

INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF KENTUCKY.

At the first meeting of the Kentucky Historical Society, the following anecdote of Indian generosity and magnanimity was related by a gentleman distinguished in the annals of Kentucky:—

About the year 1784 or 1785, Mr. A. Rowan embarked in a barge at the falls of the Ohio, where Louisville now stands, with a party, to descend the river. The boat having stopped at the Yellow Banks, on the Indian side, some distance below, Mr. Rowan borrowed a rifle of one of the company, stepped on shore and strolled into the bottom, probably rather in pursuit of amusement than game; for, from always having been of a feeble constitution, and averse to action, he knew not how to use a rifle, and, besides, had with him but the single charge of ammunition which was in the gun. He unconsciously protracted his stay beyond what he intended; and returning to the spot where he had landed, saw nothing of the boat or the company he had left. It being a time of hostility with the Indians, and suspicious of their approach having alarmed the party, they had put off and made down the stream with all possible haste, not daring to linger for their companion on shore.

Mr. Rowan now found himself alone on the banks of the Ohio, a vast and trackless forest stretching around him, with but one charge of powder, and himself too unskilled in the use of the rifle to profit even by that, and liable at any moment to fall into the hands of the savages. The nearest settlement of the whites was Vincennes, (now in the Indiana,) distant probably about one hundred miles. Shaping his course as nearly as he could calculate for this, he commenced his perilous and hopeless journey. Unaccustomed to travelling in the forest, he soon lost all reckoning of his way, and wandered about at venture. Impelled by the gnawings of hunger, he discharged his rifle at a deer that happened to pass near him, but missed it. The third day found him still wandering, whether toward Vincennes or from it, he knew not—exhausted, famished, and despairing. Several times he had lain down, as he thought, to die. Roused by the sound of a gun not far distant, betokening, as he well knew, the presence of the Indians, he made his way toward the spot whence the report had proceeded, resolved, as a last hope of life, to surrender himself to those whose tender mercies he knew to be cruel.

Advancing a short distance he saw an Indian approaching, who, on discovering him—as the first impulse was on any alarm, with both the whites and Indians on the frontiers, in time of hostilities—drew up his rifle to his shoulder, in readiness to fire. Mr. Rowan presented the butt of his, and the Indian, with French politeness, turned the butt of his also. They approached each other. The Indian, seeing his pale and emaciated appearance, and understanding the cause, took him to his wigwam, a few miles distant, where he cooked for him for several days, and treated him with the greatest hospitality. Then, learning from him by signs that he wished to go to Vincennes, the Indian immediately left his hunting, took his rifle and a small stock of provisions, and conducted him in safety to that settlement, a distance from his cabin of about eighty miles.

Having arrived there, and wishing to reward well the generous Indian to whom he owed his life, Mr. Rowan made arrangements with a merchant of the settlement, to whom he made himself known, to give him three hundred dollars. But the Indian would not receive a farthing. When made to understand by Mr. Rowan through an interpreter, that he could not be happy unless he would accept something, he replied, pointing to a new blanket near him, that he would take that; and added, wrapping his own blanket around his shoulders, "when I wrap myself in it, I will think of you."

Where was there ever a white man, that even in a time of peace would have so befriended an Indian?

"PHILANTHROPY, my friends, is of *no particular sect*; it is confined by no paltry form of rule; it *knows no distinction*, but that of the *happy or unhappy*; it is older than the gospel, eternal as that great source from whence it springs, and often beats higher in the heathen's heart, than in those of many who are called Christians; who, though under the influence of the most benevolent of all possible systems, yet not unfrequently refuse both relief and compassion to the petitions of the wretched, and the entreaty of the unhappy. God forbid that the genuine feelings of humanity were confined to this or that mode of faith! God forbid that any ridiculous prejudice should hinder me from reverencing the man, (however we may differ in speculative notions,) whose gentle spirit flies out to soothe the mourner; whose ear is attentive to the voice of sorrow; whose pittance is shared with those who are not the world's friends; whose bountiful hand scatters food to the hungry, and raiment to the naked; and whose peaceful steps, as he journeyeth on his way, are blessed, and blessed again by the uplifted eye of thankful indigence, and the sounds of honest gratitude from the lips of wretchedness."—*Dean Kirwan.*

A glass of water is sometimes worth a ton of wine and a penny a pound.

A good word is as soon said as an ill one.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"Unto Him who loved us, and gave himself for us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."—*Revelations.*

How hath He loved us?—Ask the star,
That on its wondrous mission sped,
Hung trembling o'er that manger scene
Where He—Immanuel—bowed his head;
He, who of earth doth seal the doom,
Found in her lowliest inn—no room.

Judea's mountains, lift your voice,
With legends of the Saviour fraught;
Speak favored Olivet—so oft,
At midnight's prayerful vigil sought,
And Cedron's brook, whose rippling wave
Frequent his weary feet did lave.

How hath He loved us?—Ask the band
That fled his foes with breathless haste;
Ask the weak friend's denial tone,
Scarcely his bitterest tears effaced;
Then ask the traitor's kiss and see
What Jesus hath endured for thee!

Ask of Gethsemane, whose dews
Shrunk from that moisture strangely red,
Which, in that unwatched hour of pain,
His agonizing temples shed!
The scourge, the thorn, whose anguish sore
Like the unanswering lamb he bore.

How has he loved us?—Ask the cross,
The Roman spear, the shrouded sky,
Ask of the shrouded dead, who burst
Their prisons at his fearful cry—
O ask no more! but bow thy pride,
And yield thy heart to Him who died.

THE SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shatter'd wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand,
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land?
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions,
Of beauteous souls! Eternity's own land!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

Oh! Land!—Oh! Land!
For all the broken-hearted—
The wildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

TO AN APRIL FLOWER.

Dear little flower!
My heart swells strangely, as I look on thee,
When April shower
And scanty sunbeams left thy blossoms free,
And thy young trusting eye looks up to me!

But, fragile thing!
Hast thou the power of the wind—tempast tried?
Whom wilt thou cling,
Or where from danger canst thou hope to hide,
When the storm-spirit o'er the earth shall ride!

And if the storm
Happily should spare thee, one may wander nigh,
And thy fair form,
Admired a moment, then cast idly by,
Alone, neglected on the ground to die.

And thus ye fade,
Bright band of flowers! a day, an hour ye smile,
In joy arrayed,
And then death comes, and where, fair things! are ye?
Beautiful as ye are, oh! who a flower would be!

APRIL SNOW.

It will not stay—the robe so pearly white,
That fell in folds o'er nature's bosom bare,
And sparkled in the winter moonbeam's light,
A vesture pure as holy spirits wear—
It will not stay! Look, how from open plain
It melts beneath the glance of April's sun!
Nor can the rock's cool shade the snow detain;
E'en there it will not stay—its task is done:
Why should it linger? Many-tinted flowers,
And the green grass, its place will quickly fill,
And, with new life from sun and kindly showers,
Will deck again the meadow and the hill,
Till we regret to see the earth resume
This snowy mantle for her robe of bloom.

EARLY GREEK COSMOGRAPHY.—According to the ideas of the Homeric and Hesiodic ages, it would seem that the world was a hollow globe, divided into two equal portions by the flat disk of the Earth. The external shell of this globe is called by the poets *brazen* and *iron*, probably only to express its solidity. The superior hemisphere was named Heaven, the inferior one Tartarus. The length of the diameter of the hollow sphere is given thus by Hesiod. It would take, he says, nine days for an anvil to fall from Heaven to Earth; an equal space of time would be occupied by its fall from Earth to the bottom of Tartarus. The luminaries which gave light to gods and men shed their radiance through all the interior of the upper hemisphere; while that of the inferior one was filled with eternal gloom and darkness, and its still air unmoved by any wind.

The Earth occupied the centre of the World, in the form of a round flat disk, or rather cylinder, around which the river Ocean flowed. Hellas was probably regarded as the centre of the Earth; but the poets are silent on this point. They are equally so as to the exact central point, but probably viewed as such Olympus, the abode of the gods. In after times, Delphi became the *navel of the Earth*. The Sea divided the terrestrial disk into two portions, which we may suppose were regarded as equal. These divisions do not seem to have had any peculiar names in the time of Homer. The Northern one was afterwards named Europe; the Southern, at first called Asia alone, was in process of time divided into Asia and Libya. The former comprised all the country between the Phasis and the Nile, the latter all between this river and the Western Ocean.

In the Sea the Greeks appear to have known to the west of their own country Southern Italy and Sicily, though their ideas respecting them were probably vague and uncertain; and the imagination of the poets, or the tales of voyagers, had placed in the more remote parts of it several islands, such as Ogygia the isle of Calypso, Ææa that of Circe, Æolia that of Æolus, Scheria the abode of the Phœacians,—islands, in all probability, as ideal and as fabulous as the isles of Panchaia, Lilliput or Brobdignag, though both ancients and moderns have endeavoured to assign their exact positions. Along its Southern coasts lay, it would appear, the countries of the Lotus-eaters, the Cyclopes, the Giants, and the Læstrigians. These isles and coasts of the Western part of the Sea were the scenes of most of the wonders of early Grecian fable. There, and on the isles of the Ocean, the passage to which was supposed to be close to the island of Circe, dwelt the Sirens, the Hesperides, the Grææ, the Gorgons, and the other beings of fable.

The only inhabitants of the Northern portion of the Earth mentioned by Homer, are the Hellens and some of the tribes of Thrace. But Hesiod sang of a happy race, named the Hyperboreans, dwelling in everlasting bliss and spring beyond the lofty mountains, whose caverns were supposed to send forth the piercing blasts of the north wind, which chilled the people of Hellas. According to Pindar, the country of the Hyperboreans, from which the river Ister flowed, was inaccessible either by sea or land. Apollo was their tutelary deity, to whom they offered asses in sacrifice, while choirs of maidens danced to the sound of lyres and pipes, and the worshippers feasted, having their heads wreathed with garlands of the god's favourite plant, the bay. They lived exempt from disease or old age, from toils and warfare, and, conscious of no evil thoughts or acts, they had not to fear the awful goddess Nemesis.—*Keightley's Mythology.*

HEROES.—It were well if there were fewer heroes; for I scarcely ever heard of any but did more mischief than good. These overgrowing mortals commonly use their will with their right hand, and their reason with their left. Their pride is their title, and their power puts them in possession. Their pomp is furnished from rapine, and their scarlet is dyed with human blood. If wrecks, and ruins, and desolation of kingdoms, are marks of greatness, why do not we worship a tempest, and erect a statue to the plague? A panegyric upon an earthquake is every jot as reasonable as upon such conquests as these.

A COMPLIMENT.—A Frenchman who had learned English, wished to be particularly polite, and never neglected an opportunity of saying something pretty. One evening he observed to Lady R., whose dress was fawn-coloured, and that of her daughter pink—"Mildady, your daughter is the pink of beauty." "Ah, monsieur, you Frenchmen always flatter." "No, madam, I only do speak the truth, and what all the world will allow, that your daughter is the pink, and your ladyship the *drab* of fashion!" It was with great difficulty the Frenchman could be made to comprehend his *sottise*.

COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.—During the domination of Bonaparte, sugar, coffee, tobacco, cotton-twist, etc. were sent by sea from London to Salonica, (in European Turkey,) whence these goods were carried on horses and mules, across Servia and Hungary, into the whole of Germany, and even into France: so that goods were consumed at Calais, coming from England, only seven leagues distant, which goods had made a circuit equivalent, as far as expense went, to a voyage twice round the world!