

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



FROM THE GEORGIA ADVERTISER.

The following Lines, by the late JOHN P. CURRAN, handed us in manuscript, are said never before now to have appeared in print:

O Sleep! awhile thy power suspending,  
Weigh not yet my eyelids down;  
For Mem'ry see! with Eve attending,  
Claims a moment for her own.  
I know her by her robe of mourning,  
I know her by her faded light,  
When, faithful with the gloom returning,  
She comes, to bid a sad "Good Night."

Oh! let me hear, with bosom swelling,  
While she sighs o'er time that's past;  
Oh! let me weep, while she is telling  
Of joys that pine, and pangs that last.  
And now, O Sleep! while grief is streaming,  
Let thy balm sweet peace restore,  
While fearful Hope thro' tears is beaming,  
Sooth to rest that wakes no more.

#### THE FAREWELL.

BY T. MOORE.

So warmly we met, and so fondly we parted,  
That which was the sweetest, ev'n I could  
not tell;  
That first look of welcome her sunny eyes  
darted,  
Or that tear of passion which blessed our  
farewell.

To meet was heaven, to part thus another,  
Our joys and our sorrows seemed rivals in  
bliss;

O, Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other,  
In tears or in smiles, than that moment to  
this.

The first was like day-break, new, sudden, de-  
licious,

The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up  
yet,

The last was that farewell of day light, more  
precious,

More glowing and deep as 'tis nearer its set.

Our meeting tho' happy, was tinged by a sor-  
row,

To think that such happiness could not re-  
main;

While our parting tho' sad, yields the hope,  
that to-morrow

Will bring back the blest hour of meeting  
again.

#### Literary Extracts, &c.

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

#### ORIGIN OF ASTROLOGY.

'It is said that astrology is the daughter of ignorance and the mother of astronomy. It is thus that ideas are confounded. Astronomy is certainly the oldest. It is astronomy, that is the wise mother of a foolish daughter. It was necessary to know the stars before we could attribute to them any influence over us. It was necessary to have an idea of their motions and revolutions, before we could refer to them the destinies of men, and the chain of events in one's life.

'It is no less a mistake to suppose that astrology arose from ignorance. Astrology prevails more undoubtedly in barbarous times, when credulity joins itself to the natural curiosity of man. Astrology flourishes in the midst of ignorance, as in its natural soil. But ignorance never produced the germ of evil which it nourishes. Ignorance is a passive state. The sciences, arts, fables, errors, prejudices, superstitions, evil as well as good, all come from genius. A single luminary by its heat and attraction spreads life and motion through the universe. Genius is the sun which gives activity to the moral world.

'There are two kinds of astrology, natural and judicial. The object of the former is, from a knowledge of the causes acting upon the earth and its atmosphere, to foresee and announce the changes of the seasons, rain, wind, cold, heat, abundance, scarcity, diseases, &c. The latter is occupied with objects still more interesting. It delineates at the moment of our birth or some other moment of life, the course we are to pursue. It determines the character we are to receive from the author of nature, and the passions which are to agitate us. It shows from a distance evil and good, the perils that await us, and the actions we are to perform. If it were a true science, man, too well acquainted with his destiny, would have only to repeat upon the stage of life the part he had learned.—

It will be thought perhaps that ignorance, by perverting the principles of natural astrology, has given rise to judicial astrology, that it has subjected man as well as the atmosphere to the power of the stars, and made their influence extend to the storms of the passions and the vicissitudes of fortune, as well as to the inclemencies of the seasons. Indeed, it seems very natural to say, it is the stars, the heavenly bodies generally, that produce winds, rain and storms, their influence combined with the actions of the sun's rays, modifies cold and heat. The fertility of the country, health and sickness, depend upon their good or bad influences. A blade of grass does not spring up, but all the stars contribute to its growth. Man breathes only the emanations with which the stars fill the atmosphere. Man as well as nature is subject to them. The celestial bodies must have an influence upon his will, upon the good and evil scattered in his path, and finally determine his death as well as his life. It is well that we can reason thus; but it is not ignorance, it is not the people, who have taken this step. The idea respecting this subjection, which makes man only a blind instrument, is an abuse of the understanding. It is the imagination that deceives the reason. It should be carefully observed that judicial astrology is an observation, natural astrology a system. The people do not make systems; it is the work of the learned, of philosophers who wander sometimes from the noble purpose of searching after truth. The transition from natural astrology to judicial supposes a principle which has not been perceived, one which confounds the soul with the body, mind with matter. Is a principle the work of the people? Is it the people who have reasoned upon the two substances in order to confound them? They either do not know or do not distinguish them.

'When society had commenced, and civil institutions had given some degree of enlargement and foresight to the thoughts, when industry had ensured an easy subsistence, man, freed from his cares, began to know the evils of mind, the greatest of all evils; the present was no longer of any value; hope and fear carried him to the future; he felt the desire of knowing it; but he perceived at the same time, that the means of knowing it were not in his power. Whatever may be the propensities men have, some to credulity and others to abuse it, the art of predicting the future has not arisen from the design to deceive men. The idea of this art was a bold thought; the invention of the means, erroneous as they are, must have been the work of genius. Genius has imitators, but it is alone the author of original ideas. When it had once been known to men that the future might be foretold by the motions of the stars, the desire of deceiving, and of deceiving without science and without calculation, gave rise to different kinds of divination, by the features of the face, by the lines of the hand, by grains of sand thrown at random, by the flight of birds and the entrails of victims; in fine, the dead have been invoked, that which is no more has been appealed to concerning that which is yet to be.—It would be easy to show that all vulgar errors, the prejudices of the people, arise from philosophical ideas, misapplied, and perverted by tradition. Local and tutelary divinities were undoubtedly only the emblems used by philosophers to designate those second causes which depend upon the universal cause. The two principles, adored and feared in Persia, represent physically the elements that oppose each other, morally the contending passions. This idea is borrowed from the natural world, where all is at war. The circulation of matter, the renewal of beings under new forms, gave rise to the doctrine of metempsychosis, which was transferred from material to intellectual beings, when it became desirable to reconcile this dogma with the immortality of the soul? BAILLY.

#### AMERICAN SCENERY.

From the Winchester Republican.

MR. EDITOR,—Receiving through the medium of your much improved paper an invitation, in common with others, to contribute my share of matter towards filling up either the curious, entertaining, or useful columns of the same, I hasten to comply with the request. I shall begin with a description of a natural curiosity, situated in the county of Hampshire, about 24 miles from Winchester, called Caudy's Castle. It stands on the bank of

the Big Capon, a little more than a mile above its junction with the North river, and derives its name from — Caudy, who, when the country was first settled and much infested by hostile tribes of Indians, found a place of retreat in a small natural cave on the side of that stupendous pile of rocks, commonly called the Castle. In the following description I shall not pretend to mathematical accuracy, as I have no means of coming at it, were it at all necessary. It is thought by some, that from the top of the highest point of rocks to the surface of the creek, which passes along its base, is nearly 300 feet.—It is almost perpendicular on the side next to the Capon; but on the opposite side, it is supported by the mountain which rises to within 60 feet of its summit. It is composed of strata of sandstone, and appears to have once held a horizontal position, instead of the vertical one which from some cause it now assumes. The strata are about 10 feet in thickness at the top, increasing towards the base 100 or 150 in width. When viewed from a distance, this imposing front, presenting a surface of more than 20,000 square feet of nature's substantial masonry, strikes the mind with reverential awe, and leads the beholder to contemplate on the grandeur of that being, who "looketh upon the nations as a drop from the bucket, and the small dust of the balance—who taketh up the isles as a very little thing."

The general appearance is that of a gigantic edifice in a state of dilapidation: the foundation of which is hidden by the broken fragments of rocks, which have fallen from the more depending and elevated portion of the rock, and are heaped up by its front side to about the height of 50 feet.—The stream, which is here somewhat broader and smoother than is common in other parts of it, adds much to the beauty of the scene.

With some degree of fortitude and exertion in climbing the rocks, the highest part may be attained, which commands a delightful view of the romantic scenery which then surrounds you, were your mind entirely free from the painful apprehension of being precipitated, together with the rocks on which you stand, from a height of nearly 300 feet, among their broken fellows, which strew the verge of the water beneath you. Over against you, at a distance of a few hundred yards, the mountain, in the form of a crescent, rises abruptly to the height of about 400 feet. The rocks are bare most of the way, and so steep that a stone put in motion at the top continues to roll with increasing velocity until it overtakes those which have gone the way before it, and are scattered in abundance at the base of the mountain.

This view, in my opinion, far surpasses any thing which I ever saw at Harper's Ferry; although that must be confessed quite a romantic scene. If "to view that is worth a voyage across the Atlantic"—to view this is worth a voyage from India. It may be said, that affords a wide field for philosophical speculation; and neither is this altogether a barren soil for theorising.—There is as much reason to believe that the mountain here has either been cleft by some convulsion of nature, or worn away by attrition so as to form a passage for the water, as that such an operation was ever performed at Harper's Ferry. Indeed the strata of rock, now called the Castle, appear to have been thus changed from a horizontal to a vertical position.

But I forbear to advance any farther with my hypothesis, and shall content myself with the slight and imperfect description which I have given; and if it should call the attention of some one better qualified to read the volume of nature than myself to the place; or should it only afford an innocent gratification to such of your readers as are fond of natural science—I shall be satisfied. N.

#### MOSCHETTOES (MUSQUETOES) OF S. AMERICA.

From Humboldt's Personal Narrative.

'Persons who have not navigated the great rivers of equinoctial America, for instance the Oronoko and the Rio Magdalena, can scarcely conceive how, without interruption, at every instant of life, you may be tormented by insects flying in the air, and how the multitude of these little animals may render vast regions wholly uninhabitable. However accustomed you may be to endure pain without complaint; however lively an interest you may take in the objects of your researches, it is impossible not to be constantly

disturbed by the moschettoes, *zancudoes*, *jejens*, and *tempraneroes*, that cover the face and hands, pierce the clothes with the long sucker, in the form of a needle, and, getting into the mouth and nostrils, set you coughing and sneezing whenever you attempt to speak in the open air. In the missions of the Oronoko, in the villages placed on the banks of the river, surrounded by immense forests, the *plaga de las moscas*, the plague of the flies, affords an inexhaustible subject of conversation. When two persons meet in the morning, the first questions they address to each other are, "How did you find the *zancudoes* during the night? How are we to-day for the moschettoes?" These questions remind us of a Chinese form of politeness, which indicates the ancient state of the country where it took birth. Salutations were made heretofore in the *celestial empire*, in the following words, *you-tou-hou*. "Have you been incommoded in the night by the serpents?" We shall soon see that on the banks of the Tuamini, in the river Magdalena, and still more at Choco, the country of gold and platinum, the Chinese compliment on the serpents might be added to that of moschettoes.

'At Mandavaca we found an old Missionary, who told us, with an air of sadness, that he had spent *his twenty years of moschettoes* in America. He desired us to look well at his legs, that we might be able to tell one day 'poor alla (beyond sea) what the poor monks suffer in the forests of Cassiquiare.' Every sting leaving a small darkish brown point, his legs were so speckled that it was difficult to recognise the whiteness of his skin through the spots of coagulated blood. If the insects of the simulium genus abound in the Cassiquiare, which has *white waters*, the culices, or *zancudoes*, are so much the more rare; you scarcely find any there, while on the rivers of *black waters*, in the Atabapo and the Rio Negro, there are generally some *zancudoes* and no *moschettoes*."

#### Religious.

EXTRACT.

Three pilgrims, a Jew, a Christian, and a Mussulman, set out from Cairo, with a caravan, in order to cross the desert of Salem. For the first part of the journey they moved with the multitude, as a drop in the stream, almost without thinking whither they were going. But reflecting, at length, that they must perish if they missed the way, they began to cast an anxious look before them, and to explore the paths of the desert. In my opinion, said the Jew, we need not long hesitate about our route: Yonder, to the right, is the pillar set up by Moses, who, as every body knows, conducted thousands in safety through this wilderness; and our wisest course is to follow this landmark, which he has set up to direct us.—It is true, said the Mussulman, Moses got safely through this wilderness, but it was by a route which his firmest adherents must own to be extremely difficult. For my own part, I prefer, by much, the path that was trod by the prophet of Mecca: it is distinctly marked by that pillar to the left, which has ever directed the steps of the faithful.—I am sorry to see both of you mistaken, said the Christian, the one recommending a road so tedious as to be now almost obsolete, and the other preferring a road in which there are so many pits and precipices, and in which the sabre has been so busy, that the steps are slippery with the blood of the murdered. The straight and only safe, as well as pleasant road, is that which has been marked by Jesus, where yonder midmost pillar rears its head on high, and meets at a distance the eye of the pilgrim. Don't you perceive, right over it, the distant towers of Salem?—I perceive them over the pillar on the right, said the Jew.—And I swear they are in a line with that on the left, said the Mussulman.—They disputed, they grew warm, they quarreled; each imagining that he could compel, by force, those whom he could not convince by reason.

In this situation, they were overtaken by a venerable dervise, who, learning the cause of their difference, thus addressed them: "Children, you are not wise. Had you changed your places, your views had also changed; and, having seen the cause of your misunderstanding, you had all been reconciled. Besides, the city of Salem is so great, that a part of it, like the horizon, may be seen over each of the pillars; and it is possible that thousands, who took

the direct line by each, have found their way. For my own part, I have known many well meaning people, who having no opportunity of knowing any of these roads, took a different course from all, and I am far from doubting of their safety; for that depends not only on the way, but, in some measure, on the prudence and care of the pilgrim. It is impossible, however, that all these roads should be equally safe and commodious, or that it should be a matter of indifference which of them is chosen. I have been considering them long, comparing the different accounts and charts of them, as every man ought in a matter of such infinite moment. For I hold no man is at liberty to take what way he pleases, and hazard his life, without weighing the evidence in favor of each, and using his reason to enable him to make the wisest choice. I have done so with care, and my observations I give you. The road by the pillar to the right was once the best and safest in the world, but it has been for a long time neglected and is now much out of repair.—That by the left was at first extremely foul, nor is it yet such as could be wished: it has, however, some things to recommend it. Five times a day the travellers are admonished by public criers, to pray for the guidance of heaven; and all give such punctual obedience, that they seem to emulate each other in piety. On this road, too, there is much accommodation for the weak and needy. I dare not therefore reprobate, though I pity, all who choose it; it is because they know no better path.—But the way by the midmost pillar is, in every respect, the straightest, the safest, and the most pleasant. On this road, at most every step, palm-trees shade, and fountains refresh the pilgrim: And did they who enter upon it follow the directions inscribed upon the pillar and the chart with which they are furnished, every other path would soon be forsaken. But, instead of this, multitudes turn aside into by-paths on the right and on the left, and for some trifles which attract their notice, forget to proceed on their journey. Even they who remain on the road too often spend their time in quarrels and contentions, almost equally fatal; some alleging that all ought to walk on this side of the road, while others contend they ought to walk on that; some searching for the track of this, and others of that predecessor, and each alleging it is death to tread any other part of that fair and beautiful road which is open before them.—By these unhappy means, the immense crowd which enters it, is perpetually thinned as it proceeds; and but the few, who study only to be on the road, and to advance in it, reach the end of the journey. This, you may perceive, is the way which I myself intend to pursue; and I intend to do it with all my might, keeping my eye upon the chart, without searching for the track of Peter, of Martin, or of John. If you can think as I do, and come with me, it will give me pleasure; if not, we shall part in peace, for why should we quarrel, or contend with any weapons but those of reason? And, indeed, when in our education, reading, habits of life, company and constitution, there must be so much difference, how can it be expected that our opinions should entirely be the same? God knows our frame, and knows that if any one of us had been in the place and circumstances of the other, he must, perhaps, have had his opinion too. He knows that we all wish to take the course which is safest to ourselves, and, of course, most pleasing to him, since none of us, I trust, would wilfully and knowingly run the hazard of perishing in the desert. Judge, therefore, my brethren, of each other's conduct with candour. Let each be persuaded, in his own mind, that he does what is best, and whatever road he takes, (after carefully examining and comparing them,) keep bent on getting forward to the end of his journey. Then we may possibly arrive, all of us in due time, where we wish; and talk of the difference of the roads when we meet at Salem."

Struck with the meekness of his temper, and the moderation of his sentiments, all the three blushed for having quarreled, and, by the way of the midmost pillar, unanimously followed the dervise.

If men have been termed pilgrims, and life a journey, then we may add, that the Christian pilgrimage far surpasses all others, in the following important particulars: in the goodness of the road—in the beauty of the prospects—in the excellence of the company—and in the vast superiority of the accommodation provided for the Christian traveller, when he has finished his course.