

The Muse! what'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires.—SCOTT.



LOVE AND HOPE.—*Solo A.*
By THOMAS MOORE.

AT morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclined:
But scarce had noon-tide come when he
Into his barque leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind—
And left poor Hope behind.

I go, said Love, to sail awhile
Across this sunny main;
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope, who never dream'd of guile,
Believ'd he'd come again—
Believ'd he'd come again.

She linger'd there till evening's beam
Along the waters lay;
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Of track'd his name, which still the stream
As often washed away—
As often washed away.

At length a sail appears in sight,
And tow'rd the Maiden moves;
'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,
His golden barque reflects the light—
But ah! it is not Love's—
But ah! it is not Love's.

Another sail—'twas Friendship show'd
Her night lamp o'er the sea;
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd;
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd—
And where, alas! was he?
And where, alas! was he?

Now fast, around the sea and shore,
Night threw her darkling clus;
The sunny sails were seen no more;
Hope's morning dreams of Love were o'er—
Love never came again—
Love never came again.

FROM THE ATHENS.

O' lovely is the morning calm,
Its fragrance, and its spotless hue,
When every thing around is balm,
The sky in smiles, the flowers in dew.
But softer, fairer far than these,
Or any thing beneath the sky,
Is the fond look the lover sees
Gleam from his maiden's melting eye,
And O! 'tis sweet at even tide,
To list the wild bird's mingled lay,
Where happy, guiltless, side by side,
They sing of joy on every spray;
But sweeter, dearer than his song
Of harmony within the grove,
Is melody that melts along
The virgin lips of her we love.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

FROM THE BALTIMORE MORNING CHRONICLE.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING GEORGE.

The following anecdote of the late British King, (extracted from the manuscript journal of an American traveller) has never appeared in print.

"In a morning stroll, in the autumn of 1804, through the streets of Weymouth, (the well known summer residence of the King,) chance brought me within a few paces of his Majesty, who, on his return from a ride with two of his Court, met Sir James Crawford, who had been detained a prisoner in France many months, and who had recently escaped from thence. The king greeted him most cordially, and went on, in his usual rapid manner, to converse on various subjects.—Speaking of the peace of 1802, he remarked, that the first news he had of it was on reading in a newspaper that the treaty was signed; and that, dropping the paper, he exclaimed, 'Good God, is it possible?' 'But,' he added, 'I always thought it was an experimental peace; and now we are at war again, we should not have so many objects in view at once. Let us, Sir James, imitate the policy of Washington and Franklin, who always stuck at one point. On saying which, he raised his right hand, in which he held his whip, seized it with his left, and made a forward thrust with it, suiting the action to the word."

This anecdote, so honorable to our two illustrious countrymen, may be relied on as authentic. The king, we doubt not, had at the time some recollection of an important event in his reign. Soon after the commencement of the American revolution, an English projector, in order to disparage the celebrity of Franklin's Lightning Conductor, published an elaborate work to prove that the invention was not complete; and proposed that *balls* should be added to the point of the conductor

to embody a larger quantity of the electric fluid, and pass it off harmless. The king was pleased with the thought, and had some of the conductors of his palace altered agreeably to the suggestion of the projector.—Some time after, in a thunder storm, not only the king and the projector, but many others in the palace to which the blunt conductors were affixed, had a melancholy proof of their insufficiency, in the great injury which that part of the palace sustained from a bolt of lightning; and the *British Blunts* were immediately changed for *American Points*. The wits of the day did not fail to profit by the event; and we well recollect to have read, in the Morning Herald, the following epigram on it:

"While you, great George, for trifles hunt,
And sharp conductors change for blunt,
The nation's out of joint;
Franklin a wiser scheme pursues,
And all your thunder harmless views,
By sticking to the Point."

FRENCH WOMEN.

From "Sketches of French Manners and Customs."

The women do not, as in England, employ themselves solely in household and nursery affairs, but they mix themselves in all the cares of their husbands, and assist them in their trade and business, whatever it may be. Thus they are constantly found in the counting houses and shops, and they know as much, and often more, of the details of a trade than their husbands. In Dieppe, every variety of shop and trade had a woman assisting in it, who, from her appearance, might generally be considered as the mistress of the family. At a blacksmith's shop, for instance, I saw a neatly dressed woman, with a very clean cap, shoeing a horse; and, passing a second time, I saw her filing at a vice. I expressed my astonishment to the neighbors, but they seemed rather disposed to laugh at me, than to join in my laugh at the woman. I learnt that she was a widow, and thus kept up her husband's trade, to rear a large family. In Paris I complimented the pretty wife of an eminent bookseller, for her knowledge of the prices of paper, printing, and engraving, in which she several times corrected errors of her husband, remarked, that the French ladies must have great talents thus to learn a trade in the honey-moon, which had employed their husbands during an apprenticeship of seven years; and that I supposed she would be equally expert at any other trade, if, on becoming a widow, she married a husband in some other line. "Ah, Monsieur, (she said,) we endeavor to assist our spouses in every way in our power—it is our only pleasure; their cares are our cares, and their interests are ours; and, if it is our calamity to become widows, we do the best we can for him also." This was the exact sentiment; I heard the same from others; and I can affirm, that, although there are not so many handsome French women as English, no women in the world are more generally interesting, are so industrious and thrifty, or more attached wives, or affectionate mothers.

From Mr. Noah's Travels in England, &c.

"Our packet was an American built vessel, commodiously fitted, and the captain a rough but capable seaman. We had an English, a Dutch, an Austrian, a French, and an American passenger; who constituted an agreeable medley of national character. On the morning of the third day, we made the harbor of Corunna, into which we passed with a pleasant breeze. * * * * * Our captain brought on board a Spanish Marquis and Marchioness, with their baggage, bound to Cadiz. The Marquis had been an officer in the army, and had fought against the French; though by his conversation, he did not appear to entertain an unfavorable opinion of his enemy.—Her ladyship had an agreeable countenance, and was somewhat reserved; she carried a small lap-dog under her arm, and a guitar in her hand; and, probably in anticipation of sea-sickness, she lost no time in sewing a long ribbon to the collar of her little favorite; and then, very composedly, laid herself in her berth in the front cabin, where for three days she was confined by illness; and we saw nothing of her or her dog. On the fourth, we sailed calmly along the coast of Portugal, and came in full view of the convent of Mafra. This is an extensive and elegant building, once a residence of the Spanish and Portuguese merchants; but now used as a monastery. It is situated in a plain, surrounded with cottages and gardens in high cultivation; it has a choice library, and is represented as being a very agreeable retreat. We approached the rock of Lisbon, and saw, under the projecting masses, the picturesque town of Cintra, famous for a summer retreat; and in modern times for a very foolish convention, which the English made with the French. Our Spanish Marchioness had never recovered

from her indisposition; she thrummed a few airs on her guitar, and essayed to be somewhat lively. A little event which occurred, served to illustrate, very forcibly, the different traits of national character: The Marquis one day, when we were all assembled, desired to know of what age the passengers supposed his wife to be; and which to ascertain without debate or confederacy, he solicited each to write the number of years on a piece of paper, which subsequently was folded down. The paper and pencil were first handed to the Dutchman; he casting a hasty glance at the lady, and feeling no disposition to flatter, wrote down *thirty*, being, as he supposed, somewhat near the mark. The paper being folded, was passed to the Austrian, who, with a cold look, and a disposition not more favorable, wrote *twenty-seven*. The Englishman was next called upon; he looked very complacently, and felt disposed to yield a little on the score of politeness, and set down her age at *twenty-four*. The paper, still folded, passed to the Frenchman, full of gaiety and fashion, who, with a significant nod, wrote *twenty*. It was finally handed to my American friend, who had read, in the countenance of each, what idea was passing, and determined to be unique and pleasing, wrote *eighteen*. The paper was returned to the Marquis, who unfolded, and read the sum and measure of each man's gallantry. The first from the Dutchman, of thirty, seemed to startle the Marchisa, who gave him a cold, disdainful glance, accompanied with a shake of the head, which seemed to say, "Sir, you may go to the devil." The next, twenty-seven, from the Austrian, was received somewhat more graciously, though still with a coldness which appeared to think he was not much more polite than his neighbor. Twenty-four, from the Englishman, was greeted with a smile, and a kind of nod of the head.—Twenty, from the Frenchman, met with a most gracious reception: but, when the eighteen of the American was developed, in conclusion, the Marchisa appeared delighted; and, with a smile illumining her countenance, she made a handsome return to my friend, *Le Senior American*: and no doubt, in her estimation, we were the most gallant people in the world.

"Oh! flattery, how grateful art thou
To the ear of men"—and women too.

"Truth might lie between"—the Marchisa might have been about twenty-seven; and was still pleased at being considered eighteen."

Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle frequently differed in opinion; but Mr. Pitt always carried his point, in spite of the duke. A curious scene occurred on one of these occasions:—It had been proposed to send Admiral Hawke to sea, in pursuit of M. de Conflans. The season was unfavorable, and even dangerous for a fleet to sail: being the month of November. Mr. Pitt was at this time confined to his bed by the gout; and was obliged to receive all visitors in his chamber, in which he could not bear to have a fire. The duke of Newcastle waited upon him in this situation, to discuss the affairs of this fleet, which he was of opinion ought not to sail in such a stormy season. Scarcely had he entered the chamber when, shivering with cold, he said, "What! have you no fire?" "No," replied Mr. Pitt; "I can never bear a fire when I have the gout." The duke sat down by the side of the invalid wrapped up in his cloak, and began to enter on the subject of his visit. There was a second bed in the room; and the duke being unable to endure the cold, at length said, "With your leave, I'll warm myself in this other bed;" and without taking off his cloak, he actually stepped into lady Esther Pitt's bed, and then resumed the debate. The duke was entirely against exposing the fleet to hazard in the month of November, and Mr. Pitt was as positively determined it should put to sea. "The fleet must absolutely sail," said Mr. Pitt, accompanying his words with the most animated gestures. "It is impossible," said the duke, making a thousand contortions; "it will certainly be lost." Sir Charles Frederick, of the ordinance department, arriving just at that time, found them both in this laughable posture; and had the greatest difficulty in the world to preserve his gravity, at seeing two ministers of state deliberating upon an object so unimportant, in such a ludicrous situation.

The fleet, however, did put to sea, and Mr. Pitt was justified by the event; for admiral Hawke defeated M. de Conflans; and the victory was more decisive in favor of the English than any other that was obtained over France during the war.

Duclos' Memoirs.

PRIDE.—When we look at a field of corn, we find those stalks which raise their heads the highest, are the earliest to be cut down; and those which are the lowest, are the last to be cut down. Thus, in the same manner, those who assume the greatest consequence, are generally the first to be cut down.

VANITY PUNISHED.

One afternoon, when Dr. Darwin had a large company at tea, his servant announced a stranger lady and gentleman.—The female was a conspicuous figure, ruddy, corpulent, and tall. She held by the arm a little, meek-looking, effeminate man, who, from his close adherence to the side of the lady, seemed to consider himself as under her protection.

"Dr. Darwin, I seek you not as a physician, but as a Belle Esprit. I make this husband of mine," and she looked down with a sidelong glance upon the animal, "treat me every summer with a tour through one of the British counties, to explore whatever it contains worth the attention of ingenious people. On arriving at the several inns in our route, I always search out the man of the vicinity most distinguished for his genius and taste; and introduce myself, that he may direct, as the objects of our examination, whatever is curious in nature, art or science. Lichfield will be our head-quarters during several days. Come, Doctor, whither must we go, what must we investigate to-morrow, and the next day, and the next? here are my tablets and pencil."

"You arrive, madam, at a fortunate juncture. To-morrow you will have an opportunity of surveying an annual exhibition perfectly worth your attention. To-morrow, madam, you will go to Tutbury bull-running."

The satiric laugh with which he stammered out the last word, more keenly pointed this sly, yet broad rebuke to the vanity and arrogance of her speech. She had been up among the boughs, and little expected they would break under her so suddenly, and with so little mercy. Her large features swelled, and her eyes flashed with anger. "I was recommended to a man of genius, and I find him insolent and ill-bred.".....Then, gathering up her meek and alarmed husband, whom she had loosed when she first spoke, under her broad arm and shoulder, she strutted out of the room.

After the departure of this curious couple, his guests told their host he had been very unmerciful. I chose, replied he, to avenge the cause of the little man, whose nothingness was so ostentatiously displayed by his lady-wife. Her vanity has had a smart emetic. If it abates the symptoms, she will have reason to thank her physician who administered without hope of fee.

MISS SEWARD.

MORAL and RELIGIOUS.

FROM THE CATSKILL RECORDER.

The BRIEF REMARKER, in describing those who are ever brooding over "earth's melancholy map," and who ever speak disparagingly of the world they live in, thus sums up the causes for gratitude....thereby showing, that though the moral world may be unamiable and deformed, yet that

"Nature doth send her bounties forth
With a full and unwithering hand."

The truth is, though fallen man is weak, and blind, and sinful; yet his earthly condition, so far from being calamitous beyond that of all other creatures, is attended with a great many circumstances of comfort and delight.

The earth, even in its present state, is filled with the goodness of the beneficent Creator; and Man is the object of his special care and bounty. Is it nothing, that, above and around us, light and colors, with their corresponding shades, are infinitely diversified, to soothe and gratify the eye? that we are furnished with such sweet and melodious sounds to charm the ear? that the earth affords such a variety to delight the palate? that it is decked with the enamel of innumerable flowers, of various colors and delicious fragrance? that, by a nice admixture of the different species of air, the atmosphere is so exactly fitted for respiration? that the silk-worm spins to adorn, the sheep bears a fleece to warm, and the ground itself yields the rudiments of fine linen to array, our frail bodies? that, in all parts of the world, there is furnished a supply of medicaments for the particular diseases of the climate? that fire, air, and water, along with a great variety of minerals, are made in so many ways to minister to the convenience and adornment, as well as to the subsistence of our race?....Is all this aggregate of earthly benefits and blessings to be accounted as nothing? Shall Man, loaded as he is with so many unmerited temporal blessings, complain and fret because they are mixed with natural evil? Especially, shall he do it, when a full moiety of the calamities he suffers are brought upon him, not by the direct hand of Providence, but by his own follies and crimes?

To love the world more than Him who made it, and more than Him who gave it, is that worldly mindedness which is base and criminal. But a moderate or subordinate love of the world, of life, and all its innocent enjoyments, along with lively gratitude to the donor, is what becomes our rational and moral nature. Whereas, on the other hand, to think or speak contemptuously of the common gifts of Providence, betokens as little of humility as of thankfulness.