

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



FROM THE BOSTON CENTINEL.

To a young Widow, on entering the circles of fashion, soon after the decease of her husband.

O Lady! quit the throng, and throw  
Those gaudy robes aside;  
Resume again thy garb of wo,  
Nor vex thy HENRY'S shade.

O Lady! think how late you hung  
With rapture on his arm;  
And listen'd to that voice, which rung  
The peal of Love's alarm.

O think how oft you fondly met  
The glance of that dark eye,  
Which flash'd with love and dear delight,  
Or beam'd with tenderest joy!

O think how oft, when grief entwined  
Her cypress wreaths with care,  
Upon his bosom you reclin'd  
And sought a refuge there!

And think how oft he warmly kiss'd  
Away each pensive tear,  
And to his manly bosom press'd  
His WIFE forever dear.

And then thy smiles would bliss impart,  
And softer scenes renew;  
And soothe the throbbings of that heart  
Which only beat for you.

And can you then so soon forget  
Those dear domestic joys,  
And bow a slave at fashion's feet  
To court a worthless prize;

And spread thy sex's wiles, to win  
Another to thy arms,  
To live upon thy smiles serene,  
And revel in thy charms?

It cannot be.—Her injur'd right  
Let memory resume;  
And banish those allurements bright,  
To weep o'er HENRY'S tomb.

Go—sit beside the marble stone,  
And with thy sorrow lave  
The grass which scarcely yet has grown  
Upon thy husband's grave.

And while Diana's pensive beam  
Shines through the willow bough,  
Wildly lament the loss of him,  
Who only liv'd for you.

ENDYMION.

### Literary Extracts, &c.

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

#### GENERAL WARREN'S ORATIONS.

From Knapp's "Biographical Sketches," just published.

"His next Oration was delivered March 6th, 1775. [He had delivered one in 1772.] It was at his own solicitation that he was appointed to this duty a second time. The fact is illustrative of his character, and worthy of remembrance. Some British officers of the army then in Boston had publicly declared that it should be at the price of the life of any man to speak of the event of March 5, 1770, on that anniversary.—Warren's soul took fire at such a threat, so openly made, and he wished for the honor of braving it. This was readily granted, for at such a time a man would probably find but few rivals. Many who would spurn the thought of personal fear might be apprehensive that they would be so far disconnected as to forget their discourse.—It is easier to fight bravely, than to think clearly or correctly in danger. Passion sometimes nerves the arm to fight, but disturbs the regular current of thought. The day came and the weather was remarkably fine. The Old South Meeting House was crowded at an early hour. The British officers occupied the aisles, the flight of steps to the pulpit, and several of them were within it. It was not precisely known whether this was accident or design. The orator with the assistance of his friends made his entrance at the pulpit window by a ladder. The officers, seeing his coolness and intrepidity, made way for him to advance and address the audience. An awful stillness preceded his exordium. Each man felt the palpitations of his own heart, and saw the pale but determined face of his neighbor. The speaker began his oration in a firm tone of voice, and proceeded with great energy and pathos. Warren and his friends were prepared to chastise contumely, prevent disgrace, and avenge an attempt at assassination.

"The scene was sublime; a patriot in whom the flush of youth, and the

grace and dignity of manhood were combined, stood armed in the sanctuary of God, to animate and encourage the sons of liberty, and to hurl defiance at their oppressors.—The orator commenced with the early history of the country, described the tenure by which we held our liberties and property—the affection we had constantly shown the parent country, and boldly told them how, and by whom these blessings of life had been violated. There was in this appeal to Britain—in this description of suffering agony and horror, a calm and high-souled defiance which must have chilled the blood of every sensible foe. Such another hour has seldom happened in the history of man, and is not surpassed in the records of nations. The thunders of Demosthenes rolled at a distance from Philip and his host; and Tully poured the fiercest torrent of his invective when Cataline was at a distance and his dagger no longer to be feared; but Warren's speech was made to proud oppressors resting on their arms, whose errand it was to overawe, and whose business it was to fight.

If the deed of Brutus deserved to be commemorated by history, poetry, painting and sculpture, should not this instance of patriotism and bravery, be held in lasting remembrance? If he, 'That struck the foremost man of all this world,' was hailed as the first of freemen, what honors are not due to him, who undimmed, bearded the British lion, to show the world what his countrymen dared to do in the cause of liberty? If the statue of Brutus was placed among those of the Gods, who were the preservers of the Roman freedom, should not that of Warren fill a lofty niche in the temple reared to perpetuate the remembrance of our birth as a nation?

#### THE EMIGRANTS.

FROM THE SHEFFIELD IRIS.

However easy it may be to demonstrate the expediency of emigration—and, under certain circumstances, nothing is more easy—it is at all times a painful spectacle to behold hundreds of our fellow-creatures about, as it were, to cast their bread upon the waters, and trust themselves to the ocean, in quest of that better fortune which, if found at all, must be found after the lapse of many days. Men, no doubt, like vegetables, frequently thrive the better, for being transplanted; but the preliminary process is always painful; and could we invest a tree with the "sensible warm motion" of animal life, it would not, perhaps, suffer more in being forcibly torn up by the roots, than a mind of sensibility suffers in being suddenly divorced from home, country and friends—from the nearest kindnesses and tenderest sympathies of our common nature. No matter how slight a stake the poor emigrant may have had in that soil, which now denies him the means of a comfortable subsistence; as he has but one father and mother, so he can have but one country; and the unbidden tear that steals down his manly cheek proves that patriotism cannot be measured by the caprices of fortune, and the accidental distinctions of this life:

"There is a tear for all that die,  
A mourner o'er the humblest grave."

And in like manner, there is always some one to take an interest in the fortunes of the obscurest adventurer to a new continent; and when the emigrant thinks of the attentions of this one friend or relative—of his proffered convoy to the place of embarkation—of the warm grasp of horny hand, or choked utterance of the word "Farewell," he feels that he is still an integer in the great sum of human existence, and eyes the receding shore with all the solicitude of Queen Mary herself, when about to exchange the latitudinal manners of a French for the unbending strictness of a Scottish court, influenced as it then was by an individual whom she is said to have feared more than a regiment of armed men. Impressed with these feelings and sentiments, I turned my horse's head, the other morning, in the direction of Glencaple Quay, and almost before I was aware, found myself along-side of the good ship Elizabeth, then about to embark on a voyage of three thousand miles.—The scene, to me at least, was extremely interesting. The lapse of a few hours had produced a wonderful change in the state of the weather—the equinoctial gales seemed at last to have expended their fury, and the uncommon mildness of the 4th of April was felt as not the less grateful that it was in some measure

unexpected, and contrasted strongly with the angry winds and dashing rains by which it had been preceded.—On the one hand, all was bustle and activity, while, on the other, the spectator found no lack of those parting scenes which, according to Byron, "press the life from out young hearts." Here you had the light hearted sailor skipping from sail to sail, and shroud to shroud, with all the fearlessness of the squirrel tribe; and there numerous groups of poor emigrants, eyeing with great anxiety, the flowing of the tide, and progress of those preparations, which seemed to hurry their departure, and caution them to abridge the tender interview. Among the females in particular, every eye was filled with tears, whether of those that went or those that staid—from the mother, whose affection was divided betwixt the infant at her breast and the children at her feet, to the unincumbered maiden who generously strove to assist her in her interesting duties. But amidst all the varieties of sex, character, and situation, exhibited in a mixed company of several hundred individuals, one little group, above every other, forcibly arrested my attention. It consisted of five persons, namely, a man, his wife, and two children, together with an interesting youth, who had accompanied the latter to the beach, and evidently appeared in the character of her lover. A few broken sentences, which I accidentally overheard, at once initiated me into the secret of their story.—The parties belonged to the class of small farmers, the father being resolved to try his fortune in another hemisphere, his whole family had agreed to accompany him. In the expedition the stranger youth heartily regretted that he could not join; but still he determined to see the last of the family so dear to him; and while the old people began to ascend the vessel's side, he continued to grasp the hand of his sweetheart, with a fervor and earnestness which, under any other circumstances, would have excited the notice, and perhaps the ridicule, of the surrounding crowd.

But at this moment every one was too much occupied with his own cares to attend to the parting of these rustic lovers; and perhaps I was myself the only listener, while the faithful Thomas exclaimed, "O Jeanie, Jeanie! if you kent but half o' what I feel at this moment, you would stay at home, especially as your father has left it 'a to yoursel,' and owned that he is laith to see us part. I hae na muckle, Jeanie: but you ken my fancy never glaiket after anither; and as lang as these hands and this heart haud together ye shall never want." "O Thomas!" replied Jeanie, "how can ye speak that way?—how can you harrow up a heart that's owre grit already? My father, poor man, has met wi' mony a cross providence o' late; and how d'ye think I could sit in peace at hame, and my parents may be (here she cried bitterly) pining for want in a land o' strangers? My mother, too, ye ken, is subject to fits; my father and brother canna ay be in the house, and should she fa' into one o' their Yankie log fires, and me in a manner a' the wyte o't, I am sure I'd never hae anither day to do weel. No, Thomas, we are baith but young yet, and should we live to see happier times, we'll no thrive the waur for having done a' we could for them that hae done sae muckle for us." "But Jeanie, (said the lover, interrupting her,) why should you be so much afraid o' your parents coming to want? Your father's a hale stout man o' his age; he's no gaun out quite empty handed, like mony a pair thing I see near me; your brother, too, they tell me, will soon be able to win a dollar a day; and, aboon a', when did you see the just man forsaken, or his seed begging their bread? Amidst a' your trials, Jeanie, learn to put your trust in Providence, and you'll never be disappointed. Yet, what right hae I to preach? I, that was even now wanting you to do what I dare na' do mysel'—leave my pair auld mother. Yet, fain, fain would I gang wi' you; wi' you every country would be guid, and without ye, ilka ane, I fear, would be ill; but then my mither comes in there again, and she, as she says hersel', is like a bourtree bush in the corner o' our little garden, that's owre old to be transplanted.—Lang and sair hae I tried to persuade her, but she aye stappit my mouth wi' something that made me amaist ashamed o' mysel'. 'Thomas, (she would say,) you've borne a long time wi' my frailties, but the end's near at hand now, lad. If it be the Lord's will, I'll no plague you muckle longer: only lay

my head in the grave, and then you may wander whaever you like.' You ken, Jeanie, as weel as me, what she has come thro'; five sons and four daughters lie buried in the kirk yard o' our native parish; my father's there among the rest—and if the good auld christian has a single comfort in this world, it's to hear our minister preach and visit the graves o' her bairns and husband. The last time she was able to warstle to the kirk, she sat down upon their tombstone, and I never thought—" but here his voice failed him, and here also the lovers were reminded, that in half a minute the vessel would be under way. There was not a moment to be lost. Half pulled, half-carried, the affectionate Jeanie quickly ascended the vessel's sides, and ere her lover had time to recover himself, the Elizabeth, with every sail set, was bounding proudly over the waves, and clearing the beautiful dotted banks of Kirkcubright.

#### INTEMPERANCE.

The clergy of Germany, to judge from the following sample, among others, of their conduct, appear to have had similar propensities with their brethren in all parts of the world.—In some little town on the Rhine, on a particular fast day, one of them preached a long and eloquent sermon against intemperance, which he concluded by describing what intemperance was. It was passing those bounds which nature had prescribed. It was intemperance, he said, for some men, who were quarrelsome in their cups, ever to drink wine. There were others, to whom a bottle was refreshment; but to whom two caused sickness.—They were intemperate when they drank more than one. Some men enlivened a circle of friends and were kind to their wives, even after they had drank four bottles; and it was not right in them to diminish their kindness by drinking less. There were others, more highly gifted servants of the Deity, who felt their hearts warm with gratitude to Him, as the generous wine circulated in their blood, who were friendly with their families, generous to all men, and even nobly forgetful of injuries, when they had drank eight bottles. With them intemperance began at the ninth. But these, he said, are the peculiar favorites of God, to them he has given the joys of hereafter; and all his congregation knew with what gratitude, (bowing as he said it,) he acknowledged himself to be one of these favorites.

#### Hodgekin's Travels.

#### THE PRESS.

From the Charleston Courier.

The radical hostility of tyrants to the circulation of thought, is strongly depicted in the reply of Sir Wm. Berkely, governor of Virginia, to certain questions relating to that colony, propounded from abroad in 1670.

"I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years: for learning has bro't disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government. God keep us from both."

What an admirable text for the Holy Alliance!

What a consoling reflection for the editor of a free paper to know, that monarchs, at the head of mighty armies, dread the combination and array of the simple letters of the alphabet, subsisting on bloodless ink, and quartered on virgin paper!

There is something military in the art of printing. The line, the column, and the square—do they not belong alike to the nomenclature of printing and of war? On the other hand, how did the army of France and the navy of England prosper until they resorted to the Press.

#### A COMPARISON.

Women, in affairs of love, may be compared to spiders, who spread their flimsy webs around them, and set watching in the middle, while the giddy flies are buzzing around, until they find one entangled in their net, then they secure the prey: or rather, they are like anglers' flies, that skip or glide along the stream, the fish pursue the glittering bait, which seems to fly their fond pursuit, until one of them catches it, and finds a hook fast in his throat.

The most happy women, perhaps, are those who, without being very handsome, possess those matchless graces which please even without beauty; and who, therefore, finding more attention paid them than their glasses can lead them to expect, are in constant good humor with themselves, and of course with all around them. Beauties, on the other hand, claiming universal admiration, are at war with all who dispute their rights, that is with half the sex.

### Religious.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. MATT. V. 5.

It appears by no means easy to reconcile the promise with facts and experience; for earthly prosperity, wealth, power, and pre-eminence, are so far from being the inheritance of the meek, that they seem to be entirely monopolized by the bold, turbulent, and ambitious; and we may say with Cato, This world was made for Caesar.

To extricate themselves from this difficulty, some commentators have been induced to look out for another earth, which they at last fortunately found in the words of St. Peter; who says, "Nevertheless we, according to promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." To this new earth, they would persuade us, this promise may with propriety be applied, and that therein it will certainly be fulfilled.

But in explaining this passage, there is no occasion to have recourse to so far-fetched and fanciful an interpretation, nor to call in the assistance of a new world. By the meek inheriting the earth, nothing more is meant, than that persons of meek, quiet, and peaceable dispositions, enjoy more happiness on earth, and suffer less disquietude in the present life, than those of opposite characters: and this is verified by the experience of every day; they acquire more friends, and fewer enemies, they meet with fewer injuries and disappointments, and bear those which they cannot avoid with less uneasiness, and pass through the world as they do through a crowd, less obstructed, less bruised and jostled, than those who force their way by violence and impetuosity. To which we may add, that a meek and quiet temper is the most efficacious preservative of health, the first of all earthly blessings, and without which we are incapable of enjoying any other. Wealth, power, and grandeur, are by no means essential to earthly happiness; but should we admit that they are, and are included in this promise, we should not find it altogether unfulfilled; for, though the turbulent and overbearing may sometimes seize on them by violence, they much oftener fail in their attempts, and sink by their own insolence into ruin and contempt; whilst those of easy and conciliating manners, silently climb above them, less envied, and less opposed, because less noticed and less offending.

It is universally allowed, that nothing so much advances our worldly interests, and so much assists us in our pursuits of wealth and honours, as good-breeding; and what is good-breeding, but an affectation of meekness, humility, and complacency? If, therefore, the pretence to these amiable qualities can do so much, surely the possession of them will do a great deal more. In fact it does, and seldom fails to gain us favour, increase our friends, and advance our interests.—Thus we see this promise is generally accomplished; the meek do inherit the earth, that is, have the best chance of acquiring and enjoying the blessings of this life, as well as the happiness of another.

#### MORAL LESSONS.

It has been said that men carry on a kind of coasting trade with religion.—In the voyage of life, they profess to be in search of heaven, but take care not to venture so far in their approximation to it, as entirely to lose sight of the earth; and should their frail vessel be in danger of shipwreck, they will gladly throw their darling vices overboard, as other mariners their treasures, only to fish them up again when the storm is over. To steer a course that shall secure both worlds, is still, I fear, a desideratum in ethics, a thing unattained as yet, either by the divine or philosopher, for the track is discoverable only by the shipwrecks that have been made in the attempt. John Wesley quaintly observed, that the road to heaven is a narrow path, not intended for wheels, and that to ride in a coach here, and go to heaven hereafter, was happiness too much for man.

#### TO MEMORY.

When in far distant climes we roam,  
How oft remembrance loves to stray  
To absent friends and distant home,  
The social board, and parting day.  
The scenes of well remembered youth,  
When all was joyous, light and gay,  
And all we saw, bore stamp of truth,  
Those scenes, alas! are far away.  
But time, with swift revolving round,  
Has speeded many a passing year;  
And numerous friends I since have found,  
But none so kind, and none so dear.