

POETRY.

SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this gentle tear to flow;

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the bird's nest lies him home;

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallow'd airs and symphonies,

The autumn leaf is sear and dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;

The woods and winds with sullen wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale;

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me and loves me too;

FAREWELL.

When lip meets lip with stifled feeling,
And silent sorrow fills the eye;

Whist o'er thy form in anguish bending,
To hide the grief I cannot tell;

VARIETY.

All pleasure consists in Variety.

From the National Journal.

TRAPPING EXPEDITON.

The following narrative of Capt. Becknell, who has lately returned to Missouri from a Trapping Expedition in the Upper Province of New Mexico, furnishes an interesting description of the privations and sufferings endured by the hardy and enterprising Trapper in the wilds of the West.

"On the 5th of November last, I left Santa Cruz, with a party of nine men, employed in my service, with a view of trapping on to Green River, several hundred miles from Santa Fe."

In the course of my route towards the point of destination, I passed through the gap in a mountain, which was so narrow as greatly to resemble a gate way. This mountain, which had the appearance of an artificial mound, was about three or four hundred feet high, and not more than ten feet in breadth at the base.

It was, however, reported that some of the Indians who spent some time with us, afterwards committed murders upon the persons of some of the engages of Mr. Prevost, of St. Louis, and robbed the remainder. We suffered every misery incident to such an enterprise in the winter season, such as hunger and cold—but were exempted from robbery.

Towns.—An absurd practice has prevailed in this country in giving the same name to a number of towns. The editor of the Salem Gazette has had the patience and industry to collect the following instances. There are 23 towns in the United States called Perry.

Santa Fe. When afterwards we were enabled to procure indifferent bear meat, we devoured it in that style of eagerness, which, on a review of our operations at this time, very forcibly reminds us of the table urbanity of a prairie wolf.

While at our winter camp we hunted when we could, and the remainder of the time attempted to sleep, so as to dream of the abundance of our own tables at home, and the dark rich tenants of our smoke houses.

In the vicinity of our encampment, I discovered old diggings, and the remains of furnaces. There are also in this neighborhood the remains of many small stone houses, some of which have one story beneath the surface of the earth.—There is likewise an abundance of broken pottery here, well baked and neatly pointed.

On our way back to the settlements, we halted at the encampment of a band of Indians, who shocked our feelings not a little by the disposition they were about to make of an infirm (and no longer useful) squaw. When the principal part of the band had left their camp, two of those remaining proceeded to lay the sick woman upon her face, by the side of some of her effects.

As the depth of the snow, and the intense cold of the season, rendered trapping almost impracticable, we succeeded, on a third attempt, in making good our retreat from this inhospitable wilderness, and reached a Spanish village on the fifth of April, after an absence of five months.

It was reported in the Spanish settlements, by a man who had been employed by George Armstrong, of Franklin, who accompanied me to Santa Fe, that he had been murdered by the Indians; but I have good reason to believe, and I most sincerely hope, this may be only an idle fabrication.

The trade to this province has been greatly injured by the reduction of prices—white domestics are only fifty cents per yard. An export duty of three per cent. is collected on all specie brought out of the province in this direction.

I travelled from the Spanish village of Taos, to Fort Osage, on the Missouri, in thirty-four days. I had supplied myself with provisions for the journey, consisting of meat, beans and peas.

I cannot better conclude than by annexing this remark, that the toils endured, and the privations suffered in these enterprises, very naturally give a tone and relish to the repose and plenty found at the civilized fire side.

WM. BECKNELL.

THE EARTH.

It is the earth that like a kind mother receives us at our birth, and sustains us when born. It is this alone, of all the elements around us, that is never found an enemy to man.

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From the Philadelphia Gazette.

YANKEE DOODLE.

In the New-Hampshire Collections, and Monthly Literary Journal, the following account is given of the original Song, the air of which is familiar to every American.

We have been a little surprised to find the writer asking for information of the origin of the air. We thought it was a settled point, that it was composed by a European musician in derision of the Yankee troops who marched from Boston to Louisburg, in 1750.

The story runs, that the song entitled Yankee Doodle was composed by a British officer of the Revolution, with a view to ridicule the Americans, who by the English bloods of that time, by way of derision, were styled Yankees.

It is certainly not worth preservation, on account of any wit or good sense which it possesses; but inasmuch as it refers to times which tried men's souls, and to scenes which must be now fresh in the memory of every American who was an actor, it may possibly amuse some of our readers to see a copy of the song as it was printed 35 years since, and as it was trol'd in our Yankee circles of that day.

- 1. Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodwin,
Where we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudden.

[The editors (of the N. H. Collections) are in possession of a copy of "Yankee Doodle," which contains several verses more than the foregoing. We will add them, though we are not certain but they are interpolations.]

- After verse 6—
Consin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cock'd his tail;

And there I see a punkin shell
As big as mother's bason,
And every time they touch'd it off,
They scamper'd like the nation.

After verse 10—
I see another snarl of men
A digging graves they told me,
So ternal long, so ternal deep,
They tould they should hold me.

It scard me so, I look'd it off,
Nor stoop, as I remember,
Nor turn'd about till I got home,
Lock' up in mother's chamber.

AGRICULTURAL.

ROT IN COTTON.

It has long been conjectured by me, that the Rot in Cotton was produced by a puncture in the boll or pod, inflicted by some insect or animal, possessing the double capacity to perforate and to poison at the same time; which, but conjecture at first, founded on appearances exhibited on the exterior surface of the boll, has by observation and experiment been at length confirmed into a conviction, which no subsequent inquiry or investigation has been able to shake.

My attention has, therefore, been alternately directed to atmosphere, soil, and seasons; in the peculiarities of which this disease was supposed by some to originate; but finding the same effects produced by the most of these causes, or when they were all combined, I have been irresistibly led to my first impressions; and after the most persevering inquiry on that hypothesis, have now the satisfaction of announcing to the cotton growing community of this and the adjoining States, (of which community I have the honour of being a member,) and to the whole commercial world, who are more or less interested in the discovery, that the Humming bird, or that insect or animal which forms the connecting link between the feathered tribe and insects, is the real, true, and only cause of the Rot in Cotton, the greatest evil that ever attended the cotton planter, and the most insidious enemy of man.

As the season is now approaching when a fair experiment may be made on the discovery, I now announce it to the world; I take this method of inviting the attention of the planters of Louisiana and Mississippi to this important object. When we consider the great number of these little animals that infest every cotton field in blossom, during the Summer and Fall, their universal prevalence at these seasons, and in numbers always proportionate to the extent, or absence of the evil; the rapidity of their flight—the surprising quickness with which they pass from one blossom to another, with a thrift far exceeding that of the bee, (to whose occupations their long and pointed beak seems peculiarly adapted) and with what industry they unceasingly thrust it to the young boll, or form in the bottom of the cup, with a rapidity of succession almost incredible, it will not be surprising that at least one half of the blossoms in a cotton field should be impregnated with their venom, and that the rot should extensively prevail in years that they appear in great numbers.

CURE FOR THE BITE OF THE VIPER, RATTLE SNAKE, &c.

In great cities, particularly in London, a number of persons procure their livelihood by catching vipers. They are employed by chemists, apothecaries, &c. I remember some years before leaving England, to have read in the philosophical transactions of the Royal Society in London a curious circumstance of one of these Viper catchers. A member of the Society had received casually, information that a man engaged in this business was frequently bitten, and that he cured himself by Sweet Olive Oil.

and the questions asked whether he did cure himself by the oil, and whether he was willing to satisfy a number of gentlemen of the fact? The man answered in the affirmative to both questions. Accordingly, a very numerous meeting of the Royal Society was convened, composed of a considerable number of the nobility, &c.: the Viper catcher attended, accompanied by his wife and a large Viper, and laying his arm naked to the shoulder, suffered the irritated reptile to strike, which it did very forcibly. His wife permitted the poison to operate till her husband's head, face and tongue, were greatly swollen, his arm and face turned very black, and his senses much affected, when she applied the oil by pouring a small quantity down him, and bathing the part bitten. The man gradually recovered. This circumstance being strongly impressed upon my mind, and knowing the poison of an English Viper is considered in that country the most venomous in nature, determined me to try its power in the bite of a Rattle Snake, the first opportunity that should offer in the district I reside in. In 1776, I was travelling through Pendleton, S. C. and met a man who inquired of me if I could assist to relieve the pain of a person who had been bitten by a large Rattle Snake. Although sorry for the man's misfortune, I rejoiced at the opportunity thus offered to ascertain fully the properties of Olive oil, as an antidote to this deadly poison: having a phial of this oil in my pocket, I hastened to the suffering creature; and on seeing him, his appearance struck me as the most frightful object I ever beheld. His head and face were extremely swollen, and the latter black. His tongue proportionably enlarged and extending out of his mouth; his eyes appeared as if they would shoot from their sockets, his senses gone, and every appearance of approaching death. He had been bitten on the side of the foot. I immediately, but with great difficulty, poured down him two table spoons full of the oil—its effects were almost instantaneous, and exceedingly powerful in counteracting the poison, as appeared by the strong, though quick convulsions, which followed. In about thirty minutes it operated strongly, both as an emetic and cathartic, after which the swelling of the head, face, &c. gradually abated and the tongue began to assume its place. In two hours he was so far recovered as to be able to articulate, and from that time recovered fast, till he got perfectly over it. The number of cases of the like nature, in twelve years had been considerable, in all which olive oil has proved itself to be peculiarly adapted and fully adequate to the worst of cases if timely applied.

A person observed to a friend who was learning to snuff, that it was wrong to teach one's nose a bad habit, as a man generally followed his nose.

FROM THE WESTERN LUMINAIR.

THE WORLD'S GUEST.

"A greater than"—La Fayette—is here." This great personage visited our world about 1800 years ago. He liberated us from the power and dominion of Sin and Satan. He "spoiled principalities and powers,—making a show of them, openly triumphing over them."

He did not barely assist us in gaining our liberty; but he accomplished the arduous task alone—"Of the people there was none with Him." And this victory he gained by thirty years of hard trial and unparalleled sufferings.

He also laid aside His Titles, and became one of us—"He made Himself of no reputation."

He is soon to visit our world again—"He is to come a second time, without sin, unto salvation,—in the clouds of Heaven—with all the holy angels with Him! ten thousand times ten thousand before him;—thousands of thousands minister unto him."

Let every soul ask itself, "Am I ready to go out to meet Him?"—There will no excuse be taken: poverty is not a sufficient one:—for our benefactor has prepared a wardrobe,—there is also an armory where we may be completely equipped—a store-house, of provisions and every thing we need—"without money and without price." No, we are left without excuse; none are excluded, but those who exclude themselves.

This condition will be especially required of us—that we may lay aside our tattered garments, and put on the robes that he hath prepared for us.

The next Sabbath, our illustrious Chief has appointed for us all, in our respective churches, to learn from his heralds how we are to testify our gratitude, but above all things to learn the necessity of being clothed in his garment—or, when He cometh, we shall be "found speechless."