

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



I'VE SEEN.

I've seen at morn, a stainless sky,
A heaven as blue as beauty's eye;
But long ere noon, destruction's form
Was riding on the whirlwind storm.

I've seen the bark with snowy sail
Ride proudly on the swelling gale;
I've turned again—the mountain wave
Was wreathing o'er her coral grave.

I've seen the gay and laughing bride,
With health and splendor at her side;
I've look'd again—the wedding ring
Was wrapt in death's cold covering.

I've seen the hero's tyrant brow
Environ'd with the laurel bough;
But ah! oblivion's sable pall
Has dimm'd the blooming coronal.

And such is life—a changing scene—
Its blisses "few and far between;"
To-day, the sunshine of delight—
To-morrow, wretchedness and night.

How many bards have sung of youth,
When all was novelty and truth;
And deck'd in garb of fairy dress
Its days of light and loveliness.

Reverse the picture—time will show
Its flitting shades of joy and wo;
And though its smiles are bright to-day
To-morrow sees them fade away.

The following lines are said to be the last that
ever Cowper wrote:

To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

My Saviour! whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion and power.

Dissolve thou the bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Oh! strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

Then that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glory I shine,
And no longer pierce with my sins
The bosom on which I recline.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

FROM THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

One of the most valuable and best written books touching the immediate interests of the United States, which has issued from our press, is this day published by Messrs. Cary & Lee. It is in two volumes of 500 pages each, and accompanied with an atlas. The mechanical part of the books is well executed. We have hastily, but with deep interest, perused those two volumes. They contain a mass of information as to the country and Indians. Its face and resources, its rivers and other natural riches, now for the first time spread before, expand our minds so as almost to embrace the future population and greatness of the United States. While our imaginations wander over the villages and hunting grounds of the Indians, and our eyes may be said to behold them in the enjoyment of health and activity, and our ears to hear the eloquence which promises so much, if the mind whence it flows were cultivated; when these objects present themselves we cannot but regret that they will soon be no more. It seems a dispensation of Providence that the Indian race must, every where, fall before the scythe of civilization. We submit a quotation from the "expedition to the Rocky Mountains," which, while it presents a fair specimen of the work, conveys information of an interesting character. The party under Major Long, were within two miles of the Pawnee village when an Indian messenger requested them to halt to enable the Chiefs to make suitable arrangements to meet the representatives of a nation "so great and powerful as that of the Big Knives."

After waiting a short time, we observed, at the distance of a mile before us, a great number of mounted Indians emerging suddenly apparently from the plain itself, for we could not then see a ravine that had previously concealed them from our view. They immediately began to ride in various directions, and to perform numerous evolutions until the whole were arranged

in a widely extended line. These rapid movements, which attracted our attention from other objects, having ceased, we perceived a small body of men in front, whose movements were independent of the others, and who were advancing at a moderate pace. When all were formed, they set forward slowly at first, but gradually increased their speed as they approached. It is impossible by description to do justice to the scene of savage magnificence that was now displayed. Between three and four hundred mounted Indians, dressed in their richest habiliments of war, were rushing round us in every direction, with streaming feathers, war weapons, and with loud shouts and yells. The few whom we had observed in advance of the main body, and whom, as they came near, we recognized to be the chief men, presented a perfect contrast to the others in their slow movements, and simplicity of dress. Courtesy obliged us to shake hands with each individual as they came to us in succession for that purpose, nor was a single soldier of our train forgotten on this occasion by any of them. They expressed great satisfaction on account of our visit, rubbing their breasts in token of their sincerity of this pleasure. Many remarked that the nation had been mourning for their grievous losses in a recent battle with an enemy; but that grief should give place to rejoicing. Major O'Fallon addressed the Indians, as usual—after which we again moved on towards the village. Latelesha, the grand chief, perceiving that the division of his warriors that were on our left, raised some dust on the march, ordered them to leeward that we might not be incommoded.

Almost from the beginning of this interesting fete, our attention had been attracted to a young man who seemed to be the leader or partizan of the warriors. He was about 23 years of age, of the finest form, tall, muscular, exceeding graceful, and a most prepossessing countenance. His head dress of war eagles' feathers, descending in a double series upon his back like wings, to his saddle croup, his shield was highly decorated, and his long lance was ornamented by a plated casing of red and blue cloth. On inquiring of the interpreter, our admiration was augmented by learning that he was no other than Petalsharoo, with whose name and character we were already familiar. He is the most intrepid warrior of the nation, eldest son of Latelesha, destined as well by mental and physical qualification, as by his distinguished birth, to be the future leader of this people. Seeing that his father had taken a place in our cavalcade on the left of Major O'Fallon, he rode up on his right, to the exclusion of a brave officer who had previously occupied that situation, and now regarded him with an apparently stern aspect, but in which there was perhaps more of admiration than of irritation at this unexpected intrusion. The young chief caught the look, and retorted with an eye that seemed never to have been reverted through fear. The name of Petalsharoo is connected with the abolition of a custom formerly prevalent in this nation, at which humanity shudders.

The Pawnee Loups heretofore exhibited the singular anomaly, amongst the American natives, of a people addicted to the inhuman, superstitious rites of making propitiatory offerings of human victims to Venus, the Great Star. The origin of this sanguinary sacrifice is unknown—probably it existed previous to their intercourse with the white traders. This solemn ceremony was performed annually, and immediately preceded their horticultural operations, for the success of which it appears to have been instituted. A breach of this duty, the performance of which they believe to be required by the Great Star, it was supposed would be succeeded by the total failure of their crops of maize, beans, and pumpkins, and the consequent total privation of their vegetable food.

To obviate a national calamity so formidable, any person was at liberty to offer up a prisoner of either sex, that by his prowess in war he had become possessed of.

The devoted individual was clothed in the gayest and most costly attire—profusely supplied with the choicest food, and constantly attended by the magi, who anticipated all his wants, cautiously concealed from him the real object of their sedulous attention and endeavored to preserve his mind in a state of cheerfulness, with a view

of producing obesity, and thereby render the sacrifice more acceptable to their Ceres.

When the victim was thus sufficiently fattened for the purpose, a suitable day was appointed for the performance of the rite, that the whole nation might attend.

The victim was bound to a cross, in presence of the assembled multitude, when a solemn dance was performed, and after some other ceremonies, the warrior whose prisoner he had been, cleaved his head with the tomahawk, and his speedy death was insured by numerous archers, who penetrated his body with their arrows.

A trader informs us that the squaws cut pieces of flesh from the deceased, with which they grease their hoes; but this was denied by another who had been present at one of these sacrifices. However this may be, the ceremony was believed to have called down a blessing upon the labours of the field, and they proceeded to planting without delay.

The present mild and humane chief of the nation, Latelesha, or Knife-chief, had long regarded this sacrifice as an unnecessary and cruel exhibition of power, exercised upon unfortunate and defenceless individuals, whom they were bound to protect, and he vainly endeavored to abolish it by philanthropic admonitions.

An Ietan woman who was brought captive into the village, was doomed to the Great Star, by the warrior, whose property she had become by the fate of war. She underwent the usual preparation, and on the appointed day, was led to the cross, amidst a great concourse of people, as eager, perhaps, as their civilized fellow-men, to witness the honors of an execution. The victim was bound to the cross with thongs of skin, and the ceremonies being performed, her dread of a most terrible death was about to be terminated by the tomahawk and the arrow. At this critical juncture, Petalsharoo, (son of Knife-chief,) stepped forward into the arena, and in a hurried and firm manner, declared that it was his father's wish to abolish this sacrifice; that for himself, he had presented himself before them for the purpose of laying down his life upon the spot, or for the purpose of releasing the victim. He then cut the cords which bound her to the cross, carried her swiftly through the crowd to a horse, which he presented to her, and having mounted another himself, he conveyed her beyond the reach of immediate pursuit; when, after having supplied her with food, and admonishing her to make the best of her way to her own nation, which was at the distance of at least four hundred miles, he was constrained to return to his village. The emancipated Ietan had, however, the good fortune, on her journey of the subsequent day, to meet with a war party of her own people, by whom she was conveyed to her family in safety.

This daring deed would, almost to a certainty, have terminated in an unsuccessful attempt, under the arm of any other warrior, and Petalsharoo was, no doubt, indebted for this successful and noble achievement to the distinguished renown, which his feats of chivalry had already gained for him, and which commanded the high respect of all his rival warriors.

Notwithstanding the signal success of this enterprise, another display of the firmness and determination of the young warrior was required, to abolish this sacrifice, it is to be hoped forever. The succeeding spring a warrior who had captured a fine Spanish boy, vowed to sacrifice him to the Great Star, and accordingly placed him under the care of a magi for that purpose.

The Knife-chief learning the determination of the warrior, consulted with his son respecting the best means of preventing a repetition of the horrible ceremony. "I will rescue the boy," said Petalsharoo, "as a warrior should, by force;" but the Knife-chief, unwilling that his son should again expose himself to a danger so imminent, as that which he had once encountered in this cause, hoped to compel the warrior to exchange his victim for a large quantity of merchandize, which he would endeavor to obtain with that view. For this purpose he repaired to Mr. Pappan, who happened to be in the village for the purpose of trade, and communicated to him his intentions. Mr. Pappan generously contributed a considerable quantity of merchandize, and much was added by himself, Petalsharoo and other Indians.

All this treasure was laid up in a heap together, in the lodge of the Knife

chief, who, thereupon, summoned the warrior before him. The chief armed himself with his war-club, and explained the object of his call, commanding the warrior to accept of the merchandize, and yield up the boy, or prepare for instant death. "The warrior refused, and the chief waved his club in the air towards the warrior. Strike, said Petalsharoo, who stood near to support his father, "I will meet the vengeance of his friends." But the more prudent and politic chief, added a few more articles to the mass of merchandize, in order to give the warrior another opportunity of acquiescing without breaking his word.

This expedient succeeded; the goods were reluctantly accepted, and the boy was liberated, and was subsequently conducted to St. Louis by the traders. The merchandize was sacrificed in place of the boy; the cloth was cut in shreds and suspended by poles at the place of sacrifice, and many of the valuables were consumed by fire. It is not expected that another attempt will be made to immolate a human victim, during the life of Petalsharoo, or of his benign father.

THE COMET.

It is little more than a century since the appearance of one of these interesting visitors excited the utmost consternation: it was considered the terrific harbinger of some terrible calamity to the human race, if not the entire dissolution of the world. Nor was this infatuation confined to the ignorant multitude: men of science and information entertained the same apprehension, and give weight to the prevailing opinion, by openly expressing their fears. A remarkable instance of this sort occurred in the case of the celebrated Mr. Whiston, who at the period to which we allude, occupied the first rank among the literati of the day.

This scholar, having ascertained that a comet would make its appearance on the 4th October, 1712, announced the fact to the public, added that total dissolution of the world would be the immediate consequence. He fixed the day on which the conflagration was to take place. This led to many ludicrous occurrences. Some took possession of all the small boats on the river Thames, sagaciously concluding, that during a fire, the water was the safest place.—Some attorneys who had enriched themselves by the ruin of their clients, gave public notice that they were ready to make restitution. The stocks fell considerably, and there was a great run on the banks. A Dutch Captain then in the river, threw his cargo, gunpowder, overboard, that the ship might not be damaged. The Archbishop of London's palace was crowded by divines, consulting their chiefs as to form of prayer to be used on this alarming occasion.

Some of the Queen's maids of honor burnt their profane books, and substituted works of piety in their place; and on the day previous to that on which conflagration was looked for, several noblemen who kept mistresses, attended church with them in order to get married. The Comet made its appearance! A change took place in the minds of those who had made restitution for the wrongs they had committed: a change, however, which proved of little service to them.—*Not Advocate.*

THE COSSACKS.

The following Anecdotes are related of these people, by a writer who has described the Characteristic Portraits of the various tribes, when they were at Dresden in the Campaign of 1815.

"The narrative of these people were (was) expressed in a very different manner towards another young lady, like wise of a genteel family, who, out of economy, and supposing her guest to be so injured to hardship as to be proof against all sorts of weather, had directed that no fire should be made in the quarters destined for them. Though the almanac had for some days announced the return of all reviving spring the Cossacks experienced none of its enlivening effects in the uncomfortable quarters. dissatisfied with the place, they sallied out in quest of warmer lodging. It was not long before they discovered one. This was the apartment of the young lady of the house. Ah! here warm—here good—stay with mamsell. a strong position against the cold in mamsell's room; thither all their baggage also was soon transported. Mamsell, unless she had chosen to turn Cossacks too, was obliged to relinquish her apartment to her gallant guest, and to procure in another the climate that she had quitted. "A servant maid, groaning under the weight of a large basket of damped linen, met a party of

Cossacks. They took the basket from her, convinced her by their gestures that they intended no harm, and intimidated by signs to the poor girl, to show them which way she was going: They not only carried the basket to the mangle, but helped to turn it for a whole hour; and, when they had done, desired nothing but a kiss for their pains.

"A Cossack surrounded by a legion of boys, whom he sometimes took by the hand and sometimes set a running by throwing his cap for them to bring back again, met a lad selling cakes.—He immediately laid an embargo on the whole stock of the itinerant trader, which he divided among his merry companions, reserving for himself about a dozen cakes, which he put into the pocket of his wide breeches. Whilst occupied in housing them, he spied an elegant lady coming towards him, but who was about to turn off to avoid the crowd of boys. The Cossack ran up to her, pulled the cakes three at a time out of the magazine, and offered them to the lady, half dead with fright, Mamsell, good!—Dobre, mamsell! said he, with a friendly smile. When however neither kind words nor gestures could prevail on mamsell to accept the cakes, he thrust them into her reticule, and respectfully kissed her fair hands, in spite of all her endeavors to disengage them from his grasp. The lady made a precipitate retreat, and the Cossack watched as long as she was in sight with a look of concern. "The booksellers' shop, where representations of all the Russian nation were to be seen in the windows, were always beset with crowds of Cossacks, who manifested the greatest joy on discovering themselves among them.

"The Cossack colonel Prince G—n, was quartered with a lady of rank.—The footman, on the latter going out of the house one evening about nine o'clock, observed a Cossack before the door holding two horses. To his utter astonishment, he soon discovered that it was no other than Prince G. his mistress's guest. Good God! said he, 'is your highness holding horses?' 'Yes; a Cossack who did not know me, just as I was coming out of the house, asked me to hold them for a moment.—I did not like to refuse him. But the fellow stays rather too long; I have been standing here almost an hour.—'Let me take the bridle; I will hold the horses.' 'No; I must keep the promise which I have given a Cossack. A Cossack never breaks his word.'—While the servant was expressing his surprise at this kind of observance of the word of a Prince, the Cossack came up, recognized the illustrious horse holder, and threw himself at the feet of his colonel, who mildly said, as he went away, 'Another time don't stay so long.'

PROVIDENCE.

"Nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give."

The various orders of vegetables which have been provided for the countless forms of animated existence, in the different quarters of the globe, are eminently illustrative of the provident care of the creator, and show us how great and how good is the Father of the families of the whole earth.—The following passage from St. Pierre, is so well calculated to impress this truth, that it is unnecessary to apologize for its introduction. "The sluggish cow pastures in the cavity of the valley; the bounding sheep on the declivity of the hill; the scrambling goat browses among the shrubs of the rock; the duck feeds on the water plants of the river; the hen, with attentive eye, picks up every grain that is scattered and lost in the field; the pigeon, of rapid wing, collects a similar tribute from the refuse of the grove; and the frugal bee turns to account even the small dust on the flower. There is no corner of the earth where the whole vegetable crop may not be reaped. Those plants which are rejected by one, are a delicacy to another, and even among the finny tribes, contribute to their fattness. The hog devours the hog-tail and henbane; the goat, the thistle and hemlock. All return in the evening to the habitation of man, with murmurs, bleatings, with cries of joy, bringing back to him, the delicious tribute of innumerable plants, transformed by a process the most inconceivable, into honey, milk, butter, eggs and cream."

A Magnet, weighing itself 32 pounds, and capable of suspending 162 pounds, has been made at Philadelphia under the direction of Mr. Lukens. It is said to be the most powerful magnet known.