

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



FROM THE FRANKLIN GAZETTE.

STANZAS,

On visiting the battle ground of Saratoga.

Where the foemen in conflict have met,
Where the scimitar hurled afar;
On the plains which their life crimson wet,
The heroes have rush'd to the war!
Saw ye not the proud banneret gory,
The flag of the patriot, free—
The meteor exhaling to glory,
It shone, SARATOGA, on thee!

'Twas the hour when dimly the star
Of America glimmered on night—
When the death-drum and bugle, afar,
Call'd the chieftain away to the fight.
The PLEDGE of MANKIND to recover,
The champions of freedom arose—
Till oppression was scatter'd, should never
The sword in its scabbard repose.

With devotion the traveller here,
O'er the relics of valor would tread;
He gives to their prowess the tear,
It moistens the place of the dead.
Rever'd be the incense—'tis holy!
Ever green be the warrior's grave;
Columbia! cherish the glory,
That haloes the deeds of the brave.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

LOVE AMONG THE BIRDS.

Love stray'd into an aviary,
For Love is fond of melody;
They brought him out the birds to see,
That Love might choose for You and me.

A mocking bird at first they bring,
The harlequin of birds that sing;
But counterfeits will ne'er agree,
So said Love, with You and me.

The lark his early summons gave,
That wakes to toil the peasant slave;
But morning dreams before him flee;
'Twas do, said Love, for You and me.

The humming bird, with dancing wing,
Essay'd to flutter and to sing;
He looks too like Inconstancy,
'Twas do, said Love, for You and me.

They bring him next a turtle dove,
The bird of soul, the bird of love;
The dove, said Love, so fond and true,
Is just the thing for me and You.

A quill from his soft wing I drew,
These verses round his neck I threw;
Kiss the sweet herald, when you see,
And he will bring Your kiss to me.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

STATE OF FEMALE SOCIETY IN EGYPT.

[From Mr. Belzoni's Account of the women of Egypt, Nubia, and Syria.]

"Having heard so much of Turks and Arabs, I took the opportunity, while in Egypt, to observe the manners of women in that country. On our arrival at Assouan, I went to visit the women of the Aga of that place. I was met at the door by himself, his wife, his sister, her husband, two young children, three old women, uglier than Macbeth's witches, and an old negro slave. I entered into a small yard, and a deal chair was brought me. The Aga went out, and the women then stood round me, while the husband of Aga's sister made coffee and prepared a pipe, which he presented me, not allowing the women to touch it. He durst not trust them with any thing, as he knew of their monkeyish tricks whenever he turned his back. He seemed to pride himself much on his great knowledge of the world, by correcting the rough curiosity of the women, when they attempted to examine my dress too rudely.

"I made a sign I wished them to sit down, and in particular that the wife should take coffee with me, but he treated them very harshly, made me understand that coffee would be too good for them and said water was good enough; at the same time he held the coffee-pot, pressing me to drink more: on my refusing, he locked it up in a small room, that the women might not drink it. By this time I had been so much among the women in Egypt, and compelled to smoke, that I could easily finish my half pipe. After having smoked for some time I laid it down; one of the women took it up and began to smoke: on seeing such a horrid profanation, he took it from her with violence, and was going to beat her, which I naturally prevented. He filled it

again, and offered it to me; but, as I did not wish to smoke any more, he went and carefully locked it up, making me understand when I wanted it, it was at my service. I must confess I felt hurt to see the distinction he made, but afterwards I saw the necessity of so doing.

"They always behaved to me not only with respect, but humility; so that their roughness seems not directed towards women in general; and I have often heard them remark to me, that if they treated these women as I was treated, they would become quite unruly.

"A short time afterwards the Aga came in, and inquiring if they had served me with coffee and pipe, he went to his treasury and brought out some dirty bruised grapes, as a great treat, which he presented me, the poor women looking with wishful eyes towards the basket. In the impulse of the moment I took it, and offered them to his wife, and then to the rest, who all refused; and, though they did not dare to take any themselves, yet they pressed me to eat, and seemed astonished when, on account of their dirt, I only took one bunch. I kept the grapes in my hands for some time, before I could muster resolution to eat them. I began at last, one by one, trying to wipe them in an handkerchief without their perceiving it; but I was mistaken, for their eyes were fixed upon me very closely. An old woman saw what I was doing, and ran and fetched me a burdock of water. I did not ask for water at first, as I was afraid to do any thing to offend them.

"I now gave my little present of beads and a looking glass, which contained a drawer. The beads pleased them, and the glass, being the largest they had ever seen, and made to stand by itself, was to them a matter of astonishment. To describe the tricks the women played with it, tearing it from each other, and setting it in any way but the right, would be thought a caricature. I at first attempted to show them the right way to use it, but there is no other method with those women than letting them have their own way: and I believe it is pretty well so in more civilized countries, or I am much mistaken. When the wife perceived they had got the glass out of its frame, she put it in a little room, and locked it up with the beads.

"On the man coming in, they began to prepare for cooking the dinner for the Aga, which consisted of a dish of Bamia, boiled in mutton broth, poured over bread, with a little mutton, and some minced meat, mixed up with rice into balls: what other ingredients might be mixed shall by me be nameless: the cleanliness of this preparation I have not cloquence to describe; the horror I felt at the idea that I should be obliged to eat it, was more than my English stomach could reconcile at that moment. They brought me all the dishes before they took them out to the Aga, and Mr. B. was to dine with him. The first was the bamia, which I refused, but I took a piece of the boiled mutton, as being the cleanest, with some bread: that would not do, the wife took some of the minced meat and rice in her hands, and insisted on my eating it, making me understand it was the best. At last all was carried to the Aga. I was then served with the customary coffee and pipe. The house, or rather stable, consisted of four walls, which had the sky for its ceiling, inclosing two small rooms, one in which the Aga used to keep the treasure locked, such as coffee, coffee-cups, tobacco, &c.; the other was the wife's, and contained all their great wardrobe, besides bread, onions, flour, dhourra, oil, and many other things of the kind. The furniture consisted of water jars, sieves to clean the corn and sift the flour, a few earthen pots to cook in, some wooden bowls to eat out of, an oven, and some burdock for cooling water, a small coffee-pot, and old mats to lie on. I took my leave, giving the children and women a small present of money, promising to call and see them on my return. Next morning another wife of the Aga sent me word that she should be glad to see me. I felt little inclination to go, but, not wishing to make any distinction between them, I went, and found to my surprise, a very pretty young woman. She lived next door to the other, who got upon the wall to see what passed between us. She had no coffee to give me, but instead presented me with some dates and dhourra in grain. She seemed much afraid of the other wife. Though pretty in my

eyes, she was not thought so by her own people; the other, though old, was considered the greatest beauty in Assouan, on account of her being so extremely fat.—Their hair was plaited after the Nubian custom, adorned with a few gold ornaments, with a plenty of stinking raw fat, and certain bark of a tree beat in powder to make it black, besides giving a horrid perfume, which they consider as a great improvement to their charms; it is not the same powder they use in blacking the eyebrows and eye-lids. I made her a present of some beads, which she tried to hide, and I wished her farewell."

Valerius.

A ROMAN STORY.

The following description of the combats of the Roman Gladiators, is published by the Editor of the London Literary Gazette, as a specimen of the style of the above work, which, he remarks, is evidently written by a hand of the finer order, and is a production of classical intelligence. The scene is of the same kind with the tournament in Ivanhoe, and there are many passages in these volumes which would not disparage the great unknown himself: though we think there are other parts which, even in his most careless mode, he could not have written.

"Such was the enormous crowd of human beings, high and low, assembled therein, that when any motion went through their assembly, the noise of the rising up or sitting down could be likened to nothing, except, perhaps, the far-off sullen roaring of the illimitable sea, or the rushing of a great night wind amongst the boughs of a forest. It was the first time that I had seen a peopled amphitheatre, nay, it was the first time that I had ever seen any very great multitude of men assembled together, within any fabric of human erection; so that you cannot doubt there was, in the scene before me, enough to impress my mind with a very serious feeling of astonishment—not to say of veneration. Not less than eighty thousand human beings, (for such they told me was the stupendous capacity of the building,) were there met together. Such a multitude can no where be regarded, without inspiring a certain indefinable sense of majesty; least of all, when congregated within the wide sweep of such a glorious edifice as this, and surrounded on all sides with every circumstance of ornament and splendour, befitting an everlasting monument of Roman victories, the munificence of Roman princes, and the imperial luxury of universal Rome. Judge then, with what eyes of wonder all this was surveyed by me, who had but yesterday, as it were, emerged from the solitary stillness of a British valley—who had been accustomed all my life to consider as among the most impressive human spectacles, the casual passage of a few scores of legionaries, through some dark alley of a wood, or awe-struck village of barbarians. Trajan himself was already present, but in no wise, except from the canopy over his ivory chair, to be distinguished from the other consul that sat over against him."

"The proclamation being repeated a second time, a door on the right hand of the arena was laid open, and a single trumpet sounded, as it seemed to me, mournfully, while the gladiators marched in with slow steps, each man—naked, except being girt with a cloth about his loins—bearing on his left arm a small buckler, and having a short straight sword suspended by a cord around his neck. They marched, as I have said, slowly and steadily; so that the whole assembly had full leisure to contemplate the forms of a man; while those who were, or who imagined themselves, skilled in the business of the arena, were fixing, in their own minds, on such as they thought most likely to be victorious, and laying wagers concerning their chances of success, with as much unconcern as if they had been contemplating so many irrational animals, or rather, indeed, I should say, so many senseless pieces of ingenious mechanism. The wide diversity of complexion and feature exhibited among these devoted athletes, afforded at once a majestic idea of the extent of the Roman empire, and a terrible one of the purposes to which that wide sway had too often been made subservient. The beautiful Greek, with a countenance of noble serenity, and limbs, after which the sculptors of his country might have modeled their god-like symbols of graceful power,

walked side by side with the yellow bearded savage, whose gigantic muscles had been nerved in the freezing waves of the Elbe or the Danube, or whose thick strong hair was congealed and shagged on his brow with the Scythian or Scandinavian winters.

"Many fierce Moors and Arabs, and curled Ethiopians were there, with the beams of the southern sun burnt in every various shade of swarthy upon their skins. Nor did our own remote island want her representatives in the deadly procession, for I saw among the armed multitude—and that not altogether without some of more peculiar interest—two or three gaunt barbarians, whose breasts and shoulders bore uncouth marks of blue and purple, so vivid in the tints, that I thought many months could not have elapsed since they must have been wandering in wild freedom along the native ridges of some Silurian or Caledonian forest. As they moved around the arena, some of these men were saluted by the whole multitude with noisy acclamations, in token, I supposed, of the approbation where-with the feats of some former festival had deserved to be remembered. On the appearance of others, groans and hisses were heard from some parts of the amphitheatre, mixed with contending cheers and huzzas from others of the spectators. But by far the greater part were suffered to pass on in silence;—this, being in all likelihood the first—alas! who could tell whether it might not also be the last day of their sharing in that fearful exhibition."

"Their masters paired them shortly, and in succession they began to make proof of their fatal skill. At first, Scythian was matched against Scythian—Greek against Greek—Ethiopian against Ethiopian—Spaniard against Spaniard; and I saw the sand dyed beneath their feet with blood streaming from the wounds of kindred hands. But these combats, although abundantly bloody and terrible, were regarded only as preludes to the serious business of the day, which consisted of duels between European on the one side, and Africans on the other; wherein it was the well nigh intransmissible law of the Amphitheatre, that at least one out of every pair of combatants should die on the arena before the eyes of the multitude.—Instead of shrinking from the more desperate brutalities of these latter conflicts, the almost certainty of their fatal termination seemed only to make the assembly gaze on them with a more intense curiosity, and a more inhuman measure of delight. Methinks I feel as if it were but of yesterday, when—sickened with the protracted terrors of a conflict, that seemed as if it were never to have an end, although both the combatants were already covered all over with hideous gashes,—I at last bowed down my head, and clasped my hands upon my eyes, to save them from the torture of gazing thereon farther."

"At that instant all were silent, in the contemplation of the breathless strife; in so much, that a groan, the first that had escaped from either of the combatants, although low and luxuriant, and half suppressed, sounded, quite distinctly amid the deep hush of the assembly, and being constrained thereby to turn my eyes once more downwards, I beheld that, at length, one of the two had received the sword of his adversary quite through his body, and had sunk before him upon the sand. A beautiful young man was he that had received this harm, with fair hair, clustered in glossy ringlets upon his neck and brows; but the sickness of his wound was already visible on his drooping eye-lids, and his lips were pale as if the blood had rushed from them to the untimely outlet. Nevertheless, the Moorish gladiator who had fought with him, had drawn forth again his weapon and stood there, awaiting in silence the decision of the multitude, whether at once to slay the defenceless youth, or to assist in removing him from the arena, if perchance the blood might be stopped from flowing, and some hope of recovery yet extended to him. Hereupon there arose, on the instant, a loud voice of contention; and it seemed to me as if the wounded man regarded the multitude with a proud, and withal a contemptuous glance, being aware, without question, that he had executed all things so as to deserve their compassion, but aware, moreover, that even had that been freely vouchsafed to him, it was too late for any hope of safety. But the cruelty of their faces, it may be, and the loudness of their cries, were a sorrow

to him, and filled his dying breast with loathing.

"Whether or not the haughtiness of his countenance had been observed by them with displeasure, I cannot say; but so it was, that those who had cried out to give him a chance of recovery, were speedily silent, and the Emperor looking round, and seeing all the thumbs turned downwards, (for that is, you know, the signal of death,) was constrained to give the sign, and forthwith the young man, receiving again without a struggle the sword of the Moor into his gashed bosom, breathed forth his life, and lay stretched out in his blood upon the place of guilt. With that a joyous clamour was uplifted by many of those that looked upon it, and the victorious Moor being crowned with an ivy garland, was carried in procession around the arena by certain young men who leaped down for that purpose from the midst of the assembly.

In the mean time, those that had the care of such things, dragged away, with a filthy hook, the corpse of him that had been slain; and then, raking up the sand over the blood that had fallen from him, prepared the place with indifferent countenances, for some other cruel tragedy of the same kind; while all around me the spectators were seen rising from their places, and saluting each other; and there was a buzz of talking as universal as the silence had been during the combat; some speaking of it, and paying and receiving money lost and won upon its issue; some already laughing merrily, and discoursing concerning other matters, even as if nothing uncommon had been witnessed; while others again appeared to be entirely occupied with the martial music which ever struck up majestically at such pauses in the courses of the cruel exhibition; some beating time upon the benches before them, others lightly joining their voices in unison with the proud notes of the trumpets and clarions."

MATHEMATICS.

"Armed with its intelligence, man reduces to system the extended movements of the universe, reduces to order the erratic marches of the planets, brings to measurement their distances, their magnitude, their density, their velocity; explains their apparent irregularities and eccentricities, calculates and determines the all pervading power of gravitation, numbers the stars in the firmament, and metes out the limits of the constellation.

"The mathematics give to geography its precision, and of course all its value; they point out to the mariner his track on the pathless ocean, to the traveller his road through the untrodden wilderness, to the miner his route in his subterranean journey. Many of the arts of civil life, architecture, civil, naval and hydraulic, fortification, surveying, navigation, depend exclusively on their assistance, and most of the machinery that gives to man such stupendous power is formed and guided by their principles. Without their aid, society itself, like some neglected column, or tower, like Palmyra or Babylon, would moulder into ruin."

DR. ELLIOTT.

THOU MUST DIE.

When we bring to mind this awful sentence, which has been passed upon every creature inhabiting this ball of earth, how insignificant appear these low pursuits which agitate the toiling race of men.—He who has been for a series of years building airy castles, and preparing for future years of enjoyment—who has been filling his barns with plenty and stores with abundance;—how is he astonished, when to him is sent this awful summons! His proud projects vanish into emptiness, and more worthless than chaff appear those vast regions of grandeur which had called forth all the energies of his mind.—Not so the Christian, who

"Has made the statutes of the Lord His study and delight."

To him death comes not unlooked for; he knows it is the lot of our frail nature, and he rejoices in it as the road to blessedness. Sustained by the hope of glory, he sinks not under the rendings of pain—the agonies of disease are considered as the price of his passport to a happier state; and, resigned he receives the cup of affliction. The death of the Christian is the revival of faith. Those who stand at the bedside—who behold him throw off the shackles of mortality, his countenance beaming with heavenly smiles, and his lips uttering praise—must surely be convinced that he has followed no "cunningly devised fables"—and even skeptics must be induced to wish, that their latter end might be like his.