

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



FROM THE BOSTON CITY GAZETTE.

ADDRESS TO MY SEGAR.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctor's spite;
I love thy fragrant misty spell,
I love thy calm delight.

What tho' they tell with phizzes long,
Our years are sooner past;
I would reply with reasons strong,
They're sweeter, while they last.

And oft, mild tube, to me thou art
A monitor, though still,
Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart
Beyond the preacher's skill.

When in the lonely evening hour,
Attended but by thee;
O'er history's varied page I pour,
Man's fate in thine I see.—

Awhile like thee the hero burns,
And smokes and fumes around,
And then like thee to ashes turns,
And mingles with the ground.

Thou'rt like the worthy man that gives,
To goodness every day,
The fragrance of whose virtue lives
When he has passed away.

Oft when my snowy column grows,
And breaks and fades away,
I trace how mighty realms thus rose,
Then tumbled to decay.

From beggar's rags to monarch's robes,
One common doom is cast;
Sweet nature's works, the mighty globe,
Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee now,
A little moving heap,
That soon like thee to dust must bow,
Like thee in ashes sleep.

And when I see thy smoke roll high,
Thy ashes downward go,
Methinks 'tis thus my soul shall fly,
Thus leave my body low.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

The following extract from a review of "The Spy," in the last number of the North-American Review, will doubtless be interesting to our readers. Some of the facts stated therein were new to us, and we suspect are not generally known.

We do not propose to give a minute analysis of a work, which has already been some months before the public, and has with sufficient notoriety to have reached its third edition. We have a right to assume, that our readers are fashionable enough to have kept pace with their neighbors, and shall therefore tell no more of the story, than we find necessary for our purpose.

The narrative turns on the fortunes of Henry Wharton, a captain in the royal army, (then under sir Henry Clinton, with head quarters at New-York,) who imprudently visits his father's family at West Chester, (the neutral ground,) in disguise, and there falls into the hands of an American party under the command of Major Dunwoodie, his sister's betrothed lover, and his own bosom friend. He is tried and condemned as a spy; but succeeds in making his escape by the assistance of Harvey Birch, the pedlar, himself a notorious British spy, and with the connivance of Washington, who, under the assumed character of Harper, had been an inmate at the house of Wharton's father, at the time of the stolen visit, and was firmly convinced of the young man's innocent intentions.

Harvey Birch, by whose mysterious agency every important incident in the book is more or less affected, though a convicted spy of the enemy, with a price set upon his head, turns out in the sequel to have been all along in secret the confidential and trusty agent of Washington.

This finely conceived character, on whom the interest of the narrative mainly depends, is not wholly without historical foundation. It is a matter of notoriety, that no military commander ever availed himself of a judicious system of espionage with more consummate address, or greater advantage to his cause, than General Washington. The similarity of the belligerents in all outward appearances, and their community of language, furnish-

ed both parties with great facilities for mutual deception. But the minute local knowledge of our commander in chief, his extensive information in regard to the manners, habits, and occupations of the persons with whom he had to deal, his own acute observation and discriminating judgment, united to an intimate acquaintance with the characters of individuals, gave him in this respect peculiar advantages, which he never failed to improve. A fund, liberal, considering the parsimony and extreme poverty of our government at that time, was furnished by Congress, expressly to be employed in secret services of this nature, and Washington was never sparing of his own purse when occasion demanded additional supplies. Hence he was enabled to maintain great numbers of secret agents, who were often at work unsuspected in the very heart of the British army, transmitting regular and authentic intelligence of its most minute operations; while his most confidential officers were profoundly ignorant of the means and sources of his information, and frequently received themselves that, on which they were directed to rely, without knowing the quarter whence it came. We do not state this without authority. We have it through a channel, which ought not to be doubted, that, at the time when General Heath was left by Washington in command, he was directed to make daily search in the hollow of a certain tree for despatches from the enemy's camp; and the search was seldom fruitless, though the general professed himself entirely unsuspecting of the person or persons by whom he was thus supplied. Many similar facts are probably known to officers now living; and although others, who stood high in the service, should not possess the same kind of information, this is a species of negative evidence, which can weigh little in the scale. That services of this sort should have been performed by persons commonly reputed to be disaffected to the American cause, and even by those who lived ostensibly in British pay, is a thing not only extremely probable in itself, but likewise a fact capable of being established by living testimony. Indeed we have, within these few days, held direct communication with a man in this city, who, having first suffered his name to be stricken off the rolls of his regiment for desertion, entered into the service of sir Henry Clinton, as a private, and sir Henry thought confidential agent, while he was, in truth, a spy upon the movements of that officer, and constantly conveyed all his valuable information to the commander of the American armies, in conformity with the understanding that subsisted between them; and this was a man of sufficient respectability to receive a captain's commission for his services.* It may well, however, be a matter of doubt, whether General Washington himself ever submitted to a personal disguise for the purpose of obtaining this kind of information, either directly or indirectly; and, until we see undoubted evidence of the fact, we shall not hesitate to deny it. The whole character of Washington is against it. His station, his trust, than which none could be higher, are against it. The opinion of those most intimate with him, by their official relations, is entirely against it. Nay, it was almost physically impossible. His remarkable stature and physiognomy, his lofty carriage, the unbending dignity of his whole demeanor, and, above all, the notoriety of his person making detection almost certain, rendered him the most unfit of all men to practice such a deception. We are compelled to believe, therefore, that our author has deviated from historical accuracy, in a point where he should most scrupulously have adhered to it. When such a personage as Washington is made to move in the scenes of fiction, so recently too after his conspicuous career, he should appear, if he would appear safely, only as his countrymen have known and must ever remember

him, at the head of armies, or in the dignity of state. Our imagination will hardly consent to follow him through the mere common courtesies, or grosser familiarities of life; and where our author attempts so to represent him, he undertakes a task, under which greater and more practised abilities would sink. In his own words, 'it was rash—it was unkind—it was a sad, sad mistake.' Reminding him, therefore, of the old rule, 'sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, equam viribus,' we will proceed to business.

PROFESSOR EVERETT.

Extract of a letter from the North.

"You have heard, I presume, of the celebrated Professor EVERETT, [Editor of the North-American Review,] the most prominent intellectual phenomenon of this emporium of literature.

"In versatility of talent, and depth of erudition, he must far surpass any man of his age in America, and, from his industry and zeal in the cause of religion and truth, bids fair to promote their advancement in an eminent degree. A happy facility of expression, and laudable ambition to disseminate knowledge (added to the aptitude of this community to attain it) afford him also a wide field for its application.

"I heard him deliver, a few days since, to a select audience, a dissertation on the ruins of Athens, with historical and architectural illustrations. A subject, which his personal observations while in Greece enabled him to describe more accurately, and which was elicited by the peculiar interest excited at this moment with regard to that classic land, as well as the circumstance, of there being in this place a beautiful panorama of Athens.

"The ruins of the temple of Minerva and of Jupiter Olympus, &c. being the most conspicuous objects on this point, the orator gave an interesting description of these edifices, and their respective purposes; traced the origin of the different institutions to the prevailing feelings and principles of the times in which they were founded; and delineated, with admirable minuteness, the relative beauties and peculiarities of the various orders of Grecian architecture, and marked their accordance with the state of literature and the arts at the several eras of their history. His fund of knowledge on this as on all other subjects appeared inexhaustible.

"It is on occasions of charitable discourses, however, that his eloquence is most effective; and I have never heard more impressive appeals to philanthropy, nor more incontrovertible evidences of the duties of charity, than as exemplified by him in several recent addresses.

"Without possessing much natural eloquence, his delivery is perspicuous and forcible, and you are more impressed with the morality of his axioms than captivated by the fervor or grace of his manner. So far as supremacy in eloquence arises from a clear perception of right and wrong, and a rigid estimation of virtue, he is successful; but by no means possesses that impassioned strain which can only emanate from inspiration and nature.

"The high consideration in which this juvenile philosopher is held here, speaks much for the correct taste of this portion of our country; and the simplicity and modesty of his manners, denote that the object of his exertions is to do good, rather than to excite applause—Esse quam videri." Charleston Courier.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

I am no teller of stories; but there is one belonging to Burlleigh House, of which I happen to know some of the particulars. The late Earl of Exeter had been divorced from his first wife, a woman of fashion, and of somewhat more gaiety of manners than "lords who love their ladies like." He determined to seek out a second wife in a humble sphere of life, and that it should be one who, having no knowledge of his rank, should love him for himself alone. For this purpose, he went and settled incognito (under the name of Mr. Jones) at Hodnet, an obscure village in Shropshire. He made overtures to one or two damsels in the neighborhood, but they were too knowing to be taken in by him. His manners were not boorish, his mode of life was retired, it was odd how he got his livelihood, and at last he began to be taken for a highwayman. In this dilemma he turned to Miss Hoggins, the eldest daughter of a small farmer at whose house he

lodged.—Miss Hoggins, it might seem, had not been used to romp with the clowns; there was something in the manners of their quiet, but eccentric guest, that she liked. As he found that he had inspired her with that kind of regard which he wished for, he made honorable proposals to her, and at the end of some months, they were married, without his letting her know who he was. They set off in a post chaise from her father's house, and travelled across the country. In this manner, they arrived at Stamford, and passed through the town without stopping till they came to the entrance of Burlleigh Park, which is on the outside of it. The gates flew open, the chaise entered, and drove down the long avenues of trees that lead up to the front of this fine old mansion.—As they drew nearer to it, and she seemed a little surprised where they were going, he said, "Well, my dear, this is Burlleigh House; it is the home I have promised to bring you to, and you are the Countess of Exeter!" It is said that the shock of this discovery was too much for this young creature, and that she never recovered it. It was a sensation worth dying for. The world we live in was worth making, had it been only for this. Ye Thousand and One Tales of the Arabian Night's Entertainment! hide your diminished heads! I never wish to have been a lord, but when I think of this story.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Applause is more frequently acquired by profuseness, than by charity; that is, by suffering ourselves to be imposed on, than by bestowing our money on proper objects: because those who over-reach us, look upon their acquisitions as the just reward of their own superior abilities, and are therefore not unwilling to publish them; whereas, those who receive our donations, feel the weight of obligations, always implying an inferiority, which men little care to remember, and less to talk of.

Painters of human nature, like those of human faces, are of two sorts; the one give us beautiful pictures, but without the least resemblance of those who sit for them; the other draw strong likenesses, but for the most part something uglier than the originals.

Advice is seldom well received, well intended, or productive of any good: it is seldom well received, because it implies a superiority of judgment in the giver; and it is seldom intended for any other end, than to show it: it is seldom of any service to the giver, because it more frequently makes him an enemy than a friend; and as seldom to the receiver, because, if he is not wise enough to act properly without it, he will scarcely be wise enough to distinguish that which is good.

Men's zeal for religion is much of the same kind as that which they show for a foot-ball: whenever it is contested for, every one is ready to venture their lives and limbs in the dispute; but, when that is once at an end, it is no more thought on, but sleeps in oblivion, buried in rubbish, which no one thinks it worth his pains to rake into, much less to remove.

Religious.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN VISITANT.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." ECCLESIASTES XI. 9.

There are some who pretend that the season of youth is intended for a season of levity; that it is only when the frost of age begins to whiten his locks, that man should begin to think seriously of judgment and eternity beyond the grave. But ask any man of feeling and reflection, whose locks have been touched by the withering hand of time, if this be his opinion, and before he mediates upon the question, his heart will spontaneously answer it. He will tell you, especially if his youth has been mispent, that there is but one thing more frightful to him than the "ghost of his departed hours," that when he looks back upon the past, and calculates the precious time squandered in folly and dissipation, which might have been employed to his own advantage, or that of his fellow-men, and the glory of God, his soul is wrung with anguish, and pierced through by the

keen arrow of self-reproach; but when he looks forward, and finds it not only impossible to redeem his lost time, but sees in the prospect before him, a world unknown, and a fate uncertain, and that uncertainty arising from his own past imprudence, and graceless career, which he readily perceives forbid him to hope for redemption; then it is that he finds there is one thing more frightful than the "ghost of his departed hours," and that is, the gloomy aspect in which his conscious forebodings portray his future existence.

It is evident, then, from the remorse and sorrow with which man looks back upon time lost; and the fearful anxiety with which, when awakened from his dreams of pleasure and indolence, he contemplates the future, that God intended him for serious, useful and noble pursuits, worthy of an immortal being, from the earliest dawn of reason in his young mind, till its last expiring rays should glimmer on the verge of the grave.

It follows that youth, so far from being intended as a season of levity; was clearly designed as the season for acquiring knowledge, as manhood is the season for industry and enterprise, and old age for the enjoyment of the fruits of all these in the shades of philosophical retirement. Piety to God is always in season, in every stage of our existence: But thrice happy are they who find themselves in age, blest with ease and competence which enable them to grace their names by deeds of charity to man, as well as devotion to God, gilding the decline of life with the mild beams of Christian faith and virtue; whose attractive lights shine even from the grave, and guide the young pilgrim in the path to Heaven. That youth is the season for study and reflection, which are indispensable in the acquisition of knowledge, is obvious to every one who has advanced in life, and assumed the cares of a family, and those which attend the pursuit of business, either in the learned professions, in commerce or the arts, or in any mechanical or laborious employment.—But if it were not obvious, its truth has been demonstrated by the experience of almost all who have attempted the pursuit of studies, to which they have been strangers in youth, after arriving at manhood, and assuming the practical duties of life. The perplexities of business, the calls of friendship and humanity, the rites of hospitality, the duties of a citizen, as well as those of a husband, a father, a relative and a friend, besides innumerable nameless interruptions which break in, in spite of every effort to avoid them, and suspend a favorite study, or destroy the order of a mental contemplation, forbid the visionary attempt to become a perfect master of any art or science after one has fairly entered upon the stage of practical life. We admit, that now and then a transcendent genius rises, like a comet, in the mental world, to astonish and confound the schools, by overleaping the ordinary path to science and to fame. In the horizon of our own country we have beheld two such eccentric orbs, whose rays have not only dazzled our eyes, but reflected their splendour upon the eyes of distant nations. Those orbs have descended from our horizon; they have sunk into that awful region whose impenetrable clouds form a barrier for ever between earth and heaven; they have gone to mingle their beams with the eternal fountain from whence they sprang. But even through the dark shades of the vale of death, their light shall still rise: And not only the present age, but ages to come, shall behold the vestal flame of genius which will ever ascend, in pure and unmingled lustre, from the tombs of FRANKLIN and FULTON!—FRANKLIN and FULTON! Where is the virtuous youth whose bosom does not burn with emulation at the sound of these names, who does not reflect, that in striving to emulate the wisest of men, he will please God, as well as promote his own honour and happiness, and the happiness of mankind! For since our Creator has formed us for social existence, and our Saviour has commanded us to "love one another," he is the best Christian who does the most good, who evinces his "faith by his works," sowing the paths of piety with the choicest flowers of science, and sprinkling these with the fragrant odours of friendship, hospitality, charity and benevolence.

Preserve, if you can, the esteem of the wise and good; but more especially your own. Consider what a deplorable state of mind you must be in, when your conscience tells you, you are a villain.