

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



THOU ART, OH GO!

BY THOMAS MOORE.

"The day is thine; the night also is thine; thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter."
Psalm lxxiv. 16. 17.

Thou art, Oh God! the life and light

Of all the wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven:
Those lines that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, LORD! are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beautiful bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, LORD! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

THE EVENING HOUR.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

This is the hour when memory wakes
Visions of joy that could not last;
This is the hour when fancy takes
A survey of the past!

She brings before the pensive mind,
The hallowed scenes of earlier years;
And friends who long have been consign'd
To silence and to tears!

The few we liked—the one we loved—
A sacred band! come stealing on!
And many a form far hence removed,
And many a pleasure gone!

Friendships that now in death are hush'd,
And young affection's broken chain;
And hopes that fate too quickly crush'd,
In memory bloom again!

Few watch the fading gleams of day,
But muse on hopes as quickly flown!
Tint after tint, they died away,
Till all at last were gone!

This is the hour when fancy wreathes
Her spells round joys that could not last;
This is the hour when memory breathes
A sigh to pleasure past.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

MAHOMMED ALI PASHA,
THE CELEBRATED BEY OF EGYPT.

(From Belzoni's Travels.)

I was presented to Mahomet Ali Bashaw, who received me very civilly. The Bashaw was just returned from Arabia, where he had conquered some of the Wahaby tribes, and delivered the holy cities of Mecca and Medina from the infidels.

The Bashaw is in continual motion, being sometimes at his citadel, and sometimes at his seraglio in the Esbakie; but Soubra is his principal residence. His chief amusement is in the evening a little before sunset, when he quits his seraglio, and seats himself on the bank of the Nile, to fire at an eastern pot, with his guards. If any of them hit it, he makes him a present, occasionally of forty or fifty rubles. He is himself an excellent marksman, for I saw him fire at and hit a pot only fifteen inches high, set on the ground on the opposite shore of the Nile, though the river at Soubra is considerably wider than the Thames at Westminster bridge. As soon as it is dark, he retires into the garden, and reposes, either in an alcove, or by the margin of a fountain, on an European chair, with all his attendants round him. Here his numerous buffoons keep him in continual high spirits and good humour. By moonlight the scene was beautiful. I was admitted into the garden whenever I wished, by which means I had an opportunity of observing the domestic life of a man, who from nothing rose to be Viceroy of Egypt, and conqueror of the most powerful tribes of Arabia.

From the number of lights I frequently saw through the windows of the seraglio, I

supposed the ladies were at such times amusing themselves in some way or other. Dancing women are often brought to divert them, and sometimes the famous Catalani of Egypt was introduced.—One of the buffoons of the Bashaw took it into his head one day, for a frolic, to shave his beard, which is no trifle among the Turks; for some of them, I really believe, would sooner have their head cut off than their beard: he borrowed some Franks' clothes of the Bashaw's apothecary, who was from Europe, and, after dressing himself in our costume, presented himself to the Bashaw as an European, who could not speak a single word either of Turkish or Arabic, which is often the case. Being in the dark, the Bashaw took him for what he represented himself to be, and sent immediately for an interpreter, who put some questions to him in Italian, in which he did not answer; he was then questioned in French, but no reply; and next in the German and Spanish languages, but still he was silent: at last, when he saw that they were all deceived, the Bashaw not excepted, he burst out in a plain Turkish, the only language he was acquainted with, and his well known voice told them who he was; for such was the change of his person, particularly the cutting off his beard, that otherwise they could scarcely have recognised him. The Bashaw was delighted with the fellow; and, to keep up the frolic, gave him an order on the treasury for an enormous sum of money, and sent him to the Kaciabay, to present himself as a Frank, to receive it.—The Kaciabay started at the immensity of the sum, as it was nearly all the treasury could furnish; but upon questioning this new European, it was soon perceived who he was. In this attire he went home to his women, who actually thrust him out of the door; and such was the disgrace of cutting off his beard, that even his fellow buffoons would not eat with him till it was grown again.

The Bashaw seems to be well aware of the benefits that may be derived from his encouraging the arts of Europe in his country, and had already reaped some of the fruits of it. The fabrication of gunpowder, the refining of sugar, the making of fine indigo, and the silk manufacture, are introduced, much to his advantage: he is constantly inquiring after something new, and is delighted with any thing strange to his imagination. Having heard of electricity, he sent to England for two electric machines, one with a plate, the other with a cylinder. The former was broken by the way; the latter was dismantled. The physician of the Bashaw, an Armenian, did not know, though it was so easy a matter, how to set it up. Happening to be at the garden one evening, when they were attempting it, and could not succeed, I was requested to put the several pieces together; and, having done so, I made one of the soldiers mount on the insulated stool, charged the machine, and gave the Turk a good shock; who, expecting no such thing, uttered a loud cry, and jumped off, as much terrified as if he had seen the devil. The Bashaw laughed at the man's jumping off, supposing his fright to be a trick, and not the effect of the machine; and when told, that it was actually occasioned by the machine, he affirmed positively that it could not be, for the soldier was at such a distance, that it was impossible the small chain he held in his hand could have such power. I then desired the interpreter to inform his Highness, that if he would mount the stool himself, he would be convinced of the fact. He hesitated for a while whether to believe me or not; however he mounted the stool. I charged well, put the chain into his hand, and gave him a pretty smart shock. He jumped off, like the soldier, on feeling the effect of the electricity; but immediately threw himself on the sofa in a fit of laughter, not being able to conceive how the machine could have such power on the human body.

FROM THE (SAVANNAH) GEORGIAN.

The wild habits, enthusiastic feelings, and astonishing courage of the Highlanders, have ever been viewed with deep interest by the man of reading.—But, since the publication of the far-famed novels from the pen of the author of Waverley, that interest has become general, and the public at large read with avidity every authentic document relating to that interesting class of people. We re-publish from a celebrated work called "Culloden Papers," from the manuscripts of Duncan George Forbes, Esq. the following anecdotes:—

"William M'Intosh, a leader, if not the chief, of that ancient clan, upon some quarrel with the Gordons, burnt the castle of Auchindown, belonging to this powerful family; and was, in the feud which followed, reduced to such extremities by the persevering vengeance of the Earl of Huntley, that he was at length compelled to surrender himself at discretion. He came to the castle of Strathbogie, choosing his time when the Earl was absent, and hid himself up to the Countess. She informed him that Huntley had sworn never to forgive him the offence he had committed,

until he should see his head upon the block. The humbled chieftain knelt down, and laid his head upon the kitchen dresser, where the oxen were cut up for the baron's feast. No sooner had he made this humiliation, than the cook, who stood behind him with his cleaver uplifted, at a sign from the inexorable Countess, severed M'Intosh's head from his body at a stroke. So deep was this thirst of vengeance impressed on the minds of the highlanders, that when a clergyman informed a dying chief of the unlawfulness of the sentiment, urged the necessity of his forgiving an inveterate enemy, and quoted the scriptural expression, 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,' the acquiescing penitent said, with a deep sigh, 'To be sure, it is too sweet a morsel for a mortal.' Then added, 'Well, I forgive him; but the devil take you, Donald, (turning to his son,) if you forgive him.'

One of the Leslies, a strong and active young man, chanced to be in company with a number of the clan of Leith, the feudal enemies of his own. The place where they met being the hall of a powerful and neutral neighbor, Leslie was, like Shakspeare's Tybalt in a similar situation, compelled to endure their presence. Still he held the opinion of the angry Capulet, even in the midst of the entertainment,

'Now by the stock and honor of my kin
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.'

Accordingly when they stood up to dance, and he found himself compelled to touch the hands and approach the persons of his detested enemies, the deadly feud broke forth. He unsheathed his dagger as he went down the dance; struck on the right and left—laid some dead and many wounded on the floor—threw up the window, leaped into the castle-court, and escaped in the general confusion. Such were the unsettled principles of the time, that the perfidy of the action was lost in its boldness; it was applauded by his kinsmen, who united themselves to defend what he had done; and the fact is commemorated in the well known tune of triumph called *Lesley among the Leiths*.

QUALIFICATIONS OF AN ORATOR.

"If we say, that an orator, like a poet, to excel should be born such, it will be no strained assertion; and if we add he must be more indebted to nature than a son of the muses, it will be easily admitted. Cultivated imagination, regulated by judgment, constitutes one, who, totally void of external requisites, may shine from his closet, though ever so deformed in figure, rude in features, weak in voice, or blemished in appearance.

"The other, though he may by peculiar excellence of delivery, and the help of a feeling subject well treated on, be able to impress an audience with little more than a good voice, yet experience powerfully convinces us, that a graceful person, respectable marked features, expressive eyes, and ornamented gesture, are of the utmost utility; it is no argument to say, that a man, as in the case of Sir JOHN FIELDING, though the visual gates of sympathy be shut, may show strong marks of oratorical merit; for the question naturally follows, would he not be much more powerful in expression, if the indexes of thought enjoyed their natural vigor, especially where particular feelings are to be excited?

"It is too common for ignorance and avarice to misapply the talents of youth, especially in this point of view. Many are destined for, and brought up to the most serious, the most important concerns of life, wherein public speaking is required, who labor under glaring defects and imbecilities of expression; hence so many drowsy, irksome preachers, so many senatorial cyphers, and such a number of imperfect pleaders: this parental blunder is much the same as breeding a purblind boy to watch making, or one hard of hearing to music.

"Supposing a person qualified by nature, let us see how far art may be called in.—The complete orator must have a general and intimate knowledge of himself, the world, and mankind; a clear conception of the passions and affections of those he is about to persuade; a perfect acquaintance with the various distinctions of virtue and vice: he should be critically intimate with all the beauties and blemishes of the ancient writers; he should be an historian and logician; possessing a correct idea of, and taste for, the liberal arts; if a competent knowledge of the mechanical ones is added, so much the better; he should possess a quick conception, and a retentive memory; he should be able to break through with ease, the cobwebs of sophistry, and above all, enjoy that grand ingredient recommended by CICERO—Social Philosophy.

"He should be master of all the arguments for and against his subject; in short, to sum up all with the great Roman orator's own words, 'he should be furnished with logical acuteness, philosophical wisdom, and poetical imagination, embellished with the most polished elocution and gesture of the stage.'

IMPROMPTU.

From a Northern Paper.

MR. EDITOR,

I send you the following Impromptu by a gentleman in England, Alumnus of Harvard University, and respectable for his talents and character. It arose literally out of the circumstances mentioned. It contains a moral, which the intelligent reader will readily apply to every sentiment, forced upon the public mind by custom or antiquity, and unsupported by reason or scripture, whether such sentiment relates to church or state, to war or peace. Some of the party present, devoted to high church and to the national ecclesiastical establishments, were a little indignant, and thought the reader, who was educated a moderate dissenter, had evinced a want of reverence for the only true church.

In a conversation with a few friends on church government, a clergyman who was of the party said, "No one was entitled to administer the offices of the church, who had not received Episcopal ordination; for whenever the episcopal succession is preserved, these only is a true Church." "Nulla Ecclesia sine Episcopo." Tertullian.

The opinion of the gentleman being required, he replied, There is in the history of one of the Indian tribes in America, an anecdote somewhat analogous, which with permission I will read:—Taking down a book, he apparently read what follows:—

"As the Sun was hastening to cool himself in the placid waters of Lake Erie, Commemoroona, Sachem of the Tuscaroras, sat at the door of his wigwam, scouring his red-rusted scalping knife. Bambarrah, his faithful squaw, was preparing hominee for the supper of her lord; whilst their sons were striving, who with truest aim could direct the tomahawk.

"At this interesting moment three envoys approached, bearing a talk from Alpequot, the renowned Sachem of the Chippewas; which they thus delivered.

"Brother, when the great Spirit created Tobacco for the solace of red men, He delivered to Animboonah, Father of the Chippewas, a torch, which he had lighted at the great day-star—The Chippewas have not suffered this celestial spark to be extinguished; but from it have all our pipes been ignited for ninety nine thousand five hundred and fifty moons. This therefore, and this only is the true canonical fire; all other is unholy and damnable. (A belt of wampum.)

"Brother, I send to you a portion of this sacred fire, preserved by uninterrupted succession, that with it you may light your pipe, and diffuse the blessing through your nation. (A belt of wampum.)

"Accept this, and the Chippewas and Tuscaroras will smoke together the calumet of peace, so long as the Wabash shall pour its silver waters into the dark torrent of the Ohio. Reject it, and instantly shall the red war-hatchet be dug from its repose; and the warriors of Tuscarora shall be given as a feast to the sons of Animboonah. (A belt of wampum.)

"Decide! for Alpequot will suffer no pipe to be smoked that is not lighted from the fire uninterruptedly derived from the great day-star." (Three belts of wampum.)

To this courtly message Commemoroona returned this talk.

"Brothers! Chinquolinga, my grandfather, whose girdle was always hung with the scalps of Chippewas, received from William Penn, the white Sachem, an amulet, which enables us to draw fire immediately from the great day-star. With this the Tuscaroras are accustomed to light their pipes. (A belt of wampum.)

"Our young men are expert at the tomahawk; our squaws are ingenious at roasting prisoners; and the arm of Commemoroona has not lost its vigour." (Three belts of wampum.)

In the succeeding moon the scouts of Tuscarora gave notice of the approach of Alpequot. Commemoroona dressed an ambuscade. A battle was fought; and the bones of the Chippewas now lie bleaching on the plains of Muskingum. H.

FEMALE MODESTY.

The principal beauty and basis of the female character is modesty: I mean that modest reserve, that delicacy that retires from the public eye, and is disconcerted even at being admired. 'Tis of itself so beautiful, as to be a charm to hearts insensible of every other attraction; and has conquered, when a fair face has been overlooked. Though art and nature should conspire to render a woman lovely, still if she wears the appearance of boldness, it blots out every trace of beauty, and, like a cloud that shades the sun, intercepts the view of all that is amiable.

By taking revenge, a man is even with his enemy; passing it over he is superior.