

The Muses! whate'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the timely strain admires....scorn.



FROM THE BALTIMORE PATRIOT.

THE PRINTER'S HOUR OF PEACE.

Know ye the Printer's hour of peace!
Know ye an hour more fraught with joy,
Than ever felt the maid of Greece,
When kissed by Venus' am'rous boy?
'Tis not when round the mazy case,
His nimble fingers kiss the types,
Nor is it when with lengthened face,
The sturdy devil's tail he gripes.
'Tis not when news of dreadful note,
His columns all with minion fill,
'Tis not when brother Printers quote
Th' effusions of his stump worn quill:
'Tis not when all his work is done,
Tir'd and fatigued like any dog,
And heedless of his coming dun,
Grows merry o'er a glass of grog.
'Tis not when in Miss Fancy's glass
Long Advertisements meet the eye,
And seem to whisper as they pass,
'We'll grace your columns by and by.'
Nor is it when with numerous names,
His lengthened roll of vellum swells,
As if 'twas touch'd by Conjurors' wand,
Or grew by Fairies' magic spells.
No—reader, no—the Printer's, hour,
His hour of real sweet repose,
Is not when by some magic power,
His list of Patrons daily grows.
But Oh, 'tis when the weather 's clear,
Or clad in hail, or rain, or vapor,
He hears, in accents soft and dear,
'I've come to PAY you for the PAPER!'

FROM THE FORT FOLIO.

Oh! I have met the smile of love,
Where all my fondest hopes were placed,
And with a lover's art have strove,
To make that smile forever last.
I've seen affection's brightest tear,
Glide burning o'er a lovely cheek;
While modest hope and breathless fear,
Spoke more than ever tongue could speak.
I've seen the breast tumultuous heave,
While passion chok'd the rising sigh;
Oh could I even then believe
That love within that breast would die?
Alas! how fickle woman's heart!
Her sighs, her tears, her vows, how vain!
The bliss her smiles to day impart,
Her frown to-morrow turns to pain!

THE INCONSISTENT.

When I sent you my melons, you cried out with scorn,
'They ought to be heavy, and wrinkled, and yellow.'
When I offered myself, whom those graces adorn,
You flouted, and called me an ugly old fellow!

Moral, Religious, & Literary.

CHERISH AND PRACTISE RELIGION.

Man has been called, in distinction from the inferior orders of creation, a religious being, and justly so called. For though his hopes and fears may be repressed, and the moral feelings of his heart stifled for a season, nature, like a torrent which has been obstructed, will break forth, and sweep away those frail barriers which scepticism may have erected to divert its course.

There is something so repulsive in naked infidelity, that the mind approaches it with reluctance, shrinks back from it with horror, and is never settled till it rests on positive religion.

I am aware that that spirit of devotion, that sense of guilt and dread of punishment, which pervades the human mind, have been attributed to either the force of habit or influence of superstition. To the position of irreligionists on this article, human nature itself furnishes the most satisfactory refutation. Religion is a first principle of man. It shoots up from the very seat of life; it cleaves to the human constitution by a thousand ligaments; it entwines around human nature, and sends to the very bottom of the heart its penetrating tendrils. It cannot therefore be exterminated. The experiment has again and again been tried, and the result has always proved worthy of the rash attempt.

Young as you are, you have witnessed, with a view to this extermination, the most desperate efforts. But just now, a formidable host of infuriate infidels were assembled. You heard them openly abjure their God. You saw them wreaking their vengeance on religion.—For a season they triumphed. Before them every sacred institution disappeared, every consecrated monument fell to dust. The fervors of nature were extinguished, and

the lip of devotion palsied by their approach. With one hand, they seized the thunders of the heavens, and with the other, smote HIS throne who inhabits them. It seemed to crumble at the stroke. Mounting these fancied ruins, BLASPHEMY waved its terrific sceptre, and impiously looking up to those eternal heights where the deity resides, exclaimed, "VICTORY."

Where now are those dreaded enemies of our religion? They have vanished from the sight. They were—but are seen no more. Nor have the consequences of their exertions been more abiding. A great nation indeed, delivered from the restraints of moral obligation, and enfranchised with all the liberties of infidelity, were proclaimed FREE. But have they continued so? No; their minds presently recoiled from the dismal waste which scepticism had opened before them, and the cheerless darkness it had spread around them. They suddenly arrested their step. They retraced, in sadness and sorrow, the paths which they had trodden. They consecrated again the temples they had defiled: they rebuilt the altar they had demolished: they sighed for the return of that religion they had banished, and spontaneously promised submission to its reign.

What are we to infer from this? That religion is congenial to human nature; that it is inseparable from it. A nation may be seduced into skepticism, but it cannot be continued in it. Why, I would ask, has religion existed in the world in ages which are past—why does it exist now—why will it exist in ages to come? Is it because kings have ordained, and priests defended it? No; but because God formed man to be religious. Its great and eternal principles, are inscribed on his heart; they are inscribed, in characters which are indelible; nor can the violence of infidelity blot them out. Obscured, indeed, they may be by the influence of sin, and remain not legible during the rage of passion. But a calm ensues: the calm of reason, or the night of adversity, from the midst of whose darkness a light proceeds, which renders the original inscription visible. Man now turns his eye inward upon himself. He reads "RESPONSIBILITY," and as he reads, he feels a sense of sin and dread of punishment. He now pays from necessity an homage to religion—an homage which cannot be withheld: it is the homage of his nature. We have now traced its effect to its cause, and referred this abiding trait in the human character, to its principle.

The question is not, then, whether you will embrace religion? Religion you must embrace—but whether you will embrace revealed religion, or that of erring and blind philosophy. And with respect to this question can you hesitate?

The former has infinitely more to recommend it than the latter. It originated in heaven. It is founded not on conjecture, but on fact. Divinity manifested itself in the person, and shone in the life of its Author. True, he appeared in great humility; but though the humility in which he appeared had been greater than it was, either the sublimity of his doctrines, or the splendor of his actions had been sufficient to evince his Messiahship, and prove that he was the SAVIOUR of the world. He spoke as man never spoke! Whence did he derive wisdom so transcendent? From reason? No; reason could not give it, for it had it not to give. What reason could never teach, the Gospel teaches; that in the vast and perfect government of the universe, vicarious sufferings can be accepted; and that the dread Sovereign, who administers that government, is gracious as well as just. Nor does it rest in declaration merely.—It exhibits before our eyes the altar and the victim—the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.

JOHNSON.

Long before Mr. Johnson broached the idea of his Dictionary, or any other work which chiefly contributed to raise and establish his literary reputation, he was much with a bookseller of eminence, who frequently consulted him about manuscripts for sale, or books newly published; but whenever Johnson's opinion happened to differ from his, he would stare Johnson full in the face, and remark with much gravity and arrogance, *I wish you could write as well.* This, Johnson thought, was literally telling a professional man that he was an impostor, or that he assumed a character to which he was not equal; he therefore heard the gross imputation once or twice with silent contempt. One day, however, in the presence of several gentlemen who knew them both, this bookseller very incautiously threw out the same illiberal opinion. Johnson could suppress his indignation no longer. 'Sir,' said he, 'you are not competent to decide a question which you do not understand. If our allegations be true, you have the brutality to insult me with

what is not my fault, but my misfortune. If your allegations be not true, your impudent speech only shews how much more detestable a liar is than a brute.'

The strong conclusive aspect and ferocity of manner which accompanied the utterance of these words, from a poor author to a purse-proud bookseller, made a deep impression in Johnson's favour, and secured him, perhaps, more respect than civility, in his subsequent intercourse with the trade, than any other transaction in his life.

Goldsmith, who hated the prudery of Johnson's morals, and affected to ridicule the foppery of Hawkesworth's manners, yet warmly admired the genius of both, used to say, among his acquaintance, that Johnson would have made a *decent Monk*, and Hawkesworth a *good dancing master.*

FROM THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.
HUDIBRAS.

It is a common error among "the great vulgar and the small" to look upon *Hudibras* as extremely *low*—in fact, as a mere burlesque. It is as much above "the common cry" of burlesque, as the novels of Fielding and the author of *Waverley* are above the ephemeral trash of the *Minerva Press*. It is a mighty and comprehensive satire—as powerful in argument—as just in sentiment—as rich in illustration, as any that united wit and learning have ever produced. All the weapons of controversial warfare—invective, irony, sarcasm, and ridicule—are alternately and successfully wielded. The most opposite and conflicting absurdities—the excrescences of learning and the bigotry of ignorance—"time-honoured" prejudices and follies of recent growth or importation—are laid prostrate "at one fell swoop." Butler makes none but "palpable hits." His sentences have the pithy brevity of a proverb, with the sting of an epigram. His subject was local and transitory—his satire boundless and eternal. His greatest fault is profusion—he revels and runs riot in the prodigality of his imaginings—he bewilders himself and his readers amidst "thick-coming fancies"—his poem is o'er-informed with wit, and dazzles and overpowers by an unremitting succession of brilliant corruscations.—His narrative is, to its embellishments, but as "one poor half-pennyworth of bread to all this intolerable quantity of sack." The adventures are meagre and unsatisfactory: we might

"Make future times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after,"

without impairing or confusing the story.—Like Bayes, in *The Rehearsal*, our author probably thought a plot was good for nothing but to bring in good things, and consequently troubled himself very little about its consistency or probability. His hero is the personification of contradictions—he is not the representative of a class, a sect, a party—but of all classes, sects, and parties. It has been said of Dryden's bouncing *Almanzor*, that all the rays of romantic heat, whether amorous or warlike, glow in him by a kind of concentration: the follies, and vices, and deformities of human nature, seem concentrated in Sir Hudibras. The litigious justice and the crazy knight-errant,

"In soul and body too, unite
To make up one hermaphrodite."

The Geneva cap and band peep from beneath the rusty helm and buckler of chivalry.—Aquinas's *Sum of all Theology* and Ovid's *Ars Amandi*—the *Assembly's Annotations* and the *Mirroure of Knighthood*, jostle on the shelves of his library. With wit and learning enough, if "sawed into quantities," to fit out all the heroes of all the octosyllabic epics that have ever been written, he is turned out to make us sport as a coxcomb and a driveller.—With more cunning than "Nick Machiavel," he is the butt and dupe of the knavery of duller spirits—and is abused, gulled, and buffeted, through eight long cantos, without measure or mercy.

It is perhaps idle to criticise a work, written in defiance of criticism, and unjust to try genius by laws to which it owns no allegiance; but Butler can afford to be found fault with. After making every possible deduction in the estimate of his merits, he will still remain one of the most original and powerful writers which this or any country has produced. That he had all the capabilities of more elevated composition than that in which he has been contented to excel, is sufficiently obvious in the pages of his *Hudibras*.—We find scattered through the work a profusion of images and sentiments essentially poetical, the beauty of which, though obscured, cannot be entirely hidden by the homeliness of their dress.

The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

HISTORICAL REMEMBRANCE.

The number of inhabitants on this globe is estimated to be 896 millions.—Of these 226 are Christians, 10 millions Jews, 210 millions Mahometans, and 450 millions Pagans. Of these professing the Christian religion, there are 50 millions of Protestants, 30 millions of the Greek and Armenian churches, and 90 millions of Catholics. The aggregate population on the surface of the known habitable globe is 896 millions of souls. If we reckon, with the ancients, that a generation lasts thirty years—in that space the above number of human beings will be born and die; consequently 81,760 must be dropping into eternity every day; 2498 every hour, or about 36 every minute—how awful a reflection!

Potatoes, were first carried to England from America, by Hawkins, 1563; introduced into Ireland by Sir Walter Raleigh, 1586; they were natives of a province of Quito, and are named from the village of Potate, in the assiente of Hambald, in that kingdom.

The Canal in China, extending from Canton to Peking, in a strait line, is upwards of 806 miles in length, having 73 locks, 41 large cities on its banks, and above 10,000 vessels on its surface. 30,000 men were employed for forty-three years in making it.

INTERESTING MEMORANDA.

It is 328 years since John Cabot first discovered North America, 236 since Sir Walter Raleigh more perfectly explored it, 240 since the first permanent colony was planted in Virginia; 208 since New-Amsterdam, now New-York, was settled, 200 since the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, 44 since the commencement of our national existence, and 31 since the adoption of our present national government.

JESUITS.

The order of Jesuits was founded at Rome in the year 1540, by Pope Paul 3d, in the reign of the Eighth Henry of England, and their number limited to 60.—During his pontificate, the celebrated Council of Trent assembled, and Henry was excommunicated. The limitation of the number of Jesuits to 60 did not long continue. Their numbers in 1608, were 10,581; in 1679, 17,655; in 1710, 19,923. In 1717, they had 714 colleges and other establishments, more than 200 missions, 161 seminaries, and 19,867 members, including 10,056 priests. The affairs of the order were conducted by one general, 37 provincials, 350 priors, and other officers. After having been for some years abolished, the order was restored in 1815, by the present monarch of Spain, Ferdinand VII. who, at the same time, and in the same pious spirit, re-established the Holy Inquisition.

MEMORY.

To some one who was complaining of want of memory, Johnson said, "Pray, sir, do you ever forget what money you are worth, or who gave you the last kick on your shins? Now if you would pay the same attention to what you read as you do to your temporal concerns and your bodily feelings, you would impress it as deeply in your memory."

WANTS, which every one must feel.

Virtue wants....sincere votaries; Wisdom wants....more earnest supplicants; and Truth wants....real friends and admirers.

'Pure and undefiled Religion' wants....less said about the theory, and more done about the practice of it.

Philanthropy wants....a residence; and Fidelity wants....an asylum.

Love and charity want.....to be in better credit.

Pride wants....to be kicked out of company, and Humility introduced.

Every old woman, silly girl, or officious young fellow, who hears of any amour, (or even of two persons of different sexes being seen to converse together,) want....mightily to be at the bottom of it.

Every girl in America, above fifteen, (not already provided for,) wants.....a HUSBAND!

THE PRESS.

No maxim is more true than this, "that no liberty can survive the liberty of the press." It breathes a soul into the body of the people; it forms their manners; and by teaching them their duties and their rights, and inspiring them with sentiments of virtue and courage, by which both are to be enforced, introduces the empire of REASON to the universe: it is the vestal fire, upon the preservation of which the fate of Nations depends; and the most pure hands, officiating for the whole community, should be incessantly employed in keeping it alive.

Let an anecdote of being inaccessible to flattery, till he has withstood that of a superior, and that superior a woman.