

The Muse! while of the Muse inspires,
My soul the faithful train admires, &c.



FROM THE LONDON MORNING CHRONICLE.

Fourth Number of Moore's National Melodies.

The above number of this interesting work will be published, we believe, in the course of the ensuing week. In the mean time, having been favored with a sight of the proof-sheets, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of presenting the public with one or two of the songs, although conscious that they are robbed of half their beauty by being thus divorced from the music, which Mr. Moore, as in every other case, has so happily "married to immortal verse." The Airs contained in the fourth No. are—two Venetian, two Neapolitan, one Swedish, one Sicilian, one Savoyard, one German, one French, one Italian, one Highland, and one Mohratta. The following playful song is the first in the volume:

NETS AND CAGES.

Come listen to my story, while
Your needle's task you ply—
At what I sing some maids will smile,
While some, perhaps, may sigh.
Tho' Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
Such florid songs as ours,
Yet Truth, sometimes, like Eastern dames,
Can speak her thoughts by flowers.
Then listen, Maids, come listen while
Your needle's task you ply,
At what I sing, there's some may smile,
While some, perhaps, will sigh.

Young Clox bent on catching Loves,
Such nets had learn'd to frame,
That none in all our vales and groves,
E'er caught so much small game.
While gentle Sox, less giv'n to roam,
When Clox's nets were taking
These flights of birds, sat still at home
One small, neat love cage making.
Come listen, Maids, &c.

Much Clox laugh'd at Sox's task,
But mark how things went on,
These light-caught Loves—ere you could ask
Their name and age—were gone.
So weak poor Clox's nets were wove,
That tho' she charm'd into them
No game each hour, the youngest Love
Was able to break through them.
Come listen, Maids, &c.

Meanwhile, young Sox, whose cage was wrought
Of bars, too strong to sever—
One Love, with golden pinions caught,
And caged him there forever;
Instructing thereby all coquettes,
Whate'er their looks or ages,
That tho' 'tis pleasant weaving nets,
'Tis wiser to make cages.

Thus, Maids, thus do I beguile
The task your fingers ply;
May all who hear, like Sox smile—
Ah! not like Clox sigh!

The following words are adapted to a depending Neapolitan Air:

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?

Where shall we bury our shame?
Where—in what desolate place,
Hide the sad wreck of a name,
Broken and stain'd by disgrace!
Death may discover the chain,
Oppression will cease when we're gone;
But the dishonor, the stain,
Die as we may, will live on!

Was it for this we sent out
Liberty's cry from our shore?
Was it for this that her shout
Thrill'd to the world's very core?
Thus to live onwards and slaves—
Oh! we free hearts that lie dead,
Do you not c'en in your graves
Shudder as o'er you we tread?

WEALTH.

How much is wealth thought of and desired by the generality of mankind; and what is it? Can it insure happiness? Can it keep off pain? Can it remove anxiety? Are the richest always the happiest? Have they no thorn in their pillow? Are they strangers to solitude? Have they no wants? How often do anxiety and care, ambition and envy, arise in proportion to the abundance of wealth men possess? What a snare has it often proved? How many on their death beds may truly say—"This wealth has killed me; had I possessed less, I should not have fallen a victim to intemperance. I should not have been so exposed to the world. But here, alas, I am ruined and undone, by the very blessing which should have rendered me more thankful to God, and useful to my fellow creatures."

INDUSTRY AND VIRTUE.

An industrious and virtuous education of children is a far better inheritance for them than a large estate. To what purpose is it, said Crates, to heap up great estates, and have no concern what manner of heirs you leave them to.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

INTERESTING STORY.

EXTRACTED FROM "THE PIONEER."

Elizabeth and Louisa proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid (Hsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sound of hammers that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed—

"Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us? Or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer starving on the hill."

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried—

"Look at the dog!"

Brave had been their companion from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel to the present moment. His advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity; when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger. It was probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said, "be quiet Brave! what do you see, fellow?"
At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short surly barking.

"What does he see?" said Elizabeth, "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion; Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upwards, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce frown and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction.

"Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arms of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple, that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sound of her voice.

"Courage, Brave," she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, "courage, courage, good Brave."

A quarter grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This innocent but vicious creature approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sound of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten, with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would read the bark off a tree with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat, for a moment, and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his bo-

dy drawn backward on his haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, over-leaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and rearing on his hind legs rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended, and a dauntless eye. But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage, he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favorable position on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only, could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering through the fray, was of the color of blood, and directly that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened, when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker, that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power in the present instance suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe, next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination, it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches from its broad feet.

Miss Temple did not or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs, than to meet the ears.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice, "stoop lower, girl, your bonnet hides the creature's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature, than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of Leather Stockings (an old hunter and inhabitant of the soil long before the settlement was formed, and

in fact the Pioneer) rushed by her, and he called aloud—

"Come in, Hector, come in, you old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump again."

Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until the rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge."

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

In France, where every thing is the source of sentiment, there was published a few years since, a work in two volumes, ornamented with neat engravings, and entitled "*Histoire des Chiens Celebres*." The History of illustrious Dogs. We need not the authority of *Gay's Fables*, to support the acknowledged truth of the faithful virtues of the canine race. A dog is never wicked, unless he be mad; an excuse which it would be well for mankind, if they could allege it in behalf of their baseness and their crimes. The *Dog of Montargis*, equalled in penetration, the acutest judge—and tearing with his bloody teeth the murderer of his master, wanted nothing but the human shape to illustrate the power of virtue, and the abhorrence of crime. Instances of the marvellous sagacity of dogs, are of frequent and daily occurrence; nor will it soon be forgotten, the mournful attitude, and moaning lamentation of these faithful servants of the late destitute Eschasse, who having in their friendship to him while living, survived all of human nature, marshalled themselves like pall bearers, on either side of the corpse, and watched over the spiritless body of their deceased master. We boast very much of our reason—it would be well for the majority of us, if we had a little instinct instead of reason. The brutes cherish no envy—they utter no slanders—they commit no crimes—they obey the will of the Almighty, and are happy; while we, with capacity to understand, fly from what we know, violate right, and commit wrong—so that in excuse for our sins, we cling to the belief that sin was born with us.

From the work before us we extract the following piece, and shall occasionally, from the same source, derive for the youthful readers of the Courier, examples and incentives of virtue:—

THE DOG OF THE TOMBS.

The greedy heir consoles himself very soon for the loss of those dear kindred whom he should always mourn. In a few days the ingrate dries his tears, while he looks at the estate, which he long had coveted. But, to the shame of some part of mankind, it is not so with the faithful and affectionate dog. Loving his master for the pleasure of loving him, he is inconsolable, and perishes often of abstinence, when he loses or is separated from him.

A little lap-dog survived a whole family, of which it was the favorite. They were villagers, peaceably living on a small farm which was rendered profitable by their care and labor. The father, the mother, two grand children and three sons, were carried off by a pestilence which desolated the neighborhood of Marseilles, and they all died in the space of seven or eight days. As this unhappy family was successively borne to the grave, the afflicted dog followed the hearse and returned to the dwelling with lamenting cries.

After all of them had been buried, the dog would no longer remain in the house. Inhabited by other persons, who, however, lavished on it the greatest kindness, it would return there only occasionally when in need of sustenance. As soon as he had eaten he returned to the graves, and thenceforward they gave to this grateful creature, the name of the *Dog of the Tombs*.

During seven years that the life of this animal was prolonged, he remained constantly at the tombs of his masters. He repaid their kindness towards him, by affectionately lingering at their graves. But it was observed that he clung particularly to the grave of the youngest child, who was only seven years old when he died, and who had bestowed on him the innocent and invaluable caresses of childhood.—There he unceasingly mourned, striving to remove the earth that he might rejoin his little friend—and there day and night he watched, being with dif-

iculty removed that his food might be given to him.

These sacred duties, so rare among friends and relatives of our day, appeared admirable in a simple brute. They excited universal sympathy. On Sundays and on holidays, fathers carried their children to the sacred place of repose of the virtuous family. Mothers conducted their infant daughters to this sweet memorial of affection, saying, "See there, my children, the Guardian of the Tombs."

Religious.

FROM THE SOUTHERN INTELLIGENCER.

The following speculations have been of so much service to myself, that I am induced to offer them, in the hope that to some wavering mind, they may add confidence and give peace. They proceed on the single supposition that there is an essential difference between right and wrong, duty and crime. They are, I think, unanswerable by an atheist, and even by the most plausible sect of sceptics, the followers of Hume.

The writings, whose inspiration is denied by infidels, describe the character of God as perfect. He is declared to be eternally and infinitely good, wise and just. Now, such a character taken in the abstract, we most approve in our judgments. All who acknowledge a distinction of right and wrong, (and with no other would I argue) must likewise acknowledge that such a character we are bound to love with a higher regard than any other. I mean, that a confirmed atheist must allow, that if there exists a being possessed of such perfection, (leaving out of view that consideration that he is our creator and moral Governor,) he deserves our highest regard. If so, it is virtuous thus to love, and vicious not to love him; and a virtuous man, were there no God, would sincerely delight in the ideal perfection described by what we call revelation. Now the Scriptures require just such a state of heart as prepares us to love such a character, and the light of nature, even in an atheist, it seems, requires no less.

Again the Scriptures teach us that men do not generally possess the state of heart I have mentioned. Now does experience contradict them here? Men cannot help approving, at least in words, the character of God as described in the Bible, but do they love it? I do not mean love God, but speaking more abstractly, do men love a perfect character? To this we may confidently answer, no. And if happiness, as all will agree, must, on any supposition, attend on virtue, then a change must take place in men's hearts before they can be happy, and that whatever be the means or mode of such a change.

Further, what is the character laid down in Scripture as that which we should form and exhibit? It consists of love to God and love to man; of doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God; of living soberly, righteously and godly. Now, with respect to one point thus inculcated, i. e. our regard to God, we have already shown what the light of nature dictates, and on the other two points, i. e. the obligation of self government, and the social affections, there can be no dispute.

It appears then that the character we are to form and exhibit, according to scripture, is for substance, required of us by the light of nature. And this would be displayed in a striking light, if we examined the particular duties under each of the three great divisions alluded to above. The truth is, no enlightened system of morals can be drawn out substantially different from that given in the Bible.

Religion then is not singular in its requirements. No man can pretend to virtue, who does not act on principles corresponding with those it lays down. But the practical result of a system, its application, its bearing on our conduct and state, is what makes it important. And here we see the bearing—the application of sound philosophy is precisely the same as that of revelation. How unsound then the philosophy which encourages men to do evil, even on the supposition that there is no reality in revelation?

It may be asked, of what use is revelation, if it teaches us nothing more than the light of nature? I answer—1. The assumption is incorrect, for it in reality teaches us much more, although, as far as the light of nature goes, they entirely correspond. 2. It gives authority and sanction to what reason teaches, by displaying God to our view as our Creator and Governor, possessed of infinite power and authority, and resolved to enforce the law which reason has acknowledged to be good. 3. It makes known a plan of recovery for those, who, if left to themselves, must be entirely without hope.

In short, revelation takes away the "if," prefixed to such propositions as the sceptic will grant only in that conditional form, and writes "therefore" between the premises and the conclusion. The atheist allows that "if there be a perfect character, we owe it our highest veneration and regard." Revelation declares "there is a perfect character, therefore we owe it our highest veneration and regard."

Modesty in your discourse will give a lustre to truth, and an excuse for your errors.