

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



FROM "SUKES"—A NEW POEM.

Is there a spot, more dearly lov'd than all,
More than all others which this world can give?—
Where flowers forever bloom, and pleasures call!
For which we dare to die, and love to live?
Where centre all the joys our lives have seen?—
Where days are always bright, and nights serene?
Is there a spot, to which the exile turns
When wandering lonely on a distant shore?
The while, his struggling heart within him burns,
Longing to visit its fair scenes once more!
Where pure ones dwell, who love his memory yet,
Far o'er the dark blue sea, he never can forget?
Is there a spot, where we would ever be,
From cradled childhood to declining age?
Where noble minds exult, and souls are free,
Glorious in light; where dwell the brave and sage?
The beautiful and bright, where'er we roam?
There is, there is—OUR COUNTRY AND OUR HOME!

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

I cannot mourn that time has fled,
Though in its flight some joys have perished;
I cannot mourn that hopes are dead,
Which my young heart too dearly cherished.
For time has brought me as it past,
More valued joys than those it banished,
And hope has o'er the future cast
Still brighter hues, as others vanished.
Nor can I mourn that days are gone,
With many a heart-felt sorrow laden;
Nor will I grieve o'er pleasures flown,
That early glowed, and quickly faded.
For time, with kind and gentle sway,
Still softens every passing sorrow,
And though it steals one joy to-day,
It adds another on the morrow.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

ITALIAN CHURCHES AND CLERGY.

From "Travels in France and Italy," by the Rev. Wm. Berrian, of New-York.

"The churches in general are open throughout the year, from the dawn to the close of the day. In every cathedral there are at least two services, and very often likewise in the parish churches; indeed a third is by no means uncommon. And on these occasions it is not merely the chapter who assemble to perform a prescribed duty, or a parochial priest with his assistants, but a considerable number of worshippers, and frequently a large congregation. In the smaller towns and villages it is usual for the husbandman, before he goeth forth to his labour, to attend the sacrifice of the mass. And after the toils of the day are over, you will sometimes find them pressing in crowds to the *Benedizione*, or to an evening service, so called, perhaps, because they are dismissed with the final benediction.

"In the intervals of the stated offices, individuals, as they are prompted by a gratitude that longs to unburthen itself, or by a sorrow that seeks for comfort, or a troubled conscience that wants appeasing, or a superstitious scrupulousness that places duty in multiplying religious observances, are constantly entering the churches to offer up their private devotions. Each one comes in and goes out with silence, and as if he were the only worshipper in the temple. No man seems to notice his neighbour, and whatever merit they may think their secret obligations will give them in the sight of God, they are not presented in such a way as to manifest any desire for the praise of men. There are certainly as many who come for this purpose at twilight, and a little later, when the obscurity of the building confounds the features of the friend and stranger, as at any other hour. I have never been so much impressed by this devout practice as at such times, when the glimmering from some altar has partially shown these solitary worshippers, or scattered groups prostrate and in silence; or when through the gloom I have discerned their dim and shadowy forms flitting before me; or when I would have scarcely known that I was not alone, but for the sound of some reverent step, now and then interrupting the profound stillness.

"The dresses of three officiating priests at the principal altar to-day, were rich and splendid. A loose mantle, open at the sides, called a cope, which was made of white silk or satin embroidered with gold, was thrown over a long white surplice. At Loretto, the copes of the priests appeared to be one tissue

of gold. The former were neat and elegant, and the latter sumptuous rather than gaudy.

"The ecclesiastics of rank, when not officiating at the altar, are dressed in a black cassock, over which there is a kind of white demi-surplice, and over that again a scarlet or purple mantle, with a hood hanging on the back, and a train gathered up in a fold which nearly touches the ground. The hair is generally powdered and curled, and the top of the head covered with a circular piece of scarlet cloth. The priests of inferior rank are without the mantle and without powder. Their crown is also shorn, but covered with a round piece of black cloth. Some of the clergy wear square black or purple caps, which are taken off at certain parts of the service. The young men intended for the ministry are simply habited in a purple cassock. Many slight particulars and minute variations, from not having been noted down, are now forgotten. The chapter, which usually consists of from thirty to a hundred priests, sit in stalls around the recess behind the grand altar, and a great number of candidates in the intermediate space.

"The service, when they are neither chanting nor playing on the organ, is performed in a kind of recitative. One part is frequently begun before the other is ended. Sometimes it is in regular response, and sometimes with united voices. As the chant, however, is generally mingled with the service, and occasionally the melody of the choir, the effect is almost always solemn and striking.

"The pulpit in their churches is generally large and commodious, and more like the desk in our own. The preacher's feet are not immovable, but he shifts his position, passing from one end to the other, sometimes too precipitately, but in general easily and gracefully. His square black cap is taken off in invocation, but never to enforce his argument, as at Saintes. The tones appeared to me to have all the variety of animated conversation among the Italians, and the gestures, though sometimes too measured or too extravagant, were more commonly bold and impressive. In the most rapid and elevated flights the delivery was so distinct that nothing could be lost; and when the preacher appeared to be exhausted by his exertions he would sit down in the pulpit, and, leaning on the front of it, would address the people in a lowered tone, with the simplicity of a father to his children. Then gradually growing warm, and his voice rising again, he would start up and break out into his former violence. This appears theatrical in description, but it often seemed to me exceedingly natural and striking, and was, no doubt, suited to the genius and habits of the people. At any rate, they always succeeded in securing a respectful and earnest attention.

"The priests appear abroad in a large black cassock, buttoned before, or in the full dress of a clergyman, with the addition of a cocked hat, and black silk scarf hanging from the collar of the coat and reaching down behind to their feet. The latter is becoming and graceful.

"The Dominicans dress in a white gown and cassock. The fraternity of the Comaldese are clothed in a grey mantle covering the whole body and head, excepting small holes for the eyes. Their appearance is frightful, and it was my impression, on first seeing this habit, that it was a piece of frolicsome masquerade. The mendicant friars have a brown cassock, fastened with a girdle.—The dignitaries of the church wear purple stockings. The scarlet hat, with a rounded crown and broad brim, is the distinguished badge of the cardinals. When they ride out their equipage is gay and pompous, and when they walk, they are followed by a servant. I have seen them in getting out of carriages, affecting the most ridiculous effeminacy, and leaning on the arms of their attendants as if they had not strength enough to support themselves. The coach of the Archbishop of Naples is preceded and surrounded by domestics, who move on with it in a slow and steady walk.

"The clergy are innumerable, and in every part of Italy they must form a considerable portion of the population.—We hear such accounts of the morals of many among them as would, perhaps, be given of the sacred order, by the same kind of informants, in countries where their manners are comparatively pure and unblamable. That there are irregularities, especially among some of the higher rank, cannot well be doubted; but there is reason to believe, that they are greatly exaggerated. The Romish priests are certainly much devoted to the public functions of their office. They visit their parishioners in sickness and in sorrow, but seldom in health and joy. I was acquainted with some of them, and learned incidentally of many. They are, in general, easy and courteous in their manners; and if at any time a stranger is in want of information, he should not hes-

itate to stop an ecclesiastic in the streets, nor to ask him in the churches, for it is always the readiest way to get it; and though he fall in the object of his inquiry, he may be sure, at least, of a kind and gentle answer."

JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT.

In my journey through life, and intercourse in society, I have found many, very many, who acted on many occasions from no higher motives than "just for the fun of it."

Among my acquaintance in my youth, was one Tom Jones, a good natured inoffensive chap, who meant no one any harm, but was peculiarly liable to engage in matters of considerable moment, and proceed so far that it was often difficult and sometimes dangerous to stop. He paid his addresses to Maria S—, the daughter of a respectable though not wealthy farmer, who lived retired on one of those pleasant farms among the Green Mountains in Vermont, through no other motive than "just for the fun of it," not having the most distant idea of ever being united with her in the holy bands of matrimony. But ere he reflected on the inconsistency of the procedure, she had contracted a pure and hallowed affection for him, too deep to be eradicated, too strong to be broken, without consigning the victim to an early grave. Thomas, as I said before, had not the most distant idea of marrying her, because he had no real affection for her, and provided he had, he knew that he was only heir to a great fortune, and he was well convinced that his father would never consent to a union where there was so much disparity in worldly greatness? He knew that her affection for him was pure and innocent, and he probably would, such was his simplicity of feeling, have made her the partner of his joys and sufferings, had it not been for incensing his father. But, alas! he left her a prey to all the pangs of disappointed love. "She did not long survive the cruel stroke." Love, like a canker, preyed upon her heart, and like the rose, she drooped, and withered, and faded away.

When Thomas was made acquainted with her fate, it struck like a dagger to his heart. He was compelled to blame himself as the cause of her untimely exit, and embitter his moments for a while with the soul distracting reflection, that for no better reason than "just for the fun of it," he had been the cause of sending a lovely woman to the grave! But such reflection did not long continue: he found means to dispel his sorrows "amid the whirl of varied occupation," and has now forgotten that such a being as Maria ever existed.

Louisa was a young lady of an amiable disposition; and was of the charming age of sixteen, beloved and respected by all who knew her. She, alas! soon began to be coquetish—would at one time appear all love and affection for one person, and then again, "just for the fun of it," receive the address of another, until she jilted half the young men in the country, when at last, she, "just for the fun of it," was obliged to take up (with her) the bitter portion of an *Old Maid*.—*Vt. Rep.*

PRESERVED HEADS.

The following paragraph has been prepared for publication several weeks, and excluded to make room for other subjects. London is not the only place which has been favored by this singular species of exportations. At least three of these preparations have been received in this port; two per the *Benecoolen*, and one by the *Hindustan*. We believe they are in the possession of Dr. Traill, and that they will ultimately be deposited in the Liverpool Royal Institution. [*Liv. Mer.*]

FROM THE LONDON PAPERS.

It is well known that the New Zealanders practice a mode of drying and preserving the heads of their chiefs who have fallen in battle. Some of these singular memorials have been brought to this country, by the traders who touch on that Island, the sailors being anxious to get them in exchange for baubles which might attract the cupidity of the natives. One of these is in possession of a gentleman in the city; it is the head of a chief, about thirty years of age, who was killed in battle about twelve months ago. It is certainly much less disgusting than such a preparation might be conceived to be. It is perfectly dry, and has not the least offensive smell. The whole of the substance within the skull is taken out, and the skin is fastened within to a small hoop. The skin has a yellowish tanned appearance, and there is not an eighth of an inch that is free from tattooing. The teeth are perfect, but small, and much worn. The place in the cheek where the fatal ball entered, and where the skin was consequently broken, is supplied by a piece of wood, on which the lines of the tattooing are continued. The forest is high, and has apparently been stripped of hair for the purpose of scarification; but, from the hinder part of the head, the hair hangs luxuriantly in easy curls. It is black and soft, and in a perfectly natural state, not having been in the least injured by whatever process the head

has been subjected to. The head has been recognized by the chiefs who are in this country as that of a person of the most exalted rank, which is also shown by the tattooing. As every step in dignity is marked by a fresh scratch on the face, the owner of the head must have arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of elevation.

Religious.

EXTRACTS FROM

'THE HOLY DYING' OF JEREMY TAYLOR.

"A man is a bubble. He is born in vanity and sin; he comes into the world like morning mushrooms, soon thrusting up their heads into the ear, and conversing with their kindred of the same production, and as soon they turn into dust and forgetfulness; some of them without any other interest in the affairs of the world, but that they made their parents a little glad, and very sorrowful. Others ride longer in the storm; it may be until seven years of vanity be expired, and then peradventure the sun shines hot upon their heads, and they fall into the shades below, into the cover of death and darkness of the grave to hide them. But if the bubble stands the shock of a bigger drop, outlives the chances of a child, of a careless nurse, of drowning in a pail of water, of being overlaid by a sleepy servant, or such little accidents, then the young man dances like a bubble empty and gay, and shines like a dove's neck or the image of a rainbow, which hath no substance, and whose very imagery and colours are fantastical; and so he dances out the gaiety of his youth, and is all the while in a storm, and endures, only because he is not knocked in the head by a drop of bigger rain, or crushed by the pressure of a load of indigested meat, or quenched by the disorder of an ill placed humour; and to preserve a man alive in the midst of so many chances and hostilities, is as great a miracle as to create him; to preserve him from rushing into nothing, and at first to draw him up from nothing, were equally issues from an almighty power."

"Some are called *at age* at fourteen, some at one and twenty, some never; but all men late enough; for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But as when the sun approaches toward the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matting, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns, like those which decked the brow of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells a story, the sun gets up higher, till he shews a full face and full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly, so is a man's season and his life."

"It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday or a maid servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men, and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die."

The following strong, elevated and impressive language is the concluding passage of a sermon on the death of an aged minister:

Will not an unfading crown of glory amply compensate the most painful sacrifice and self-denying exertions? If a green chaplet, a wreath of man's applause, was a powerful stimulus to a Greek or Roman, how should a Christian be excited to fight and run that he may win a prize of infinite worth! "The sufferings of this present time," however severe, "are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—What are pains and sorrow to him, who, before another day, may be with Jesus in paradise? What is poverty to him, who is soon to possess the riches of the universe? What is want to that man, who expects shortly to be filled with all the fulness of God? What are the contempt and reproach of the world to an heir of glory, who is soon to be crowned as a conqueror, and to sit upon a heavenly throne with his Redeemer and his God? Nay, what is death itself to that person, who has "an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," into which he will triumphantly enter, as soon as this earthly tabernacle is dissolved? Let us also believe and so live, that when we stand on the margin of eternity, we may adopt the language of the Apostle, and say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

It is much better to reprove ingenuously, than to be angry secretly.