

Poetry.

TO MUSIC.

Thou dear enchantress of the soul,
Whose magic skill life's ills canst charm;
Whose nod can bid the whirlwind roll,
Whose whisper can its rage disarm.
Sweet Music! I invoke thy power,
Thou bid'st the aspiring spirit rise;
Thou charm'st existence cheerful hour,
Thou point'st each hope to yonder skies.
In life's drear maze I've wandered long,
And sought for peace, but none could find;
'Till listening to the thrilling song,
My bosom own'd its influence kind.
O! if to finite state be given,
Some emanation from above,
Some foretaste of a brighter Heaven,
'Tis Music from the lips we love.

SMALL THINGS ARE BEST.

Addressed to — a little, short lady.
When any thing abounds, we find,
That nobody will have it;
But when there's little of the kind,
Don't all the people crave it?
If wives are evils, as is known,
And woefully confest,
The man who's wise will surely own,
A little one is best.
The God of Love's a little wight,
But beautiful as thought;
Thou, too, art little, fair as light,
And every thing in short!
O happy girl! I think thee so,
For mark the poet's song—
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

BAJ OF NAPLES.

Extract from the journal of an American gentleman, while at Naples.

Feb. 1, 1821.—Since our arrival here about a month ago, we have examined the Bay of Naples in almost every point of view, having passed through it three times. Although prepared to anticipate very much, and of course on this account liable to be greatly disappointed, I am still constrained to say that it surpassed my expectations, high as they were; it is truly, all things considered, far the most interesting spot I ever beheld. To say nothing of the amphitheatre of hills which encompass it and gradually descends with enchanting declivity to the water's edge, Vesuvius alone, with its two sister conical summits, from one of which a pillar of dense smoke constantly arises—now shooting perpendicular up to the heavens—and now winding away before the wind, and forming a broad horizontal track in the air as far as the eye can reach; this mountain alone, in conjunction with the reflections which its history and present appearance almost necessarily suggest, not only impresses the mind with the beauty, but overwhelms it with the grandeur and sublimity of the scene, accompanied with emotions of reverence and awe towards its great Author.

The portion of the bay adjacent to the sea is gemmed with islets of varied and fantastic forms, thickly populated, in the highest state of cultivation, covered with ruins and other reliques of ancient greatness; at the head of the bay, in the form of a crescent, lies the city itself with its 400,000 inhabitants—the whole overlooked by the fortress of St. Elmo, and thence gently sloping in such a manner, as to furnish to the eye of the spectator, from one part of the bay, a view that comprehends nearly all its edifices, both private and public—its castles, palaces, churches and convents—its streets, gardens and villas—its lofty tower, and its capricious mole, crowded with vessels from "every nation, kindred, tongue, and people."—The whole is enlivened by the thousand boats of every size, that are constantly fitting in all directions over this beautiful sheet of water, and also by the multitude of people that are ever rolling along the streets adjacent to the edge. In front of the city, each side of the bay is bordered with villas and villas; with orchards, vineyards and gardens; the uniform whiteness of the buildings being every where relieved by the rich green of the most luxuriant vegetation. The whole of the coast is also variegated by promontories and inlets; by bluffs, dells, fissures and caverns of every size and form.

Such is this celebrated bay when seen during the day in pleasant weather, but the beauty of the scene is greatly enhanced, when viewed in a clear moon-light night, as our little company often did while lying in the bay.—The expanse of water is converted in-

to burnished silver; the appearance of each object is softened by the mild rays of the 'queen of night'—the ear is greeted by melodious strains of music from the adjacent parts of the city; while the eye beholds far above, the lurid head of Vesuvius sending forth its thick smoke and burning lava, and now, constantly rolling this fused substance down its side like melted fire. In short, you have then before you every object that can interest: it would seem as if the hand of enchantment had here wrought its fairest work; and the imagination can suggest nothing that could add to the interest of the scene.

It has been observed that the size of the bay (its diameter being every where more than fifteen miles) and the consequent indistinctness of the most remote object, when viewed from a central point, is a defect in the scene; but to me this very fact seems to be favourable to its beauty; the indistinctness of distance tends greatly to soften the scene and increase the mellowness, and is thus always highly advantageous to landscape views, until the distance becomes so great that the outlines of the objects are lost, or to any considerable degree impaired, which is not the case with the view of the Bay of Naples, on account of the lucid transparency of the atmosphere.

When traversing this bay, a thousand recollections crowd upon the mind. On yonder island was the abode of the accomplished Augustus; there too the famous Tiberius acted out his debauchery. On one side of me, is that ever-burning tremendous mount, that has at different times buried thousands of my fellow-creatures and overwhelmed whole towns, with their theatres, temples and palaces. Now, over them smile flourishing villages, and their inhabitants never once dream of danger, though one of them has been almost entirely destroyed nine times by different eruptions. The luxuriant and fertile spots, on some parts of the mountain, that now meet the eye, were one day, incredible as it may seem, nought but burning lava. On the other side of me, near the edge of the bay, and just at the water's surface, are summits of buildings sunk by convulsions of the earth. Near this, rest the ashes of the Mantuan bard. Further still, are the ruins of the city that was once the principal mart of the Mediterranean, where the great Apostle of the Gentiles landed near nineteen centuries ago on his way to Rome, there to answer to the charges, on which he had been imprisoned; and not far distant, is the remains of one of the villas of the immortal Tully.

Such are some of the particulars which go far to justify the proverb so often repeated by Neapolitans, when descending upon the unrivaled beauty of their city: "Vadi Napoli, e po mori!"—See Naples and then die.

* There being an eruption at the time, † Capri. ‡ Torre del Greco. § Puzzuoli.

FROM THE NATIONAL GAZETTE.

TESTIMONY.

We have received within a few days past, a new volume of British travels, with this title page, "Sketches of Upper Canada, Domestic, Local, and Characteristic, to which are added Practical details for the information of every class, and some Recollections of the United States of America, by John Howison, Esq. Edinburgh." The volume is an elegant octavo. It has been highly praised in the Edinburgh and London Journals, for the style, descriptions of scenery and manners, and the general vivacity of the narrative. The author had spent two years and a half in Upper Canada, and has certainly contrived to render his account of that province a pleasant one, by lively anecdotes and wonderful adventures. In several instances, he has, we think, put even the credulity of the British public to a hard trial. The newspapers of this country have already copied from the London Literary Gazette, some passages of the work respecting the perfume of snakes, and human fascination, that evince the hardihood with which Mr. Howison has dealt in the marvellous. Of the Indians of Canada, he has also made the most, to astonish and amuse the natives at home. But our attention has been more particularly engaged with his Recollections of the United States; of which we shall proceed to submit some specimens to our readers, begging them to bear in mind, that Mr. Howison's book was applauded and recommended in the warmest language, in the same number of the New

Monthly Magazine, in which Mr. Campbell, its editor, made what has been called his most kind and satisfactory apology to the American people, for the wilful circulation of a libellous article upon them.

Mr. Howison, after stating that there exists a desperate hatred between the Americans and Canadians, acknowledged that he entered the United States "with prepossessions somewhat unfavourable." As soon as he gets upon the Republican soil, he mentions that in the northern parts of the United States all trade is carried on by barter; and he quickly proceeds to give the following specimen of American language—landlady to a driver of a stage.

"Well now, Squire, han't you heard nothing of no Methodist priest never being drown at the ferry agen Lewiston?"—There now.—I guess as how I sees how it is, that that there man, who's never no gentleman, has been trying to work me, by telling me on things that han't never had no existence."

Every one who has attended to the peculiarities of American phraseology throughout these States, must at once perceive that the pretended diction of the landlady, is sheer English manufacture. On arriving at Waterloo, our traveller found "fifteen or sixteen chairs in the room, but could not procure one for his accommodation, although five or six persons only were seated. Each of the individuals occupied three or four chairs. He sat upon one, bid his legs on another, whirled round a third, and perhaps chewed the paint from the back of a fourth. None of them offered me a chair."

The perhaps is a remarkable qualification in such a recital. A little further on he is more positive in giving this general opinion.

"Any American will willingly gratify a stranger, by giving an account of himself, and if the truth is unfavourable to him, he will invent falsehoods rather than not play the egotist."

To illustrate his own veracity, we may presume, the traveller makes the following attempt.

"The practice of going to bed with boots on is no uncommon thing in America. The New Englanders sometimes do not even take off their spurs before retiring to rest; and a gentleman humorously informed me, that he once saw one of these people come down to breakfast, unconsciously dragging a pair of sheets at his heels, the spurs of which had got entangled in the cotton, while he was asleep."

The view which Mr. Howison presents of American intoxication is particularly flattering.

"The Americans are more detestable than any other people under the influence of ardent spirits. Liquor only serves to draw forth their natural coarseness, insolence and rankness of feeling."

The traveller pronounces that "there is scarcely any pulpit eloquence in America, the character of the people being unfavorable to its existence;" but in another place, when noticing the churches which he saw in every village, he observes that they would scarcely have been built merely from custom or for show. He decidedly thinks that we are a very apathetic race.

"At New York, though the play was pathetic and affecting, I could not discover the least symptom of feeling in any of the faces around me; and this observation harmonized with the idea I had previously formed of the total insensibility of the American people to all the finer sources of emotion."

He was constrained, however, in consequence of what he saw on board of one of the New-York steam boats, to make the following confession.

"The Americans, notwithstanding their mental apathy, do not hesitate to acknowledge the conjoint influence of music and pretty women, when heard and seen in the stillness of moonlight."

He relates that the ladies of New-York make "a frequent use of rouge"—that in the New-York taverns, "when any person wants part of a dish, he sends the waiter for the whole of it, as no one troubles himself with carving for another"—and that "the Americans are not at all addicted to the pleasures of the table, being no judges of cookery." The following are given as traits of the American merchant's life.

"Should men of business feel inclined to drink a little in the course of the evening, they engage a few acquaintances and carry them to their homes or boarding houses; where having called for some wine, the whole party drink it off as fast as possible, without either sitting down or taking off their hats. This is called a flying glass."

"An American merchant will come home from his country house at nine in the evening, and take up the last novel or poem, and after reading a few pages he will begin to yawn, then complain of a head ache, smoke a segar, drink some brandy and water, and go to bed."

As to our literature, the heaviest sentence is of course passed upon it by Mr. Howison. He furnishes some information, which, we must confess, is new to us—to wit—that "the American press sends forth many novels," and most of these novels seem to him "remarkable for poverty of incident, feebleness of conception and a want of knowledge of the world." With res-

pect to American poetry, he decides that it has no more resemblance to real poetry "than toast and water has to Madeira wine." The traveller could not leave the United States, without visiting Philadelphia, and we must not leave him without making some quotations from the short history of his visit, particularly as he treats this good city with uncommon kindness. He was only a few days among us, and visited the hospital, which he hugely admired, in company with one of the directors of that institution. We should not forget to tell that when he reaches Amboy on his way hither, he takes occasion to say—"We were now in Pennsylvania, and I could almost fancy I saw the virtuous Penn, &c."

"As I passed through the part of Philadelphia adjoining Chesnut street, I every where saw the Quakers, surrounded by their families, sitting out of doors, and enjoying the cool breeze. The old men with their broad brimmed hats and their large skirts, and their wives dressed in plain bonnets, handkerchiefs, and plain muslin gowns, had such an aspect of conjugal affection and domestic comfort, that I surveyed them with the deepest pleasure, and could not help reflecting upon the consistency of character which this people have at all times preserved."

"The Philadelphia ladies are prettier and more genteel than those of New-York. The Young men are altogether inferior to the New-York dandies, both in their person and style of dress."

"The higher class of Philadelphia are better informed and more refined in their manners than those of New-York, and entertain fewer national prejudices. The lower ranks appear to have a remarkable respect for religion and propriety of conduct; and I believe that crimes and violations of the law are more rare in Philadelphia, than of any other city, of equal population in the world."

The worthy inhabitants of New-York must defend themselves from the weight of these comparisons. They can judge without difficulty of the degree of authority which Mr. Howison's opinions have with our minds.—But it must be avowed seriously that he is not of the class of the Fearons and Jansons—he is of a much higher order of writers; and it is to be expected from the entertaining cast and typographical beauty of his book, and the high encomiums which have been passed upon it by the British Reviewers, that it will have great circulation and some influence in the British world. We have been induced to notice it from this consideration. We ought not to conceal, however, that there are some favorable views taken in it, of the condition and character of the Yankees. On the whole this is exactly the sort of work to remind us of this passage near the end of the voyage to Broddingnag.—"The Captain," says Gulliver, "was well satisfied with my relation. He hoped when we returned to England, I would oblige the world by putting it on paper. My answer was that I thought we were over stocked with books of travels, that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary; wherein I doubted some authors less consulted truth than their own vanity, or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers: that my story would contain little beside common events, without these ornamental descriptions of strange plants, trees, birds, and other animals; or the barbarous customs and idolatry of savage people, with which most writers abound."

Monkeys.—On a shooting party, one of his friends killed a female monkey and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by 40 or 50 of the tribe, who made a great noise, and seemed disposed to attack the aggressor. They retreated when he presented his fowling piece, the dreadful effect of which they had witnessed, and seemed perfectly to understand. The head of the troop, however, stood his ground, chattering furiously; the sportsman did not like to fire at the creature, and nothing short of firing would suffice to drive him off. At length he came to the door of the tent, and finding threats of no avail, began a lamentable moaning, and by the most expressive gestures to beg for the dead body. It was given him—he took it sorrowfully in his arms, and bore it away to his expecting companions. They who were witnesses of the extraordinary scene, resolved never again to fire on one of the monkey race.—[Forbes' Oriental Memoirs]

Religious.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

Messrs. Editors: Will you permit me to address, through the medium of your paper, a few thoughts to the public on the subject of Sabbath Schools? I have been waiting a long time, in hopes that some able pen would take up the subject, so important to the moral and political interests of our beloved country, the happiness of individuals, and the prosperity of the nation. But it will not do to wait any longer; for the season for Sabbath

School operations has again arrived. But I have neither the time nor the talents to do this subject justice; it is worthy the talents of our greatest statesmen, our ablest philosophers, and our noblest philanthropists. It has, in other parts of our country and in Europe, engaged in its support talents of the highest order, and minds of the largest views and most expansive benevolence. What, then, can a feeble pen achieve? It may, by its puny exertions, call forth from his long slumbers some mighty genius, to exhibit this subject, in all its importance, to the eye of the public and to the notice of private individuals.

All that is wanting, I conceive, in order for every village and every neighborhood to have a flourishing Sabbath School, is some benevolent spirited individual to step forward in this good work. How benevolent the employment of imparting knowledge to those who must otherwise pass their days in ignorance? yes, it is truly benevolent, if we only contemplate the sources of enjoyment it opens to them in this life. It gives them access to the intellectual treasures that have been accumulating since the invention of letters; but if we take a larger view of this subject, and consider all the ignorant around us, connected with the retributions of eternity, the employment of imparting to them a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, that are able to make them wise unto eternal life, will appear truly godlike. It will be approved and applauded when all on earth, that is merely great or splendid, shall have been forgotten! Let every man count the cost; let him consider well the consequences, before he throws any obstacles in the way to the establishment of Sabbath Schools. If he doubts their utility, let him examine, but not oppose, till he has had time enough to witness their effects.

Our state is rising in its moral character. We have our Bible Societies, to supply the destitute with the word of God; our Education Societies, to aid young men of talents, and piety, and indigence, in obtaining a suitable education for the gospel ministry. These are noble societies. Every lover of his country must most cordially wish them prosperity; but even these institutions yield in importance to Sabbath Schools. What can the Bible do without being read; and what can a learned, a pious and eloquent minister do without being understood?

I hope, therefore, every benevolent citizen and every enlightened Christian, will lend his purse and his hand to aid the march of Sabbath Schools over North-Carolina. MINIMUS. Iredell County, April 15, 1822.

AN EXTRACT.

In the codes of modern infidelity and licentiousness, as well as among uncivilized nations, woman is exhibited as the mere servile instrument of convenience or pleasure. In the volume of Revelation she is represented as the equal, the companion, and the helpmate of man. In the language of worldly taste, a fine woman is one who is distinguished for her personal charms, and polite accomplishments. In the language of Scripture, she is the enlightened and virtuous mistress of a family, and the useful member of society. The woman who is formed on the principle of the world, finds no enjoyment but in the circles of affluence, gaiety, and fashion. The woman who is formed on the principles of the Bible, goeth about doing good; she visiteth the fatherless and the widows in their affliction; she stretcheth forth her hands to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. The one dresses with elegance, and shines in the dance; the other "opens her mouth with wisdom; in her tongue is the law of kindness," and her most valued adorning is not "gold, or pearls, or costly array; but good works, and the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." The hours of the one are divided between routs and assemblies, and visiting, and theatres, and cards; the other "looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." The business of the one is pleasure; the pleasure of the other is business. The one is admired abroad; the other is beloved and honored at home. "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

In all things mistakes are excusable; but an error that proceeds from any good principle leaves no room for resentment.