

POETRY.

THE CHILD OF SORROW.

I saw the child of sorrow weep,
By grief and care opprest,
And heavy sighs convuls'd and deep,
Perturb'd her virtuous breast.
And can, I cried, that Power be just,
Who yields thy heart to woe!
Then Virtue where's thy hope and trust,
In heaven, or earth below!
Enrapt, an angels voice I heard,
In silver tones exclaim—
Oh holy form, oh blessed word,
Religion was her name.
"Vain, foolish, doubt-assuming man,
With reason so confin'd,
Presumpt' thou God's decrees to scan,
To judge Omniscient mind.
"Know that to Virtue woes are given,
To wean our hopes from earth;
To raise the trembling soul to heaven,
There to receive new birth.
"Go—sin no more, but humbly trust,
Affliction's trial proves
His care, whose laws are ever just,
Who chasteneth whom he loves.

VARIETY.

All pleasure consists in Variety.
FROM THE NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

OUR LANGUAGE.

In his oration before the Phi Beta Kappa. Professor Everett quotes the remark of Madam de Staël, that, "it is impossible fully to comprehend the literature of a foreign tongue." It is doubtless true, as Mr. E. proceeds to remark, that "there is influence of exalted genius coextensive with earth," and that "something of its power will be felt in spite of the obstacles of different languages, remote regions, and other times," yet it is no less true, (and it is a truth which every one must feel and acknowledge,) that the true empire and lawful sway of genius, "are at home and over the hearts of kindred men." We cannot resist the desire to communicate a portion of the satisfaction we felt in perusing Mr. Everett's Oration, to our distant readers, by offering them the following extract:—

"A charm, which nothing can borrow, nothing can counterfeit, nothing dispense with, resides in the simple sound of our mother tongue. Not analyzed, nor reasoned upon, it unites the earliest associations of life with the maturest conceptions of the understanding. The heart is willing to open all the avenues to the language, in which its infantile caprices were soothed; and by the curious efficacy of the principal association, it is this echo from the feeble dawn of life, which gives to eloquence much of its manly power, and to poetry much of its divine charm. This feeling of the music of our native language is the first intellectual capacity that is developed in children, and when by age or misfortune,

The ear is all unstrung,
Still, still, it loves the lowland tongue."
What a noble prospect is opened in this connexion for the circulation of thought and sentiment in our country! Instead of that multiplicity of dialect, by which mental communication and sympathy are cut off in the old world, a continually expanded realm is opened and opening to American intellect, in the community of our language, throughout the wide spread settlements of this continent. The energy of the press will here, for the first time, be brought to bear, with all its mighty power, on the minds and hearts of men, in exchanging intelligence, and circulating opinions, unobscured by the diversity of language, over an empire more extensive than the whole of Europe.

And this community of language, all important as it is, is but a part of the marvellous brotherhood, which unites and will unite the growing millions of America. In Europe, the work of internal alienation, which begins in diversity of language, is carried on and consummated by diversity of government, institutions, national descent and national prejudices. In crossing the principal rivers, channels, and mountains, in that quarter of the world, you are met, not only by new tongues, but by new forms of government, new associations of ancestry, new and generally hostile objects of national boast and gratulation. While on the other hand, throughout the vast regions included within the limits of our Republic, not only the same language, but the same laws, the same national government, the same republican institutions, and a common national association prevails, and will diffuse themselves. Mental and moral will there exist, move, and act in a liberal mass, such as was never before congregated on the earth's

surface. The necessary consequences of such a cause overpower the imagination. What would be the effect on the intellectual state of Europe, at the present day, were all her nations and tribes amalgamated into one vast empire, speaking the same tongue, united in one political system, and that a free one, and opening the broad unobstructed pathway for the interchange of thought and feeling, from Lisbon to Archangel. If effects are to bear a constant proportion to their causes; if the energy of thought is to be commensurate with the masses which prompt it, and the masses it must penetrate; if eloquence is to grow in fervor with the weight of the interests it is to plead, and the grandeur of the assemblies it addresses; if efforts rise with the glory that is to crown them; in a word, if the faculties of the human mind, as we firmly believe, are capable of tension and achievement altogether indefinite;

Nil actum reputans, dum quid supereset agendum,
then it is not too much to say, that a new era will open on the intellectual world, in the fulfilment of our country's auspices. By the sovereign efficacy of the partition of powers between the national and state governments, in virtue of which the national government is relieved from all the odium of internal administration, and the state governments are spared the conflicts of foreign politics, all bounds seem removed from the possible extension of our country, but the geographical limits of the continent. Instead of growing cumbersome, as it increases in size, there never was a moment since the first settlement in Virginia, when the political system of America moved with so firm and bold a step as at the present day. If there is any faith in our country's auspices, this great continent, in no remote futurity, will be filled up with a homogeneous population; with the mightiest kindred people known in history; our language will acquire an extension, which no other ever possessed; and the empire of the mind, with nothing to resist its sway, will attain an expansion, of which as yet we can but partly conceive. The vision is too magnificent to be fully borne;—a mass of two or three hundred millions, not chained to the oar like the same number in China, by a brutalizing despotism, but held in their several orbits of nation and state, by the grand representative attraction; bringing to bear on every point the concentrated energy of such a host; calling into competition so many minds; uniting into one grand national feeling the hearts of so many freemen; all to be guided, persuaded, moved, and swayed, by the master spirits of the time!"

LITERARY.

A work is lately published to the north under the very taking title of

"Tales of an American Landlord, containing Sketches of Life, south of the Potomac."
"Sit mihi fas audita loqui."—VIRGIL.
What I have heard, permit me to relate.
2 vols. 12 mo."

"Tales of an American Landlord"—in imitation of the Wizard of Scotland!—and what comes more "home to our business and bosoms," it gives us "sketches of life, south of the Potomac"—perhaps principally in Virginia. We confess we feel some curiosity to see sketches of ourselves, from the pencil of one who aspires to imitate the "great unknown."—May he have the same skill, the same tact, the same success:—perhaps the half of them would completely satisfy his ambition.

Sketches south as well as north of the Potomac, may be expected in the course of the next year from another quarter. A fair authoress has lately been among us, and is now on a visit to Monticello. She arrived in New-York soon after Gen. La Fayette; and has nearly taken the same tour through the country with him. She has been an intimate at La Grange—like him, is devoted to the cause of Liberty—and like him, loves the country, where her altar is erected. Some time since she published letters on America—as a lady of decided talent, which she has displayed in a variety of compositions. She has published a tale of a votary of Zeno, introduced to Epicurus; whose philosophy is ingeniously developed in its pages. It has been much admired, and a new edition is about to be put to press. She has wooed also the favours of the tragic muse; and the drama of Brescia yet unfinished by her pencil, has obtained the warmest praises of Benjamin Constant, and of Talma.—It is unnecessary to affect any mystery as to the name of the lady; for all our readers will recognize at once the name of Miss Waring.

A small practical production from her pen ("Thoughts of a Refugee") was some time since the passport to an acquaintance with La Fayette—which was subsequently confirmed by the vigor of her talents and the congeniality of their

principles. She it is, to whom we look for the tour of La Fayette through America. She it is, who is able to bring together the scattered materials of his brilliant reception, and bind them in one wreath to grace the veteran's brow. Interspersed as it may be with sketches of our country and our manners, may we not expect a literary present, which may be worthy of him, worthy of her, worthy of us?

[Richmond Compiler.]

INDIAN LONGEVITY.

It has been generally supposed that the North American Indians do not often attain an advanced age, owing to the hardships and exposure to which their mode of life subjects them. The Florida papers, however, contain an account of a Creek Indian, recently discovered near Tallahassee in that territory, who must be somewhere between 120 and 140 years old. The old man was met with by Capt. Burch, while engaged in surveying the ground for a national road from Pensacola to St. Augustine. According to his own account, the old man was in the prime of life at the time of the destruction of the Spanish settlements in Florida, by the Creek and Cherokee Indians, which happened about a century ago. He recollects particularly all the circumstances of that war, and seemed to take great pleasure in relating them to Capt. B. He recollects our revolutionary war, but was then too old to take any part in it. He says that he had left off hunting about the time when the warrior, now the oldest in the nation except himself, was just beginning to hunt. An old Seminole Chief, about 70 years old, he says, was a boy when he left off going to war.

Capt. B. describes him as having the appearance of extreme old age; altho' he still retains his memory and other mental faculties. He walks tolerably well with the assistance of a staff, but is under the necessity of relying upon his daughter to conduct him from place to place, in consequence of the failure of his eye-sight. Another gentleman who has recently visited him, gives the following account of his appearance:

"The mammae or muscels of the breast hung down so much from relaxation, as to give him at first view rather the appearance of an old woman than a man. He has evidently been formed with all the usual symmetry of his race, but his knees turned in a good deal thro' the weakness of age. His pulse on examination, beat but fifty-three strokes in a minute. On being asked his age, he replied that he did not exactly know what it was, but that all the old men who had been his contemporaries, had been dead a very long time ago."

His account of the ancient Spanish settlements, of which there are such numerous traces in Florida, and about which history gives us so little information, is said to be very minute and very interesting.—N. Y. Observer.

AFRICAN LIONS.

The first number of the "South African Journal," published at the Cape of Good Hope, contains some very interesting details respecting the Lions of that country. The writer says, that, beyond the limits of the colony, they are accounted peculiarly fierce and dangerous, and he thinks Mr. Barrow's representation, that they are cowardly and treacherous, is a conclusion drawn from limited experience or inaccurate information.

"The prodigious strength of this animal (he observes) does not appear to have been overrated. It is certain that he can drag the heaviest ox with ease, a considerable way;—and a horse, heifer, or bullock, or lesser prey, he finds no difficulty in throwing over his shoulder, and carrying off to any distance he may find convenient. I have myself witnessed an instance of a very young lion conveying a horse about a mile from the spot where he had killed it, and a more extraordinary case has been mentioned to me on good authority, where a lion, having carried off a heifer of two years old, was followed on the track for five hours, about 30 English miles, by a party on horseback; and, throughout the whole distance, the carcass of the heifer was only once or twice discovered to have touched the ground. The Bechuanos Chief, old Peyshow, (now in Cape Town,) conversing with me a few days ago, said that the lion very seldom attacks man, if unprovoked; but he will frequently approach within a few paces, and survey him steadily; and sometimes attempts to get behind him, as if he could not stand his look, but yet was desirous of springing upon him unawares. If a person in such circumstances, attempts either to fight or fly, he incurs the most imminent peril, but if he has sufficient pres-

ence of mind coolly to confront him, without the appearance either of terror or aggression, the animal will, in almost every instance, after a little space, retire. The over-mastering effect of the human eye upon the lion, has been frequently mentioned, though much doubted, by travellers; but, from my own inquiries among lion hunters, I am perfectly satisfied of the fact; and an anecdote, related to me a few days ago, by Major McIntosh, proves that this fascinating effect is not restricted to the lion:—An officer in India, well known to my informant, having chanced to ramble into a jungle, suddenly encountered a Royal Tiger. The rencontre appeared equally unexpected on both sides, and both parties made a dead halt, earnestly gazing on each other. The gentleman had no fire-arms, and was aware that a sword would be no effective defence in a struggle for life with such an antagonist. But he had heard, that even the Bengal tiger might be sometimes checked, by looking him firmly in the face. He did so. In a few minutes, the tiger, which appeared prepared to make his final spring, grew disturbed, slunk aside, and attempted to creep round upon him behind. The officer turned constantly upon the tiger, which still continued to shrink from his glance; but darting into the thicket, and again issuing forth in a different quarter, it persevered, for about half an hour, in this attempt to catch him by surprise; till, at last, it fairly yielded the contest, and left the gentleman to pursue his pleasure walk. The direction he now took, as may be easily believed, was straight to the tents, at a double quick time."

After relating several terrific stories of encounters with lions, the writer concludes his article with one not quite so fearful, related by Lucas Van Vuun, to Vee Boof, his neighbor, at the Bavarian's river:

"Lucas was riding across the open plains, about daybreak, and observing a lion at a distance, he endeavored to avoid him by making a circuit. Lucas soon perceived that he was not disposed to let him pass without further parance, and that he was rapidly approaching to the encounter, and being without his roer, (rifle) and otherwise little inclined to any closer acquaintance, he turned off at right angles—laid the shamboek freely to his horse's flank, and galloped for life. The horse was lagged, and bore a heavy man on his back; the lion was fresh and furious with hunger, and came down upon him like a thunderbolt! In a few seconds, he overtook Lucas, and springing up behind him, brought horse and man in an instant to the ground. Luckily, the boor was unhurt, and the lion was too eager in worrying the horse to pay any immediate attention to the rider.

"Hardly knowing himself how he escaped, he contrived to scramble out of the fray, and made a clean pair of heels of it till he reached the next house. Lucas, who gave me the details of this adventure, himself, made no observations on it, as being any ways remarkable, except in the circumstance of the lion's audacity in pursuing a "Christian man," without provocation, in open day! But what chiefly vexed him, in the affair, was the loss of the saddle! He returned next day, with a party of friends, to take vengeance on his feline foe; but both the lion and the saddle had disappeared, and nothing could be found but the horse's clean-picked bones. Lucas said he could have excused the *schelm* for killing the horse, as he allowed himself to get away, but the felonious abstraction of the saddle, for which (as Lucas gravely observed) he could have no possible use, raised his spleen mightily, and called down a shower of curses, whenever he told the story of his hair-breadth escape."

FROM THE MISSOURI INTELLIGENCER.

THE BEAVER HUNTER.

There appears in the characters of the inhabitants who reside immediately on the frontier, certain doubtful features, that render it difficult to determine to which side of the boundary they belong. Thus it is with our borderers of Missouri, who have taken up their residence in the neighborhood of the Indian lands, and in many instances have adopted the habits, manners, and costume of the natives.

Michael Shuckwell, or, as he has been more familiarly denominated, *Mike Shuck*, may be presented as a sample of these volunteer barbarians. Among the early settlers of Kentucky, *Mike Shuck* was known as a white-headed hardy archer, whom nobody claimed kin to, and who disclaimed connection with all mankind.

He was inured to danger in the course of the Indian wars of that period; and when the celebrated Colonel Boon migrated to this country, Mike was one of his numerous followers.—Advancing a

the settlements progressed, for convenience of hunting, he has pushed himself beyond the bounds of that tract of country to which the title has been extinguished. At *Mike Shuck* claims a portable ship, or a floating title to a residence, he locates for the time being, where he may chance to lay himself down the night. His subsistence he derives from nature's grand store-house, means of an old rusty rifle, that has his constant companion since his campaign under Gen. George R. Clark. He possesses in an eminent degree knowledge of all the minute details of the proper season for this branch of business, in exploring the small settlements. He is frequently ordered "at the peep of dawn," barefooted and barefooted, pursuing the wanderings of these water courses, bent under a load of traps, to learn whether or not his bait has attracted the victim; or for the purpose of setting his traps more advantageously.

Such is the accuracy of his skill, *Mike Shuck* can make up a pack beaver, where an Indian, with all his rude knowledge of natural history would esteem the prospect hopeless. A gentleman, who was in pursuit of an elk, about the middle of November, discovered this modern Crusoe in a clearing, laden with his effects, that by good fortune, at this time, amounting to a pack-horse load. He went to encamp with him for the night. *Mike* muttered a kind of grumbling sent, and led the way, first through extensive hazel thicket, thence ascending into a ravine, he proceeded by a circuitous route, through a compact swamp ash, and at length arrived cheerful fire, that had previously been lighted up by our hero; but for the place would have been as a purgatory is represented to be. The owls themselves, however pressing necessities, could scarcely have found their way into this dismal lair. But *Mike* and his *plunder*, as he properly termed it in this instance, it was the legitimate property of Indians, was safe. *Mike Shuck* down his burden, and turned to us lower with a malicious smile, or a hysteric grin, and desired him to be seated. The hospitality of his bear-skin spread on the ground serves the name, was tendered a very little ceremony, and consisted of beaver tail and an elk marrow-bone, of which were prepared on the spot by mine host, in his own proper style.

Mike, as I have before remarked, claims no family connexions; and never had any, he has out lived them, he is, therefore, making no pretence for legacy-hunters. But he is slow when he deigns to make use of tongue, grumbling about his arrangements, for an easy independent old man, and speaks of it as if it was very important, although he has attained an advanced age. When the trapping season is over, he betakes himself to his canoe, and proceeds to market with usual indifference towards the demand. On one occasion, as his cargo was afloat on the angry current of the Missouri, and Mike had extended his ther-worn limbs upon the shore, he saw his bowfast (a grape vine) and his frail barque put to sea with a pilot. On making this discovery the morning he was elaginated, but discouraged, by the event. He had time, but instantly set off in pursuit of his fortune, and having coasted the river, on the third day discovered his craft self-moored under the raft of drift wood, without having sustained the smallest injury in hull, cargo, or cargo. Michael was rejoiced, that, by inspiration or chance he was induced to offer a hasty word of thanksgiving; but whether directed to God, Man, or the Devil, have not been informed. As *Mike* claims to decorate his person with a beaver he may either have been suffered to grow a matted grizzly substitute, and attempt very much resembles the hair wig of a strolling player. His clothes, are worn, by time and storm, nearly eighty winters, into the library of a barber's block. With these evidences to the contrary, he professes to be exceedingly happy. He states that he relishes his mode of life better than a polished epicure; and contends that Madam can, by no means bear a comparison with spring water. I do not envy him his happiness, would I recommend copying his suits; yet I believe most men, that such a life of active exertion, giving to the blood a vigorous circulation, will ensure health and vigor to the spirits, while an inert, sedentary life, will be fatal only in death.