

The Muse! whate'er the Muse inspires,  
My soul the tuneful strain admires...scorr.



FROM THE COLUMBIAN.

Is there one whose pure heart was entwined with  
thy own,  
That hath left thee and fled o'er the wide ocean's  
wave?  
Is there one whom thou lov'd that for ever hath  
flown,  
And left thee deserted and lone as the grave?  
Is there one that was dearer than life to thy heart,  
Whom the stern hand of destiny forc'd to depart;  
And made distance to spread and the ocean to  
roll,  
Between that loved one and thy desolate soul?  
Then when others were round thee, less lovely,  
less kind,  
Than her who in memory was deeply inshrined—  
Hast thou mourn'd that the blue rolling wave of  
the sea  
Should spread between that belov'd being and  
thee?  
And when the spring flower hath open'd its  
breast  
To woo the fond kiss of the breeze and the west,  
When nature was glowing in beauty and bloom,  
Hast thou mourn'd for the woes that embitter'd  
thy doom?  
That the earth should be gay and her roses en-  
twine,  
But the loved of thy bosom could never be  
thine—  
That she to whose worth thy affection hath clung,  
Whose name with fond blessings hath dwelt on  
thy tongue;  
Whose love lighted eye had the mildness of  
heaven,  
From the heart that adored her for aye should  
be driven;  
Then hast thou not felt in thy darkness and sor-  
row,  
That year after year should roll on, and no mor-  
row  
Should come o'er thy night of affliction and pain,  
And that all thy warm hopes and young wishes  
were vain?  
These feelings have pangs which can ne'er be  
express'd,  
And life hath no charm that can lull them to  
rest—  
And joy hath no beam, and oblivion no bowl,  
To brighten their darkness, or drown their con-  
trol.

FLORIO.

FROM THE FORT FOLIO.

By H. R. Wilde, Esq. of Georgia.

My life is like the summer rose,  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground to die.  
But on that rose's humble bed,  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept such waste to see—  
But none shall weep a tear for me.  
My life is like the autumn leaf,  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;  
Its hold is frail—its date is brief—  
Restless, and soon to pass away:  
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree shall mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree—  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.  
My life is like the print which feet  
Have left on Tempe's desert strand—  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
This tract will vanish from the sand:  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore moans the sea—  
But none shall e'er lament for me.

### Literary Extracts, &c.

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

LAKE SCENERY.

Extracts from Schoolcraft's narrative of the Ex-  
pedition to the Sources of the Mississippi.  
The pictured Rocks, (*La Portaille*,  
of the *French Voyageurs*), on Lake  
Superior, are a series of lofty bluffs,  
which continue for twelve miles along  
the shore, and present some of the  
most sublime and commanding views  
in nature. We had been told, by our  
Canadian guide, of the variety in the  
color and form of those rocks, but  
were wholly unprepared to encounter  
the surprising groupes of overhanging  
precipices, towering walls, caverns,  
water-fall, and prostrate ruins, which  
are here mingled in the most wonderful  
disorder, and burst upon the view in  
ever varying and pleasing succession.  
In order to convey any just idea of  
their magnificence, it is necessary to  
premise, that this part of the shore  
consists of a sand-stone rock of a light  
grey color, internally, and deposited  
stratum super stratum to the height of  
three hundred feet, rising in a perpen-

dicular wall from the water, and extend-  
ing from four to five leagues in length.  
This rock is made up of coarse grains  
of sand, united by a calcareous cement,  
and occasionally imbedding pebbles of  
quartz and other water-worn fragments  
of rocks, but adhering with a feeble  
force; and, when exposed to the weath-  
er, easily crushed between the fingers.  
Externally, it presents a great  
variety of color, as black, red, yellow,  
brown, and white, particularly along  
the most permanent parts of the shore,  
but where masses have newly fallen,  
its color is a light grey. In no place  
does the recent fracture disclose any  
traces of red, and the variety of out-  
ward coloring is owing partly to mine-  
ral waters, which appear to have oozed  
out of the crevices of the rock, but  
mainly to the washing down of the  
banks of colored clay from the su-  
perincumbent soil. Thus, although a  
great variety of surface is presented,  
there is, in reality, none in its geological  
character. This stupendous wall of  
rock, exposed to the fury of the waves,  
which are driven up by every north  
wind across the whole width of Lake  
Superior, has been partially prostrated  
at several points, and worn out into  
numerous bays and irregular indenta-  
tions. All these front upon the lake,  
in a line of aspiring promontories,  
which, at a distance, present the terri-  
ble array of dilapidated battlements  
and desolate towns,

"Their rocky summits split and rent,  
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,  
Or seem'd fantastically set  
With cupola or minaret,  
Wild crests as pagods ever decked,  
Or mosque of eastern architect."

In some places, the waves have lash-  
ed down the lower strata, while the  
upper ones hang in a threatening po-  
sure over the lake: in others, extensive  
caverns have been worn into the rock,  
and, in this way, rocky bluffs, nearly  
severed from the main, are left stand-  
ing upon rude and massive pillars, be-  
tween which barges and canoes might  
with safety sail. All that we have  
read of the natural physiogomy of the  
Hebrides, of Staffa, the Doreholm, and  
the romantic isles of the Sicilian coast,  
is forcibly recalled on viewing this  
scene, and it may be doubted whether,  
in the whole range of American scen-  
ery, there is to be found such an inter-  
esting assemblage of grand, pictur-  
esque, and pleasing objects.

On quitting our encampment on our  
way from St. Louis river to Sandy  
Lake, the Indians left a memorial of  
our journey inscribed upon bark, for  
the information of such of their tribe  
as should happen to fall upon our track.  
This we find to be a common custom  
among them. It is done upon birch  
bark (*betula papyracea*) a number of  
figures and hieroglyphics, which are  
understood by their nation. This  
sheet of bark is afterwards inserted in  
the end of a pole, blazed, and drove  
into the ground, with an inclination to-  
wards the course of travelling. In  
the present instance, the whole party  
were represented in a manner that was  
perfectly intelligible with the aid of  
our interpreter, each one being charac-  
terized by something emblematic of  
his situation or employment. They  
distinguish the Indian from the white  
man, by the particular manner of draw-  
ing the figure, the former being with-  
out a hat, &c. Other distinctive sym-  
bols are employed; thus Lieut. Mac-  
kay was figured with a sword, to sig-  
nify that he was an officer; Mr. Doty,  
with a book, the Indians having under-  
stood that he was an attorney; myself,  
with a hammer, in allusion to the mine-  
ral hammer I carried in my belt, &c.  
The figure of a tortoise and prairie-hen,  
denoted that these had been killed;  
three smokes, that our encampment  
consisted of three fires; eight muskets,  
that this was the number armed; three  
bucks upon the pole, leaning N. W.  
that we were going three days N. W.;  
the figure of a white man with a tongue  
near his mouth, (like the Azteek hier-  
oglyphics,) that he was an interpreter,  
&c. Should an Indian hereafter visit  
this spot, he would therefore read up-  
on this memorial of bark, that four-  
teen white men and two Indians en-  
camped at that place; that five of the  
white men were chiefs or officers, one  
an interpreter, and eight common sol-  
diers; that they were going to Sandy  
Lake, (knowing that three days' jour-  
ney N. W. must carry us there;) that  
we had killed a tortoise, a prairie hen,  
&c. I had no previous idea of the ex-  
istence of such a medium of intelli-  
gence among the northern Indians.  
All the travellers of the region are si-  
lent on the subject. I had before wit-  
nessed the facility with which one of

the Lake Indians had drawn a map of  
certain parts of the southern coast of  
Lake Superior; but here was a histor-  
ical record of passing events, as perma-  
nent certainly as any written record a-  
mong us, and full as intelligible to  
those for whom it was intended.

### Solution

OF ANTIQUARIAN DIFFICULTIES.

FROM THE NEW-YORK GAZETTE.

The following remarks, from a memoir  
of Ira Hill, Esq. at Manchester, Vermont,  
addressed to Dr. Mitchell, are copied for  
the able research and ingenuity they con-  
tain. After delivering his sentiments  
geologically on the formation of the earth,  
mountains, and rocks, by the agency, in  
an especial degree, of subterranean and  
sub-oceanic fire, he treats of alluvial for-  
mations. Having described the ancient  
mounds and walls situated in the western  
country, Mr. H. thus proceeds:

"But many of these walls and mounds  
have doubtless been buried beneath allu-  
vians, which have covered that part of the  
country, and buried the inhabitants, their  
fields, and their dwellings, in one com-  
mon ruin. These sites of villages and  
improvements, which now remain visible,  
were upon the eminences of land, or  
where the overwhelming torrent was bro-  
ken from them. But by far the greater  
part was covered with a soil of many feet  
in thickness, in digging through which  
for wells, in some places, relics are found.  
Where the banks of rivers are worn away,  
other remains of this primitive people  
appear, in fire places, hearths, pottery,  
and human bones.

"At that period of the world when  
these beings lived, the northern section of  
our continent had not risen from the oc-  
ean. At one explosion the range of the  
Allegany was the vent through which the  
heat of fire was emitted; at another the  
Stony Mountains were the crater through  
which the flame ascended. Near where  
the Allegany terminates were the bounds  
of the Continent. The Lakes had not the  
same outlet they now have. They flowed  
either to the south into the Atlantic, south  
west into the Gulf of Mexico, through  
the vale of the Mississippi, or to the  
north into an ocean which covered the  
northern part of the Continent. South-  
ward of the lakes, the range of rocks  
which were raised by internal fires, runs  
nearly from north to south. This is the  
course of the principal mountains, and  
this is doubtless the way that the crater  
opened to emit the heat which raised the  
land. The Rocky Mountains run in a  
similar direction, and extend further  
north. To the north and north west of  
Lake Superior, the ranges of mountains  
and ledges of rocks run nearly from east  
to west; or this is their general direction,  
if I have been rightly informed by mem-  
bers of the North West Company, who  
have traversed those extensive forests.—  
They say that the strata of stone lie  
shelving to the south and north, in the  
same manner as they do to the east and  
west here. If this be a fact, it is evident  
that the crater which opened to emit the  
fire when the northern part of our Con-  
tinent was raised, ran from east to west.  
When the solid bottom of an ocean, sev-  
eral thousand miles in extent, was raised,  
with all its ponderous mass of waters up-  
on it; when the centre, by being over the  
centre of the fire, was raised fastest, we  
must suppose that the waters to the south  
of the centre would rush, with amazing  
force and velocity to the south, inundat-  
ing all the flats and plains which fell in  
their course. Some of this immense tor-  
rent turned to the east, passed over the  
Canadas, filling lakes and rivers with  
sands, and bursting its way to the sea.—  
But the greatest part pressed south, over  
the North West Territory, Michigan, O-  
hio, and all those flat countries—sweep-  
ing forests; filling vallies, lakes, and  
ponds, with the soil now called alluvial,  
and passed off wherever passages could  
be found or formed to the ocean. Fields,  
villages, and cities, were instantly over-  
whelmed and buried beneath the sand  
and mould which were raised and borne  
in the irresistible flood.

"As many cities in Italy were buried  
under the ashes and lava that proceeded  
from Mount Vesuvius, so was the greater  
part of North America buried by this  
mass of mud, rocks, sand, and water,  
which was raised from the Northern O-  
cean by internal fires.

"If you, sir, were to see such a deluge  
as this, overspreading an extensive coun-  
try, in some places covered with inhab-  
itants, in some diversified by hills and dales,  
and in others divided by rivers and lakes,  
in what a situation do you expect that, that  
country would be found one thousand  
years afterwards? Would you not form,  
in imagination, an exact picture of Ohio,  
and most of our alluvial tracts?"

"In Ohio, at various depths below the  
surface, have been discovered human  
skeletons, promiscuously scattered, and  
lying in every direction; not as is the  
manner of burial among any nation or  
tribe of whom we have a description, but  
as we should expect to find them when  
overwhelmed by sudden destruction, and  
covered by a vast accumulation of earth  
in an instant. Millions of human skele-  
tons may lie in the same manner below  
our alluvial soil, and we should not dis-

cover them, unless by accident we hap-  
pened to dig where some of them were  
strewn.

"The remains of large cities may be  
concealed under hundreds of feet of solid  
matter, brought upon them as has been  
described.

"But, as cities are not commonly built  
on the most elevated lands, we are to con-  
clude the largest cities, if any cities there  
were, are now far beneath the surface of  
the earth.

"There is scarce a river channel of a-  
ny depth in Ohio, but presents some cu-  
rious remains of antiquity. Scarcely a  
well is dug, but some of the works of for-  
mer ages are brought to light for the ad-  
miration of the curious. So common are  
instances of this kind, that they scarcely  
attract the attention of the resident inhab-  
itants, particularly those of the older  
class. Some walls, curiously laid in  
mortar, have been discovered many feet  
under ground. So many remains of art  
have already been brought to light in that  
region, that a doubt cannot exist that it  
was once as thickly peopled as is now any  
portion of the United States of the same  
extent," &c. "IRA HILL."

COUNT VOLNEY.

This distinguished Frenchman paid the  
great debt of nature at Paris, April 27,  
1820, aged 65 years. His demise was  
most respectfully noticed in both hemis-  
pheres, for both had been enriched by his  
genius, his learning, and talents, and by  
researches of no ordinary scope or impor-  
tance. With all his industry, though he  
lived to a good old age and to accomplish  
much, yet, at his death, he left several  
literary works, on which he had long been  
employed, in an unfinished state, besides  
some others of great labor and research,  
finished, but unpublished. In all the vic-  
issitudes of his native and beloved coun-  
try, the merit of Volney was never over-  
looked by France. He died a Count, a  
Peer of the Kingdom, and Secretary of  
the National Institute, of which he had  
long been a most active, conspicuous, and  
distinguished member.

It will be recollected by my readers  
that Volney spent several years of his ac-  
tive and useful life principally in exten-  
sive tours through these United States—  
that he published an interesting work on  
our soil, climate, statistics, and geography,  
after his return to Paris, in French: and  
that this work, attacked and mutilated by  
critics and translators, was extensively  
read, and appeared in most of the lang-  
uages of modern Europe, as have also his  
'Ruins,' and other productions of his pen.  
In the United States, where he came in-  
tending to pass the evening of life in ease  
and retirement, he was not fairly used,  
and we view his character under a cloud  
of prejudice. While anonymous critics,  
envious of his fame, assailed his works,  
others, [or perhaps even themselves—a  
suggestion not lightly made,] found it  
convenient to pirate his labours, and ap-  
pear in them as *original authors!* At one  
time he did contemplate a severe retort,  
but his noble spirit shrunk from even the  
appearance of anger or revenge. With  
the ardour of genius and the heroism of  
a martyr, he spent his life in the pursuit  
of truth—no man loved it more ardently.  
His investigations made him enemies, as  
matter of course; for, in these he was  
firm, ardent, undeviating and unaccom-  
modating, a remarkable contrast with his  
personal manners, always mild, bland, un-  
assuming, characterized by the simplicity  
of a very child. He could be roused, it  
is true, but only by wrongs and injustice,  
to the personal majesty and the strength  
of the lion.

I am no eulogist. The character of  
Volney has been misunderstood in this  
country, as well as the cast and character  
of his writings. As I enjoyed his confi-  
dence and friendship, and was favored  
with his correspondence, during the latter  
years of his life, I feel myself bound in  
justice, as well to his fame and character,  
as to truth and righteousness in the opin-  
ion of my fellow citizens in the United  
States, to pay this tribute to his memory.  
He filled a large space in the literary cir-  
cles and performances of the age, and in  
the public eye of two hemispheres—and  
was a true and ardent disciple of liberty,  
political and religious. Next to our own  
Jefferson, I frankly acknowledge, I regard  
him among the greatest and best men of  
the age. As he is now gone the way of  
all the world, I shall avail myself of a per-  
mission to publish translations of extracts  
from some of his letters to me, which I  
hope will not be unacceptable to my read-  
ers.—*Saratoga Farmer.*

### Religious.

FEMALE DEVOTION.

Though religion is indispensably  
necessary to *both sexes*, and in every  
possible character and station, yet a  
woman seems, more peculiarly, to need  
its enlivening supports, whilst her  
frame must be confessed to be admir-  
ably calculated for the exercise of all  
the tender and devout affections.

The timidity, arising from the natu-  
ral weakness and delicacy of your  
frame; the numerous diseases, to which  
you are liable; that exquisite sensibili-

ty, which, in many of you, vibrates to  
the slightest touch of joy or sorrow;  
the tremulous anxiety you have for  
friends, children, a family, which noth-  
ing can relieve, but a sense of their  
being under the protection of God; the  
sedentariness of your life, naturally  
followed with low spirits, whilst we  
are seeking health and pleasure in the  
field; and the many lonely hours,  
which, in almost every situation, are  
likely to be your lot, will expose you  
to a number of *peculiar sorrows*, which  
you cannot, like our sex, either drown  
in wine or divert by dissipation. Un-  
der these, or indeed any other distress-  
es, religion is the only true and un-  
failing resource; and its hopes and pros-  
pects the only solid basis of consolati-  
on. In your many *solitary* moments  
what can afford the mind so sovereign  
a relief as the exercise of devotion to  
an all-present God? and when domes-  
tic sorrows cluster upon you, which  
you cannot reveal to any friend on  
*earth*, what method have you left, but  
to pour them into the bosom of your  
Father in *Heaven*, who is confessedly  
the friend of the friendless, always  
willing to bear their cries, and always  
able to protect them? Let it, then, be  
your first study, by earnest prayer, and  
by all the appointed means of grace,  
to secure the protection of your Great  
Creator.

ELOQUENCE IN THE BEST OF CAUSES.

Extract of an address of the Rev. Wm. Jewett,  
at the formation of the Hibernian Church Mis-  
sionary Society.

My Lord, the zeal and ardour with  
which we should all engage in this  
work, have been so strongly enforced,  
that I know not how any thing can be  
added to the general feeling. But  
there is one consideration which has  
deeply impressed my mind whenever  
our friends have met together for con-  
sulting on the interests of this Society.  
I remember to have read, that in the  
Punic War, when a city in Spain was  
besieged by the Carthaginians, and it  
was tardily deliberated in Rome what  
succors should be sent to the besieged,  
a single sentence hastened the question  
to a decision; *Roma deliberat Saguntum  
perit.* "While Rome deliberates  
Saguntum perishes!" I would apply  
this sentiment to the present occasion.  
While Britain deliberates, the world is  
perishing! I am not for precipitate  
counsels; but I would remind the meet-  
ing that every moment we lose, the  
world is sinking beneath our feet. It  
has been calculated, estimating the  
population of the globe at a thousand  
millions, and allowing thirty years for  
the period of one generation, that in  
every moment of time the soul of one  
human being passes into eternity.  
How awakening this reflection! and  
could I, my lord, conceive that it is my  
dearest friend who is in this moment  
expiring, what must my feelings be?  
And yet this alters not the considera-  
tion: I am bound to call every human  
being my neighbor, my friend, my bro-  
ther; my Saviour has taught me to do  
so. Whether he be the person that is  
within the reach of my arm, or the  
man that treads the antipodes of the  
earth; he is my neighbor. The place  
or manner of his death cannot change  
the question. Whether he be languish-  
ing in pain, *without God and without  
hope*, on the sultry deserts of Arabia,  
or breathing out his spirit in the holy  
raptures of the Christian's death-bed,  
it is enough for me to know that a kin-  
dred soul to mine is at this moment de-  
parting—he is dying—he is dead! Ere  
I can give utterance to the thought,  
another, and another is no more! O  
could I call up the spirits of those who  
have departed this life since the pres-  
ent assembly began its meeting; could  
they tell you of the scenes that in the  
last few moments have burst upon their  
view; some, perhaps, unfolding a tale  
that would harrow up the soul, others  
animating us by a ray of that joy which  
*eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither  
hath it entered the heart of man to con-  
ceive*; how gladly would I leave to  
them the pleading of this cause. But  
they are dead, they are gone down in-  
to silence. Still, my lord, there are  
millions yet alive, and other genera-  
tions unborn. By that solemn voice,  
then, that speaks to our imagination  
from the graves of the departed; and  
by that awful account, which we must  
ere long give of our religious privileg-  
es at the judgment seat of Christ, we  
are adjured to add fresh vigour to our  
deliberations and exertions in behalf  
of those millions that are now alive,  
and millions yet to live.

Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight  
for it, die for it, any thing but...LIVE FOR IT!