

THE MUSES.

The following simple and pathetic poem is from the pen of Dr. Logan, an eminent historian of Scotland. Coleridge himself a muse of no humble fame, has pronounced it the most exquisite performance in our language. It is in the sweetest manner of Burns; but its execution is even superior to the most affecting pieces of that heaven-taught bard. The second and the 4th stanzas are full of beauty. The quick transition in the second, from the wedding-day to the lover's grave, is not more unexpected than touching. Not a word in the English language could have been more happily selected, than the epithet "wedded" in the next to the last line. The whole song displays no little art in imitating the manner of the drama, and keeping our curiosity alive, until the conclusion of the tale, when the real fate of the lover for the first time breaks upon us.

Enquirer.

SONG.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream! When first on them I met my lover; Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream! When now thy waves his body cover! Forever, now, O Yarrow stream! Thou art to me a stream of sorrow; For never on thy banks shall I Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow!

He promised me a milk-white steed To bear me to his father's bowers; He promised me a little page To squire me to his father's towers, He promised me a wedding ring— The wedding day was fix'd to-morrow! Now he is wedded to his grave Alas! his watery grave in Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met, My passion I as freely told him! Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought That I should never more behold him! Scarce was he gone I saw his ghost! It vanished with a shriek of sorrow— I thrice did the water wraith ascend, And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow!

'Tis mother from the window look'd With all the longings of a mother; 'Tis little sister weeping walk'd— The green wood path to meet her brother, They sought him east, they sought him west, They sought him all the Forest through; They only saw the cloud of night, They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from the window look, Thou hast no son, thou tender mother! No longer walk, thou lovely maid! Alas! thou hast no more a brother, No longer seek him east, or west, And search no more the forest through; For wandering in the night so dark, He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow!

* The water fiend; sometimes called the kelpie.

The following toast was given by Mr. J. Smith, at Charlestown, Massachusetts. "Thomas Jefferson, who levels his breastwork, spikes his cannon, bares his bosom to the shafts of his enemies, and gives the deep-cut wound by a dignified silence."

This is a complete answer to the paltry scribblers, who are often asking, why does not Mr. Jefferson vindicate himself?—The great Washington did not defend from his high station as commander of our armies or as President of the Union to contend against his enemies, but when he retired to private life, he informed the public, that certain letters, which had passed as his in wartime, were forgeries.

All great and good men, while employed in emancipating their country, expect as a matter of course, that bad men, the enemies of liberty, will seek their destruction and will not be scrupulous as to the means.

Washington fought to save his country from British tyranny; Jefferson's life has been opposed to federal tyranny; each was successful, but their humble adversaries have never ceased to hate and abuse them.

Angels are unfeeling about the resentment or applause of the ants of a mole hill; and as little does Mr. Jefferson care about the busy scribblers, who gain their bread by defaming him. Do federalists expect the president of the United States to rise in the morning and enquire what Moses Hatch, and Tom Collier think about him? Shall he ask how his administration suits merchants' clerks and boys at college? shall he reply to Callender's stories and Tom Turner's letters?

Mr. Jefferson looks back on a life devoted to his country; he sees himself placed in the presidential chair in opposition to all the power, the wealth and subtlety of federalism. He sees the malignant standards of four years conclusively answered by 162 votes against fourteen. Living in the confidence, respect and affections of 21,121,000 of the people of the United States, he confidently levels his breastwork, spikes his cannon, bares his bosom to the shafts of his enemies, and thus mortally wounds them by a dignified silence. Witness.

NEWBERN, October 4.

HATTERAS LIGHT-HOUSE.

By a gentleman just arrived in town from Cape Hatteras, we learn that the dome of that building has suffered considerable injury in the late storms; and that the keeper proposes to discontinue the Light till the lantern is thoroughly repaired. It seems to be material to the safety of vessels navigating that coast that this fact should be made public; lest by endeavouring to make the Light; as customary, they should run on shore by mistaking their distance from danger. We are rather surprised that we have not seen any official notice of this very material accident: seeing that some weeks have elapsed since it happened.

We have been favored with the following account of the last Storm.

SHELL-CASTLE, Sept. 29.

About 12 o'clock last evening a gale at E. N. E. commenced and increased in its violence until about 4 A. M. when it shifted to E. S. E. and blew the most tremendous storm, ever I believe, witnessed by a human being, until six o'clock, when it got further to the southward, and finally to W. S. W. where it still continues to blow with excessive force. The Cutter belonging to this station under the command of Capt. Henderson, upset and sunk at her anchors.—He thank God with five of the crew are saved, three poor fellows, belonging to her, are lost, their names are Frederick Cherry, Jacob, (a Russian,) and J. G. Roman.

Nearly all the lighters of the navigation sunk, ashore, or dismantled. In Wallace's channel, the ship—Capt. M. Keel of Washington, main and mizen mast gone ashore.—The ship Connelia, Common, of Washington, ashore; the schooner—Bracket, master, belonging to Messrs. Marshes of Washington, ashore & sunk, a sch'r belonging to Mr. Eborn of Washington, dismantled, ashore and sunk, schooner Mount Vernon, Fisher, of Newbern, lost entirely, but it is believed no lives lost.—A small boat which arrived last evening from Jamaica, with rum, name unknown yet, upset on the east point of Beacon Island, the people are now seen on her bottom, there is some prospect of them and the cargo being saved.—Schooner Horizon, Jerkins, still at anchor above the Swath, main mast cut away. Sloop Union, Keats, ashore dismantled. In short but one vessel in the whole navigation afloat and all standing, and that a singular instance of preservation; it is a lighter belonging to Mr. James Jones of Newbern, who struck adrift with two anchors a head, at the Castle, and drifted two and a half miles to the Royal shoal, where she brought up, and rode out the storm—only one small black boy on board.

I have now to add, to the tale of destruction, the total loss of the immensely valuable, philosophical and mathematical instruments of Col. Tatham, he yesterday put them on board the Governor Williams, for the purpose of having them conveyed to Newbern, and they are now buried with her, in two fathom water: Alas! there is no doubt, but Capt. Henderson will be able to get her up, we fear all the apparatus will be totally ruined, a loss which while it may be ruinous to the Colonel, is to be sincerely, deplored by the lovers of science.

Description cannot paint, nor imagination conceive, the force of the sea: it was impetuous, and irresistible, it struck; and on striking deluged, or dismantled, the unopposing victim of its mighty power.

During the gale, the oil in the lamp of the Beacon took fire, and blew out 36 panes of glass—the light of course will not be in operation for some days to come.

* * * We are happy to learn from Col. Tatham who arrived in town yesterday, that his loss stated in the above communication does not include his Philosophical apparatus, which was chiefly left in Virginia and sent up to Newbern before the storm commenced: His work for public account, a valuable assortment of Instruments, Books, Papers and clothing are, however, sunk in the Cutter, and cannot be replaced.

OCCACOCK, Sept. 30.

The Cutter Diligence arrived from sea on the 28th inst. in the evening about fun down and anchored close to Shell Castle bearing N. E. a gale came on at N. E. about 10 o'clock and at twelve blew a most violent gale: The Cutter upon perceiving the violence of the gale and the sea flying over in such quantities as to endanger her foundering, threw her guns overboard, and while in the act of cutting away her masts, she broke a drift and run foul of a small schooner on a shoal about a mile from the Castle bearing W. S. W. and there sunk. The officers and crew retreated on board the little schooner who survived the gale and were taken off as soon as the weather would permit by the humanity of governor Wallace and Mr. Tuck the only inhabitants on the Castle without being able to save the least article

of clothing whatever—One of the commissioners for surveying the coast of North Carolina, was on board, and Thomas Coles, Esq; we are sorry to add that all his papers and effects of every kind were buried in the ruins of the Cutter, one of the crew, an active young man, only was lost, and we are happy to announce that the officers, commissioner and crew are generally in good health.—From present appearances there is very little hope of the recovery of the Cutter or any of her effects, the being at this moment seven feet under water. There is scarcely a single vessel in the vicinity of the Castle that is not stranded, and many very valuable lives lost to the community, tho', considering the fury and fadness of the gale, the loss of lives have not been so great as might have been expected.

EDENTON, Sept. 17.

By Capt. Williams of the schooner Farmer, arrived here on Friday last from Norfolk, where he put in in distress, having sprung his main-mast in the late severe storm, which has done so much damage on the coast, we are informed, that from 23 to 24 sail of vessels, little and big, were dismantled and on shore at the Bar, in the last gale, which took place on the 2d inst. many of which, it is expected, will not be got off. He saw in the Croetan Sound, bottom upwards, the sch'r Charming Polly, commanded by Capt. John Whedbee, mentioned in our last as upset and all hands drowned.

Since writing the above, we are informed, by an arrival yesterday morning, that one of the negroes, named Sampson, was seen floating near the Bluff, a distance of near 50 miles from the wreck. The captain and the rest of the crew, it is believed in the neighbourhood of Croetan, are in the cabin, or confined by the suction of the vessel in or near the hatchway.

Accounts from Cape Hatteras, afford also distressing news of the violence of the gale of the 2d inst. A person from thence informs, that the situation of the inhabitants on the Banks was considered extremely perilous at times during the storm—the wind blew with such violence as to occasion the tide's rising two or three feet into several of their houses, and it was expected that a few hours' continuance of the gale would prove fatal to every person there.—The wind was so astonishingly severe as to twist sturdy oaks, of the thickness of a man's body, from their roots, and scatter the limbs in the air to a great distance.—All the boats in the inside of the Banks, as far as the eye could discover, or as our informant heard of, were either dismantled, upset or otherwise totally lost. On the coast several puncheons of rum, oranges, limes, lemons, pine apples, and other articles of West India produce, were driven ashore, and staves and shingles were seen in every direction along shore. The Light-House, on Cape Hatteras, received such injury about the Cap and Lantern, as to be incapable of being lighted up for the present.

BALTIMORE, September 20.

One of Jerome's Squadron taken.

By a pilot who arrived here yesterday morning from the Capes, we learn, that a little off the Capes he saw a French 74, dismantled, and nearly a wreck—the mate signals of distress, when he approached her for the purpose of bringing her up the Chesapeake, at which time an English 74 hove in sight, fired a broadside into the Frenchman, who immediately struck.—We further learn that the officers and men were taken out and landed at Norfolk, and the ship burnt.

The Journal du Commerce of the 14th of July mentions, as a singular circumstance in the annals of French jurisprudence, that a suit in law had occupied for two days, the attention of the tribunal of Correctional police, in which Mr. J. Cox Barnett, American consul at Havre, was plaintiff, and Mr. O'Mexy, an American merchant, defendant. The former accused the latter with having publicly assaulted him by giving him a slap on the face, and laid his damage at 3500 francs. The defendant was found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of 600 francs, 500 of which to be distributed to the poor.

September 23

Travellers relate incredible things. There is now in this city a Traveller from the banks of the Missouri—he has in his possession an enormous "Tooth" of the "Mammoth." He declares, that whilst searching for mines on the banks of that river, he and his comrades discovered a tract of ground of about one mile square, containing (six feet below the surface) a general layer of bones of an immense size. He offers to contract for the entire Skeleton of a Mammoth that shall be 64 feet long and 23 in height, deliverable next September in this city. The middle claw of the fore foot is 7 feet 8 inches from its extreme point to where it joins the foot;

and in each jaw are 8 enormous grinders, four above and four below—but, he says, his party were unable to discover whether the animal had a tail, when living, or otherwise. He presumed these bones have lain since the flood, in their present condition. He carried the tooth to the Museum.

September 24.

Extra of a letter, dated

NEW-ORLEANS, Aug. 22.

"By a letter which arrived in town this day, we are informed, that 900 Spaniards have passed over the Sabine river, and stationed themselves within 12 miles of Natchitoches. The American troops are now making preparations to meet them."

Extra of a letter from a gentleman of high respectability, in Wilkinson county, Mississippi Territory, to his friend in this city, dated August 18, 1806.

"I have only time to state to you briefly, an express has just passed to Natches from Natchitoches, with dispatches to governor Claiborne, general Wilkinson or our own governor, (perhaps to all of them); he (the express) avows that a Spanish force of eight hundred soldiers, and nearly as many Indians, were on their march for and within a few miles of the Adais, a post eighteen miles from Natchitoches far within our limits, and from which they were last year driven by a party of our troops, under captain Turner. If this is true, and of which there is not a doubt, we shall have a brush; for surely our government will not submit to their occupying a post, from which they have been once driven; Of this, more by the next mail.

From the same to the same, dated Aug. 19.

"I wrote you by last mail, informing you a considerable Spanish force was advancing towards Natchitoches, our western frontier. It is now well ascertained that gov. Arara, with about 1000 men, and some Indians, has taken possession of the Adais, a post from which they were driven by captain Turner last year. Governor Arara has declared to our commandant at Natchitoches (col. Cushing,) that his intention is to take and keep for his king and master the territory between the Sabine river and the Arago Hondo (sometimes called the Nondokee,) about 6 miles from Natchitoches. Colonel Cushing is manoeuvring his troops, and will be joined by colonel Kinsberry, and his detachment from Fort-Adams; what will there be done it is impossible to conjecture, whether they will be suffered to take the boasted Louisiana back by small districts, or drive us into the Gulf stream at one stroke, is yet to be ascertained. They have so long plundered us with impunity, have violated our territory, taken our citizens from within our own limits, and have gone unpunished, that we have little hope of relief from our general government; and I am fearful, situated as we are, with but a small number of regular troops, a badly organized militia; approximating to the Floridas, a great many of the inhabitants of which are old Tories and cut-throats; surrounded by a great number of Indian tribes, with whom we have reason to believe our neighbors are constantly intriguing, we are much more critically situated than our general government have any idea of; convinced as our administration must be, of the immense value of Louisiana, equal to any part of our continent of the same magnitude, and I believe, of more importance, it would appear strange why it is left so long in a defenceless condition."

Extra from the Orleans Gazette of the 21st August.

"By letters received this morning, we learn, that the governor of Texas, with about 900 Spanish troops had passed the Sabine river, and had advanced within 12 miles of Natchitoches—that major Porter had sent a flag enquiring their intention; their answer was, that they would occupy their former position, and not act on the offensive.

"It is the opinion of the writer, that an action between our troops and them has taken place before this, unless the Spaniards have fallen back."

Extra of a letter from Washington City, dated Sept. 20.

"A letter received last night, via New-York, by Mr. Madison, from our consul at Nantz, informs, that about the 25th or 26th July. (I forget which) PEACE WAS SIGNED at Paris between England and France, and that two days previous, the same had taken place with Russia.—This you will have heard probably some time. I have mentioned it as it is possible that the information may not have been generally known at Nantz, at the date of the consul's letter, Aug. 1, and as such important news is sometimes suppressed for a time, for the purpose of commercial speculation; should it not be generally known, it may be of service to you."