

That deathless spark, the great Creator shed,
 In mortal frame—for which a Saviour bled—
 Bright emanation from the realms above,
 A stream descending from the fount of love—
 Alas! not his to lend a patient ear
 To pious counsels from a voice so dear;
 His heart had long disclaimed the easy yoke,
 Its hope abandon'd, its allegiance broke—
 But not unwarn'd—his restless spirit tost,
 On passion's ocean, ere 'twas wreck'd and lost,
 Had felt those sacred pleadings in the soul,
 The voice of conscience striving to control
 The tide of terror, and the headstrong will,
 Resolv'd its own destruction to fulfil—
 His rebel heart against conviction steeled,
 Had quench'd the saving light by Heaven reveal'd;
 Temptation came—no monitor within,
 Lifted Faith's shield against the darts of sin;
 No human power those arrows can repel,
 Secure in his own strength, the victim fell—
 In him wit, genius, eloquence combin'd,
 To form those rare accomplishments of mind,
 That give a majesty to form and face,
 And stamp the man superior to his race;
 Raised above poverty's heart-rending strife,
 His was the happy medium path of life;
 A child of earth, though not exempt from care,
 Born its sweet hospitalities to share—
 Born to assuage a widow'd mother's woe,
 On that sad day, that laid her husband low;
 When weeping, watching, in the lonely tent,
 To heaven, for him, her anxious prayers were sent,
 And war's tremendous music pealing near,
 Came in prophetic thunders to her ear;
 While fancy hov'ring o'er the charging host,
 Ere death had summon'd—wept her husband lost—
 She heard the heavy tidings on that morn,
 And ere night's shadows closed, her boy was born,
 Ah! what to her was that triumphant cry,
 What had she gained by Marlbro's victory?
 Those martial strains—those loud exulting cheers,
 Increase her pangs, and fill her eyes with tears—
 Back to her native Cambria's rocky shore,
 A widow'd heart—and orphan child she bore.

(To be continued.)

ANTICIPATIONS.

WE are now in the transitive state; the mists of ignorance are fast clearing away, and the seeds of knowledge, extensively sown, are springing up amidst a clearer atmosphere. By and bye, we may reasonably expect, in communities, what we may now observe in individuals, just notions of their own and other people's rights, more accurate perception of the consequence of pursuing certain lines of conduct, and an enlightened preference of the right above the wrong.—*W. Carpenter.*

EXTRACTS

FROM CATLIN'S NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

CROW AND WHITEFOOT INDIANS.

No man's imagination, with all the aids of description that can be given to it, can ever picture the beauty and wildness of scenes that may be daily witnessed in this romantic country; of hundreds of these graceful youths, without care to wrinkle, or a fear to disturb the full expression of pleasure and enjoyment that beams upon their faces—their long black hair mingling with their horses' tails, floating in the wind, while they are flying over the carpeted prairie, and dealing death with their spears and arrows to a band of infuriated buffaloes; or their splendid procession in a war parade, arrayed in all their gorgeous colours and trappings, moving with most exquisite grace and manly beauty, added to that bold defiance which man carries on his front, who acknowledges no superior on earth, and who is amenable to no laws except the laws of God and honour.

The Crows and the Blackfeet are exquisitely costumed; and, uncivilized as we hold them to be, it is quite apparent that they bestow infinite pains upon their toilet. The Crows, especially, excel in the elegance of their materials and in the choice and disposition of draperies:

A Crow is known wherever he is met by his beautiful white dress, and his tall and elegant figure; the greater part of the men being six feet high. The Blackfeet on the other hand, are more of the Herculean make—about middle stature, with broad shoulders, and great expansion of chest; and the skins, of which their dresses are made, are chiefly dressed black, or of a dark brown colour; from which circumstance, in all probability, and having black leggings or moccasins, they have got the name of Blackfeet.

The Crows are very handsome and gentlemanly Indians in their personal appearance; and have been always reputed, since the first acquaintance made with them, very civil and friendly.

(It would be difficult to find a more picturesque figure in any part of the world—even in luxurious Persia or the romantic dells of Sicily—than that of a Crow chieftain, mounted on his wild charger at the head of his troops. Of such a one Mr. Catlin gives us a portrait, and we hardly know whether he has painted him better in words or in colours):—

I have painted him as he sat for me balanced on his leaping wild horse with his shield and quiver slung on his back, and his long lance decorated with eagle's quills, trailed in his right hand. His shirt and his leggings, and moccasins, were of the mountain-goat skin, beautifully dressed; and their seams every where fringed with a profusion of scalp-locks taken from the heads of his enemies slain in battle. His long hair, which reached almost to the ground