

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



A new poem has lately been published in England, entitled "The Judgment, a Vision." From the specimens which we have seen, it is a work of no ordinary cast. The following apostrophe to the evening star, with the quotation annexed to it, is taken from a review of the poem:—"The author proceeds in the same tender and valetudinary strain, which had led him to notice the last recession of the westerling sun, to apostrophize the evening star, now about to set for ever. There is something peculiarly solemn and affecting in this address; it involves many circumstances of the most touching interest, and forms, altogether, a picture over which the mind hangs with fond attention. Numerous as have been the addresses to this lovely planet, there is not one which can compete with this, if regard be had to the awful magnitude of the occasion; and few which, in point of execution, can be deemed more pensively sweet and impressive."

Mild, twinkling through a crimson-skirted cloud,
The solitary star of evening shone.
While gazing, wistful, on that peerless light,
Thereafter to be seen no more, (as oft
In dreams strange images will mix,) sad thoughts
Paw'd o'er my soul. Sorrowing, I cried, farewell,
Pale, beautiful planet, that displayest so soft,
Amid yon glowing streak, thy transient beam!
A long, a last farewell! Seasons have chang'd,
Ages and empires roll'd, like smoke, away,
But thou, unaltered, beamest as silver fair
As on thy birth-night! Bright and watchful eyes,
From palaces and bowers, have hail'd thy gem
With secret transport! Natal star of love,
And soul that love the shadowy hour of fancy,
How much I owe thee, how I bless thy ray!
How oft thy rising o'er the hamlet green,
Signal of rest, and social converse sweet,
Beneath some patriarchal tree, has cheer'd
The peasant's heart, and drawn his benison!
Pride of the west! beneath thy placid light
The tender tale shall never more be told,
Man's soul shall never wake to joy again:
Thou sett'st for ever,—lovely orb, farewell!

THE FIRE-FLY.

Little rambler of the night,
Where and whence thy glowing light?
Is it form'd of evening dew,
Where and whence thy brilliant hue?
Hark! methinks a voice replies,
He that form'd the azure skies,
Great in least, and good to all,
Lord of man and insect small;
He it was, that made this vest;
Search, adore nor know the rest.
Little rambler of the night,
Bless'd be this voice of thine!
Tie that cloth'd thy form in light
Is thy God as well as mine!
Go enjoy in verdant fields,
What his royal bounty yields,
Nip the leaf or taste the flower;
Sip in nature's roscate bower;
Filling full the span that's given,
With the boons of gracious Heaven.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

EXTRACT FROM BRACKENRIDGE HALL.
WIVES.

Believe me man, there is no greater bliss
Than is the quiet joy of loving wife;
Which whose wants, half of himself doth miss,
Friend without change, play-fellow without strife,
Fool without fulness, counsel without strife,
Is sweet doubling of our single life.

SIR F. SIDNEY.

It is a great pity that plays and novels should always end at the wedding, and should not give us another act, and another volume, to let us know how the hero and heroine conducted themselves when married. Their main object seems to be to instruct young ladies how to get husbands; but not how to keep them; now, this last, it appears to me, is a desideratum in modern married life. It is appalling to those who have not yet ventured into the state to see how soon the flame of romantic love burns out, or is quenched in matrimony; and the passionate lover, declines into the phlegmatic prosaic husband. I am inclined to attribute this very much to the defect I have just mentioned in the plays and novels which form the principal study of our young ladies, and which teach them to be heroes but leave them totally at a loss when they come to be wives. I have lately however met with an exception to this practice, in an old writer, who has bravely attempted to support dramatic interest in favour of a woman even after she was married! I was looking over an album of the fair Julia's, when I found a series of poet-

ical extracts in the Squire's hand writing, which might have been intended as matrimonial advice to his ward. I was so much struck with the beauty of several of them, that I took the liberty of making a copy. They are from the old play of the "City Nightcap," (by Thomas Davenport, 1661.) in which is drawn out and exemplified, in the part of Abstemia, a character of a patient and faithful wife; which I think might vie with that of the renowned Griselda; though I fear it would stand almost as little chance of being adopted as a model.

The following is a commendation of her to her husband Lorenzo:

She's modest, but not sullen, and loves silence.
Not that she wants apt words, (for when she speaks,
She inflames love with wonder,) but because
She calls wise silence the soul's harmony.
She's truly chaste; yet such a foe to coyness,
The poorest call her courteous; and which is excellent,
(Though fair and young,) she shuns to expose herself
To the opinion of strange eyes. She either seldom
Or never walks abroad but in your company;
And then with such sweet bashfulness, as if
She were venturing on cracked ice, and takes delight
To step into the print your foot has made,
And will follow you whole fields; so she will drive
Tediumness out of time with her sweet character.

Notwithstanding all this excellence, Abstemia has the misfortune to incur the unmerited jealousy of her husband. Instead, however, of resenting his harsh treatment with clamorous upbraids, and the stormy violence of high windy virtue, by which the sparks of anger are so often blown into a flame; she endures it with the meekness of conscious but patient virtue, and makes a beautiful appeal to a friend who has witnessed her long sufferings:

— Hast thou not seen me
Bear all his injuries, as the ocean suffers
The angry bark to plough through her bosom,
And yet is presently so smooth, the eye
Cannot perceive where the wide wound was made.

Lorenzo being wrought on by false representations, at length repudiates her. To the last, however, she maintains her patient sweetness, and her love for him in spite of his cruelty.— She deplores his error even more than his unkindness, and laments the delusion which has turned his very affection into a source of bitterness. There is a moving pathos in her parting address to Lorenzo after their divorce:

— Farewell, Lorenzo,
Whom my soul doth love; if you e'er marry
May you meet a good wife, so good, that you
May not suspect her, nor may she be worthy
Of your suspicion; and if you hear hereafter
That I am dead, inquire but my last words,
And you shall know that to the last I lov'd you.
And when you walk forth with your second choice,

Into the pleasant fields, and by chance talk of me,
Imagine that you see me lean and pale,
Strewing your path with flowers.
But may she never live to pay my debts; (weep!)
If but in thought she wrong you, may she die
In the conception of the injury.
Pray make me wealthy with one kiss; farewell,
Sir.

Let it not grieve you when you shall remember
That I was innocent; nor this forget,
Though innocence here suffers, sigh, and groan,
She walks but through thorns to find a throne.

In a short time Lorenzo discovers his error; and the innocence of his injured wife. In the transports of his repentance he calls to mind all her feminine excellence, her gentle, uncomplaining, womanly fortitude under wrongs and sorrows:

— Oh Abstemia!
How lovely thou lookest now! now thou appear'st
Cheerier than is the morning's modesty,
That rises with a blush, over whose bosom
The western wind creeps softly; now I remember,
How, when we sat at table, her obedient eye
Would dwell on mine, as if it were not well,
Unless it looked when I looked; oh how proud
She was, when she could cross herself to please me!
But where now is this fair soul? Like a silver cloud
She has wept herself, I fear, into the dead sea,
And will be found no more.

It is but doing right by the reader, if interested in the fate of Abstemia, by the preceding extracts, to say that she was restored to the arms and affections of her husband, rendered fonder than ever, by that disposition in every good heart to atone for past injustice, by an overflowing measure of returning kindness:

The wealth worth more than kingdoms; I am now
Confirmed past all suspicion, thou art far
Sweeter in thy sincere truth, than a sacrifice
Decked up for death with garlands. The Indian winds
That blow from off the coast, and cheer the sailor
With sweet savour of their spices, want
The delight flows in thee.

I have been more affected and interested by this little dramatic picture, than by many a popular love tale; though, as I said before, I do not think it likely either Abstemia or patient Grizzle stand much chance of being taken as a model. Still I like to see poetry now and then extending its view beyond the wedding day, and teaching

a lady how to make herself attractive even after marriage.

There is no great need of enforcing on an unmarried lady the necessity of being agreeable; nor is there any great art requisite in a youthful beauty to enable her to please. Nature has multiplied attractions round her—youth, in itself is attractive. The freshness of budding beauty needs no foreign aid to set it off; it pleases merely because it is fresh, budding, and beautiful. But it is for the married state that a woman needs the most instruction, and in which she should be most on her guard to maintain her powers of pleasing. No woman can expect to be to her husband all that he fancied her, when he was a lover.— Men are always doomed to be duped, not so much by the arts of the sex, as by their own imaginations. They are always wooing goddesses, and marrying mere mortals. A woman should therefore ascertain what was the charm that rendered her so fascinating when a girl, and endeavour to keep it up when she has become a wife. One great thing undoubtedly was the chariness of herself and conduct, which an unmarried female always observes.— She should maintain the same niceness and reserve in her person and habits, and endeavour still to preserve a freshness and virgin delicacy in the eye of her husband. She should remember that the province of woman is to be wooed, not to woo—to be caressed, not to caress. Man is an ungrateful being in love; bounty loses instead of winning him.

The secret of a woman's does not consist so much in giving, as in withholding. A woman may give up too much even to her husband. It is to a thousand little delicacies of conduct that she must trust to keep alive passion, and to protect herself from that dangerous familiarity, that thorough acquaintance with every weakness and imperfection incident to matrimony. By these means she may still maintain her power, though she has surrendered her person; and may continue the romance of love, even beyond the honeymoon.

"She that hath a wise husband," says Jeremy Taylor, 'must entice him to an eternal dearneſſe by the veil of modesty, and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith and charity. She must have no paintings but blushings; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetness and friendship, and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies.'

I have wandered into a rambling series of remarks on a trite subject, and a dangerous one for a bachelor to meddle with. That I may not, however, appear to confine my observations entirely to the wife, I will conclude with another quotation from Jeremy Taylor, in which the duties of both parties are mentioned, while I would recommend his sermon on the marriage ring to all those who, wiser than myself, are about entering the happy state of wedlock.

"There is scarce any matter of duty but it concerns them both alike, and is only distinguished by names, and hath its variety by circumstances and little accidents; and what in one is called love, in the other is called reverence; and what in the wife is obedience, the same in the man is duty. He provides, and she dispenses; he gives commandments, and she rules by them; he rules her by authority, and she rules him by love; she ought by all means to please him, and he must by no means displease her."

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

An Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution, from the Reign of Henry VII. to the present time. By Lord JOHN RUSSELL.

To comment on all matters which, in this little volume, Lord J. Russell has brought before us, would be to discuss almost every subject connected with politics and political economy. If our limits allowed, we should gladly contribute to the dissemination of his opinions on the National Debt, Parliamentary Reform, Public Schools, Liberty of the Press, Parties, &c.: for nothing can be more interesting to the public than an acquaintance with the political creed of its legislators, and a knowledge that the opinions which they entertain on great constitutional questions have not been lightly embraced, but are convictions of the mind, honestly and laboriously attained by a course of historical research. The book, however, is presented to the public in so accessible a shape that

there can be no doubt of its extensive circulation: but we repeat that it is too brief, for it presumes a greater stock of historical knowledge in the reader than can fairly be expected: though, as the author intimates, it will 'provoke the wits and excite the thoughts of other men.'—A few words on another subject and we have done.

In the course of his observations, Lord John frequently quotes that most sagacious political writer Machiavel, and that 'much-debated work,' as he calls it, "The Prince." Bacon and Rousseau, saw the real drift of the Florentine secretary in this 'much-debated work;' while Harington, Clarendon, and many other writers of celebrity, suspected that its author wanted to throw an odium on monarchy. A letter in the Harleian Miscellany, vol. i. p. 55, settles the point: it is entitled "Machiavel's Vindication of himself against the Imputation of Impiety, Atheism, and other high Crimes, extracted from his Letter to his Friend Zenobio Buonelmonte." At the close of it he says:

"I now come to the last branch of my charge, which is, that I teach princes villainy, and how to enslave and oppress their subjects. If any man will read over my book of 'The Prince' with impartiality and ordinary charity, he will easily perceive that it is not my intention therein to recommend that government, or those men there described, to the world: much less to teach men to trample upon good men, and all that is sacred and venerable upon earth, laws, religion, honesty. If I have been a little too punctual in describing these monsters, and drawn them to the life in all their lineaments and colours, I hope mankind will know them the better, to avoid them; my treatise being both a satire against them, and a true character of them. Whoever in his empire is tied to no other rules than his own will and lust must either be a saint or a very devil incarnate; or if he be neither of these, his life and reign are like to be very short, &c. &c."

Those who are acquainted with the history of Florence will not ask why Machiavel should conceal his principles under a veil of irony almost impenetrable. He was deeply involved in the conspiracy of the Soderini, in the year 1494, by which the three sons of the great Lorenzo de' Medici (Piero, who succeeded his father in the government of Florence, and his two brothers Giovanni and Giuliano) were proclaimed enemies to their country, and obliged to flee from its vengeance. In the year 1512, the family of the Medici were restored by the assistance of Pope Julius II. and of Ferdinand of Spain: and Lorenzo de' Medici, the eldest son of the deceased Piero, assumed the reins of government. As usual in such cases, all those were now removed who had been in office under the republic; and Machiavel, with an unshaken fortitude, underwent the ignominy and the pains of torture, which were in vain inflicted on him for the purpose of procuring information relative to the actors in the conspiracy. Under the reign of this Lorenzo, who died a victim to his debaucheries, Machiavel wrote "The Prince;" a circumstance sufficient to account at once for the satire which characterizes it and the secrecy which attended it.

NATURAL CURIOSITY.

The Grand Saline is between the two forks of the Arkansas, about 280 miles south-west of Fort Osage. It is a hard level plain of a reddish coloured sand, of an irregular figure, being in circumference full thirty miles.—From the appearance of drift wood, scattered on the tract, it would seem, the whole plain was constantly overflowed by the surrounding stream.— This plain is entirely covered in dry hot weather from two to eight inches deep, with a crust of clean white salt, of a quality rather superior to the imported blown salt, which bears a striking resemblance to a field of new fallen snow, succeeded by rain, with a light crust on the top. Nothing can be more picturesque on a bright, sunny morning, than this natural curiosity.

Thompson.—The author of the "Castle of Indolence" paid homage, in that admirable poem, to the master passion of his own nature. Thompson was so excessively lazy, that he is recorded to have been standing at a peach tree, with both his hands in his pockets, eating the fruit as it grew. At another time, being discovered in bed at a very late hour in the day, when asked why he did not rise, he answered, 'trough mon, I see nae motive for rising.'

Religious.

On the gradual progress of Sin.

It is a common saying, that no man becomes wicked at once. Men are prepared by degrees for the last acts of iniquity. Ask the murderer how he came to imbrue his hands in blood; he will tell you that he was first light and thoughtless, then loose and extravagant; that, having brought himself into difficulties, he was tempted to some little act of injustice which he meant to repair, and certainly to commit but once. The fraud was resorted to as the means of deliverance from urgent distress; but, having been tempted to perpetrate this single act, he was induced to repeat the crime, even though less pressed by want. The same act, under new circumstances, has more sin in it: at last murder became necessary to conceal theft, and seemed only a part of the same crime. Take, in short, any character that is now infamous—his history is the same. What abandoned sinners are some men—what cheats—what liars—what blasphemers of God—what despisers of all that is good. "Is thy servant a dog," said Hazaeh, "that he should do this thing?" Hazaeh could not believe his nature capable of the crime which the Prophet told him he would commit. Do you abhor the character of the murderer—beware of little sins. The sins of some men are so dreadful, that we stand astonished at them; we look on them: and they appear to us as beings of another nature—as hardly human. Alas! the wickedest man that lives is only one who has fallen by little and little. That vile wretch whom you loath, had once a blushing cheek and a general regard for God and religion: but he fell by disregarding little sins.

Many a man, now a practical Atheist, was, in his youth, a very different character. As he grew up, he became acquainted with irreligious persons; his fear of God and regard for religion grew less, in the same proportion as evil practices gained on him, until he is so much engaged in the business or pleasure of the world, that he has no time left for the service of God. The most trifling excuse is sufficient to keep him from church: the Sabbath is employed in vain and sinful amusements, till grown more hardened in iniquity, they are spent at the gaming table, or in haunts of vice still more depraved.

Habits of swearing often grow on a person in the same gradual manner. He sits among swearers and in the seat of the scornful, and thus his sense of sin is weakened. Men fall into this very imperceptibly. A man who uses the name of his Maker on every trifling occasion, is likely to grow hardened in unbelief.

Some begin by exercising their wit on religious things and men, and then mock at religion itself. They joke about passages of Scripture; and there is no road by which men advance more rapidly towards infidelity than this. What we often make the subject of our ridicule, we can at no time much reverence.

So, also, in dishonesty, a man's fall is gradual: some begin by borrowing what they partly mean to repay, but what they know is very possible may be out of their power to do. Habits of borrowing when there is no intention of paying, beget habits of theft. They at first take to gratify some pressing want: the moral feeling thus blunted, stealing soon becomes in them a trade—murder follows almost of course.—Having forfeited his life to the offended laws of his country, the miserable victim of small sins ends his life on the scaffold.

Lying is a sin that also grows on us by degrees. We first indulge in white lies and quizzing; by degrees we lose our tender regard for truth, and become habitual liars. Guard every word you speak, be correct, nor think it a small matter to depart from strict truth, even in the smallest matters.

ATLANTICUS.

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shews us but one side of the world. For, as it surrounds us with friends, who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defence.

Posthumous charities are the very essence of selfishness, when bequeathed by those who, when alive, would part with nothing.