

The Muse! while'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires...scott.



[FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.]

Parody upon the song, "Is there a heart that never lov'd?"

There is a heart that fondly lov'd,
That throbb'd at woman's sigh;
A heart that with emotion mov'd
At beauty's tearful eye.

The language, too, those eyes bespoke,
Was known to that sad heart;
The sighs that from her bosom broke,
Seem'd more than sighs of art.

And yet that heart has been deceiv'd,
Though it so fondly lov'd;
The tales of art it once believ'd,
Can now be heard unmov'd.

Unmov'd it now can see the tear
That starts in beauty's eye;
Unmov'd, and calmly it can hear
Soft woman's artful sigh.

[FROM THE BOSTON CENTINEL.]

The following parody closes the affectionate effusion of our correspondent "G." on the sudden death of an amiable sister, addressed to her inconsolable husband:

EXTRACT.

"This life is not a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
He that hath sooth'd the widow's woe,
Hath something here of HEAVEN.

"And he who walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even;
Whose path is fit, from day to day,
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of HEAVEN.

"He who the Christian race hath run,
And all his foes forgiven;
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God and love to man,
On earth hath tasted HEAVEN."

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

The Methodists.

Mr. Southey has just published the *Life of Wesley*, in two volumes, a work of very deep and general interest, likely to prevent the repugnance which many feel at the very word Methodist. In their original institution, nothing more was designed than that they should be strict Members of the Church of England, regular in their attendance, methodical in the performance of all their duties.—Thence arose the name of Methodist. In the progress of time, and under new pastors, some of them have greatly departed from the fundamental rules of the society, and new sects, bearing the same name, have arisen.—But in the life of Wesley, there is much to admire and venerate. That this is Mr. Southey's opinion, may be collected from the following introduction to his work:

"The sect, or society, as they would call themselves, of Methodists, has existed for the greater part of a century; they have their seminaries and their hierarchy, their own regulations, their own manners, their own literature: in England they form a distinct people, an *imperium in imperio*; they are extending widely in America; and in both countries they number their annual increase by thousands. The history of their founder is little known in his native land, beyond the limits of those who are termed the religious public; and on the Continent, it is scarcely known at all. In some of the biographers, the heart has been wanting to understand his worth, or the will to do it justice; others have not possessed freedom or strength of intellect to perceive wherein he was erroneous. It has been remarked, with much complacency, by the Jesuits, that in the year of Luther's birth, Loyola was born also; Providence, they say, having wisely appointed, that when so large a portion of Christendom was to be separated from the Catholic Church, by means of the great German heresiarch, the great Spanish saint should establish an order by which the Catholic faith would be strenuously supported in Europe, and disseminated widely in the other parts of the world.

"Voltaire and Wesley were not, indeed, in like manner, children of the same year, but they were contemporaries through a long course of time; and the influences which they exercised upon their age and upon posterity, have been not less remarkably opposed.—While one was scattering, with pestilential activity, the seeds of immorality and unbelief, the other was equally unweariedly labouring in the cause of religion. The works

of Voltaire have found their way wherever the French language is read; the disciples of Wesley wherever the English is spoken.—The principles of the arch infidel were more rapid in their operation; he who aimed at no such evil as that which he contributed so greatly to bring about, was himself startled at their progress; in his latter days he trembled at the consequences he then foresaw; and indeed his remains had scarcely mouldered in the grave, before those consequences brought down the whole fabric of government in France, overturned her altars, subverted her throne, carried guilt, devastation and misery into every part of his own country, and shook the rest of Europe like an Earthquake. Wesley's doctrines, meantime, were slowly and gradually winning their way; but they advanced every succeeding year with accelerated force, and their effect must ultimately be more extensive, more powerful, and more permanent, for he has set mightier principles at work. Let it not, however, be supposed, that I would represent these eminent men, like agents of the good and evil principles, in all things contrasted; the one was not all darkness, neither was the other all light.

"The history of men who have been prime agents in those great moral and intellectual revolutions which, from time to time, take place among mankind, is not less important than that of statesmen and conquerors. If it has not to treat of actions wherewith the world has rung from side to side, it appeals to the higher parts of our nature, and may, perhaps, excite more salutary feelings, a worthier interest, and wiser meditations. The Emperor Charles the Fifth, and his rival of France, appear at this day infinitely insignificant, if we compare them to Luther and Loyola. And there may come a time when the name of Wesley will be more generally known, and in remote regions of the globe, than that of Frederick, or of Catharine; for the works of such men survive them, and continue to operate, when nothing remains of worldly ambition but the memory of its vanity and its guilt."—*London paper.*

Sir Walter Scott.

This celebrated Poet and Novelist has received from his Sovereign's hands the honor of knighthood. This is as it should be. If ever there was one man more than another who was entitled (independently of his own descent from an alliance with highborn connexions) to wear the honorable badges of rank, it is he whose life and writings have so eminently contributed to the improvement and happiness of mankind. In the pages of all that Scott has ever written, will not be found one passage that can be made detrimental to sound morality or purity of principles—not one position which, if followed out, will not conduce to the improvement of our knowledge, or the increase of our comfort—the variety of human character, the living identity of his person, the passions of the human heart, the elements of the human mind, their intricate combinations, their eternal changes, their shifting appearances, are all marked and traced with a subtlety of discrimination, and simplicity of execution, so true, so delicate, yet so vigorous, as to outstrip all rivalry but that of the great dramatic bard. His life exhibits a scene of felicity and goodness consonant to the spirit of his writings: In his home, and on his estate, he is truly the father of his family and his tenants; all love him, and run to court his smile, and receive his kindness, from the child of his bosom to the urchin of his lowliest cottager. Notwithstanding the quantity of his works, and the celerity with which they are poured forth upon the world, he is never abstracted from society or its enjoyments—he neglects no duties, no labors of the landlord, the farmer, or the master. He is ever present where his presence is required, ever active, doing good to all, and beloved by all; and his hours pass in that independent serenity and kindly light-hearted cheerfulness, which can only be enjoyed by the conscientiousness of duties fulfilled, and time fully employed and used,

"As ever in his great task-master's eye."

Long may he live to enjoy his well-deserved honors—the delight and example of this age, as he will be of futurity.—*London paper.*

THE CACTUS GRANDIFLORUS, OR NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

Of all the splendid productions which nature in her bounty has bestowed on man, there is none more exquisite than the "refulgent Cereus." This magnificent plant is a native of South-America. The stem is extremely unpromising, and indicates nothing of that beauty it is formed to unfold. It is cylindrical, branched, and greenish, and full of small diverging spines. The flower is lateral, and about a foot in diameter, and has 20 stamina surrounding one pistillum. "The inside of the calyx," says a writer, "is a splendid yellow, or bright sulphur color; the petals of the purest and most transparent

white; but, viewing it in front, so as to look into its deep bell, whence issue its long trembling stamina, baffles all description; for, in one shade, it is of an aurora color; viewed in another, it resembles the blaze of burning nitre; and, as the eye plays over it, we think we see, at times, a bright reddish purple.—To the eye of fancy, a resemblance to the sun is presented; the calyx corolla and darkened tube seem to form the ray, disk, and spots, of that luminary, which this flaunting beauty is destined never to behold. The duration of this, like all beautiful flowers, is but short.—It expands its magnificent corolla, and emits a most delicious perfume for a few hours in the night, and "then closes to open no more." It begins to open about 7 o'clock in the evening, usually in the month of July, and closes before sun-rise in the morning. The fanciful Darwin has thus described it:

Nymph! not for thee the radiant day returns;

Nymph! not for thee the golden solstice burns:

Refulgent Cereus! at the dusky hour

She seeks, with pensive steps, the mountain bower,

Bright as the blush of rising morn, and warns

The dull cold eye of midnight with her charms.

We notice in the National Intelligencer, an account of the exhibition of one of these grand and exquisite flowers, in the green house of Dr. M'Williams of the City of Washington, on the evening of the 13th inst. which, it is said, produced a high degree of gratification in all the beholders.—*Petersburg In.*

Sporting Anecdote.—Some eager sportsmen in Cumberland, having come to that part of the chase which is called a *check*, inquired of a country lad if he had seen the hare go that way? after grinning and scratching his head, he asked, "Had hur a brown back?" "Yes," (eagerly.) "Had hur long legs?" "Yes, yes," (impatiently.) "Had hur big ears?" "Yes, yes," (violently.) "Has hur a bit o' white under her tail?" "Yes—have you seen her?" "No, zur, I hanna seen hur."

MORAL and RELIGIOUS.

AN ODE,

Sung at a Charity Lecture, at the Old South Meeting House, Boston.

JESUS! and shall it ever be

A mortal man asham'd of thee?

Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise?

Whose glories shine through endless days?

Asham'd of JESUS!—sooner, far,

Let evening blush to own a star!

He sheds the beams of light divine,

O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Asham'd of JESUS!—just as soon

Let midnight be asham'd of noon.

'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,

Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.

Asham'd of JESUS!—that dear friend

On whom my hopes of heaven depend?

No!—when I blush, be this my shame,

That I no more revere his name.

Asham'd of JESUS!—yes, I may,

When I've no guilt to wash away;

No tear to wipe—no good to crave—

No fears to quell—no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain,

Till then, I boast a Saviour slain.

And O! may this my glory be,

That Christ is not asham'd of me.

His institutions I would prize;

Take up my cross—the shame despise;

Dare to defend his noble cause,

And yield obedience to his laws.

THE DEATH BED OF THE ELDER.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

I knew well in childhood that lovely farm-house, so far off among the beautiful wild green hills—and it was not likely that I had forgotten the name of its possessor. For six years' Sabbaths I had seen the ELDER in his accustomed place beneath the pulpit, and, with a sort of solemn fear, had looked on his steadfast countenance during sermon, psalm and prayer.—On returning to the scenes of my infancy, I now met the pastor going to pray by his death bed—and with the privilege which nature gives us to behold, even in their last extremity, the loving and the beloved, I turned to accompany him to the house of sorrow, resignation and death.

And now, for the first time, I observed, walking close to the feet of his horse, a little boy of about ten years of age, who kept frequently looking up in the pastor's face, with his blue eyes bathed in tears. A changeful expression of grief, hope and despair, made almost pale cheeks, that otherwise were blooming in health and beauty—and I recognized in the small features and smooth forehead of childhood, a resemblance to the aged man who we understood was now lying on his death bed—

"They had to send his grandson for me through the snow, looking tenderly on the boy; 'but love makes the young heart bold—and there is one who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'" I again looked on the fearless child with his rosy cheeks, blue eyes and yellow hair, so unlike grief or sorrow, yet now sobbing aloud as if his heart would break. "I do not fear but that my grandfather will yet recover, as soon as the minister has said one single prayer by his bed side. I had no hope, or little, as I was running by myself to the manse over hill after hill, but I am full of hope now that we are together—and oh! if God suffers

my grandfather to recover, I will be awake all the long winter nights blessing him for his mercy. I will rise up in the middle of the darkness, and pray to him in the cold on my naked knees!" and here his voice choked, while he kept his eyes fixed, as if for consolation and encouragement, to the solemn and pitying countenance of the kind-hearted pious old man.

We soon left the main road and struck off through scenery that, covered as it was with the bewildering snow, I sometimes dimly and sometimes vividly remembered; our little guide keeping ever a short distance before us, and with a sagacity like that of instinct, showing us our course, of which no tract was visible, save occasionally his own little foot prints as he had been hurrying to the Manse.

After crossing, for several miles, morass, and frozen rivulet, and drifted hollow, with here and there the top of a stone wall peeping through the snow, or the more visible circle of a sheep-bugh, we descended into the Hazel Glen, and saw before us the solitary house of the dying Elder.

A gleam of days gone by came suddenly over my soul. The last time that I had been in this Glen was on a day of June, 15 years before, a holiday, the birth day of the King. A troop of laughing school boys, headed by our benign Pastor, we danced over the sunny braes and startled the linnets from their nests among the yellow broom. Austere as seemed to us the Elder's sabbath face, when sitting in the kirk, we school boys knew, that it had its week day smiles—and we flew on the wings of joy to our annual festival of curds and cream, in the farm house of that little sylvan world. We rejoiced in the flowers and the leaves of that long, that interminable summer day; its memory was with our boyish hearts from June to June; and the sound of that sweet name, "Hazel Glen," often came upon us at our tasks and brought too brightly into the school room the pastoral imagery of that mirthful solitude.

As we now slowly approached the cottage, through a deep snow drift, which the distress within had prevented the household from removing, we saw peeping out from the door, brothers and sisters of our little guide, who quickly disappeared, and then their mother showed herself in their stead, expressing by raised eyes and arms folded across her breast how thankful she was to see, at last, the Pastor, beloved in joy and trusted in trouble.

Soon as the venerable old man dismounted from his horse, our active little guide led it away into the humble stable, and we entered the cottage.—Not a sound was heard but the ticking of the clock. The matron, who had silently welcomed us at the door, led us, with suppressed sighs and a face stained with weeping, into her father's sick room, which even at that time of sore distress was as orderly as if health had blessed the house. I could not help remarking some old china ornaments on the chimney piece—and in the window was an ever blowing rose tree, that almost touched the lofty roof, and brightened that end of the apartment with its blossoms.—There was something tasteful in the simple furniture; and it seemed as if grief could not deprive the hand of that matron of its careful elegance. Sickness, almost hopeless sickness, lay there surrounded with the same cheerful and beautiful objects which health had loved; and she, who had arranged and adorned the apartment in her happiness, still kept it from disorder and decay in her sorrow.

With a gentle hand she drew the curtain of the bed, and there supported by pillows as white as the snow that lay without, reposed the dying Elder.—It was plain that the hand of God was upon him, and that his days on the earth were numbered.

He greeted his Minister with a faint smile, and a slight inclination of the head—for his daughter had so raised him up the pillows, that he was almost sitting up in his bed. It was easy to see that he knew himself to be dying, and that his soul was prepared for the great change; yet along with the solemn resignation of a christian who has made his peace with God and his Saviour, there was blended on his white and sunken countenance, an expression of habitual reverence for the minister of his faith—and I saw that he could not have died in peace without that comfort to pray by his death bed.

A few words sufficed to tell who was the stranger—and the dying man, blessed me by name, held out to me his cold shrivelled hand in token of recognition.—I took my seat at a small distance from the bed side, and left a closer station for those who were more dear. The Pastor sat down near his head—and by the bed, leaning on it with gentle hands, stood that matron, his daughter-in-law, a figure, that would have graced and sainted a higher dwelling, and whose native beauty was now more touching in its grief—but Religion upheld her whom nature was bowing down; not now for the first time were the lessons taught by her father to be put in practice, for I saw that she was clothed in deep mourning—and she behaved like the daughter of a man whose life had not only been irreproachable but lofty, with fear and hope fighting desperately, but silently in the core of her pure and pious heart.

While we thus remained in silence, the beautiful boy, who, at the risk of his life, brought the Minister of religion to the bed side of his beloved grandfather, softly and cautiously opened the door, and, with the hoarfrost unmelting on his bright glistening ringlets, walked up to the pillow evidently no stranger there. He no longer sobbed—he no longer wept—for hope had risen strongly within his innocent heart, from the consciousness of love so fearlessly excited, and from the presence of the Holy Man in whose prayers he trusted, as in the intercession of some superior and heavenly nature.

[To be concluded next week.]