

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



THE LAST SONG.

Supposed to be sung by a young and innocent girl,
who feels herself dying of long cherished and
undisclosed love.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Must it be?—Then farewell,
Thou whom my woman's heart cherished so long:
Farewell! and be this song
The last, wherein I say "I loved thee well."

Many a weary strain
(Never yet heard by thee) hath this door breath
Uttered, of Love and Death,
And maiden grief, hidden and hid in vain.

Oh! if in after years
The tale that I am dead shall touch thy heart,
Bid not the pain depart;
But shed, over my grave, a few sad tears.

Think of me—still so young,
Silent, tho' fond, who cast my life away,
Daring to disobey
The passionate Spirit that around me clung.

Farewell again! and yet,
Must it indeed be so—and on this shore
Shall you and I no more
Together see the sun of the Summer set?

For me, my days are gone!
No more shall I, in vintage times, prepare
Chaplets to bind my hair,
As I was wont: oh 'twas for you alone!

But on my bier I'll lay
Me down in frozen beauty, pale and wan,
Martyr of love to man,
And, like a broken flower, gently decay.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

Come to my heart, thou stricken deer!
The world has aim'd its shaft at thee;
There is a welcome shelter here,
There are no enemies with me.
Thou art too fair and delicate,
To bide the cold and pelting storm;
Oh! fly the world, that can but hate
The brighter cheek, and fairer form.

Fly to my heart, thou mourning dove,
And seek a refuge in my nest;
I'll fold around my wings of love,
And hush thy beating pulse to rest.
I heard the death-shot in the wood,
I saw the fowler clip thy wing;
Thy ruffled wings are dropp'd with blood,
But terror here no hand shall bring.

Come to my home, thou bleeding heart!
And trust thy woes to me alone;
For thou may'st all thy griefs impart,
And I will take them as my own.
I have a healing balm for thee,
To stanch thy blood, and soothe thy pain;
For, kindly touch'd by sympathy,
Thy wound shall never bleed again.

The world may scorn thee, if they please,
But I will dare to love thee still;
Beneath these darkly sheltering trees,
I'll guard thee safe from every ill.
For I have found thee kind and true,
A tender heart, a melting soul,
And still I see thine eye of blue,
As brightly and as purely roll.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER.

THE BURIED ALIVE.

I had been for some time ill of a low
and lingering fever. My strength
gradually wasted, but the sense of life
seemed to become weaker. I could
see by the looks of the doctor that he
despaired of my recovery; and the
soft and whispering sorrow of my
friends taught me that I had nothing
to hope.

One day towards the evening, the
crisis took place. I was seized with a
strange and indescribable quivering;
a rushing sound was in my ears. I saw
around my couch innumerable strange
faces; they were bright and visionary,
and without bodies. There was light
and solemnity, and I tried to move,
but could not. For a short time a ter-
rible confusion overwhelmed me, and
when it passed off, all my recollection
returned with the most perfect distinct-
ness, but the power of motion had de-
parted. I heard the sound of weeping
at my pillow; and voice of the nurse
say, "he is dead." I cannot describe
what I felt at these words. I exerted
my utmost power of volition to stir
myself, but I could not move even an
eyelid. After a short pause, my friend
drew near; and sobbing, and convulsed
with grief, drew his hand over my face,
and closed my eyes. The world was
then darkened, but I still could hear,
and feel, and suffer.

When my eyes were closed, I heard
by the attendants that my friend had
left the room, and I soon after found
the undertakers were preparing to habi-
tate me in the garments of the grave.—
Their thoughtlessness was more awful
than the grief of my friends. They
laughed at one another as they turned
me from side to side, and treated what
they believed a corpse with the most
appalling ribaldry.

When they had laid me out, these
wretches retired, and the degrading
formality of affected mourning com-
menced. For three days, a number
of friends called to see me. I heard
them in low accents speak of what I
was; and more than one touched me
with his finger. On the third day
some of them talked of the smell of
corruption in the room.

The coffin was procured, I was lifted
and laid in; my friend placed my head
on what was deemed my last pillow,
and I felt his tears drop on my face.

When all who had any peculiar inter-
est in me had for a short time look-
ed at me in the coffin, I heard them
retire; and the undertaker's men plac-
ed the lid on the coffin, and screwed it
down. There were two of them pres-
ent; one had occasion to go away be-
fore the task was done. I heard the
fellow who was left begin to whistle
as he turned the screw nails; but he
checked himself and completed the
work in silence.

I was then left alone; every one
shunned the room. I knew, however,
that I was not yet buried; and though
darkened and motionless, I had still
hopes; but this was not permitted long.
The day of interment arrived. I felt
the coffin lifted and borne away. I heard
and felt it placed in the hearse. There
was a crowd of people around; some
of them spoke sorrowfully of me.—
The hearse began to move. I knew
that it carried me to the grave. It
halted, and the coffin was taken out. I
felt myself carried on shoulders of
men, by the inequality of the motion.
A pause ensued. I heard the cords
of the coffin move. I felt it swing as
dependent by them; it was lowered,
and rested on the bottom of the grave;
the cords were dropped upon the lid.
I heard them fall. Dreadful was the
effort I then made to exert the power
of action, but my whole frame was im-
movable.

Soon after, a few handfuls of earth
were thrown upon the coffin; then there
was another pause; after which the
shovel was employed; and the sound
of the rattling mould, as it covered me,
was far more tremendous than thunder.
But I could make no effort. The
sound gradually became less and less,
and by a surging reverberation in the
coffin, I knew the grave was filled up,
and that the sexton was treading in the
earth, slapping the grave with the flat
side of his spade. This, too, ceased,
and then all was silent.

I had no means of knowing the lapse
of time; and the silence continued.—
This is death, thought I, and I am
doomed to remain in the earth till the
day of resurrection! Presently the bod-
y will fall into corruption, and the ep-
icurean worm, that is only satisfied
with the flesh of man, will come to
partake of the banquet that has been
prepared for him with so much solici-
tude and care. In contemplation of
this hideous thought, I heard a low and
under sound in the earth over me, and
I fancied that the worms and the rep-
tiles of death were coming; and the
mole and the rat of the grave would
soon be upon me. The sound continued
to grow louder and nearer. Can
it be possible, I thought, that my friends
suspect they have buried me too soon?
The hope was truly like lightning
bursting thro' the gloom of death.

The sound ceased, and presently I
felt the hands of some dreadful being
working about my throat. They drag-
ged me out of the coffin by the head.
I felt again the living air, but it was
piercingly cold; and I was carried
swiftly away—I thought to judgment,
perhaps perdition.

When borne to some distance, I was
thrown down like a clod: it was not
upon the ground. A moment after I
found myself on a carriage; and, by
the interchange of two or three brief
sentences, I discovered that I was in
the hands of two of those robbers who
live by plundering the grave, and sell-
ing the bodies of parents, and children,
and friends. One of the men sung
snatches and obscene songs, as the
cart rattled over the pavement of the
streets.

When it halted I was lifted out, and
I soon perceived, by the closeness of
the air, and change of temperature, that

I was carried into a room; and being
rudely stript of my shroud, was placed
naked on the table. By the conversa-
tion of the two fellows with the servant
who admitted them, I learnt that I was
that night to be dissected.

My eyes were still shut, I saw noth-
ing; but in a short time I heard by the
bustle in the room, that the students of
anatomy were assembling. Some of
them came around the table, and exam-
ined me minutely. They were pleased
to find that so good a subject had been
procured. The demonstrator at last
himself came in.

Previous to beginning the dissection,
he proposed to try on me some galvan-
ic experiment, and an apparatus was
arranged for that purpose. The first
shock vibrated through all my nerves;
they rung and jangled like the strings
of a harp. The students expressed
their admiration at the convulsive ef-
fect. The second shock threw my
eyes open, and the first person I saw
was the doctor who had attended me.
But still I was as dead. I could, how-
ever, discover among the students the
faces of many with whom I was famil-
iar; and when my eyes opened, I heard
my name pronounced by several of the
students, with an accent of awe and
compassion and a wish that it had been
some other subject.

When they had satisfied themselves
with the galvanic phenomena, the de-
monstrator took the knife and pierced
me on the bosom with the point. I
felt a dreadful crackling, as it were,
throughout my whole frame; a convul-
sive shuddering instantly followed,
and a shriek of horror rose from all
present. The ice of death was broken
up; my trance ended. The utmost
exertions were made to restore me, and
in the course of an hour I was in the
full possession of all my faculties.

NOCTURNAL INCREASE OF SOUNDS.

Humboldt endeavors to account for
the increase of sounds during the night,
from observing that the presence of
the sun affects the propagation and in-
tensity of sound by the obstacles op-
posed to its transmission by currents
of air of different densities and partial
undulation—the result of the unequal
heating of various parts of the earth's
surface. In air at rest, whether it be
dry, or mixed with elastic vapours e-
qually distributed through it, the sono-
rous undulation is propagated without
difficulty. But when this air is cross-
ed in every direction by small currents
of a warmer temperature, the sonorous
undulation divides into two waves, at
the spot where there is the most sud-
den change in the density of the me-
dium; thus producing partial echoes,
which weakens the body of sound, be-
cause one of the sonorous waves is re-
flected back upon itself. The theory
of these partitions of sonorous waves
has been explained by M. Poisson.—
It is not, therefore, the motion of the
passage of the particles of air from be-
low upwards, nor the small oblique
currents of this fluid that we consider
as opposing, by impulse, the propaga-
tion of the sonorous waves. A stroke
or impulse impressed on the surface
of the liquid will form circles around
the impinging centre, even when the
liquid is in agitation. Several kinds of
waves may cross in air, as well as in
water, without interfering with each
other; but the true cause of the less
intensity of sound in the day time ap-
pears to be the want of homogeneity
in the elastic medium. There is at
this time a sudden change of density
throughout, produced by small currents
of air, of a high temperature, rising
from portions of the earth's surface
that are unequally heated. The sono-
rous waves are then divided in the
same manner as luminous rays are re-
fracted, and from a *mirage* of sound
wherever strata of air of unequal den-
sity are contiguous. A distinction
must be kept between the *intensity* of
sound or of light, and the *direction* of
the sonorous or luminous wave.—
When these waves are propelled across
strata of different densities two simul-
taneous effects will be produced—there
will be a change in the direction of the
wave, and extinction of light or sound.
The reflection that accompanies each
refraction weakens the intensity of
light; the separation of the sonorous
waves causes partial echoes, and that
portion which returns on itself becomes
insensible to our ear, in weak noises
at the spot where the density of the
medium suddenly changes. In the
mirage with double images, that which
has undergone refraction contiguous to
the earth is always weaker than the di-
rect image. Strata of fluids, of very
different density, may be so alternate,

that the primitive direction of the lu-
minous or the sonorous ray will remain
the same, but the intensity of the ray
will be not the less weakened on that
account. During the night the surface
of the earth cools; the parts covered
with grass, or with sand take the same
temperature; the atmosphere is no
longer crossed by currents of hot air,
rising obliquely or vertically in every
direction. The medium being now
become more homogeneous, the sono-
rous wave passes with less difficulty,
and the intensity of sound increases,
as the separations of the sonorous
waves and echoes becomes less fre-
quent. [New Monthly Mag.]

We feel more anxiety, says the *National Gazette*, about the progress of
the Greek arms against the brutal do-
minion of the Turks, than in regard
to any part of European affairs. A
mind conversant with the history of
the Morea, in its ancient intellectual
grandeur, and its modern abasement,
must be strongly excited by a contest
which, if successful, might induce a
splendid regeneration.—The following
lines of Warton finely recal the past,
and portray the recent, situation of
that country, which the great poten-
tates of Christian Europe, the ostensi-
ble patrons of science and the arts,
abandon to its fate in a desperate strug-
gle with the implacable enemies of the
cross and of lettered refinement.

Greece! how I kindle at thy magic name,
Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame,
Thy scenes sublime and visions rise,
In ancient pride, before my musing eyes.
Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
While just Lycurgus pours the mild harangue;
There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,
Shrink at her fated hero's flashing spear.
Here hung with many a lyre of silver string,
The laureate valleys of Ilissus spring;
And lo, where rapt in beauty's heavenly dream,
Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd Academe.
Yet ah! no more the land of arts and arms,
Delights with wisdom, or with virtue wars,
Lo! the stern Turk, with more than Vandal rage,
Has blasted all the wreaths of ancient age;
No more her groves for Fancy's feet are trod,
Each Attic grace has left the lov'd abode.
Fall'n is fair Greece! by Luxury's pleasing bane
Seduc'd, she drags a barbarous foreign chain.

ANECDOTE.

Related by Mr. Jefferson in a letter of the 4th
of December, 1818.

When the declaration of independ-
ence was under the consideration of
Congress, there were two or three un-
lucky expressions in it, which gave of-
fence to some members. The words
"Scotch and other auxiliaries," excited
the ire of a gentleman or two of that
country. Severe strictures on the
conduct of the British king, in nega-
tivating our repeated appeals of the law
which permitted the importation of
Slaves, were disapproved by some
Southern gentlemen, whose reflections
were not yet matured to the full abhor-
rence of that traffic. Although the of-
fensive expressions were immediately
yielded, those gentlemen continued
their depredations on other parts of
the instrument. I was sitting by Dr.
Franklin, who perceiving that I was
not insensible to the mutilations, "I
have made it a rule," said he, "when-
ever it is in my power—to avoid be-
coming the draughtsman of papers to
be reviewed by a public body. I took
my lesson from an incident which I
will relate to you. When I was a
journeyman printer, one of my com-
panions, an apprentice hatter, having
his time, and was about to open shop
for himself. His first concern was to
have a handsome signboard with a
proper inscription. He composed it
in these words: "John Thompson,
Hatter, makes and sells hats for ready
money," with the figure of a hat sub-
joined. But he thought he would sub-
mit it to his friends for their amend-
ment. The first he shewed it to,
thought the word 'hatter' tautologous,
because followed by the words 'makes
hats,' which shewed he was a hatter.
It was struck out.—The next observed
that the word 'makes' might as well be
omitted, because his customers would
not care who made the hats, if good
and to their mind, they would buy, by
whomsoever made.—He struck it out.
A third said he thought the words
'for ready money' were useless, as it
was not the custom of the place to sell
on credit; every one who purchased
expected to pay. They were parted
with, and the inscription now stood
'John Thompson sells hats, Sells hats?'
says his next friend; 'why nobody
would expect you to give them away.
What then is the use of that word?'
It was stricken out, and 'hats' follow-
ed it, the rather, as there was one
painted on the board, so his inscrip-
tion was reduced ultimately to 'John
Thompson,' with the figure of a hat
subjoined.

Religious.

INDIFFERENCE IN RELIGION.

Indifference to eternal things, in-
stead of tranquilizing the mind, as it
professes to do, is, when a thoughtful
moment occurs, a fresh subject of un-
easiness; because it adds to our peril
the horror of not knowing it. If shut-
ting our eyes to a danger would pre-
vent it, to shut them would not only
be a happiness, but a duty; but to bar-
ter eternal safety for momentary ease,
is a wretched compromise. To pro-
duce this delusion, mere inconsidera-
tion is as efficient a cause as the most
prominent sin. The reason why we
do not value eternal things is, because
we do not think of them. The mind
is so full of what is present, that it has
no room to admit a thought of what is
to come. Not only we do not give
that attention to a never-dying soul
which prudent men give to a common
transaction, but we do not even think
it worth the care which inconsiderate
men give to an inconsiderable one.—
We complain that life is short, and
yet throw away the best part of it, on-
ly making over to religion that portion
which is good for nothing else; life
would be long enough if we assigned
its best period to its best purpose.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

LUTHER.

MARTIN LUTHER, born at Esleben,
in Saxony, 1483, being educated at the
university of Erford, at twenty years
old, commenced M. A. and professed
philosophy. And then entering into
the college of Augustine Monks, by
diligently reading a Latin Bible, and
Augustine's works, he was enlightened
and confirmed in the doctrine of justifi-
cation by faith. Having been made
presbyter, he was A. D. 1508, sent to
the university of Wittenburg, after
which being sent to Rome, in behalf of
his convent, upon his return, he was by
the elector's appointment made Doctor
of Divinity, and explaining the epistle
to the Romans, refuted justification by
works, and applied to the study of
Greek and Hebrew. The Pope's In-
dulgence being brought into Germany
to be sold, he published positions a-
gainst them, the university joining
with him, and the elector defending
him; going to Heidelberg, before the
Chapter of Augustin friars, he admir-
ably defended justification by faith.
Being summoned to appear at Rome,
the elector prevailed with Cajetan, the
Pope's legate, to give him the hearing
at Augsburg, where Luther offering to
maintain his doctrine, was not suffered,
and so returned. The Elector being
again required to deliver him, further
acquainting himself with his doctrine,
refused, unless he were convicted of
error. About which time Luther had
a disputation at Leipsic with Eckius;
after which, the Pope publishing his
Bull against Luther, and his adherents,
it was torn in pieces in many places,
and Luther daily seeing more of the
wickedness and errors of Rome, ex-
communicated the Bull and its authors,
appealing to a general council. Com-
ing to the diet at Worms (under pro-
tection) refusing to recant, he was by
the emperor proscribed; whereupon he
was concealed at Wartsburg, at which
time the Mass was abolished at Wit-
temburg. A. D. 1522, he printed his
translation of the Testament, and
sometime after married, A. D. 1528.
A diet at Nuremberg disannulled the
edict of Worms against Luther. Two
years after, the Protestant princes pre-
sented their Confession of Faith, com-
posed by Luther, at the diet of Augs-
burg. After which, means were used
to reconcile him with the Switzer di-
vines, but without success. After his
great labours, being called about busi-
ness into his own country, falling sick,
he prayed for the preservation of the
Gospel; blessed God for revealing
Christ to him, and in confidence of
eternal life, commended his spirit into
the hands of God, A. D. 1546, at the
age of 62. He foretold several things,
was powerful in prayer, liberal, and
condemned this world, courteous and
grave, a sharp sight, great and invinci-
ble mind.

THE PASSIONS.

Our passions, when under the guidance
and control of reason, may be compared to those
gentle breezes, whose agitations add a charm to
nature; but, when let loose, they become like
the storms and whirlwinds which tear up all be-
fore them, and scatter ruin and destruction
around.

He that waits for an opportunity of acting his
revenge, watches to do himself a mischief.