

Poetry.

Address to the readers of the *Catskill* (N. Y.)
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Triumphant Time! thy wayward course began
Ere young creation's bloom was fresh and new—
When to illumine the heritage of Man
The light of Eden sparkled on the view—
When earth was fair, and every breeze that blew
Across her bosom murmured gently by
Full-fraught with fragrance; ere the tempest flew
In fearful gloominess to veil the sky,
To shroud its beams and hide its golden dye.

Then Man was happy, innocent and young—
His hope unclouded as the heaven above;
Then angel women to his bosom clung,
And awakened all her witchery of love—
She came from heaven like the Almighty dove
To win his soul with seraph tenderness,
Her flowery bonds of bliss she interwove
To bind his spirit in her fond caress,
And life was blessed, bright and sorrowless.

Then, then, oh Time! thy wing was waving light
To fan the flowers that beautified thy way—
Then was existence teeming with delight,
And sparkling in a gay and glorious day—
Then was the spirit, in its mortal clay,
Breathing as with a pure celestial glow;
But sin and sorrow came in dread array
To blight the buds and lay the blossoms low,
And earth became a hermitage of woe.

Ah! mournful change—that paradise, so fair,
So beautiful and bonny in its bloom,
And glorious spring, and primal freshness—there
Came Melancholy in her shroud of gloom,
And Care to waste, to wither, and consume
The aching spirit in untimely blight—
Then bent the soul of Man beneath its doom,
When Innocence and Virtue took their flight
And left the world involved in Sorrow's night.

Yet still hath Man a ray of bliss on earth—
The garden of his life hath still a hue—
While shines his morning in its hour of mirth,
Cloudless and white, and robed as yet in blue—
That gem of paradise, so fair to view,
Is fond Affection's first and purest spring,
When each emotion of the heart is true,
Ere Hope hath lost her buoyancy of wing,
Or the cold world hath brought its withering.

Oh, ever dear and hallowed be the hour
When angel Love descends on rosy wing,
To cull the blossoms in life's young May-bower,
And lull the anguish of Affliction's sting—
Oh, ever-blessed be that holy spring
Whence flow the streams of love and faithfulness
In purest waves of gentle murmuring,
Shedding a balm on every rude distress—
Fountains of bliss in the world's wilderness!

Oh, ever dear and hallowed be the hour!
Let youth enjoy it ere its sweets are fled;
Ere the dark storms of destiny shall lower
And break in rude commotion o'er the head;
When the fierce shaft of misery hath sped
Unto the breast, and griefs are gathering rife,
The memory of its blessings shall be shed,
A beam of gladness on the world of strife!
A rainbow on the shrouded sky of life!

Subduer Time!—stern conqueror of all—
Avenger of the follies of mankind!
Pride, honor, power and grandeur own thy thrall,
And are by thee to nothingness consigned—
But canst thou master the immortal mind?
There, all in vain dust then thy fury pour;
Its march is onward—free and unconfin'd—
Such as the Roman annals showed of yore,
And such as glorified the Grecian shore.

Oh, there was glory's consecrated clime,
Where Sappho breathed and where Anacreon
sang,
Where genius flourished in the olden time,
And dwelt upon the Athenian's gifted tongue,
His, who the thunderbolts at Philip flung,
And urged his countrymen the right to dare—
Where heaven itself a Homer's lyre had strung
With chords that echoed sweetly on the air,
As if the melody of heaven was there!

And there was Valor's spirit, proud and high,
Which shone resplendent on the cloud of war,
Where Mars himself poured forth his battle-ery
And lashed the coursers to his blood-dyed car,
As shone the ray of conquest from afar,
The beacon of each hero, on whose eye
It beamed a guiding and a natal star,
Like Israel's fiery pillar, streaming high
And blazing bright athwart the Egyptian sky!

There fell the Spartan—fearlessly he fell,
And smiled in the red agony of death—
Yea, there was triumph in his battle-knell
And victory in every ebb of breath—
Undying glory twined the laurel wreath
Round the lone cypress that o'er shades the grave,
Memorial of the one who slept beneath,
Of him whose life-blood poured forth like the
wave—

The young—the proud—the generous—the
brave!

Undying glory!—Man may pass away
Like the light bubble floating on the stream,
Like the expiring blossom of a day,
Or the frail dew drop in the sunny beam—
Yes, short and transitory is his dream
Of youthful love, joy's evanescent hour,
Of hope's beguiling and bewitching theme;
But when the storms of fate and ages lower,
Glory defies and mocks their baleful power.

For this, all time hath hallowed the high name
Of Helle's chieftain, and of those who led
The bold ten-thousand of immortal fame
Thro' slaughter's fields, o'er heaps of Persian
dead—
And of that brave Miltiades, who sped
Even as a lion from the forest lair,
To hasten where war's banner was outspread
And waving like a silver cloud in air,
To try the bloody strife, to fight—to triumph
there.

For this, the unfauling light of glory smiles
On the blue Dardanelles, and on the bay
Where in their beauty spread Ionia's Isles,
Washed and enwreathed around by ocean's
spray—
For this, eternal summer sheds her ray
On high Parnassus, and that Helicon
Where the Muse charmed her bewitching lay
In days of yore—that melody is gone—
And those loved bowers are desolate and lone.

Yes, here—oh, here the scythe of Time hath
swept,
The torch of Time hath gone abroad to burn,
And here, for many an age, hath genius slept,
But not unobscured, in the noiseless urn—
Still doth the eye with kind expression turn
To that illustrious and all hallowed clime,
The light of former ages to discern,
When genius flourish'd in its lofty prime,
And the mind sprung triumphant over Time!

And thus it is—Kingdoms may fall in dust—
The coronals of empire may decay—

The sceptre perish, and the helmet rust,
And power and proud dominion pass away—
These are the transient baubles of a day—
But the mind glows in its immortal bloom,
And genius sheds an unextinguished ray
Upon life's scenes of dreariness and gloom,
Victorious over Time—victorious o'er the tomb!

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

There is, as Cicero observes, a common bond of union between the Arts and Sciences; and among those Arts particularly, which designate advanced civilization, there is a close and intimate analogy. What is poetry, but articulate music? what is music, but articulate poetry? Painting is mute eloquence, and eloquence is painting that speaks.

They grow and flourish together; born of sensibility, nursed by taste, impelled by enthusiasm, and gazing on immortal heights they brighten the path of nations, up the ascent of fame. In mere physical strength, man is surpassed by the brute.—In physical duration a grain of dust survives him.—In material beauty, he cannot vie with the lowliest flower.—In happiness even, unelevated by sympathy, and unrefined by intelligence, he does surpass an oyster.

It is mind that achieves for him all that he can rationally desire, and innocently enjoy.—Literature and the Arts worship and minister on the altar of truth, where Genius lights his everlasting flame.

The growing progress of the Arts in this country, indicates an increased sense of the proper objects of national pursuit. What is wealth, if the rays of intellect beam not upon it, and melt it into generosity? What is beauty, if mind light it not with expression, and elevate it with dignity? What is life, if unilluminated by imagination, and unadorned by taste, but a tiresome monotonous repetition of blank and profitless occurrences?

The elegant employment of leisure, is the best security of virtue. When the mind is full of beautiful forms, the heart will teem with honorable emotions. Pictures are moral lessons—they reprove in silence, and therefore we listen to them—their instruction is sweet, and therefore we receive it cheerfully.

The Paintings of Mr. Trumbull, authorized by Congress, embracing the grandest events in modern history, prove the just sensibility of the nation on this subject. The *Court of Death* is another successful appeal by an American Artist, to the good taste and feelings of his countrymen.—And to these there will soon be added, from the pencil of Mr. Morse, a view by candle-light, of the interior of the *American Representative Hall*, including resemblances of one or more of the Members from each of the States. The Paintings of ALSTON, VANDERLYN, and SULLY, grace already the galleries of the rich and tasteful, and it is hoped that talents of every kind, may always be welcome in the country which produced them.

FROM THE HAVERTHILL GAZETTE.

MUSIC.

Is there a heart, that Music cannot melt?

BEATTIE.

It is an acknowledged fact, that harmony of sounds produces an agreeable effect on the human frame. It greatly tends to soothe the passions; and exalt and purify the affections; dissipate melancholy; and has a powerful tendency to produce equanimity of temper, amid the crossing incidents of life. These are facts amply corroborated by those most subject to its gentle power. The plaintive strains of a flute, wafted to my ears by the gentle zephyr, in a mild summer's evening, never fail to chase away every perturbed emotion, which might at that moment disturb my peace of mind. If such be the effect of a single instrument, how powerful must be the effect of that exquisitely toned instrument, the organ, in the hands of a skilful performer, accompanied by the melodious voices of men and women.

But to prove more clearly, the wonderful power which music possesses over the passions, the following facts are subjoined. One writer observes, that "Music contributes to the health both of body and mind, by aiding the circulation of the humours, accelerating the motion of the blood, dilating the vessels, and promoting insensible perspiration." Mr. Gibbon, in the last volume of his history of the De-

cline and Fall of the Roman Empire, observes, "Experience has proved that mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honor." At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, while the British forces were retreating in great confusion, the general complained to a field officer of the bad behaviour of his troops. Sir, answered he, with warmth, you did very wrong in forbidding the Scotch pipes to play this morning; nothing encourages Highlanders so much in a day of action; even now they would be of use—Let them blow then like the devil, replied the general, if it will bring back the men. The pipes were ordered to play a favorite martial air. The Highlanders, the moment they heard the music, returned, and formed with alacrity in the rear. Stradella, a celebrated violin player, of Naples, while playing a favorite air, made so strong an impression on the mind of a young lady, that he gained her heart, and went off with her to Rome. His rival followed, with a determination to be revenged; but hearing him play at a church, he forgot his revenge, and wrote back to her friends, that he had quitted the city. The last I shall mention, is that of Palma, a Neapolitan. He was surprised in his house by one of his creditors, who demanded payment, in the most injurious language. Palma made no reply, but sang a favorite tune.—The creditor listened to it. Palma sang another, and accompanied it with his harpsichord; and observing those parts which made the most impression on the heart of his creditor, he at length subdued him; payment of the money was no longer demanded; he asked him to lend him an additional sum, to extricate him from some pecuniary embarrassment, and it was immediately granted.

But we need not recur to recent facts, or profane history, to convince the most incredulous of its efficacy.—Whoever will peruse with attention the sentiments inculcated by the sweet songster of Israel, must feel his heart glow with exultation, while influenced by such heavenly attractions. It is a subject of regret, that no greater pains are taken to improve the taste of those who take the lead in many of our churches. I would wish that my feeble pen might excite the attention of those on whom this pleasing duty more particularly devolves. The joy which would thereby diffuse itself through the countenances of humble worshippers, would attest the importance of a still greater improvement in this divine employment. It would, at least, excite much satisfaction in the mind of one whose nerves have often been shocked by the unintelligible jargon of self-taught performers.

HANDEL.

ANECDOTE OF PRINCESS BENEVENTO.

Mr. Francis was a man of considerable abilities. He was a very superior classical scholar. Strong resentment was a leading feature in his character. I have heard him avow this sentiment more openly and more explicitly than I ever heard any other man avow it in the whole course of my life. I have heard him publicly say in the house of commons, "Sir Elijah Impey is not fit to sit in judgment on any matter where I am interested, nor am I fit to sit in judgment on him." A relation of the ground of this ill-will may be amusing. Mrs. Le Grand, the wife of a gentleman in the civil service in Bengal, was admired for her beauty, for the sweetness of her temper, and for her fascinating accomplishments. She attracted the attention of Mr. Francis. This gentleman, by means of a rope-ladder, got into her apartment in the night. After he had remained there about three quarters of an hour, there was an alarm; and Mr. Francis came down from the lady's apartment by the rope-ladder, at the foot of which he was seized by Mr. Le Grand's servants. An action was brought by Mr. Le Grand against Mr. Francis, in the Supreme Court of Justice in Calcutta. The Judges in that Court assess the damages in civil actions without the intervention of a Jury. The gentlemen who at that time filled this situation, were sir Elijah Impey, Chief Justice, sir Robert Chambers and Mr. Justice Hyde. I was intimate with the first and the third from early life, having lived with them on the Western Circuit. On the trial of this cause, sir Robert Chambers thought that, as no criminality had been proved, no damages should be

given. But he afterwards proposed to give thirty thousand rupees, which are worth about three thousand pounds sterling. Mr. Justice Hyde was for giving a hundred thousand rupees. I believe that Mr. Hyde was as upright a Judge as ever sat on any bench; but he had an implacable hatred to those who indulged in the crime imputed to Mr. Francis. Sir Elijah Impey was of opinion, that although no criminal intercourse had been proved, yet that the wrong done by Mr. Francis to Mr. Le Grand in entering his wife's apartment in the night, and thereby destroying her reputation, ought to be compensated with liberal damages. He thought the sum of thirty thousand rupees, proposed by sir Robert Chambers, too small; and that proposed by Mr. Hyde of one hundred thousand, too large. He therefore suggested a middle course, of fifty thousand rupees. This proposal was acquiesced in by his two colleagues. When Sir Elijah Impey was delivering the judgment of the Court, my late friend, Mr. Justice Hyde, could not conceal his eager zeal on the subject; and when sir Elijah named the sum of fifty thousand rupees, Mr. Justice Hyde, to the amusement of the bystanders, called out, "Siccus, brother Impey;" which are worth eleven per cent. more than the current rupees. Perhaps this story may not be thought worthy of relation: but it gave occasion to that animosity, which Mr. Francis publicly avowed against sir Elijah Impey; and the criminal charge, afterwards brought against him in the House of Commons, was the offspring of that animosity. I will follow up this anecdote, by mentioning the consequences of the action brought by Mr. Le Grand. The lady was divorced; she was obliged to throw herself under the protection of Mr. Francis for subsistence. After a short time she left him, and went to England. In London she fell into the company of *M. Talleyrand Perigord*. Captivated by her charms, he prevailed on her to accompany him to Paris, where he married her, and thus the insult which this lady received from Mr. Francis, and the loss of reputation, which was perhaps unjustly the consequence of that insult, eventually elevated her to the rank of *Princess Benevento*.

THE ROBBER—A FRAGMENT.

The following, selected from a paper published in Boston, is said to be founded on fact. "The wearied animal can proceed no further," said the Doctor as he stopped his horse at the turnpike inn. He entered the bar room, inwardly cursing the bad roads, which prevented his reaching Salem before night, and seated himself before the blazing fire. Gloomy were his meditations, which became more so at the entrance of two men, whose faces presented to his disturbed imagination, pictures of fierce ambition. "Six hundred dollars," thought he, "why did I bring it with me? and to proceed alone—but perhaps they may not be robbers—perhaps they will not overtake me; at any rate, I will proceed." After an inspiring draught, the journey recommenced, and tremblingly alive is the Doctor to each little noise. Ha! a robber—and with the deadly weapon aimed at that head which has so often directed the councils of the Commonwealth. And shall a life so precious to the nation be sacrificed for a little pelf? Shall one fell blow deprive the country of a hero and a statesman? No—"Take my money, and spare my life," exclaims the son of Galen, and cast his pocket book at the ruffian's feet. He waits for no reply, but applies the lash to his jaded steed. The welcome glare of light soon flashes on the Doctor's eyes. Assistance is procured, and a full pursuit of the robber commenced. They reached the scene of villainy—and, *monstrum horrendum!* the terrific bandit still maintained his post. The weapon of death still extended, and the robber had not stooped to raise the booty which lay at his feet. A pump, with the handle frozen in a horizontal position, was found to have been mistaken by the sapient Doctor for a murderous highwayman.

Pleasure.....It was the remark of Langier, formerly a physician at the court of Vienna, that "at twenty-five, we kill pleasure; at thirty, we enjoy it; at forty, we husband it; at fifty, we hunt after it; and at sixty, we regret it!"

"If religion be the star you sail by, doubt not of a good voyage; at least, you are sure of a good harbor."

Religious.

SOLITUDE.

Solitude is essential to the Christian. Our Lord himself has given us an example of occasionally retiring from the world, when he spent nights on the mountain in reflection and prayer.—Holy men in all ages have followed his example. They have assured us that they have made their attainments in the life of the soul, during their hours of lonely retirement, in unwitnessed meditation, in unpartaken musing, in whispered prayer. In such hours they have recovered that sense of the value of divine things, which the world had made them forget; they have restored that sensibility of conscience, which intercourse with mankind had blunted; they have gained new life to those affections, which had been deadened by the excitement of other affections in the company of men;—and then they have returned to the active duties of their calling, prepared to pursue them with fresh ardor and diligence, and to combat temptation with increased strength. Every one, indeed, who has had any experience at any time of the genuine influence of religion on his soul, must be aware how much his zeal, and steadfastness, and comfort, and improvement, have been owing to his solitary hours, and how these have languished and gone from him, in proportion as he has neglected a reasonable retirement, and suffered himself to be engrossed in the cares of the world.

It may be assured as a maxim amongst Christians, that he who ceases to have any time to himself, will cease to improve as a religious man. The spirit within him will be dying away, the warmth of his heart will be waxing cold, the beautiful regularity of his affections and dispositions, which were once the source of his choicest peace, and that devout frame of contemplation and heavenly-mindedness, which was once to him as the fore-castle of Heaven, will be passing from him, and he will gradually become a different man. He may still, in a cold, calculating way, show fidelity to his worldly trusts, and be obedient to the demand of his several stations in life; but he cannot continue, like a disciple of Jesus, his heart glowing with holy feeling, and his mind enlarged, interested and elevated by habitually acting in sight, as it were, of invisible and infinite things.

As a religious man, therefore, he ceases to improve. He never retires from the world, and the world by degrees monopolizes all his thought and concern.—*Christian Disciple.*

"Life is short: the poor pittance of 70 years is not worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbor lies interred in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence. Look behind you through the tracks of time, a vast desert of unnumbered ages lies open in the retrospect: through this desert have your forefathers journeyed on, until wearied with years and sorrows, they sunk from the walks of man. You must leave them where they fell, and you are to go a little further, where you will find eternal rest. What ever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, be not dismayed. The universe is in endless motion; every moment big with innumerable events, which come not in slow succession, bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence." BLAIR.

Good causes are not always conducted by good men. A good cause may be connected with something that is not good—with party, for instance. Party often does that for virtue, which virtue is not able to do for herself; and thus the right cause is promoted and effected by some subordinate, even by some wrong motive. A worldly man, connecting himself with a religious cause, gives it that importance in the eyes of the world, which neither its own rectitude nor that of its religious supporters had been able to give it. Nay the very piety of its advocates—for worldly men always connect piety with imprudence—had brought the wisdom, or at least the expediency of the cause into suspicion, and it is at last carried by a means foreign to itself. The character of the cause must be lowered (we had almost said it must in a certain degree be deteriorated) to suit the general taste, even to obtain the approbation of that multitude for whose benefit it is intended. HANNAH MORE.