

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



FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

At Number One dwelt Captain Drew,
George Benson dwelt at Number Two;
(The street we'll not now mention)
The latter stunn'd the King's Bench bar,
The former, being lam'd in war,
Sung small upon a pension.

Tom Blewit knew them both—than he
None deeper in the mystery
Of culinary knowledge;
From Turtle soup to Sultan cheese,
Apt student, taking his degrees
In Mrs. Rundell's College.

Benson to dine invited Tom:
Proud of an invitation from
A host who "spread" so nicely,
Tom answered, ere the ink was dry,
"Extremely happy—come on Fri-
Day next, at six precisely."

Blewit, with expectation fraught,
Drove up at six, each savoury thought
Ideal turbot rich in:
But, ere he reached the winning-post,
He saw a Haunch of Venison roast
Down in the next door kitchen.

Hey! Zounds! what this! a haunch at Drew's!
I must drop in—I can't refuse:
To pass were downright treason:
To eat Ned Benson's not quite staunch;
But the provocative—a haunch!
Zounds! it's the first this season!

"Venison, thou'rt mine! I'll talk no more—"
Then rapping thrice at Benson's door,
"John, I'm in such a hurry!"
Do tell your master that my aunt
Is paralytic, quite aslant,
I must be off for surry."

Now Tom at next door makes a din—
"Is Captain Drew at home?"—"Walk in!"
"Drew, how d'ye do?"—"What! Blewit?"
"Yes, I—you've asked me many a day,
To drop in, in a quiet way,
So now I'm come to do it."

"I am very glad you have," said Drew,
"I've nothing but an Irish stew—"
Quoth Tom (aside) "No matter,
'Twon't do—my stomach's up to that,
'Twill lie by, till the lucid fat
Comes quivering on the platter."

"You see your dinner, Tom," Drew cried,
"No, but I don't though," Tom replied:
"I smok'd below,"—"What?"—"Venison—
A haunch!"—"Oh! true, it is not mine;
My neighbor has some friends to dine—"
"Your neighbor! who?"—"George Benson."

"His chimney smoked; the scene to change,
I let him have my kitchen range,
While his was newly polished:
The Venison you observed below,
Went home just half an hour ago,
I guess it's now demolished."

"Tom, why that look of doubtful dread?
Come, help yourself to salt and bread:
Don't sit with hands and knees up;
But dine, for once, off Irish stew,
And read the 'Dog and Shadow' through,
When next you open 'Eason'."

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

OLD ENGLISH.

Wickliff's translation of the Prodigal Son.
Our common version of the Bible was made in the reign of James the First. The earliest English translation was Wickliff's, finished in 1381. Wickliff's translation of the Prodigal Son is considered an example of the best English style of that time—Wickliff's English, obsolete as the orthography is, is intelligible, and this specimen serves to illustrate the change produced in our language in the two centuries, which elapsed between the reigns of Richard II. and James I. of England. *Nat. Intel.*

"A man tway sones; and the yonger of hem seide to the fadir, "Fadir, geve me the porcion of catei that fallith to me;" and he departide to hem the catei. And not aftir many dayes, whanne alle thingis werein gederid to-gider, the yonger sone went forth in a pilgrimage into a fer cuntre, and ther he wastide his goodis in lyvinge lecherously. And after that he hadde endit alle thingis a strong hungur was made in that cuntre, and he bigan to haue nede. And he went and drough him at oon of the cyteseyns of that cuntre, and he sent him into his toun, to feed swyn. And he couvitede to fille his womb of the coddis that the hoggis eeten and no man gaf him. And he turnede agen into himself, and saide, "How manye hirid men in my fadir's had plenty of looues, and I perissh here thourou hunger! I schal rise

up and go to my fadir and Ischal seye to him, fadir I haue synned into heune and before thee, and now I am not worthi to be clepid thi sone; make me as oon thin hirid men." And he rose up and came to his fadir; and whanne he was yet afer, his fadir sigh him, and was strid by mersy, and he ran, and fel on his necke, and kisseid him. And the sone seide to him, "Fadir, I haue synned into heune and before thee, and now I am not worthi to be clepid thi sone." And the fadir seide to his seruantis, "Swithe brynge ye forth the first stole, and clothe ye him, and gyue ye a ryng in his hond, and schoon on hise feet. And brynge ye a fat calf and sleigh ye, and ete we and make we feaste; for this my sone was deed, and hath lyued agen, he perischide and is founden." And alle men bigunne to eat. But his elder sone was in the field; and whanne he cam, and neighede to the hous, he herd a symfonye and a croutle. And he clepide oon of the seruantis, and axide what these thingis weren. And he seide to him, "thi brother is comen, and thi fathir slough a fatt calf, for he resseyuede him safe." And he was wrooth, and wolde not come yn; therefor his fathir gedde out and bigan to preye him, and seyde, "lo so manye yeeris I serue thee and I neuer brak thi commandment, and thou neuer gaue to me a kide that I with my frendis schulde haue etun. But aftir this thi sone that hath deuoured his substance with hooris, cam, thou has slayn to him a fat calf, And he seide to him, "sone thou arteuermore with me, and alle my thingis be thine. But it bihofte to make feaste and to haue joye, for this thy brother was ded and lyude agen, he perischide and is founden."

*Wickliff's Testament, Baber's edition, p. 76.

FROM THE BELLFLOWERS INTELLIGENCER.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.
Related by an Old Soldier.

"Jonathan Riley, from Hartford, Connecticut, was a sergeant in our regiment. He had served under Gen. Amherst in the old French war, and was with the provincials at the taking of Havana. It was said that he was dissipated when young, and addicted to many bad habits, but when I knew him, he was of a reading turn, very sedate and religious. This man was often selected for dangerous and trying situations, and his uniform courage and presence of mind ensured his success. I have said he was of a reading turn; every man in our regiment excepting one could read and write, which is more than can be said of other British regiments. He was at length placed on a recruiting station, and in a short period enlisted a great number of men. Among his recruits was Frank Lilly, a boy about 16 years of age, a weak and puny lad, who would not, perhaps, have passed muster, were we not greatly in want of them. The soldiers made this boy the butt of their ridicule, and many a sorry joke was uttered at his expense. They told him to swear his legs, in other words to get them insured. Yet there was something about him interesting, and at times he discovered a spirit beyond his years. To this boy, from some unknown cause, Riley became greatly attached, and seemed to pity him from the bottom of his heart. Often on our long and fatiguing marches, dying almost from want, harassed incessantly by the enemy, has Riley carried the boy's knapsack for miles, and many a crust for the poor wretch was saved from his scanty allowance. But Frank Lilly's resolution was once the cause of saving a whole detachment. The American army was encamped at Elizabethtown. The soldiers stationed about 4 miles from the main body, near the bay that separates the continent from Staten Island, forming an advance picquet guard, were chosen from a southern regiment, and were continually deserting. It was a post of some danger, as the young ambitious British officers, or experienced sergeants, often headed parties that approached the shore in silence during the night and attacked our outposts. Once they succeeded in surprising and capturing an officer and twenty men, without the loss of a man on their part. General Washington determined to relieve the force near the bay, and our regiment was the one from which the selection was made. The arrangement of our guard, as near as I can recollect, was as follows: A body of 250 men were stationed a short distance inland. In advance of these were several outposts consisting of an officer and thirty men each. The sentinels were so near as

to meet in their rounds, and were relieved every two hours. It chanced one dark and windy night, that Lilly and myself were sentinels on adjoining posts. All the sentinels were directed to fire on the least alarm, and retreat to the guard, where we were to make the best defence we could, until supported by the detachment in our rear. In front of me there was a strip of woods, and the bay was so that I could hear the dashing of the waves. It was near midnight and occasionally a star to be seen through the flying clouds. The hours passed heavily and cheerlessly away. In a pause of the storm, as the wind died suddenly away, and was heard only moaning at a distance, I was startled by an unusual noise in the woods before me. Again I listened attentively, and imagined that I heard the heavy tread of a body of men, and the rattling of cartridge boxes. As I met Lilly I informed him of my suspicion. All had been quiet in the rounds, but he would keep good watch, and fire on the least alarm. We separated, and I had marched but a few rods, when I heard the following conversation, "stand." The answer was from a speaker rapidly approaching, and in a low constrained voice. "Stand yourself and you shall not be injured. If you fire you are a dead man. If you remain where you are you shall not be harmed. If you move I will run you through."

Scarcely had he spoken, when I saw the flash and heard the report of Lilly's gun. I saw a black mass rapidly advancing, at which I fired, and with all the sentinels retreated to the guard, consisting of thirty men, commanded by an ensign. An old barn had served them for a guard house, and they barely had time to turn out, and parade in the road as the British were getting over a fence within six rods of us, to the number of eighty as was supposed. We fired upon them and retreated in good order towards the detachment in the rear. The enemy disappointed of their expected prey, pushed us hard, but we were soon reinforced, and they in their turn were compelled to retreat, and we followed them at their heels to the boats.

We found, the next morning, that poor Frank Lilly, after discharging his musket, was followed so close by the enemy that he was unable to get over a fence, and he was run through by a bayonet. It was apparent, however, that there had been a violent struggle. But in front of his post there was a British non-commissioned officer, one of the best formed men I ever saw, shot directly through the body. He died in great agonies, as the ground was tore up by his hands, and he had literally bitten the dust. We discovered long traces of blood, but never knew the extent of the enemy's loss. Poor Riley took Lilly's death so much to heart that he never afterwards was the man he previously had been. He became indifferent and neglected his duty. There was something remarkable in his death. He was tried for his life, and sentenced to be shot. During the trial and subsequently, he discovered an indifference truly astonishing. On the day of his execution, the fatal cap was drawn over his eyes, and he was caused to kneel in front of the whole army. Twelve men were detailed for the purpose of executing him, but as a pardon had been granted unknown to Riley, in consequence of his age and services, they had no cartridges. The word "ready" was given, and the cocking of the guns could be distinctly heard. At the word "fire," Riley fell dead upon his face, when not a gun had been discharged.

It was said that Frank Lilly was the fruit of one of Riley's old love affairs with a beautiful and unfortunate girl. There was a sad story concerning her fate, but I am old now and have forgotten it."

CORNISH ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote is related by a late traveller in Cornwall, Eng.

Sir—About three years ago, two young farmers came to me, and, after their accustomed obeisance, the following dialogue took place betwixt us:

Farmer—Your Reverence, zir, when would it be convenient for you to cum and berry feyther?

Parson—Convenient to bury your father! When did he die, then?

Farmer—Why, zir, about three months ago.

Parson—Dead three months since, and I not know it; and not yet buried—how is this?

Farmer—Why, zir, we had'nt time, you may depend.

Parson—What, had no time to bury your father!

Farmer—No, zir, 'twere harvest time, and wee were busy, and hosses and al.

Parson—How did you keep him then?

Farmer—Why, zir, I do hope you'll not be angry, but when feyther died, mother put on a white shirt and set'en up in chimmer,* and mother put a knob of salt in his mouth, and a knob or two in his eyes, and he kept very well, for feyther was a main spare man. So Maister Trewern, our taylor, comed in t'other day, and he zays, "Well, how's the master then?" "Oh, said mother, he's up in chimmer," so Maister Trewern went up in chimmer, and went up close to feyther, he zeed'en dead, in his white shirt, and the knob of salt in his mouth and eyes—he were friened and he geed'd a jump back, and hitched his foot in a hole in the planching,† which drowed'en down and broke his arm, and so mother said she woul'dn't keep feyther any longer, and sent Will and I over to know when woul be convenient for you to cum, and berry feyther.

* Chamber. † Floor.

LAWS OF THE EGYPTIANS.

As the barbarous custom of imprisoning a debtor still continues under the national and state governments, to the great dishonor of both, and has recently elicited much animadversion, I send you the following extract from the 24th article, 2d section, and 1st book, of Diodorus Siculus, in which he gives an account of some of the civil laws of ancient Egypt:

"A creditor can take the property of his debtors, to pay himself; but he can never wrest their bodies on account of a debt. It is believed that the property belongs to the individuals who have inherited or acquired it, but that the men belong to the nation, which should alone have the disposition of them for the purpose of war or peace. It does not appear just that a soldier, for example, who exposes his body to the blows of the enemy, should, besides, be subjected to the pursuit of a creditor, and that the avarice of a single citizen should prevail over the public good."

Let us imitate the wise and humane law givers of Egypt: give the creditor the property, but protect the person of the debtor from his wrath.

This will be done in a few years. The signs of the times prognosticate that glorious event.—*Boston Patriot.*

Religious.

The good make a better bargain, and the bad a worse, than is usually supposed; for the rewards of the one, and the punishments of the other, not unfrequently being on this side of the grave; for vice has more martyrs than virtue. Bat admitting that the vicious may happen to escape those tortures of the body, which are so commonly the wages of excess, and of that sin; yet in that calm and constant sunshine of the soul which illuminates the breast of the good man, vice can have no competition with virtue. "Our thoughts," says an eloquent divine, "like the waters of the sea, when exhaled towards heaven, will lose all their bitterness and saltiness, and sweeten into an amiable humanity, until they descend in gentle showers of love and kindness upon our fellow-men."

HOLINESS.

A more sublime motive cannot be assigned why we should be holy than because "the Lord our God is holy." Men of the world have no objection to the terms virtue, morality, integrity, rectitude, but they associate something overacted, not to say hypocritical, with the term holiness, and neither use it in a good sense when applied to others, nor would wish to have it applied to themselves, but make it over, with a little suspicion, and not a little derision, to puritans and enthusiasts.

This suspected epithet however is surely rescued from every injurious association, if we consider it the chosen attribute of the Most High. We do not presume to apply the terms virtue, probity, morality, to God, but we ascribe holiness to him because he first ascribed it to himself, as the aggregate and consummation of all his perfections.

Shall so imperfect a being as Man, then, ridicule the application of this term to others, or be ashamed of it himself? There is a cause indeed which should make him ashamed of the appropriation, that of not deserving it. This comprehensive appellation includes all the christian graces, all the virtues in their just proportion, order, and harmony; in all their beings, relations, and dependencies. And as in God, glory and holiness are united, so the Apostles combine "sanctification and honour" as the glory of Man.

Traces more or less of the holiness of God may be found in his works, to those who view them with the eye of faith: They are more plainly visible in his Providences; but it is in his word that we must chiefly look for the manifestation of his holiness. He is every where described as perfectly holy in himself, as a model to be imitated by his creatures, and, though with an interval immeasurable, as imitable by him.

The great doctrine of Redemption is inseparably connected with the doctrine of sanctification. As an admirable writer has observed, "if the blood of Christ reconcile us to the justice of God, the spirit of Christ is to reconcile us to the holiness of God." When we are told therefore that Christ is made unto us "righteousness," we are in the same place taught that he is made unto us sanctification; that is, he is both justifier and sanctifier. In vain shall we deceive ourselves by resting on his sacrifice, while we neglect to imitate his example.

The glorious Spirits which surround the throne of God are not represented as singing hallelujahs to his omnipotence, nor even to his mercy, but to that attribute which, as with a glory, encircles all the rest. They perpetually cry Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts, and it is observable, that the Angels which adore him for his holiness are the ministers of his justice. Those pure intelligences perceive, no doubt, that this union of attributes constitutes the divine perfection.

This infinitely-blessed being then, to whom angels and archangels, and all the hosts of heaven are continually ascribing holiness, has commanded us to be holy. To be holy because God is holy, is both an argument and a command. An argument founded on the perfections of God, and a command to imitate him. This command is given to creatures, fallen indeed, but to whom God graciously promises strength for imitation. If in God holiness implies an aggregate of perfections; in man, even in his low degree, it is an incorporation of the christian graces.

The holiness of God indeed is confined by no limitation; ours is bounded, finite, imperfect. Yet let us be zealous to extend our little sphere.—Let our desires be large, though our capacities are contracted. Let our aims be lofty, though our attainments are low. Let us be solicitous that no day pass without some augmentation of our holiness, some added height in our aspirations, some wider expansion in the compass of our virtues. Let us strive every day for some superiority to the preceding day, something that shall distinctly mark the passing scene with progress; something that shall inspire a humble hope that we are rather less unfit for heaven to-day, than we were yesterday. The celebrated artist who has recorded that he passed no day without drawing a line, drew it not for repetition but for progress; not to produce a given number of strokes, but to forward his work, to complete his design. The Christian, like the painter, does not draw his lines at random, he has a model to imitate, as well as an outline to fill. Every touch conforms him more and more to the great original. He who has transfused most of the life of God into his soul, has copied it most successfully. *HANNAH MORE.*

EDUCATION.

It is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no crime can destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave: at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament. It chastens vice; it guides virtue; it gives, at once, grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave, a reasoning savage! vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of passion, participated with brutes!

In this world there is much TENDERNESS where there is no misfortune, and much COURAGE where there is NO danger!