

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



FROM THE CONNECTICUT MIRROR.

TO THE MARQUIS LA FAYETTE.

We'll search the earth, and search the sea,
To cull a gallant wreath for thee:
And every field for freedom fought,
And every mountain height, where aught
Of Liberty can yet be found,
Shall be our blooming harvest ground.
Laurels in garlands hang upon
Thermopylae and Marathon—
On Bannockburn the thistle grows—
On Runnymede the wild rose blows—
And on the banks of Boyne, its leaves
Green Erin's shamrock wildly weaves;
In France, in sunny France we'll get
The Fleur-de-lis and mignonette,
From every consecrated spot
Where lies a martyr'd Hugonot,
And cull even here from many a field,
And many a rocky height,
Bays that our vales and mountains yield,
Where men have met to fight
For law, and liberty, and life,
And died in freedom's holy strife,
Below Atlantic seas—below
The waves of Erie and Champlain,
The sea-grass and the coral grow,
In royal trophies round the slain,
And we can add, to form thy crown,
Some branches worthy thy renown.
Long may the chaplet flourish bright,
And borrow from the heavens its light!
As with a cloud that circles round
A star, when other stars had set—
With glory shall thy brow be bound,
With glory shall thy head be crown'd,
With glory—starlike, circled yet!
For earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
Shall yield a glorious wreath to thee.

MY ABSENT LOVE.

For six long months did fate ordain
I should from her I love be parted;
I was of course, like a true swain,
Dying with grief, quite broken-hearted.
According to establish'd rule,
I raved 'bout eyes, and lips like rubies,
And hearts—in short, I play'd the fool,
Like many other love-sick boobies.
Fortune at length more kind did prove,
Granted from grief a short cessation;
And swiftly on the wings of love,
I homeward sped—all expectation.
Eager fond raptures to renew—
The thought e'en now my brain amazes,
Quick to the well-known spot I flew,
And found my love—as drunk as blazes!

Topographical.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

Extract of a letter from William W. Walker, of Mississippi, to his father, Felix Walker, Esq. of Haywood county, North-Carolina, descriptive of the province of Texas, dated

March, Aug. 27, 1822.

DEAR FATHER: My late visit to Texas, you know, was not undertaken without due deliberation, nor without an important object to myself; and it may, in the end, be serviceable to mankind. I was invited there from a motive at once laudable and interesting. The result of my mission is not yet known, but I hope soon to leave it through Col. Childs, who accompanied me to Texas, and who is now at Mexico, and is jointly interested with me in the enterprise.

This beautiful country baffles all power of description, therefore I cannot say of it as it deserves. Still it is not without its faults; timber is, in some places, scarce; this is the case in prairies, which are sometimes bounded by the horizon alone; but not generally so. The common prairies are from one to two or three miles wide, affording good land, and some places excellent water. Along the streams, which are numerous, timber of good quality, common to southern countries, abounds; such as oak, hickory, ash, cherry, &c. In the lower parts, next the coast, there are great quantities of best live oak, fit for ship-building. Taking the country generally, between the large streams, it may with justice be said to be a series of good land, interspersed with prairies, the timber mostly lying on small streams. The large rivers are well timbered. The valleys are some of them from 10 to 15 miles wide, affording good land; while the higher lands are of moderate soil, say second quality, fit for the culture of cotton, corn, wheat, tobacco, and I might add, contrary to the production of our high lands in Mississippi and Louisiana, sugar cane; all of which may be cultivated here to the greatest perfection. The wheat of this country is no where surpassed, in quality or production, the rust, that formidable assailant, so common in northern climates, is scarcely known, or has not yet been discovered in the small experience of the small farm-cultivated here. Coffee, in the opinion

of well informed men, who are acquainted with its culture, may be produced with as good success here as in the southern provinces of Mexico. Although this delightful country has every thing done for it by nature that can be desired, in spreading a feast for all that lives, and affording the means preparatory to the improvement of art and industry, yet man has done little for himself, having never felt the necessity of tilling the soil for the necessary support of life, or with views of acquiring wealth. It now only requires improvement, and wants every thing that is derived from civilization and industry, to make it shine, for it is literally a wilderness. There is, however, a tide of emigration flowing towards Texas, which promises an increasing population. Men of every description, with and without families, are settling down, wherever they like best. While the health and salubrity of the climate is such, that men of the most tender constitutions are able to endure the hardships of living and sleeping in the woods without any other shelter than the canopy that overspreads the hemisphere; and subsisting without any bread but what they carry, and such meat as is taken in the woods, of which there is abundance.

The principal settlements are conducted under the patronage of Mr. Stephen F. Austin, late of St. Louis, Mississippi, [probably Missouri.] The new government makes liberal donations of land to actual settlers; allowing to each head of a family, 640 acres; to a feme covert, 320; to each minor, 160; for each servant, 80;—wherever they wish to settle and improve. Thus a home is given to many a poor family of the United States, as well as an asylum for those of other nations. The Florida treaty has deprived the United States of an extensive and most agreeable territory, and of an immense source of revenue, in ceding the right of Texas to Spain, as well as an extensive population within our limits, that would have greatly increased our national strength.

The effect and misfortune of that treaty may be felt for centuries to come. The wealth of that country is incalculable. Laying aside the metallic productions, which all Spanish America conceded, was of equal value in mines to any province of Spain north of the equator, (on which account the Viceroy ordered all mines to be shut on pain of death,) the sales of the land would have made the government rich. Never was there a treaty so prejudicial to government; it will be lamented by those unborn. The poor might here have found a home, the weary a resting place; the rich would here have employed their capital to advantage; and people generally, of every description, however diversified and various their employments, even in the same neighborhood, might have found what would at once interest and please them, under the auspices of our mild and happy government.

The Mexican empire is pursuing a sure policy, to make the country valuable: they invite Americans to settle amongst them, and give them land; thereby establishing a strong, active militia, forming a firm barrier against hostile Indians on the one hand, and lawless depredators on the other: at the same time making it the interest of all to defend their homes, and the government that give them. Yet I am not pleased with the form of government; it is a limited monarchy; but as Mexico has not bought her independence at the expense of much blood, it is perhaps better the change should be gradual. Her fields, as yet, have not (like Colombia) been stained with the blood of patriots, I mean during the late change; her mothers and widows have not witnessed the butcheries of their sons and husbands, or heard their children's cries. Sprinkled with the blood of their slaughtered fathers, while it yet flows fresh from the scaffolds, these, and these alone, know how to value civil liberty in its full extent. I think the policy of Mexico, at this time, is practically good, but the great danger is in continuing the supreme power in one man too long. The love of power has a strong influence on the mind of man; it knows no stopping place, but will end in despotism, unless checked and controlled by operations of a wise government. I think I hazard but little, on the score of truth, in saying that Mexico, though now a limited monarchy, will next be an aristocracy, and next a democracy; unless some second Bolivar should rise up to give liberty to the people, and break the flimsy shackles which now uphold the existing government. This Bolivar is only excelled by the immortal Washington, and second in military fame to him who rears beneath the shades of Mount Vernon.

It seems as if Providence designs this new world to outshine the balance of the earth in every respect. Her streams, her mountains, her soil, her men, her politics, all, all are on the great scale—nothing small or contracted about her whole construction. She is, in truth, though young, a gigantic government, the spine of whose political fabric will be seen as a mirror to the civilized world. Situated, as she is, between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, embracing all the varieties of soil and climate, the products of which are useful to man or to nations, thereby yielding, in a small span, all the necessaries of life,

which in other countries require the space from the equator to the poles to afford. With all these, and a thousand other advantages, I repeat, that Mexico cannot fail, under the influence of a wise and liberal government, to become the greatest nation on earth. It must, it will be so, as a natural consequence of her geographical situation.

But to return. Texas may be about as large as nine or ten of the Atlantic states—beginning at New-York, and ending at Georgia, or Alabama. Yet it is but a speck in the great empire of Mexico. The large rivers flowing through this fertile region are fine and navigable; whose margins and bottoms are covered with the best timber, a soil unequaled even by the Mississippi bottoms, the climate so salubrious and temperate, neither too hot nor too cold, in different seasons, being constantly fanned by the sea breezes on one side, and mountain winds on the other; so that all constitutions find here the climate that suits them best. The high lands afford unbounded and never failing pasture; the richest vegetation is spread universally, covering the soil as with a garment, which from its extent, cannot be exhausted in this age; and at this time plentifully stocked with wild game, sufficient to afford the first settlers provisions of animal food for a long time, or until they can raise stock. The vegetation in the fall season resembles the sea in gentle motion, with small but unbroken swells, waving with the wind in succession, as far as can be discovered by the natural eye. This country, in my conception, bears a striking resemblance, in every point of view, to the country around and about Jordan, where the Patriarchs lived in tents, tended their flocks, and moved for pasturage, where pleasure and convenience excited them.

In all my travels throughout that delightful region, I was constantly reminded of the promised land; its soil, its plains, and mountains, and many other natural similarities, will bear comparison.

Whether I shall ever be permitted to enjoy this modern Canaan, is a destiny to me unknown; but trust I have that faith that will enable me, like Joshua, to cross the Jordan of Texas, not with an army for hostile purposes, but with a host of friends, to inherit the land.

Desultory.

[SELECTED.]

"LET'S SEE YOU DO IT."

Mr. Editor: When I was a boy, and went to school, this saying was often repeated by my schoolmates; if a boy was in the habit of boasting of performances of which he was suspected of being incapable, he was sure of having said to him "let's see you do it." The impression left on my mind by this simple remark, has never been erased, and it is often brought forcibly to my recollection, during the common occurrences of life.

When I hear a merchant who has stopped payment call a meeting of his creditors, and assure them there will be no loss, that it is but a temporary suspension, and he will without doubt soon be enabled to pay 20 shillings in the pound, I cannot help exclaiming, 'say five instead of twenty,' and "Let's see you do it."

When I hear a miserable penurious character complaining of the hard times, boasting of the many charitable acts he has done, and declaring it cost him an immense sum per annum.—"Ah! friend, (says I) boast less, act more!" and "Let's see you do it."

When I hear a young lady, who is on the wrong side of thirty, conveying an idea she is ten years younger, and slyly insinuating how many offers she has refused, and how easily she might be married, I am strongly urged to repeat, "Let's see you do it."

When I see a young man, whose father has labored hard to earn a competency, spending his time and money in dissipation, lolling about a tavern, swearing, drinking and boasting how much he knows of farming, merchandising or book keeping, I voluntarily exclaim, young man "let's see you do it."

When I hear a young man whose general deportment does not evince much christianity or religion, exhorting to temperance, Godliness and brotherly love, thinks I to myself, show the example, and "Let's see you do it."

When I see a young man signing a note, promising to pay sixty days after date, a larger amount than he is worth, my dear sir, thinks I, I shall be extremely glad at the expiration of the time, if you'll "Let's see you do it."

When I hear a company of women over a cup of tea, disseminating scandal, blaming their neighbors for the very faults they are guilty of in a greater degree, and prescribing a correct course of conduct which they ought to pursue, with deference they should be told, "Let's see you do it."

When I hear a pert young gentleman set himself up for a critic, boldly

condemn what he has not the sense to understand, and swear he can write much better, I make no hesitation in asking him, "Let's see you do it."

When I hear a lawyer boasting how successful he has been in recovering damages for his client, or a Physician how skilful in saving his patients (when the contrary is well known of both of them) gentlemen, says I, "Let's see you do it."

When an editor is so generous as to offer to be the medium of conveying our thoughts to the public, I then say to him, as I now do to you, "Let's see him do it."

This subject might be pursued much farther; suffice to say, *works* are the criterion to judge a man by, and not *words*. A great philosopher being asked why we have two ears and but one mouth? answered, "that we may hear much and speak little." And I conceive the reason why we have two hands and but one tongue, is, that we may do much and boast little.

VICAR OF MADELY AND THE DUELLIST.

Mr. Fletcher had a very profligate nephew, a military man, who had been dismissed from the Sardinian service for base and ungentlemanly conduct.—He had engaged in two or three duels, and dissipated his resources in a career of vice and extravagance. This desperate youth waited one day on his eldest uncle, General de Gons, and presented a loaded pistol; threatening to shoot him unless he would immediately advance him five hundred crowns; the General, though a brave man, well knew what a desperado he had to deal with, and gave a draft for the money, at the same time expostulating freely with him on his conduct. The young madman rode off triumphantly with his ill gotten acquisition. In the evening, passing the door of his younger uncle, Mr. Fletcher, he determined to call on him, and began with informing him what General de Gons had done, and as a proof, exhibited the draft under de Gons' own hand: Mr. Fletcher took the draft from his nephew, and looked at it with astonishment—then, after some remarks, putting it into his pocket, said "It strikes me young man, that you have possessed yourself of this note by some indirect method, and in honesty cannot return it but with my brother's knowledge and approbation."—The nephew's pistol was immediately at his breast; "my life," replied Mr. Fletcher, with perfect calmness, "is secure in the protection of an Almighty power; nor will he suffer it to be the forfeit of my integrity and your rashness." This firmness drew from the nephew the observation, that his uncle de Gons, though an old soldier, was more afraid of death than his brother—"Afraid of death!" rejoined Mr. Fletcher; "do you think I have been twenty-five years the minister of the Lord of life to be afraid of death now? No, sir, it is for you to fear death, you are a gamester and a cheat, yet call yourself a gentleman! You are a seducer of female innocence, and still say you are a gentleman! You are a duellist, and for this you style yourself a man of honor! Look there, sir, the broad eye of Heaven is fixed upon us—tremble in the presence of your Maker, who can in a moment kill your body, and for ever punish your soul in hell. The unhappy man turned pale, and trembled with fear and rage—he still threatened his uncle with instant death. Fletcher, though thus menaced, gave no alarm, sought for no weapon, and attempted not to escape; he calmly conversed with his profligate relation, and at length perceiving him to be affected, addressed him in language truly parental, till he had fairly subdued him. He would not return his brother's draft, but engaged to procure for the young man some immediate relief. He then prayed with him, and after fulfilling his promise of assistance, parted with him, with much good advice on one side, and many fair promises on the other. The power of courage, founded on piety and principles, together with its influence in overcoming the wildest and most desperate profligacy, were never more finely illustrated than by this anecdote. It deserves to be put into the hands of every self-styled 'man of honor,' to show him how far superior is the courage that dares to die, though it dares not to sin, to the boasted prowess of a man of the world. How utterly contemptible does the desperation of the duellist appear, when contrasted with the noble intrepidity of such a christian soldier as the humble Vicar of Madely.

ECCLESIASTICAL CHARTERS.

A very important decision has lately been made by the supreme court of Pennsylvania, involving several points of great importance to Ecclesiastical Charters. Unhappily, protracted dissensions have existed in the corporation of St. Mary's, a Roman Catholic Church of Philadelphia, almost the oldest at that place. It is composed of eight lay and three clerical members. These two branches disagreeing, the lay members, desirous of altering the charter, so as to exclude the clerical applied, as a majority of the members to the supreme court, to sanction the alterations. In our sister state, the legislature neither grants nor amends the ordinary charters of incorporation, but by a wiser course, those who are desirous of obtaining or changing one are required to submit their articles to the attorney general, and afterwards to the supreme court; and if they each approve and certify, that the charter or amendment contains nothing contrary to law, the object sought for becomes established. In this manner the case came before the court, who decided, that the clerical part of the corporation, existing as a separate order of men, must be represented in the meeting which applies for the alterations; and if any one be excluded by a vote, the meeting is not lawful; that the excluded clergyman not attending for a few meetings, did not forfeit his corporate rights; that the corporation could not try nor degrade their pastor as being contrary to the basis of the Roman Catholic Church, any more than it could appoint him. It had been before determined by the same court, that a Presbyterian congregation could not remove their minister, the being the right of the Presbytery alone, with appeal to the synod, and thence to the general assembly.

But the most remarkable part of the decision is that, which recognizes the Pope, as the foreign head of the church. "Something was said," observed Mr. Justice Tilghman, "in the argument of the danger of a foreign head of an American church. But the laws have expressed no apprehension of any such danger; and if our Roman Catholic brethren do, in their consciences, believe, that the power of conferring, withdrawing the sacred rights of the clergy, has been handed down, in succession, from the holy Apostle St. Peter, to the present Pontiff Pius VII. the people of the U. States of America have seen nothing in this belief, either criminal or dangerous to civil liberty. Neither has it been remarked, that during our revolutionary struggle, or on any trying occasion since, the members of that Church have been less patriotic than their fellow Christians of other denominations. Their priests, therefore, are entitled to, and will receive, the same protection as other clergy."

We might enlarge upon the technical bearing of this interesting judicial determination, but that would not be acceptable to our general readers, for whose information the above sketch will prove sufficient and satisfactory.

[Federal Republican.]

EXCELLENCE OF TRUE RELIGION.

True religion gives an engaging delicacy to our manners, which education or nature may mimic, but can never attain to. A sense of our infirmities and insufficiency makes us modest. A sense of divine presence makes us decent and sincere. A sense of our corruption, natural and moral, makes us humble. A sense of divine goodness and mercy, makes us obliging and compassionate. A sense of our immortality makes us cheerful and happy. True religion is a principle of heavenly peace and light within us, which expands itself over the human frame and conduct, and sheds light and beauty on all around us. At ease within ourselves, we cannot give others trouble; when the master is God, the servants Godlike, and if our conversation be on heaven, the graces of heaven will dwell on our lips, and shine forth in our actions. Religion, when it is sincerely embraced, gives contentment and patience to the sick, joy to the penitent, strength to the weak, sight to the blind, and life in death itself.

The time which is redeemed from what is wrong is of little value, if not dedicated to what is right; and it is not enough that the doctrines of the Gospel furnish a subject for discussion, if they do not furnish a principle of action.