

## LITERATURE, &amp;c.

FROM THE LIVERPOOL ALBION.

## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

In the land of the stranger if e'er you should roam,  
Though thy pathway with joys be enwreathed;  
Should the song or the strain thou hast once heard at home  
By the lip of the stranger be breathed,  
It will come o'er thine ear like a storm in the night  
Though the smiles of the gay may surround thee,  
It will wither thine heart, and its echo will blight  
The mirth and the revelry round thee.

There is more romance in every-day life than is dreamt of in the philosophy of every-day people, and more sympathy and sentiment than is outwardly shown; for fashion unites with this cold world to repress our best feelings, and conceal, under the specious appearance of indifference or unconcern, all that nature intended should form the gentle basis of the mind of woman. These modern checks on our humanity soon render the heart more fitted for the stern realities, and rude necessities of life, by frequently becoming cold, calculating, selfish, and disinterested. It fortunately happens, that music is the master-key to the sensibilities of most people, in kindly disclosing the stores of tenderness of those whom modern custom has failed to make completely apathetic. In an excursion to the county of Wicklow, with a select few, well chosen from the non-conformists of the modern system, we stopped at the beautiful village of Enniskerry, on the domain of Lord Powerscourt, to visit a pretty Gothic cottage, kept as a sort of lodging-house for invalids who seek the salubrity and temperature of this almost tropical air. After partaking of a late breakfast, or, rather a second edition of the first, and preparing again to mount our cars, in coming down stairs, I heard a sweet and plaintive voice singing the beautiful air, OH, LEAVE ME TO MY SORROW! accompanied by the piano-forte. I was chained to the spot. I had heard that song, with repeated pleasure, by one now no more, in my own country, and, now distant from the home of my childhood, it seemed to possess a double charm in reviving thoughts of home, hallowed by the memory of the dead. In approaching nearer, to hear the concluding lines,

'Time brings forth new flowers around us,  
And the tide of our grief is gone,'

the door opened, and an elderly widow lady appeared. She bowed, while I apologized for my apparent rudeness; but what parent is there who will not forgive a delighted listener to the accomplishments of an only child? She had observed the very unfashionable tear which some local remembrances had called forth, and begged I would enter the room, saying, Jessy would repeat the song for me. Some further adjustment being advisable in regard to the gear of our horses, which Miss Edgeworth has appraised the world before me, is, in this country, usually out of order, which gave me time to accept the invitation and see her daughter, who arose, and, by the first flush upon her pale and interesting countenance, I saw, with prophetic sadness, in the hectic glow, the too sure acknowledgment of the fell destroyer being, alas, too near! 'Jessy, my love,' said the mother, 'oblige this lady, of the party just arrived, by repeating your last song.' Like a tender snowdrop she gracefully consented, and sat down to the instrument. 'I would rather permit the first impression to remain, if you will favor me with the one before,' I observed, which was one of the Hon. Mrs Norton's, from the Sorrows of Rosalie, called LOVE NOT. After singing this, in exquisite taste, she begged I would play something. Although having more of the allegro than the penseroso in my disposition, yet she, having made sentiment the order of the day, I ventured to attempt the ballad of WE MET, and, before it was finished, I found that Jessy had left the room in tears. 'I am at a loss to conjecture,' said the anxious mother, 'the cause of my daughter's illness; she was once gay and cheerful.' 'Then, is it left for me, a stranger, to explain the cause?' I asked, overlooking her music book; 'the selection alone of these songs, convinces me, that she has had some blight in her affections—some tender string has been touched by sorrow.' 'Oh, no,' replied the mother, 'that is quite a mistake; he whom she loved is poor; she does not think of him now, and never names him; in fact, she is not allowed.' 'Not allowed!' I thought: 'it were well if such restrictions could be imposed in such cases.' 'Cheerful society is all my child requires, with this fine air; and let me hope,' continued she, 'that I may have the pleasure of your company on your return.' 'If possible,' I promised; 'if not, some other day soon shall find me your guest.' Jessy now entered the room, and strengthened her mother's invitation—

'And the smile that illumined her pale cheek the while  
Was like flowers in the hands of the dead,  
Whose blossoms but mock with their warm, sunny smile  
The pale cheek whose roses are fled.'

Again on our journey, I did not feel myself in unison with the buoyant spirits of our party; for still the song and tones of Jessy lingered on my ear, and, in this mood, I felt it a luxury to be alone. We naturally look for the decline and fall of those around us, in age, infirmity, or imbecility; but to see youth and beauty blighted in their bloom, and that in the form of a lovely girl of eighteen, blended with the delightful associations of soul-subduing harmony, was too mournful a picture to be soon erased from the mind; and, although naturally cheerful, it now required no ordinary effort to appear so.

The route on our return, lay in a different direction, so that the promised visit was deferred until some other opportunity. Near three weeks elapsed ere it suited my convenience to go to Enniskerry, and, on my entrance to the village, I anticipated how cheerfully I would rally the invalid out of her low spirits, by discouraging every thing sentimental or plaintive, either in conversation or music, and how gaily I would parody Love's young dream for her. With a bounding step, and a heart as light as a May morning, I approached the cottage. Some of the household appeared in the act of removal, for there was a cart at the door, and some few trunks and a writing-desk placed in it. The door was open, but my entrance was stopped by two men bearing out a piano-forte, packed in a case, followed by the owner of the cottage in tears. I felt my heart sink, and was unable to speak. 'Ah, madam,' said the poor weeping woman, 'you are come too late; you were long expected, but now it is all in vain—it is all over; the dear young lady was buried a week ago, in St. Kevin's Churchyard. Her uncle came over to fetch her mother to England: they are gone, and now I am sending their things after them.' 'Oh, Procrastination! how didst thou accuse me at this moment!' She who had interested me was now beyond recall, and her widowed mother far from my consolation; and the very instrument which had imparted such momentary delight was going too. To look on even inanimate objects for the last time in a source of pain; but to look on this—her friend in her concealed hopes, her companion in her sorrows, her source of soothing comfort in her rapid decline, the very tone of which was a solace to her—I could not look upon it without a pang; and, in this last trace of the once lovely Jessy, I thought of the words I had first heard her sing, and again they seemed applicable—'Oh, leave me to my sorrow!' Such is the power of music in reviving years, scenes, and days gone by,—in sympathizing with the sufferer in concealed sorrows, and in awakening our best feelings in the memory of those who are but gone before, to another and a better world!

'Thus remembrance will last, amidst sorrow and care,  
Wher'er we may happen to roam;  
Though the eye beam a smile to the friends who are here,  
The heart is still lingering at home.'

FROM CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

## ACQUAINTANCES.

ONE of the most important concerns of young people is, the management of themselves in respect of what are called 'Acquaintances.' To have many friends is desirable, in a world where men are generally thrown so much upon their own resources. But there is a distinction between the friendship of a certain number of respectable persons, who are only ready to exert themselves for us when called upon, and the acquaintance of a circle of contemporaries, who are perpetually forcing themselves upon our company for the mere purpose of mutual amusement. Taking the words in their usual signification, a young man ought to wish for many friends but few acquaintances. There is something in the countenance of a companion that cheers and supports the frailty of human nature. One can speak and act more boldly with a friend by his side, than when alone. But it is the good fortune of men of strong character, and it ought to be the object of every one to act well and boldly by himself. One thing young people may be assured of, almost all the great services which enlightened men have done for their race were performed alone. There was but one man, not two, at the discovery of the Compass, of the Copernican System, of the Logarithms, and the principle of Vaccination. To descend to lesser things, ask any man who has risen in worldly fortune, from small beginnings to great wealth and honour, how he contrived to do so, and you will find that he carved it all out for himself with his own hand. He will in all probability inform you that he has reached the honourable station in society which he now maintains, chiefly by narrowing the circle of his 'private acquaintances,' and extending that of his 'public relations,' most likely adding; that had he on all occasions 'consulted' the persons with whom he happened to be acquainted, as to his designs, he would, by every calculation, have been still in the same obscure insignificant situation he once was. The truth is, it is only when alone that we have the ability to concentrate our minds upon any object; and it is only when things are done with the full force of ONE MIND qualified for the purpose, that they are done well.

It is the misfortune of young people, before they become fully engaged in the relations of life and business, that they look too much to 'acquaintances' for encouragement, and make the amusement which 'acquaintances' can furnish too indispensable. The tender mind of youth is reluctant, or unable, to stand alone; it needs to be one of a class. Hence, the hours which ought to be spent in the acquisition of that general knowledge which is so useful in after life, and which can only be acquired in the vacant

days of youth, are thrown away in the most inglorious pursuits, for 'acquaintances' are seldom the companions of study, or the auxiliaries of business, but most generally the associates of a debauch, the fellow-flutterers upon the Mall, the companion-bounds in the chase of empty pleasure. It is amazing how much a youth can endure of the company of his principal 'acquaintance.' Virgil's expression, 'FREM CONSUMERER EVO,' is realised in his case; for he veritably appears as if he could SPEND HIS WHOLE LIFE in the society of the treasured individual. At the approach of that person every other matter is cast aside; the most important business seems nothing in contrast with the interchange of a smile or a jest with this duplicate of himself. The injunctions of the most valued relations—even of father and mother—are scattered to the winds, if they are at variance with the counsels of conduct of this precious person, whom, after all, he perhaps met only last week at a club. The power of an 'acquaintance' of this kind, for good or evil, over the mind of his friend, is so very great, that it may well give some concern to those who are really interested in the prospects of youth. But every effort to redeem a victim from the fascination will be in vain, unless his natural or habitual goodness be shocked by the further exposure of the 'acquaintance's' character. The only safeguard, therefore, against this mighty evil, is, PREVIOUSLY to accustom youth to depend much upon themselves, and to endeavour to infuse into them a sufficient degree of moral excellence to be a protection to them against the worst vices which 'acquaintances' may attempt to impart to them.

There is a possibility, however, that the 'acquaintance' may be no worse than his fellow, and yet the two will do that together which they could not do singly. Virtue is, upon the whole, a thing of solitude: vice is a thing of the crowd. The individual will not dare to be wicked, for the responsibility which he knows must be concentrated upon himself; while the company, feeling that a divided responsibility is hardly any responsibility at all, is under no such constraint. There is much edification to the heart of the thoughtless and wicked in the participation of companions; and even in large associations of honourable men for honourable purposes, there is often wanting that fine tone of feeling which governs the conduct of perhaps each individual in the fraternity. Thus, an excessive indulgence in the company of 'acquaintances' is to be avoided, even where the 'acquaintances' are not inferior in moral worth to ourselves. There is an easy kind of morality much in vogue among a great body of people, that 'what others do we may do,' as if higher standards had not been handed down by God himself from heaven, or constructed in the course of time by the wise and pure among men. This morality comes strongly into play among youth in their intercourse with contemporaries; and as it is always on rather a declining than an advancing scale, it soon leads them a great way down the paths of vice.

It will be found, in general, that a considerable degree of abstinence from this indulgence is required, even to secure the most ordinary degree of success in life. But if great things be aimed at, if we wish to surpass our fellows by many degrees, and to render ourselves honourably conspicuous among men, we must abjure 'acquaintances' almost entirely. We must, for that purpose withdraw ourselves from all temptation to idle and futile amusement—we must, in the words of a great poet, 'shun delights, and live laborious days.'

## EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

TURKEY.—After some hours' stay we proceeded up the Dardanelles, Europe on one side and Asia on the other, and soon Turkey opened on us with its loveliest scenery. I do not know if I can convey a proper idea of it—it is so different from that of Europe. What gives a peculiar beauty to the Turkish towns and villages, is their being so embosomed in trees. You always see these of the liveliest verdure, hanging over and shading the greatest part of the houses. The habitations are rather low, and built generally of wood, with gently sloping roofs, they are either of a red, white, or lead colour, with windows of framework of wood. The neat white minaret of the mosque rises eminent amidst every village. The country was rich in many parts with corn, which had been already cut; and a cool kiosk was seen, shaded with its luxuriance of wood. But all this only whetted my impatience to behold Stamboul, as the Turks call it; and night came down again to augment it. For the last few days the sky had become more beautiful, of a most delicate blue, boned near the horizon by a ridge of white clouds; and the last day of our voyage was particularly fine, when a gentle breeze brought us towards the capital of the east. The first view rather disappoints you the surrounding shores are not striking, and you are inclined to ask where is the magnificence of Constantinople? But when you enter the canal, and turn the point where stands the seraglio, and the site of the city, being built on declivities, rises higher, so that houses appear to range on houses—and Pera and Galata, with the immense dark grove of cypress on the place of graves that crowns the hill, open to your view—you are struck with admiration. The houses of wood, of which the city is chiefly built, have indeed nothing grand in their appearance: three-fourths of the fronts are taken up with windows. But it is the novel and beautiful blending of trees and verdure with every part; the innumerable minarets, some with gilded tops that glitter in the sun; and the superior mosques, of a nobler appearance, and towering above all other buildings,—which impress the mind of a stranger with feelings unknown at the sight of any other European city. Our vessel being bound for Odessa, proceeded up the river to the village of Buyukdere, a few miles distant, celebrated for its beauty. This afforded an excellent opportunity to view the scenery; and few who have, once done this can ever forget it. Each side of the river—a noble stream, of a mile, or sometimes half that in width—was thickly covered with habitations. In one part was a mosque of the purest white marble, most richly ornamented and gilded, and the dark cypress around it. On the left, a summer seraglio of the Sultan, with its small pleasure-ground, stretched along the shore. The hills on the European side, descending nearly close to the river, and prettily wooded, yet so small that they looked in miniature; and the little Turkish houses, standing in the river, or hanging in parapets over it, or thrown back in a retiring wood,—put you in mind of what you had imagined of Chinese scenery and dwellings. My view often wandered with delight over the Asiatic side, as the scene of future pleasures. 'At last,' I said to myself, 'my long-cherished hopes are accom-