



THE NEGRO'S LAMENT FOR MUNGO PARK.

Where the wild Joliba  
Rolls his deep waters,  
Eate at their evening toil  
Africa's dark daughters,  
Where the thick Mangroves  
Broad shadows were flinging,  
Each o'er her lone loom  
Bent mournfully singing—  
Alas! for the white man! o'er deserts a ranger,  
No more shall we welcome the white-bosomed stranger.  
Through the deep forest  
Fierce lions are prowling:  
Mid the thickets entangling  
Hyenas are howling:  
There should he wander,  
Where danger lurks ever,  
To his home, where the sun sets,  
Return shall he never.  
Alas! for the white man! o'er deserts a ranger,  
No more shall we welcome the white-bosomed stranger.  
The hands of the Moor  
In his wrath do they bind him?  
Oh! sealed is his doom,  
If the savage Moor find him.  
More fierce than hyenas,  
Through darkness advancing,  
Is the curse of the Moor,  
And his eyes fiery glancing!  
Alas! for the white man! o'er deserts a ranger,  
No more shall we welcome the white-bosomed stranger.  
A voice from the desert!  
My wilds do not hold him:  
Pale thirst doth not rack,  
Nor the sand storm infold him,  
The death gale passed by,  
And his breath failed to smother,  
Yet ne'er shall he wake  
To the voice of his mother!  
Alas! for the white man! in deserts a ranger,  
No more shall we welcome the white-bosomed stranger.  
O loved of the Lotus  
Thy waters adoring,  
Pour Joliba! pour  
Thy full streams to the morning!  
The Halcyon may fly  
To thy wave as her pillow;  
But wo to the white man,  
Who trusts to thy billow!  
Alas! for the white man! o'er deserts a ranger,  
No more shall we welcome the white-bosomed stranger.  
He launched his light bark,  
Our fond warnings despising,  
And sailed to the land  
Where the day-beams are rising.  
His wife from her bower  
May look forth in her sorrow,  
But he shall ne'er come  
To her hope of to-morrow!  
Alas! for the white man! o'er deserts a ranger,  
No more shall we welcome the white-bosomed stranger.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

Queen Elizabeth.

Extract from "A Journey into England, by Paul Hentzner, in 1598." Hentzner was a German tutor, and a man of scrupulous honesty, as well as of the most laborious maintenance in description. Nal. Antic.  
"We arrived next at the Royal Palace of Greenwich, reported to have been originally built by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and to have received very magnificent additions from Henry VIII. It was here Elizabeth, the present Queen, was born, and here she generally resides, particularly in summer, for the delightfulness of the situation. We were admitted by an order Mr. Rogers had procured from the Lord Chamberlain, into the presence chamber, hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewn with hay, [probably rushes,] through which the Queen commonly passes in her way to the chapel. At the door stood a gentleman dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office was to introduce to the Queen any person of distinction that came to wait on her: it was Sunday, when there is usually the greatest attendance of nobility. In the same hall were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, a great many counsellors of state, officers of the crown, and gentlemen, who waited the Queen's coming out—which she did, from her own apartment, when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner:  
"First went gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the garter, all richly dressed and bare headed; next came the Chancellor, bearing the seals in a silk purse, between two, one of which carried the royal sceptre, the other the sword of state in a red scabbard, studded

with golden fleurs-de-lis, the point upwards; next came the Queen, in the fifty-sixth year of her age, (as we were told,) very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked, her lips narrow, and her teeth black, (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar,) she had in her ears two very rich pearls with drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to have been made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunenburg table; her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels; her hands very small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging.

"That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. As she went along in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another (whether foreign ministers, or those who attend for different reasons) in English, French, and Italian: for, besides being well skilled in Greek and Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Whoever speaks to her it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there, William Slavator, a Bohemian Baron, had letters to present to her, and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels, a mark of particular favor. Wherever she turned her face, as she was going along, every body fell down on their knees. The ladies of the Court followed next to her, very handsome and well shaped, and, for the most part, dressed in white. She was guarded on each side by the gentlemen Pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the antichamber next the hall, where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the exclamation of God save the Queen Elizabeth! She answered it with, I thanke you myne good peupel. In the chapel was excellent music; as soon as it and the service was over, which scarce exceeded half an hour, the Queen returned in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner.

"A gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another bearing a table cloth, which, after they had both knelted three times, with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and, after kneeling again, they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt cellar, a plate, and bread: when they had knelted, as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady, (we were told she was a Countess,) and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times, in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the table with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the Queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guard entered, bare headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt. These dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady taster gave to each guard a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of poison. During the time that this guard (which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service) were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with particular solemnity, lifted the meat from the table, and conveyed it to the Queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the Court.

"The Queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants; and it is very seldom that any body, foreigner or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of some body in power."

NATIONAL MANNERS.

Ali Pasha of Joannina, on a visit to the sea-side, had a conference with Sir Thomas Maitland, Governor of Malta and the Ionian Isles, to whom he gave a dinner. In the suite of Sir Thomas, was his sister-in-law, Lady Lauderdale, and other ladies who had the curiosity, or perhaps one might say, the courage, to be present—Ali seized a roasted lamb, and tearing off with his fingers the fat bits, attempted to thrust them into Lady Lauderdale's mouth, at the same time giving a

great laugh. This is accounted in the East a great compliment. It is as if an European prince should help a guest with his own hands.

No small part of the pleasure and pain of life arises from the gratification or disappointment of an incessant wish for superiority, from the success or miscarriage of secret competitions, from victories and defeats, of which, though they appear to us of great importance, in reality none are conscious except ourselves. Proportionate to the prevalence of this love of praise, is the variety of means by which its attainment is attempted. Every man, however hopeless his pretensions may appear to all but himself, has some project by which he hopes to rise to reputation; some art by which he imagines that the notice of the world will be attracted; some quality, good or bad, which discriminates him from the common herd of mortals, and by which others may be persuaded to love, or compelled to fear him. As the greater part of human kind act and speak wholly by imitation, most of those who aspire to honor and applause, propose to themselves some example, which serves as the model of their conduct, and the limit of their hopes. Almost every man, if closely examined, will be found to enlist himself under some leader whom he expects to conduct him to renown; to have some hero, either living or dead, in his view, whose character he endeavors to assume, and whose performances he labors to equal.

MADAME DE STAEL.

A writer in the Commercial Advertiser, (says the National Advocate,) distinguished alike for taste and talent, speaks of the writings of Madame de Staël in the following correct and spirited manner:

"There is a certain charm, a kind of magic influence in the writings of De Staël, that I find in few other writers. There is a deep intensity of feeling, a mystery of sentiment, a profoundness of argument, and a wildness and brilliancy of imagination, which fill the soul with most enthusiastic emotions of wonder and delight. There is a something in her proud independence and her example, which awakens in us that high ambition that leads us to pursue, with ardor and diligence, those severer studies which strengthen the mind and develop its hidden talents. There is, too, a strain of sentiment in most of her works which fills the mind with sadness; it leads to reverie, to metaphysical investigation, and sometimes to a wild range of thought, that carries us far beyond the dull concerns of common life, and makes us imagine for a moment that we have caught the fire of inspiration that illumined her own mind.

Many parts of her writings are abstruse, and her sentiments highly chimerical; her hypotheses are sometimes vague and visionary, the mere chimeras of her own fertile brain; but the very mystery and darkness in which she veils many of her beautiful ideas, seem but to increase our admiration of her.

She had a masculine understanding, a soaring genius, such as nature bestows on few females; and her name and her works will remain, like the pyramids of Egypt, subjects of wonder and delight.

Has not De Staël redeemed the reproach too often cast upon female intellect, and proved that it is education and habit which render the fairer part of creation so often mentally inferior to the other sex? Her example is a glorious one: she erected her standard, and it was not kings nor nobles that could turn her from her purpose; and her name should be as sacred, and pronounced with as much proud delight, by her own sex, as the hallowed name of Anacreon was by the Grecians.

Was she not the Gætana Agnisia of the age in which she lived; and will not our country, which must one day become like Athens and ancient Rome—the nursery of learning and science—be proud to twine an unfading garland for her?

I have sometimes been tempted to envy the possessors of brilliant talents; yet I doubt if they are generally a source of happiness. While they excite the admiration of those who know how to appreciate them, they also call forth the calumnies and envy of inferior minds: they abstract one in a degree from the little social enjoyments of life, and make one an object to be wondered at rather than to be loved; still, for a name that shall swell the trumpet of Fame, and live an imperishable memorial of genius, what sacrifices would one not make?

There is a je ne sais quoi, in that proud distinction awarded to some few, which captivates the soul, and dazzles the imagination; but, if it draws us from virtue, and from the performance of our moral and social duties, let Fame, sweet as its praises sound, perish, and my name be buried in the humble tomb; and let only the wild flowers of Spring mark the spot where I am laid.

Hail, Spirit of the Great!  
De Staël! I have paid thee the simple tribute of my praise,  
And may thy country and mine delight to sing of thy genius!  
PERILLA.

MORAL and RELIGIOUS.

"O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth, in all thy beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay with years: the ocean shrinks, and grows again; the moon herself is lost in Heaven; but thou art for ever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder roils, and lightning fires; thou lookest

thy beauty, from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ocean thou lookest in vain; for he holds his beams no more: Whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the West. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season, thy years shall have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, cheerless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O Sun! in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills: the blast of the north is on the plains, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey."

No reader of taste has turned over the pages of OASIAN, without dwelling with delight on the above glowing and feeling address of the Poet to the bright orb that sheds his rays of light and life alike upon the animal and the vegetable, the animate and the inanimate kingdoms of the earth. We have quoted the whole passage for its beauty and sublimity, and because it leads the mind naturally, through the medium of one of his best and brightest works, to the contemplation of the omnipotent power of God. "Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light?" It is a bard of a barbarous age that speaks, one upon whose mind the light of the gospel had not shed its divine radiance. Hence the sun is clothed in the attribute of everlasting light; and hence the author of the apostrophe is at a loss to know from whence are his beams. Had he known the gospel, it would have taught him, that all things are of God; and that He alone is everlasting; that SUN, MOON, and STARS shall pass away, whilst his name, his power and his glory shall never fade, but everlastingly flourish. He seems, indeed, to have doubted whether the SUN would not, like himself, have an end; whether it was not subject to the mutations of animal and vegetable life, from youth to age, and from age to dissolution: "Exult, then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds."

And this brings us to the immediate subject of our reflections. From the expression of the bard, "age is dark and unlovely," we derive a striking contrast between those who have not, and those who have, received the light of revelation. To the untutored savage or barbarian, who, like OASIAN, had not heard the glad tidings of salvation; and who expects to perish like the wild beasts that he hunts from day to day, is it any wonder that age should be dark and unlovely? The strength of his youth is spent in the toils of the chase; the perils of savage warfare; and the fleeting pleasures of love. From the toils of the chase, or of war, indeed, he finds no exemption, till his limbs, through the infirmity of age, become so languid, that he can no longer rush through the thicket, or the flood, bound over the hills, or scale the lofty mountain-top, in pursuit of his game or his foe. When arrived at this gloomy period of existence, he sits down in helpless, joyless solitude; the scenes of his youth, the pleasures of love, and of the chase, the voice of fame, even the remembrance of his deeds of glory, delight him no more; they serve rather to barb the arrows of anguish, and blacken the horrors of despair. He is a wretched, dependent being; dependent upon the young hunter for food, and the young warrior for protection. He knows not his own offspring, nor do they know him. His cabin is not cheered by the mild beams of conjugal affection, nor the graces of filial piety and gratitude. He has no hope beyond the grave; and yet accumulated misery makes even the prospect of the grave welcome to his gloomy imagination. Well indeed may he exclaim, that "age is dark and unlovely;" and "like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds!" Far otherwise would it be with this hapless savage, could he raise his eyes to the one eternal source of light and of life; could he find his way to the fount of SIBRAM, and drink of its regenerating and life-giving stream. This it is, that marks the contrast between the savage Pagan and the civilized Christian. But think not, Christian believer, to whom the volume of eternal truth has been mercifully opened, that "age is dark and unlovely," to the savage and the heathen alone. To you, like wise, it will be, and to you it is, "dark and unlovely," if you do not improve, if you have not improved, the bright inheritance of the gospel, and the talent which God has given you to exert in his service. Remember, YOUTH, that now exultest in thy strength, the promises and the penalties of the Book of Life. Fly from vice, fly from sin and folly; fly from the haunts of dissipation, the wiles of the gambler, the wicked allurements of the "strange woman," the midnight revel, and the mad, intoxicating draught: fly from these as you would fly from the dagger of the assassin, the fangs of the venomous serpent, or the jaws of the devouring lion: But whither will you fly, that your "age" may not be "dark and unlovely" like that of the graceless, faithless, gloomy savage? The answer is obvious. Fly to the book of life, fly to the cross of your Redeemer; fly to the exercise of all the duties which the one enjoins, and you shall not fall in the eternal enjoyment of all the bliss which the other secures to its faithful followers. And as to you, aged sinner, whose gray hairs have overtaken you in the paths of iniquity; you need not despair of changing the "dark and unlovely" aspect of "age," into the bright beaming prospect of eternal glory, if you will remember, as you ought to do, the laborers in the vineyard of our Lord, who came at the eleventh hour, and were rewarded with that munificence which shines through all the ways and works of our Heavenly Father.

CHRISTIAN VISITANT.

HOME must, if possible, be always rendered pleasant to its master, and a wife should strive to be amiable in the eyes of her husband. A man should come to his bedside as a weary bird to its nest, and as a captive to his prison.