name above his reach. But he was not thus to be discouraged. He opened a large jack-knife, and in the soft lime-stone, began to cut places for his hands and feet. With much patience and industry he worked his way upwards, and succeeded in carving his name higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could now triumph, but his triumph was short, for he was placed in such a situation that it was impossible to descend, unless he fell upon the ragged rocks beneath him. There was no house near, from whence his companions could get assistance. He could not long remain in that condition, and, what was worse, his friends were too much frightened to do any thing for his relief. They looked upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him precipitated upon the rocks below and dashed to pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend. Accordingly he plies himself with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascended with incredible labour. He exerts his every muscle. His life was at stake, and all the terrors of death rose before him. He dared not to look downwards, lest his head should become dizzy; and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended. His companions stood at the top of the rock exhorting and encouraging him. His strength was almost exhausted; but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained, and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not yet forsaken him. His course upwards was rather obliquely than perpendicularly. His most critical moment had now arrived. He had ascended considerably more than 200 feet, and had still further to rise, when he felt himself fast growing weak. He

thought of his friends and all his earthly joys, and he could not leave them. He thought of the grave, and dared not meet it. He now made his last effort, and succeeded. He had cut his way not far from 250 feet from the water, in a course almost perpendicular; and in little less than two hours, his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy; but he himself was completely exhausted. He immediately fainted away on reaching the spot, and it was some time before he could be recovered!

It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and to follow in imagination this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands far above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, of rashness, and of folly.

We staid around this seat of grandeur about four hours; but from my own feelings I should not have supposed it over half an hour. There is a little cottage near, lately built; here we were desired to write our names as visitors of the bridge, in a large book kept for the purpose. Two large volumes were nearly filled in this manner already. Having immortalized our names by enrolling them in this book, we slowly and silently returned to our horses, wondering at this great work of nature; and we could not but be filled with astonishment at the amazing power of Him, who can clothe himself in wonder and terror, or throw around his works a mantle of sublimity.

FROM THE BOSTON CENTINEL.

MR. RUSSELL—About the time of the burning of the British government schooner *Gashee*, at Newport, a few years previous to the revolution, admiral Montague, (who then commanded the ships of war in Boston,) took several of his officers in his coach and proceeded to Newport, to make personal inquiry into that affair. On his return to Boston, not far from Dedham, a charcoal cart obstructed the passage of the coach, when the coachman, feeling much consequence, from his exalted station, in driving a British admiral, and knowing that his master was to dine that day with Mr. B. called in an insolent manner to the collier to turn out, and make way for admiral Montague!—the coal driver (not at all intimidated by the splendid equipage, imposing manner and rich livery of the knight of the whip) replied that he was in the *king's high way*, and that he should not "turn out" for any one but the king himself, and thanked fortune that he had the law to support him. The admiral finding an altercation had taken place, on discovering the cause, told his coachman to get down and give the fellow a *thrashing*, but the coachman did not seem disposed to obey his commander. One of the officers in the coach, a large athletic man, alighted, reproached the coachman with being a coward, and was proceeding to take vengeance of the coal driver, who, perceiving so potent an adversary advancing, drew from his cart a *stake*, to use as a weapon of defence, and placing himself before his oxen, in an attitude of defence, he exclaimed—"well, if I must, darn me! but I'll tarnish your laced jacket if you don't keep off." By this time the admiral and the other officers had left the coach, and finding that no laurels were to be obtained in such a contest, he made a conciliatory proposition, and condescended to ask as a *favor*, which he had ordered his coachman to obtain by force. Ah, now (said the collier) you behave like a gentleman, as you appear, and if you had been as *civil* at first, I vow I would have driven over the stone wall to oblige you.—But I won't be drove, I vow I won't. The coal driver made way, and the admiral passed on.—When he arrived at Mr. B.'s, he related the occurrence with much good humor, and appeared gratified with the spirit and independence of the man. Mr. B. assured the admiral, that "the collier had exhibited a true character of the American people, and that the story he had then related was an epitome of the dispute between Great Britain and her colonies. Let the king ask of us our aid, and we will grant more than he will demand; but we will not be "drove." we will not be taxed by parliament."

Had the government of Great Britain been as conciliatory to Americans as the honest good hearted Montague was to the collier, we should probably now be the subjects of George the IV! "The ways of heaven are dark and intricate." We should still be servile dependents. We should not have a

beautiful star spangled banner, peeping into every port in the world, in pursuit of enterprise and wealth. We should not now have merchants whose capital in trade is equal to that of a province, and making magnificent presents in support of literature and science that would do honor to princes. Let Americans be thankful for these mercies, and a thousand others, and study to appreciate them.

Vain ambition exposed to merited contempt.

Sir Robert Porter, in his travels in Persia, &c. from 1817 to 1820, relates an anecdote of Mirza Sheffy, aged about 75, who is prime minister to the King of Persia. He is a man of considerable talent, and being the second person in the kingdom, is treated by all ranks with the utmost deference. Though an avaricious man, he has ability to gratify that passion and at the same time to make sport for others. His station gives him a kind of reflecting consequence, that makes a smile or a nod from him, seem to shed honours *ad infinitum* downwards, graduating dignity according to its distance from the sovereign, the original fountain of favor. Among those who had attended the minister's levees in hopes to obtain some peculiar mark of grace, was an individual who had no other qualification to recommend him than riches. Not having received the slightest notice, he one day privately mentioned the circumstance to the minister, and told him if on the next assembly of visitors his excellency would condescend to *rise a little* as he should enter, it would afford him great happiness—it would be the height of his ambition, as he should thenceforth be held of consequence in the eyes of the khans; and he named a considerable sum of money which he would give his excellency for this honor.

It was an agreement his excellency liked so well, he closed with the proposal, and the time for the solemn investing dignity was arranged for the next day. The happy man took care not to make his appearance till the divan of the minister was pretty well filled. He then presented himself on the most conspicuous part of the carpet, big with ideas of the ever-growing honors, of which that moment was to make him master. He looked proudly round on the rest of the khans, while Mirza Sheffy, half-raising himself from his seat, by his knuckles, and fixing his eyes gravely on him, to the no small astonishment of the rest of the company, exclaimed, "Is that enough?" The man was so overcome with confusion, he hurried from the room: leaving his distinction and his money alike with the minister; but taking with him the useful lesson that bought honors are usually paid with disgrace. The laugh for once went, without doubt of sincerity, with the great man; and his smiles became of still higher value, since it had been proved that he set them above price.

Religious.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

Messrs. Bingham & White:

I have with no small satisfaction seen, within a few months, announced in your useful paper, the formation of several County Bible Societies, in this part of the state, "auxiliary to the American Bible Society." These societies, in my humble opinion, promise, under the direction of Divine Providence, to be rich blessings to those counties in which they have been established. Indeed, I cannot but hope that their benign influence will be felt far beyond the limits of our state and nation. The bible, let it never be forgotten, was designed, like the glorious luminary of heaven, by its benevolent author, to diffuse its light over the world!

The multiplication of bibles is, to every mind not wholly void of benevolence, a source of the most pleasing reflection. Unlike a majestic river, which, in its progress towards the ocean, is constantly receiving new tributaries, the bible, in its march towards the end of time, divides itself into innumerable branches, and yet remains a noble river in every respect, equal to the original stream, in all its beauty, strength, and glory! Never has the bible been owned by so many individuals, never has it been possessed by so many families, never has it been translated into so many languages, as at the present day. Nor, at any former period, have its friends ever been so numerous, so enlightened, so powerful, or so systematic in

their exertions to circulate this blessed book among the destitute. Who that wishes well to his country and the world will not do something to promote Bible Societies? Who will stand aloof and sneer, or frown, when so many hands are so happily employed? And, under the auspices of Prince Emmanuel, they are bringing their work of mercy to a glorious consummation.

Against bible institutions it has often been urged as a triumphant argument, that there is no family in this part of the country so poor, that it cannot, if disposed, purchase a bible. The question is, not what a poor family can do, but what has it done, to procure a copy of the holy scriptures? It has been for years destitute of a bible. And there is a probability amounting almost to a certainty, that it will remain for years to come without a bible, unless supplied with one by christian benevolence. Surely no enlightened citizen, no intelligent christian, can for a moment hesitate which course to pursue. It is not, however, recommended to give, where there is a disposition to purchase. The smallest donation, if proportioned to the ability of the individual, should not be refused.

These remarks have been made with a view of exciting the numerous readers of the *Carolinian* to a punctual attendance at the approaching meeting of the Bible Society to which they respectively belong. "Punctuality" has been called "the soul of business." It is peculiarly important at the commencement of any new Society. A man, who cannot interest by his eloquence, or afford a princely donation; may, nevertheless, by his presence and counsels do much to promote Bible Societies.

BENEVOLENCE.

SELECTED.

Whosoever, therefore, shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father.

Many and severe are the threats which we find denounced by Christ against those who pretended an extraordinary sanctity in their manners and conversation, without having any true sense of religion or morality in their hearts. The words before us are a threat, likewise, against hypocrites, but hypocrites of a very different sort; those who pretend to be more profligate than they really are, and therefore may properly be called hypocrites in wickedness. These are much more numerous in the present times, and perhaps more mischievous than the former; as those do honor to religion and virtue by their pretences to them, these affront them by an open disavowal. Those make others better than themselves, and these worse, by their example. We meet with this ridiculous and criminal kind of hypocrisy every day; we see men affecting to be guilty of vices for which they have no relish, of profligacy for which they have not constitutions, and of crimes which they have not courage to perform. They lay claim to the honour of cheating, at the time they are cheated, and endeavour to pass for knaves, when, in fact, they are but fools.—These are the offenders of whom Christ will be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father; which will be a dreadful but just punishment, and a proper retaliation of that foolish and impious modesty, which induced them to be ashamed of him and his word, in complaisance to a sinful and adulterous generation; and to be less afraid of incurring the displeasure of the best of all Beings, than the profane ridicule of the worst of men.

If there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress. If there be a pain which devils might pity man for enduring, it is the death-bed reflection that we have possessed the power of doing good, but that we have abused and perverted it to purposes of ill.

Public charities and benevolent associations for the gratuitous relief of every species of distress, are peculiar to Christianity; no other system of civil or religious policy has originated them; they form its highest praise and characteristic feature; an order of benevolence, so disinterested, and so exalted, looking before and after, could no more have preceded revelation, than light the sun.