

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



FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

Our readers will readily recognize in the following jeu d'esprit a pen that has often lent its relief to our columns.

THE BLUE STOCKING.

A SKETCH.

Her Leghorn hat was of the warm gold tint
That setting sunbeams give to summer clouds;
The ribbon that encircled it as blue
As spots of sky upon a moonless night,
When stars are keeping revelry in heaven.
There was one little ringlet of her hair
That fell beneath her hat—It was as smooth
And dark as down upon the raven's wing.
The kerchief that was o'er her shoulders flung,
And veiled her bosom's purity, was woven
Of every color the first rainbow wore
When it came, smiling in its hues of beauty,
A promise from on high to a wet world.
Her robe seemed of the snow just fall'n to earth,
Pure from its home in the far winter clouds,
As white as spotless,—and around her waist
(You might have spanned it with your thumb
and finger)
A girdle of the hue of Indian pearls
Was twined, resembling the faint hue of water
That follows the swift bark o'er quiet seas.
Her face I saw not—but her shape, her form,
Was one of those with which creating bards
People a world of their own fashioning;
Forms for the heart to love and worship ever;
The visiting angels of our twilight dreams.
Her foot was loveliest of created things,
Small as a fairy's on a moonlit leaf,
Listening the wind-harp's music—small as her's
Who left her wedded Oberon, to love
Nick Bottom, weaver—(who can blame her for it?
I love him too, good natured, honest soul)
But 'twas that foot which broke the spell, alas!
Its stocking had a deep, deep tinge of blue.
I turned away in sadness, and passed on. C.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

The Gipsies.

FROM THE NEW-YORK LITERARY REPOSITORY.
[Concluded from our last.]

No human creatures can live with more indifference to social honour and disgrace, than the Gipsies; nor any, more emphatically without God in the world: yet, worthless as life is without any moral enjoyment, the mere sense of physical existence endears it to them. No great interest is attached to their lives; no hazard, care, nor hope: consequently, they can suffer no fear, vexation, nor despair. A Gipsy is never known to commit suicide. When one of a company dies, the survivors bewail him with the most intemperate grief; and when one falls under the sentence of capital punishment, (no very uncommon case,) he sometimes makes a ludicrous resistance to the execution of the law. The only sense of honor they ever indicate, respects those of their own fraternity. "A man once requested that he might not be hanged with his face towards the high road; saying, "Many of his acquaintance passed that way, and he should be very much ashamed to be seen by them hanging on a gallows."

The Gipsies have nothing like acknowledged principles of internal government. In all associations of men, however, it uniformly happens, that one or more individuals are elevated, by their understanding, above the rest; and when differences arise, or any common difficulty involves the society, the superior minds will be regarded as those most capable of directing or delivering the more humble and inefficient: and if they assume no direction, the welfare of their fellow-men will be entrusted, from the very sense of blindness or weakness, to their presumptive intelligence and power.

The first title of a Gipsy Chief on record, that of Duke, appears only to have been adopted by them in imitation of civilized people, and has long ago been dropped. The Gipsies in England give no titles to their leaders; but those of Hungary and Turkey designate their chiefs by the title of Waywode. The principal authority of this great man, is in the disposal of what may be stolen. Every time a Gipsy brings in a booty, he gives account of it to the Arch-Gipsy, who divides it as he thinks fit. "To choose their Waywode, the Gipsies take the opportunity when a great number of them are assembled in one place, commonly in the

open field. The elected person is lifted up three times, amidst the loudest acclamations, and confirmed in his dignity by presents: his wife undergoes the same ceremony.—Every one descended from the family of a former Waywode, is eligible; but those who are best clothed, not very poor, of large stature, and about the middle age, have the preference. Understanding, or wise conduct, is of no consideration: therefore, it is easy to distinguish the Waywode from the multitude, by his size and clothing."

Though the Gipsies retain their own language, they have no letters. They understand the language of the countries where they live; and the few that can read and write, of necessity confine their learning to their adopted language. They observe no religious rites as their own; but, as the whim takes them, they pretend to be Mahomedans, Roman Catholics, or Protestants. No sect, however, has any confidence in such proselytes: and though they are sometimes permitted to wear the white turban in Turkey, they are never freed from the payment of the charadsch, (the poll-tax, from which converted Jews are absolved,) because no reliance is placed on their sincerity.

The Gipsies, then, are a people without religion, without letters or science, without property, without settled habitations, without civil rights, and without ordinary rules or motives of action.—There are between 7 and 800,000 of them scattered over Europe, exclusive of those of Egypt and Asia. What a difference would it make in the sum of human happiness, if these idlers, beggars and thieves, were honest, laborious, intelligent members of society! We cannot but be struck with the cruel and blind policy of governments in respect to these wretched creatures. England, Italy, Spain, France and Germany, Denmark and Sweden, have severally excluded them from the protection of the state, and all the privileges of citizens; indeed, from those of rational beings: nor has any community ever yet held out to them that knowledge, which might break up their bad habits, afford them motives to a contrary course, and procure them means to pursue it. The millions of these miserable men, who have lived and died in their ignorance and sins, have afforded multiplied occasions to the enlightened and the generous, to reclaim waste places in human society; and as they exist at present, they are genuine objects of that mercy which characterizes the gospel. Nor does it characterize the written word only; it is taking an acknowledged place in the public sentiment of all countries; and it ought, and we hope one day will, lay at the foundation of all legislative and municipal measures. But we would not forget, that the "quality of mercy is not strained;" it does not compass sea and land to find objects,

"But droppeth like the gentle dew of Heaven,
Upon the place beneath."

We are aware, that in the concern we have felt for the beggars of Europe, we have strayed from that principle of utility we commend—that of confining our rewards to those we may benefit. Still, this slight sketch of a peculiar people, may be instructive; if it does not appeal to any feeling of personal or local interest, the philanthropist is not unconcerned with it. It induces a grateful spirit in us, that we live in a land unincumbered with a supernumerary population under insurmountable moral and legal disabilities; and it should induce concern and care for such of the indigent and unfortunate among ourselves, as the provision of society has not favored with means of knowledge and usefulness. Such, whoever they are, victims of vice, or bad example, or neglected education, are those whom the enlightened and the kind are born to bless, and whom they are taught to encourage and to aid—by him who was not only the friend of the righteous, but the deliverer and benefactor of the sinner. No degree of guilt in a human being, should entirely cut him off from human kindness. As long as the intellectual and moral character is not wholly corrupt, (and who can ascertain when all capabilities of goodness are extinct?) the redeeming principle may be resuscitated, and become operative. A certain degree of suffering necessarily accrues from transgression; this result is ordained by God: but let his creatures leave the measure to him, who has constituted himself sole avenger; and while they strictly preserve the safety of society, also cherish the latent virtue of the offending. A lamp

to the feet, and a light to the path, will reclaim many of the devious and benighted; and the legislator or the philosopher who has no pity for the ignorant, and for them who are out of the way, makes no just use of his powers, and has no just sense of the infirmity with which he himself is compassed.

LORD CHANCELLOR BACON.

FROM THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

Amongst the foremost in the ranks of the fawning, treacherous, and corrupt courtiers that surrounded James the First, we discover with pain one of the greatest men that our country or the world has ever produced. The friends of science must ever regret that this character should apply to so sublime a genius as Lord Bacon.

The proceedings in the case of Peacham show that there never was a more deliberate enemy to the liberties of his country, nor stauncher supporter of tyranny, even to its extreme verge.—This unfortunate man was put to the torture, tried, convicted, and condemned as a traitor, for certain passages said to be treasonable in a sermon which was never preached, nor intended to be so, but only found in writing on the occasion of his torture is still preserved. It is in the hand writing of secretary Winwood, and states that he had been examined "before torture, in torture, between torture, and after torture," and "that nothing could be drawn from him, he still persisting in his obstinate and insensible denials." This monument of tyranny is signed, among others, by Bacon; and as a fit associate in so barbarous a procedure, also by Sir Jervis Elwis, Lieutenant of the Tower, who was condemned and executed two years afterwards for being an accessory to the detestable and treacherous murder of sir Thomas Overbury.

The case of Wraynham, who was punished by the Star Chamber for slandering Lord Bacon, by accusing him of injustice, is still more melancholy and instructive. He had a cause in chancery on which his all depended, against sir Edward Fisher; and, after expending his whole fortune, and that of several compassionate friends who assisted him, he had at last obtained from Lord Bacon's predecessors in the chancery a favorable judgment; which Lord Bacon thought proper, without any cause assigned, to reverse.—Wraynham applied for justice to the King, presenting him with a statement of his case, conveyed in language which, if reprehensible, was at least pardonable in a man in his unhappy situation. The King handed over the imprudent supplicant to the Star Chamber. The lords asked him how he dared to speak in the manner which he had done of so pure and upright a character as the Lord Chancellor?—Wraynham replied by the following simple and affecting statement:

"In making this appeal, I mustered together all my miseries; I saw my land taken away which had been before established unto me; and after six and forty orders, and twelve reports made in the cause; nay, after motions, hearings, and rehearings, fourscore in number, I beheld all overthrown in a moment, and all overthrown without a new bill preferred. I discerned the representation of a prison gaping for me, in which I must from henceforth spend all the days of my life without release; for in this suit I have spent almost 3000*l.* and many of my friends were engaged for me, some injured, others undone; and with this did accompany many eminent miseries likely to ensue upon me, my wife and four children, the eldest of which being but five years old; so that we, that did every day give bread to others, must now beg bread of others, or else starve, which is the miserablest of all deaths; and there being no means to move his majesty to hear the cause, but to accuse his lordship of injustice; and all these moved me to be sharp and bitter, and to use words, though dangerous in themselves, yet, I hope, pardonable in such extremities."

Mr. Sergeant Crew, on the part of the crown, by way of aggravating Mr. Wraynham's guilt, pronounced a most splendid eulogium on the Lord Chancellor, whose talents and integrity as a judge were such, he said, that it was a "foul offence" to traduce him. The learned Sergeant further observed, that at all events, the prisoner could not accuse the Lord Chancellor of corruption: "for thanks be to God, he has always despised riches, and set honor and justice before his eyes; and where

the magistrate is bribed, it is a sign of a corrupted state."

The result of the business was, that the chamber imposed a fine on Wraynham, which completely ruined him.

Now mark the sequel! Two years after the sacrifice of this unfortunate man and his family to the purity of Lord Chancellor Bacon, his lordship was accused and convicted by his own confession of bribery and corruption, and gave in to parliament under his own hand, a list of the bribes which he had received during the period of his filling the office of Lord Chancellor. In that list how revolting it is to perceive a bribe received in this very case, from the miserable Wraynham's opponent in the suit which reduced his family to beggary, and condemned himself to spend the remainder of his days in a jail!

We extract the annexed compliment to American Literature from a new production of the celebrated Dugald Stewart of Edinburgh. It forms a note to the Second part of his First Dissertation exhibiting a General View of the Progress of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political Philosophy, since the revival of Letters in Europe. This Dissertation is prefixed to the new Supplement to the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, of which the fifth volume, containing the second part, has just been received in Philadelphia. The favorable opinion of a man so illustrious and exalted in the world of letters, is to be valued. But it is evident, from the strain of his remarks, that he is but imperfectly acquainted with the real progress of literature in the United States. We do not see why an acquaintance with the philological researches of the Germans was not to be expected in these States for many years to come.

[National Gazette.]

"While this Dissertation was in the press, I received a new American publication, entitled 'Transactions of the Historical and Literary Committee of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for Promoting Useful Knowledge.' Vol. I. (Philadelphia, 1819.) From an advertisement prefixed to this volume, it appears that, at a meeting of this learned body in 1815, it was resolved, 'That a new committee be added to those already established, to be denominated the Committee of History, Moral Science, and General Literature.' It was with great pleasure I observed that one of the first objects to which the committee has directed its attention is to investigate and ascertain, as much as possible, the structure and grammatical forms of the languages of the aboriginal nations of America. The report of the Corresponding Secretary, (Mr. Duponceau,) dated January, 1819, with respect to the progress then made in this investigation, is highly curious and interesting, and displays not only enlarged and philosophical views, but an intimate acquaintance with the philological researches of Adelung, Vater, Humboldt, and other German scholars. All this evinces an enlightened curiosity, and an extent of literary information which could scarcely have been expected in these rising States for many years to come.

"The rapid progress which the Americans have lately made in the art of writing has been remarked by various critics, and it is certainly a very important fact in the history of their literature. Their state papers were, indeed, always distinguished by a strain of animated and vigorous eloquence; but as most of them were composed on the spur of the occasion, their authors had little time to bestow on the niceties, or even upon the purity, of diction. An attention to these is the slow offspring of learned leisure, and of the diligent study of the best models. This, I presume, was Gray's meaning, when he said, that 'good writing not only required great parts, but the very best of those parts;' a maxim which, if true, would point out the state of the public taste with respect to style, as the surest test among any people of the general improvement which their intellectual powers have received; and which, when applied to our Transatlantic brethren, would justify sanguine expectations of the attainments of the rising generation."

Religious.

SMALL FAULTS.

EXTRACT FROM HANNAH MORE.

Procrastination, is reckoned among the most venial of our faults, and sits so lightly on our minds, that we scarcely apologize for it. But who can assure us, that had not the assistance we had resolved to give to one friend under distress, or the advice to another under temptation, to-day been delayed, and from mere sloth and indolence been put off till to-morrow, it might not have preserved the fortunes of the one, or saved the soul of the other?

It is not enough that we perform duties, we must perform them at the right time. We must do the duty of every day in its own season. Every day has its own imperious duties; we must not depend upon to-day for fulfilling those which we neglected yesterday, for to-day might not have been granted us. To-morrow will be equally peremptory in its demands; and the succeeding day, if we live to see it, will be ready with its proper claims.

Indecision, though it is not so often caused by reflection as by the want of it, yet may be as mischievous, for if we spend too much time in balancing probabilities, the period for action is lost. While we are ruminating on difficulties which may never occur, reconciling differences which perhaps do not exist, and poising in opposite scales things of nearly the same weight, the opportunity is lost of producing that good, which a firm and manly decision would have effected.

Idleness, though itself "the most unperforming of all the vices," is however the pass through which they all enter, the stage on which they all act. Though supremely passive itself, it lends a willing hand to all evil, practical as well as speculative. It is the abettor of every sin, whoever commits it, the receiver of all booty, whoever is the thief. If it does nothing itself, it connives at all the mischief that is done by others.

Vanity is exceedingly misplaced when ranked, as she commonly is, in the catalogue of small faults. It is under her character of harmlessness that she does all her mischief. She is indeed often found in the society of great virtues. She does not follow in the train, but mixes herself with the company, and by mixing mars it. The use our spiritual enemy makes of her is a master stroke. When he cannot prevent us from doing right actions, he can accomplish his purpose almost as well "by making us vain of them." When he cannot deprive the public of our benevolence, he can defeat the effect to ourselves by poisoning the principle. When he cannot rob others of the good effect of the deed, he can gain his point by robbing the doer of his reward.

Peevishness is another of the minor miseries. Human life, though sufficiently unhappy, cannot contrive to furnish misfortunes so often as the passionate and the peevish can supply impatience. To commit our reason and temper to the mercy of every acquaintance, and of every servant, is not making the wisest use of them. If we recollect that violence and peevishness are the common resource of those whose knowledge is small, and whose arguments are weak, our very pride might lead us to subdue our passion, if we had not a better principle to resort to. Anger is the common refuge of insignificance. People who feel their character to be slight, hope to give it weight by inflation. But the blown bladder at its fullest distension is still empty. Sluggish characters, above all, have no right to be passionate. They should be contented with their own congenial faults. Dullness, however, has its impetuosities and its fluctuations as well as genius. It is on the coast of heavy Bœotia that the Euripus exhibits its unparalleled restlessness and agitation.

Trifling is ranked among the venial faults. But if time be one grand talent given us in order to our securing eternal life; if we trifle away that time so as to lose that eternal life, on which by not trifling we might have laid hold, then will it answer the end of sin. A life devoted to trifles not only takes away the inclination, but the capacity for higher pursuits. The truths of Christianity have scarcely more influence on a frivolous than on a profligate character. If the mind be so absorbed, not merely with what is vicious, but with what is useless, as to be thoroughly disinclined to the activities of a life of piety, it matters little what the cause is which so disinclines it. If these habits cannot be accused of great moral evil, yet it argues a low state of mind, that a being, who has an eternity at stake, can abandon itself to trivial pursuits. If the great concern of life cannot be secured without habitual watchfulness, how is it to be secured by habitual carelessness? It will afford little comfort to the trifier, when at the last reckoning he gives in his long negative catalogue, that the more ostensible offender was worse employed. The trifier will not be weighed in the scale with the profligate, but in the balance of the sanctuary.