

The Muse! whatever the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires...scott.



FROM A LONDON PAPER.

The following affecting song is one of those written by MOORE, for the Second No. of National Melodies, just published by Power. The air is an old English one.

Then fare thee well, my own dear love,
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus, dear love,
The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in numbering them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this, dear love,
The deep, deep pain of this.

But no, alas! we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray.
But still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away, dear love,
And chased it all away.

Yet e'er could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief together past,
Than years of mirth apart, dear love,
Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell—our hope was born in fears,
And nursed mid vain regrets.
Like winter suns it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets, dear love,
Like them it sets in tears.

THE CHRISTENING.

A hundred names were soon proposed,
But every one the Wife opposed,
No tongue could e'er run faster;
"Well, PETER, then," the Husband cried—
"What! PETER?" the good Dame replied;
"No! he denied his Master!"

"Through all the list," said he, "I've run,
And know not, then, what's to be done
To close this sad distress:
Suppose, my dear, he's JOSHUA called?"
"No, never, no!" she loudly bawled,
"For he denied his Mistress!"

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

Grecian Women,

IN THE MOST REFINED AGE OF GREECE.

The Grecian women continued to be kept in seclusion and retirement, even in the most refined times, from a respect to ancient customs. Their residence was limited to a remote part of the house, which took its name from its particular destination to their use: They were visited by no person but their nearest relations, and when they went from home, they were obliged by law to be attended by a slave, carrying a lighted torch. Their time was engaged by the employments of the distaff and the shuttle, and by the care of bringing up their children. Such a mode of life was not only calculated to inspire them with modesty and diffidence, which is natural to persons unaccustomed to promiscuous conversation and public life, but to cherish the growth of all domestic virtues. One of the greatest orators of Athens gives a lively idea of this reclusal state, by asserting that it was the highest honor to a woman not to be the object of either public praise or censure. Amid the turbulent concerns of democratical government, and the activity of military expeditions, no leisure was found for the sexes to improve the arts of conversation, enlarge the sphere of their knowledge, and polish their manners. The female character was degraded, the passion of love was coarse and indelicate, and the women were looked upon rather as the slaves than the equals of men. Their education was totally neglected, and little value was set upon those female accomplishments, which, combined with the charms of beauty, and native elegance of mind, have so much influence in improving the manners of the moderns.

It seems probable that this may be relied upon as a just picture of the modest women of Athens. During the period we are considering, courtesans, skilled in all the arts of seduction, were numerous throughout Greece, and their profession was countenanced by men of the first eminence. B. C. 440. The beautiful Aspasia, born at Miletus, the chief city of Ionia, was the first who introduced Asiatic elegance into Europe. She had the gratification to add Pericles to the list of her admirers, and gained so complete an ascendancy over him, that he was accused of en-

gaging his country in wars to avenge her quarrels. Under his sanction, she formed a society of courtesans, whose arts were employed to attach the young Athenians to her interest. Such were the charms of her conversation, that Socrates himself, his accomplished pupil Alcibiades, the men of letters, and the most celebrated artists, frequently repaired to her house. This circumstance may furnish a proof of the low state of mental accomplishments in the virtuous part of the sex, even during the most refined period of Grecian history.—*Kett's Elements.*

Female Literature

OF THE PRESENT AGE.

From the *New (London) Monthly Magazine.*

There is no more delightful peculiarity in the literature of the present age, than the worth and the brilliancy of its female genius. The full development of the intellect and imagination of women, is the triumph of modern times. Their influence on literature was scarcely felt, even in the stateliest of classical ages. The contracted nature of their education—the tyrannical demeanor of the sterner sex towards them—and the yet more inflexible tyranny of custom, crushed the blossoms of their genius before they were half unfolded, or prevented them from diffusing their sweets beyond the limited circle of domestic life. Sometimes, indeed, the female mind broke through the unnatural restraints opposed to its progress; but it too often lost, in the exertion, its freshest and most delicate charm.—The Sapphos and the Aspasias of antiquity, cast aside at once the fetters of custom and the bonds of virtue. Even these instances of female celebrity, so attended with cause of sorrow and of pity, are rare. Hence the imaginative works of Greece and Rome, exquisite and eternal as they are, have an aspect stern and appalling, and want that delicacy and tender grace which the intermingling of female grace alone can give. Their poetry is enriched with few of those sweet fancies and delicious conceits which peculiarly belong to the female mind, or are excited in the society of intellectual and sensitive women. The gentle influences of feminine genius, now shed over the whole literature of our country a delicate and tender bloom. The works of the female authors of the present age, are objects of no common interest—not only for their separate beauties, but for the new and lovely lights which they have cast over the whole region of imagination, and the nooks of graceful loveliness which they have been first enabled to illuminate.

We shall attempt a brief sketch of the character of those who are most distinguished among them—chiefly of such as yet live to increase the honors of their sex; but also of a few who, without our own memory, have been taken from the world which they assisted to improve and to gladden.

MRS. RADCLIFFE.

Of the latter class, to whom it is fitting that we should first attend, Mrs. Radcliffe* is perhaps the most distinguished for vigor and originality of genius. She opened to the view a new world of glories and of wonders. In her works, the majestic castles, far enthroned among mountains, lift their conscious battlements—cased in the unfeeling armor of old time—a bright succession of moonlight scenes are ever glittering—and the sad presages and symbols of dire events whisper with unearthly sound. In the works of no other author has so much genius been displayed in tales of guilt and horror. She does not excite interest by the mere accumulation of outrages and massacres. A single murder, and that, perhaps, not of the most aggravated nature, becomes the source of more than human terror, in her romances. Her tales are not merely unrivalled in the interest which they sustain, but full of scenes, in themselves, of inimitable beauty. The scenes in the *Romance of the Forest*, where Adelaide discovers the narrative of a murdered captive, which she reads in her lone apartment, fearing to raise her eyes to the glass, lest she should see a face not her own—the wandering of Emily, in the castle of Udolpho, directed by a track of blood to the chamber of her aunt, whom she believes murdered by Montoni; and, above all, the stupendous scene in the Italian, where Schedoni, after dreadful note of preparation, glides into the apartment of his young and innocent victim, who lies asleep, and drawing aside her drapery to plunge the dagger into her breast, drops it in dismay, on discovering a portrait which induces the belief that she is his own child—are impressed on our souls for ever.

Of all her works, the *Romance of the Forest*, if it does not contain the most astonishing passages, seems to us the most complete. The wild and mysterious introduction of the heroine to a family of wretched fugitives—the life they lead together in the bosom of the forest, so richly romantic—the intense interest excited by the sudden change in the purpose of the Marquis, from seeking the love to attempting the life of Adelaide—and the entire connexion and development of the story—render the whole one of the most delightful fictions. This work is not chargeable with the fault which so unfortunately spoils the longer tales for the second perusal—the

* Since this article was written, we have been informed that this gifted lady is yet living. We hope most earnestly that this information is true, and that she will long enjoy that fame which has already ranked her among the great authors of her country.

excitement of curiosity to the greatest height by a succession of prodigies apparently supernatural, and pregnant with terror; and, then, the sedulous dissolution of the enchantment, by explaining every thing as produced by merely human and frivolous causes.—When the reader looks back, after the catastrophe for which he has ardently panted, the enchantment, so marvellously raised, is gone for ever. He feels that an affront has been offered to his imagination, and that he has been cheated out of his terror by false pretences. He is inclined to regard the whole as an elaborate hoax. Some have complained also of the length of the descriptions, especially in the mysteries of Udolpho: but we think the objection arises merely from the curiosity excited by the story, which can endure no obstacle to its progress. Had Mrs. Radcliffe brought to the composition of her awful tales, the superstitious feelings which the author of *Waverley* infuses into narratives to which the supernatural is far less fitted, she would have held high and lone supremacy over the regions of poetical terror.

MRS. SMITH.

The works of Charlotte Smith supply a connecting link between romances and novels. She does not lay her scenes among the mountains of Italy, or tinge them with a fearful view of supernatural terror; but she discloses, with exquisite skill, the sources of high and poetical interest in the vicissitudes of English life. She makes ordinary things appear romantic. She has, it is true, no power of sketching or of developing characters—her heroes and heroines are, for the most part, alike in all generous sensibilities and personal charms—and when she attempts to draw real portraits from actual observation, she only disgusts with hideous caricatures, or chills with shadowy abstractions. But there is a sweet and gentle interest, a tender charm in her tales, which numerous characteristic sketches would only weaken. The 'purple light of love' is shed over all her scenes. Her *Old Manor-House* is one of the most exquisite of novels. The very names of Orlando and Monimia are 'silver sweet,' and those to whom they are given are worthy to bear them. This tale seems to us more like a delicious collection of early youth, than an enchanting fiction. Its spell will never be broken. The little turret of Monimia—the curious passage thence to the library—the gentle coming on of love in the sweetly stolen interviews, seem like remembrances of childhood. The *Old Mansion* still lifts its towers, fit home for imprisoned love—there Mrs. Rayland yet keeps her state;

"And there Orlando still adores
"His little captive maid!"

MRS. HAMILTON.

Mrs. Hamilton's works are of a very different order. She is the pleasantest of those writers whose avowed object is to be useful. Her chief talent lies in singular acuteness, and a most vivid perception of the ludicrous. Her delineation of Miss Bridgetina Botherim, is the pleasantest of caricatures. We must, at the same time, protest against such a mode of assailing a philosophical theory. It is not well to laugh at the noble though devious aspirations of the soul. Godwin's *Political Justice* contains, we believe, much that is untrue; but its errors are those of earnest thought, of passionate love of truth, of the most intense and disinterested desire for the advancing glories of the species.

The serious pondering of deep intellect, the high thoughts of a trusting spirit, the delusions of too ardent hope for human good, are not subjects for derision. A theory is not proved to be false by putting some of its deductions into the mouth of a lady with a turned-up nose. Besides, the readers of novels are not in general given to the perusal of philosophical quartos; and, therefore, the humor is little understood, and the design often fails. Of far more unquestionable benefit is the *Cottagers of Glenburnie*. If not so amusing as the best works of Miss Edgeworth, it has finer touches of nature, and enforces higher duties by noble sanctions.

MRS. BRUNTON.

The writings of Mrs. Brunton display no elevated talents, but a singular harmony and proportion in the author's powers. Nothing stands so prominent in them as to excite deep emotion, but all is in beautiful keeping. They are instinct with cheerful piety. They will never be perused without shedding a calm over the soul, or exciting the tenderest regret for the early fate of their excellent and gifted author.

MORAL and RELIGIOUS.

The Elder's Death Bed.

We sincerely congratulate those of our friends, who read the following extract from Blackwood's Magazine. Seldom indeed does it fall to our lot, to record an instance of such an appeal to the best passions of the human heart. There is a sanctity about the death-bed of a good

Guardian angels seem to hover about his couch, although unseen, and to inspire the same degree of reverence as though they were visible. We appear ourselves, at such an hour, to have arrived at the confines of the celestial world, and to participate in the sensation of the soul just struggling to emancipate itself from the body, and to soar to the trackless regions of light and glory. We have selected this exquisite moral painting, as a preparatory solemnity to the devotion of the approaching Sabbath. That each and all of our readers, may feel the same animating consolations in the trying hour of death, as are here represented in the character of the dying elder, is our sincere and fervent wish. This little, busy, bustling world, so engrossing to us, does not perform its daily revolutions with the same certainty that death performs his. On a restless wing he flies around the globe, and his subtle pinions intercept the light of life at every moment.

Baltimore Morning Chronicle.

THE ELDER'S DEATH BED.

It was on a fierce and howling winter day, that I was crossing the dreary moor of Auchindown, on my way to the Manse of the parish, a solitary pedestrian. The snow, which had been incessantly falling for a week past, was drifted into beautiful but dangerous wreaths, far and wide over the melancholy expanse—and the scene kept visibly shifting before me, as the strong wind that blew from every point of the compass, struck the dazzling masses, and heaved them up and down in endless transformation. There was something inspiring in the labor with which, in the buoyant strength of youth, I forced my way through the storm—and I could not but enjoy those gleamings of sun light that ever and anon burst through some unexpected opening in the sky, and gave a character of cheerfulness, and even warmth to the sides or summits of the stricken hills. Sometimes the wind stopt of a sudden, and then the air was as silent as the snow; not a murmur to be heard from spring or stream, now all frozen up over those high moorlands. As the momentary cessation of the sharp drift allowed my eyes to look upwards and around, I saw here and there up the little opening valleys, cottages, just visible beneath the black stems of their snow covered clumps of trees, or beside some small spot of green pasture, kept open for the sheep. These intimations of life and happiness, came delightfully to me in the midst of desolation; and the barking of a dog, attending some shepherd in his quest on the hill, put fresh vigor into my limbs, telling me that lonely as I seemed to be, I was surrounded by cheerful, though unseen company, and that I was not the only wanderer over the snows.

As I walked along, my mind was insensibly filled with a crowd of pleasant images of rural winter life, that helped me gladly upwards over many miles of moor. I thought of the severe but cheerful labors of the barn—the mending of farm gear by the fire side—the wheel turned by the foot of old age, less for gain than as a thrifty pastime—the skilful mother, making "auld claes look amais as weel" the new—the ballad unconsciously listened to by the family, all busy at their own tasks round the singing maiden—the old traditional tale told by some way-farer, hospitably housed till the storm should blow by—the unexpected visit of neighbors, on need or friendship, or the footstep of a lover undeterred by snow drifts, that have buried up his flocks—but above all, I thought of those hours of religious worship that have not yet escaped from the domestic life of the peasantry of Scotland—of the sound of psalms that the death of snow cannot deaden to the ear of Him, to whom they are chanted, and of that sublime Sabbath keeping, which, on days too tempestuous for the kirk, changes the cottage of the shepherd into the temple of God.

With such glad and peaceful images in my heart, I travelled along that dreary moor with the cutting wind in my face, and my feet sinking in the snow, or sliding on the hard blue ice beneath it—as cheerfully as I ever walked in the dewy warmth of a summer morning, through the fields of fragrance and of flowers. And now I could discern, within half an hour's walk before me, the spire of the Church, close to which stood the manse of my aged friend and benefactor—my heart burned within me as a sudden gleam of stormy sun light, tipped it with fire; and I felt, at that moment, an inexpressible sense of the sublimity of the character of that grey headed Shepherd who had, for fifty years, abode in the wilderness, keeping together his own happy little flock.

As I was ascending a knoll, I saw before me on horseback an old man, with his long white hairs, beating against his face, who nevertheless advanced with a calm countenance against the hurricane. It was no other than my father, of whom I had been thinking—for my father had I called him for 20 years—and for twenty years my father had he truly been. My surprise at meeting him on such a moor—on such a day, was but momentary, for I knew that he was a shepherd who cared not for the winter's wrath. As he stopped to take my hand kindly into his, and to give his blessing to his long expected visitor, the wind fell calm—the whole face of the sky was softened, and brightness, like a smile, went over the blushing and crimsoned snow. The very elements seemed then to respect the hoary head of fourscore—and after our first greeting was over, when I looked around in my affection, I felt how beautiful was winter.

"I am going," said he, "to visit a man at the point of death—a man whom you cannot have forgotten—whose head will be missed in the kirk next Sabbath, by all my congregation—a devout man, who feared God all his days; and whom on this awful trial, God will assuredly remember. I was going, my son, to the Hazle Glen."

TO BE CONTINUED.