

The Muse! what'er the Muse inspires,
My soul the tuneful strain admires.—SCOTT.



FROM THE VILLAGE RECORD.

'TIS FOLLY, ALL.

'Tis folly all, to sit and pine,
To brood o'er every trifling sorrow,
At every ill to sigh and whine,
Nor ever think upon to-morrow.
For then bright prospects we may greet,
And we from hope should ever borrow,
And think on joys that we may meet,
When dawns on us the coming morrow.

'Tis folly all, to fret and sigh,
Always to dwell on cares perplexing,
To have the ready streaming eye
For trifling troubles that are vexing.
For e'er the glorious orb of day
Has set, our cares may all be ceasing;
Our paths be cheered by Hope's bright ray,
And every prospect may be pleasing.

'Tis folly all, to let slip by
The many joys we might be tasting;
For those we've lost to leave the sigh,
While those we might have, fast are wasting.
We've ills enough, aye, and to spare,
Without anticipating sorrow,
Then clear the brow of gloomy care,
And always hope a blissful morrow.

The joys we might have, if we tried,
Would smooth our path, how'er uneven,
Would make us here, if right applied,
Enjoy a state allied to Heaven:
But still to drink of sorrow's cup,
Embitter'd by corrosive gall,
When we of sweets might ever sleep,
I say again—'Tis folly all.

"LOVE IS A HUNTER BOY."

From the Second Number of Moore's National Airs.

Love is a hunter boy,
Who makes young hearts his prey,
And in his nets of joy
Ensnares them night and day.
In vain concealed they lie,
Love tracks them every where;
In vain aloft they fly,
Love shoots them flying there.
But 'tis his joy most sweet,
At early dawn to trace
The print of Beauty's feet,
And give the trembler chase:
And most he loves through snow
To track those footsteps fair;
For then the boy doth know
None tracked before him there!

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

FROM THE WESTERN REVIEW.

ADVENTURE WITH THE INDIANS.

"THE WESTERN REVIEW" is printed at Lexington, in the State of Kentucky, under the superintendance of William Gibbs Hunt, a man advantageously known as a writer; and is devoted principally to criticism, poetry, natural history, antiquities and the local history of the early settlers. The following chivalric adventure, related in a late number of this Review, cannot fail to excite the strongest interest.—*Petersburg Intell.*

The celebrated Colonel Boon was taken prisoner in 1778, by the Indians, and although ever watchful for an opportunity of escape, considered the attempt too hazardous, until roused by the dangers which threatened the early settlers of Kentucky. He discovered that five hundred warriors, under the command of some Canadian officers, were embodied for the purpose of attacking Boonsborough. Taking advantage of the privilege allowed him from his skill in hunting, he, under pretence of killing a deer, boldly turned his course towards the settlement, and travelled incessantly, day and night, about 200 miles, until he arrived at the stockade or station named in honor of himself.

Mr. Smith was at this time commandant of the little colony. His rank, as Major in the militia of Virginia, and personal qualifications, occasioned him to be chosen leader of the small band of heroic settlers, who, with the assistance of Col. Boon, signalized themselves in the memorable defence of that place. We mean not to dwell upon the bravery of their conduct. Who among Americans could act otherwise than bravely, when defending their wives, their sisters, or their children? Major Smith had another not less powerful motive to stimulate his natural courage. The tender feelings of love had kindled into a flame, and made every emotion of his heart burn with a desire to distinguish himself in defence of the object of his affection, who, with her parents, had some time previous sought an asylum in the fort.

The Indians invested the stockade, before the garrison had completed the digging of a well, which they had commenced on receiving information of the intended attack. Delay was absolutely necessary to complete this important object, as their numbers were too small to permit its being accomplished when employed in self-defence. They consequently entered into a de-

ceptive negotiation for the surrender of the fort, which circumstance fortunately gave them time to complete their undertaking. Major Smith, who, with some others of the garrison, had engaged to meet an equal number of the enemy in a spring, within pistol shot of the station, for the purpose of arranging terms for capitulation, anticipated the usual treachery of the savages, and placed a number of his men on the side opposite the place of rendezvous, with strict orders to fire indiscriminately on the party. If a concerted signal should be given. The conference was held, and the proposals for surrender declined by our countrymen, at a time when they observed a party of Indians secretly creeping towards the place. The hostile chiefs, who advanced under pretence of taking leave, attempted to seize our officers. At this moment, Smith waved his hat, when a volley from the garrison prostrated four of the enemy. It was, perhaps, owing to the deliberate coolness of our marksmen, that their own party escaped into the fort, with the exception of one person wounded by the fire of those who had secretly advanced towards the spring. The siege was thus begun, and continued with incessant firing, night and day, until the losses of the besiegers eventually obliged them to withdraw.

Major Smith's manly heroism, his cool and humane conduct throughout the defence of Boonsborough, which consisted of only a few log cabins stockaded together, produced sensations in the bosom of our heroine, such as his previous respectful attention had not effected.—These feelings were heightened by solicitude for the life of her defender, who experienced a violent attack of fever, in consequence of the fatigues he had undergone during the siege.

After a few weeks, the inhabitants of Boonsborough resumed the peaceful employment of husbandry, and the proprietor of a farm on the opposite side of the Kentucky river removed his family and re-occupied the former cabins. It happened that our heroine, whom we shall designate as Miss A. accompanied by a young female friend, took a walk on the banks of that romantic stream for the purpose of exercise and amusement. They rambled along the shore, and meeting with a canoe, determined to visit their opposite neighbors. Although totally unaccustomed to the management of a boat, yet, as the river was low, they did not doubt their ability to accomplish their object. The tottering vessel was pushed from the shore, and with hearts gay and light as the zephyrs which ruffled the pellucid element, our female navigators commenced their enterprize. Mutual raillery and laughter were excited by their own want of skill.—The canoe was whirled round until at length it struck a sand bar in a short bend of the river, beyond the immediate view of the fort, though not far distant from it. They were compelled to wade to the shore, where, after adjusting their light summer dresses, they proceeded to climb the bank, for the purpose of paying their intended visit. At this moment three Indians rushed from a bushy covert, and with savage menaces of instant death forced them along.

The horror of their unexpected situation, and the dread of the uplifted tomahawk, propelled them forward at the will of their captors, and they ascended with wonderful expedition the steep ravine that led to the summit of the marble cliff of the Kentucky. Although breathless and exhausted, not a moment was allowed for respiration; their tangled clothes were torn by the bushes, without their daring to look back in order to extricate them; their shoes were soon destroyed by the rocks, and their wounded feet and limbs stained with blood. Without a moment's respite, fatigue, despair and torture attended every step and deprived them of all recollection, until our heroine was aroused by certain attentions which one of the Indians displayed. It was a true savage evincement of love, for, while goading on our helpless females with a pointed stick, or using it with reiterated blows, he, in broken English, gave Miss A. to understand, that her present sufferings should be recompensed by her becoming his squaw, on their arrival at his nation. This information proved an acme of misery, which at once roused the mind of our heroine, and determined her to risk every hazard. She broke the small branches of plants and bushes, as they passed along, and when night overtook them, delaying the party as much as possible, by blundering movements and retarded steps. The Indians repeatedly discovered her actions, and knowing that if pursued by the garrison it would occasion their own destruction, they rushed forward for the purpose of killing her; several attempts of this kind were restrained by her Indian lover, who, with threats of recrimination, warded off their blows. In this manner our female captives travelled throughout the night, and on return of day, were exhausted with fatigue and misery. A momentary delay took place, whilst the Indians shot a buffalo, and cut off some pieces of his flesh. This opportunity was not lost by Miss A. who endeavored to influence the feelings of her lover, by pointing to her wounded frame and bleeding feet. Her pallid countenance betokened exhausted nature, and with bitter tears she besought him to end her miseries at once; or else allow some respite to her suffering. The heart of the savage was affected, and after travelling a few miles further, he persuaded his companions to stop, and while they cooked part of their game, he occupied himself in making a pair of moccasins for his fair captive.

Some few hours after the departure of the ladies from the fort, Major Smith, at that time in a state of convalescence, enquired after them, and walked to the river for the purpose of joining their party. He hailed the inhabitants on the opposite bank, and finding that the ladies were not there, became alarmed, and proceeded with another person down the river to the canoe, which

they reached by crossing the sand bar. Upon arriving on the other side, they discovered moccasin tracks, and proceeded with eager and rapid strides up the ravine, until they assured themselves that they were traces of only three Indians, who had seized their female friends. Smith, with an agonized mind, sat down whilst his companion returned to the garrison for arms, and with directions to obtain the assistance of two of the best woodsmen. Another party was ordered, likewise, immediately to proceed on horseback to the upper Blue Licks, which at that time was the usual pass for all northern Indians.

Not a moment was lost. Major Smith and his comrades soon began to follow the devious track of the Indians. Whilst day light lasted, his sagacious eye rapidly traced every indistinct sign. The benched blade of grass, the crushed lichen, the smallest stone displaced, were unerring guides in the pursuit, through places especially chosen for the purpose of preventing a discovery of the route. They fortunately had sufficient time to unravel the first intricate mazes pursued by the Indians, and when the sun was setting, were convinced that the savages intended to make for the Blue Licks. This enabled our party to follow the general direction of the route all night, and after some search on the following morning, they recovered the Indian trace at a short distance beyond the place where they had killed the buffalo. Some drops of blood which had fallen from the meat, alarmed our commander, and they turned back with the dreadful apprehension that their female friends might be murdered. Their anxious minds however were happily soon relieved, and Smith, with silent expedition, resumed the trace, telling his companions that they would meet their enemies at the next water course. On their arrival at the creek, seeing no marks on the opposite side, they waded down the stream with the utmost precaution, until they found a stone wet by the splashing of water.

The Major now silently arranged his men, ordered one above another below the spot, whilst his third companion was stationed at the landing, as a central support. Smith cautiously crept forward on his hands and knees, until he saw the curling smoke of the Indian fire. With death-like silence he crawled through the bushes, and within thirty yards discovered an Indian stooping over the flame. The click of his rifle lock startled the savage, who with eager gaze looked around. At this moment the whistling bullet pierced his heart and he fell prostrate on the fire. The two ladies sprang towards the Major, and clung to him just as the second Indian rushed forward with his tomahawk. Smith threw them off by a sudden effort, and, turning his gun, aimed a blow, which his antagonist evaded by springing on one side. The movement was of little avail, for he received his mortal wound from the person stationed at the rear. The third Indian ran up the creek, and met his fate from the hands of the person stationed in that quarter.

We cannot pretend to describe the sudden change of bursting joy felt by our two young ladies. The blanket coats of our woodsmen were cut into garments for the females, whilst every humane assistance and tender care, to lessen their fatigue, were afforded during the slow progress of their journey homewards.—No alarm was excited except for a moment, on the ensuing day, when the party of horsemen overtook them. They had proceeded to the Blue Licks, and discovering no Indian traces, pursued a different route to the garrison, which led them on the trace of the victorious and happy party.

AMERICAN PAINTERS.

FROM THE BALLEN GAZETTE.

The question, whether our country is ever destined to arrive at that perfection in the Fine Arts which the republics of Greece once attained; and which, more than arms, nay even than philosophy itself, has conferred such unfading glory upon them, is one in which every American must feel the highest interest: and although it is a question which those, who see deepest into futurity, can never satisfactorily answer, we may surely be permitted to listen with complacency to the wildest speculations, on such a subject. This is, indeed, a theme very dear to us—but though we could dwell with infinite delight upon it, we have neither ability nor inclination to pursue the inquiry on this occasion. If, however, we should form an opinion, from the present paucity of works of taste among us; from the coldness with which men in affluent circumstances generally regard, not only artists, but their works; and from the frigid indifference of the people at large; we should be led to think, that the period was indeed very remote, if it ever can arrive, when the arts shall here reach that perfection, and command that admiration, which, in other climes and more fortunate ages, they have done.—Yet, if we take into consideration the state of society in a comparatively new country; the obstacles which must present themselves to every young aspirant for fame, in a path which few have explored; and at the same time, recall to our minds the numbers among our countrymen who have already ventured upon this "sea of glory;" we may not be accused of a fond enthusiasm, or childish vanity, if we should predict, and confidently predict, the exaltation and perfection of the arts in this favored land. And who are those artists who have shed so much lustre on our country?—Is it necessary to enumerate them? Behold the illustrious WEST!—who, in historic painting, was almost without a rival: who, for nearly half a century, stood pre-eminent among the artists of the old world; and who will ever be regarded among us as the great patriarch of American painters. Smitten with the love of fame, others, whose names we shall be proud to enrol among the worthies of our country, have followed, in the same

bright career.—To these succeeded one on whom the mantle of Raphael has indeed fallen; one whose amenity, as well as grandeur of style—whose boldness of conception, loftiness of thought, and elevation of genius, have justly acquired for him a celebrity among his contemporaries, which few living artists any where enjoy; and whose works will not only confer immortality on their author, but will forever redound to the honor of our country. Such is WASHINGTON ALLSTON!

We have made these remarks merely by way of introduction to a subject, in which we do not hesitate to affirm, the public will feel a high degree of interest; for we are induced to hope, that a picture recently published by the distinguished artist above mentioned, and painted on commission, will shortly be exhibited in our metropolis. The subject is from Holy Writ; that pure fountain which can never be exhausted; at whose source Milton, Raphael, and Buonarroti imbibed their loftiest conceptions, and to which their illustrious followers, in every age, will not cease to repair. The picture, (about which we shall say but a few words, as we only wish to direct the attention of the public towards it at the proper season,) represents the Prophet Jeremiah predicting, in all the plenitude of inspiration, the destruction of Jerusalem, that celebrated city whose crimes and unbelief had drawn down upon it the vengeance of Heaven. It is a subject of the most elevated character, and one which, if attempted by almost any other hand, might have only served to prove the utter futility of the art itself: but in the picture which we have been permitted to view, we were not only astonished at the extraordinary powers of the artist, but were made the witnesses of the complete triumph of his art. The figure of the prophet, so full of dignity, and so august, and above all, the expression more than human, and the mighty energy of the "divinity within him," demonstrate, in the most emphatic manner, the justness of the character we have given of the exalted artist, and of the encomiums we have bestowed on this wonderful work. The prophet himself is a figure, than which we can conceive nothing more perfect and sublime. It is there we behold the first organ of the Deity—the only proper medium of communication to his creature, man!

We have also to offer a few additional remarks. We have not the arrogance to attempt a description of the picture, from the transient view we have had of it. And the office of criticism, (if, indeed, a picture, that to our unpractised eyes appears so perfect, can afford food for the critic,) we gladly leave to others. There is, beside the holy personage we have briefly noticed, one other figure introduced into the picture, and one alone, whose beauty of countenance and graceful attitude are deserving of all praise; this is the youthful Baruch, who is represented in a sitting posture, at the feet of the prophet, slightly inclining forward, and eager to catch the "words that burn," of his inspired master, and record them in characters which can never perish. The general tone of the picture is of that sombre and solemn cast so befitting the subject; and the light is beautifully managed. There is, in short, a perfect congruity throughout; and in every thing there is simplicity, grandeur, and beauty. The scene is laid in the courts of the prison.

THE HUMAN EYE.

The human frame has always been regarded by the most sagacious philosophers as a piece of mechanism wonderfully and fearfully contrived; there is not a single member or vessel of the human body that has not properties or peculiarities of the most interesting or exquisite description. Sceptics may sneer at religious formalities, at religious opinions, and at the numberless unessential professions and belief of finite creatures; they may sigh over the absurdities of bigots, zealots and devotees, and they may, in the warmth of their ridicule, laugh (as it were) God out of the world. But show them a human eye—dissect it before them—show them the transparent horny sections, which, unlike the common outward integuments of the human frame, is hard, yet pellucid as glass; defending the eye from injury—show them the lachrymal glands through which issues continually a limpid fluid that diffuses itself over the external surface of the eye to keep it from becoming dry or brittle, and to wash off dust or any foreign substance; show them the lid, so exquisitely curtained up, so delicately hung that it drops at the passing even of a breeze, to hinder it from brushing its beauteous charge too roughly; show them the aqueous humour perfectly clear, in which is placed the crystalline lens, like a double convex glass, to receive the images of objects and transmit them in a diminished form on the retina or membrane at the back of the eye; and prove to them that all our ideas of sight are received through this wonderful and exquisite organ, that pictures of every object we see are absolutely formed, with all the natural colors, on this netted membrane, and thence transmitted by a bundle of nerves, into which the membrane is collected, to the brain; prove these things to a sceptic of whatever country, cast, talents or opinions, and he will tremble at that abominable absurdity into which egotism, pride, and ignorance have betrayed him.

A virtue destitute of energy, is a virtue without principle: the moment it no longer stands at the sight of vice, it is polluted by its contagion.