

(ORIGINAL.)

MUSINGS.

Who hath not, in some thoughtful hour,
Felt all the charms of mirth
On the pressed spirit lose their power,
To give one pleasure birth,—
When all that charmed the soul before,
Could wake one pulse of joy no more ?

When beauty's blaze in festal hall
No longer could enchain,
The lights, the mazy dance, with all
Their circumstance seemed vain ;
Broke too was music's spell ; nor song
Its wonted rapture could prolong !

And dull, Wit's lightning flashes fell
Upon the storm-worn heart—
Reversed Love's more than Marsian spell
And dead the forceful art ;
Something so dread the soul had sealed,—
Gleanings of mystery revealed.

Then time was not—dead earthly pain,
Joy, Hope, Desire—as shot
Unseen along each shivering vein
That lightning bolt of thought ;
Fusing the future and the past
To present fearful Holocaust ;

Which gleamed with rich ethereal fire—
(The spirit's lambent flame,)
Annealing what of earth's desire
A heavenly birth might claim
The present God—the Eternal Eye—
The sense that grasps Eternity.

RUSSEL.

AN EXPOSED INDIAN.

CATLIN, in his valuable work, on the North American Indians, gives the following description of a scene which fell under his own eye, and which was customary among many of the tribes—the *exposing* of an aged Indian, who was too weak to accompany the tribe in its pursuit of food :—

The tribe were going where hunger and dire necessity compelled them to go ; and this pitiable object, who had once been a chief and a man of distinction in his tribe, who was now too old to travel, being reduced to mere skin and bones, was to be left to starve, or meet with such death as might fall to his lot, and his bones be picked by the wolves ! I lingered around this poor old forsaken patriarch for hours before we started, to indulge the tears of sympathy which were flowing for the sake of this poor benighted and decrepid old man, whose worn out limbs were no longer able to support him ; their kind and faithful offices having long since been per-

formed, and his body and his mind doomed to linger in the withering agony of decay and gradual solitary death. I wept, and it was a pleasure to weep, for the painful looks, and the dreary prospects of this old veteran, whose eyes were dimmed, whose venerable locks were whitened by an hundred years, whose limbs were almost naked as he sat by a small fire which his friends had left him, with a few sticks of wood within his reach, and a buffalo's skin stretched upon some crotches over his head. Such was to be his only dwelling, and such the chances for his life, with only a few half picked bones that were laid within his reach, and a dish of water, without weapons or means of any kind to replenish them, or strength to move his body from its fatal locality.

In this sad plight I mournfully contemplated this miserable remnant of existence, who had unluckily outlived the fates and accidents of the woods, to die alone, at death's leisure. His friends and his children had left him, and were preparing in a little time to be on the march. He had told them to leave him ; "he was old," he said, "and too feeble to march. "My children," said he, "our nation is poor, and it is necessary that you should all go to the country where you can get meat ; my eyes are dimmed, and my strength is no more ; my days are nearly all numbered, and I am a burden to my children. I cannot go, and I wish to die. Keep your hearts stout and think not of me." In this way they had finished the ceremony of *exposing* him, and taken their final leave of him. I advanced to the old man, and was undoubtedly the last human being who held converse with him. I sat by the side of him ; and although he could not distinctly see me, he shook me heartily by the hand, and smiled, evidently aware that I was a white man, and that I sympathized with his inevitable misfortune. I shook hands again with him and left him, steering my course towards the steamer, which was a mile or more from me, and ready to resume her voyage up the Missouri.

This cruel custom of exposing their aged people, belongs, I think, to all the tribes who roam about the Prairies, making severe marches, when such decrepid persons are totally unable to go, unable to ride or to walk, when they have no means of carrying them. It often becomes absolutely necessary in such cases that they should be left ; and they uniformly insist upon it, saying, as this old man did, that they are old—that they left their fathers in the same manner—that they wish to die, and their children must not mourn for them.

HONEST PRIDE.

If a man has a right to be proud of any thing, it is of a good action, done, as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.—*Sterne's Letters.*