

The Muse! what's in the Muse's sighs,
My soul the bunch of affluence, &c.



FAREWELL.

The home that blesses and endears,
The lively hearts that warm and cheer,
The blushing smiles that charm our tears,
And woes dispel,
But prompt our grief, that swell our tears,
When sounds "Farewell!"

Each rose-bud that adorns the glade,
Each withering flower that blooms to fade,
Each falling leaf that decks the shade,
And strews the dell,
Seems in its dying charms array'd,
To say, "Farewell!"

The morning breeze that rustles by,
And waves the dewy rose bush dry;
Whist in a low and pensive sigh
Its accents dwell,
Seem but to sympathize with I
Proclaim "Farewell!"

'Tis hard when Love's seraphic fire,
Thrills through the breast with pure desire,
When partial beauty's heavenly lyre,
With rapturous swell,
Bids each advancing doubt retire,
To say "Farewell!"

Enlinked in friendship's golden chain,
Congenial spirits may remain;
But when love adds its melting strain
With magic spell,
How hard the task—how sharp the pain,
To say "Farewell!"

The tendrils ivy may be torn
From its embrace around the thorn,
But there its mark, unceasing borne,
Its site will tell,
Hearts then retain the sight forlorn,
When sounds "Farewell!"

The summer dries the mountain rill,
And makes its murmuring waters still;
Its channel'd way adown the hill,
Marks where it fell,
The grief will furrow deep the will,
When sounds "Farewell!"

I've known Ambition's dreams depart,
I've felt despair's evenness depart,
But these are nothing to the smart,
Which nought can quell,
When bursts upon the afflicted heart,
The sad "Farewell!"

But when the noon of life is past,
And death's dark eye approaches fast,
And borne upon the wintry blast,
Is heard a knell,
That will proclaim a long—a last,
A dark "Farewell!"

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

STORY OF GUNHILDA.

From Guthrie's History of England.

Gunhilda, sister to Hardicanute, King of England, was celebrated for her beauty and sanctity of manners: she had been courted in her father's lifetime by the Emperor Henry III.—The lustre of this match, gilded all the woes which others easily foresaw must arise in matrimony with a person of this prince's disposition. The humble crowd of admirers, because subjects, though they were of the first rank, were disdain'd; and the friends of Gunhilda thought she could not be miserable if she was great. The match, therefore, was concluded between her and the Emperor; while Hardicanute, conceiving he could not have a fairer opportunity of displaying his magnificence, ransacked all nature to celebrate the nuptials. This was done with such exquisite luxury, with such memorable profusion, that it got even into the songs of the bards of those days; and was transmitted by the rude minstrels of the times, in lays which survived the age of Westminster the historian. At last, the effusion of pomp and luxury being over, the fair bride was sent over to her consort. But Henry took in such draughts of love, as to intoxicate his brain; while jealousy, prompted by conscious demerits, whispered him, that so many charms were not made for him altogether. Suspicion was strengthened by the adulation of those who found it more easy to soothe than to combat the prepossessions of the Prince; and, at last, imagination forming circumstances, Gunhilda was accused of adultery. Such accusations in those days, were too arbitrary and too delicate to be handled in the common way of defence; to be suspected was to be guilty; and nothing could wipe off that guilt, but the precarious success of

single combat between two champions, one for the accuser, and one for the accused. We must suppose that the fair Gunhilda had, in all her numerous train, only one Englishman, his name, from his diminutive size, Mimecan, bred about her person, and an ocular witness to her purity of conversation.

The day of combat being come, a gigantic champion for the accusation stepped into the lists, and swaggering about like another Goliath, threw out his defiance against the power of living beauty. The wretched Gunhilda, in vain cast round her fair eyes; but unable to read, in the countenance of any person present, one sentiment of manly compassion for her fate, was just fixing them upon the prospect of death and infamy, when the generous Englishman stepped forth, as the champion of her honor. He was her own page; his years too tender to make it suspicious that he had any motive for danger, besides the vindication of injured innocence; and his person too diminutive for Gunhilda ever to entertain a thought of him for her champion. However, supplying weakness with courage, and aiding courage by cool dexterity, the beardless champion, with his sword in his hand, advanced against his enormous antagonist. The security of the latter proved his destruction; for, endeavoring rather to tread out his adversary's life, than to fight with him, Mimecan was tall enough to reach the giant's hams with his sword, and cut them so, that his bulk thundering to the ground, the gallant boy gave him his death wound; then dividing his head from his body, laid it at the feet of his lovely mistress.

While Gunhilda, with a soul truly royal, looked upon the event of this combat as her deliverance, her narrow hearted lord considered it as her vindication. With open arms he invited her to her former place in his heart; but she, at once abhorring the fury of his jealousy, and disdaining the easiness of his reconciliation, sought peace where it can be best found, in retirement from worldly grandeur, with virtuous affections. In vain were menaces and blandishments applied to shake this purpose of her soul; she obtained a divorce from his bed and person, and died an illustrious example of innocence triumphing over malice, and wisdom adorning innocence, by a seasonable retreat from farther temptations, and therefore from farther dangers.

THE ART OF BOWING.

In all classes and professions there is something peculiar in the method of bowing. Who that has seen much of the lawyers, but will acknowledge that he throws into his obeisance a considerable share of that gravity arising from the awful honors of the wig and the gown? But altogether, the bow of law is not greatly to be admired—it seems to be a compound of the lessons of the dancing master, and that sagacious sort of nod which is acquired by long practice in the courts of law, and which generally accompanies any particular display of the cunning advocacy.—Whoever has been in the Court of justice must have seen the senseless nodding of some bustling advocate while the judge was charging the jury—taking hold of any circumstance favorable to his client, as it dropped from the bench, and then, with infinite importance, shaking his head to the twelve men in the box, as much as to say, "mark that!"—Now this is one of the worst uses to which such a head can be applied.

The bow of the courtier has too much of the drawing room about it, and looks too cold and formal. The English in general cannot be respectful without making the act of obeisance too long; the French combine brilliancy with grace much better, and are super-eminent with that kind of bend which combines condescension with self-importance.

The medical profession are notorious for the peculiar nature of their bows—they are generally accompanied with a turning up of their eyes, and look which says, "you are in a sad way, madam, but no doubt we shall soon set you right again." Doctors always speak in the plural, and like authors, cannot do without the editorial royalism. I am not much in love with the physical bow; it smells as a decoction of "I'm glad to find you poorly, but would not have you worse," and a few simples not worth mentioning.

Every body is acquainted with the bow of the shop keeper—it is good-nough in its way, and not liable to many objections, because it professes no

more than it means—always happy to serve a customer.

The theological bow is ever best on Sunday, and nearer the church yard the better. I was never more impressed with the importance of this bow than when lately in a country church. According to the good old fashion which prevails beyond sixty miles from town, we were all in our pews before the minister arrived. The dignity of his appearance, and the consequential, altho' at the same time parental expression that beamed from a rubicund but intelligent countenance, created an involuntary sensation of respect. As he walked up the middle aisle, the congregation rose and welcomed him, the return which he made right and left, was in the best style of clerical bowing.

But the most distinguished on the list of bows is that of the military profession. It is so well known and so fully admired—by the younger part of your fair readers in particular—that any illustration would be superfluous.

"EASIER COAX'D THAN DRIVEN."

When I made my last visit to Applebury, I put off going to see my friend Luke Thornbury, and for the best reason in the world. Luke and his wife used to quarrel the live long day, and it is not very pleasant, you know, to visit where "I won't, my dear," and "I'll see the devil take you first, my love," make half the conversation. But Luke and I had always been on the best terms, and as for the matter, Mr. Thornbury and I had never been at variance.

So one fine afternoon, it was, I think, just at 3 o'clock, that I rapped at the front door of the new house. And now while they were coming to open the door, I take time to tell you, that every thing around it wore another appearance than when I was at the farm. The garden fences were painted white, and the side walks ornamented with a row of handsome poplars. In the little yard in front of the house, the rose and the snow ball trees scattering their leafy honours to the frosts of autumn, indicated from the neatness with which they were trimmed, that the mind of the mistress was enough at ease to attend to such interesting trifles. And the old house dog came wagging his tail around me, telling me as plain as a dog could tell, "you are welcome."—The nice observer need not be told of such things. "Walk in." My good old friend that moment met me—instead of that lean, half starved, hen pecked looking fellow he seemed ten years ago—why, sir, he was as ruddy and as fat as a turtle fed alderman. He gave me that sort of a cordial reception, which told rather by the eye and the pressure of the hand, than by words, that I was welcome. And Mrs. Thornbury, too, seemed delighted to see me. What an alteration!—His wife was as happy a looking woman as I had ever seen in all Applebury. They both, I could perceive, marked my surprise at the perfect accordance of opinion and harmony of action in the house. After tea, the squires invited me to take a walk and see his new flock of merinos. "You seem," said he smiling, "a little surprised at the harmony which prevails between me and Mrs. Thornbury. Family affairs I do not often make a subject of conversation; but as you were my earliest friend, and used to sympathize with me under the misfortune of having a cross partner, it is due to tell the cause of this alteration." I told him I was much pleased with the happy change, and could not be but interested in the change.

"When Jane and I married," said he, "I knew she was possessed of a good understanding, and a high spirit. I determined to be master at home, and took high grounds, resolved to enforce obedience whenever it should be refused, taking care at the same time to command nothing wherein I had not a right to be obeyed. If my wife interferred, or interposed her opinion, my pride took the alarm lest she would wear the breeches, and I would have things to suit myself. Jane grew cross and severe. I became morose and testy. For some time our life was miserable—my affairs began to get into disorder—she neglected the things in the house, and I every thing out of doors. Things all tended to an open rupture, and we resolved at length to part. To part it was a dreadful thought. She was the mother of my children; she had good sense; knew how to be a good house wife, and I could not allege any greater offence against her, than that she would not submit to my government.

Many a time in our quarrels she

used to tell me, "easier coax'd than driven." The thought struck me, that before we finally separated, I would alter my plan of management. I became the best natured husband in the world. What a metamorphosis! Jane, said he, and the tear stood in his eye—Jane became the best natured and most complying wife in all Applebury. I took her advice in every matter—she always advised just as I wished. If I had got a nice peach from home, I always reserved it for her. She required my attention with fourfold kindness. Was she ill, I was unremitting in my attention. If I was sick, no angel could be kinder. In fine, said my friend, I became a good husband, and that is the secret that wrought such a change in my wife; and I do verily believe, if other husbands would remember that a woman is "easier coax'd than driven," there would be much more happiness in the married state.

FROM THE BOSTON PATRIOT.

From the Spanish.

Toil not the bell of death for me,
When I am dead,
Strew not the flow'ry wreath o'er me,
On my cold bed;
Let Friendship's sacred tear
On my fresh grave appear,
Gemming with pearls my bier,
When I am dead.

No dazzling, proud array,
Of pageantry display,
My fate to spread;
Let not the busy crowd be near,
When I am dead;
Fanning, with unfeeling sighs, my bier—
Sighs, quickly sped!

Deep let th' impression rest
On some fond, feeling breast:
Then were my mem'ry blest,
When I am dead.
Let not the day be writ;
Love will remember it,
Untold—unsaid!

I believe there are none, however humble, that would not shrink from the thought of being forgotten by those whose affection had made their greatest happiness, after the darkness of the grave had closed over them; but to the proud, aspiring mind, there is, perhaps, no idea so painful. Yet, humbling as it is to the pride of the heart, we almost daily behold those, who excited the admiration of society, and those who held a distinguished place in it, passing away like shadows, and forgotten, as though they had not been.

I know of nothing but the most resplendent genius, and the most stupendous talents, or the most chivalrous and heroic deeds, that can ensure to us the recollection of those who survive us; and I know of nothing that can console us in the expectation of that forgetfulness, but great humility and unfeigned piety.

The most universal homage paid to our memories, the most splendid monuments, the most public demonstrations of approbation and of regret, could not affect our feelings or our happiness in the world of spirits; but there is certainly something very flattering and consoling in the belief, that our names, and our virtues, and our talents, and the efforts of our genius, will be held in grateful remembrance, long after we are dead. But it is not always the heart that cherished us the most tenderly, that preserves the recollection of us the most inviolably; time heals the deepest wound death ever made; new impressions and new attachments fill up the void in the most desolate heart; love's strongest and brightest image fades like evening tints away, when the veil of death shadows it; and nothing but the echoes of fame can perpetuate our remembrance;—and there is enough of sadness in the thought, that LOVE alone cannot transmit to posterity, the names of those it worshipped! FRILLA.

Religious.

If the Christian course had been meant for a path of roses, would the life of the Author of Christianity have been a path strewn with thorns? "He made for us," says Bishop Jeremy Taylor, "a covenant of sufferings, his very promises were sufferings, his rewards were sufferings, and his arguments to invite men to follow him were only taken from sufferings in this life and the reward of sufferings hereafter."

But if no prince but the prince of peace ever set out with a proclamation of the reversionary nature of his empire—if no other king, to allay avarice and check ambition, ever invited subjects by the unalluring declaration that

"his kingdom was not of this world"—if none other ever declared that it was not dignity or honours, valour or talents that made them "worthy of him," but "taking up the cross"—if no other ever made the sorrows which would attend his followers a motive for their attachment—yet no other ever had the goodness to promise, or the power to make his promise good, that he would give "rest to the heavy laden." Other sovereigns have "overcome the world" for their own ambition, but none besides ever thought of making the "tribulation" which should be the effect of that conquest, a ground for animating the fidelity of his followers—ever thought bidding them "be of good cheer," because he had overcome the world in a sense which was to make his subjects lose all hope of rising in it.

FROM STURD'S REFLECTIONS.

THE FEAR OF APPARITIONS.

During the long dark nights of winter, many people are troubled with a ridiculous fear of apparitions. At the period when the natural imbecility of man was more a prey to superstition than it is in this more enlightened age, such idle fears were less reprehensible, because they were imbibed in childhood, and communicated through the impressive medium of religion. But that such notions should still disgrace an intellectual people is remarkable. It shows how ready the invention of man is to be employed in conjuring up monsters, and in tormenting himself; as if there were not already enough of real evils to afflict him, he creates imaginary ones, and becomes wretched because he thinks he is so. How wretched is the miser through his fear of thieves; the misanthrope, from his doubt and mistrust of all who surround him; and the discontented man, from dissatisfaction with his condition, and anxiety for the future! Hence let us learn to guard against the illusions of the imagination, which not only during the night present spectres to our view, but also, in the day time, often deceive us by painting vice in alluring forms and attracting colours. Happy should we be if we were as eager to fly from the temptations to evil, as we are from the imaginary terrors of an apparition.

Whence is it that some people, whose courage is real danger never shrinks, are violently affected by these chimeras? It is because their imagination clothes its objects in colours much more glowing than they really possess, and in this case, being perverted before reason can operate, terror has completely possessed the mind. Admitting the existence of spectres, why should the return of one from the dead, so horribly shake our nature, when we live in the certainty of being one day transported into a world of incorporeal beings?—Though we are convinced that every moment brings us nearer to the presence of the eternal God, we feel no fear from such a conviction; yet were an apparition at midnight to interrupt our repose, and announce the decree that we must soon follow it to an unknown country; the boldest among us would feel an emotion of terror, and await the event with the utmost torture of suspense. Yet we regard not the voice of the Most High, which cries, "Prepare, O Israel, to meet thy God!" Let us not give up our minds to unnecessary alarms, but rather fear that Being at whose coming the hearts of the bravest would be appalled, and the wicked shall call upon the mountains to hide and the hills to cover them. Fear to do that which is contrary to the will of God, and you may banish every other fear, and sing with David, "The Lord is my light, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my soul, of whom shall I be afraid?"

REWARD OF PARENTS.

"The purest pleasures we taste in this world arise from the sight of the happiness of which we have been the authors. There is a secret tenderness in our nature, which loves to soothe and gratify itself in the exercise of the lowest offices of affection. It is pleasing to shelter a plant from the roughness of the elements; to protect a helpless animal from harm. To assist the weak and friendless, and raise the sick man from the bed of languishing, affords an exquisite satisfaction. But if the preservation of a mortal creature to a few years of doubtful character, it may be of tribulation and anguish, is the occasion of such blessedness, how great shall be the transports of that hour when they who have received mercy to be faithful, shall present the children, to whose safety and moral purity they have been devoted, to be admitted with the innumerable company of the blessed, to the transcendent and unchangeable glories which shall be revealed."