

The Moral Value of the Mass Inquiry
My soul the faithful strain admires...



From the *London Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 5.
BREADALBANE'S MARCH.

Strike up the pibroch, till echoes the mountain,
Strike up the pibroch, till echoes the fountain:
Quick draw your broadsword, and on for the fray.

And hey for the hills and the mountains of Moray!

Strike up the pibroch, till hills of Kindrogan
Ring with the notes of the terrible Hogan!—
Strike up the pibroch, till mountains and corrie
Shall wait for the sons of the mountains of Moray!

Wave shall each bush, each briar and bramble,
Shake shall each cairn with the tread of the CAMPBELL.

Wave shall our banners, all bloody and gory,
O'er the dead sons of the mountains of Moray!

Quake shall each ravine, each torrent and river;
Benedi, Benlawns, and Benlomid shall quiver—
BREADALBANE, undaunted, shall triumph in glory,
O'er the proud sons of the mountains of Moray!

Quick on his feet see the CAMPBELL is pushing,
See from their bosoms life's torrents fast gushing!
While the coronach echoes from mountain and corrie.

A sad willow to the daughters of Moray!

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

It is amusing to observe how little cleanliness and comfort the Romans enjoyed, with all their wealth and power and ingenious luxury. Many things which which our almshouses are supplied, were wanting in the imperial palaces of Rome. To give one instance for many, forks were utterly unknown to them; nor were they used in Europe till Henry IV. of France, somewhere in the sixteenth century, discovered that they were,—for certain purposes,—quite as convenient as fingers. The first fork used in christendom,—a great steel thing, one prong of which would make ten forks of these degenerate days,—is now, or was lately, in the castle of Pau. It is true enough that while warts of this kind would affect our comfort prodigiously, they may not have been much felt by the Romans; since, however natural, as it were, they have become by habit and constant custom, they were originally factitious,—and the power of accommodating to circumstances,—of assimilation to the things about him, which exists in man, in greater perfection than in any other animal, soon makes him tolerably easy, wherever and however he lives. Notwithstanding all this, there is a difference between nations;—between the Esquimaux Indians and the London cockneys, for instance,—in point of comfort; and certain it must be, that more of that most excellent and desirable article may be had, by any one among us, than could have been enjoyed by a Roman noble, who rode in a carriage without springs, or on a saddle without stirrups, or dined without knives and forks, or lived in a room without a chimney, heated by a brasier of burning charcoal.

The want of cleanliness really appears to have been quite monstrous, and it is wholly inconceivable that a nation who exhibited so exquisite a perception and enjoyment of beauty, as is manifested both in their many works of art, and in all of their poetry, which speaks of, or alludes to natural loveliness of every kind,—and much of this there is,—should be so destitute of all desire to be clean, as we must believe them to have been, if we suppose their writers to have told the truth. It may seem that their constant and universal use of the bath rather proves the fact to be otherwise; but the reason assigned by their writers for this excellent custom is, that the bath was necessary, as they very rarely changed their clothes. The Roman poets are full of anecdotes and allusions, which place in a very strong light the common notion in Rome, respecting the uselessness of all instruments of the broom kind.

Horace tells of a sad disaster which befel a festive party in a magnificent dining-room, owing to the fall of a canopy, which brought down with it the accumulated dust of ages. Now if in a splendid state apartment, dust should be suffered quietly to repose

sufficient quantities to overwhelm the company and fill every dish, on no greater pro-ccasion than the fall of a canopy, it may safely be asserted that any people who would so live, must be a very dirty people indeed. It may also be mentioned among the curiosities of Roman manners, that the masters and mistresses of the world were utterly unacquainted with that article of apparel, which in these days is apt to be found in the pocket of every gentleman, and the indispensable of every lady.

TALKERS.

Extracts from an essay "On Talkers," published in the *London New Monthly Magazine*.

The first and most common class of talkers is composed of common babblers. There are several varieties of these; but the most disagreeable is the long-tongued babbler. One of them is sufficient to set a whole village at war, or disturb the peace or sacredness of virtuous privacy. Rather than be silent, he will wound his dearest friend, with a tongue, which, like Laertes' foil, poisons wherever it touches; and sometimes even him who first used it.—From this sort of talkers you learn the origin of Miss Jones' finery and Miss Jenkins' faux pas; the state of Mr. Tompkin's embarrassments &c. &c.—Or if you fear what the world thinks of your own character for virtue or folly, you may have your misgivings confirmed to your entire satisfaction. He publishes a pernicious piece of truth or scandal in the morning, and follows the sound of his own rumour, as the wether mutton follows his own bell. Another variety is the doll, or harmless babbler. He talks in his turn and out of his turn, in season and out of season, and yet has nothing to say.—You may, perhaps, learn from him that it rained yesterday; and backed by the boldness of his fears, you may get some credit for weather wisdom, if you doubt whether it will not rain to-morrow. He is Francis Moore's counterpart.

The second class are the small talkers. These are tea-table speed-diggers, and sometimes hang by the dexter bend of ladies' elbows; and are usually "prim, puss-gentlemen," all prettiness and pettiness. Ceaseless tonguers of "words of no tone," they lip or cultivate some delicate mispronunciation of one of the four-and-twenty letters, or of a few well-selected syllables.—They have a chicken's perseverance in picking up the smallest grain or chaff of tea-table intelligence, yet are not greedy in the possession of it: you may have their second-hand nothings at less than the cost and trouble. Their wit is an island in a vast sea of three month's sail; you may steer round it, and by it, and never make it; or if you think you desire it in the offing, you may tack for it and hope to drift to its shore; but when you really see it under your bow, you may coast round it, and cast out your grapple anchor to hold by it; but you might as soon tie your nose or your horse up with a sunbeam, or get a will-o'-the-wisp to light you, like a well-bred watchman, to your lodgings, as make ground there. The light of their minds need not be hidden under a bushel; a one-pill box would be done of "ample space and verge enough for it." Like one "god-deed in a naughty world," it might shine far and wide therein, and yet not gild its confines. Their most elegant prim mouths are like a perfumer's shop, for they breathe nothing but sweets. "Miss A. has the sweetest pug puppy from Paris that is in the world." And "Mrs. B. a sweet cat in her establishment." They talk only breathes honey, essence of Tyre, bloom of Ninon, violet washes—and a thousand essences that are advertised in the newspapers. They "die of a rose in aromatical" anguish, and are recovered by lavender water, and other "soft applications," fifty times an hour in their "over-exquisite" moods. I would sooner sit at an opera with five Jews in the same box, or be in a small room with three Frenchmen, than talk with one of these.

The third are those of the objective class. Be your opinions what they may, however undeniable, correct, settled or well-digested, they will chew them over and object to them. They will find flaws in the diamond wit of the first water, notes in the brightest rays of the mind, and beams in the eyes of Truth.

The fourth is the contradictory class. Let your opinions to-day be to the letter what theirs was yesterday, and they will instantly run an opposition coach against yours, upset you on the mud-bank of their own opinions, and leave you sprawling and bespattered, to get

up as you can. When you have run them to a stand on one point, and they find you are fixed on agreeing with them, and they cannot object to the matter of your opinions, they have still a resource left in objecting to your manner of uttering them. You speak unadvisedly and they censure you for mediocrity, a bold plainness, and want of spirit and imagination.

The fifth class consists of talkers in admiration. I heard one of these the other day. His conversation, if such it could be called, was all exclamation, like a German drama; and was made up of a due jargon of Good Gods! God-bless-mes! Is-it-possible! Who'd have-thought-its! You-astonish-meas, &c.

The sixth are the interrogative class. Their talk is all questions. I should think their tongues were shaped like a note of interrogation. I know one of this genus. You feel in conversing with him as a catechised charity boy does, when he is asked what his god-father promised to do for him. Talk an hour dead with one this class, and you will only hear from him such interrogatory affirmations as these following: "And so Jones is well? And Johnson's married?" &c.

The seventh and most insufferable class are the exclusive talkers. One of these will undertake to talk for all the company present. If you impatiently throw in but one little word, it is like striking a spark into a barrel of gunpowder—a fresh explosion of words spreads a hubbub and confusion all round it. Though he tells you every thing you already know, you cannot tell him any thing that he does not know. If you set out with an anecdote, he snatches it out of your mouth, as a covetous dog would a desired bone from his pet boon companion and dearest puppy friend, and tells it for you. You object that yours was a different version of the same story, and gently persist in telling it your own way: he knows the other version as well as you do, and re-relates it for you, but thinks his own the best. If you persist, after all, in telling it for yourself, he will insinuate to-morrow that you are in your anecdote, and declare that you are the worst teller of stories since the days of Goldsmith. You could not have done a worse thing than start an anecdote in his hearing, for that one is sure of reminding him of a hundred others; and the last one of that first century of good things is so nearly related to the first of the second century, that he cannot choose but relate it, and you dare not choose but hear it. If you commence a favorite quotation, he takes up the second line, goes on with it, and ends by quoting twice as much as you intended.

Of all talkers, these are the worst.

Gallantry of the Gloucester Militia.

On the 9th of August, 1775, the British sloop of war Falcon, captain Linzee, hove in sight of Gloucester, Mass. in quest of two schooners, from the West Indies, bound to Salem, one of which he soon brought too, the other taking advantage of a fair wind put into Gloucester; Linzee having made a prize of the first, pursued the second into the harbor, bringing the prize along with him. He anchored and sent two barges with fifteen men in each, armed with muskets and swords, and attended by a whale boat, in which was a lieutenant and six privates, with orders to seize the other schooner and bring her under the Falcon's bow.—The militia and other inhabitants, indignant at this daring attempt, prepared for a vigorous resistance;—The bargemen under the command of the lieutenant, boarded the schooner at the cabin windows, which provoked a smart fire from the people on shore, by which three of the enemy were killed, and the lieutenant wounded in the thigh, who thereupon returned to the sloop of war. Linzee then sent the other schooner and cutter he had to attend him, well armed, with orders to fire on the "dam'd rebels" whenever they could see them, and that he would in the mean while cannonade the town; he immediately fired a broadside into the thickest settlements, and looking with diabolical pleasure to see what havoc his cannon made—"now," said he, "now boys, we will aim at the dam'd Presbyterian Church. Well done, brave fellows, one shot more and the house of God will fall before you." Not a ball struck or wounded a single individual, although they went through the houses in almost every direction, filled with women and children. The small party on the water side performed wonders, for they soon made them-

selves masters of both the schooners, the cutter, the two barges, the boat and every man in them. In the action, which lasted several hours, the Americans had but one killed, and 2 wounded: of the British thirty-five were taken prisoners and several wounded. The next day the Falcon warped off with the loss of half her crew as well as the loss of her prize, tender and boats.

SHERIDAN'S PAUSES.

A Scotch Clergyman had visited London and seen, among other tricks of pulpit oratory, "Sheridan's Pauses" exhibited. During his first sermon after his return, he had taken occasion at the termination of a very impassioned sentence, to stop all of a sudden, and pause in "mute, unbreathing silence." The preacher, who had taken advantage of his immemorial privilege to sleep out the sermon, imagining from the cessation of sound, that the discourse was actually brought to a close, started up, with agitation, and in an audible voice read out his usual, "Remember in prayer."—"Hout, man!" exclaimed the good-natured orator over his head, placing at the same time his hand upon his shoulder, "Hout, Jamie man! what's the matter wi' ye the day?—d' ye no ken I hae nae done yet?—that's only ane o' Sheridan's pauses, man!"

KNOWLEDGE.

Is certainly one of the means of pleasure, as is confessed by the natural desire which every mind feels of increasing its ideas.—Ignorance is mere privation by which nothing can be produced: it is a vacuity in which the soul sits motionless and torpid for want of attraction: and without knowing why, we always rejoice when we learn, and grieve when we forget. I am therefore inclined to conclude, that, if nothing contracts the natural consequence of learning, we grow more happy as our minds take a wider range.

Knowledge will soon become folly when good sense ceases to be its guardian.

It is for young men to gather knowledge, and for old men to use it; and assure yourself, that no man gives a fairer account of his time than he that makes it his daily study to make himself better.

MEMORY.

Is the nurse of Genius. She fondles him in infancy, feeds him from her bosom, inspires him with courage, equips him with learning, brings the past for his instruction, yields the future to his hopes, and as she encircles his cradle with flowers, strews wreaths of immortality on his grave. The most fearful pang of death, is the idea of oblivion. If you shall have so lived that people shall not miss you when you die, you will have lived to little purpose. Usefulness is the test of virtue; and enlightened usefulness embalms reputation.—*Chas. Courcier.*

The wealthy and the noble, when they expend large sums in decorating their houses with the rare and costly efforts of genius, with the busts from the chisel of a Canova, and with cartoons from the pencil of a Raphael, are to be commended if they do not stand still here, but go on to bestow some pains and cost, that the master himself be not inferior to the mansion, and that the owner be not the only thing that is little, amidst every thing else that is great. The house may draw visitors, but it is the possessor alone that can detain them.

DR. DOBBS.—The last sermon of this unfortunate, but guilty man, was preached at the Magdalen Chapel, Feb. 2, 1777. His text was remarkable. Deuteronomy xxviii. 63, 66. "And among those nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest; but the Lord shall give thee a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind; and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee: and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life."

In the selection of this passage, he might have had reference to his personal circumstances. He had just returned from France, to which he had retired about six months before, to avoid his creditors. He was deeply involved in debt, and had lost his character by offering a bribe to the wife of the Lord Chancellor, to procure for him ecclesiastical preferment.—On the 4th of February, (two days after his sermon at the Magdalen,) he forged a band in the name of his pupil, Lord Chesterfield, for £4200—was tried and convicted on the 24th of February, and was hung at Tyburn, June 27th—after "his life had hung in doubt before him, and he had feared day and night"—according to the text.

Religious.

EXTRACT.

It is no proof of love to God that we do many things, and that too with the willing consent of the mind, the performance of which is agreeable to his law. If the same thing might be done upon either of two principles, then the doing of it may only prove the existence of one of these principles, while the other has no presence or operation in the mind whatever. I do not steal, and the reason of it may be either that I love God, and so keep his commandments, or it may be that I have honorable feelings, and would spurn at the disgracefulness of such an action.—This is only one example, but the bare statement of it serves for a thousand more. It lets us in at once to the decisive fact, that there are many principles of action applauded, and held in reverence, and most useful to society, and withal urging us to the performance of what, in the matter of it, is agreeable to the law of God, which may have a practical ascendancy over the love of God. Propose the question to yourself, Would not I do this good thing, or abstain from this evil thing, though God had no will in the matter? If you would, then put not down what is altogether due to other principles to the principle of love to God, or a desire of pleasing him. The principle upon which you have acted may be respectable, and honorable, and amiable. We are not disputing all this. We are only saying, that it is not the love of God; and should we hear any one of you assert, that I have nothing to reproach myself with, and that I give every body their own; and that I possess a fair character in society, and have done nothing to forfeit it, and that I have my share of generosity and honour, and tenderness, and civility, our only reply is, that this may be very true. You may have a very large share of these, and of other estimable principles, but along with the possession of these many things, you may lack one thing, and that one thing may be the love of God. An enlightened discernment of the heart may look into you, and say, with our Saviour in the text, "I know you that you have not the love of God in you."

It is no test whatever of your love to God, that you tolerate him, when he calls upon you, to do the things which your natural principles incline you to do, and which you would have done at any rate. But when he claims that place in your affections which you give to many of the objects of the world,—when he puts in for that share of your heart which you give to wealth, or pleasure, or reputation among men,—then is not God a weariness? and does not the inner man feel impatience and dislike at these grievous exactions? and when the will of God thwarts the natural current of your tastes and enjoyments, is not God, at the moment of urging that will, with all the natural authority which belongs to him, a positive offence to you?

How would you like the visit of a man whose presence broke up some arrangement that you had set your heart upon; or murred the enjoyment of some favorite scheme that you were going to put into execution? Would not you hate the visit? and if it were often repeated,—if the disappointments you received from this cause were frequent and perpetual,—if you saw a systematic design of thwarting you by these galling and numerous interruptions, would not you also cordially hate the visitor, and give the most substantial evidence of your hatred, too, by shunning him, or shutting him out? Now, is not God just such a visitor? O how many favorite schemes of enjoyment would the thought of him, and of his will, if faithfully admitted to the inner chambers of the mind, put to flight! How many fond calculations be given up about the world, the love of which is opposite to the love of the Father. How many trifling amusements behaved to be painfully surrendered, if a sense of God's will were to tell upon the conscience with all the energy that is due to it. How many darling habits abandoned, if the whole man were brought under the dominion of this imperious visitor.—how many affections torn away from the objects on which they are now fastened, if his presence were at all times attended to, and he was regarded with that affection which he at all times demands of us!

In all your dealings be strictly honest, and never, for sake of gain, do an unworthy action.