

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



CONJUGIAL LOVE.

O Love!—Heaven's sweetest boon bestow'd
To cheer our dreary pilgrim road;
That with a changeless fervour glows
'Midst burning sands, or polar snows,—
Without thy soul-enchanting power,
Joyless was Eden's brightest bower:
In vain its roses shed perfume
O'er fields of ever-during bloom;
Every hope was scard and blighted,
Every bliss was disunited,
And Paradise was half unblest,
Till infant love became a guest.
Where angel Beauty never smiled,
The fairest spot on earth, were wild;
For love alone our home endears,
Love softens e'en the grief of tears,
Like erring creed of Moslem faith,
Whose Hours soothe the pangs of death.

C. ILEDONIA. BY JAMES HOGG.

CALEDONIA! thou land of the mountain and rock,
Of the ocean, the mist and the wind;
Thou land of the torrent, the pine and the oak,
Of the roebuck, the hart and the hind,
Thou' bare are thy cliffs, and tho' barren thy glens,
Thou' bleak thy dim islands appear,
Yet kind are the hearts, and undaunted the clans
That roam on those mountains so drear.

A foe from abroad, or a tyrant at home,
Could never thy ardour restrain;
The invincible bands of Imperial Rome,
Assail'd thy proud spirit in vain.
Firm seat of Religion, of Valor, of Truth,
Of Genius unshackled and free;—
The muses have left all the vales of the South,
My lov'd Caledonia, for thee.

Sweet land of the bay and the wild winding deeps;
Their loneliness slumbers at even;
While far in the deep, 'mid the blue water sleeps
A calm little motionless heaven.
Thou land of the valley, the moor and the hill;
Of the storm and the proud-rolling wave,
Yes, thou art the land of fair Liberty still,
And the land of my forefathers' grave!

ENIGMA. BY LORD BYRON.

'Twas whispered in heaven and mutter'd in hell,
And echo caught softly the sound as it fell;
In the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence contest:
'Twas seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder;
'Twill be found in the spheres when riven asunder.
It was given to man with his earliest breath;
It assists at his birth and attends him in death;
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health;
Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
And though unassuming, with monarchs is crown'd:
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in the prodigal heir;
Without it the sailor and soldier may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drown'd.
It softens the heart, and though deaf to the ear,
'Twill make it acutely and instantly hear.
But in shades let it rest like an elegant flower,
Oh! breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Who stands at the head of American wits, is endued with a keen and intuitive perception, a taste the most delicate and refined, a humor rich and playful, and a mind stored with brilliant conceptions, and ludicrous combination of images, which lash with sportive severity the reigning follies of the day, which abound in fine touches of humor, and sparkle with the brightest coruscations of wit.

The mental powers of this elegant satirist were early ripened into excellence. Premature exuberance of genius, so frequently portending sterility, was, in this instance, the forerunner of a rich and fruitful harvest. Mr. Irving's acquirements in polite literature, are as extensive as his imagination is boundless and exursive; his intellectual features bold, yet finely proportioned—like the Apollo of Bevidere, unite firmness to delicacy, and strength to elegance.

In his manners to strangers reserved, and occasionally laboring under slight embarrassments; he is easy, open, affable, and communicative to the companions of his social hours. In colloquial entertainments, his wit seldom, as might naturally be expected, flashes on the brain, or kindles

the heart into merriment. Deficient in readiness of expression, his words follow at a distance the celerity of his conceptions. In his strictures on the fine arts, and his reflections on men and manners, he displays a knowledge of polite learning and of human nature, extensive, critical and just.

Port Folio.

THE ENGLISH, A FOREIGN TONGUE.

We extract the following from a French paper:—

"An etymologist has lately published the following analysis of the English language; its vocabulary, he says, is composed of 6621 words of Latin origin, 4321 of French, 2068 of Saxon, 1288 of Greek, 660 of Dutch, 229 of Italian, 117 of German, 11 of Gaelic, 83 of Spanish, 81 of Danish, 18 of Arabic, besides many others of ancient Teutonic, Hebrew, Swedish, Portuguese, Flemish, Russian, Egyptian, Persian, Cimbric, and Chinese!! The same etymologist pretends that in Shakspeare, Pope, Swift, and Milton, there are not many more than a hundred words purely English!"

So that it would appear, that when we meet an acquaintance in the streets, and accost him with "How do you do this morning?" and he replies, "pretty well, I thank you," we are probably speaking half a dozen languages at once. What "learned Thebans" we must be! In this way, a man who has a tolerable understanding of Dilworth's Spelling Book, must be no inconsiderable linguist; while one who can read Johnson at sight, must be a perfect Polyglot. The poor Burgois gentilhomme, was quite amazed to find that he had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it; and we are no less astonished on discovering that we had been talking Russian, Egyptian, Persian, Cimbric, Teutonic, and Chinese, for years, without ever having dreamed of it. There have been great controversies among the learned, as to what was that formidable dialect, which arose at Babel, out of the confusion of tongues; but after this discovery, we can have no doubt that it is that very English we all speak, and instead of High Dutch, which some have supposed was the language used by Adam in Paradise, we do now verily believe that it was that pure English, of which so few traces have been left.

Louisville Advertiser.

FROM THE (SAVANNAH) GEORGIAN.

SEDUCTION.

In the black catalogue of crimes, I know of none more to be deprecated in its consequences than this. Man is the natural protector of woman, and to him she looks for support in situations to which the weakness of her sex exposes her. In return for his protection, her smile rewards him in prosperity; she consoles with his affliction; she is the companion of his joys, and participator of his sorrows; in that scene where the attentions of a female are more effectual and consolatory than all the prescriptions of the materia medica, the bed of disease, she is the faithful and indefatigable servant, and the last sad and suffering mourner when we are no longer sensible to her attentions and her heart-rending griefs. To destroy and consign to destruction, by robbing her of "that jewel in her dower," her modesty, a being thus fornaiced to delight and to serve, is it not

"As if this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to it?"

But unfortunate woman, deceived and deserted, her character lost, and with it the respect and friendship of the virtuous, like the wounded stag, shunned by her own species—

"A mark for scorn to point his slow unmoving finger at," suffers in silence, and sinks to her degraded tomb, unnoticed and unknown, a refuge too often from the contumely of a cold world, and the ingratitude and baseness of her betrayer, man.

But I will illustrate my remarks by a simple tale—too fatally founded on fact—as regards the melancholy denouement, literally true:—

Emma Woodville was the daughter of a revolutionary soldier, who found himself after the close of that contest, in which he had served his country on many occasions, left by that country to pine in solitude and neglect. A little paternal inheritance in one of those beautiful villages which are found in the state of New-York, near the Canadian shore, sufficed for the support of himself and his wife, for at that time he had no children. Mrs. Woodville had been born to better fortune, but the change of her circumstances did not change her temper or her manners; she was still the same cheerful, affectionate and devoted friend. They lived happily, for they were contented with their situation; and nothing was wanting but a pledge of their affection to increase their felicity. The consummation of this wish rapidly approached, and the hearts of the ma-

rior and his amiable consort, beat high with anxious expectation. But this delightful prospect was blighted in the bud—the joyous anticipation was only the precursor to a yet more afflicting calamity. Mrs. Woodville expired in giving birth to a daughter. The major was a prey to the most devouring and heart-felt grief; and despair was making hasty inroads upon his constitution, when the smiles of his daughter taught him that he had yet one tie to bind him to the world. He lived for his Emma, and the care of her education solaced his hours of despondency and grief, whilst her cheerful and conciliating disposition gratified the pride and hopes of a parent. But I shall extend my tale to too great a length. He lived in this manner, with nothing to interrupt his happiness, till our late war was declared, and the trumpet and drum roused our citizens from the slumber of peace, to plunge them into the horrors of an exterminating war. Colonel Manners, who commanded a regiment which was quartered in the neighborhood, became almost an inmate of the major's house—Plausible and insinuating in his deportment, he soon became a favorite of the major, who would talk of the days of his youth, the live-long night with all the enthusiasm of a veteran, who

"Shoulders his crutch and shows how fields were won."

Emma insensibly felt an indescribable interest in the narratives of the Colonel, and as he had always at command a tale of war, she was never more delighted than when he related his "hair breadth" escapes, and wonderful adventures by flood and field, and with the gentle Desdemona, almost wished "that Heaven had made her such a man." Suffice it, that by the most unremitting attentions, and the most sacred protestations of fidelity, he seduced her from her native home, and from her distracted parent. Her tears fell fast upon his cheek as she clandestinely bid adieu to the cot which had seen her contented and happy in the society of the only one she had yet held dear on earth; the roses of the little garden she had cultivated, seemed to hang their heads and droop at her departure, whilst the tall oak under which she had so often been seated to receive the instruction and advice of her father, sighed mournfully as the wind rustled through its leaves. They soon arrived in New-York. The colonel took for her a lodging in an obscure part of that gay city.—For a time he was unremitting in his attentions, and his visits were repeated daily. She received him with smiles, but they were a poor disguise for the canker worm which devoured her heart. Often, whilst his kindness was yet unabated, she found it impossible to restrain her tears, and he would kiss them off from her cheek, and reiterate his oaths of constancy and his promises of an honorable marriage. His visits, however, became less frequent, and though she complained not, her grief and remorse became more intense. The lonely pillow, which she had once pressed in peace and happy forgetfulness, was now, wet with her tears, the scene of the most harassing reflection; and her sleep was haunted with feverish dreams, in which her angry father frowned upon her from on high, in all the majesty of offended justice, and when she knelt, spurned her from him.—She soon after heard that he had wandered, in a state of mental derangement, into the woods, and had been taken by the savages at that time swarming on the frontier, and inhumanly murdered. The deepest dejection and melancholy preyed upon her spirits, when one morning she saw announced, the marriage of colonel Manners to a young lady of New-York. The shock overcame her—her eyes swam, her head became giddy, and she fell lifeless on her bed—she rose almost distracted—a confused recollection of some great calamity overwhelmed her mind; by degrees she recovered her memory, and the dreadful reality burst upon her. Yet she did not weep—her bursting heart refused to give vent to her anguish in the last resource of wretchedness and misery—and not a tear fell from her inflamed and burning eye; but she sat in a state of the most agonizing stupor, with an insensible and vacant stare upon her countenance. She put her hand to her neck, and with a convulsive grasp seized the miniature of her betrayer, which was suspended on her bosom, whilst with her other hand she insensibly reached from her pillow a vial of Jannadium, (for she had not for many weary nights enjoyed the luxury of a sound sleep,) and placing it to her lips, swallowed the deadly drug.—Convulsion succeeded convulsion, till death relieved her from her misery, her remorse, and a world to her of sufferings and anguish.—No friend soothed the pangs of dissolution—No kind hand closed her fixing eye—She died unnoticed and deserted, and her blackened corpse was hurried unattended to the receptacle of the remains of the miserable, the felon and the self-destroyer, almost

"Without a grave, unbell'd, unc coffin'd, and unknown,"
A victim to the baseness, the ingratitude and

injustice of man, and a sad but, I blush to say it, not a solitary example of the deplorable consequences of the crime of Seduction. V.

Religious.

PERIODICAL RELIGION.

We deceive ourselves not a little, when we fancy that what is emphatically called *the world*, is only to be found in this or that situation. The world is every where. It is a nature as well as a place; a principle as well as a "local habitation and a name." Though the principle and the nature flourish most in those haunts which are their congenial soil, yet we are too ready, when we withdraw from the world abroad, to bring it home, to lodge it in our own bosom. The natural heart is both its Temple and its worshipper.

But the most devoted Idolater of the world, with all the capacity and industry which he may have applied to the subject, has never yet been able to accomplish the grand design of uniting the interests of heaven and earth. This experiment, which has been more assiduously and more frequently tried, than that of the Philosopher for the grand Hermetic secret, has been tried with about the same degree of success. The most laborious process of the spiritual Chemist to reconcile religion with the world, has never yet been competent to make the contending principles coalesce.

But to drop metaphor. Religion was never yet thoroughly relished by a heart full of the world. The world in return cannot be completely enjoyed, where there is just religion enough to disturb its false peace. In such minds Heaven and earth ruin each other's enjoyments.

There is a religion which is too sincere for hypocrisy, but too transient to be profitable; too superficial to reach the heart, too unproductive to proceed from it. It is slight, but not false. It has discernment enough to distinguish sin, but not firmness enough to oppose it; compunction sufficient to soften the heart, but not vigor sufficient to reform it. It laments when it does wrong, and performs all the functions of repentance of sin except forsaking it. It has every thing of devotion except the stability, and gives every thing to religion except the heart. This is a religion of times, events, and circumstances; it is brought into play by accidents, and dwindles away with the occasion which called it out. Festivals and Fasts, which occur but seldom, are much observed, and it is to be feared because they occur but seldom; while the great festival which comes every week, comes too often to be so respectfully treated. The piety of these people comes out much in sickness, but is apt to retreat again as recovery approaches. If they die, they are placed by their admirers in the Saint's Calendar; if they recover, they go back into the world they had renounced, and again suspend their amendment as often as death suspends his blow.

HANNAH MORE.

Whatever wealth and honor may be worth to the living; they are nothing to the dead; nothing even to the dying! That decisive change sunders all the ties that bind a mortal to the world. The hour of dissolution is emphatically the hour of trial: Then, more than at any other period, the affrighted, agonized victim feels dependance and needs assistance: And if there be any thing of power to do this; any thing of power to abate the horrors and cheer the darkness of the death scene, the bestowment of THAT, more than any other token within the gift of Providence, ascertains who those are among the dwellers on the earth, whom the God of Heaven delights to favor and to honor. There is THAT of power to do this. The calm and tranquil, the rapturous and triumphant death of thousands is in proof of it.

The hope of eternal life; the sweet assurance of sin forgiven; the sight of heaven, breaking on the soul through the twilight of that long, dismal night, of which death seems but the commencement; there is something so precious, so consoling, so divine, in such an exit from the world, that were it attainable only by a life of perpetual martyrdom, I should still devoutly pray to God, Let me, even on such terms, die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his. Yes, even on such terms, I should account the good man blessed: Yes, even on such terms, I should covet the confessor's dungeon—I should covet the martyr's stake.

DR. NOTT.

There is nothing more common, than for great rogues to ride in triumph, when little ones are punished. But let wickedness escape as it may at the bar, it never fails of doing justice upon itself; for every guilty person is his own hangman.