

The Muse I whatever the Muse inspires,  
My soul the touch of strain admires, Scott.



FROM THE BALTIMORE PATRIOT.

MR. EDITOR—The following poetical effusion, from the pen of a young lady of this city, was occasioned by hearing the opinion expressed, that a true affection may be entirely eradicated. If you think it has sufficient merit for a place in your paper, you are at liberty to insert it.

Oh say, can the heart that has once loved so true,  
So soon become cold, and indifferent prove?  
Can remembrance the scenes of past pleasures review,  
And yet not awaken one feeling of love?

Can the image that once was engraved on the soul,  
Be forever erased, and no trace left behind?  
No remains of the powers whose dear magic control,  
Sweetly governed the heart it so closely entwined?

Can the beam from that eye whose mild glances could fire  
The soul with such pleasure, be met with disdain?  
And the voice whose soft notes could such rapture inspire,  
Produce no emotion, no pleasure again?

No! the heart that has once loved, can never forget,  
Nor view with indifference the object once dear;  
While memory lives, with a feeling regret,  
Its feelings will still give their tribute—a tear.

Then think not the image is ever effaced,  
From the heart whose worn cares it could sweetly beguile,  
Oh no! 'tis still loved—it can never be erased,  
Though the heart may appear to be happy awhile.

### Literary Extracts, &c.

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

### Female Literature

OF THE PRESENT AGE.

FROM THE NEW (LONDON) MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Of female authors now living, Joanna Baillie is, perhaps, endowed with the richest poetical genius. She first, in our own time, dared to seek those old and long neglected fountains of inspiration in which the dramatist of Elizabeth's age delighted. In the expression of deep feeling, she has all their intensity and grandeur, and in her airy playfulness, much of their fantastical beauty. She has greatly injured her own popularity, by her perverse determination to make the development of a single passion the sole purpose of a play. The passions in nature are not simple. Even in the sternest and most decided characters, a thousand varieties of emotion are blended. Besides, the contest of high passions, the struggle and contention of noble natures, are the grandest subjects of tragedies. The tragic poet should not confine his efforts to the framing of one image of imitable sublimity and grace, and to the endowing it with energetic life; but should strive to complete groups of exquisite workmanship, where the figures contend with others or with destiny in mortal strife, but over which some harmonizing and softening atmosphere breathes. Miss Baillie has failed, also, in attempting comedy. Her stately language cannot be festooned into light and graceful varieties. But in her own high and peculiar walk, she is unrivalled and alone.—No female step has ever penetrated so far as hers into those regions of poetry, which are sacred to tragic passion—where the lone and dark stream of emotion flows mournfully on, reflecting tender images of overarching groves, and the silent grandeur of the heavens.

MRS. HEMANS.

Nearest to Miss Baillie in poetical genius is, perhaps, Mrs. Hemans, who has recently started into fame. As the genius of the former leads her to romantic poetry, that of the latter tends to the classical. Her images are more "in the sun," more bright and goodly in palpable form, than those of any other author of the present time. Her poetry is full of glorious shapes instinct with spirit. She has little of sad retrospection, little of the "pale cast of thought," and nothing of metaphysical subtlety. Her muse wears no penitential livery, but is "sky-tinctured," and radiant in youthful bloom. Her poetry is scarcely in the spirit of these times, which leans to the philosophic or the intense, but is replete with grace and beauty which can never become obsolete while nature shall endure.

MISS MITFORD.

With these great names that of Miss Mitford is worthy to be united. Her poems are replete with all the sweetest and most characteristic qualities of womanhood. A sensibility the finest and the most genuine, and a perception of beauty the most quick and refined, are manifested in all her writings. The gleams of her imagination constantly fall on

little tendernesses and dear immunities of the heart, and shed on them a sacred radiance.—She is able to seize and perpetuate those graces of nature which are in themselves the most evanescent and subtle. Her images often seem to be of the rainbow and of the golden and fleecy clouds. Her Maid of the South Seas is one of the most captivating of poetical romances.

HANNAH MORE.

It would be unjust to decide on the merits of Miss Hannah More, chiefly from her poetry. In verse she seldom attains higher excellence than elegance of style and correctness of expression. Her tragedies are cold dialogues in stately blank verse, which exhibit occasional vigor of thought, but are not steeped either in fancy or in passion. The violence of her catastrophes forms a singular contrast to the declamatory expressions of sorrow, not deep but loud, by which they are preceded. It is on her moral and religious essays that she will build the most enduring part of her fame. She has great earnestness of expostulation, great purity of thought, and great felicity of language. Without any inane gaudiness of phraseology—with no seeming effort to write splendid things—she illustrates every subject with beautiful images. If she clothes truth, it is in the chastest attire. Her only fault, as a moralist, is her want of genial and expansive sympathy. She looks on humanity as from a distance, from a height of personal virtue, like a being of another sphere. It is not that she wants charity—for she pities all human weaknesses, and is anxious to relieve all human distresses—but she does not grasp her fellows with a warm and cordial hand, or regard their errors with that spirit of allowance which those always feel who live tenderly along the lines of human sympathies. We are not in love with the heroine of Cælebs. Still we must not forget that Miss More has done much to soften the prejudices of bigotry among those who would scarcely have listened to her, had she been less apart from the world. Those will read Cælebs, who turn from the divine Clarissa with pious horror. The admirers of Miss More can scarcely regard the drama as an accursed thing. Thus are bigots carried a little out of themselves and their sect, and made to feel that humanity is made of other stuff than systems or creeds.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Mrs. Barbauld, like Miss More, excels chiefly in prose. She is one of the most elegant of modern essayists. The justice, the wisdom, and the beauty, of her "Essay on the Folly of Inconsistent Expectations," cannot be praised too highly. Without in the least overstepping the fit limits to ornament in prose, she often gives a pleasure nearly similar to that excited by exquisite poetry. Her hymns for children breathe a tenderness which Christianity so divinely inspires for "those little ones."

From Humboldt's Travels in America.

THE COW TREE.

Amid the great number of curious phenomena which have presented themselves to me in the course of my travels. I confess there are few that have so powerfully affected my imagination as the aspect of the cow tree. Whatever relates to milk—whatever regards corn, inspires an interest which is not merely that of the physical knowledge of things, but is connected with another order of ideas and sentiments. We can scarcely conceive how the human race could exist without farinaceous substances and without that nourishing juice which the breast of the mother contains, and which is appropriated to the long feebleness of the infant. The amylaceous matter of corn, the object of religious veneration among so many nations, ancient and modern, is diffused in the seeds, and deposited in the roots of vegetables; milk, which serves us as an aliment, appears to us exclusively the produce of animal organizations. Such are the impressions we have received in our earliest infancy; such is also the source of that astonishment which seizes us at the aspect of the tree just described. It is not here the solemn shades of forests, the majestic course of rivers, the mountains wrapt in eternal frost, that excite our emotion. A few drops of vegetable juice recal to our minds all the powerfulness and fecundity of nature. On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree with coriaceous and dry leaves. Its large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stone.—For several months of the year, not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dead and dried; but, when its trunk is pierced, there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk. It is at the rising of the sun that this vegetable fountain is most abundant. The blacks and natives are then seen hastening, from all quarters, furnished with large bowls, to receive the milk, which grows yellow, and thickens at its surface. Some employ their bowls under the tree itself; others carry the juice home to their children. We seem to see the family of a shepherd, who distributes the milk to his flock.

To a Lady who had sent her Lover a Kiss by Letter.  
Thanks to my gentle absent friend;  
A kiss you in your letter send,  
But ah! the thrilling charm is lost,  
In kisses that arise by post.  
That fruit can only be had  
When you are in the land.

### MORAL and RELIGIOUS.

THE DEATH BED OF THE ELDER.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

There he stood, still as an image in his grandfather's eyes, that, in their dimness, fell upon him with delight. Yet, happy as was the trusting child, his heart was devoured by fear—and he looked as if one word might stir up the flood of tears that had subsided in his heart. As he crossed the dreary and dismal moors, he had thought of a corpse, a shroud and a grave; he had been in terror, lest death should strike in his absence, the old man, with whose grey hairs he had so often played; but now he saw him alive, and felt that death was not able to tear him away from the clasps, links, and fetters, of his grand-child's embracing love.

"If the storm do not abate," said the sick man, after a pause, "it will be hard for my friends to carry me over the drifts to the kirkyard."—This sudden approach to the grave, struck, as with a bar of ice, the heart of the loving boy—and with a long deep sigh, he fell down with his face like ashes on the bed, while the old man's palsied right hand, had just strength to lay itself upon his head—"Blessed be thou, my little Jamie, even for his own name's sake who died for us on the tree!"—The mother, without terror, but with an averted face, lifted up her loving hearted boy, now in a dead fainting fit, and carried him into an adjoining room, where he soon revived: but that child and that old man, were not to be separated; in vain was he asked to go to his brothers and sisters; pale, breathless, and shivering, he took his place as before, with eyes fixed on his grandfather's face; but neither weeping nor uttering a word. Terror had frozen up the blood of his heart; but his were now the only dry eyes in the room; and the Pastor himself wept, albeit the grief of fourscore is seldom vented in tears.

"God has been gracious to me, a sinner," said the dying man. "During thirty years that I have been an elder in your Kirk, never have I missed sitting there on Sabbath. When the mother of my children was taken from me; it was on a Tuesday she died—and on Saturday she was buried. We stood together when my Alice was let down into the narrow house made for all living. On the Sabbath I joined in the public worship of God—she commanded me to do so the night before she went away. I could not join the psalm that Sabbath, for her voice was not in the throng. Her grave was covered up, and grass and flowers grew there, so was my heart; but Thou whom, through the blood of Christ, I hope to see this night in Paradise, knowest that from that hour to this day, never have I forgotten thee!"

This old man ceased speaking—and his grand-child, now able to endure the scene, for strong passion is its own support, glided softly to a little table, and bringing a cup in which a cordial had been mixed, held it in his small soft hands to his grandfather's lips. He drank, and then said, "Come close to me, Jamie, and kiss me for thy own and thy father's sake;" and as the child fondly pressed his rosy lips on those of his grandfather, so white and withered, the tears fell over all the old man's face, and then trickled down on the golden head of the child, at last sobbing in his bosom.

"Jamie, thy own father has forgotten thee in thy infancy, and me in my old age; but Jamie, forget not thy father nor thy mother, for that thou knowest and feelest is the commandment of God."

The broken hearted boy could make no reply—He had gradually stolen closer and closer unto the old loving man, and now was lying, worn out with sorrow, drenched and dissolved in tears, to his grandfather's bosom. His mother had sunk down on her knees, and hid her face with her hands:—"Oh! if my husband knew but of this—he would never, never, desert his dying father!" and I now knew that the Elder was praying on his death bed for a disobedient and wicked son.

At this affecting time, the minister took the family Bible on his knees, and said, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, part of the fifteenth Psalm" and he read with a tremulous and broken voice, these beautiful verses:

Within thy tabernacle, Lord,  
Who shall abide with thee;  
And in thy high and holy hill  
Who shall a dweller be?  
The man that walketh uprightly,  
And worketh righteousness,  
And as he thinketh in his heart,  
So doth he truth express.

The small congregation sung the noble hymn of the Psalmist to—Painful martyrs worthy of the name." The dying man himself, ever and anon, joined in the holy music; and when it feebly died away on his quivering lips, he continued still to follow the tune with the motion of his withered hand, and eyes devoutly and humbly lifted up to Heaven—Nor was the sweet voice of his loving grand-child unheard; as the strong fit of deadly passion had dissolved in the music, he sang with a sweet and silvery voice, that to a passer-by had seemed that of perfect happiness; a hymn sung in joy upon its knees by gladsome childhood, before it flew out among the green hills, to quiet labor or gleesome play. As that sweetest voice came from the bosom of the old man, where the singer lay in affection, and blended with his own so tremulous, never had I felt so affectingly brought before me the beginning and the end of life, the cradle and the grave.

Ere the psalm was over, the door was opened and a tall fine looking man entered, but with a lowering and dark countenance, seemingly in sorrow, in misery and remorse. Agitated, confounded

music, he sat down on a chair—and looked with a ghastly face towards his father's death bed. When the psalm ceased, the Elder said with a solemn voice, "My son—thou art come in time, to receive thy father's blessing. May the remembrance of what will happen in this room, before the morning again shines over the Hazle Glen, win thee from the error of thy ways. Thou art here to witness the mercy of thy God and thy Saviour, whom thou hast forgotten."

The minister looked, if not with a stern, yet with an upbraiding countenance, on the young man, who had not recovered his speech, and said, "William! for three years past your shadow has not darkened the doors of the House of God. They who fear not the thunder, may tremble at the still small voice—now is the hour for repentance—that your father's spirit may carry up to Heaven tidings of a contrite soul saved from the company of sinners!"

The young man with much effort, advanced to the bed side, and at last found voice to say, "Father—I am not without the affections of nature—and I hurried home soon as I heard that the minister had been seen riding towards our house. I hope that you will yet recover—and if I have ever made you unhappy, I ask your forgiveness—for though I may not think as you do on matters of religion, I have a human heart. Father! I may have been unkind, but I am not cruel. I ask your forgiveness."

"Come near to me, William, kneel down by the bed side, and let my hand find the head of my beloved son—for blindness is coming fast upon me. Thou wert my first born, and thou art my only living son. All thy brothers and sisters are lying in the church yard, beside her whose sweet face thine own, William, did once so much resemble—Long wert thou the joy, and pride of my soul—aye, too much the pride, for there was not in all the parish, such a man, such a son, as my own William. If thy heart has since been changed, God may inspire it again with right thoughts—Could I die for thy sake—could I purchase thy salvation with the outpouring of thy father's blood—but this the Son of God has done for thee, who hast denied him! I have sorely wept for thee—aye, William, when there was none near me—even as David wept for Absalom—for thee my son, my son!"

A long deep groan was the only reply; but the whole body of the kneeling man was convulsed; and it was easy to see his sufferings, his contrition, his remorse, and his despair. The Pastor said, with a sterner voice, and sterner countenance than were natural to him, "Know you whose hand is now lying on your rebellious head? But what signifies the word father to him who has denied God, the Father of us all?" "Oh! press him not so badly," said the weeping wife, coming forward from a dark corner of the room, where she had tried to conceal herself in grief, fear and shame. "spare, oh! spare my husband—he has ever been kind to me;" and with that she knelt down beside him, with her long, soft white arm mournfully and affectionately laid across his neck. "Go thou, likewise, my sweet little Jamie," said the Elder, "go even out of my bosom, and kneel down beside thy father and thy mother, so that I may bless you all at once, and with one yearning prayer." The child did as that solemn voice commanded, and knelt down somewhat timidly by his father's side; nor did that unhappy man decline encircling, with his arm the child too much neglected, but still dear to him as his own blood, in spite of the deadening and debasing influence of infidelity.

"Put the Word of God into the hands of my son, and let him read aloud to his dying father, the 25th, 26th and 27th verses of the 11th chapter of the Gospel, according to St. John." The Pastor went up to the kneelers, and with a voice of pity, condolence and pardon, said "There was a time when none, William, could read the Scriptures better than couldst thou—can it be that the son of my friend hath forgotten the lessons of his youth?" He had not forgotten them—there was no need for the repentant sinner to lift up his eyes from the bed side. The sacred stream of the Gospel had worn a channel in his heart, and the waters were again flowing. With a choked voice he said—"Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this? She said unto him, Yea, Lord; I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world." "This is not an unbeliever's voice," said the dying man triumphantly; "nor, William, hast thou an unbeliever's heart. Say that thou believest in what thou hast now read, and thy father will die happy!" "I do believe; and as thou forgivest me, so may I be forgiven by my Father who is in Heaven."

The Elder seemed like a man suddenly inspired with new life. His faded eyes kindled—his pale cheeks glowed—his palsied hands seemed to wax strong—and his voice was clear as that of manhood in its prime—"Into thy hands, oh God, I commit my spirit," and so saying, he gently sunk back on his pillow; and I thought I heard a sigh. There was then a long and deep silence, and the father, and mother, and child, rose from their knees. The eyes of us all were turned towards the white placid face of the figure now stretched in everlasting rest; and without lamentations, save the silent lamentations of the resigned soul, we stood around the Death Bed of the Elder.

EREMUS.

PRAYER.

The mercy-seat in heaven is our ark and our refuge in every hour of distress and darkness upon earth. This is our daily support and relief, while we are passing through a world of temptation, and our steps in the way