

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



FROM THE LIVERPOOL KALEIDOSCOPE.

### A DIALOGUE OF SIMILES.

HE.

Like the moon is woman's heart,  
Still with borrowed lustre shining;  
Like the ivy, woman's art,  
Where it fastens, undermining.  
Like a rock, you may defy  
Truth to shake or reason move her;  
Like the rainbow in the sky,  
Shining when the storm is over.

SHE.

Woman's love is like a rock,  
Firm it stands, though storms surround it;  
Like the ivy on the oak,  
In its ruin clinging round it;  
Like the moon dispelling night,  
Woman's smile illumines sorrow;  
Like the rainbow, pledge of light,  
Harbinger of joy to-morrow.

HE.

Like a picture, where you find  
Truth and reason's fair resemblance;  
So deceitful woman's mind,  
Mocks us with a mimic semblance.

SHE.

Like a picture truly fine,  
Half her beauty distance covers;  
Touches of a hand divine  
Every nearer view discovers.

HE.

Like the roses of the brake,  
Thorns in ev'ry blossom shrouded;  
Like the bosom of the lake,  
By every passing shadow clouded.

SHE.

Like the roses of the brake,  
Precious, though their bloom has faded;  
Like the bosom of the lake,  
Pure itself, by others shaded.

HE.

Shrinking from the win'try blast,  
Bird of passage, like the swallow;  
When the summer season's past,  
Woman's love will quickly follow.

SHE.

Like the swallow, while she's seen,  
Pleasure's blossoms never wither;  
Herald of a sky serene,  
Woman brings the summer with her.

HE.

Like the reckless mountain tide,  
Every rock the current changing;  
Like the bird that must be tied,  
If you would prevent its ranging.

SHE.

Like the stream upon the hill,  
Unconfined it runs the purer;  
As the bird, a cage would kill,  
But kindness wins, and love secures her.

HE.

Like the sun dispersing light,  
On the fool and wise in common;  
Undistinguishingly bright,  
Is the smile of faithless woman.

SHE.

Like the sun, dispersing light,  
Life and joy to all that's human;  
Ever fixed, and warm, and bright,  
Is the smile of faithful woman!

### Literary Extracts, &c.

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

### Highland Anecdotes.

FROM THE NEW (LONDON) MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

#### The Raid of Chillechrist.

Bordering clans, like surrounding nations, were never upon terms of hereditary concord. Vicinity produces rivalry, and rivalry produces war: for this reason the Mac Donnells and the Mac Kenzies were never long without some act of hostility or feud; firing houses, driving herds, raising rents, and slaughtering each others clansmen, were feats of recreation which each was equally willing to exercise upon his neighbour; and if either was more deficient than the other, it was more from want of opportunity, than lack of good will. Among all the exploits which were thus occasioned between the two clans, none was more celebrated, nor more fearful, than the burning of the Chillechrist (Christ's Church); it gave occasion and name to the pibroch of the Glencarrie family, and was provoked and performed in the following manner. In the course of a long succession of fierce and sanguinary conflicts, the Mac Lelans, a race who were followers of the Mac Kenzies, took occasion to intercept, and assassinate the eldest son of Donald Mac Angus of Glencarrie. Donald died shortly after, and his second son, who succeeded to the chieftaincy of the clan, was too young to under-

take the conduct of any enterprise to revenge the death of his brother: his cousin, however, Angus Mac Raonuill of Lundi, acted as his captain, and gathering the Mac Donnells, in two separate raids, swept off the rents from the greater part of Lord Seafort's country. Still this revenge seemed to him too poor an expiation for the blood of his chief: the warm life of the best of his foemen was the only sacrifice which he thought he could offer as an acceptable oblation to appease the manes of the murdered; and he, therefore, projected a third expedition, resolving in this to fill the measure of vengeance to the brim.

In the prosecution of his design he awaited a favorable opportunity, and gathering a small band of men, penetrated into the country of the Mac Kenzies early on a Sunday morning, and surrounded the Chillechrist, while a numerous congregation were assembled within its walls. Inexorable in his purposes, Angus commanded his men to set fire to the building, and slaughter all who endeavored to break forth. Struck with despair when the flames rushed in upon the aisle of the church, and they beheld the circle of bare claymores glancing beyond the door, the congregation scarce knowing what they did, endeavored to force their way through the weapons and the flames; but, pent within the narrow pass of a single arch, they were not capable to make way over each other, far less to break the ring of broadswords which bristled round the porch: men, women and children, were driven back into the blazing pile, or hewn down, and transfixed at the gorge of the entrance; the flames increased on every side; a heavy column of livid smoke rolled upwards on the air, and the roar of infuriated men, the wailing of suffering infants, and the shrieks of despairing women, rung from within the dissolving pile. While the church was burning, the piper of the Mac Donnells marched round the building, playing, as was customary on extraordinary occasions, an extempore piece of music: the pibroch which he now played was called, from the place where it was composed, Chillechrist, and afterwards became the pibroch of the Glencarrie family. At length the flames poured forth from every quarter of the building, the roof fell in, there was one mingled yell, one crash of ruin; the flame sunk in smouldering vapour, and all was silent. Angus had looked on with stern unrelenting determination; but the deed was done, recollection now warned him of the danger of delay; he immediately gave orders to retreat, and leading off his men, set off with the utmost expedition for his own country. The flames of the church had, however, lighted a beacon, the flame of which blazed far and wide: the Mac Kenzies had gathered in numerous bodies, and took the chase with such vigor, that they came in sight of the Mac Donnells long before they got to the border of their country. Angus Mac Raonuill seeing the determination of the pursuit and the superiority of its numbers, ordered his men to separate, and shift each for himself; they dispersed accordingly, and made every one his way to his own home as well as he could. The commander of the Mac Kenzies did not scatter his people, but, intent on securing the leader of his foemen, held them together on the track of Angus Mac Raonuill, who, with a few of his men in his company, fled towards Loch Ness. Angus always wore a scarlet plush jacket, and it now served to mark him out to the knowledge of the pursuers. Perceiving that the whole chase was drawn after himself, he separated his followers one by one, till at length he was left alone; but yet the pursuers turned not aside upon the track of any other. When they came near the burn of Alt Shian, the leader of the Mac Kenzies had gained so much on the object of his pursuit, that he had nearly overtaken him. The river which was before them runs in this place through a rocky chasm, or trough, of immense depth, and considerable breadth; Angus knew that death was behind him, and gathering all his strength, he dashed at the desperate leap, and being a man of singular vigour and activity, succeeded in clearing it. The leader of the Mac Kenzies, reckless of danger in the ardour of the pursuit, followed also at the leap, but, less athletic than his adversary, he failed of its length, and slipping on the side of the crag, held by the slender branch of a birch tree which grew above him on the brink. The Mac Donnell, looking back in his

flight to see the success of his pursuer, beheld him hanging to the tree, and struggling to gain the edge of the bank: he turned, and drawing his dirk, at one stroke severed the branch which supported the Mac Kenzie:—"I have left much behind me with you to-day," said he; "take that also." The wretched man, rolling from rock to rock, fell headlong into the stream below, where, shattered and mangled by the fall, he expired in the water. Angus Mac Raonuill continued his flight, and the Mac Kenzies, though bereft of their leader, held on the pursuit.—Checked, however, by the stream which none of them dared to leap, Angus was gaining fast upon them, when a musquet discharged at him by one of the pursuers, wounded him severely, and greatly retarded his speed. After passing the river, the Mac Kenzies again drew hard after him, and as they came in sight of Loch Ness, Angus perceiving his strength to fail with his wound, and his enemies pressing upon him, determined to attempt swimming the loch; he rushed into the water, and for some time, refreshed by its coolness, swam with much vigour and confidence. His limbs would, however, in all probability have failed him before he had crossed the half of the distance to the opposite bank; but Fraser of Fyars, a particular friend to the Glencarrie family, seeing a single man pursued by a party out of the Mac Kenzies' country, and knowing that the Mac Donnells had gone upon an expedition in that direction, got out a boat, and hastening to the aid of Angus, took him on board, and conveyed him in safety to the east side of the loch. The Mac Kenzies, seeing their foeman had escaped, discontinued the pursuit, and Angus returned at his leisure to Glencarrie.

Interesting anecdote of the celebrated Captain Smith, the father of Virginia—taken from a small history of the United States, by Grimshaw.

"A character so distinguished in the annals of Virginia; so marked by nature with the bold traits of spirit and genius; arrests the historian's pen and claims a more than ordinary notice, a degree of attention in some measure proportioned to the transactions with which he is associated.

"Capt. John Smith, the father of Virginia, was born of an ancient family in 1679, at Willoughby, in Lincolnshire, and educated in the schools of Alford and Louth. His parents, who died when he was only in his thirteenth year, left him a small estate, which, however, through his own want of economy and the inattention of his guardians, soon became inadequate to his support. He then accompanied a son of the famous Lord Willoughby into France; and, after remaining a short time, returned to his relations, who gave him a few shillings, out of his own estate, as a sort of acquittance from any further demands. He next served for some years in the low countries against the Spaniards. Thence, passing over into Scotland, he remained there a short time among his friends, but weary of the successive intemperance of company in which he had never taken delight, he returned with a faithful servant into the midst of an extensive forest, and on the margin of a little brook, entwined an arbour of boughs; in which he lay, with no other bed than leaves, no other covering except his ordinary dress. His study consisted in Machiavel's art of war and Marcus Aurelius; his exercise, a good horse with his lance and ring; his food, the deer, the rambling inhabitant of the wood. Satiated at length by retirement, he allowed himself to intermingle in society, was again disgusted and entered a second time into the wars against the Spaniards; but abhorring a contest in which one Christian was employed in the slaughter of another, he determined to use his sword in a cause more congenial with his feelings.

Accordingly after various misfortunes, and extraordinary romantic adventures, he joined the Hungarian army, at that time fighting under the banners of Austria, against the Turks. By his ingenious stratagems, he contributed highly to his party's success, and when encamped before the walls of Regall in Transylvania, he had an opportunity of distinguishing himself in a most singular adventure. So much time had been spent by the Christians in erecting their batteries, that the Turks were apprehensive lest their enemy would depart without making an assault upon the town, and thereby prevent them gaining honor in the re-

pulse; an honor the more desirable, as ladies of exalted rank were anxious observers of the siege, and longed, after so much delay, to see some court like pastime. In that chivalrous age, when every soldier fought under the patronage of a favorite mistress, to request was to insure performance. A Turkish Noble immediately challenged any Captain of the besieging army to single combat, for each other's head. The challenge was readily accepted. The champion was appointed by lot, and fate selected the intrepid Smith.—The combat soon commenced, and soon the Turk paid the forfeit of his head:—the ladies desired another trial; and again the undaunted Smith was rewarded with a head—the request was repeated, and the issue was the same. Shortly afterwards he aided in taking the place by storm—and for his former exploits, which nothing but the manners of the age can palliate, his name was enrolled in the heraldic records of Transylvania, with the appropriate amoral bearing of three Turk's heads."

### THE SPY.

A Tale of the Neutral Ground.  
From the Franklin Gazette.

We have risen from an attentive perusal of this work with mingled feelings of pleasure and admiration. It is in language, description, locality, incidents, and persons purely American. To read it, without being deeply interested in the narrative, and without occasional glows of patriotic pride, is impossible. We have no clue for even guessing at the author. His name, however, should be made public.

That Washington, a man whom we have nearly all seen, should be introduced into a romance in a manner so skilfully as to kindle profound anxiety and interest; that the county of West Chester, in New-York, should be transformed into the theatre of a vast variety of incidents, complicated but natural, highly wrought yet never improbable; that the freshly remembered struggle for our independence, with all its concomitant miseries, the devastation of the land, the distraction of families, the perpetual and universal dread of treachery and spies, and partially marauding warfare connived at from necessity, should be depicted with bold and faithful touches; are literary exploits which entitle the author of "THE SPY" to our highest praise.

### EDUCATION.

Good education is the thing in the world the most important and desirable, but it is of wider scope than most people imagine.

What is called learning is only a part of it, and so far from being the most essential part, it is but the husk. In vain will you employ your endeavors to educate your children, unless you give seed to the heart as well as the understanding: unless you make their moral frame the subject of your assiduous and well directed care; unless you take at least as much pains to make them well principled, and of virtuous manners, as to make them shine in learning and accomplishments: for intellectual improvement, if their morals be neglected, will tend to render them wise only to do evil.

If you train up your boy to a strict regard to truth, honesty and integrity, and to a deep reverence for all that is sacred; if you train him up into habits of industry, temperance, and love of order—it is then, and then only, that you can reasonably expect that he will pass through the perilous crisis before him uncontaminated, and that his manhood will be crowned with honor.

### Religious.

#### EXTRACT.

Some have been so bold as to strike at the root of all revelation from God, by asserting, that it is incredible, because the reason which he has bestowed on mankind is sufficiently able to discover all the religious and moral duties which he requires of them, if they would but attend to her precepts, and be guided by her friendly admonitions. Mankind have undoubtedly, at various times, from the remotest ages, received so much knowledge by divine communications, and have ever been so much inclined to impute it all to their own sufficiency, that it is now difficult to determine what human reason unassisted can effect: But to form a true judgment on this subject, let us turn our eyes to those remote regions of the globe, to which this supernatural assistance has never yet extended,

and we shall there see men endowed with sense and reason not inferior to our own, so far from being capable of forming systems of religion and morality, that they are at this day totally unable to make a nail or a hatchet: from whence we may be surely convinced, that reason alone is so far from being sufficient to offer to mankind a perfect religion, that it has never yet been able to lead them to any degree of culture or civilization whatever.

These have uniformly flowed from that great fountain of divine communication opened in the east, in the earliest ages, and thence been gradually diffused in salubrious streams, throughout the various regions of the earth. Their rise and progress, by surveying the history of the world, may easily be traced backwards to their source; and wherever these have not as yet been able to penetrate, we there find the human species not only void of all true religious and moral sentiments, but not the least emerged from their original ignorance and barbarity; which seems a demonstration, that although human reason is capable of progression in science, yet the first foundations must be laid by supernatural instructions: for surely no other probable cause can be assigned, why one part of mankind should have made such an amazing progress in religious, moral, metaphysical, and philosophical inquiries; such wonderful improvements in policy, legislation, commerce, and manufactures, while the other part, formed with the same natural capacities, and divided only by seas and mountains, should remain, during the same number of ages, in a state little superior to brutes, without government, without laws or letters, and even without clothes and habitations; murdering each other to satiate their revenge, and devouring each other to appease their hunger: I say, no cause can be assigned for this amazing difference, except that the first have received information from those divine communications recorded in the scriptures, and the latter have never yet been favoured with such assistance.

This remarkable contrast seems an unanswerable, though perhaps a new proof of the necessity of revelation, and a solid refutation of all arguments against it, drawn from the sufficiency of human reason. And as reason in her natural state is thus incapable of making any progress in knowledge; so when furnished with materials by supernatural aid, if left to the guidance of her own wild imaginations, she falls into more numerous and more gross errors than her own native ignorance could ever have suggested. There is then no absurdity so extravagant, which she is not ready to adopt: she has persuaded some, that there is no God; others, that there can be no future state: she has taught some, that there is no difference between vice and virtue, and that to cut a man's throat and relieve his necessities are actions equally meritorious: she has convinced many, that they have no free-will, in opposition to their own experience; some, that there can be no such thing as soul, or spirit, contrary to their own perceptions; and others, no such thing as matter or body, in contradiction to their senses. By analysing all things she can shew, that there is nothing in any thing; by perpetual sifting she can reduce all existence to the invisible dust of scepticism; and by recurring to first principles, prove to the satisfaction of her followers, that there are no principles at all. How far such a guide is to be depended on in the important concerns of religion, and morals, I leave to the judgment of every considerate man to determine. This is certain, that human reason, in its highest state of cultivation amongst the philosophers of Greece and Rome, was never able to form a religion comparable to Christianity; nor have all those sources of moral virtue, such as truth, beauty, and the fitness of things, which modern philosophers have endeavoured to substitute in its stead, ever been effectual to produce good men, and have themselves often been the productions of some of the worst.

There is but one pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow, and all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres, makes every difficulty an advancement, and every contest a victory; and this is the pursuit of virtue. Sincerely to aspire after virtue, is to gain her, and zealously to labor after her wages, is to receive them. Those that seek her early, will find her before it is late; her reward is also with her, and she will come quickly. For the breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth; where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivaled influence, every subdued passion, "like the wind and storm, fulfilling his word."

We ask advice, but we mean approbation.