

The Muse! what'er the Muse inspires,  
My soul the tuneful strain admires...  
FROM THE KENTUCKY GAZETTE.



FROM THE KENTUCKY GAZETTE.

### THE GIRL I LOVE.

I cannot love the girl whose smile,  
No glimpse of constancy discovers;  
Who, with a soft unmeaning smile,  
Can entertain a score of lovers—  
Who all are equals in her eyes,  
And none are worthy of the prize.

Nor can I love the girl whose heart,  
For mine has never felt a thrill;  
Who meets me cold—and when we part,  
Forgets me—and is colder still,  
Whose breast as chill as winter's stream,  
Has felt no passion but esteem.

Nor can I love the gay coquette,  
Who by her fascinating power,  
Would catch a thousand in her net,  
Her sport to be a single hour—  
And leave them there, nor care to see  
Her captives set at liberty.

Nor can I love the meek of soul,  
Who're neither pleasing nor offending;  
Whose days in useless calmness roll,  
No worse than first and never mending—  
Whose bosom feeling, cold would be,  
To every moving sympathy.

Nor can I love the forward Miss,  
In company so teasing,  
Who talks of that—and talks of this,  
And thinks she's mighty pleasing,  
Who tells me all she knows, and more,  
Forgets—and tells it o'er and o'er.

But I can love the girl, whose smile,  
Is seen to play for me alone;  
Who scorns a simple coquette's wile;  
Who's neither meek nor forward grown—  
Whose heart was never known to rove,  
Who loves as well as I can love.

### Literary Extracts, &c.

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

### NEW-ENGLAND SUPERSTITIONS.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA UNION.

Whether it is that the human mind delights in cherishing the impressions which most affected it in infancy; or, that from habits of indolence we neglect the means that would free us from their influence, and thus subject ourselves to feelings whose causes are indefinite, and whose effects are sometimes ridiculous—often fatal, certain it is, the legends of childhood are often verified in age by the very influence which these fables exercise upon our minds; and those who have sacrificed whole fortunes to the delusive promises of some pretended alchemist, or juggling astrologer, have not been beguiled more by the tempting lure of the gilded bait, than by the greedy hankerings of a morbid appetite, which would seize even the unbated hook. It is a fact, which speaks, perhaps, something in favor of the goodness, as well as the weakness of the human heart, that in all cases of gross and general deception, the deceived themselves, so far from being passive, contribute more than the deceiver to their own delusion.

The good people of the old colony have from time immemorial been more or less influenced by the predictions and warnings of some old sybil, who pretended to peep into fate through the bottom of a tea cup, and discern the movements of the heavens by the settling of her coffee grounds.

One of these beldames had for many years inhabited a hovel which had before been distinguished in the more dignified use of a hovel, seated near the extremity of a promontory, which overhung the centre of Plymouth bay. The ease with which she could derive substance from the shores, and, in the season, from the neighboring fish flakes, had probably induced the Pythoness to establish herself in so dreary a domicile, and the profit which she derived from predicting fair winds and favorable weather, did much towards conciliating the affection of the owner for her otherwise unpromising habitation.

So long and so successfully had Rachel foretold to the inquiring seamen the weather of the coming day, (an art which those who live on the seaboard, know to be easily acquired,) that they almost felt that she had an influence in the fulfilment of her own predictions, and not one was ever known to calculate a voyage into the

outer bay without consulting "Aunt Rachel" upon the morrow's weather, nor on their return did any neglect to leave a portion of their takings for a reward to her who had predicted or perhaps procured their success.

There were, indeed, a few in the village who affected to deride the talents of Rachel, and sneer at those who were influenced by her predictions, but it is said that even these, the minister, school-master, and physician, were always able to find an excuse for delaying any expedition, the event of which she might have pronounced against. And I myself recollect when a certain ordination lacked one of its counsel by the officious boldness of the prophetess of the storms.

The pleasure which Rachel found in the solitude of night in watching the flux of the sea as it cast its intrusive wave farther and farther upon the sand, served, if indeed any thing was necessary, to add to the awe with which her neighbors contemplated her character.

She was met in one of her midnight rambles by a party preparing for an early departure for the outer bay fishing, who anxiously inquired the probability of the morrow's weather.—Fair, said she, fair—to morrow sees neither rain nor wind; the minister must have less corn in his own field, to make his prayers available. "But, aunt Rachel, (they always put the last syllable to her name when they spoke to her at night,) do you see yon cloud in the west?"

What have I to do with west or south, said she. I have promised fair, tho' you might have chosen a better day than Friday, considering you take but one voyage in a year.—Just then a large vessel hove in sight. By the pale light of the moon, it was impossible to distinguish the class to which she belonged. She will come in, said Rachel, and for no good—we do not hear the sound of church bells at midnight for nothing.—But that was Plymouth clock striking twelve, said one of the company. Do we hear clocks, said she, four miles against the wind? and Plymouth clock too, a wooden rattle, with scarcely more work in it than the windlass of yonder chebacco boat?

Before the party had prepared for their departure, the vessel, a large brig, had come to, and anchored near the shore. This vessel, owned in that place, and loaded with sugar by a Boston merchant, had put in the harbor to effect some trifling repairs to her spars. One only of the crew was a native of the village, and he on the following day conducted his messmates to Rachel's hovel, to inquire into the prospects of their voyage.

John Burgis, said the augurers to her townsman, as the party crossed her threshold, have you done well in entering the Betsey? The poor man's curse is on her. Think you the vessel paid for in exchange notes will make a voyage? "But aunt Rachel," interrupted the sailor, evidently wishing a better reception for his comrades, "we did not build her." "If you would not have her fortune, flee her company. And is it for this, John, (continued the old woman,) is it for this your father, the Deacon, has prayed, that your mother has wept, that the blessing of the minister was given to your departure, to be found with wretches like these, land sharks, moon cursers?" "A vast there, old granna, said one of the strangers—give us none of your slack, or we will put a stopper upon your gab." A beam of fire seemed to flash from the old woman's eyes as she rose from her bench, and threw down the coarse table on which she had been leaning. You are known, said she, there's not a mother's son of you that was not swaddled in the ruins of a wreck.—Damned hag! said the oldest—but interruption was vain, the worst feelings of Rachel were roused, and her most painful recollection excited, the volubility of her tongue expressed the intensity of her feelings. There's not a moon curser of you all that has not braved the north easter to fix a light upon a pole to mislead the pilot, and wreck his ship for depredation; when you would not wet a foot to save a seaman's life. And who, you children of Devils incarnate, who but your fathers and mothers fastened the lantern to a horse's head, and thus in a storm wrecked the brig upon your cursed sands that left me childless and a widow? May he who rides upon the pale horse be your guide, and you be of the number "who follow with him."

The last imprecation scarcely reached the ears of the objects of her curse.

They went to their vessel and meditated a revenge every way worthy of the conduct that Rachel had charged them with.

The next morning about 10 o'clock, the village were alarmed by a strong light at or near the wharf. In less than 20 minutes every inhabitant but the infant and decrepid was at the place, and Rachel, half wrapped in the remains of an old sail, which had served as a bed curtain, was seen rushing from her burning hovel. No language can do injustice to the looks and gestures of this infuriated wretch. She ran round the scene of conflagration with the actions of a fury, howling her imprecations upon the cause of her calamity. Her grey hair was flying in the wind, and as she stood between the strong light of the blaze and spectators, its upturned points seemed tipped with living flame.

The next morning the brig prepared for sailing, and many of the inhabitants, either to see the ruins of Rachel's hut, or to watch the vessel's departure, flocked to the wharf, although it was Sunday.

The brig got under way, with a fine wind against the tide, and as she made her way smoothly down the channel, the attention of the spectators was invited to Rachel. She had seated herself upon a rock, which elevated its top considerably above the waves, although it was entirely surrounded by the tide.

The hollow moan which she had uttered was lost in the rushing of the waves upon the pebbly shore, and indeed she had scarcely been noticed in the bustle of preparing the vessel. When she was observed, the owner of the vessel attempted to offer her some consolation for the loss of her house—she replied, without once withdrawing her eyes from the receding vessel, "You need not comfort me—every barn could give me shelter if I should need it; but in three days I shall be tenanted in the narrow house which yonder wretches cannot burn. But you! who shall console you for the loss of your brig? Think you she can swim loaded with the curses of the poor? with my curses, which have never yet been vain?" "She has passed Brown's Island," said the owner, evidently affected by the vehemence of her manner, "and that is the worst shoal in the bay." Rachel grew more furious as the brig passed in safety any point or shoal which was considered peculiarly dangerous, and as the breeze freshened, her matted hair floated out like streamers upon the wind, her long bony arms were extended with imprecating gestures, and she appeared as she poured out her maledictions upon the authors of her calamities like the evil spirit of the ocean chiding forth the storms as ministers of her vengeance.

When the vessel had passed Beach Point, the last obstruction to navigation in the harbor, and forming the extreme southern Cape, which protected the whole bay, the owner relieved from the anxiety which the difficulty of the navigation naturally inspired, and which, perhaps, the ravings of Rachel increased, turned to the old woman, and again offered to console her for the loss of her house, and even tendered the use of another habitation, but she was raving in all the impotence of disappointed madness, her voice was inarticulate, she foamed at the mouth, and howled in most demoniac accents. Her face, and swollen eyes, that seemed almost starting from their sockets, were bent upon the single object of her curses, when suddenly her voice ceased, and she leaned forward in the very ecstasy of expectation. The eyes of the company following the bent of hers, were fixed on the brig; her sails were shivering in the wind, and all seemed hurry and confusion upon her deck.

In a few moments she slowly sunk from the view of the spectators, and nothing of her was to be seen but a part of her topgallant mast standing above the waves.

Rachel pitched forward into the water as she saw the vessel sink, and as the people were engaged in preparing boats to go to the vessel she died unnoticed.

The brig, which had struck upon a sunken and unknown rock, was afterwards raised with the loss of nearly her whole cargo and one man, the very one, it is said, who had put fire to the house.

The body of Rachel was found and buried on the spot where her house had stood. The rock on which the vessel struck is now called RACHEL'S

CURSE—and the grave on the promontory serves to this day as a landmark for the channel.

### REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTES.

*Wilmott and Moore.*—A few days previous to the evacuation of Charleston, a very rash expedition, suggested by col. Kosiusko, occasioned the loss of captain Wilmott, and lieutenant Moore, two of the most distinguished partisans in the service. The British buried Wilmott with the honors of war, and showed the greatest attention to Moore, who was removed to Charleston to receive the best surgical assistance. The limb in which he received the principal wound, was amputated, but mortification soon followed. Mrs. Daniel Hall, in whose house he lodged, and who watched over him unremittingly, being apprized of the business which brought the most distinguished surgeons, entered the apartment of Moore as soon as they had retired, and said—"I am happy to find that you have not been subjected to so severe an operation as had been anticipated—you appear to have experienced but little agony; I was constantly in the next room and heard not a groan." "My kind friend," he replied, "I feel not the least agony; but, I would not have breathed a sigh in the presence of the British officers, to have secured a long and fortunate existence."

Mrs. Sabina Elliott having witnessed the activity of an officer, who had ordered the plundering of her poultry houses, finding an old muscovy drake, which had escaped the general search, still straying about the premises, had him caught, and mounting a servant on horseback, ordered him to follow and deliver the bird to the officer, with her compliments, as she concluded, that in the hurry of departure it had been left *altogether by accident.*

At an assize in Ireland, a counsel had the effrontery to ask a most respectable parent, whether he had not been consenting to the seduction of his own daughter. "Fellow," replied the witness, "a question as gross as it is dishonorable, your native feelings might not allow you to have put; but I perceive that ten guineas endorsed upon your brief have eradicated the principles of the gentleman, and the true dignity of the man; that they have, also, not only stifled or extinguished what feeling you might once possessed, but excited you basely to violate those of an aged and already agonized parent. I might appeal to all present, and ask which is the greater villain, the man who commits, or he who, for a few paltry guineas, would excuse or palliate so great a crime, and protect and shield from legal vengeance so great a criminal as he who now stands before the crowded court?" The counsel heard and cowered under the rebuke.

### Religious.

Extract from a Sermon by the late Dr. Kolloch, on a text in Isaiah, lvi. 6.—"We all do fade as a leaf."

"We all do fade as a leaf." It is true of whole generations of men. These rapidly flit across the surface of the earth, and having acted their parts for a few years, have sunk into the grave, while their places have been occupied by a new generation, as short lived and as transitory themselves. The earth, on which they indulged their passions, for which they contended, and which received their ashes, still subsists; but their places know them no more. The sun which enlightened them, shone upon their graves; and, undisturbed by their dissolution, continued its splendid course in the heavens, to publish to their successors the greatness of its Creator. Reflections of this kind, though affecting are useful; they teach us to make a proper estimate of human life; they show us its littleness in itself, and the wisdom of combining its pursuits with our eternal destination. Ye who are scheming, plotting, contriving, only for this world, look back to past generations and see how little you will gain, even if all your expectations be accomplished! What those generations now are who forgot God before the flood; or who in aftertimes reared those pyramids which so long have survived the assaults of time; or who reared or overturned the ancient universal monarchies; what those generations are to us, ours will be to our successors; unloved, seldom thought of, leaving few traces of its existence. The tree will still stand, be covered

with new leaves; but we shall have fallen and been forgotten.

But we may apply the text not only to generations, but also to every individual; and with respect to our bodies, how easy is it to show that "we all do fade as a leaf!"

Mortal man! consider *thy body*, and acknowledge this truth. It is indeed "fearfully and wonderfully made," and displays the perfections of its Creator. But the very delicacy of its formation renders it more liable to destruction. It is only surprising that a machine so complicated, consisting of so many thousand veins, and nerves, and vessels, and springs, should continue in order for a week or for a days. In whatever situation we place ourselves, whatever care we take of it, it will gradually decay; nothing can prevent its dissolution: each day of our life is a new combat with death, which, finally victorious, will break down this fabric, and reduce to its first principles this animated dust. To this state we are hourly advancing. As the various tinges of the leaves become imperceptibly stronger and stronger, till they fall; so on us are insensibly impressed indications of the diminution of our vigor and the approaching termination of our days.

But the leaf does not always remain till autumn gradually separates it from the parent tree: often is it nipped off in an instant by a sudden frost, or rudely torn away by the fury of the storm. Like this leaf we too may fall, and never attain the period of old age. How few arrive at the ripeness of age, and sink under the inevitable decays of nature! "Our foundation is in the dust, and we are crushed before the moth." Ten thousand circumstances, which we can neither foresee or avert, may cut short our days. Every pore affords an avenue to death. Violent disease may in a few hours do the work of years in breaking down the system. The food that we eat, incapable like that of Eden, of rendering us immortal, may lay the foundation of incurable diseases. The air that is necessary for life may be loaded with pestilential vapour, and the next breath that we draw may take in something that no human skill can expel. Every where we are encompassed by so many perils, that we should long since have perished, had not a particular providence watched over us: every where our last hour may sound.

"We all do fade as a leaf." The lives of the antediluvian patriarchs might have been compared to the tree which endures for centuries: but the longest lives among us are too short to be compared to the more durable productions of nature, or even to the works of art. The oaks which our fathers planted, will afford shade to our descendants after we have perished from the earth. Cities, states, and empires, will remain, when those who inhabited them pass away and are forgotten. Nay, the monuments of human power will resist the corrosions of time, when the hands that reared them are dissolved in the grave.

"We all do fade as a leaf." How loudly is this proclaimed by observation and experience! Where are those who began with us the career of life? How many of them have dropped into the dust and are forgotten? Where are the friends with whom we associated in the morning of our days? Them we have not forgotten; but many of them are removed into the eternal world, and we are prosecuting our journey through earth without them. Where are those with whom in past years we associated in scenes of business, of pleasure, or of devotion? How many whose names are blotted for ever from the list of life! Yes, recollect how often thou hast been called to mourn; of how many dear friends and relatives thy bosom has been rified; recollect that the separations that thou has endured have also been experienced by others; consider that at this moment many tender ties, which have been cemented by years, are dissolving; many parents gazing on the cold corpses of their children; many children weeping over the authors of their days; many wives and husbands torn from the hearts of those who loved them; with these reflections go to the repositories of the dead, and mark how many hillocks rest upon those bosoms, which lately beat high with life, and hope, and pleasure; but now, frozen by the touch of death, have forever ceased to palpitate; and then confess with the prophet, that "we all do fade as a leaf."

Good humor and mental charms are as much superior to personal beauty, as mind is to matter.