

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 Eng-
lish style of that time—Wickliff's English, ob-
solete as the orthography is, is intelligible, and
this specimen serves to illustrate the change pro-
duced 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,
whenne alle thingis werein gederid to-
gider, the yonger sone went forth in
a pilgrymage 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 turvede agen into himself, and
saide, "How manye hirid men in my
fadir's had plenty of looues, and I per-
ish 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 wor-
thi to be clepid thi sone; make me as
oon this hirid men." And he rose up
and came to his fadir; and whenne 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 worthe to be clepid thi
sone." And the fadir seide to his ser-
uantis, "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 big-
gunne to eat. But his elder sone was
in the field; and whanne he cam, and
neighede to the hous, he herd a sym-
fonye and a croule. And he clepide
oon of the seruantis, and axide what
these thingis weren. And he seide to
him, "thi brother is comen, and thi fa-
thir slough a fatt calf, for he ressey-
uede him safe." And he was wrooth,
and wolde not come yn; therefor his
fadir gedde out and bigan to preye him,
and seyde, "lo so manye yeeris I serue
thee and I neuer brak thi command-
ment, 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 fatt calf,
And he seide to him, "sone thou art
euermore 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 peris-
chide and is founden."

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

FROM THE BELLWELL FALLS INTELLIGENCER.

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

"Jonathan Riley, from Hartford,
Connecticut, was a sergeant in our re-
giment. 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 great-
ly in want of them. The soldiers
made this boy the butt of their ridic-
ule, and many a sorry joke was utter-
ed at his expense. They told him to
swear his legs, in other words to get
them insured. Yet there was some-
thing 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 incessant-
ly 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 Eliz-
abethtown. 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 contin-
ually deserting. It was a post of some
danger, as the young ambitious British
officers, or experienced sergeants, of-
ten 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 re-
lieved every two hours. It chanced
one dark and windy night, that Lilly
and myself were sentinels on adjoining
posts. All the sentinels were direct-
ed to fire on the least alarm, and re-
treat 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 oc-
casionally a star to be seen through the
flying clouds. The hours passed heav-
ily and cheerlessly away. In a pause
of the storm, as the wind died sudden-
ly 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 follow-
ing conversation, "stand." The an-
swer was from a speaker rapidly ap-
proaching, 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 ad-
vancing, 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 bare-
ly 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 discov-
ered 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 remark-
able in his death. He was tried for
his life, and sentenced to be shot.
During the trial and subsequently, he
discovered an indifference truly aston-
ishing. 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 car-
tridges. 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 for-
gotten it."

CORNISH ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote is related by a late trav-
eller in Cornwall, Eng.

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

Farmer—Your Reverence, zir, when
woul 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
knub of salt in his mouth, and a knub
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 Mais-
tern Trewern went up in chimmer,
and went up close to feyther, he zeed-
'en dead, in his white shirt, and the
knub 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.

LAW OF THE EGYPTIANS.

As the barbarous custom of impris-
oning 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 ac-
count 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, be-
sides, be subjected to the pursuit of a
creditor, and that the avarice of a sin-
gle citizen should prevail over the pub-
lic good."

Let us imitate the wise and humane
law givers of Egypt: give the credi-
tor the property, but protect the per-
son of the debtor from his wrath.

This will be done in a few years.
The signs of the times prognosticate
that glorious event.—Bastin's 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; and it often happens that men
suffer more to be lost, than to be saved.
But 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 com-
petition with virtue. "Our thoughts,"
says an eloquent divine, "like the wa-
ters of the sea, when exhaled towards
heaven, will lose all their bitterness
and saltiness, and sweeten into an amia-
ble 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 deris-
ion, to puritans and enthusiasts.

This suspected epithet however is
surely rescued from every injurious
association, if we consider it the cho-
sen attribute of the Most High. We
do not presume to apply the terms vir-
tue, 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 ap-
propriation, that of not deserving it.
This comprehensive appellation in-
cludes all the christian graces, all the
virtues in their just proportion, order,
and harmony; in all their beings, rela-
tions, 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 ho-
ly in himself, as a model to be imita-
ted by his creatures, and, though with-
in an interval immeasurable, as imitable
by him.

The great doctrine of Redemption
is inseparably connected with the doc-
trine of sanctification. As an admi-
rable writer has observed, "if the blood
of Christ reconcile us to the justice of
God, the spirit of Christ is to recon-
cile 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 omnipo-
tence, nor even to his mercy, but to
that attribute which, as with a glory,
encircles all the rest. They perpetu-
ally cry Holy, holy, holy, Lord God
of Hosts, and it is observable, that the
Angels which adore him for his holi-
ness 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 com-
mand to imitate him. This command
is given to creatures, fallen indeed,
but to whom God graciously promises
strength for imitation. If in God ho-
liness implies an aggregate of perfec-
tions; in man, even in his low degree,
it is an incorporation of the christian
graces.

The holiness of God indeed is con-
fined by no limitation; ours is bound-
ed, finite, imperfect. Yet let us be
zealous to extend our little sphere.—
Let our desires be large, though our
capabilities are contracted. Let our
aims be holy, 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 superi-
ority to the preceding day, something
that shall distinctly mark the passing scene
with progress; something that shall in-
spire an humble hope that we are ra-
ther 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 im-
itate, as well as an outline to fill. Ev-
ery touch conforms him more and more
to the great original. He who has
transfused most of the life of God in-
to his soul, has copied it most success-
fully. HANNAH MORE.

EDUCATION.

It is a companion which no misfor-
tune can depress, no crime can destroy,
no enemy alienate, no despotism en-
slave: at home a friend, abroad an in-
troduction, in solitude a solace, in so-
ciety 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 pas-
sion, participated with brutes!

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