

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



FROM THE CHARLESTON COQUIER.

There are moments in life, which are never
forgot,
Which brighten, and brighten, as Time steals
away;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine on the gloom of the lowliest day:
These moments are hallow'd by smiles and by
tears,
The first look of love, and the last parting given;
As the sun, in the dawn of his glory, appears,
And the cloud weeps and glows with the rain-
bow in heav'n.
There are hours—there are minutes, which
memory brings,
Like blossoms of Eden, to twine round the heart;
And as time rushes by on the might of his
wings,
They may darken awhile, but they never depart:
O! these hallow'd remembrances cannot decay,
But they come on the soul with a magical thrill;
And in days that are darkest, they kindly will
stay,
And the heart, in its last throb, will beat with
them still.
They come, like the dawn in its loveliness,
now,
The same look of beauty, that shot to my soul;
The snows of the mountain are bleach'd on
her brow,
And her eyes, in the blue of the firmament, roll:
The roses are dim by her cheek's living bloom,
And her coral lips part, like the opening of
flow'rs;
She moves thro' the air in a cloud of perfume,
Like the wind from the blossoms of jessamine
bow'rs.
From her eye's melting azure there sparkles a
flame,
That kindled my young blood to extacy's glow;
She speaks—and the tones of her voice are the
same,
As would once, like the wind-harp, in melody
flow:
That touch, as her hand meets and rings with
mine,
Shoots along to my heart, with electrical thrill;
'Twas a moment, for earth too supremely di-
vine,
And while life lasts, its sweetness shall cling to
me still.
We met—and we drank from the crystalline
well,
That flows from the fountain of science above;
On the beauties of thought we would silently
dwell,
'Till we look'd—tho' we never were talking of
love:
We parted—the tear glisten'd bright in her
eye,
And her melting hand shook, as I drop'd it—
forever;
O! that moment will always be hovering by,
Life may frown—but its light shall abandon me—
never. P.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

IMPORTANCE OF SCIENCE.

The close of an Address to the Literary and
Philosophical Society of South-Carolina, by
STEPHEN ELLIOTT, President of the Society.

"Science would give new skill and
value to the labours of the mechanic,
new resources to the enterprise of the
man of business, new dignity to the
leisure of the man of wealth, new en-
joyments to the man of pleasure, new
powers to the man of exertion.

"Knowledge is power. How won-
derful the difference between the poor
naked wandering savage, trembling be-
fore the elements, whom in terror he
adores, depending on his solitary unaided
exertions for food, for arms, for
raiment, for shelter; and the civilized
man, who strong in the science and re-
sources of society, rides over the o-
cean, even on the wings of the tem-
pest; disarms the lightning of its pow-
er; ascends the airy canopy of heaven;
penetrates into the profound caverns of
the earth; arms himself with the pow-
er of the elements; makes fire and air
and earth and water, his ministering
servants; and standing, as it were, on
the confines of nature, seems, as by a
magic talisman, to give energy and life
to the brute elements of matter.

"It is not from the simple products
of the earth, or from the crude mate-
rials, with which a country may abound,
that her power and resources must ar-
ise. The most productive regions,
have frequently been the most weak and
dependant. The blessings of nature
may be blighted by the ignorance and
folly of man. A nation must seek for

wealth and power, by encouraging that
active and profound knowledge, which
ascertaining the principles, the propor-
tions, the combinations, the affinities
of the mineral; the habits, the produc-
tions, the qualities, the uses of the veg-
etable; and the manners, the instincts,
the properties, whether noxious or use-
ful, of the animal kingdom, can give to
every substance which it possesses,
or can obtain, every appropriate use;
can procure for them their ultimate
value; can convert them at will into
instruments of pleasure, of riches, of
grandeur or of power.

"It is not easy to determine how far
each science contributes to the general
mass, or to estimate its relative value.
Forming one radiant circle they natu-
rally support, they mutually enlighten
each other. The proud fabric of mod-
ern science is composed of materials
extracted from every quarter, and has
been constructed by the labours of hun-
dreds and of thousands, co-operating
in one common design. Every ascer-
tained fact, every new discovery, in
any department, adds to the general
mass of knowledge, and enlarges the
circle of human observation and im-
provement. No inquiry should be aban-
doned as abstruse and uninteresting,
none rejected as obscure or insignifi-
cant. No tribute should be withheld
as too humble or unimportant. The
mighty streams that gladden the earth
and diffuse wealth and enjoyment al-
ong their extended borders, are form-
ed by the union of small and unnotic-
ed springs. It is not the magnitude
of the fountain head, but the number
of tributary streams that determine
their size and importance. Some
branches of knowledge, from the sub-
limity of their views, from the certaint-
y of their results, or from their exten-
sive application to all the occupations
of life, may have the higher claims to
our notice; but those which only serve
to polish or to decorate, merit also at-
tention. We should no more wish to
deface the Corinthian capital of sci-
ence, than to sap its deep foundations."

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

There are traits in the character,
and incidents in the history of the red
men of the forest, which at a future
day may be the theme of the poet and
the novelist. When they shall have
disappeared from these native forests,
before the rapidly advancing stride of
civilization; and shall be heard no
more exulting in their bravery or shout-
ing their wild songs of war—when they
shall be driven from their hunting
grounds, and the voices which roused
the game, or sung the song of triumph
over their fallen enemies, shall resound
no more over the prairies of the Mis-
souri and Mississippi, and that will be
at no distant day—when their bones
bleach upon the summits of the Roc-
ky Mountains or on the shores of the
Pacific—leaving

"This sole memorial of their lot,
They were—and they are not,"—

Every fugitive sketch of their his-
tory will become valuable, and every
trait of their character will be cher-
ished as the food for literary research and
industry. The Indians of North A-
merica, (we mean such as are not de-
praved and degraded by intimacy with
abandoned white men,) like most un-
civilized nations are possessed of great
virtues, but these are relieved by great
vices—they are inveterate in their
hostilities—but they are in their friend-
ships, firm and inviolable—they are
cunning and deceitful foes—but hospi-
table entertainers—they are cruel to
their enemies in war—but they are
possessed of undaunted bravery, and
frequently give examples of self-devot-
ion, which in Greece or Rome, would
have made each man a hero. There
are, too, instances of honor among
them which would add splendor to the
laurels of the most exalted, and more
civilized warriors. Mr. Nuttall, in
his volume of travels in the Arkansas
territory, (noticed in the Philadelphia
National Gazette,) relates a circum-
stance of this description, which must
command the admiration of all who
value fearless, daring, or high-minded
honor, though in the person of those
we have styled savages. The Qua-
paws or Arkansas, the aborigines of
the territory of that name, do not num-
ber more than two hundred men.—
They have had the reputation, both a-
mong the French and Americans, of
great mildness of disposition, and are
at the same time brave and generous.
The Quapaws and Chickasaws were
opposed to each other, but the former
had always succeeded in repelling the
latter. The Quapaws on one occasion
discovered their adversaries retreat-

ing, in consequence of their having
descried them at a distance, and being
in want of ammunition. The Quapaws
having heard the cause, desired the
Chickasaws to land on the adjoining
sand beach of the Mississippi, giving
them the generous and unexpected
promise of a supply of powder for
their defence. The chief of the Qua-
paws then ordered all his warriors to
empty their powder horns into a blan-
ket, after which he divided the whole
with a spoon, and gave the half to the
Chickasaws. The struggle commen-
ced—and ended with the defeat of the
latter, with the loss of ten killed and
five prisoners, whilst the loss of the
force of the noble chief of the Qua-
paws, was but one man.

There is a chivalry, a lofty generosi-
ty in this incident, which makes its way
to the heart, and enlists our feelings
on the side of those who have display-
ed it. These instances of the native
character of the Indians of our coun-
try, become rare as they degenerate by
the advances of civilization. They
may hereafter furnish materials for
works of imagination and fancy, whol-
ly American, and should be preserved.
Savannah Georgian.

THE PIRATE.

Extracts from that part of this last work of
the great novelist which has reached this coun-
try, have been published in the Philadelphia
prints. The Pirate, we are informed, says the
Boston Intelligencer, takes us to the wild scen-
ery of the Shetland Islands, and makes us ac-
quainted with their uncultivated and supersti-
tious inhabitants, at the close of the 17th centu-
ry. The inexhaustible author has gone to new
and original sources for variety of character, and
renders the uncouth names of Magnus Troil;
Jarloff, Norma of the fitful-head, and Triptole-
mus Yellowly, as familiar as Meg Merrilies and
Dandie Dinmont.

We extract the description of a character who
is intended to occupy a great space in the work.
She is a mystical being.

"What must be amended, sordid
slave?" said the stranger Norma, turn-
ing at once upon him with an empha-
sis that made him start—"What
must be amended? Bring hither, if thou
wilt, thy new-fangled coulters, spades
and harrows, alter the implements of
our fathers from the ploughshare to the
mouse-trap; but know thou art in the
land that was won of old by the flaxen-
haired Kemptons of the North, and
leave us their hospitality at least, to
show we come of what was once noble
and generous. I say to you beware;
while Norma looks forth at the meas-
ureless waters, from the crest of Fitful-
head, something is yet left that resem-
bles power of defence. If the men of
Thule have ceased to be champions,
and to spread the banquet for the raven,
the women have not forgotten the
arts that lifted them of yore into queens
and prophetesses."

"The woman who pronounced this
singular tirade, was as striking in ap-
pearance as extravagantly lofty in her
pretensions and in her language. She
might well have represented on the
stage, so far as features, voice, and
stature were concerned, the Bonduco
or Boadicea, of the Britons, or the
sage Velleda, Aurinia, or any other
fated Pythoness, who ever led to bat-
tle a tribe of the ancient Goths. Her
features were high and well formed,
and would have been handsome but for
the ravages of time, and the effects of
exposure to the severe weather of her
country. Age, and perhaps sorrow,
had quenched in some degree, the fire
of a dark blue eye, whose hue almost
approached to black, and had sprink-
led snow on such part of her tresses
as had escaped from under her cap,
and were dishevelled by the rigor of
the storm. Her upper garment, which
dropped with water, was of coarse
dark-coloured stuff, called Wadmaral,
then much used in the Zetland Islands,
as also in Iceland and Norway. But
as she threw this cloak back from her
shoulders, a short jacket of dark blue
velvet, stamped with figures, became
visible, and the vest, which correspon-
ded to it, was of crimson color, and
embroidered with tarnished silver.—
Her girdle was plaited with silver or-
naments, cut into the shape of planeta-
ry signs; her blue apron was embroi-
dered with similar devices, and cover-
ed a peticoat of crimson cloth. Strong
thick enduring shoes, of the half-dress-
ed leather of the country, were tied
with straps like those of the Roman
buskins, over her scarlet stockings.—
She wore in her belt, an ambiguous
looking weapon, which might pass for
a sacrificing knife or dagger, as the
imagination of the spectator chose to
assign to the wearer the character of a
priestess or a sorceress. In her hand

she held a staff, squared on all sides,
and engraved with Runic characters
and figures, forming one of those port-
able and perpetual calenders which
were used among the ancient natives
of Scandinavia, and which, to a super-
stitious eye, might have passed for a
divining rod.

"Such were the appearance, features
and attire of Norna of the Fitful-head,
upon whom many of the inhabitants
of the island looked with observance,
many with fear, and almost all with a
sort of veneration. Less pregnant
circumstances of suspicion would, in
any other part of Scotland, have ex-
posed her to the investigation of those
cruel inquisitors, who were then often
invested with the delegated authority
of the privy council, for the purpose
of persecuting, torturing, and finally
consigning to the flames, those who
were accused of witchcraft or sorcery.
But superstitions of this nature pass
through two stages ere they become
entirely obsolete. Those supposed to
be possessed of supernatural powers,
are venerated in the earlier stages of
society. As religion and knowledge
increase, they are first held in hatred
and horror, and are finally regarded
as impostors."

Religious.

The following letter from a clergyman in this
county, to his friend, has been handed to us, with
permission to make what use of it we pleased:
considering it appropriate for this department,
we have given it a place, to the exclusion of se-
lected matter. We will here just state, that it
would be esteemed as a favor to receive fre-
quently original communications for our Re-
ligious Department, such as short moral and reli-
gious essays, &c.: and perhaps some of our
friends, should they employ a small portion of
their leisure time in preparing an article to go
under our religious head, might extend their
sphere of usefulness, and subserve the interests
of morality.

DEAR SIR: I have been sometime past
anxious to gratify you with a more minute
account of the Lord's gracious deal-
ings towards the people of my own charge.
I have now spent a little more than thirty
years of my life among the people for
whom I still labour, in my poor imperfect
way, to promote their salvation; and have
been so highly blessed, as to witness three
revivals of religion among the people of
my own charge. On the sacramental oc-
casion which succeeded my ordination in
this place, about thirty were added to the
church. Again, in the years 1802, 1803,
and when there was so general a religious
excitement over this part of the country.
The present revival made its first appear-
ance at the ordination of our brother Er-
win among the people of Dr. Hall's for-
mer charge. Its special appearance a-
mong us was in May last, when we as-
sembled on the occasion of celebrating the
supper of our dear Lord and Saviour.—
Permit me to inform you, that though the
name of camp meetings has become odious
with many, through their abuse and want
of regular government; yet this is the
shape in which we have attended all our
communion occasions through the last
year; the way in which God has been
pleased to own and bless our meetings, to
the everlasting salvation of many of the
careless and prayerless among us. At
these, as well as those meetings appointed
for special prayer, I have seen many, who
in deep distress as on the borders of des-
pair, have spent from four to six hours
in the most importunate prayer and wrest-
ling with God, that I have ever witness-
ed. This was done sometimes with, a-
gain without the voice. In very few cases
has relief been obtained under the first
impressions of guilt; for they are often
only the impressions of the guilt, with-
out any views of the pollution or defile-
ment of sin. Some have continued long,
even months, under a sense of their un-
pardoned iniquities, and exposure to the
wrath of God. This religious excite-
ment has been principally among the
youth; yet it has reached, in a few cases,
from eight to eighty years of age. There
has usually been a larger number of male
than female subjects of this work among
us. Those young men are also the most
decent, well informed and respectable
youth of our churches; the character of
many of whom no vice had ever stained,
and who had no lost reputation to retrieve
by future amendments. They promise
much for the interest of the Redeemer's
kingdom in the world. I hope He who
has called them from darkness to light,
intends some of them as heralds of his
grace to the world around them.

There have been very few bodily im-
pressions or agitations as in the former
revivals in this place, and comparatively
very little noise, either under a sense of
guilt and despair, or when relief has been
obtained from a hope of pardon through
the blood of the Lamb. Sometimes the
loud cry has been extorted in a case of
extreme distress, as from one in his own
imagination almost irretrievably lost:
What must I do to be saved? Jesus,
thou Son of David, have mercy on me!

Again, when the unburdened soul has
felt a sense of the pardoning love of God
thrill through his heart, his bursting grati-
tude has been expressed in the angelic
style: Glory to God in the highest; eter-
nal praises to Him who hath redeemed
us by his own blood. Should you next
inquire, what has been the effect of all
this excitement? I answer, the addition
of 75 members to my own charge, from
the age of twelve years, to that of eighty
in one case, and among those a few of the
people of colour. Our assemblies are
crowded, and the attention of our hearers
seems to hang on the lips of the speaker,
as if for the life of their souls indeed.
Their very looks seem to bespeak their
thirst for the word of eternal life. When
the attention of the professing part of the
assembly is directed to the prospect of
triumph over sin, death, and hell, and to
the joys of the celestial world, the pros-
pect of dwelling forever where Jesus is,
you would say something almost angelic
beams on the countenance of many. But
when the sinner's sad case is spoken of,
the impossibility of his escaping the wrath
to come, his awful doom in going down to
perdition from the sound of the gospel,
and the gates of Zion, the congregation
seem as if convulsed, and weep in silent
sadness. Indeed, my friend, so deep and
realizing have been the views my own
mind has had of the awful condition of
multitudes of thoughtless sinners, rushing
into the dread presence of Omnipotence
to receive their final doom, that my trem-
bling hand has almost refused to hold the
book which contains their dread sentence,
and my heart has said,
—fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

We have had little or no opposition to
content with as yet. The adversary has
not yet marshaled his sad troops against
us, so as to show them in the light. Nay,
I hope they are about to be better employ-
ed, in the service of the great captain of
salvation. We have not yet had the pain-
ful feelings of weeping over one who
has turned back. We have not thought
that all who have felt convictions for sin,
or sad awakenings, or even all those who
have engaged in singing and praying a-
mong the friends of religion, have had
their feet set upon the rock: nay, we are
sorry that we are forced to judge other-
wise. Yet of all those of whom we had
formed a favorable opinion, we have not
as yet been disappointed in any one indi-
vidual.

The Lord is yet pleased to carry on this
gracious work among us. Christians still
appear lively and zealous in the cause of
the Redeemer.

A few careless sinners are now and
then aroused to inquire what they must
do to be saved. We are looking forward
with sweet anticipation, to the opening
of the spring season, when the weather will
permit us all to crowd together again in-
to the holy temple of our Lord, or in the
solemn grove, where we shall render our
ten thousand thanks and pay our vows to
the Lord our Redeemer; at which season
we look for still greater displays of the
power and efficacy of sovereign grace in
the salvation of sinners. The Lord's arm
is not shortened, that it cannot save those
among us who are yet in their sins; nor
his ear heavy, that it cannot hear prayer
offered in their behalf by the friends of
Zion. Let Christians everywhere be en-
couraged and excited to pray. The happy
days long promised the church on
earth, are at hand. Turn your eyes to
the east and the west, to the north and
the south, what, O what glad sight cheers
your eyes? The missionaries, the her-
alds of the cross of Christ, going on with
majestic strides, not with gold or silver,
to enrich the darkened world of dying
mortals, but with the bible, the ever bless-
ed gospel of the Son of God, to enlighten
their minds and gladden the heart that
has never yet been cheered by one ray of
divine light. Look abroad and see in
how many places the standard of the cross
is already planted, and see the banner of
the Lord waving over the sea and the
land, in almost every direction. How many
thousands are now sitting, clothed and
in their right minds, at the feet of Jesus,
who but a few years since were worship-
ping the workmanship of men's hands, or
scouring the forests, bearing the bloody
instruments of death in their cruel hands.
O Christians, do you not really imagine
that you see the reddening streaks of the
millennial morning, the dawn of the
church's glory on earth, when she shall
indeed arise and shine as clear as the sun,
fair as the moon, and terrible as an army
with banners? Is it then a time for Chris-
tians to sit nodding over their privileges,
on the threshold of millennial glory?
O, can the heralds of the cross entertain
their hearers any longer with dry morsels,
while there is bread enough and to spare?
O brethren, let us all give this best of ob-
jects our warmest prayers, and part of
our property too, with our whole heart.
Let the miser be rich in gold and silver,
and goods laid up in store for many years;
but let us strive to be rich in good works,
which may forward this best of causes
which man ever yet espoused. That
cause which will prosper when every other
shall fail: That cause which will final-
ly triumph over the expiring pangs of
dissolving nature.