

The Muse's shade on the Muse inspires,
My soul the funeral strain admires.



[It is easy to conceive (says M. Simond, in his travels in Switzerland) how the *romz des vaches*, connected as it is with the recollections of early life, its pleasures and its attachments, and recalling the places, the things, the persons with whom the individual was early united, might powerfully affect the Swiss peasant, when far removed from his own country, and his happy home. Before the revolution of France, this tune was forbidden to be played by the bands of the Swiss regiments serving in that country. For it was no uncommon thing to find one or more of the poor fellows, after the playing of the *romz des vaches*, composedly lay down his arms, and instantly walk home to the place of his birth.]

[From *Toulmin's Illustrations of Affection.*]
RANZ DES VACHEZ—IMITATED.
Oh! when shall I see, now distant from me,
The sweet blooming bowers
Of infancy's hours?
The scenes of my youth, affection, and truth,
Our snow-piled mountains,
The chrysalized fountains,
Our valleys of freedom, the pride of the earth!
Oh! when shall I see, Helvetia, with thee—
The clime of my sire—the land of my birth?
Dear objects of love, wherever I rove,
My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother—
And her lov'd so well, the young Isabelle,
Memory's fond treasures
Of infantile pleasures,
In valleys of freedom, the pride of the earth!
Oh! when shall I be, Helvetia, by thee—
The clime of my sire—the land of my birth.

THE EVENING STAR.
Thou lovely orb! again I hail
Thy bright, yet pensive seeming ray,
Now mildly breaking thro' the pale
And fading hues of day!
The purple tint has left the breast
Of yon blue summit, dim and far;
And day retiring, leaves the west
To thy mild reign, sweet star!
How oft beneath thy early light,
Fair planet, have I stray'd at even;
When hope, like thee, was smiling bright—
And life, yon cloudless heav'n!
Those days of bliss are mine no more—
I live alter'd, looks not now as then;
O, time can ne'er my joys restore,
Nor hope deceive again!
Yet still, this sadden'd bosom feels
A thrill of momentary bliss,
When men'sy's whisper on me steals
In twilight hour like this.
Lov'd star! how welcome then the hour,
When thou awak'st thy maiden smile—
When, freed from sorrow's chast'ning power,
My soul is blest awhile!

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

FROM THE SPOKESMAN.

THE TWIN FLOWERS.
"Will you buy my flowers?" said a neat little girl addressing herself to a young lady in Chesnut Street, and holding out at the same time a small basket containing some roses, "they are newly blown and fresh; buy a red one for your hair, Miss; here's one that will look delightful entwined among those pretty locks." "Not a rose, my child," said the lady, "there are thorns among them—but I'll take this little flower, it looks so lovely and sweet; oh, it's a Forget me not!" "Pardon me, Miss," replied the child, "that flower is engaged." "To whom?" "To master Charles Leland." "Charles Leland, indeed," said the lady, "well but here's another, what a beautiful pair!" "They are both for that gentleman," said the little girl—"Oh, a fig for him," said the young lady, but an arch smile played upon her cheek, as she said it, and something sparkled in her beautiful dark eye that told a tale her lips refused to utter, while she ingeniously marked both the favorite flowers, and returned them to the basket; then choosing a little bunch of roses she walked home, leaving the flower girl to visit the rest of her cust'mers.
Love is impatient; and Harriet counted the tedious minutes as she sat at her window and listened for the well known rap. The clock struck nine, a yet Leland did not appear; she thought she had been neglected of late, but then the flowers, she knew they were favorites of hers, and she thought

to receive them from his hand, and to hear him say, Harriet, forget me not, could be a sweet atonement for any little offences past. But once the thought stole on her bosom, perhaps they are destined for another. She finished with a sigh, and it hardly escaped her ere Charles Leland entered. She rose to receive him, and he gently took her hand; "Accept," said he, "my humble offering and forget me—" Harriet interrupted him as he attempted to place a flower in her bosom—"where is the other," said she, as she playfully put back his hand. A moment's silence ensued; Charles appeared embarrassed, and Harriet recollecting herself, blushed deeply and turned off; but the flower was not offered again, and Charles had only said *forget me*.

This could not have been all he intended to say; but mutual reserve rendered the remainder of the evening cold, formal and insipid; and when Leland took leave, Harriet felt more than ever dissatisfied. As it was not yet late in the evening, she resolved to dissipate the melancholy that this little interview, in spite of all her efforts to laugh at it, left on her mind, by spending a few minutes at a neighbor's, whose three daughters were her most intimate friends.

The youngest of these ladies was a gay and interesting girl; and was the first to meet and welcome her friend, but as she held out her hand, Harriet discovered a little flower in it, it was a "Forget me not," she examined it—it was one of Leland's; the mark she had made upon it when she took it from the basket of the flower girl, was there. This was at the moment an unfortunate discovery. She had heard that Charles frequently visited this family, and that he even paid attention to Jane; but she had never before believed it; and now she shuddered at the idea of admitting that for once rumor told truth. "Where did you get this pretty flower, Jane," said she; "Of a beau, to be sure," said Jane, archly; don't you see—"Forget me not," and as she took back the flower, "I should not like to tell where I got it; I'll wear it on my bosom though—come sing!"

I'll dearly love that pretty flower,
For his own sake who bid me keep it—
I'll wear it in my bosom's—
"Hush, Jane," said Harriet, interrupting her, "my head aches, and your singing distracts me." "Ah! it's your heart," said Jane, "or you would not look so dull!"—"Well, if it is my heart," said Harriet, as she turned to conceal her tears, "it does not become a friend to trifle with it." She intended to convey a double meaning in this reply, but it was not taken, and as soon as possible she returned home.
A sleepless night followed; and the more she thought about it the more she felt.

She had engaged her hand to Leland six months before; the time appointed for their union was approaching fast; and he acted thus! "If he wants to be freed from his engagement," said she to herself, "I will give him no trouble," and she sat down and wrote, requesting him to discontinue his visits. She wept over it a flood of tears; but she was resolute until she had despatched the note to his residence. Then she repented of it, and then again reasoned herself into the belief that she had acted right. She waited for the result; not without many anxiously cherished hopes that he would call for an explanation. But she only learned that the note was delivered into his hands; and about a month afterwards he sailed for England. This was an end to the matter. Charles went into business at Liverpool, but never married, and Harriet remained single; devoted her life to the care of her aged mother, and ministering to the wants of the poor and distressed around her.

About forty years after Leland left Philadelphia, Harriet paid a visit to New-York, and dining in a large company one day, an old gentleman, who it seems was a bachelor, being called upon to defend the fraternity to which he belonged from the aspersions of some of the younger and more fortunate part of the company, told a story about Philadelphia, and a courtship and an engagement, which he alleged was broken off by his capricious mistress, for no other reason than his offering her a new blown Forget-me-not, six weeks before she was to have been made his wife. "But was there no other cause," asked Harriet, who sat nearly opposite the stranger, and eyed him with intense curiosity—"None, to my knowledge, as Heaven is my witness"

"Then what did you do with the other flower?" said Harriet—the stranger gazed with astonishment: it was Leland himself, and he recognized his Harriet, though almost half a century had passed since they had met, and the mischief made by the twin flower, was all explained away, and might have been forty years before, had Charles said he had lost one of the Forget me nots, or had Jane said she found it.—The old couple never married, but they corresponded constantly afterwards, & I always thought Harriet looked happier after this meeting than ever she did before.

Now I have only to say, at the conclusion of my story, to the juvenile reader, never let an attachment be abruptly broken off; let an interview and a candid explanation speedily follow every misunderstanding. For the tenderest and most valuable affections when won, will be the easiest wounded, and believe, there is much truth in Tom Moore's sentiment:

"A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
The love that tempests never shook,
A breath—a touch like this has shaken."

EXTRACT FROM
THE MEMOIRS OF GEORGE II.
BY LORD WALPOLE.

The king had fewer sensations of revenge, or, at least, knew how to hold them better than any man who ever sat upon a throne. The insults he experienced from his own, and those obliged servants, never provoked him enough to make him venture the repose of his people or his own. If any object of his hate fell in his way, he did not pique himself upon heroic forgiveness, but would indulge it at the expense of his integrity, though not of his safety. He was reckoned strictly honest; but the burning of his father's will must be an indelible blot upon his memory; as a much later instance of his refusing to pardon a young man who had been condemned at Oxford for a most trifling forgery, contrary to all example, when recommended to mercy by the judge—merely because Willes, who was attached to the Prince of Wales, had tried him, and assured him his pardon—will stamp his name with cruelty, though in general his disposition was merciful, if the offence was not murder. His avarice was much less equivocal than his courage: he had distinguished the latter early; it grew more doubtful afterwards; the former he distinguished very near as soon, and never deviated from it. His understanding was not near so deficient, as it was imagined; but though his character changed extremely in the world, it was without foundation; for whether he deserved to be so much ridiculed as he had been in the former part of his reign, or so respected as in the latter, he was consistent in himself, and uniformly meritorious or absurd. His other passions were, Germany, the army, and women. Both the latter had a mixture of parade in them: he treated my lady Suffolk, and afterwards Lady Yarmouth, as his mistresses, while he admired only the Queen; and never described what he thought was a handsome woman, but he drew her picture. Lady Suffolk was sensible, artful and agreeable, but had neither sense nor art enough to make him think her so agreeable as his wife.—When she had left him tired of acting the mistress, while she had in reality all the sighs of a wife, and no interest with him, the opposition affected to cry up her virtue, and the obligations the king had to her, &c. consenting to see his mistress, while in reality she had confined him to mere friendship—a ridiculous pretence, as he was the last man in the world to have taste for talking sentiments, and that with a woman who was deaf! Lady Yarmouth was inoffensive, and attentive only to pleasing him, and to selling peerages whenever she had an opportunity. The queen had been admired and happy for governing him by address; and it was not then known how easily he was to be governed by fear. Indeed, there were few arts by which he was not governed at some time or other of his life; for not to mention the late Duke of Argyle, who grew a favorite by imposing himself upon him for brave; nor Lord Wilmington, who imposed himself upon him for the Lord knows what; the queen governed him by dissimulation, by affected tenderness and deference: Sir Robert Walpole by abilities and influence in the house of commons; Lord Granville by flattering him in his German politics; the Duke of Newcastle by teasing and betraying him; Mr. Pelham by bullying him—the only man by whom Mr. Pelham

was not bullied himself. Who, indeed, had not sometimes weight with the king, except his children and his mistresses? With them he maintained all the reserve and majesty of his rank. He had the haughtiness of Henry the eighth, without his spirit; the avarice of Henry the seventh, without his exactions; the indignities of Charles the first, without his bigotry for his prerogative; the vexations of King William, with as little skill in the management of parties; and the gross gallantry of his father, without his good nature or his honesty:—he might, perhaps, have been honest, if he had never hated his father, or had ever loved his son.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Many have imagined their limbs to be made of glass, of wax, &c. of enormous size, and of fantastical shape; and others have even fancied themselves dead.

In the memoir of count De Maurepas, published last year, we find an account of a most singular hypochondriac in the person of the Prince of Bourbon; he once imagined himself *a hare*, and would not suffer a bell to be rung in his palace, lest the noise should drive him to the woods; at another time he fancied himself to be a *plant*, and as he stood in the garden insisted on being watered. He sometimes afterwards thought he was *dead*, refused nourishment, for which he said he had no further occasion. This whim would have proved fatal, if his friends had not contrived to disguise two persons, who were introduced to him as his grandfather and Marshal Luxembourg, and who, after some conversation concerning the shades, invited him to dine with marshal Turenne. Our hypochondriac followed them into a cellar prepared for the purpose, where he made a hearty meal. While this turn of disorder prevailed, he always dined in the cellar with some noble ghost.—We are also informed, that this strange malady did not incapacitate him for business, especially when his interest was concerned.—This account is drawn from the Appendix to the Monthly Review for December, 1795.

Perhaps antipathies, may not unaptly be placed amongst the effects of the imagination. Chevrin observes, there are certain natural antipathies which appear very extraordinary, of which he gives several instances. There have been persons who have fainted at the odour of roses; others, with greater reason, quit the table at the smell of cheese; and I have seen more than one person tremble before a lap-dog. A man was so frightened at the sight of a hedgehog, that he thought for more than two years afterwards, that his bowels were gnawed by this animal. The great Erasmus had such an aversion to fish that he could not suffer the smell without growing feverish. If apples were offered to Duchesne, secretary of Francis the First, the blood gushed from his lips, and a gentleman belonging to the Emperor Ferdinand, was convulsed whenever he heard the mewling of a cat. Henry III. of France could not sit in a room where a cat was. The Duke of Schomberg had the same aversion.—Vanghneim, the Elector's huntsman at Hanover, fainted or ran away at the sight of a roasted pig. The philosophical Boyle could not conquer a strong aversion to the sound of water running thro' a pipe! La Mothe le Vayer could not suffer the sound of musical instruments, though he experienced a lively pleasure whenever it thundered. The Turkish Spy, who tells us he would rather encounter a lion in the deserts of Arabia, provided he had but a sword in his hand, than feel a spider crawling on him in the dark, judiciously observes, that there is no reason to be given for those secret antipathies, which are discovered in many men. He humourously attributes them to the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul, and supposes himself to have been once a fly, before he came into his body, and that having been frequently persecuted with spiders in that state, he still remained in dread of his old enemy, and which all the circumstances of his present metamorphoses were not able to efface. In a word, these antipathies are so far from being uncommon, that I doubt not, every one can recollect persons who are susceptible of such affections.

EXTRACTS...RELIGIOUS.

I shall conclude these loose and immethodical hints with a general address to those who content themselves with a decent profession of the doc-

trines, instead of a diligent discharge of the duties of Christianity. Believe, and forgive me:—you are the people who lower religion in the eyes of its enemies. The openly profane,* the avowed enemies of God and goodness, confirm the truths they mean to oppose, illustrate the doctrines they deny, and accomplish the predictions they disbelieve. But you, like an inadequate and faithless prop, overturn the edifice which you pretend to support.—When an acute and keen eyed measureures your lives with the rule by which you profess to walk; he finds so little analogy between them, the copy is so unlike the pattern, that this inconstancy of yours is the pass through which his most dangerous attack is made.—And I must confess, that, of all the arguments, which the malignant industry of infidelity has been able to muster, the conduct of professing Christians seems to me to be the only one which is really capable of staggering a man of sense.—He hears of a spiritual and self-denying religion; he reads the beatitudes; he observes that the grand artillery of the Gospel is planted against pride. He then turns to the transcript of this perfect original, the lives which pretend to be fashioned by it. There he sees, with triumphant derision, that pride, self-love, self-sufficiency, unbounded personal expence, and an inordinate appetite for pleasure, are reputable vices in the eyes of those who acknowledge the truth of the Christian doctrines. He weighs that meekness to which a blessing is promised, with that arrogance which is too common to be very dishonourable. He compares that non-conformity to the world, which the Bible makes the criterion of a believer, with that rage for amusement which is not considered as dishonourable in a Christian. He opposes the self-denying and lowly character of the Author of our faith with the sensual practices of his followers. He finds little resemblance between the restraints prescribed, and the gratifications indulged in. What conclusions must speculative reasoning necessarily draw from such premises? Is it any wonder that such phrases as a broken spirit, a contrite heart, poverty of soul, refraining the soul, keeping it low, and casting down high imaginations, should be to the unbeliever, foolishness, when such humiliating doctrines are a "stumbling block" to professing Christians, who cannot always cordially relish a religion which professedly tells them it was sent to stain the pride of human glory, and to exclude boasting?

But though the passive and self-denying virtues are not high in the esteem of good sort of people, yet they are peculiarly the evangelical virtues. The world extols brilliant actions; the Gospel enjoins good habits and right motives; it seldom inculcates those splendid deeds which make heroes, or those sounding sentences which constitute philosophers; but it enjoins the harder task of renouncing self, of living uncorrupted in the world, of subduing besetting sins, and of not thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought. The acquisition of glory was the precept of other religions, the contempt of it is the perfection of Christianity.

Let us then be consistent and we shall never be contemptible, even in the eyes of our enemies. Let not the unbeliever say that we have one set of opinions for our theory, and another for our practice; that to the vulgar

We shew the rough and thorny way to heav'n,
While we the primrose path of dalliance tread.

It would become our characters as men of sense, of which consistency is a most unequivocal proof, to choose some rule and abide by it. An extempore Christian is a ridiculous character. Fixed principles will be followed by a consistent course of action; while indecision of spirit will produce instability of conduct. If there be a model which we profess to admire, let us square our lives by it. If the Koran of Mahomet, or the revelations of Zoroaster, be a perfect guide, let us follow one of them. If either Epicurus, Zeno, or Confucius, be the peculiar object of our veneration and respect, let us fashion our conduct by the dictates of their philosophy; and then, though we may be wrong, we shall not be absurd. But if the Bible be in truth the word of God, as we profess to believe, we need look no farther for a consummate pattern. Let us then make it the rule of practice here, if it is indeed to be the rule of our judgment hereafter.

* In the last days shall come scoffers walking after their own lusts, &c. 3 Pet. c. iii. v. 3, with a multitude of other texts to the same purpose.