

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



FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

LINES FOUNDED ON A LITE FACT.

Miss Budget Adair lived up one pair of stairs,
In a street leading out of Soho;
And, though lovely and fair, had seen thirty years,
Without being blotted with a beau;
But it happened one May day [the morning was fine]
She heard in her passage a tread—
It was just as the clock of St. Ann's had gone nine,
And Miss Bridget was just out of bed.
The tread it drew nearer, the knocker it stirred,
And a rapping did gently ensue—
Who's there! said Miss Bridget—a whisper was heard
Of "Madam, I die for you!"
"What, for me does he die," said the love-stricken maid,
To the glass as she bustled in haste,
She adjusted her gown, put a cap on her head,
And adorned with a ribbon her waist.
Pit-a-pat went her heart, as she opened the door,
And a stranger appeared to her view;
Stepping in with a smile, and a bow to the floor,
He said, "Madam, I die for you."
If she liked his demeanor, so courteous and meek,
Yet his look was enough to amaze her;
For his face appeared black, as unwashed for a week,
And his beard asked the aid of a razor.
At length he addressed her in this killing strain,
"Miss Bridget, I die for you;
And here are the silks which you sent me to stain,
Of a beautiful mazarine blue."
Alas! disappointed, and nearly in tears,
Standing still with a gaze and a stare,
You would hardly have thought, had you known her for
Twenty years, the lovely Miss Bridget Adair.

ELYSIUM—A SONNET.

The sun is burning in the rosy west,
And, on the converse of the blue scene,
Sailing along, two little clouds are seen,
As if they felt their beauty, and were blest—
Ah! thus, within some lone and lovely dale,
With gushing streams begirt and leafy wood,
Where day is calm, and evening solitude
Is only broken by the nightingale;
Beloved in some summer bower with thee
To rest unseen, to roam the flowery mead,
To sit, at eve, beneath our threshold tree,
Devoid of care, were paradise indeed;
And in each other's arms together rest,
Like yon two clouds that beautify the west.

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.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

In extent and accuracy of observation, Miss Edgeworth has no rival. Her vivacity is equal to her good sense striking—and her raillery graceful, beyond that of any living writer. Her delineations of fashionable manners are delightfully spirited. She catches, with infinite skill, the gay bubbles that float on the light stream of fashion, and fixes them as delicate crystallizations for ever. Nor are her pictures of rustic life, especially those taken from the Irish poor, less true. But it is only in her characters or in detached scenes that she excels.—She has no felicity of conceiving, or skill of developing, the plot of a novel. She contrives, indeed, to cover the ill united parts of her story by a veil of airy and glittering drapery; but we can scarcely avoid feeling the want of unity and strength. In consequence of this defect, the practical good sense of her novels is often singularly contrasted with the improbable and wild incidents on which they are founded. The change in Ennui of the earl into a peasant, and the strange catastrophe of Belinda, are striking examples of an error into which writers of novels who have no touch of the romantic necessarily fall. They strive to supply the deficiency by resorting to mere extravagance of incident, as those who would be orators without feeling or imagination, accumulate a profusion of gorgeous epithets. As a moral teacher, Miss Edgeworth "wants a heart." We do not mean that she fails to advocate kind affection, or that a spirit of tenderness does not breathe in her works, but that the virtues she recommends have no root in feelings or in principles that cannot be shaken.—Their fibres are not inherently entwined in the living rocks which no mortal changes can alter. They are planted in the shifting sands of earthly utility and expedience. She does not warm our hearts with sentiments or pictures of pure disinterestedness—he incites us not to goodness because it is in itself lovely—she exhorts

us to virtue only by showing how great are its gains. Various and admirably as she is treated of human life, she never seems to regard it as the infancy of an eternal being, she does not represent the noblest feelings of the soul as having the principle of eternity in them, nor its affections as casting influences beyond the grave. In her works there is little devoted heroism—no beauty of the soul assailed from encumbrances of time—no "glorious triumph of exceeding love." Lady Delacour appears to us the loftiest and most imaginative of her creations. This lady, who, relieving herself afflicted with a loathsome disease, and approaching speedily to a terrible death, continues nightly to enchant the unsuspecting world of fashion, has something of a martyr's spirit. Her inimitable grace—her brilliant wit—the careless charm of all her actions in the foreground—with the contrast of her anguish and heroism in deep shadow—form a picture which we scarcely hesitate to regard as sublime. Why will not Miss Edgeworth exhibit the heroism with which she has invested a woman of fashion, as resting on a moveless principle, and exerted in a generous cause?

MRS. OPIE.

Mrs. Opie's powers differ almost as widely as possible from those of Miss Edgeworth. Her sensibility is the charm of her works. She is strong in the weakness of her heart. Did she not fall into one unhappy error, she would have few rivals in opening "the sacred source of sympathetic tears." She too often mistakes the shocking for the pathetic,—"on horror's head horrors accumulate,"—and heaps wrongs on wrongs on the defenceless head of the reader. This is the more to be regretted, as she has shown herself capable of that genuine pathos which calls forth such tears only as are delicious. But who can endure a madman, who, having broken from his keepers, unconsciously pursues his daughter, whose conduct has occasioned his insanity, and bursts into horrid laughter? Human life has enough of real misery, without those additions being made to it by an amateur in sorrow. It is neither pleasant nor profitable to contemplate in speculation, unadorned, unrelieved agonies. It may be laid down as an axiom, that, when we feel inclined to resort to the recollection that the tale is fictitious, in order to relieve our feelings, its author is mistaken. Let Mrs. Opie give us pictures of exquisite tenderness as well as grief—of love enduring amidst distress—of hope building up, amidst earthly wo, its mansion of rest in the skies—or let her fringe her darkest clouds of sorrow with the golden tints of the imagination, and the oftener she will thus beguile us of our tears the more shall we thank and esteem her.

How tender and delicious is the pathos of the author of "Mrs. Leicester's School!" She does not lacerate, but mellows and softens the heart. How sweet is her story of the child who is often brought by her father as a treat to her mother's grave—who is taught to read there on the tombstone, and who thus learns to think of the grave as a soft and green bed of joy! How affectingly does the girl draw her uncle, just returned from sea, to the scene of her serious but not mournful ponderings, unconscious of the pain she is inflicting! Most touching is the contrast, thus shown of the sense of death in childhood and in sadder years! Others have directed their attention to improve the understanding. It has been the better part of this author to nurture the imagination and cherish the affections. She is the only writer for children who seems to have a fitting respect for those whom she addresses. She does not feel for infancy merely as a season of ignorance and want. She knows that it is also the time of reverence and of wonder—of confiding love and boundless hope—of "splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower." She strives, therefore, not merely to impart knowledge, but to preserve those high prerogatives of childhood which man is so seldom permitted to retain. And well is she qualified for the delightful work. She assumes the tone, not of condescension, but of equal love.—She supplies food for the imagination, by connecting lofty thoughts and glorious images with familiar things, and gently "laps the prison'd soul" of her young readers "in elysium." In Mrs. Leicester's School, and in the Poetry for Children, she surrounds childhood with kindred sanctities, and spreads over its pictures of serious joy an exquisite enamel, which may long preserve them from the contaminations of the world. She is "a sister every way," in mind as in blood, to the author of John Woodville and Rosamond Gray—to him who has revived the antique beauty of a nobler age—and refreshed our literature with old English humour, fancy, and kindness.

Bold Charge.—A twig at law, an attorney, having entered into a volunteer corps, on the first field day he was ordered to charge—when he instantly whipped out his pocket-book and put down \$5.

CATHOLIC FESTIVAL IN THE 16th CENTURY.

In several churches of France, a festival was celebrated in commemoration of the Virgin Mary's flight into Egypt. It was called the feast of the Ass. A young girl, richly dressed, with a child in her arms, was set upon an Ass superbly caparisoned. The Ass was led to the altar in solemn procession. High mass was said with great pomp. The Ass was taught to kneel at proper places; a hymn, no less childish than impious, was sung in his praise; and when the ceremony was ended, the priest, instead of the usual words with which he dismissed the people, brayed three times like an Ass! and the people, instead of the usual responses, brayed three times in return.

Hist. Modern Europe.

EPICURAN.

Wit's a feather, Pope has said,
And ladies never doubt it;
So those who've least within their head,
Display the most without it.

MORAL and RELIGIOUS.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.
[FOR MAY.]

The Penitent Son.

Death brings to those who have been long dreading its approach, by the bedside of one tenderly beloved, a calm in which nature feels most gracious relief from the load of sorrow. While we yet hear the faint murmurs of the unexpired breath, and see the dim light of the unclosed eyes—we watch in agony all the slightest movements of the sufferer, and to save the life of friend or of parent, we ourselves would most gladly die. All the love of which our hearts are capable, belongs then but to one dearest object; and things, which perhaps a few days before were prized as the most delightful of earth's enjoyments, seem, at that awful crisis, unworthy even of the affections of a child. The blow is struck and the sick bed is a bier. But God suffers not the souls of them who believe, to fall into an abyss of despair. The being, whom for so many long years we have loved and revered,

"Has past through nature to eternity,"

and the survivors are left behind in mournful resignation to the mysterious decree.

Life and death walk through this world, hand in hand. Young, old, kind, cruel, wise, foolish, good and wicked—all at last patiently submit to one inexorable law. At all times, and in all places, there are the watchings, and weeping, and wailings, of hearts severed or about to sever. Yet look over land-scape or city—and though sorrow, and sickness, and death, be in the groves and woods, and solitary places among the hills—among the streets and the squares, and the magnificent dwellings of princes; yet the great glad spirit of life is triumphant, and there seems no abiding place for the dreams of decay.

Sweet lonesome cottage of the Hazel Glen!—Even now is the merry month of May passing brightly over thy broomy braes; and while the linnet sings on earth, the lark replies to him from heaven. The lambs are playing in the sunshine over all thy verdant knolls, and infant shepherd and shepherdess are joining to their glee. Scarcely is there a cloud in the soft cerulean sky—save where a gentle mist ascends above the dark green Sycamore, in whose shade that solitary dwelling sleeps! This little world is filled to the brim with happiness—for grief would be ashamed to sigh within the still enclosure of these pastoral hills.

Three little months ago, and in that cottage we stood together—son, daughter, grandchild, pastor, and friend—by the death-bed of the Elder. In thought, we are still standing there; and that night of death returns upon me, not dark and gloomy, but soft, calm, and mournful, like the face of heaven just tinged with moonlight, and here and there a solitary star.

The head of the old man lay on its pillow stiller than in any breathing sleep, and there was a paleness on his face that told the heart would beat no more. We stood motionless as in a picture, and looked speechlessly on each other's countenance. "My grandfather has fallen asleep," said the loving boy, in a low voice, unconsciously using, in his simplicity, that sublime scriptural expression for death. The mother, unable to withhold her sobs, took her child by his little hand, and was leading him away, when at once the dreadful truth fell upon him, and he knew that he was never again to say his prayers by the old man's knees. "Oh! let me kiss him—once only—before they bury him in the cold earth;" and in a moment, the golden curls of the child were mixed with the gray hairs of the lifeless shadow. No terror had the cold lips for him; and closely did he lay his cheek so smooth to those deep wrinkles, on which yet seemed to dwell a last loving smile. The father of the boy gazed piteously upon him, and said unto himself, "Alas! he hath no love to spare for

me, who have so long forgotten him.—Jamie—my little Jamie!" cried he now aloud, "thou wouldst not weep so were I to die—thou wouldst not kiss so thy own father's lips if they were, as these are, colder and whiter than the clay!" The child heard well, even where he lay on the bosom of that corpse, the tremulous voice of his father; and stirring nature strongly within his heart towards him of whose blood he was framed, he lifted up his sullied face from the unbreathing bosom, and, gently stealing himself away from the bed, rushed into his parent's arms, and lay there delivered up to all the perfect love of childhood's forgiving heart. All his father's frowns were forgotten—his sullen looks—his stern words—his menaces, that had so often struck terror to his wandering soul, his indifference—his scorn, and his cruelty.—He remembered only his smiles, and the gentlest sound of his voice; and happy now, as in heaven, to feel himself no more neglected or spurned, but folded as in former sweetest days, unto the yearning bosom of his own kind father, the child could bear to turn his eyes from that blessed embrace, towards the dead old man whom, an hour ago, he had looked on as his only guardian on earth besides God, and whose grey hairs he had, even as an orphan, twined round his very heart. "I do not ask thee, Jamie, to forget thy grandfather—no, we, too, will often speak of him, sitting together by the ingle, or on the hillside,—but I beseech thee not to let all thy love be buried with him in the grave—but to keep all that thou canst for thy wretched father." Sighs, sobs, tears, kisses, and embraces, were all the loving child's reply. A deep and divine joy had been restored to him, over whose loss often had his pining childhood wept. The beauty of his father's face revived.—It smiled graciously upon him, as it did of old, when he was wont to totter after him to the sheep-fold,—and to pull primroses beneath his loving eye, from the mossy banks of the little sparkling burn! Scarcely could the child believe in such blessed change. But the kisses fell fast on his brow,—and when he thought that the accompanying tears were shed by his own father, for the unkindness sometimes shown to his child, he could not contain those silent self-upbraidings, but with thicker sobs blessed him by that awful name, and promised to love him beyond even him who was now lying dead before their eyes. "I will walk with the funeral—and see my grandfather buried, in our own burial-place, near where the Tent stands at the Sacrament—Yes, I will walk, my father, by your side—and hold one of the strings of the coffin—and if you will only promise to love me for ever as you now do, and used always to do long ago, I will strive to think of my grandfather without weeping—aye—without shedding one single tear."—and here the child, unaware of the full tenderness of his own sinless heart, burst out into an uncontrollable flood of grief. The mother, happy in her sore affliction, to see her darling boy again taken so lovingly to her husband's heart, looked towards them with a faint smile,—and then, with a beaming countenance, towards the expired saint; for she felt that his dying words had restored the sanctities of nature to her earthly dwelling. With gentle hand, she beckoned the Pastor and myself to follow her—and conducted us away from the death-bed, into a little parlour, in which burned a cheerful fire, and a small table was spread with a cloth whiter than the snow. "You will stay in our cottage all night—and we shall all meet together again before the hour of rest," and so saying, she calmly withdrew.

There was no disorder, or disarray in the room in which we now sat. Though sickness had been in the house, no domestic duties had been neglected. In this room the Patriarch had, every evening for 40 years, said family prayers—and the dust had not been allowed to gather there, though sickness had kept him from the quiet nook in which he had so long delighted. The servant, with sorrowful but composed features, brought to us our simple meal, which the Pastor blessed, not without a pathetic allusion to him who had been removed—and another more touching still, to them who survived him. That simple but most fervent aspiration seemed to breathe an air of comfort through the house that was desolate—but a deep melancholy yet reigned over the hush, and the inside of the cottage, now that its ancient honor was gone, felt forlorn as its outside would have done, had the sycamore, that gave it shade and shelter, been felled to the earth.

We had sat by ourselves for about two hours, when the matron again appeared; not as when we had first seen her, wearied, worn out, and careless of herself, but calm in her demeanor, and with her raiment changed, serene and beautiful in the composure of her faith. With a soft voice she asked us to come with her again to the room where her father lay—and thither we followed her in silence.

[REMAINDER IN OUR NEXT.]