

The Muse! what'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the baneful strain admires.—1807.



FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

THE BRIDE'S DIRGE.

Written on the death of the Princess Charlotte, of England, by the author of *Holtenelm, Legends of Lampedusa, the Hall of Flowers, &c.*

Note.—The Western Islanders imagine, that an apparition resembling a Mermaid, called "Flora," is the Spirit of the Green Isle, always precedes the death of a young and lovely bride.—This apparition has lately been seen.

A voice said from the silver sea,
"Woe to thee, Green Isle!—woe to thee!"
The warden from his watch tower bent,
But land, and wave, and firmament,
So calmly slept, he might have heard,
The swift wing of the mountain bird,
Nor breeze, nor breath, his beacon stir'd,
Yet from the unfathom'd caves below,
Thence came that drear, death-boding word,
And the long echoes answer'd, "Woe!"

The warden from his tower looks round,
And now he hears the slow waves bringing
Each to the shore a silver sound—
The Spirit of the Isle is singing,
In depths which man hath never found!
When she sits in the pomp of her ocean bed,
With her scarf of light around her spread,
The mariner thinks on the misty tide,
He sees the moon's soft rainbow glide;
Her song in the noon of night he hears,
And trembles while his bark he steers.

FLORA'S SONG.

I come in the morn! I come in the hour,
When the blossoms of beauty rise;
I gather the fairest and richest flower,
Where Heaven's dew parent lies.
Then rest thee, bride!
In thy beauty's pride,
Thou wilt rest to-night by Flora's side!

The eye I touch must be soft and blue,
As the sky where the stars are gleaming;
And the breast must be fair as the fleecy clouds,
Where the angels of bliss lie dreaming;
And the spirit within as pure and bright,
As the stream that leaps among the tufts of roses.

And sparkles along all life and light,
Then calm in its open bed repose.
Ah!—rest thee, bride!
By thy true love's side,
To-morrow a shroud his hope shall hide.

I saw them wreathing a crown for thee,
With the riches of empires in it;
But thy bridal robe was a winding sheet,
And the loves that crown'd thee sat to spin it.
They heap'd with garlands thy purple bed,
And every flower on earth they found thee;
But every flower in the wreath shall fade,
Save those thy bounty scatter'd round thee.
Yet sweetly sleep,
While my hour I keep,
For angels to-night shall watch and weep.

O! Green Isle!—woe to thy hope and pride!
To-day thy rose was bright and glowing;
The bud was full, the root was white,
And the stream of love around it flowing!
To-morrow thy tower shall stand alone;
Thy heavy oak shall live and flourish,
But the dove from its branches shall be gone;
The rose that deck'd its stem shall perish.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

We do not know when we have felt more sensibly than we did on the perusal of the two following letters from those truly great men, Adams and Jefferson. Both have lived to be the pride and ornament of their country, and have spent out a great number of days in usefulness and honor. 'Tis true they were political opponents, but they cherished for each other a strong friendship, cemented, no doubt, by that arduous struggle, in which both participated so largely. Age seems to be the privilege of those who devote themselves to their country's interest and welfare—and many, indeed, are the examples which our revolutionary heroes have furnished. Let us cherish those who yet live, and respect the memory of those who are gone.

Metropolitan.

Letter from Mr. Jefferson to Mr. Adams, dated Monticello, June 1, 1822.—It is very long, my dear sir, since I have written to you. My dislocated wrist has become so stiff that I write slowly and with pain; and, therefore, write as little as I can. Yet it is due to mutual friendship to ask once in a while how we do? The papers tell us that Gen. Starke is off at the age of ninety three.—***** still lives, at about the same age, cheerful, slender as a grasshopper, and so much without memory that he scarcely recognizes the members of his own household.

An intimate friend of his called on him not long since. It was difficult to make him recollect who he was, and sitting one hour, he told him the same story four times over.

Is this life!—with lab'ring step
To tread our former footsteps' pace the round
Eternal!—to beat and beat
The beated track—to see what we have seen—
To taste the tasted—o'er our palates to decant
Another vintage?

It is, at most, but the life of a cabbage, surely not worth a wish. When all our faculties have left, or are leaving us one by one, sight, hearing, memory, every avenue of pleasing sensation is closed, and atrophy, debility, and malaise left in their places, when the friends of our youth are all gone, and a generation is risen around us whom we know not, is death an evil?

When one by one our ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatch'd forlorn;
When man is left alone to mourn,
Oh then, how sweet it is to die!

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And flimsy slow gathering dim their sight;
When clouds obscure their mental light,
'Tis nature's kindest boon to die!

I really think so. I have ever dreaded a dotting old age; and my health has been generally so good, and is now so good, that I dread it still. The rapid decline of my strength during the last winter has made me hope sometimes that I see land. During summer, I enjoy its temperature, but I shudder at the approach of winter, and I wish that I could sleep through it with the dormouse, and only wake with him in spring, if ever.—They say that Starke could walk about his room—I am told you walk well and firmly. I can only reach my garden, and that with sensible fatigue. I ride, however, daily; but reading is my delight. I should wish never to put pen to paper; and the more because of the treacherous practice some people have of publishing one's letters without leave. Lord Mansfield declared it a breach of trust, and punishable at law. I think it should be a penitentiary felony; yet you will have seen that they have drawn me out into the arena of the newspapers. Although I know it is too late for me to buckle on the armor of youth, yet my indignation would not permit me passively to receive the kick of an ass.

To turn to the news of the day, it seems that the cannibals of Europe are going to eating one another again. A war between Russia and Turkey is like the battle of the kite and snake; which ever destroys the other, leaves a destroyer the less for the world. This pugnacious humor of mankind seems to be the law of his nature, one of the obstacles to too great multiplication provided in the mechanism of the Universe. The cocks of the hen-yard kill one another; bears, bulls, rams, do the same, and a horse, in his wild state, kills all the young males, until worn down with age and wear some vigorous youth kills him. ***** I hope we shall prove how much happier for man the Quaker policy is, and that the life of the feeder is better than that of the fighter; and it is some consolation that the desolation by these maniacs of one part of the earth, is the means of improving it in other parts. Let the latter be our office; and let us milk the cow, while the Russian holds her by the horns, and the Turk by the tail.—God bless you and give you health, strength, good spirits, and as much of life as you think worth having.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Mr. Adams' reply.—Monticello, June 11, 1822.—Dear Sir—Hell an hour ago I received, and this moment have heard read for the third or fourth time, the best letter that ever was written by an Octogenarian, dated June 1st.

I have not sprained my wrist; but both my arms and hands are so overstrained that I cannot write a line.—Poor Starke could remember nothing and could talk of nothing but the battle of Bennington. ***** is not quite reduced. I cannot mount my horse, but I can walk three miles over a rugged rocky mountain, and have done it within a month; yet I feel, when sitting in my chair, as if I could not rise out of it; and when risen, as if I could not walk across the room; my sight is very dim, hearing pretty good, memory poor enough.

I answer your question.—Is death an evil?—It is not an evil. It is a blessing to the individual and to the world; yet we ought not to wish for it till life becomes insupportable. We must wait the pleasure and convenience of the "Great Teacher." Winter is as terrible to me as to you. I am almost reduced into the life of a bear and a

torpid swallow. I cannot read, but my delight is to hear others read; and I tax all my friends most unmercifully and tyrannically against their consent.

The ass has kicked in vain; all men say the dull animal has missed the mark.

This globe is a theatre of war; its inhabitants are all heroes. The little cells in vinegar and the animalcules in pepper-water, I believe are quarrelsome. The bees are as warlike as the Romans, Russians, Britons or Frenchmen. Ants, caterpillars and canker-worms are the only tribes among whom I have not seen battles; and heaven itself, if we believe Hindoos, Jews, Christians and Mahometans, has not always been at peace. We need not trouble ourselves about these things, nor fret ourselves because of evil doers; but safely trust the Ruler of the skies.—Nor need we dread the approach of dotage; let it come, if it must. ***** it seems, still delights in his four stories, and Starke remembered to the last his Bennington, and exulted in his glory; the worst of the evil is, that our friends will suffer more by our imbecility than we ourselves.

In wishing for your health and happiness, I am very selfish; for I hope more letters;—this is worth more than five hundred dollars to me, for it has already given me, and it will continue to give more than a thousand. Mr. Jay, who is about your age, I am told experiences more decay than you do. I am your old friend.

JOHN ADAMS.

President JEFFERSON.

FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE DEVIL.

Le Diable peint par lui-même, by Colin de Plancy, author of the *Lectures infernales*. (From the French.)

Talent is not sufficient to recommend the historian. He must have a hero, and if possible, a novel one. From Achilles down to Charles XII, and even to a later period, all great actions have been so carefully recorded, that the majority of panegyrists and poets have been obliged to extol vices for want of virtues; and the writer who is now required to bring a great character before the world, does not well know where to look for one. Distinguished men have in all ages been rare; and as soon as a little hero rises up, twenty historians rush forward to carry him off in triumph, and scarcely allow him time to finish his exploits.

M. Colin de Plancy, after the example of Dante, has descended to the infernal regions in quest of his heroes. In his *Dictionnaire infernal* he made us acquainted with the mighty deeds of spectres and phantoms, and the gambols of fairies, gnomes, &c. Now he presents us with the king of all noctambulatory beings—it is Satan, Belzebub, Pluto, Arimanes, Tentara, or Lucifer—finally, it is the devil himself.

Hitherto we have been enabled to form but very imperfect notions of the above singular personage: when we speak of him our language conveys no definite idea. He is conjured up on every occasion; his name is a continual source of contradiction and absurdity; and all because we do not know him sufficiently. Thus, a frank obliging man is called a *good natured devil*; one of bold and determined disposition is a *devil of a man*; a person who excites our compassion is a *poor devil*; an entertaining man is *devilish witty*; when out of humour with ourselves we wish the *devil may take us*; of a troublesome affair we say the *devil is in it*; a man who wants his dinner says he is *devilish hungry*; if he has no money he says the *Devil is in his purse*. Consequently, it is impossible to form any precise idea of the nature of this hero of the infernal regions.

By some, his satanic majesty is described as having bat's wings, duck's feet, ears like mushrooms, a nose nine inches long, the tusks of a wild boar, and horns which he can turn back at pleasure, when he wishes to travel incognito. Others assert that he is a winged serpent, or that he has an eagle's beak, a cloven foot, and is entirely black. The natives of Nigritia, however, for reasons equally good, maintain that he is white.

But perhaps it is more interesting to ascertain what form Satan assumes when he slips into our houses or ranges through the fields at midnight.—This is the inextricable difficulty; for of the many ingenious persons who have been favored with a sight of the devil there are not two who agree.—He is said to be capable of assuming any form he pleases. Sometimes he

disguises himself as a goat, a hare, a blackbird, a rook or a frog; at other times he transforms himself into the trunk of a tree, a salad, a calf's head, or a hog's head of wine. Many ladies have seen him in the disguise of a monk, and monks have known him to assume the form and features of a pretty woman.

In India, where he is exceedingly pompous, he nevertheless condescends to shew himself whenever he is asked; it is merely necessary to utter a fervent prayer for his appearance. There, if we may believe the good Jesuit who relates these particulars, he appears glittering in gold and precious stones, attended by a gay retinue, surrounded by young virgins, escorted by several regiments of cavalry, and a vast troop of elephants superbly caparisoned. He grants to the unfortunate whatever they request, recommends charity, and orders the rich Indians to give feasts to the poor.

But these are not the only good actions recorded of the devil: he is not continually spreading his nets and tempting holy persons to the commission of sin; he is occasionally honest and disinterested; and M. Colin de Plancy does his utmost to prove that the infernal monarch frequently restores the sinner to the path of salvation. Sometimes, indeed, he is severe through excess of goodness. For instance, it was rather cruel to transform a poor nun into a demoniac, because, as Gregory the Great relates, she regaled herself with a lettuce before she had said her *Benedicite*; or to forbid a hungry man to eat some veal, because it happened to be part of a descendant in the fifth degree of a cow that had been stolen.

On another occasion the devil proved himself still more austere. He appeared under the form of an unknown knight to Count Macon, and carried him off in the presence of his terrified guard and attendants. The pious historian, who relates the above anecdote, takes care to add, that the Count had many sins to answer for; that he was in the habit of robbing convents, and that he paid but little respect to the clergy.

In all ages the Devil has rendered great services to the learned, for whom he has always evinced particular regard. Scaliger was said to have entered into a compact with him. Socrates, Apuleius, Agrippa, Cardan, Cagliostro, are reported to have had familiars who inspired them with knowledge. Roger Bacon was imprisoned because the Devil taught him mathematics. The Knights Templars and Joan of Acre, were accused of holding communication with demons; and M. Colin de Plancy himself would have been burnt a hundred times over, had he lived in former times and known all the fine things which he now ventures to disclose.

Our ancestors had so mean an opinion of the human mind, that they deemed it incapable of producing anything without the aid of the devil. John Faust, one of the inventors of printing, was suspected of holding open communication with the prince of darkness. In Switzerland the common people entertain so high a notion of his talents, that they attribute to him the construction of several master-pieces of architecture. Dennis le Chartreux says, that the devil is a great geometrician; Milton asserts that he excels in the building of bridges; and Tertullian informs us that the Devil is so good a natural philosopher, that he can carry a sieve full of water without spilling a drop.

For more ample details we must refer the reader to the work. It doubtless contains some few pages which timid eyes might wish to pass over; but it is nevertheless very amusing, and M. Colin de Plancy's hero is as good as most others.

Religious.

EXTRACT

From Dr. Dwight's Sermon on the manner of preaching.

An affectionate manner is in itself amiable and engaging. Men naturally love those, who appear benevolent and tender-hearted; and, most of all, require, and love, this character in the Minister of the Gospel. This character, or its opposite, can hardly fail to appear in his discourses. There are so many things in the subjects of his preaching, which naturally call forth tenderness and affection, that, if he possess this disposition, it cannot fail to appear in his sentiments, in his language, and in his manner of utter-

ance.—Wherever it appears, it will be acknowledged, and loved; and the words of a beloved preacher will always come to his flock with a peculiar power of persuasion.

There is one class of scriptural subjects, about which I wish especially to warn those of my audience, who may one day become preachers of the gospel. This class involves all those, which respect the anger of God against sin, and his denunciation against sinners: particularly, the final judgment and retribution, and the future sufferings of the impenitent. It is no unfrequent thing to hear these subjects discussed in that strong language, and that vehement utterance with which an impassioned speaker labors to express his own indignation, and to rouse that of his audience against atrocious crimes or invading enemies. Vehemence is not the manner of address, which is suited to subjects of this nature. The preacher ought to remember, that in disclosing the doom of the impenitent, he is, perhaps, pronouncing his own. How few, even of the best men, are assured of their safety! Were this objection removed, how foreign, how unfitted (to say the least) is it to subjects so awful! I have heard sermons of this description. The emotions excited in my own mind, and abundantly expressed to me by others, were, I confess, a mixture of horror and disgust; feelings, from which good can hardly be expected in a case of this nature. I wish these subjects ever to be handled plainly and without disguise. Such a mode is equally essential to the integrity of the preacher, and the usefulness of his discourses. The words of a preacher should be those of a guilty man to guilty men; of a dying man to dying men; of a man who humbly hopes that he has found pardon for himself, and is most affectionately anxious, that his hearers may find the same blessing also.

MORAL REFLECTION.

Uncertain is the tenure of life.—Those who now experience the loss of a companion that but yesterday, like them, was vigorous and hopeful; who were called to view the lifeless remains, the solemn, mournful procession, and consign to the tomb a partner and a friend; have reason awfully to pause and seriously reflect, that whatever may be their present condition, however health may invigorate their frame—however fortune smile, and worldly pleasures with alluring aspects promise long enjoyment, to-morrow may behold them, swept as a flower before the hand of death—their youth, their beauty, wealth and worldly pleasures, "buried in one common grave"—their spirit—where?—Their conduct must determine. An hour may change the scene, and a death-bed prove the pleasures of the world to be but glittering vanity, when, disposed before the mirror of truth—without virtue, a chaos of darkness and fearful remorse ensues. Serenity and peace attend the virtuous. Temperate are their pleasures; innocent and exhilarating their amusements; their employments rational and useful. Gliding on in an even tenor, their lives are contented and comparatively happy; and their end glorious. View the dying Christian! Cheerful and serenely happy, he yields his breath, and in his Savior's arms his soul reposes in the sure hope of glorious immortality. "Vast are the works of the Almighty!" Sublimely beautiful the appearance of the Heavens! "Orderly is nature in her course!" and wonderful the structure of the earth! More vast—more beautiful—far more transcendently glorious is true virtue in its operations and effect! More valuable than the "gold of Ophir" is religion; and more to be prized than the plaudits of mercenary millions, is the testimony of an approving conscience.

It is not enough, that we refrain from speaking evil of our enemies, if we indulge thoughts of enmity towards them. Let none think that, by placing a guard upon his expressions, he fulfils the law of Christ, if within his heart, joy rises at the distress of those who hate him. We must not rest in the externals of duty; we have a Judge, who "regardeth not the outward appearance;" neither let us deceive ourselves, by thinking we have already obtained victory over our own hearts, when those roots of bitterness spring up within them, which hereafter must be gathered, and "bound in bundles to be burnt."