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

FROM THE NORTHERN WHIG.

TO ——.

Fair Hymen is entreating,
Now in thy maiden prime,
And beauty fast is fleeting
Before the touch of time.
There's bliss for thee when wedded,
There's bliss for thee in store,
(And fairest hands shall shed it,)
Unknown to thee before.

Then seize the boon that's offered
Unmix'd with pain or grief;
And take the bliss that's proffered,
For time's a callous thief,
Who views thy gems departing
In silence quick away,
Without remorse for starting
The besom of decay.

Thy virtue is the purest
Of all thy beauties bright,
Then strive to make it surest
Ere winter's freezing blight:
Shall dim the stars that grace it;
While slander has an art
Foul envy will embrace it,
To cheer its gangrene heart.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

MAN—FROM PINDAR.

Alas how transient is the vernal hour,
When mortal bliss expands its tender flow'r,
Scarce open to the light its glory flies,
It trembles on the stalk, fades, droops and dies!

Poor fragile being of a sunny day!
What shall I say thou art?—a breath?—a span?
Still, still too much!—a fleeting shadow?—nay,
Dream of a fleeting shadow!—*Such is man.*

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

FROM SOUTHEY'S OMNIANA.

LABRADOR.

The following narrative is from the periodical account of the Moravian missions. It contains some of the most impressive descriptions I ever remember to have read.

Brother Samuel Leibsich (now a member of the elders' conference of the unity) being at that time entrusted with the general care of the brethren's missions on the coast of Labrador, the duties of his office required a visit to Okkak, the most northern of our settlements, and about one hundred and fifty English miles distant from Nain, the place where he resided. Brother William Turner being appointed to accompany him, they left Nain in March the 11th, 1782, early in the morning, with very clear weather, the stars shining with uncommon lustre. The sledge was driven by the baptised Esquimaux Mark, and another sledge with Esquimaux joined company.

An Esquimaux sledge is drawn by a species of dogs, not unlike a wolf in shape. Like them they never bark, but howl disagreeably. They are kept by the Esquimaux in greater or larger packs or teams in proportion to the affluence of the master. They quietly submit to be harnessed for their work, and are treated with little mercy by the heathen Esquimaux, who make them do hard duty for the small quantity of food they allow them. This consists chiefly in offal, old skins, entrails, such parts of whale flesh as are unfit for other use, rotten whale fins, &c. and if they are not provided with this kind of dog's meat, they leave them to go and seek dead fish or muscles on the beach.

When pinched with hunger they will swallow almost any thing, and on a journey it is necessary to secure the harness within the snow house over night, lest by devouring it, they should render it impossible to proceed in the morning. When the travellers arrive at their night quarters, and the dogs are unharnessed, they are left to burrow in the snow, where they please, and in the morning are sure to come at their driver's call, when they receive some food. Their strength and speed, even with a hungry stomach, is astonishing. In fastening them to the sledge, care is taken not to let them go abreast. They are tied by separate thongs, of unequal lengths, to an horizontal bar on the fore-part of the sledge; an old knowing one leads the way, running ten or twenty paces ahead, directed by the driver's whip, which is of great length, and can be well managed only by an Esquimaux. The other dogs follow like a flock of sheep. If one of them receives a lash, he generally bites his neighbor, and the bite goes round.

To return to our travellers: the two sledges contained five men, one woman and a child. All were in good spirits, and appearances being much in their favor, they hoped to reach Okkak in safety in two or three days. The track over the frozen sea was in the best possible order, and they went with ease at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. After they had passed the Islands in the bay of Nain, they kept at a considerable distance from the coast, both to gain the smoothest part of the ice, and to weather the high rocky promontory of Kiglapeti. About eight o'clock they met a sledge with Esquimaux turning in from the sea. After the usual salutation, the Esquimaux alighting, held some conversation, as is their usual practice, the result of which was, that some hints were thrown out by the strange Esquimaux, that it might be better to return. However, as the missionaries saw no reason whatever for it, and only suspected that the Esquimaux wished to enjoy the company of their friends a little longer, they proceeded. After some time, their own Esquimaux hinted that there was a ground swell under the ice. It was hardly perceptible, except on lying down and applying the ear close to the ice, when a hollow disagreeable grating and roaring noise was heard, as if ascending from the abyss. The weather remained clear except towards the east, where a bank of white clouds appeared, interspersed with some dark streaks. But the wind being strong from the north west, nothing less than a sudden change of weather was expected. The sun had now reached its height, and there was as yet little or no alteration in the appearance of the sky. But the motion of the sea under the ice had grown more perceptible, so as rather to alarm the travellers: and they began to think it prudent to keep closer to the shore. The ice had cracks and large fissures in many places, some of which formed chasms of one or two feet wide, but as they are not uncommon even in its best state, and the dogs easily leap over them, they are only terrible to new comers.

As soon as the sun declined towards the west, the wind increased and rose to a storm, the bank of clouds from the east began to ascend, and the dark streaks to put themselves in motion against the wind. The snow was violently driven about by partial whirlwinds, both on the ice, and from off the peaks of the high mountains, and filled the air. At the same time the ground swell had increased so much, that its effect upon the ice became very extraordinary and alarming. The sledges, instead of gliding along smoothly upon an even surface, sometimes ran with violence after the dogs, and shortly after seemed with difficulty to ascend the rising hill, for the elasticity of so vast a body of ice, of many leagues square, supported by a troubled sea, though in some places 3 or 4 yards in thickness, would, in some degree, occasion an undulatory motion not unlike that of a sheet of paper accommodating itself to the surface of a rippling stream. Noises were now likewise distinctly heard in many directions, like the report of a cannon, owing to the bursting of the ice at some distance.

The Esquimaux therefore drove with all haste towards the shore, intending to take up their night quarters on the south side of the Nivak. But as it plainly appeared that the ice would break and disperse in the open sea, Mark advised to push forward to the north of the Nivak, from whence he hoped the track to Okkak might still remain entire. To this proposal the company agreed, but when the sledges approached the coast, the prospect before them was truly terrific. The ice broken loose from the rocks was forced up and down, grinding and breaking into a thousand pieces against the precipices, with a tremendous noise, which, added to the raging of the wind, and the snow driving about in the air, deprived the travellers almost of the power of hearing and seeing any thing distinctly.

To make the land at any risk, was now the only hope left; but it was with the utmost difficulty the frightened dogs could be forced forward, the whole body of ice sinking frequently below the surface of the rocks, then rising above it. As the only moment to land was that when it gained the level of the coast, the attempt was extremely nice and hazardous.—However, by God's mercy it succeeded; both sledges gained the shore, and were drawn up the beach with much difficulty.

The travellers had hardly time to reflect with gratitude to God on their safety, when that part of the ice from which they had just made good their landing burst asunder, and the water forcing itself from below, covered and precipitated it into the sea. In an instant, as if by a signal given, the whole mass of ice, extending for several miles from the coast, as far as the eye could reach, began to burst, and be overwhelmed by the immense waves. The sight was tremendous and awfully grand; the large fields of ice, raising themselves out of the water, striking against each other, and plunging into the deep with violence not to be described, and a noise like the discharge of innumerable batteries of heavy guns. The darkness of the night, the roaring of the wind and sea, and the dashing of the waves and ice against the rocks, filled the travellers with sensations of awe and horror, so as almost to deprive them of the power of utterance. They stood overwhelmed with astonishment at their miraculous escape, and even the heathen Esquimaux expressed gratitude to God for their deliverance.

FROM THE MISSOURI INTELLIGENCER.

THE BEAVER HUNTER.

There appears in the character of the inhabitants who reside immediately on a frontier, certain doubtful features that render it difficult to determine to which side of the boundary they belong. Thus it is with our borderers of Missouri who have taken up their residence in the neighborhood of the Indian lands, and in many instances have adopted the habits, manners and costume of the natives.

Michael Shuckwell, or as he has been more familiarly denominated, *Mike Shuck*, may be presented as a sample of these volunteer Barbarians. Amongst the earliest settlers of Kentucky, *Mike Shuck* was known a white headed hardy urchin, whom nobody claimed kin to, and who disclaimed connexion with all mankind.

He was inured to danger in the course of the Indian wars of that period; and when the celebrated Col. Boon migrated to this country, Mike was one of his numerous followers. Advancing as the settlements progressed, for the convenience of hunting, he has at last found himself pushed beyond the boundary of that tract of country to which the Indian title has been extinguished. At present Mike Shuck claims a portable citizenship, or a floating title to a residence that he locates for the time being wherever he may chance to lay himself down for the night. His subsistence he draws from nature's grand store-house, by means of an old rusty rifle that has been his constant companion since his first campaign under General George Rogers Clark.

He possesses, in an eminent degree, a knowledge of all the minutiæ of trapping, and he appropriates his autumns, the proper season for this branch of his business, in exploring the small creeks that put into the Missouri above the settlements. He is frequently discovered "at the peep of dawn," bare-headed and bare-footed, pursuing the meanderings of these water courses, bending under a load of traps, to learn whether or not his bait has attracted the cautious victim; or for the purpose of locating his traps more advantageously.

Such is the accuracy of his skill, that he can make up a pack of beaver, where an Indian, with all his rude knowledge of natural history, would esteem the prospect hopeless. A gentleman who was in the pursuit of elk, about the middle of November last, discovered this modern Crusoe at evening, laden with his effects, that by great good fortune at this time amounted to about a pack-horse load. He proposed to encamp with him for the night. Mike muttered a kind of grumbling assent, and led the way first through an extensive hazle thicket, thence descending into a ravine, he proceeded by a devious route thro' a compact grove of swamp ash, and at length arrived at a cheerful fire that had previously been lighted up by our hero; but for which the place would have been as dreary as purgatory is represented to be. The owls themselves, however pressing their necessities, could scarcely have flapped their way into this dismal labyrinth. But Mike and his *plunder*, as he very properly termed it in this instance, (for it was the legitimate property of the Indians) was safe. Mike Shuck threw down his burden, and turned to his follower with a malicious smile, or rather hysteric grin, and desired him to be seated. The hospitality of his board, if a bearskin spread on the ground deserves the name, was tendered with little ceremony, and consisted of a beaver tail and an elk marrow bone, both of which were prepared on the coals by mine host in his own proper person.

Mike, as I have before remarked, claims no family connexions; and if he ever had any, he has outlived them; he is therefore making no provision for legacy hunters. But he is always, when he deigns to make use of his tongue, grumbling about his arrangements for an easy independent old age, and speaks of it as if it was yet very far distant, although he has attained almost fourscore. When the trapping season is over, he betakes himself to his *craft*, as he is pleased to term a cotton wood canoe, and proceeds to market with his usual indifference towards the elements. On one occasion, when his cargo was fairly afloat on the angry current of the Missouri, and Mike had extended his weather-worn limbs upon the shore, for repose, his bow-fast (a grape vine) parted, and his frail bark put to sea without a pilot. On making this discovery in the morning, he was chagrined, but not discouraged by the event. He lost no time, but instantly set off in pursuit of his fortune; on the third day he discovered his craft, self-moored under the lee of a raft of drift wood, without having sustained the smallest injury in hull, rigging or cargo. Michael was so much rejoiced, that, by inspiration or instinct, he was induced to offer a hasty prayer of thanksgiving; but whether it was directed to *God*, *Man*, or the *Devil*, I have not been informed. As old Michael disdains to decorate his pericranium with the beaver he may entrap, his hair has been suffered to grow into a matted gristly substitute, and at present very much resembles the borrowed wig of a strolling player. His features too are worn by time, and the storms of nearly 80 winters, into the inflexibility of a barber's block. With all these evidences to the contrary, he professes to be extremely happy. He insists that he relishes his meals infinitely better than a professed epicure; and he contends that Madeira can by no means bear a comparison with spring water.

I do not envy him his happiness, nor would I recommend copying his pursuits; yet I believe, most religiously, that such a life of active exertion, by giving to the blood a vigorous circulation, will insure health and cheerfulness to the spirits, while an inert sedentary life, will be fruitful only in blue-devils. AURORA BOREALIS.

ILLUSTRATION OF JONAH IV. 8.

And it came to pass, when the sun did arise, that God prepared a vehement east wind; and the sun beat upon the head of Jonah that he fainted, and wished in himself to die, and said, It is better for me to die than to live.

This account of the extreme heat of the climate of Nineveh, is well illustrated in the ingenious Mr. Campbell's travels:

'It was early in the evening when the pointed turrets of the city of Mosul opened on our view, and communicated no very unpleasant sensations to my heart. I found myself on Scripture-ground, and could not help feeling some portion of the pride of the traveller, when I reflected that I was now in sight of Nineveh, renowned in holy writ. The city is seated in a very barren sandy plain, on the banks of the river Tigris. The external view of the town is much in its favor, being encompassed with stately walls of solid stone, over which the steeples or minarets of other lofty buildings are seen with increased effect. Here I first saw a caravan encamped, halting on its march from the Gulph of Persia to Armenia; and it certainly made a most noble appearance, filling the eye with a multitude of grand objects, all uniting to form one magnificent whole. But, though the outside be so beautiful, the inside is most detestable. The heat is so intense, that, in the middle of the day, there is no stirring out: and even at night, the walls of the houses are so heated by the day's sun, as to produce a disagreeable heat to the body, at a foot or even a yard distance from them. However, I entered it with spirits, because I considered it as the last stage of the worst part of my pilgrimage:—but, alas! I was disappointed in my expectation, for the Tigris was dried up by the intensity of the heat and an unusual long drought, and I was obliged to take the matter with a patient shrug, and accommodate my mind to a journey on horseback, which, though not so long as that I had already made, was likely to be equally dangerous; and which, therefore, demanded a full exertion of fortitude and resolution.

'It was still the hot season of the year, and we were to travel through that country, over which the horrid wind I have before mentioned sweeps its consuming blasts. It is called, by the Turks, *Samiel*, is mentioned by holy Job, under the name of the East Wind, and extends its ravages all the way from the extreme end of the Gulph of Cambaya up to Mosul; it carries with it flakes of fire like threads of silk:—instantly strikes dead those that breathe it, and consumes them inwardly to ashes, the flesh soon becoming black as a coal, and dropping off the bones. Philosophers consider it as a kind of electric fire, proceeding from the sulphureous or nitrous exhalations, which are kindled by the agitation of the winds. The only possible means of escaping from its fatal effects, is to fall flat on the ground, and thereby prevent the drawing it in; to do this, however, it is necessary first to see it, which is not always practicable.

'The ordinary heat of the climate is extremely dangerous to the blood and lungs, and even to the skin, which blisters and peels from the flesh, affecting the eyes so much, that travellers are obliged to wear a transparent covering over them, to keep off the heat.'

FROM CHALMERS.

We cannot but remark of the Bible, how uniformly and decisively it announces itself in all its descriptions of the state and character of man,—how, without offering to palliate the matter, it brings before us the totality of our alienation,—how it represents us to be altogether broken off from our allegiance to God,—and how it fears not in the face of those undoubted diversities of character which exist in the world, to assert of the whole world, that it is guilty before him. And if we would only seize on what may be called the elementary principle of guilt,—if we would only take it along with us, that guilt, in reference to God, must consist in the defection of our regard, and our reverence from him,—if we would only open our eyes to the undoubted fact, that there may be such an utter defection, and yet there may be many an amiable, and many a graceful exhibition, both of feeling and of conduct, in reference to those who are around us,—then should we recognize in the statements of the Bible, a vigorous, discerning, and intelligent view of human nature,—an unfaltering announcement of what that nature essentially is, under all the plausibilities which serve to disguise it,—and such an insight, in fact, into the secrecies of our inner man, as if carried home by that Spirit, whose office it is to apply the word with power into the conscience, is enough, of itself, to stamp upon this book, the evidence of the Divinity which inspired it.

It was not by inflicting pains and penalties that Christianity first made its appearance in the world: the divine truths it inculcated received irresistable confirmation from the LIVES, PRACTICE, and EXAMPLES, of its venerable professors. These were arguments which no popular prejudice could resist, no Jewish logic refute, and no Pagan persecution discredit. Had the primitive Christians only *praised* and *promulgated* the most perfect religion the world ever saw, it could have produced but very slender effects on the faith and manners of the people, if the jealous and inquisitive eye of malice could have detected that the DOCTRINES they recommended had not been illustrated by the LIVES they led.

HANNAH MORE.

One great cause of the neglect of religion is the want of self-examination. Men are fearful of examining their actions, because their judgments condemn what their inclinations approve; and in this voluntary blindness, they grope their way through life, to the brink of eternity.

You must pardon numerous trivial faults in your friends, if you will live well with them, or even with yourself. No man is perfect.