

VARIETY.

All pleasure consists in *Futility*.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.
A TALE OF PART TIMES.

Seated in the baronial hall of the demerise given him by his master, Alfred, Duke Edrick was surrounded by his vassals, and in receiving their oaths of allegiance, he fancied himself even equal to the sovereign of England. Many a Danish mother had to mourn the effects of his prowess—many a Danish maiden had strained her eyes over the whitened shore expecting the return of her lover, whom the sword Edrick's followers had laid low in the dust. Deeds of honor had gained Edrick the love of his King; and the wapentakes of Sussex were given him to reign over, as some recompense for the many leagues of land he had caused the Danes to relinquish. His bosom was raised high in exultation, on finding himself Lord of so goodly a territory—a territory lost by his father's disloyalty to Athelstan, but redeemed by himself on a return to his allegiance.

The hall of audience was extensive to the gaze; it was built in all the majesty of feudal time—it rose in ample grandeur—simple and unadorned, save by the waving trophy, the hazberk, or the cuirass, intermingled with the crossbow or the glittering spear. Looks of festive joy beamed in every visage, the vassal bowl passed off, and returned, till Duke Edrick called on the minstrel. All then was hushed, as the retiring wave from the distant shore, while the hoary bard sung of deeds of valor and of wisdom, achieved by England's Solon. In the midst of a crowd of warriors, shone, like a brilliant star, Duke Edrick's daughter, on whom her father doted, and considered as the step ladder to his ambition, and in prospect as a sharer of his monarch's bed.—Imma's form was the most beautiful that can be imagined; she was fair as marble—her eyes were of celestial blue, lighting a face full of the most tender, bewitching, and expressive languishment—her cheeks were fresh tinted by the rose blossom, but her lips and teeth were such as a painter might attempt to imitate, but could never realize.—Her hair, of clear flaxen, undorned and unrestrained, strayed over her fine and falling shoulders; she bent forward to the bard's notes, as if in admiration of his theme, but the harper's strains were far from occupying her thoughts. Unhappy girl! she was dwelling on those which told her misery must ever be her portion, and how much more she thought her fate was to be lamented than that of any other damsel. The lay finished the bard regained his seat—the rousal again commenced and Duke Edrick roused his daughter from vacancy by a loud and deep reproach. He demanded, why, she alone, joined not in the general joy, on beholding him in the hall of his ancestors? Imma essayed to speak but her words were inarticulate; she burst into tears happily unperceived by her father.—Again the bard was inspired—he struck a prelude which enchanted all; they seized their arms, in rapture, as for the combat, but each tongue was silent, and all was hushed, save the repressed clank of armor, as the knights regained their seats.—The hoary musician's cheek was flushed with a hectic flash; a holy inspiration gave a fire to his eye; and while his fingers struck the chords of his harp, he sung the praise of the chieftain's daughter—he sung the praise of Imma—

"Fair as chaste, as chaste as fair."

At such a congratulation, she rose in virgin diffidence, and thanked him, though in a voice choked with sobs; and, overcome by the praises of her father, she cast her eyes fearlessly round the hall, and sunk senseless into his arms. While the stern Edrick was chiding her, and the timid Imma was ascribing the acuteness of her feelings to some ominous cause, (which, in those days of superstition, haunted, occasionally, the strongest mind) a confusion of sounds arose from that part of the hall from which Imma had withdrawn her sight, it broke out as though the foe had them in his toils. As the smoke of battle rolls on in destruction—as the dust of the warhorse approaches nearer and nearer still—so come the sounds of discontent to Duke Edrick's seat. "I heed thee not," exclaimed Lord Hildebrande, in a voice above the din; "I tell thee to thy teeth, and I'll tell it all who'll hear, Duke Edrick is deceived, and Imma is no longer chaste as fair—she is a wanton!"

At such a charge, again were murmurs loud and deep; they poured thro' the hall of audience. A hundred helmets shook, a hundred swords left their scabbards, but Lord Hildebrande again exclaimed aloud, "By the Holy Ghost she's false; Imma has disgraced herself." "Proud Hildebrande, thou li-

est," exclaimed Child Edmund: the storm of passion shook his heaving frame—he snatched off his greave, it whirled in the air, and striking the accuser of Imma, who took the pledge and demanding the ordeal, swore to prove the charge. The affrighted Imma now raised herself, in conscious innocence; she indignantly threw back those tresses which would have hid her face; she would have defended with an undaunted eye, her character, but she met a father's reproachful look; a chilly paleness overspread her, and she bent like a lily in the storm, into the arms of Child Edmund.

When Lady Imma awoke from her trance, every thing bore a dreadful silence; in vain she attempted to raise herself from her couch, her limbs appeared paralyzed; she put her hand to her head, her brain was maddening; it is true, a refreshing breeze burst in upon her from the open casement, yet it lasted but a moment; a hotter glow succeeded, and threatened to check all respiration; she gazed wildly around her; she paused to think, but yet seemed fearful of recalling remembrance: she put her finger on the blood-bursting lids of her eyes, distended with fever: she pored over unconsciously, the storied painting, which the last rays of a setting sun emblazoned and reflected from the bay window; and a conviction of what was to happen dawning in her mind, she endeavored to shut out its reality: she shrunk into herself; a frightful slumber steeped her faculties in misery, and tortured her diseased imagination.

Such a charge as Lord Hildebrande's was not to be made with impunity.—When the first storms of indignation were over, he was allowed to speak, as follows: "Returning last, on the eve of St. Francis, from a border post, I entered a dingle in the forest; there I saw the Lady Imma rush into the arms of a man, who wore the scarf that now Child Edmund wears. I am not mad—I am Lord Edrick's friend: I pledge myself for the truth of what I now utter, and let her disloyal Knight defend her if he can." In saying this, each warrior slunk away, to see the decision by mutual combat.

Fearful that violent emotions might rack the bosom of the gentle Imma, Edmund left the hall to seek her; love is seldom accompanied by prudence, or he had never sought a secret interview. Now the baron Edrick trembled with passion, and he swore, if guilty, to sacrifice both to his revenge. From the maidens of her house, Child Edmund learned Imma was in her chamber. As he was the cause of the indignity which Hildebrande had offered her, he dared not subject her to another by entering the castle; he, therefore, saw her not, and becoming a prey to the acutest anguish, he wandered about the dwelling, unconscious where he bent his steps. Child Edmund, as he was called, had long loved the gentle Imma, and, ere she was aware, she returned his love; they feared it was impossible they could ever be united, but there was such a luxury in even their cherished hopes, that they rather chose to encourage a mutual attachment, accompanied with future misery, than to call upon the resources of sense and reason, and to use that fortitude which teaches us to endure misfortune patiently. Child Edmund was merely the *protégé* of Duke Edrick, and, without a single quartering of nobility in his shield, had ever been viewed with contempt by Lord Hildebrande, as a protected vassal: this vassal had, however, been preferred to him by the Lady Imma, and he swore to be his ruin, by bell, book and candle.

Love, in these days, had no employment, save to chide the time with sighs and exclamations; for the life of a murderer was sacred, on being proved able to read and write; these attainments were not presumed to be those of females; and a lady was deemed to a prodigy who was enabled by her pen, to carry on a correspondence. No port chamber maid was then the conveyor of a billet-doux. Thus Imma and Child Edmund were obliged to vent their complaints to the air, to themselves, or to inanimate things, without consolation, and without pity. "My father," said the unfortunate Imma, "believes me guilty, but I am not, and Edmund knows I am innocent; and oh! my dear mother, look down from heaven, pity your poor child, and shield her from despair."

The following morning, Imma arose unrefreshed from her couch; she walked as one whose soul was fled, but whose body was doomed to wander in unconsciousness; it was yet but twilight, and the spear and the lance trembled in the cold air; soon the guards paraded in a quick-step on their posts, and, at length all was bustle and animation. She had walked on the battlements, and seated

like the genius of suspense, her tresses spreading in the wanton air, she started at the sound of the bugle; the chain of the draw bridge rattles—the portcullis rises, and a host of armed men pour from the keep, and form a procession. Child Edmund is preceded by page, who bears his favor of azure blue; a lover gazes towards the castle—he seems to breathe a sigh towards her; a train accompanies him, and Lord Hildebrande, who, seated on a white charger, seems conscious of victory; they are followed by the herald at arms.

This appearance of knightly combat darkens her vision—"He is going," she cries, "to sacrifice himself! and for me!" she uttered a scream, and fell, unheeded, on the terrace. Ill-fated maid! thy sufferings are, indeed, acute; if this be the punishment of presumed guilt, what ought to be that of conscious depravity? they had met, it is true, clandestinely, but angels might have been present at the interview; they met but to breathe vows of constancy, and to indulge in mutual sorrows, dearer to them than all the jocund hours of mirth. On returning to a sense of feeling, she crawled to her chamber, revived by the blood which flowed from a wound she had met with in falling; the cut she received in her temple was healed by a domestic, but the wounded heart rejected all mortal medicine; and her attendants, apprehensive of her falling reason, were fain to let her pursue her inclination. To paint the agonies of suspense, during a rencounter in which was engaged all she loved, is impossible—it was indeed intense. At length, the sound of music proclaimed all was over—that the dreadful truth must soon be known. They play a mournful theme, and she rushes forward to behold the cause. The procession is only to be seen ever and anon in the distance, now lost among the hills, and now again emerging nearer sight. On a carriage she at length perceives the stiffened corpse of one. Oh! the virgin, the blue scarf is wrapped round his body. An hysteric laugh bursts from her, as she runs to meet it; it is not her lover's form she would clasp, but, with wounds staunch by the trophy of love, Lord Hildebrande's; a victim to his own evil passions, who dying, confessed the guilty assertions of falsehood. Even this would not have procured the consent of Lord Edrick, to give his daughter to Child Edmund, had he not received letters from his King, inviting him to his marriage banquet, and declaring Edmund his relative. Child Edmund then, by royal command, wedded the lovely Imma; the bard's song was once more heard in the hall, and the foe man spoiled not their delight.

WOMEN LESS COURTED THAN FORMERLY.

A few centuries ago women were scarcely accessible, but shut up in houses and castles, lived retired from the bustle of the world. When they deigned to show themselves, they were approached as divinities. A transient view of them often set the heart on fire; and their smiles conferred a happiness, and raised an enthusiastic ardour, of which at this period we can hardly form an idea. By degrees, as manners became more free, and the sexes mixed together with less ceremony, women began to be seen with less diffidence, and sunk in their value as they became objects of greater familiarity. Now, peculiar to the times we are delineating; the same effect has and always will happen from the same cause.—Let the female sex, therefore, learn this instructing lesson from it, that half the esteem and veneration the men show them, is owing to their modesty and reserve, and that a contrary conduct may make the enchanting goddess degenerate in men's eyes, to a mere woman, with all the frailties of mortality.—The forward beauty whose face is known in every walk and in every public place, may be given as a toast, and have her name inscribed on the windows of the tavern; but she rarely ever becomes an object of esteem, or is solicited to become a partner for life.

Witches.—A writer in the National Intelligencer, in some remarks on Street's Picture of the "Witch of Endor," as described in the 28th chap. of the 1st Book of Samuel, finds fault with the picture as representing the witch as an old and ugly hag—"The world (says he) has been in an error in regard to witches. I see no reason why they should always be represented old and ugly. Circe was beautiful, and so was Calypso, and so were a thousand other witches, and there is no reason for believing that the witch of Endor was one jot or tittle less handsome than either of them. No one can deny that she was extremely polite. There are as many young witches as old ones, and

I suspect, more, or we should not be quite so often bewitched by them. The devil is too cunning to try to tempt us with an ugly witch."

CHURCH AND STATE.

The following, from the Liverpool Mercury, is an apt commentary and illustration of the benefits and blessings of a union of church and state. Let every American, while he reads it, thank God that he lives in a country where every religious denomination has an established church of equal influence and privileges.

Clerical Avarice.—We observe, by the police reports of the metropolis, that the Rev. Dr. Wilson, rector of St. Mary's Aldermanbury, sent his tythe-collector to apply to the lord mayor for a warrant of distress, against a poor widow, for a demand of 18s. of tythe. The collector expressed his regret at being obliged to call on the widow, who was in the deepest poverty and distress. The circumstances of her case were such, that the lord mayor sent an urgent recommendation that the demand might not be pressed, and that he himself would rather compromise it, by paying the Rev. Dr. 10s. in the pound. But the Dr. would listen to no such recommendation; disapproved of his lordship meddling with his private affairs; and, although the church wardens had declined demanding the poor rates from the poor woman, who was in a state of great wretchedness, (and she was the only one of the doctor's parishioners who expressed inability to pay,) he sent back the collector to apply for the distress warrant. The lord mayor, finding that the divine was as resolute for his tythe as Shylock for his bond, paid the sum himself to save the poor creature from actual starvation and despair. The contrast in the humanity of the doctor and the worthy magistrate requires no comment. But let us hear no more of the Catholics *levying* rent. They never levied any thing so atrociously oppressive as this.

Dr. Sydenham had a patient for whom he had long prescribed; but his prescriptions were inefficient, and at last Sydenham acknowledged that his skill was exhausted—that he could not pretend to advise him farther. "But," said he, "there is a Dr. Robertson, who lives at Inverness, who is much more skilled in complaints of this kind than I am; you had better consult him. I will provide you with a letter of introduction, and I hope you will return much better." The patient was a man of fortune, and soon took the road, but travelling was a very different occupation then from what it is now, and a journey from London to Inverness was not a trifling one. He arrived, however, at the place of his destination; but no Dr. Robertson was to be found, nor had any one of that name ever been in town. This, of course, enraged the gentleman very much; and he took the road back to London, vowing vengeance upon the Doctor. On his arrival, he vented all his rage on Sydenham, and abused him for sending him a journey of so many miles for nothing. When his fury was a little abated—"Well now," said S. after all, "is your health any better?" "Better," said he, "yes sir, it is better; I am sir as well as ever I was in my life; but no thanks to you sir for that." "Well," said S. "you have still reason to thank Dr. Robertson. I wanted to send you a journey with an object in view. I knew it would do you good; in going, you had Dr. Robertson in contemplation, and in returning you were equally busy in thinking of scolding me."

RELIGIOUS.

EXTRACTS

From a sermon of DR. BLAIR on the Death of CHRIST.

This was the hour of Christ's triumph over all the powers of darkness; the hour in which he overthrew dominions and thrones, led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. The contest which the kingdom of darkness had long maintained against the kingdom of light, was now brought to its crisis. The period was come, when the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent. For many ages, the most gross superstition had filled the earth. The glory of the incorruptible God was everywhere, except in the land of Judea, changed into images made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and beasts, and creeping things. The world which the Almighty created for himself, seemed to have become a temple for idols. Even to vices and passions altars were raised; and what was entitled Religion, was in effect a discipline of impurity. In the midst of this universal darkness, Satan had erected his throne; and the learned and the polished, as well as the savage nations, bowed down before him. But at the hour when Christ appeared on the cross, the signal of his

defeat was given.—His kingdom suddenly departed from him; the reign of idolatry passed away—He was beheld to fall like lightning from Heaven. In that hour, the foundation of every Pagan temple shook—The statue of every false God tottered on its base—the Priest fled from his falling shrine—and the Heathen oracles became dumb forever.

This was the hour when our Lord erected that spiritual kingdom which is never to end. How vain are the counsels and designs of men! How shallow is the policy of the wicked! How short their triumphing! The enemies of Christ imagined, that in this hour they had successfully accomplished their plan for his destruction. They believed, that they had entirely scattered the small party of his followers, and had extinguished his name and his honor forever. In decision, they addressed him as a King. They clothed him with purple robes; they crowned him with a crown of thorns; they put a reed into his hands; and, with insulting mockery, bowed the knee before him. Blind and impious men! How little did they know, that the Almighty was at that moment setting him as a king on the hill of Zion; giving him the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession! How little did they know, that their badges of mock royalty were at that moment converted into the signals of absolute dominion, and the instruments of irresistible power! The reed which they put into his hands became a rod of iron, with which he was to break in pieces his enemies: a sceptre, with which he was to rule the universe in righteousness. The cross, which they thought was to stigmatize him with infamy, became the ensign of his renown. Instead of being the reproach of his followers, it was to be their boast and their glory. The cross was to shine on palaces and churches, throughout the earth. It was to be assumed as the distinction of the most powerful monarchs, and to wave in the banner of victorious armies, when the memory of Herod and Pilate should be accursed; when Jerusalem should be reduced to ashes, and the Jews be vagabonds over all the world.

These were the triumphs which commenced at this hour. Our Lord saw them already in their birth; he saw of the travail of his soul, and was satisfied. He beheld the word of God going forth, conquering, and to conquer; subduing to the obedience of his laws, the subduers of the world; carrying light into the regions of darkness, and mildness into the habitations of cruelty. He beheld the Gentiles waiting below the cross, to receive the Gospel. He beheld Ethiopia and the Isles stretching out their hands to God; the desert beginning to rejoice; and to blossom as the rose; and the knowledge of the Lord filling the earth, as the waters cover the sea. Well pleased, he said, it is finished. As a conqueror, he retired from the field, reviewing his triumphs: He bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.—From that hour, Christ was no longer a mortal man, but Head over all things to the Church; the glorious King of men and angels, of whose dominion there shall be no end. His triumphs shall perpetually increase. His name shall endure forever; it shall last as long as the sun; men shall be blessed in him, and all nations shall call him blessed.

ANECDOTE

Of Dr. J. Langhorne and Miss Hannah More. In the Summer of 1773, he resided for a few months at Weston, in Somersetshire, for the benefit of the sea air. At the same time, and for the same reason, the amiable and ingenious Miss HANNAH MORE, resided at Uphill, about a mile from Weston. Meeting one day on the sea-shore, LANGHORNE wrote with his stick in the sand,—

Along the shore
Walk'd HANNAH MORE,
Waves let this record last,
Sooner shall ye,
Proud earth and sea,
Than what she writes be past.

Miss MORE scratched underneath.—Some firmer basis polish'd LANGHORNE chose,
To write the dictates of thy charming muse:
Her strains in solid characters rehearse,
And be thy tablet lasting as thy verse.

Pleasure, says Dr. Johnson, is seldom found where it is sought. Our brightest brazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks. The flowers which scatter their odors, from time to time, in the paths of life, grow up, without culture, from seeds scattered by chance.