

POETRY.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

DREAMS.

Oh! there is a dream of early youth,
And it never comes again;
'Tis a vision of light, of life, and truth,
That flits across the brain:
And love is the theme of that early dream,
So wild, so warm, so new,
That in all our after years I deem,
That early dream we rue.

Oh! there is a dream of maturer years,
More turbulent by far;
'Tis a vision of blood, and of woman's tears,
For the theme of that dream is war;
And we toil in the field of danger and death,
And shout in the battle array,
Till we find that fame is a bodiless breath,
That vanisheth away.

Oh! there is a dream of hoary age,
'Tis a vision of gold in store—
Of sums noted down on the figured page,
To be counted o'er and o'er;
And we fondly trust in our glittering dust,
As a refuge from grief and pain,
Till our limbs are laid on the last dark bed,
Where the wealth of the world is vain.

And is it thus, from man's birth to his grave,
In the path which we all are treading?
Is there nought in that long career to save
From remorse and self-upbraiding?
Oh yes, there's a dream so pure, so bright,
That the being to whom it is given,
Hath bathed in a sea of living light,—
And the theme of that dream is Heaven.

VARIETY.

All pleasure consists in Variety.

THE BURNING OF JOHN HUSS.

In "The Lottards—a Tale," founded on the persecutions which marked the early part of the 15th century—a work of considerable value and interest—there are some impressive descriptions of the celebrated Christian Reformer, John Huss.—The account of his martyrdom cannot fail to arouse deep attention. The age of persecution by fire and faggot is passed, but here is an instance of its destructive, sweeping, heartless severity, while it lasted. The following extracts from the work, descriptive of the burning of John Huss, we think impossible for any one to read without the most painful emotions:

"The procession moved on. Huss, absorbed in pious meditations, was only awake to joyful hope; and the momentary weakness which had come over him in the church, had given place to the most calm and settled fortitude.—Arriving at the gate of the Episcopal palace, he saw a pile of wood, and believed that he was already at the place of execution. He was soon undeceived; for, the wood being fired, he saw his writings brought forward, and successively thrown into the flames. A smile played on his features, which he tried but in vain to smother, while he witnessed this vain experiment; and turning to the crowd with the utmost composure, he declared that his writings were consumed, not for the errors which they contained, but to gratify the ignoble rage of his adversaries.

"The sun shone bright, but a shower of rain had fallen, and in the circle, of which Huss was admitted to view the destruction of his books, he saw a large earthworm in his path. He stepped a little aside to avoid treading on it. One of his guards, who observed this, placed his foot on the reptile with an air of bravado.

"I would call the worm my brother," said the martyr, "and truly we are brothers in misfortune; for we perish by the same cruelty."

"He now approached a large area, which had been cleared from the crowd, who still anxiously pressed forward wherever the vigilance of the guards was relaxed. It was opposite the gate of Gottlieb, and between the gates and gardens of the suburbs. In the centre he saw an accumulation of faggots, amidst which a strong post was erected. Several men were employed in carrying more wood in the open space, and four large bundles of straw were placed beside the faggots. A man of ferocious aspect stood near the post about which the faggots were piled. He was engaged in disentangling the coils of a rope, which had been recently immersed in water, and two or three chains were laid across a bench, with an appearance of careful arrangement. Huss had no difficulty in recognizing in this man his executioner—and in the place to which he had now been conducted, the spot on which he was to die.

"Tho' the unfortunate Huss was surrounded by such beings, who had wro't themselves up to suppose that the torture and death of a virtuous man would be an acceptable spectacle to a God of mercy, there were many among the crowd,

whose piety fell short of that zeal which could contemplate the meditated sacrifice without shuddering horror. These now made their voices heard, remarking, that in whatever way the sufferer had before offended, he prayed most devoutly, and some wished he might be indulged with a confessor. But a priest who had been present at the council, and was now riding within the circle, called out on perceiving the impression which the martyr's words had made, that being a convicted heretic, those entrusted with the punishment of his offences ought not to suffer him to be heard. At the same time, he declared that no confessor could be allowed to approach one so accursed—cut off from and already dead, to the church.

"The executioner then took from his person a white coat, in honor of his anticipated deliverance. A frock, prepared with pitch and tar, was brought to him, and wearing this, he was conducted to the stake. His hands were bound, and two faggots, with straw intermixed, were placed beneath his feet.—A wet rope was put round him, and this was tied to the stake, when a partial murmur run through those who had been admitted within the garden space. Huss started. An idea crossed his mind that possibly Sigismund had relented; but this was immediately dismissed, when the priest who had before spoken to reprove the cries of the crowd advanced to give expression to the feeling, which had just manifested itself.

"Huss was tied round the middle with cords. A chain passed over these, and chains were fastened to his left leg and his neck. Thus securely bound to the stake, the faggots provided for the occasion, were piled to the chin; straw was placed beneath and between them, where it was thought likely most effectually to contribute to the fierceness of the blaze.

"A moment of awful expectation followed. The executioner approached with a lighted torch; when the Duke of Bavaria rode up to Huss, and loudly called to him demanding that he should now renounce his errors; at the same time reminding him that in a few moments it would be out of his power to do so.

"I thought the danger already past," he replied, "but happily, I am nothing tempted to gainsay what I have heretofore advanced. I have taught the truth, and am now ready to seal it with my blood. Ultimately it shall prevail, though I may not see it. This day you kindle the flames of persecution about a poor and worthless sinner, but the spirit which animates me, shall, phoenix like, ascend from my ashes, soar majestically on high through many succeeding ages, and prove to all the christian World, how vain this persecution, how impotent your rage."

"The martyr turned as far as his bands would admit, and looked towards the executioner, who had approached to kindle the fire. His movement caused some of the outer faggots to fall.—Upon this, the flaming torch was laid down, till the wood could be replaced. The Bohemian saw the torch resumed, and in the same instant he heard the crackling of the lighted straw. The rapidly extending blaze spread round the pile; while, seizing the last moments that remained to him on earth, Huss prayed aloud. He was proceeding, when the rising flame seized his beard, eyes, and eyebrows, and an involuntary start threw the cap from his head. His voice was again heard above the roaring of the volume of fire, which now burst from the top of the pile behind the stake. Utterance failed him; but his uplifted eyes evinced in that awful moment, that his heart was still awake to devotion, though his tongue was mute forever. His face became violently distorted, and bowing down his head, he was seen to expire. Enough wood had not been provided, and the fire failed before the mortal remains of the martyr were more than half consumed. His clothes had been thrown on the pile in aid of the faggots; but all was insufficient, and a new supply of wood was necessary.—The burning being at length complete, his ashes were carefully collected, carried away in a cart, and thrown into the neighboring river, that admirers of the Bohemian might possess nothing to recall the memory of their martyr."

A punster being asked by a musician whether he was not a lover of harmony, replied—Yes; but I prefer it when it is abridged, for then it is money, and that, my friend, is the better half of it. I have no objection to your notes, but I like those of the Bank of England much better: yours may make good tunes, but those infinitely the best of tunes.—How so?—that bank notes are excellent things I will allow, but pray what use will they make?—The very best tune in the world—a for-tune."

FROM THE NEW-YORK ATTORNEY.

ASSOCIATIONS.

There is no man who has not some interesting associations with particular scenes, or airs, or books, and who does not feel their beauty or sublimity enhanced by such connexions. The view of the house where one was educated, and where the gay years of infancy were passed, is indifferent to no man.

Why is it that I love my hut on the cliff? why are the shades and its surrounding cliffs so dear to me? Is it that there is any intrinsic beauty in the trees of my favorite wood, above that possessed by any other? Is it that the logs of my habitation are gifted with more attractions than are allotted to those of my neighbors, that I should prize them so highly? or does my gratification proceed from the images of past pleasures and enjoyments which they are continually offering to my recollections.

That this is the case I feel—I know. It is not my purpose to obtrude upon the reader evidences proceeding exclusively from my own emotions; these may appear too insignificant to merit regard; but when I direct the mind to the consideration of the beautiful in poetry, in valor, and in love, then I will, for a little while, claim attention.—Who is it, that when alone, and in grief—when all the world appears a chaos to him—when friends are away, and even home is desolate, cannot, from the intervention of some idea long buried in oblivion, or the interference of something which, in his youth, was the instrument of pleasure, gather consolation. And why is this? the same instrument would to another be indifferent, the same idea, unconnected in his mind with the happiness of other days, would pass unnoticed; it is not the object itself, then, which causes the emotion of calmness or beauty, or yet more vivid pleasures; but by associating with the memory of what we are ever in the habit of considering as concomitant with these objects, we gather the pleasures which are lost upon those in whose minds no associations exist.

The power of associations, in exciting the mind to actions or emotions which, without their influence, had lain dormant, is well known by all who make the mind of man the subject of research. Shakspeare, than whom none was ever more deeply initiated into the springs of action, and the causes which tended to the production of particular emotions in us, has evidently made use of the effect of associations in the masterly oration of Anthony over the body of the murdered Cæsar.

"And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it in their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue."

Here we observe one of the most ordinary, and not unfrequently, very indifferently parts of our construction, assuming a superbly poetical cast, and exciting in us emotions of a nature which can only be felt by such as, knowing the history of him of whom this was said, and associating with the object expressed the deeds of the man, to whom the Rubicon was but the streamlet of the last shower, whose voice had calmed the multitudes in the forum, and when they came to condemn, forced them not to applaud only, but to act as he desired. If we, who know him only from fame, feel emotions alike sublime and pleasing from thus associating the inanimate clay of Cæsar with his living deeds, what must have been the feeling of the Roman who had seen him in his car of triumph, when, with the glow of victory yet fresh upon his brow, he seemed a deity, although no more than a man.

And there is another name—let me not tell it. England's shame shall tell it, when England no longer exists; yet his fame shall overtop all, a living voice, without cessation as without end. He is no more! he lies with the meanest, low, and cold, and decayed, but not forgotten. When the young warrior reads his story, and his heart leaps within him—when he goes forth to battle, and NAPOLEON is the war cry—then shall his spirit mingle in the carnage—then shall victory crown him her lord.

And why shall a name do this? "Brutus and Cæsar"—what is there in that Cæsar that his name should be sounded more than yours? However the sophistry of Cassius might have pretended to be unaware of the causes which give high powers of excitement to the mind, at the mention of those names, which are connected with actions conspicuous, either from singular benefits conferred, or mighty deeds executed, he must have been conscious that the cause of Cæsar's name being in high estimation, proceeded from no inherent quality in the name itself, but from the associations which the mention of it brought to mind. The prostrate Gaul, the wild and high-minded Briton, Pharasalia, and Egypt, were its appendages; hence, who can

doubt why was the name so like magic to the Roman, who felt it the glory of his country.

Once had a friend, who recks it—he is gone—he was faithless, and we were severed—he lives but not for me—others there are on whom he may lavish his blandishments, I am alike, without their reach, as impenetrable to their efforts. I had cherished him in my bosom, but the viper only wound himself around my affections the more effectually to strike his envenomed fangs—he succeeded, but not to the extent of his wishes; although he ruined my fortunes, he did not break my spirit—I have overcome his perfidy; but then, when all alone, I take my starlight walk, when the days of my better feeling come full upon me, and in seeming mockery of my sorrows, display their happiest hours, when mingled with them, in sad reminiscence, the golden hues of my best and fondest friendship come back upon me, and then darkening shadows again chase away the moments of recollection, when the same moon that once rose on our felicities, comes her unwearied round unchanged, and finds me in solitude watching her tractless way. Alas! how dreary is it to think on lost connexions thus alone to behold the same sky which with a cherished one we were wont to scan in its proximity of stars, and imagine, in every cloud that floated over its surface, the form of some genius as he hastened on his secret mission. How have these visions fled—how stale, how tasteless are they now, when associated with—but no matter—the miserable should not dwell on the sources of affliction too long.

I have loved. Beauty once could charm me, and the gay moments of dalliance had their full share of allurements. I have drunk deep in what I vain would have believed the purest fountain of woman's love, yet was I deceived. She heeded not her plight, nor the aberration of my short-lived pleasures. Am I alienated from man? who shall say I have no reason for my misanthropy? yet, even now, when the feelings that once bound me to propinquity with him, are seemingly estranged from the natural exercise of their occupation, I may think of her, not to execrate, neither to blame; but when I catch the unwished for tear, come to tell me of my weakness—when unwillingly I find my head buried in my hands, and my beating temples tell me all is not yet quiet—then do I know that where mind, and feelings, and taste, join to give a tone of susceptibility to man's emotions, then, when he rambles among the scenes of his happier hours, his mind may determine not to acknowledge, but his heart must feel, the penetrating, the thrilling influence of his young associations, as they crowd upon his thoughts, and banish present for the consideration of past gratification.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

ADDISON.

Wife.—When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and sing and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason and reflect, and feel and judge, and discourse and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother, and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in a drawing room, and extract the admiration of the company; but is entirely unfit for a helpmate to man, and to "train up a child in the way he should go."

Port Folio.

A minister reading the first line or so of a chapter in the Bible, the clerk, by some mistake or other, read it after him. The clergyman read as follows: "Moses was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of his people." The clerk, who could not exactly catch the sentence, repeated it thus: "Moses was an oyster-man, and made ointment for the skins of his people."

National Tales.

A NEW PERIODICAL WORK.

The first volume of a Series of Tales, translated and compiled from the works of different authors, and not previously published in the United States, was issued from the New-York press in the month of July last; and in October next a second volume will make its appearance.

In the preface to the first volume, the editor announced it to be his intention to continue the work quarterly, if the public patronized the undertaking. Since then he has had the most satisfactory proofs, that his efforts to increase the present stock of literary amusement and instruction have been generally acceptable. The following are a few of the testimonials in its favor, which have appeared in different journals:—

"From the examination our leisure has permitted us to give it, we think it quite an entertaining volume for those who generally devote themselves to that branch of reading. It is the first of a projected series, and purports to be translated and compiled from the writings of different authors; and we inter that the design of the editor is to collect and preserve such pieces as are really worthy of preservation, but which, as they are scattered through a variety of publications, are fugitive and perishable. The number before us (which to the credit of the editor he is spoken, is on handsome paper, and very well printed), contains eleven tales, pretty equal in merit, and so selected as to suit a diversity of taste."—New-York Statesman.

"We have not leisure to peruse the whole, but from what we have read, we entertain no doubt but the book will be sought after by those readers who find in works of fiction, a relaxation from the labours and anxiety of business. The handsome style in which the volume is got up, will powerfully recommend it to the notice of the ladies."—Mercantile Advertiser.

"The object of the editor, as he declares in his preface, is to preserve fugitive tales of merit, that might otherwise sink into oblivion, and also to communicate to the public such deserving original pieces as may come within his reach. He appears to have made in the present volume a very interesting compilation, and we doubt not it will be read with great pleasure."—New-York Gazette.

"A beautiful little volume entitled 'National Tales,' has just been published by the booksellers of this city. The compiler and editor has shown considerable taste in the present selection, and if he continues to be guided by the same discriminating spirit, he will confer a great boon on the public by his judicious labours.—There is, perhaps, no species of writing so instructive and amusing as little tales and stories in which the manners and customs of foreign nations are faithfully embodied. To young persons they are peculiarly attractive. The incidents of the plots create an interest directly in the mind, but this interest is merely the enchantress that leads the young intellect to a just apprehension of historical facts, or national manners."—National Advocate.

"The editor intends, if sufficient encouragement is given, to issue a volume quarterly.—From a cursory perusal of the first volume, we think he is well qualified for the task he has undertaken. To some, it may seem no labour, merely to select; but they little know what perseverance it requires to drudge through all the works of fiction which this fruitful age has produced. Seating aside this, it requires nice discrimination to separate the worthless from that which is valuable, and the moral from that which is vicious. We would recommend this volume to the patronage of the public. The tales are selected with good taste and judgment—the typographical execution of the work is neat, and moreover, it is offered at a reasonable price: three considerations that are important—but in our day extremely rare. We hope the editor will meet with sufficient encouragement to enable him to go on with a work which he seems so well qualified to make interesting and instructive."—New-York Courier.

"This selection of entertaining tales, is the promising commencement of a plan of no little propriety and necessity, that of collecting and combining in a regular form the choicest of modern tales; a species of writing which so much to have become as popular in this age as polite essays have in others. The present duodecimo comprises eleven tales, combining several varieties of style. Each may be read with vivid interest, supplying with amusement or moral instruction those occasional moments of leisure, which count as too many to be passed without employment, and as too few to allow of an occupation that requires a stretch of attention."—New-York National Advocate.

"The first volume of a projected series of tales, translated and compiled from the works of different authors in every country, who have acquired celebrity in that department of literature, has just been published in New-York. It contains eleven well-written stories, some sober and some gay. One of their best qualities (at least, that which will gain the popular favor) is their brevity."—Boston Galaxy.

"The selections, for the present volume, are, 'The Freighter, Transmigration, The Thebanian Lover, Mary Stately, The Fair Mussellier, The Crossed, The Fortunes of Sarguntum, Inland Landlubber, The Madis of La Trappe, Goodrich Castle, and Master and Man. We have no room for a particular discussion of the merits of these tales; and shall therefore simply say, that they appear, in the language of physicians, to be well calculated to 'fulfill the indications' hinted at by us above. They are short, well imagined, in different styles, and of various merits. Some people, we are aware, make it a point to set up against this sort of writing, a most obnoxious and pertinacious canon, which is either sheer affectation, or the fruit of a dull and unactable fancy. We insist that there is more true talent, more originality, more genius, required for the invention of a really good tale, aye, even of a 'Tale for the Nursery,' than is wanted for the concoction of volumes of the solemn quackery, which passes in these days of humbug for science and philosophy."—New-York Review.

Having offered a premium for original domestic tales, the editor calculates on giving a considerable portion of these in the progress of the work. Already several competitors have appeared, whose productions, if approved of, shall have a place in the forthcoming volume.

'National Tales' will in future be published at 42 William-street, New-York, at five dollars per annum. To subscribers who transmit a year's subscription in advance, the four volumes will be forwarded regularly as published, to any post-town in the State of New-York, free of additional expenses; all charges for conveyance beyond the State, must be paid by the subscriber. Single volumes may be had at one dollar.—New-York, September, 1825.