

PONTRY.

SHE HAS NO HEART.

She has no heart, but she is fair—
The rose, the lily can't outvie her;
She smiles so sweetly, that the air
Seems full of light and beauty nigh her.
She has no heart, but yet her face,
So many hues of youth revealing,
With so much liveliness and grace,
That on my soul 'tis ever stealing.
She has no heart, she cannot love,
But she can kindle love in mine—
Strange that the softness of a dove
Round such a thing of air can twine.
She has no heart—her eyes though bright,
Have not the brightness of the soul;
'Tis not the pure and tender light,
That love from seraph beauty stole.
'Tis but a wild and winking flame,
That leads us on awhile through flowers;
Then leaves us, lost in guilt and shame,
To mourn our vain departed hours.
Go then from me—'tis not my chain
A soul whose flight is wing'd above:
Turn not on me to weep again;
Thou hast no heart, thou canst not love.

PERCY.

CHARITY.

All pleasure consists in Variety.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

FOURTY YEARS IN THE WORLD.

Or, *Sketches and Tales of a Soldier's Life.*

We have often thought how aptly the varieties of volumes may be compared to the varieties of vehicles now in fashion. There the poet of high degree dashes along the permissian course like a chaise and four;—then there is the lumbering quarto, heavy outside and in, like a broad wheeled wagon, differing, however, in not leaving such deep traces behind; then your modern novels, barchises with their fine ladies exhibiting, and all your chaises, gigs, denons, stanhopes, cabriolets (these are authors with their hoods up masquerading incognito,) carriages, (though these by the bye are gone out of fashion, authors no longer hunt in pairs, *a la Beaumont and Fletcher,*) tiburies, &c. may all find their likenesses in the divers hot-pressed, unpressed, compressed tomes of modern myriads of literati.—The one before us has its similitude as well as the rest: we cannot but compare it to a stage-coach with a great variety of passengers, paths, and places, where even if the company be rather common place, yet there is both variety and plenty of amusement.—Its author seems to have considered the great business of life not so much to eat as to write; he describes every scene, and sketches every character he meets with.—His Indian remembrances are the best part of the book; he ventures for the truth of the following tale:

I led my friend towards the Parsee cemetery on the seashore. The Parsees neither bury nor bury the bodies of their dead, but expose them in two receptacles, one for males, and the other for females, made of solid masonry, and opening at the top for the admission of birds of prey. Having deposited the corpse in one of those sepulchres through a door at the bottom, it is left slightly covered with a muslin cloth, to be devoured. The bones are then carefully collected and buried in an urn, with certain ceremonies. This mode of sepulture was common in ancient times, in some part of Persia. It excites surprise now, by its seeming barbarism; and that it should be practised by such an enlightened and humane tribe as the Parsees of Bombay, who are very justly called the Quakers of the East, is strange. Precept and example will, however, school the human mind to any thing; and, therefore, we need not wonder at strange customs when we reflect, that our own are considered surprising and ridiculed in their turn.

As we were nearing this curious gogoltha, we beheld about 40 men and women, whom we recognized as forming a Parsee funeral procession. Amongst them was a corpse, which we found afterwards to be the body of a young female on a cot, or low bed, that served for her bier; they all seemed to be her near relations; and instead of the solemn decency which I had before observed at such ceremonies, this exhibited hurry and secrecy: the hour was unusually early; the lamentations were not loud;—there was no heaving of the breast by the women; but, in long dresses, smeared with ashes and paint, and with dishevelled hair streaming to the morning breeze, they were uttering low groans and imprecations. Tears were flowing copiously down two of the women's cheeks, and we could hear them lament that ever they had been born, and uttered wildly suppressed rejoicings that she whom they bore along was dead. When they arrived at the receptacle, instead of unlocking the door, and plac-

ing the body on the platform with tenderness, it was thrown with apparent detestation, from the parapet; and we heard the echo of its fall with a chill of horror.

"All this naturally roused my curiosity; and through the instrumentality of Hormongee and Monongee, to the latter of whom I promised the interest respecting the canteen, by way of bribe for divulging the secrets of his sect, I received the following particulars, which I have every reason to believe perfectly true, and in strict accordance with Parsee usage:

"Lingee Dorabjee, a respectable trader in jewels, had a daughter called Yamma, whose beauty equalled the lustre of the finest diamond. She appeared, among the virgins of her tribe, as a gem of Golconda amidst beads of glass. Her parents saw in her, as in a flattering mirror, their fondest wishes. They perched her jet black hair with many a costly transparent row; their rubies in burning glow were pendant from her delicate ears; their sapphires from her graceful nose; while many a far famed mine glittered on her bosom, sparkled on her fingers and arms, and shed its light on her toes and ankles. Gold and silver gave splendor to her dress; in short, in the impassioned phrase of Lord Byron, and perhaps with less of poetical hyperbole—

"She was a form of life and light,
That seen became a part of sight."

This charming young Parsee, or Peri, was about fourteen years old, an age at which the female figure attains the sound perfection of beautiful ripeness in India. Indeed, marriage takes place at a much earlier period of life; but, in Yamma's case, the young man to whom she was affianced had been detained at Surat nearly two years by important commercial affairs, in which he was deeply concerned; and the expensive ceremony of wedlock, had been postponed from time to time, in anxious expectation of his return.

"Yamma's prospects were bright as the star of Venus. In her tribe women are treated with great consideration, and an important part in the public and private concerns of their husbands, go unveiled, and, in point of personal freedom, they are under no restraint beyond that which delicacy and the custom of their mothers impose. The Parsee usages, with respect to marriage, are founded on the happiness of domestic life, and they provide for the preservation of purity in the fair sex so effectually, that it is the boast of this admirable class of the Indian community that their wives never prove unfaithful; nor is there an instance of prostitution among their daughters. Indeed, their character in this respect is so well established at Bombay, that it is believed every aberration from virtue is punished with immediate death, and the notoriety of the family disgrace carefully suppressed. Parsee laws and usages are so well framed for the prevention of crime and the adjustment of disputes, that an instance scarcely ever occurs of a reference to British justice. A parsee can have but one wife. If she die, her family are bound to find a widow for the forlorn one's second mate; for he is not allowed to marry a young girl, as with us, in his old age; nor is he obliged to wed again, should he be desirous of preserving fidelity to his departed half.

The same rule holds if the husband dies, his family are bound to find a widow, in compliance with a wish on the subject indicated by the lady's friends. By this judicious arrangement the frailties of human nature are restrained, and converted into a public benefit. The Parsee women receive the advantages of education; many of them can read, write, play on the Italian guitar, make up accounts accurately; and, in some transactions I have had with them, they appeared very sensible and intelligent. All public business however is transacted by the men.—The women do not appear in mixed company; but in influencing affairs, and in private negotiations, they are powerful instruments.

Such was the lovely Yamma, and such were the promises of hope, when it was her fate to be rescued from imminent peril by the intrepidity of Captain S—. She had accompanied her mother, in a covered and gorgeously decorated hackery, to a garden house which belonged to her father, on Colubah. They staid in the garden rather longer than their attendants wished, pleased with its cooling fruits, neat walks, silver streams, and shady trees. The golden banna, glittering mangoc, imperial jack, attracted their gaze and touch. At length their bullocks, in splendid housings, proud of the music of silver bells, which played in suspension from their necks, approached the bed of the tide which I have before described as separating the island of Calabah from Bombay. The raft was beginning to

ply in the lower part of the channel, but the carriage road, along the crest of the high rock, was passable though the rising tide might be seen glittering in streams across its black ravines. The drivers and runners calculated that the bullocks would cross before the tide covered the rocks, and they urged them at full speed. A strong breeze, however, came into Bombay harbour, with the flow from the ocean;—and before the hackery reached the shore, the ladies saw with terror that the devouring element was floating them, that their footmen were swimming, and striving to keep the bullocks' heads towards the land. Alarm soon finds utterance. The mother and daughter mingled their cries, and wept in pity more for each other than for themselves; but their agony was drowned by the roar of the flood, and the crowd at the ferry was too much absorbed in their own views, and too distant had it been otherwise, to afford them aid.

"At this awful moment Capt. S—, was galloping from the fort; and hoping that he should be in time to cross the rocks, he made directly for the course of the hackery, saw the life struggle of the men, heard the piercing cry for help by the women, and plunged in to their assistance. His horse was a strong docile Arab, and Capt. S— being exceedingly fond of field sports, had accustomed him to swim rivers, and even the lower part of this ferry, though a quarter of a mile wide. The horse, therefore, swam as directed, to the hackery, and Capt. S—, having perfect confidence in his strength and steadiness, placed the daughter, who was as light as a fairy, before him—and with the mother clinging behind, gained the shore in safety, while the hackery and bullocks were swept away by the force of the tide. The terror of the animals, preventing their dialect struggle, destroyed them; for a moment after the perilous rescue of the ladies, the hackery was upset, and the bullocks were drowned.

"Many battles and dangers require a longer time in description than in action. It was just so in this case. Short, however, as the time had been, a crowd was gathering; and not only the ladies, but all tongues were loud in thanking Capt. S— for his gallant conduct. Meanwhile he gazed on Yamma with wonder, and she on him with grateful surprise. Many of the Parsees have fair complexions, and Yamma's was transparently so. Indeed, she looked, though pale with fright, and dripping with brine, so much like Venus rising from Ocean's bed, that S— pronounced her, in his own mind, the loveliest of the creation. He galloped to the fort, procured palankeens, and saw the fair Parsees conveyed home in safety.

"I wish for Capt. S—'s sake—I wish for the sake of a happy termination to my story—that his acquaintance with Yamma had here terminated; but I am impelled, by the laws of history and the nature of my information, to proceed, not with the wing of fancy, but with the plume of plain matter-of-fact. In short, then, Capt. S— used every means in his power to win the love of Yamma. He corresponded with her through the medium of fakiers, or religious mendicants and fortune-tellers. He loved her to distraction; he offered to marry her; for S. had a soul too noble to ruin the object of his adoration. She listened to the magic of his addresses; she forgot all the customs of her tribe; she offered her lover opportunities of seeing her; he visited her in the disguise of a hindoo astrologer, and she agreed to leave father and mother and follow him for life. Unfortunately they were discovered, and so promptly followed by three stout and well-armed Parsees, that S— was nearly killed in an unequal contest to preserve his prize; and poor Yamma was returned to her enraged and disgraced family.

"The reader may conceive her terror and confusion—how she protested her purity and innocence—how she was disbelieved and upbraided—how S— stormed and raved—how he offered her family every reparation that an honorable man could make, and how they spurned his terms with indignation and contempt. He cannot, however, so easily picture what followed, for he may not have believed or known that such scenes occur in the world. Well, I must briefly describe it—no, I cannot dwell upon it. I will hurry it over, merely sketching the outline, and turning with horror even from my own faint colours.

"The heads of the tribe were assembled, and on the oath of secrecy having been taken, the fair Yamma was introduced, arrayed as a bride, and decorated as the daughter of the rich jeweller, Lingee Dorabjee. After certain ceremonies, her mother and grand-mother ap-

proached her, where she sat like a beautiful statue, and presenting a poisoned bowl and a dagger, said in a firm tone, "Take your choice."—"Farewell, mother! farewell, father! farewell, world!" replied the heroic Parsee daughter, taking the deadly cup: "Fate ordained that this should be Yamma's marriage"—and she drained its contents! Her leaden eyes were watched till they closed in death: she was then stripped, arrayed as a corpse, and conveyed to the receptacle of the dead, as I have described.

"When S— heard that Yamma was gone, and suspected that she had been murdered, according to the custom of the Parsees, the noble fabric of his brain gave way, and reason fell from her throne. "My horse, my horse!" cried he; and as he patted his war-neck, the seise saw the fire of his tear-starred eye and trembled. Away went horse and rider—far behind ran the groom.—heard the hoof of thunder on the ground, and his master's voice urging his spirit—el steed toward the foaming surf—then a loud explosion, as of breaking billows;—and on gaining the sea-shore, he saw a black point on the stormy surface of the ocean, but he never saw the brave S— and his Arab mare!"

These three volumes would have been better reduced to one; but still there is considerable amusement, and indeed information scattered through their pages.

THE EMPIRE OF WOMEN.

In the education of females, you plant the oak, round which the ivy twines and aspires; that is, the example which irresistibly attracts, may commands, in the great cause of virtue and religion. That women are susceptible of stronger and more lasting impressions than men, we see, by the almost invariable constancy and fidelity of their attachments—even the slight tincture of the serious, which their fashionable education imparts, is seldom obliterated by all the hurry and confusion of a life of gaiety and pleasure. You will rarely, perhaps never, see a woman, to whom any idea of religion has been communicated, entirely abandon a compliance with any of its external duties; or insult its principles, by the language of profaneness and contempt. There is a fervour in the soil of a female heart, which never misses sending up what it receives, be the culture ever so scanty; when abundant, the return is invariably glorious.—We have numberless examples of women in the Holy Writings, and in every period of Christianity, that fill us with astonishment, at the sacred sublimity and heroism of their characters—and the history of the Pagan world, particularly the austere and virtuous days of the Grecian and Roman commonwealths, afford likewise the most illustrious proofs that the sea, when properly directed, can be more than the rival of man, in every action, every sacrifice that goes to dignify and exalt the human name. From the very appearance of female depravity, we recoil, as from something shocking and unnatural; while men the most immoral and abandoned are always overawed, and not unfrequently reformed, by the contemplation of female excellence. Even the most profligate libertines approach it, with a secret reverence which they cannot account for, and are equally unable to repress. Wonderful, that a creature naturally so defenceless, so weak in conformation, so timid in her ways, so unassertive in her pursuits, so humble in her destination; born, I may say, to serve; should yet, under certain circumstances, possess an empire that nothing can resist, that renders her very silence eloquence, her entreaties law, nay, her presence alone superior to the most awful considerations, in the control of licentiousness and vice. Yet so it is, such has universal experience declared to be the ascendancy of virtue and religion in woman.

KIRWAN.

BEAUTY.

Beauty (says STEELE) has been the delight and torment of the world ever since it began. The philosophers have felt its influence so sensibly, that almost every one of them has left us some saying or other, which intimates that he too well knew the power of it. ARISTOTLE has told us, that a graceful person is a more powerful recommendation than the best letter that can be written in our favor.—PLATO desires the possessor of it to consider it as a mere gift of nature, and not perfection of our own. SOCRATES calls it a short-lived tyranny; THEOPHRASTUS a silent fraud, because it imposes upon us without the help of language; but I think CARNEADES spoke as much like a philosopher as any of them, though more like a lover, when he called it *Royalty without force!* It is not indeed to be denied, that there is something irresistible in a beautiful form; and the most severe will not pretend, that they do not feel an immediate prepossession in favor of the handsome.

MIRTH AND CHEERFULNESS.

Mirth is short and transient—cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

THE TEA CUP.

It would surprise a modern fine lady (says WARNER, in his tour) were I to tell her that the *cup* from which she sips her tea, had been through the hands of upwards of twenty workmen before it met her lips; but such is the fact. For if we retrace the process, we find the following persons employed for the purpose:—the man who grinds the articles for the composition—the man that mills them—the person that calcines them—the grinder of the lumps—the sifter—the attender on the vats—the temperer—the thrower—the driver—the spout maker who forms the spouts and handles—the thrower—the handler who puts them on—the biscuit firman—the blue painter—the dipper who immerses them in the glaze—the trimmer who clears them of irregularities in glazing—the glass firman—the sorter—the painter—the enamel firman, and the burnisher.

DR. JOHNSON.

When Dr. JOHNSON courted Miss PORTER, whom he afterwards married, he told her, "that he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, and that an uncle of his had been hanged!" The lady, by way of reducing herself to an equality with him, replied, "that she had no more money than himself, and that though none of her relations had been hanged, she had *justly* who deserved hanging."

The following eloquent sketch of the Free Schools of Massachusetts, is an extract from a Sermon of the Rev. Mr. GREENWOOD, on the Anniversary of the "Boston Female Asylum."

Speaking of the policy of those governments which discourage the general diffusion of knowledge, Mr. Greenwood observes:—"Far different were the views of those gifted patriarchs who founded a new empire here. They were determined that all their children should be taught of the Lord; and stand by side with the humble dwellings, which sheltered their heads from the storms of a strange world, across the school house and the House of God. And ever after the result has been peace, great unexampled peace; peace to the few who gradually encroached on the primeval forests of the land, and peace to the millions who have now spread themselves abroad in it from border to border. In the strength and calm resolution of that peace, they stood up once, and shook themselves free from the rusted fetters of the old world; and in the beauty and dignity of that peace they stand up now, self-governed, orderly and independent, a wonder to the nations. If a stranger should inquire of me the principal cause and source of the greatness of my country, would I bid him look on the ocean widely loaded without merchandize, and proudly ranged by our navy; or on the lands where is girdled by roads and scored by canals, and burdened with the produce of our industry and ingenuity? Would I bid him look on these things as the springs of our prosperity? Indeed I would not. Nor would I show him our colleges and literary institutions, for he can see nobler ones elsewhere. I would bid him all these by; and would lead him, by some winding highway among the hills and woods, and when the crowded spots grew small and unfrequented, the houses became few and scattered, and a state of primitive nature seemed to be immediately before us, I would stop in some sequestered spot, and directed by a steady burn, like that of bees, I would point out to him a lowly building, hardly better than a shed, but full of blooming, happy children, called together from the remote and unpeopled farm-houses, coming over their various tasks, or reading with a voice of reverential monotony, a portion of the Word of God; and I would bid him note that even here, in the midst of poverty and sterility, was a specimen of the nurseries in which all our children are taught of the Lord, and formed some to legislate for the land, and all to understand its constitution and laws, to maintain their unspotted birthright, and contribute to the great aggregate of the intelligence, the morality, the power and peace of that mighty commonwealth."

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