

The first volume of the New Series,
My soul the tuneful strain admires... SCOTT.



FROM THE MISCELLANEOUS REGISTER.

WINTER.

See! Winter with his hoary head,
Advances from the frozen zone;
His presence strikes a shivering dread,
Like frightful spirits of the dead,
Seen when the walks of night we tread,
In regions desolate and lone.

A snowy robe his limbs invests,
A murky vapour twines his brow,
And on his spiny helmet rests;
A sword of glittering ice attests
The night of his supreme behest—
To which the watery world must bow.

But though all nature feels thy sway,
Cold-hearted tyrant of the north,
Yet spring shall drive thee far away—
Cover thy forces with dismay,
And with the beams of melted day,
Dissolve thy reign of little worth.

And e'en while destined to endure
The blustering terror of thy reign,
The sons of fortune rest secure,
And taste of pleasures fresh and pure—
But, oh! thy triumph is most sure
O'er all in poverty and pain.

Yet, cold and savage as thou art,
Unfriendly as are all thy clan,
There is, who bears a colder heart,
And hurls a deeper wounding dart,
That leaves a keener, longer smart—
The base ingratitude of man.

CONSUMPTION.

FROM PERIVIAL'S POEMS.

There is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away,
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tint that glow'd, and the eye that shone
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower,
That ever in Pæstum's garden blew,
Or ever was steep'd in fragrant dew,
When all, that was bright and fair, is fled,
But the loveliness lingering round the dead.
O! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting the wither'd rose,
For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallow'd rays,
And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheeks with its heavenly dye,
Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
Has pour'd her softest tint of light,
And there is a blending of white and blue,
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek:
And there are tones, which sweetly speak
Of a spirit, who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

We make the following extract from a well-written article on the "Literary and Religious Character and Taste of the Age," originally published in the Christian Spectator.

[Missionary.]

Verily, this is, in Europe and America, the true Athenian age; not the age of her arts and literature, but the age of her frivolous and insatiable curiosity. The grand object of most who pride themselves in the extent of their reading, and in their taste for elegant literature, is to tell or hear some new thing; or as it is in my motto, something newer, that is, something a little newer than the newest that has come to the knowledge of any body else. The following will, I trust, be recognized by the intelligent reader, as a fair representation of what daily passes in book-stores, circulating libraries, and other resorts of idleness and fashion.—"Have you seen Lord Byron's last tragedy? What a prodigious genius! I ordered the copy from London, and believe it was the first that reached America. Well, however, is printing it and his edition will be out on Friday. Shall we hear from him again, think you, while he stays in Italy?"—"O yes, such a mind can never slumber. The Noble Bard will not disappoint the thousands who he knows are listening for some newer and deeper tone from his lyre." Scene changes.—"How do you like the last of the Waverley novels? For my part I think it superlative. So true to nature, so bewitching from beginning to end! When you have once taken it up, you will find it impossible to lay it down till the whole is finished. How delightful!—It is said that this mighty magician has another series in great forwardness."—"Well, the more the

better. But I have something still newer from Edinburgh. Walter Scott is writing a new poem, and it will soon be out." "Is it possible? This is news indeed. I shall not rest till I can get hold of it. Such an author can never court the muses in vain. But while he writes poetry with one hand, let him dash off prose with the other." Scene shifts again. "Southerly!—What has become of the Laureate? He used to sing such wild and sweet airs. So highly gifted a poet ought to know, that the world can't afford to let him slumber. But the horizon of literature is brightening every day. New adventurers are rising into notice along all the walks of fancy and elegance. The voice of rumour from afar, already speaks enthusiastically of many new impressions which are forth-coming from the Scottish mint." "True, and no doubt they will be exquisite in their way; but why exhaust all praise upon foreign writers? There is *Bracebridge Hall*, by our countryman Irving, which we have good reason to be proud of. Even the pensioned dissectors of London and Edinburgh, with all their prejudices and hatred against every thing American, can't help praising it." "Indeed, we have a vast deal of native talent, which only needs encouragement, to rival the most gifted writers of fiction beyond the water. O how delightful it will be, when America shall furnish her thousand popular tales in a year! Such bright anticipations are enough to make us all regret, that we were not born an age or two later."

The above is a very brief sketch, but I am sure it exhibits no unfair specimen of the literary chit-chat of the day, especially in our large towns and villages. This craving, this—what shall I call it—this *dispepsia*, is assuming more and more the type of a sweeping and dementing epidemic; and should it continue to spread and to rage, the consequences must be deplorable indeed. Such aliment as is now almost exclusively demanded by the young, even of pious families, and by many professors of religion too, must needs produce a race of puny, and as Shakespeare would call them, "lily liver'd" creatures of mere feeling and romance. For who will think of calling for "two inches on the ribs," of English or Connecticut river roast-beef, after having free and constant access from childhood, to fruit cake, floating islands, guava jelly, ice creams, whipt sillabub, and all the other sweet and fragrant temptations of the most celebrated confectioners? In like manner, should what is now called "polite literature," moulded as it is into a thousand seductive forms, continue to gain upon the public taste for a few years longer, who will think of plodding through Rollin, or Hume, or any other writer of sober history? How few will consent to pass their winter evenings with such prosing and antiquated personages as Milton and Johnson, and Cowper. Who now thinks of offering to the public, new editions of the most valuable English classics? What prudent bookseller would embark his capital in such an undertaking? Who of "the trade," is so blind, as not to see, that if he would get bread for his children, he must fill his shelves with trash and fiction?

THE CASTLE OF BRUSSA IN ASIATIC TURKEY.

(From Van Hammer's Travels.)

The most remarkable objects within the limits of the castle, are the ruins of the palace of the first Osmanic Sultans. The edifice, however, is not reduced to mere shapeless masses of stone, nor so fallen into decay, but that the plan of the whole, and the distribution of the various chambers, baths, gardens, pavilions, and fountains, may be easily recognized. Some of the latter are still unimpaired, but the water has burst through the pipes, and flows off, moistening the earth in various directions. Grass sprouts out of the jaws of the marble lion, from which the water formerly flowed, and the basin which received it is now filled with rubbish. Here is, perhaps, the site of the Harem, the sacred asylum of female honor and dignity. The vicinity of the marble baths, which still remain undecayed, renders this conjecture the most probable. This sanctuary of decorum and of pleasure, which in former times was closed against every unhalloved eye, and scarcely accessible to the rays of the sun or the breath of the atmosphere, is now exposed, without roof or protecting walls, to the inclemency of the weather and the glare of open day. Briars and thistles overspread the

ground which was once covered with the richest variegated carpets, and masses of stone, hurled down by the hand of time, have usurped the place of down cushions. The private chambers of the women, from which the jealousy of oriental despots excluded even light and air, to which the solar rays only penetrated as it were by stealth, through rails and curtains, and where stillness was interrupted only by the murmuring of flutes and the sighs of love, are now exposed, even to their deepest recesses, to the sun, the moon, the wind, and all the inclemency of the weather. Silence yet prevails; but it is the silence of desolation, not of love, and it is broken by the murmuring of the water, which, in its course to the fountains, loses itself under ground, and gushes forth from among the ruins.—Nothing can be more melancholy than the complaints of those invisible Naiades, who, in harmonious accents, have for centuries been repeating the great truth, that *all is vain*. Whither are vanished the splendour and luxury of this palace and its inhabitants! where are the voluptuousness of the Harem, and the delights of its beauties! The clouds of perfume, the mirrors which vied with the brightness of the sun, the downy couches, balsamic odours, pleasure-kindling spice, intoxicating opiates, rose-essences and musk pestiles, the muslin veils and cashmere shawls, which seemed woven from sun-beams and the flower-beds of spring—where are they vanished! And the young beauties of all complexions and forms, from every county and climate in the world; the brown and the fair, the African and Circassian, Grecian and Persian, the innocent christi n virgin torn from the arms of their mothers, and the Egyptian Almes skilled in singing, dancing, and instructed in all the seductive arts—where are they now? All is vanished! Fancy had retraced the scenes of past centuries, when this Harem was the receptacle of beauty, and the focus of oriental magnificence; but on recovering from our reverie, we find ourselves surrounded by ruin and desolation, like Knight-errant, who, after having been lulled to sleep in the magic palace of some wicked fairy, wakes in the morning amidst heaps of filth and rubbish. The veil of imagination which covered the anatomy of this abode of pleasure is fallen, and nothing but the skeleton remains.

A DREAM.

We give the following extraordinary story as we received it, only promising that the principal actor in the narrative is said to be a gentleman now resident at Fulham. We quote from the Album, a work to which we have more than once referred.—N. J. E. Post.

Mr. Thornton was one night extremely agitated by a dream. It appeared to him that he saw the gardener of his family in the act of murdering his cook maid. He awoke, but endeavoring to dismiss the vision from his remembrance, attempted to compose himself to sleep. His eyes were scarcely closed, when again the same dreadful picture presented itself to his imagination. Alarmed by the extraordinary, the distinct, and the repeated intimation, he rapidly arose and taking his night lamp in his hand, departed from his room, and descended from the stairs, with an intention of proceeding to the spot in which the circumstances of the dream appeared to him as occurring. The hour was about four o'clock. The morning, clear, moonlight and frosty. The reader will conceive what his surprise must have been, when, on entering the kitchen, on his way to the garden, by the nearest avenue, he perceived the cook dressed in white, putting on her bonnet and cloak, as if preparing for a journey.

To his inquiries respecting her presence at such an unaccustomed hour, and in such an extraordinary attire, she replied, that she was on the point of being married to the gardener—that they were going to a neighbouring village for that purpose—and that Mark was waiting for her at the end of the garden, with a horse and taxed cart to convey her to church. Thornton told her that he of course could have no objection to their marriage, though he remonstrated against the secrecy of the proceeding, and desired her to wait a few moments till his return, as he was desirous of speaking to Mark, previous to their setting off. Her master did not delay a moment in hastening to the garden; his mind much mis-doubted the good intentions of the paragon, and he was not a little struck with the coincidence of his dream, and the preparation that he had witnessed.

He first went to the bottom of the garden—to the spot mentioned by the maid-servant as the place in which Mark was waiting for her coming.—All was still. There was no Mark; no horse; no chaise. He then proceeded to the place marked out to him by the vision. Here he was destined to behold an object of a very doubtful character. Working with an indefatigable and hurried hand, and with his back turned towards him, Mr Thornton perceived a man digging in a pit. As he stood at his labor in the pit, it appeared to be about 3 feet and a half deep—it was about as many in width, and about six feet in length; it had all the appearance of a grave. Mr Thornton approached silently, and laid his hand with a sudden grasp on the man's shoulder.—Mark turned his eyes upon his master, shuddered and fainted.—Were the indications of that dream the suggestions of a lying spirit?

NAPOLEON.

In 1805 Count Daru was at Bologna, as Intendant general of the army. One morning the emperor summoned him into his cabinet. Daru immediately repaired thither and found him transported with rage, traversing his apartment with hurried steps, and breaking a sullen silence, only by hasty and short exclamations: "What a navy! what an admiral! what sacrifices lost!—My expectations are deceived!—This Villeneuve! instead of being in the channel, he has entered Ferrol!—It is all over with him! He will be blockaded there! Daru, place yourself there, (pointing to a corner of the room,) and write while I dictate." The Emperor had received at a very early hour the news of the arrival of Villeneuve in a Spanish port; he immediately saw his intended conquest of England baffled; the immense expense of the fleet and flotilla lost for a time and perhaps forever.—Then, in a paroxysm of fury, which would permit no other man in similar circumstances to preserve his judgment, he formed one of the boldest resolutions, and sketched one of the most admirable plans for a campaign which any conqueror ever conceived in leisure or cold blood. Without hesitating, without stopping for a moment, he dictated the whole plan of the campaign of Austerlitz; the departure of all the corps of the army, from Hanover and Holland, to the confines of the west and south of France. The order of the marches, their duration, the places for the converging and reunion of the columns; the cutting off by surprize; and the attack with open force, the various movements of the enemy—all was foreseen. Victory was ensured in all the hypotheses.—Such was the accuracy and the vast foresight of this plan, that over a line of departure of six hundred miles in length, were followed from primitive indications, day by day, and place by place, as far as Munich. Before that capital the epochs alone had experienced some alterations; but the places were reached, and the whole of the plan was crowned with complete success.

Religious.

EXTRACT.

Nor was the propagation of the Christian religion less extraordinary than the religion itself, or less above the reach of all human power, than the discovery of it was above that of all human understanding. It is well known, that in the course of a very few years it was spread over all the principal parts of Asia and of Europe, and this by the ministry only of an inconsiderable number of the most inconsiderable persons; that at this time Paganism was at the highest repute, believed universally by the vulgar, and patronized by the great; that the wisest men of the wisest nations assisted at its sacrifices, and consulted its oracles on the most important occasions: Whether these were the tricks of the priests or of the devil, is of no consequence, as they were both equally unlikely to be converted, or overcome; the fact is certain, that on the preaching of a few fishermen, their altars were deserted, and their deities were dumb. This miracle they undoubtedly performed, whatever we may think of the rest; and this is surely sufficient to prove the authority of their commission; and to convince us, that neither their undertaking nor the execution of it could possibly be their own.

How much this divine institution has been corrupted, or how soon these corruptions began, how far it has been discoloured by the false notions of illite-

rate ages, or blended with fictions by pious frauds, or how early these notions and fictions were introduced, no learning or sagacity is now able precisely to ascertain; but surely no man, who seriously considers the excellence and novelty of its doctrines, the manner in which it was first propagated through the world, the persons who achieved that wonderful work, and the originality of those writings in which it is still recorded, can possibly believe that it could ever have been the production of imposture, or chance; or that from an imposture the most wicked and blasphemous (for if an imposture, such it is) all the religion and virtue now existing on earth can derive their source.

But notwithstanding what has been here urged, if any man can believe, that at a time when the literature of Greece and Rome, then in their meridian lustre, were insufficient for the task, the son of a carpenter, together with twelve of the meanest and most illiterate mechanics, his associates, unassisted by any supernatural power, should be able to discover or invent a system of theology the most sublime, and of ethics the most perfect, which had escaped the penetration and learning of Plato, Aristotle and Cicero; and that from this system, by their own sagacity, they had excluded every false virtue, though despised and ridiculed by all the rest of the world: If any one can believe that these men could become impostors, for no other purpose than the propagation of truth, villains for no end but to teach honesty, and martyrs without the least prospect of honour or advantage; or that, if all this should have been possible, these few inconsiderable persons should have been able, in the course of a few years, to have spread their religion over most parts of the then known world, in opposition to the interests, pleasures, ambition, prejudices, and even reason of mankind; to have triumphed over the power of princes, the intrigues of states, the force of custom, the blindness of zeal, the influence of priests, the arguments of orators, and the philosophy of the world, without any supernatural assistance; if any one can believe all these miraculous events, contradictory to the constant experience of the powers and dispositions of human nature, he must be possessed of much more faith than is necessary to make him a Christian, and remain an unbeliever from mere credulity.

But should these credulous infidels after all be in the right, and this pretended revelation be all a fable; from believing it what harm could ensue? Would it render princes more tyrannical, or subjects more ungovernable? the rich more insolent, or the poor more disorderly? Would it make worse parents or children, husbands or wives, masters or servants, friends or neighbours? Or would it not make men more virtuous, and consequently more happy in every situation? It could not be criminal; it could not be detrimental. It could not be a crime to assent to such evidence, as has been able to convince the best and wisest of mankind; by which, if false, Providence must have permitted men to deceive each other, for the most beneficial ends, and which therefore it would be surely more meritorious to believe, from a disposition of faith and charity, which believeth all things, than to reject with scorn from obstinacy and self-conceit: It cannot be detrimental, because if Christianity is a fable, it is a fable, the belief of which is the only principle which can retain men in a steady and uniform course of virtue, piety and devotion, or can support them in the hour of distress, of sickness, and of death. Whatever might be the operations of true deism on the minds of Pagan philosophers, that can now avail us nothing; for that light which once lightened the Gentiles, is now absorbed in the brighter illumination of the gospel; we can now form no rational system of deism, but what must be borrowed from that source, and, as far as it reaches towards perfection, must be exactly the same; and therefore if we will not accept of Christianity, we can have no religion at all. Accordingly we see, that those who fly from this, scarce ever stop at deism; but hasten on with slowness to a total rejection of all religious and moral principles whatever.

An hour well spent condemns a life. When we reflect on the sum of improvement and delight gained in that single hour, how do the multitude of hours already past, rise up and say, what good has marked us? Wouldst thou know the true worth of time, "employ one hour."