

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



TO HOPE.

O! take, young Seraph, take thy harp,
And play to me so cheerily;
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,
And life wears on so wearily.

O! take thy harp!

Oh! sing as thou wert wont to do,
When, all youth's sunny season long,
I sat and listened to thy song,
And yet 'twas ever, ever new—
With magic in each heaven-tuned string,
The future bliss thy constant theme.
Oh, then each little woe took wing
Away like phantoms of a dream;
As if each sound,
That fluttered round,
Had floated over Lethe's stream!

But thou canst sing of love no more,
For Celia showed that dream was vain—
And many a fancied bliss is o'er,
That comes not e'en in dreams again.

Alas! Alas!

How pleasures pass,
And leave thee now no subject, save
The peace and bliss beyond the grave!

Then be thy flight among the skies;
Take then, O! take thy skylark's wing,
And leave dull earth, and heavenward rise
O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing
On skylark's wing!

A FRAGMENT.—BY T. CAMPBELL.

Gentle and wedded love, how fair art thou!
How rich, how very rich, yet free of blame,
How calm and how secure! the perfect hours
Pass onward to security with thee,
Without a sigh or backward look of sorrow.
Pleasantly on they pass, never delayed
By doubt or vain remorse, or desperate fear;
But in thy train beauty and blooming joy
Pass hand in hand, and young-eyed hope, whose
glance,
Not dimm'd, yet softened, by a touch of care,
Looks forward still, and serious happiness
Lies on thy heart a safe and shelter'd guest.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

FROM THE NATIONAL GAZETTE.

We have seen the new British work on this country, entitled "Views of Society and Manners in America, by an English woman." It is understood to be the production of a lady who visited the United States about a year or two ago, in company with a sister and without any regular companion of the other sex. She printed, if we mistake not, a poetical drama and some other verse among us, but did not, we believe, inspire the American reader with a high idea of her qualifications for that department of composition. Her prose, in the present volume, is far superior to the poetry to which we refer, and her kindness for America is even beyond what could have been expected from the most benignant temper and liberal spirit.

She paints every thing *couleur de rose*; treats of our intellect, morals, manners, education, religion, politics, political history and institutions, scenery, &c. and makes the most favorable report of us on every topic. This lady is the opposite of Fearons, Howitts, and all the slanderous race of vulgar British travellers. She is as much distinguished from them by dignity of tone and refinement of mental tastes and pursuits, as by her amiable and even enthusiastic feeling towards the United States. Her book will be read with interest, and we think with some profit, in this country. The American people must be pleased with so strong a testimony borne in their favor, although even the most self-complacent among them cannot fail to deem her representations rather too vividly and uniformly encomiastic to be strictly faithful.

We annex some extracts from "The Views," to exemplify their tenor. The amusing account of the Post Bag in the back settlements of New-York, does not appear to be meant to disparage the country, and is not, we apprehend, liable to the charge of much exaggeration.

"I have been led to expect that the citizens of Philadelphia were less practised in courtesy to strangers than those of New-York. Our experience does not confirm the remark. We have only to bear testimony to their civility.—There is at first something cold and precise in the general air and manner of

the people. This coldness of exterior, however, wears off in a great measure, upon further acquaintance, and what may still remain you set down to the ruling spirit and philanthropic father of the city, and respect it accordingly.

"The children of the peaceful and benignant William Penn, have not only inherited the fashion of their patriarch's garments, but his simple manners, his active philanthropy, his mild forbearance, his pure and persevering charity, thinking no evil, taking no praise."

"The Americans are very good talkers, and admirable listeners; understand perfectly the exchange of knowledge, for which they employ conversation and employ it solely. They have a surprising stock of information, but this runs little into the precincts of imagination; facts form the ground work of their discourse. They are accustomed to rest their opinion on the results of experience, rather than on ingenious theories and abstract reasoning; and are always wont to overturn the one, by a simple appeal to the other. They have much general knowledge, but are best read in philosophy, history, political economy, and the general science of government. The world, however, is the book which they consider most attentively, and they make a general practice of turning over the pages of every man's mind that comes across them: they do this very quietly, and very civilly, and with the understanding that you are at perfect liberty to do the same by them. They are entirely *mauvaise honte*.

"The constant exercise of the reasoning power gives to their character and manners a mildness, plainness, and unchanging suavity, such as are often remarked in Europe in men devoted to the abstract sciences. Wonderfully patient and candid in argument, close reasoners, acute observers, and original thinkers, they understand little play of words, or as the French more distinctly express it, *badinage*. The people have nothing of the poet in them, nor of the *bel esprit*. On the other hand, they are well informed and liberal philosophers, who can give you in a half hour more solid instruction and enlightened views, than you could receive from the first *corps littéraire et dramatique* of Europe by listening to them a whole evening. It is said that every man has his forte, and so, perhaps, has every nation: that of the American is certainly good sense; this sterling quality is the current coin of the country, and it is curious to see how immediately it tries the metal of other minds. In truth, I know no people who will sooner make you sensible of your own ignorance."

"It was finely answered by an American citizen to an European who, looking round him, exclaimed, 'Yes; this is all well. You have all the vulgar and the substantial, but I look in vain for the ornamental. Where are your ruins and your poetry?' 'There are our ruins,' replied the Republican, pointing to a revolutionary soldier who was turning up the glebe; and then extending his hand over the plain stretched before them, smiling with luxuriant farms and little vallies, peeping out from beds of trees—'There is our poetry.'

"There is something truly sublime in the water scenery in America; her lakes, spreading into the inland seas, their vast, deep and pure waters, reflecting back the azure of heaven, unstained with a cloud; her rivers, collecting the waters of hills and plains interminable, rolling their massy volumes for thousands of miles, now broken into cataracts to which the noblest cascades of the old hemisphere are those of rivulets, and then sweeping down their broad channels to the far off ocean, the treasures of a world.—The lakes and rivers of this continent seem to despise all foreign auxiliaries of nature or art, and trust to their own unassisted majesty to produce effect upon the eye and the mind; without alpine mountains or moss-grown ruins, they strike the spectator with awe.—Extent, width, depth—it is by these intrinsic qualities that they affect him; their character is one of simple grandeur: you stand upon their brink or traverse their bosom, or gaze upon their rolling rapids and tumbling cataracts, and acknowledge at once their power and immensity, and your own insignificance and imbecility. Occasionally you meet with exceptions to this rule. I recall at this moment the beautiful shores of the Passaic; its graceful cascades, its wall of wooden hills, and rich and varied landscape, all

spread beneath a sky of glowing sap-phires; a scene for Claude to gaze upon. These north western waters, however, have nothing of this variety; you find them bedded in vast level plains, bordered only by sable forests, from which the stroke of the axe has just startled the panther and the savage."

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VARIETIES.—In our last we gave our readers a charming delineation of private character from the pen of Miss Wright. The following anecdotes illustrative of the nation, and some of its brightest ornaments, are equally gratifying to the pride of our hearts, as Americans. She thus describes the circumstances of the mutiny of the Pennsylvania line, in the seventh year of the revolutionary war.

"Fainting under the united hardships of military duty, and deficient of food and clothing, they withdrew from the body of the army, demanding that which their officers had not to give, the immediate supply of their necessities. To awe them into obedience, Gen. Wayne presented his pistols; they pointed their bayonets at his breast.—'We love and respect you, but if you fire, you are a dead man. We are not going to the enemy; but are determined on obtaining our just rights.' They withdrew in good order, with their arms and field pieces to a neighboring town, committed no devastations but persisted in their demands. Congress dispatched some of its members to the mutineers, but before these arrived emissaries from the enemy appeared among them. 'Unconditional terms were offered; gold, preferment, and the immediate cover and assistance of a body of royal troops, already on their march towards them.' Their reply was the instant seizure of their evil tempers, whom they sent immediately under a guard from their own body to the same general who had pointed his pistols at their lives. At the appearance of the Congress's commissioners, their grievances were stated, and redressed: but when president Reed offered them a hundred guineas from his private purse as a reward for their fidelity in having surrendered the spies, the sturdy patriots refused them. 'We have done a duty we owed to our country, and neither desire nor will receive any reward, but the approbation of that country for which we have so often bled.' A country peopled by such men, might be overrun, but could not be subdued."

TECUMSEH.

A gentleman from one of the north-western states related a few days since the following anecdote, as illustrative of the sense of honor and devoted sentiments which characterize many of the Indian warriors.

Several years ago, at a treaty held with some Indian tribes at Vincennes, in Indiana, at which the celebrated Tecumseh was present, general Harrison acted as one of the commissioners on the part of our government. A bowler had been erected in a field adjoining the town for the meeting of the parties. Before the council was opened, Gen. Harrison handed several chairs to the American officers and gentlemen who were present before he offered one to Tecumseh. On handing him one, the haughty warrior thrust it aside; and surveying those around him with a mingled expression of pride and contempt, threw himself in a reclining posture on the ground. Gen. Harrison endeavored to soothe him, and through the interpreter, asked whether he intended to offend his Great Father?—"My father!" said the indignant chief, "the Sun is my father, and the EARTH is my mother, and I will repose myself on her bosom."

Albany Statesman.

Remedy against lying.—A Chinese silversmith, to whom the English gave the name of Tom Workwell, brought home some *silver spoons*, as he called them, to a captain of a ship, who had ordered them. The gentleman suspecting that his friend Tom had played him a trick, common in China, of adding no small quantity of tutenague to the usual proportion of alloy, taxed him with the cheat, which he denied with the strongest asseverations of his innocence. The captain then told him, that he had brought with him a famous water, called *lie water*, which being placed on the tongue of a person suspected of telling an untruth, if the case were so, burned a hole in it; if otherwise, the party escaped with honor, and unhurt. Tom, thinking it a trick, readily consented; upon which,

with much form, a single drop of aqua fortis was put upon his tongue; he instantly jumped about the room in violent pain, crying out, 'Very true, half tutenague, half tutenague,' in hopes that confessing the fact, might stop the progress of the *lie water*, which, from the pain he felt, he had some reason to think possessed the quality ascribed to it. Several Europeans who were present, and who had bought different pieces of plate from him, now put similar questions to him; and he confessed that it had been his constant practice, to add a very large quantity of tutenague to every article made in his shop, for which, during the continuance of the pain, he promised ample reparation.

LAUGHABLE SKETCH OF THE LAW.

Law! law! law! is like a fine woman's temper; a very difficult study. Law is like a book of surgery; a great many terrible cases in it. Law is like fire and water; very good servants, but very bad when they get the upper hand of us. It is like a homely genteel woman, very well to follow: It is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. And again, it is like bad weather, most people choose to keep out of it. In law there are four parts: the quidlibet, the quodlibet, the quid pro quo, and the sine qua non. Imprimis, the quidlibet, or who began first? Because, in all actions of assault, the law is clear, that *probis jokus*, is *absolutis maris*, *sine jokus*: which being elegantly and classically rendered into English, is, that whatsoever he be that gave the first stroke, it was absolutely ill and without a joke. Secondly, the quodlibet, or the damages; but that the law has nothing to do with, only to state them; for whatever damages ensue, they are all in client's perquisites, according to the ancient Norman motto: if he is cast, or castandrum, he is "semper ruinandum." Thirdly, quid pro quo, feeling counsel; giving words for money, or having money for words; according to that ancient Norman motto: "Sicurat lex," we live to perplex. Fourthly, the sine qua non, or, without something, what would any thing be good for? Without a large fee, what would be the out lines of the law?

MODERN MANNERS.

CONVERSATION.

It is said that the emptiest vessels make the greatest noise. Don't let that deter you from making a free exercise of your lungs. It is conducive to your health. Therefore, in every conversation, however trivial it may be, be sure to bawl as loud as possible.

Many people imagine that he who talks the least on the subject is the weaker party; therefore, by vociferating as loud and as fast as possible, you will be thought to have the better of the argument by the generality of your hearers, especially if properly interlarded with oaths.

Always whisper what you call secrets in company, whether you are in possession of any or not. It shews the openness of your disposition.

When you mean to introduce an interesting story, make out a kind of preface about an hour's length, by way of impressing on your hearers the pleasure they are about to receive. If they should be disappointed, that is not your fault, you did your best; and so much time has been passed away at least to your own satisfaction.

Introduce as many episodes and digressions into your narrative as you can possibly contrive to bring in.

Loud laughter at, you don't know what, is a fine auxiliary in company, when your stock of reason is exhausted; this expedient never fails to carry down all before you.

When a person is in the midst of an interesting relation, discover great impatience, by various signs and tokens, to show you are prepared for a contradiction.

In all conversations studiously avoid brevity. If you have a good thing to say, the more you make of it the better; hence modesty and diffidence should be disregarded in polite company, as conceit and assurance will be sure to come off conquerors. The former hinders you from saying what you ought on any subject: the latter makes you say a great deal more. Then surely the preference should be given to the latter.

Some old fashioned people have thought a good stock of attentive reading very necessary to carry on an interesting conversation; but thanks to modern discoveries, we have got the better of these prejudices: all that is now necessary, is never to put a sentinel on your tongue; nature has made it for motion; and though some may esteem reservedness and silence virtues, you will find, by the mere dint of assurance and loud discourses, about any thing that strikes your fertile imagination, you will be considered a very useful, acceptable, and communicative gentleman; at the same time be sure to let your hands and arms assist your tongue at every marked period; pay no regard to giving a back handed blow to those near you, every two or three minutes. It revives their attention to the topic on which you are giving your liberal sentiments.

It shews great civility and attention, to

point blank contradict another when he labors under a momentary mistake.

Religious.

FROM THE GEORGIAN.

ON THE TERRORS OF DEATH.

Death has ever been termed the king of terrors and the terror of kings; and its tyrannical sway is a most important subject of deep meditation. This grim tyrant closes the scene of our present existence, and puts an end to all our worldly projects and imaginary schemes of happiness. What have mankind so great a reluctance and aversion to? It readily may be answered, nothing! The very thought terrifies, and therefore is diverted as much as possible, as too awful and gloomy, to make way for the gay and more sprightly images. And to this it is undoubtedly owing, that so many behave with so little decency, so little of manly firmness and courage under the immediate apprehensions of it. If without regarding the consequences of death, we consider it only as an unavoidable event, but at the same time shocking to nature, it is certainly wisdom to render it intimate and familiar to the mind, that its horrors being diminished by frequent and close conversation with it, we may submit with becoming resignation, to the appointment of an all wise Providence, and to the universal law of mortality. This will be an unspeakable happiness to ourselves, in that critical hour, when every thing around us has a melancholy aspect, and the spirits are faint and languid; it is honorable to human nature, and represents it in an advantageous light; it has a natural tendency to encourage and comfort those who serve us, and inspire them with a generous contempt of death. But, to be unprepared for what we know will certainly happen, and for want of due reflection upon it, to meet it, when it does happen, with trembling and confusion, is an argument of weakness and pusillanimity; it debases the dignity of our nature, and makes it appear despicable; it is a reproach to our religion, as if its principles were not strong enough to support us under those special exigencies, in which their influence is most desirable, and, without it, tends to dispirit others, and to propagate and increase those enslaving fears which render men absolutely unfit for *undertaking* and accomplishing many noble designs of the utmost importance to society. There is indeed a great deal in men's natural formation and constitution:—some are of bold and daring spirits, that scarce any thing can depress and control; while others are of such fearful, and suspicious tempers, as to be alarmed by every imagination of danger; and to such, it may be next to impossible to compose and quiet their minds, in the near view of dissolution. But most certain it is, that if any thing will enable a man to behave in his last moments with tolerable calmness and resignation, it is the using himself to meditate on his departure hence, its necessity, and the folly of repining or struggling against the fixed and unalterable laws of Providence; and above all, on the glorious rewards of piety and true goodness in the future life, in comparison of which, all worldly glory and pleasure are insignificant and trifling.

But this leads me to a subject of still deeper reflection: "The awful consequences of death." And not to contemplate these, with the greatest concern, with the strictest attention, must argue unaccountable stupidity, that we are hardened even against a sense of our true interest. For the future state is the only fixed and proper scene of happiness or misery. It therefore demands our chief regard, if we act merely on principles of reason and common prudence; and this life can be but of little importance, any otherwise than as, by the appointment of the wise Author of Nature, it is connected with and preparatory to it. Besides, our meditating on the state of good and bad men hereafter, will furnish us with the most encouraging motives to the practice of religion and universal righteousness, and the most powerful persuasives from vice and impurity. For we can none of us, surely, be so *rash* as to *resolve* to persist in dissolute courses, with shame and remorse, misery and ruin, full in view. And nothing can so effectually disarm death of its terror, or administer such consolation and support in the prospect of it, as this thought, that it opens a passage for us into eternal life, and the enjoyment of blessedness and glory inconceivable.

F.