

The Muses' whatever the Muse inspires,  
My soul the musical strain addresses. — Moore.



FROM A LONDON PAPER.

[Mr. T. Moore has lately published a third number of the National Melodies, equal, if not superior, in all respects, to either of the two former ones. We subjoin from it the song adapted to the Venetian air. It is of that kind in which he pre-eminently excels.]

Row gently here, my gondolier,  
So softly wake the tide,  
That not an ear on earth may hear  
But her's to whom we glide.  
Had Heaven but tongues to speak as well  
As stary eyes to see,  
Oh think! what tales 'twould have to tell  
Of wandering youth like me.  
Now rest thee here, my gondolier!  
Hush! hush! for up I go,  
To climb yon light balcony's height,  
Whilst thou keep'st watch below.  
Oh! did we take for heaven above,  
But 'half such pains as we  
Take, day and night, for woman's love,  
What angels we should be.

From the Trenton Emporium.

SAY WHY?

Oh why should the heart of the christian be sad,  
Or his evening be shrouded in gloom,  
Say why should he sigh when his fortunes are ead  
In night clouds! there's light on the tomb!  
And when from its charlton his spirit shall burst  
Like the sun from the shades that surround it,  
It shall soar to yon heaven as pure as at first.  
The dawn of the morning beam facial it.  
Say why should he weep that the visions of bliss  
Have flown at his coming unaided,  
Or grieve that the hopes of a world such as this  
In the tempests were scattered and blated—  
His home is the light of yon fathomless clime,  
And sorrow will but make it sweeter,  
To fly to eternity's bosom from time  
On wings by misfortune made feather.

MAHLAN.

### Literary Extracts, &c.

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

From *Garden's Anecdotes of the American Revolution.*

MICHAEL DOCHERTY.

The character of the soldier of fortune, so imitatively well drawn, and which constitutes the chief merit of the popular tale, "A Legend of Montrose," has been considered altogether imaginary, and the careless facility with which he changed sides, and embraced opposite principles, regarded as the sportive invention of the author's brain. I will briefly relate the adventures of a sentinel in the continental service, as received from his own lips, and leave it to my readers to determine whether the character of Daigetty, though it never did, might not have existed."

At the moment of retreat, on the 12th of May, 1782, when colonel Laurens, commanding the light troops of general Greene's army, beat up the quarters of the enemy near Accabee, Michael Docherty, a distinguished soldier of the Delawares, said to a comrade who was near—"by Jesus, it does my heart good to think that little blood has been spilt this day, any how, and that we are likely to see the close of it without a fight." No notice was taken of the speech at the time, but meeting him shortly after in camp, I inquired, "how he, who was so much applauded for uncommon gallantry, should have expressed so great delight on finding the enemy indisposed for action." "And who, besides myself, had a better right to be pleased, I wonder," said Docherty. "Wounds and captivity have no charms for me, and Michael has never yet fought, but as bad luck would have it, both have been his portion. When I give you a little piece of the history of my past life, you will give me credit for my wish to be careful of the part that is to come. I was snatched from the jump. At the battle of Brandywine, acting as a sergeant of a company in the Delaware regiment, my captain killed, and lieutenant absenting himself from the field for the greater safety of his mother's son, I fought with desperation till our ammunition was expended, and my comrades being compelled to retire, I was left helpless and wounded on the ground, and fell into the hands of the enemy. Confinement was never agreeable to me. I could never be seen within the walls of a prison. A recruit-

ing-sergeant of the British, who was at home in the business, and up to all manner of cajolery, by dint of perpetual bribery, gained my good will, slipped the king's bounty into my hand, which I pocketed, and entered a volunteer in the 17th regiment. Stoney Point was our station, and I thought myself snugly out of harm's way, when one ugly night, when I did not even dream of such an accident, the post was carried at the point of the bayonet, and an unlucky thrust laid me prostrate on the earth. It was a great consolation, however, although this was rather rough treatment from the hand of a friend, that the Old Delawares were covered with glory, and that as their prisoner, I was sure to meet with the kindest attention. My wound once cured, and white-washed of my sins, my ancient comrades received me with kindness, and light of heart, and hoping to gain any quantity of laurels in the south, I marched forward with the regiment, as a part of the command, destined to recover the Carolinas and Georgia.—The bloody battle of Camden, fought on the 16th of August, bad luck to the day, brought me once again into trouble. Our regiment was cut up root and branch, and poor Pilgrimage, my unfortunate self, wounded and made prisoner. My prejudices against a jail I have frankly told, and being pretty confident that I should not a whit better relish a lodging in the inside of a prisonship, I once again suffered myself to be persuaded, and listed in the infantry of Tarlton's Legion. O, both-eration, what a mistake. I never before had kept such bad company; as a man of honour, I was out of my element, and should certainly have given them leg bail, but that I had no time to brood over my misfortunes, for the battle of the cowpens quickly following, Howard and Old Kirkwood gave us the bayonet so handsomely, that we were taken one and all, and I should have escaped unhurt, had not a dragoon of Washington's added a scratch or two to the account. I ready scored on my unfortunate carcass. As to all the miseries that I have since endured, afflicted with a scarcity of every thing but appetite and mosquitoes, I say nothing about them. My love for my country gives me courage to support that, and a great deal more when it comes. I love my comrades, and they like Docherty. Exchanging kindnesses, we give care to the dogs; but surely you will not be surprised, after all that I have said, that I feel some qualms at the thought of battle, take whatever side I will, I am always sure to find it the wrong one."

From the Quarterly Review.  
SINGULAR NARRATIVE.

Dr. Reid's first essay (on Nervous Affections) considers the question how far Nervous diseases can be affected by the will. Patients are told not to give way to their complaints; and Buchan concludes the treatment of hypochondriacism by advising the sufferer above all things to keep up his spirits—as if the essence of the malady did not consist in inability to do so. Dr. Reid, however, cites some strange instances of the power of the will over the actions of the body; particularly, the following extraordinary narrative:

"Dr. Cheyne, in one of his medical treatises, narrates a case, the accuracy of which is established by an irrefragable combination of evidence, of a man that could die, to all appearance, at any time he chose; and after having lain for a considerable period exactly as a corpse, was able, it seemed, by a voluntary effort, to restore to himself the appearance and all the functions of animation and intellect. It is to be inferred from the latter part of the story, that the unnatural and painful exertions by which this person assumed the appearance of disease, produced at length a fatal result: Death would no longer be mocked with impunity. The counterfeit corpse, a few hours after its last revival, relapsed into a state which was capable of no longer resuscitation. But the case is so interesting and remarkable as to deserve our giving it all the detail with which Dr. Cheyne presents it to his readers.

"He could die or expire when he pleased; and yet, by an effort, or somehow, he could come to life again. He insisted so much upon our seeing the trial made, that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct, tho' small and thready, and his heart had its usual heaving. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture for some time. While I held his right

hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clear looking glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel the least motion in his heart, nor could Mr. Skrine perceive the least sort of breath on the bright mirror held to his mouth. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart and breath; but could not, by the nicest scrutiny, discover in him the least symptom of life. We reasoned a long time, as well as we could, about this odd appearance; and finding he continued in that state, began to conclude that he carried the experiment too far. At last we were satisfied that he was actually dead, and were ready to leave him. This continued half an hour. By nine o'clock in the morning, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and, upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently and speak softly. We were astonished at this unexpected change, and after some further conversation with him and with each other, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but not able to account for it. He afterwards called for an attorney, added a codicil to his will, and calmly and composedly died, about 5 or 6 o'clock that evening."

Singular effects of Beauty in a Young Man.

Bishop Duppy invited one day to dinner, two Clergymen and two ladies; he remarked that during the whole of the repast, the youngest of the two clergymen had his eyes steadily fixed on one of the young ladies, who was very handsome. The Bishop, after dinner, when the ladies had retired, asked him what he thought of the beauty he had been looking at.—The clergyman answered, "My lord, in looking at the lady, I was reflecting that her beautiful forehead will one day be covered with wrinkles; that the coral of her lips will pass to her eyes, the vivacity of which will be extinguished; the ivory of her teeth will change to ebony; that to the roses and lilies of her complexion, the withered appearance of care will succeed; that her fine soft skin will become a dry parchment; that her agreeable smiles will be converted into grimaces; and at length she will become the antidote of love." I never should have supposed, said the Bishop, that the sight of a fine woman would have inspired a young man with such profound meditation.

BIGOTRY.

When Dr. Thomas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, was chaplain to the British Factory at Hamburg, a gentleman belonging to a factory, died at a village about ten miles distant. Application was made to the clergyman of the parish for leave to bury him in the church-yard. The parson inquired of what religion he was, and was told that he had died a Calvinist. "Then," said he, "he cannot be buried here; there are none but Lutherans in my church-yard, and there shall be no other." On this being told to Dr. Thomas, he immediately took his horse, and went to argue the matter with the parson, but found him inflexible. At length the Doctor gained, by accident, what he had failed to accomplish by the force of reason. "You remind me," said the doctor to the intolerant priest, "of a circumstance which happened to myself when I was curate of a church in Thomas-street: I was burying a corpse, when a woman came and pulled me by the sleeve in the middle of the service. 'Sir! sir! I want to speak to you.' 'Pray,' says I, 'wait till I have done.' 'No, sir, I must speak to you immediately.' 'Why, then, what is the matter?' 'Why, sir,' says she, 'you are burying a man who died with the small pox next my poor husband who never had it.' This story had the desired effect; and the curate permitted the bones of the poor Calvinist to be laid in the Lutheran church-yard.

SIR WILLIAM HERSHELL.

The remains of this eminent astronomer were on Saturday afternoon interred at Upton Church, Berkshire, in which parish he had for many years resided. He was a German by birth, and son of a musician, in which profession Sir William was originally educated, and excelled on several musical instruments. He was master of the band of a regiment, which was quartered at Halifax in the year 1770. It was here proposed by some of the principal inhabitants to erect an organ in the church, and subscriptions were entered into for that purpose. Sir William was elected organist, principally through the recommendation of the late Josiah Bates, Esq. who was the son of the then parish clerk of Halifax, and whose acknowledged judgment in the science of music ensured success to the candidate whose cause he espoused. Sir William continued

here for many years; but disliking the monotony of a country town, he removed with his brother to Bath, where they were both engaged for the Pump Room band, by the late Mr. Lindley, who then conducted the first musical entertainments in that city. Sir William pursued his profession at Bath for some years, highly esteemed by a numerous circle of friends, and increasing in fame and fortune; but if it had not been for one of those little accidents which determine the "path that men are destined to walk in," science might have lost the advantages of his brilliant discoveries. He employed his leisure hours in astronomical observations and experiments; and some of them having fortunately attracted royal attention, that great patron of the arts, George III. was resolved that Herschell should not sacrifice his valuable time in crotchets and quavers. Sir William under his gracious patronage, relinquished his profession, and devoted himself entirely to astronomy and the manufacturing of telescopes. From Bath he removed to Slough, where he erected one of surprising magnitude in his garden. He here discovered the distant planet, which he called the "Georgium Sidus," in honor of his illustrious patron. Sir William possessed the milk of human kindness in an eminent degree, and was most anxious to gratify his numerous visitors by explaining the "complicated machinery of his mind," in the simplest manner. No one ever returned from his hospitable dwelling without feeling gratified with the urbanity of the man, and improved by the display of his genius.

THE EQUINOX.

From the Richmond Compiler.

The influence of heavenly bodies upon the things of this earth, is yet a mystery. Newton has shown, at least with a great deal of ingenuity, how it is that the attraction of the moon affects the ebbing and flowing of the tides. But there is a variety of phenomena in which this influence is yet problematical; such as, whether there are particular states of the moon when seeds ought to be sown, meats killed, &c. &c. The first question is, whether these are really affected by the moon; and the next is, how they are affected? The phenomenon of the equinox is generally remarkable for the disturbance it produces in the element of the air. It is more difficult to explain the facts, than it is to observe them. The existence of storms at the equinox has been generally noticed—though not very successfully explained. Julius Cæsar in the 5th book of his commentaries, speaks of his anxiety to leave Britain for Gaul, "ne anni-tempore navigatione escluderetur, quod æquinoctium suberat"—lest he should lose the season of navigation, because the equinox was at hand. Vegetius, a Latin writer who flourished 386 years before Christ, observes that as between the 6th day of the Kalends of June to the 18th day of the Kalends of October, (corresponding to our month of August,) the navigation is the best, because the sharpness of the winds is softened by the genial influence of summer, so after that time to the 3d of the ides of November, the navigation is the most dangerous; because after the ides of September a very fierce star Arcturus rises, and the sea is subject to violent tempests. This is not, however, the idea of Cæsar, who makes an era from the equinox, not from the appearance of particular stars. HISTORICAL.

PRUSSIC ACID.

The Prussic acid, whose tremendous activity as a poison is well known to scientific and medical men, exists in the kernel of cherries, peaches, and bitter almonds. In a copiously diluted state it is harmless and even agreeable, the cordials and other liquors manufactured from these fruits owing their flavor to its presence. The following anecdote, which is extracted from an English publication, shows the danger of using these liquors without particular caution in the preparation. A shop-keeper in the country had, agreeably to a custom among tradesmen in England, regaled his customers with liquor, which in this instance was *noyau*. They liked the liquor, expressed a wish to have it stronger. The tradesman, willing to oblige them, transmitted an order to a person who manufactured his *noyau*, that he would prepare him a certain quantity of *double the usual strength*. This was complied with, without either inquiries on one part or explanation on the other. Shortly after the *noyau* had arrived a lady visited the shop, who being an excellent customer, the tradesman was desirous of evincing his respect, and therefore presented her with the first glass of his improved cordial. The lady drank it, and in a few minutes fell

on the floor and expired. The terror of the poor man was heightened to a greater degree by the observation of the bystanders, who remarking the coincidence of her death, and her taking the *noyau*, asserted that he must have given her poison: he assured them it was "nothing but *noyau*," she had taken; and to convince them, as he conceived, of its harmless qualities, he seized the bottle, and pouring on a glass of it drank it in an agony of earnestness, when so rapid was the action of this potent poison, that the persons before him had not time to relapse from the attention which his conduct extorted, before they were assailed with the additional horror of witnessing the destruction of a second victim—the poor man trembled, fell, and expired.

INDUSTRY.

The eloquent Dr. Barrow, has in one of his sermons, given the following admirable summary of what he called the History of Industry:

To industrious study is to be ascribed the invention and perfection of those arts, whereby human life is civilized, and the world cultivated with numberless accommodations, ornaments and beauties. All the comforts, the stately, the pleasant, and useful works which we view with delight, we enjoy with comfort, industry did create them.

Industry reared those magnificent fabrics, and those commodious houses; it formed those goodly pictures and statues; it raised those convenient causeways, those bridges, those aqueducts; it planted those fine gardens with various flowers and fruits; it clothed those pleasant fields with corn and grass; it built those ships, whereby we plough the seas, reaping the commodities of foreign regions. It hath subjected all creatures to our command and service, enabling us to subdue the fiercest, to catch the wildest, to render the gender sort most tractable and useful to us. It taught us from the wool of the sheep, from the hair of the goat, from the labour of the silk, to weave our clothes, to keep us warm, to make us fine and gay. It helpeth us, from the inmost bowels of the earth, to fetch divers needful tools and utensils.

It collected mankind into cities, and compacted them into orderly societies, and devised wholesome laws, under shelter whereof, we enjoy safety and peace, wealth and plenty, mutual succor and defence, sweet conversation and beneficial commerce.

It, by meditation, did invent all those sciences whereby our minds are enriched and ennobled, our manners refined and polished, our curiosity satisfied, our life is benefited.

What is there which we admire, wherein we delight, that pleaseth our mind, or gratifieth our sense, for which we are not beholden to industry?

Doth any country flourish in wealth, in grandeur, in prosperity? It must be imputed to industry; to the industry of its governors, settling good order; to the industry of its people, following profitable occupations; to the industry of its great men, who did Cato in that notable oration of his in Sallust, tell the Roman senate, that it was by the industry of their ancestors, that that commonwealth did rise to such a pitch of greatness. When sloth creepeth in, then all things corrupt and decay; then the public state doth sink into disorder, penury and disgraceful condition.

Judicial Pleasantry.—A Lawyer, now deceased, a celebrated wag, was pleading before a Scotch Judge, with whom he was on most intimate terms. Happening to have a client, a female defendant in an action, of the name of Tickle, he commenced his speech in the following humorous strain: "Tickle my client, the defendant, my lord. The auditors, amused with the oddity of the speech, were almost driven into hysterics of laughter; by the Judge replying—"Tickle her yourself, Harry, you're as able to do it as I."

A wit having lost the election to a fellowship at — College, which was gained by a candidate of very inferior desert, "Well," said he, "Pore is right—Worth makes the man; the want of it the Fellow."

Law for the Ladies.—An abridgment of Blackstone's Commentaries in a series of letters from a Father to his Daughter, intended for the advancement of Female Education, is in the press, and about to be published in London. We hope it will not make the Ladies Lawyers.