

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



FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

There is an hour of solemn gloom
Which hangs the happiest bosom o'er;
In which e'en beauty's fairest bloom
And love's soft raptures joy no more:
An hour, in which the lonely heart
No passion feels save that of grief,
When gushing tears unbidden start
And give the anguish'd soul relief.

'Tis when we view the sable bier,
On which our early friends are laid—
'Tis when the last sad rites we hear,
The requiem o'er their relics said:
'Tis when in death we see reposed
The form which beamed celestial fire,
The eye in dark oblivion closed
Which flashed on foes its vengeance dire.

'Tis when we see the holy heart
Which beat to glory's call and love,
At honor's voice no longer start,
Nor at the glance of beauty move:
'Tis when that heart which beat for us
With friendship's purest, holiest flame,
Pulseless...alas! the hallowed dust
No longer hails that sacred name.

Each high wrought deed of gen'rous worth,
With honor's fairest form impressed,
Of him who, pillow'd low in dust,
On cold sod takes his 'wakeless rest,'
Each generous act of friendship dear,
Pass bright before our mental eye,
Claiming the tribute of a tear
For him who dwells beyond the sky.

'Tis then we feel the corals are burst,
Which bound in one our kindred minds;
'Tis then we feel that we are dust,
Our life but as the fleeting winds;
But still one hope the bosom cheers,
By deep regret and sorrow riven:
When we have passed this vale of tears,
That we shall meet again in Heaven.

CONNAL.

Geographical, &c.

THE ARKANSAW TERRITORY.

Extract of a letter from His Excellency Gov. Miller, to a friend in Peterborough, N. H. dated Post of Arkansas, Sept. 2, 1820.

"I would have answered you sooner, but I have been sick almost ever since I received your letter; and this is the first day I have felt able to write; I am now very weak. This country must be called sickly. Every new comer, without exception, has been sick. The sickness here is fever and ague, a slow bilious fever, &c. Very few deaths occur by disease—but people remain weak and fit for nothing a long time. My brother is apparently better in health than he has been for two years.

"I suppose it would be agreeable to you to receive some description of this unknown country. It is situated betwixt 33°, and 36°, 30' N. lat. and extends from the Mississippi to the western boundary of the possessions of the U. S. It is a very large extent of country. In the village of Arkansas there are seventeen houses, (dwellings,) and this is, perhaps, as large a village as in the territory. From this, on the mail route, we have to travel without a house or shelter three days, to get to a settlement, across a Prairie. In crossing this, water is a scarce article. In fact, there is a great want of water all over this country, with very few exceptions.

The Arkansas is a fine navigable river for more than a thousand miles, at a middle stage of water, and affords as rich land, on both sides, as there is in the world. In fact, on all the rivers is to be found land abundantly rich and fertile—and uniformly to be found. Back from the water streams, the land is quite indifferent, you may say poor, till you go west two or three hundred miles, then it is very good. The country is very flat and level from the Mississippi west for 150 miles, then it becomes hilly and broken, and rocky on all the hills. Of animals in this country, both winged and quadruped, we have no want. There is almost every species of the bird and fowl in great abundance—wild geese and swans, turkeys, quails, rabbits, raccoons, bear, wolf, catamount, wild cat, beaver, otter, deer, elk, and buffalo—the huntsman has full scope.

"As to minerals, we have plenty of iron, lead, coal, salt, &c.

"This country is the best for raising stock of every kind I have ever seen. A man may raise and keep, summer and winter, any number he pleases. They grow large and handsome.

"Cotton and corn are the staple articles. The land, well tilled, will average about 1000 in the seed, to the acre; Corn from 50 to 60 bushels. The crop is good this year—but the birds destroy vast quantities of the corn.

"I have spent more than two months on a visit to the Cherokee and Osage Indians this summer. The most of the rest of the time I have been sick. The object of my visit to the Indian Villages was to settle a difficulty betwixt them. I went on to the Cherokees, (25 miles) and held a council with them. They agreed to send four of their chiefs with me to the Osages, about 350 miles further. The settlement of the Cherokees is scattered for a long extent on the river, and appears not much different from those of the white people. They are considerably advanced towards civilization, and were very decent in their deportment. They inhabit a lovely, rich part of the country. The Osage village is built as compactly as Boston, in the centre of a vast Prairie. We rode forty miles into it before we came to the town. All the warriors, chiefs, and young men met us two miles from the town on horseback, mounted on good horses and as fine as they had feathers or any thing else to make them. They professed much friendship. I got them to suspend their hostilities. The Osage town consisted of 145 dwellings, with from ten to fifteen in each house. The average height of the men is more than six feet. They are entirely in a state of nature. Very few white people have ever been among them. They know nothing of the use of money, nor do they use any ardent spirits.

"I pitched my tent about half a mile from the town, and stayed five days. They made dances and played every night to amuse me. These Indians have a native religion of their own, and are the only tribe, I ever knew, that had. At day break every morning, I could hear them at prayer, and crying for an hour.—They appeared to be as devout in their way as any class of people. They made me a present of eight horses, when I left them.

"I got, there, two horned frogs—they are a curiosity. I kept one of them alive twenty-two days—it then laid twenty-two eggs, as large and about the shape and appearance of a large white-bean, and died. I have them all safely preserved in spirits. I obtained the skin of the young wild hog; this is a curiosity—likewise, the skin of the badger. I procured, also, some salt that came from the salt Prairie, which is covered, for many miles, from four to six inches deep, with pure, white crystallized salt. All men agree, both white and Indian, who have been there, that they can cut and split off a piece a foot square. This place is about 1300 miles, by the course of the river, above this. One branch of the Arkansas passes through this Prairie, and sometimes overflows it. When that is the case, the water in the river here is too salt to drink. There is a place about 150 miles from this, where the water gushes out of a mountain so hot that you may scald and dress a hog with the water as it comes from the ground. This is a fact which admits of no doubt.

"David Starret shot himself in Hempstead county, in this Territory, about one year since; leaving a wife and two children, and but very little property. He went by the name of Wm. Fisher. The cause of his shooting himself was this: He was engaged in a law-suit which involved his whole property; and in order to save it, it became necessary to send to Boston for evidence. This he found would lead to his true name, and he rather chose to put an end to all at once."

Hindoostan females.—It is a most painful fact, that there are, at this time in Hindoostan, thirty millions of females totally destitute of education, and to whom every vestige of mental cultivation has been denied. Their native laws have prohibited them from all knowledge, and doomed them to a state of mental subjection. Hence, then, there is, under the British Government in India, a whole empire, containing so many millions of females, under the most horrid influence of eastern fanaticism.

The females have never seen a book, except in the hands of the men, and have no knowledge of any one of the useful employments of females in a civilized country. Their fingers have never touched a needle, a pair of scissors, a book, nor a pen; and they are entirely excluded from all intercourse with the other sex. A woman is not allowed by law to go out without the consent of her husband, to talk with a stranger, nor to laugh without a veil on her face, nor to stand at the door, nor look out at the window.

In such a state of ignorance what can be expected, but that the female character must be debased. Hence, among the Rajpooor mothers, the murder of female infants is universally practised; not one survives. Mothers

among the Casts, in fulfilment of their vow to obtain offspring, are seen sacrificing their first child in the Brum ha pootru and other sacred rivers. Many females drown themselves. One morning an officer, while sitting at his window at Altabahad, saw sixteen females, under the influence of superstition, drown themselves at the juncture of the Jumna and the Ganges. And there are now in London copies of official documents, which prove that in the year 1817, under the Presidency of Bengal, not less than 705 females, British subjects, voluntarily immolated themselves by being burnt, or burned alive with the bodies of their husbands.

No parallel case of such direful effects of ignorance appears to exist in human history. Never in the most savage state, have fires like these been kindled, nor similar graves been dug. Never were there such appalling consequences of ignorance exhibited to the civilized world.

"Excessive wealth is neither glory nor happiness. The cold and sordid wretch who thinks only of himself; who draws his head within his shell, and never puts it out but for the purposes of lucre and ostentation—who looks upon his fellow-creatures not only without sympathy, but with arrogance and insolence, as if they were made to be his vassals, and he was made to be their lord—as if they were formed for no other purpose than to pamper his avarice, or to contribute to his aggrandisement—such a man may be rich, but trust me that he can never be happy, nor virtuous, nor great. There is in fortune a golden mean, which is the appropriate region of virtue and intelligence. Be content with that; and if the horn of plenty overflow, let its droppings fall upon your fellow-men; let them fall, like the droppings of honey in the wilderness, to cheer the faint and way-worn pilgrim. I wish you indeed to be distinguished; but wealth is not essential to distinction. Look at the illustrious patriots, philosophers, philanthropists, who, in various ages, have blessed the world: was it their wealth that made them great? Where was the wealth of Aristides, Socrates, of Plato, of Epaminondas, of Fabricius, of Cincinnatus, and a countless host upon the rolls of fame? Their wealth was in the mind and the heart. Those are the treasures by which they have been immortalized, and such alone are the treasures that are worth a serious struggle."

—WIRT.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

At a respectable Grammar School at Walnut Hills, (Ohio,) each male pupil is furnished with a lot of ground, which he cultivates as a garden, in the hours of recess of the school. The committee or trustees pro tem. the superintendent of the school, and the parents of the children, jointly, determine the quantity and situation of the plat for each scholar.

Female scholars will be furnished with a room for the cotton and woollen wheel, and such other active employment as shall be agreed on as above. In both cases amusing recreation is the principal object; and, for this purpose, the product of the labour of each pupil shall be his or her own, to dispose of at his or her option, with the advice of the parents and teacher.

A superintendent of each department of the sexes, in the hours of recess, will be employed by the trustees, and under the general superintendant of the school.—Aurora.

APPRENTICES' LIBRARY.

With the greatest pleasure we learn that it has been proposed to establish an APPRENTICES' LIBRARY in this city. The plan needs only to be mentioned to be cordially approved by the enlightened and liberal. Institutions of this kind have already been established in different parts of the country, and are now producing the most salutary effects upon society. In Boston the infant Library contains 3000 volumes, and the one in Philadelphia about the same number. On Saturday last the Library in the city of New-York was opened, when it was found that about 5000 volumes had been contributed by munificent individuals. Similar institutions exist in Portland, Salem, Hartford, &c.

Such a crowd of beneficial consequences must result from establishments of this kind, we hardly know where to begin, or where to end in enumerating them. In our country knowledge is the life of liberty; and intelligence and public virtue—ignorance and vice are nearly synonymous terms. What then must be the salutary influence of institutions, which will open the fields of knowledge and instruction to thousands of young men, who are just entering into active life? How much talent will be developed—how much genius elicited, which would otherwise slumber forever in the breast of the possessor! By the allurements of science, the charms of literature, and the fascinations of fancy, how many

youth will be rescued from the paths of intemperance, dissipation, and vice, and raised to distinction and usefulness? Suffice it for the present to say, that these philanthropic and useful institutions have found warm and decided friends in the venerable John Adams, the Governors of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and New-York, of the Judges in several of our states, and in one word, in the great and good in all the departments of society.—Albany (N. Y.) Statesman.

Religious.

What is Religion, but an assimilation to the blessed God, in his purity, holiness, rectitude, and moral perfection. A study, a virtuous ambition, to be as like the God we serve as possible in the temper and disposition of our minds, constitutes the very essence of religion. And O what a pleasing and delectable exercise is this! To be employed in the imitation of God, exercising, like him, the disposition and affections he hath given us in the diffusion of happiness, and making those principles, which are the foundation of his immutable and consummate happiness, the basis on which we are determined to erect all our happiness! How naturally does the human heart prompt such truths and practical principles as these! And what exalted felicity results from carrying these into execution! They really reward themselves in their performance. By our cherishing such dispositions, the intention of nature, and of the Author of nature, is answered, and the applause of our faithful consciences tells us it is answered.—Our understanding gives suffrage to Religion, as the great law of our Creator, and the supreme happiness of our natures. It represents such a service as infinitely natural and infinitely reasonable, as the just dictate of dependence, the equitable tribute of gratitude, and an indispensable obligation upon frail and indigent creatures for the various blessings of their all-sufficient Benefactor. Our will, judgment, moral taste, and discernment, unite in giving their sanction to Religion as what solely constitutes the moral union and harmony of all the mental powers; they recommend it, choose it, and conjoin in approving it, as the source of the most substantial and permanent happiness, and as perfective of the true dignity and glory of our rational and immortal natures. Our conscience seals and stamps with its solemn sanction the intrinsic worth and native excellence of Religion, strongly, painfully remonstrating against every willful violation of its laws, and applauding every virtuous compliance with its great injunctions. So that you see all our intellectual and moral powers harmoniously concur in giving their attestation to the unrivaled amiableness and importance of Religion, in representing it as the noblest attainment, the most natural, and consequently the best exercise of our rational faculties, as the primary cardinal law impressed upon us in our formation, as the first and ultimate design of our Creator, as the consummate felicity of our natures, as the best moral copy of the great divine Original, as the fairest imitation of the Deity, the great first Standard and supreme Exemplar of all moral beauty and perfection.

What is your life? Ask the aged to look back upon the scenes through which they have passed, upon the years which they have spent: treat them to tell you in what light they see them—attend to their answer, for with the aged, there is wisdom. What is their reply? They confirm the oracles of God. The weaver's shuttle, they say, is not more swift, the shooting star is not more momentary, evanescent and unreal. Some of you may consult your children, instead of advising your fathers; and all may ask your brethren, if time be not short. The registers of the dead are faithful; they cannot err; they are not interested; consult then the register of the dead—Look upon the tombs—are their inhabitants all old? No, not all.—Many? No, not many.—The aged are a thinly scattered number. Infants there are, who were born to weep and die; babes there are, who, in all their sportive innocence, have gone down into the grave; youths there are, who, in their gayest hours, and midst the most pleasurable scenes—have been recalled to lie down in darkness and the dust. Numbers, too, are there, who, in the pride of manhood, the maturity of life, in the full career of business and of hope, have been eased of all their anxieties and defeated of all their expectations, and fast bound in the fetters of death.—The young lie thick as dew drops on the ground; here and there only do we find a monument erected unto years and wisdom; we wonder when we find it, and yet, this our wonder, does not cure us of our security and confidence. Perhaps even now the scythe of time is lifted up to cut down those who little think of it, who are expecting the departure of their friends, or preparing to carry their fathers to the tomb!