

THE GARDEN.



"With sweetest flowers enliven'd, From various gardens culled with care."

SUMMER'S GONE.

BY MISS. SUTTON. Hark, through the dim woods' dying, With a moan, Faintly the woods are sighing— Summer's gone!

THE REPOSITORY.

The Creole Village.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING. Is travelling about our motley country, I am often reminded of Aristotle's account of the moon, in which the good paladin Astolpho found every thing garnered up, that had been lost on earth...

In descending one of our great western rivers in a steam-boat, I met with two worthies from one of those villages, who had been on a distant excursion, the longest they had ever made, as they seldom ventured far from home.

This very substantial old gentleman, though of the fourth or fifth generation in this country, retained the true Gallie stamp of feature and peculiarity of deportment, and reminded me of one of those provincial potentates, the important man of a petty arrondissement, that are to be met with in the remote parts of France.

Beside this African domestic, the signor of the village had another no less cherished and privileged attendant. This was a huge dog, of the mastiff breed, with a deep, hanging mouth, that gave an air of stately gravity to his physiognomy.

Compre Martin, as he was commonly called, was the factotum of the place—spitsman, school-master, and land surveyor. He could sing, dance, and play, above all play, on the fiddle, an invaluable accomplishment in one of these old French creole villages, for the inhabitants have a hereditary love for balls and fetes; if they work but little, they dance a great deal, and a fiddle is the joy of their heart.

What had sent Compre Martin travelling with the Grand Signor I could not learn; he evidently looked up to him with great deference, and was assiduous in rendering him petty attentions from which I concluded that he lived at home upon the crumbs which fell from his table.

Like his opulent fellow traveler, he too had his canine follower and retainer—and one suited to his different fortunes—one of the civiled, homely, most unoffending little dogs in the world. Unlike the lordly mastiff, he seemed to think he had no right on board of the steam-boat; if you did but look hard at him, he would throw himself upon his back, and lift up his legs, as if imploring mercy.

At table he took his seat at a little distance from his master, not with the bluff confidence of a man of the staff, but quietly and diffidently; his head on one side, with one ear dubiously slouched, the other hopefully cocked up; his under teeth projecting beyond his black nose, and his eyes wistfully following each morsel that went into his master's mouth.

If Compre Martin now and then should venture to abstract a morsel from his plate, to give to his humble companion, it was edifying to see with what diffidence the exemplary little animal would take hold of it, with the very tip of his tooth, as if he would almost rather not, or was fearful of taking too great a liberty. And then with what decorum would he eat it! How many efforts would he make in swallowing it, as if it stuck in his throat; with what daintiness would he lick his lips; and then with what an air of thankfulness would he resume his seat, with his teeth once more projecting beyond his nose, and an eye of humble expectation fixed upon his master.

It was late in the afternoon when the steam-boat stopped at the village which was the residence of my fellow voyagers. It stood on the high bank of the river, and bore traces of having been a frontier trading post. There were the remains of the stockades that once protected it from the Indians, and the houses were in the ancient Spanish and French-colonial taste, the place having been successively under the dominion of both those nations prior to the cession of Louisiana to the United States.

The arrival of the signor of fifty thousand dollars, and his humble companion Compre Martin, had evidently been looked forward to as an event in the village. Numbers of men, women, and children, white, yellow, and black, were collected on the river bank; most of them clad in old-fashioned French garb, and their heads decorated with colored handkerchiefs or white nightcaps.

The old gentleman of fifty thousand dollars was received by a train of relatives, and friends, and children, and grandchildren, whom he kissed on each cheek, and who formed a procession in his rear, with a legion of domestics, of all ages, following him to a large old-fashioned French house, that dominated over the village.

His black valet de chambre, in white jacket and trowsers, and gold ear-rings, was met on the shore by a boon, though rustic companion, a tall negro fellow, with a long, good-humored horse face, which stood out in strong relief from beneath a narrow-rimmed straw hat, stuck on the back of his head.

The most hearty reception, however, was that given to Compre Martin. Every body, young and old, hailed him before he got to land. Every body had a joke for Compre Martin, and Compre Martin had a joke for every body. Soon his little dog appeared, to partake of his popularity, and to be caressed by every hand. Indeed, he was quite a different animal the moment he touched the land. Here he was at home; here he was of consequence. He barked, he leaped, he frisked about his old friends, and then would skin round the place in a wide circle, as if mad.

I traced Compre Martin and his little dog to their home. It was an old ruinous Spanish house, of large dimensions, with verandas overshadowed by ancient elms. The house had probably been the residence, in old times, of the Spanish commandant. In one wing of this crazy, but aristocratic abode, was nestled the family of my fellow traveler; for poor devils are apt to be magnificently clad and lodged, in the cast-off clothes and abandoned palaces of the great and wealthy.

The arrival of Compre Martin was welcomed by a legion of women, children, and mongrel curs; and as poverty and gaunet generally go hand in hand among the French and their descendants, the crazy mansion soon resounded with loud gossip and light-hearted laughter.

As the steam-boat paused a short time at the village, I took occasion to stroll about the place. Most of the houses were in the French taste, with easements and rickety verandas, but most of them in flimsy and ruinous condition. All the wagons, ploughs, and other utensils about the place were of ancient and inconvenient Gallic construction, such as had been brought from France in the primitive days of the colony.

As I passed by one of the houses, the hum of a spinning wheel came issuing forth, accompanied by a scrap of song, which a girl was singing as she sat at her labor. It was an old French chanson, that I have heard many a time among the peasantry of Languedoc; and the sound of it brought many a bright and happy scene to my remembrance. It was doubtless an old traditional song, brought over by the first French emigrants, and handed down from generation to generation.

Half a dozen young lasses emerged from the adjacent dwellings, reminding me, by their light step and gay costume, of the scenes in ancient France, where taste in dress comes natural to every class of females. The trim bodices and colored petticoat, and the little apron, with its pockets to receive the hands when in an attitude for conversation; the coloured kerchief wound tastefully round the head, with a coquettish knot perching above one ear; and then the neat slipper and the tight drawn stocking, with its braid of narrow ribbon embracing the ankle where it peeps from its mysterious curtain. It is from this ambush that Cupid sends his most inciting arrows.

While I was musing upon the recollections thus accidentally summoned up, I heard the sound of a fiddle from the mansion of Compre Martin, the signal, no doubt, for a joyous gathering. I was disposed to turn my steps thither, and witness the festivities of one of the very few villages that I had met with in my wide tour, that was yet poor enough to be merry; but the bell of the steam-boat summoned me to re-embark.

As we swept away from the shore, I cast back a wistful eye upon the moss-grown roofs and ancient elms of the village, and prayed that the inhabitants might long retain their happy ignorance, their absence of all enterprise and improvement, their respect for the fiddle, and their contempt for the almighty dollar. I fear however my prayer is doomed to be of no avail. In a little while the steam-boat whirled me to an American town, just springing into bustling and prosperous existence.

The surrounding forest had been laid out in town lots; frames of wooden buildings were rising; among stumps and burnt trees. The place already boasted a court-house, a jail, and two banks, all built of pine boards, on the model of Grecian temples. There were rival hotels, rival churches, and rival newspapers; together with the usual number of judges, and generals, and governors; not to speak of doctors by the dozen and lawyers by the score.

The place, I was told, was in an astonishing career of improvement, with a canal and two rail-roads in embryo. Lots doubled in price every week; every body was speculating in land; every body was rich; and every body was growing richer. The community, however, was torn into pieces by new doctrines in religion and in political economy; there were camp-meetings and agrarian meetings; and an election was at hand which it was expected, would throw the whole country in paroxysm.

Alas! with such an enterprising neighbor, what is to become of the poor little creole village! HOME CHRISTIANS.—These are the true Christians. A late divine being asked what he thought of a certain pious individual remarked, "I have never lived with him." This is the true test. That man who is what the Bible requires him to be, lets his light shine at home even more brightly than it does before the world.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

The following article from the Baltimore Monument, is written in an excellent spirit, and furnishes some correct ideas in relation to the Temperance reform.

Temperance.

Sweet to an American, is the reflection that the Temperance Institution is indebted to his own country, for its existence. When he casts his eye over the face of the moral world and discovers the astonishing effects of this association—when he sees the Genius of Temperance walking through the earth, scattering in rich profusion, her blessings, and collecting her honors with her brow blooming with the wreath of glory, and her path strewn with the offerings of gratitude, her bosom swells with joy and overflows with thankfulness to Him whose hand has set his brilliant gem in the coronet of his nation's character.

What a lustre does this fact reflect upon our country! Is it the boast of America that she has given birth to a patriotic WASHINGTON, an eloquent HENRY, and an illustrious JEFFERSON? Is the fame of these individuals her most sacred treasure? It shall also be her pride that she executed the noble plan of liberating the world from the tyranny of intemperance.

But a few years have elapsed since the organization of the first Temperance Association. Though the current of opposition has been strong—though it has had to battle with one of the most violent and ancient foes—Temperance has succeeded in achieving many victories and winning many trophies. How many neighborhoods has it regenerated! How many families has it exalted and blessed! How many of the outcasts and indigent has it embraced in its encircling arms, and around what numbers has it thrown its impenetrable barrier!

What a cheering state of things will be brought about, when the temperance plan shall have fully accomplished its design! Relieved of its oppressive burden, our afflicted land shall raise her drooping head and smile for joy. Then shall the beauty of Eden return to our sin-desolated globe—then shall our curse be removed, and peace and plenty shall once more revisit our earth and spread their balmy influence throughout her borders.

With such success awaiting them, shall the friends of this reformation indulge in evil apprehension! Can they despair, when their past unexampled success is the prophet that foretells this triumph in future. Let them not despond. The sincerity of their motives and the justness of their cause will secure for them the approbation and aid of God, and the assistance of all the virtuous of their race. However severely the storm of opposition may beat, the tree, planted by the hands of piety and patriotism, shall strike its roots deeper and deeper, its top shall tower higher and higher, and its branches spread wider and wider, until all nations shall repose in its cooling shade and partake of its healthful fragrance.

VARIETY.

THE PRESS.—An intellectual, fearless, liberal and courteous journal, is an ornament to the place of its location, and a blessing to the community in which it circulates. Intellect is power, and through no channel can that power be exerted more salutary success, than the public press. The press is a mighty engine for good or evil in the hands of its conductors. To promote benefits it must be free—untrammeled by individuals or combinations—it should speak no man's sentiments exclusively, nor be an auxiliary of his prejudices or passions. It must be courteous, stopping not out by the wayside to attack individuals that are comparatively defenceless and for ought but to indulge in personal spleen. It must be intellectual, for every blockhead with vanity enough to consider himself a writer, shall interlard its columns with artificially constructed, senseless and vulgar communications; it cannot enjoy that reputation which is essential to its influence. In proportion as it shall be directed of these qualities—its proportion as it shall be corrupt, licentious and profligate—it is a loathsome excrement—a blighting curse.

WE copy the following from the "Bellefonte Patriot"—adding, simply, that it contains at least, "more truth than poetry." EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.—The situation of an editor is the most irksome one imaginable—that is, in the compass of professions, trades, and occupations. Under the most favorable circumstances he is but meanly remunerated for his services. He labors for half price, and half his earnings never grace his pocket. His losses, through the negligence and dishonesty of his "patrons," the misconduct of postmasters, and from other causes, are immense—amounting to at least 33 per cent of the moneys justly due to him, and in some instances even more. We speak plain words—perhaps "words that burn"—but they are the truth. We appeal to all acquainted with the business, to say, are they not! And further, an editor is looked upon as the dear public's very humble foot-ball, which every jackal in his own interests has a right to kick about for his own amusement and amusement! Vain delusion!

THE BRAIN.—M. Courbe, a French physician, has recently examined the brain of a human being with a powerful microscope, by which means he finds it presents small globules slightly elliptical in shape. These are larger in the grey than

in the white substance of the brain. They are conglobated by acids, like those of the blood and milk. The analysis finds, besides the salts discovered by Vanquelin, lactic acid, sulphur and phosphorus—a pulverent yellow fat, an elastic fat a reddish yellow oil, white fatty matter, and cholesterol. The portions which abound after this analysis, or treatment with ether and alcohol, is mostly composed of albumen, coagulated globules and of membranous substance. The elements of the substances obtained by the analysis of Courbe, are carbon in the proportions of about 63 to the 100 parts, Hydrogen 10, Azote, 5 1-2, Phosphorus 2 1-2 Sulphur 2 1-2 and Oxygen 15, in each of the five above mentioned substances, with the exception of the last (cholesterin) in which carbon is in the proportion of 85, hydrogen 12, and oxygen 3, in the 100 parts.

HOW A MAN MARRIED HIS OWN SISTER.—The Dedham Patriot, says that a marriage once took place at Canton, Massachusetts, under the following circumstances. The bridegroom when quite a small boy, ran away from his parents, who lived in Lower Canada. In process of time, the father died—the mother married again, and the fruits of this union were several daughters. The daughters grew up, and the parents not having the means to support them, they went to work in Factories. One strayed to Cant. n Factory, where by a fortuitous circumstance, the runaway happened to be at work. He soon became acquainted with this girl, and before a full history of each other's origin was developed, married her. In a few days it was ascertained that they both had one mother.—This of course greatly confused and astonished both parties, from which arose strong conscientious scruples as to the propriety of brother and sister, living together in a state of matrimony; and upon mature consideration, they resolved mutually to dissolve their connexion as man and wife.

TO MAKE LERCHES BITZ.—This is an important object and one we perceive with pleasure to have been effected by a Doctor Eiden. Small holes are cut in a piece of blotting paper corresponding to the places on the skin which it is desired the leeches shall be attached. This being moistened and applied, the leeches crawl about until they come to the holes in the paper, when they immediately take hold.

ALCHEMY REVIVED.—The late Experiments reported at the British associations prove that Mr. Cross has done more than the boldest alchemist ever dreamed of doing, for he stated that "any mineral, or metal," by his electro-galvanism, might be found by man! This is neither more nor less than the alchemist's transmutation. Truly are the dreams of antiquity about becoming realities.

THE REASON WHY.—Almost every thing consumed in a family, now commands exorbitant prices, except cream, of which, by the way, there is none. Inquiring of our milkman the reason of its scarcity, he satisfied our query by saying that "Milk has its so tarmling high that cream can't reach the top!—Dedham Patriot."

SCENES IN THE FAR WEST.

Another Interesting Letter.

RED PIPE STONE. ON THE COLEAU DU PRAIRIE, SEPT. 1830.

I wrote you a letter a few days since from this place, which, if it should have reached you, will have convinced you that I am in one of the most curious places on the continent. Curious, for the traditions respecting it, (some specimens of which will be given in the present epistle,) and also for the exceedingly picturesque and romantic appearance of the place itself. I had long ago heard many thrilling descriptions of this place given by the Indians, and had contracted the most impatient desire to visit it. It will be seen by some of the traditions inserted in this letter, from my notes taken on the Upper Missouri four years since, that those tribes have visited this place freely in former times, and that it has once been held and owned in common as neutral ground, amongst the different tribes who met at this place to renew their pipes, under some arrangement which stayed the tomahawk of these natural foes, always raised in deadly hate and vengeance in other places. It will be seen also, that within a few years past, (and that, probably, by the instigation of the whites, who have told them that by keeping off other tribes, and manufacturing the pipes themselves, and trading them to other adjoining nations, they can acquire much influence and wealth,) the Sioux have laid entire claim to this quarry; and as it is in the centre of their country, and they are more powerful than any of the other tribes, they are able successfully to prevent any access to it.

This place should have been visited for centuries past by all the neighboring tribes, who have hidden the war-club as they approached it, and stayed the cruelties of the scalping-knife, under the fear of the vengeance of the Great Spirit, who overlooks it, will not seem strange or unnatural when their religion and superstitions are known. That such has been the case there is not a shadow of doubt, and that even so recently as to have been visited by hundreds and thousands of Indians of different tribes, now living, and from many of whom I have personally drawn the information, some of which will be set forth in the following traditions; and as an additional (and still more conclusive) evidence of the above position, here are to be seen (and will continue to be seen for ages to come) the totens or arms of the different tribes who have visited this place for ages past, and deeply engraved their heraldry on the rocks, where they are to be seen and recognised in a moment, (and not to be denied,) by the passing traveler who has been among those tribes, and acquired even but a partial knowledge of them.

The thousands and tens of thousands of carvings and paintings on the rocks at this place, as well as the ancient diggings for the pipe-stone, will afford amusement for the world who will visit it, without furnishing the least data of the time at which these excavations commenced, or of the time at which the Sioux assumed the exclusive right to it. Among the many traditions which I have drawn personally from the different tribes, and which go to support the opinion above advanced, is the following one, which was related to me by a distinguished Kistineaux, on the Upper Missouri, four years since. After telling me that he had been to this place, and after describing it in all its features, he proceeded to say:

"That in the time of a great freshet, which took place many centuries ago, and destroyed all the

nations of the earth, all the tribes of the red men assembled on the Coteau du Prairie to get out of the way of the waters. After they had all gathered here from all parts, the water continued to rise until at length it covered them all in a mass, and their flesh was converted into red pipe-stone. Therefore it has always been considered neutral ground—it belonged to all tribes alike, and all were allowed to get it and smoke it together. While they were all drowning in a mass, a young woman (K-wap-tah-wa-a virgin) caught hold of the foot of a very large bird that was flying over, and was carried to the top of a very high cliff, not far off, that was above the water. Here she had twins, and their father was the War Eagle, and her children have since peopled the earth. The pipe-stone, which is the flesh of their ancestors, is smoked by them as the symbol of peace, and the eagle's quill denotes the head of the bravo."

TRADITION OF THE SIOUX.—Before the creation of man, the Great Spirit (whose tracks are yet to be seen on the stones at the Red Pipe, in form of the tracks of a large bird,) used to slay and devour the buffalo on the top of the Coteau du Prairie, and their blood, running into the ground, turned the stones red. One day, when a large snake had crawled into the nest of the bird to eat his eggs, one of the eggs hatched out in a clap of thunder, and the Great Spirit, catching hold of a piece of the pipe-stone to throw at the snake, mangled it into a man. This man's feet grew fast in the ground, where he stood for many ages, and therefore he grew very old; he was older than a hundred men at the present day; he bore a delicious fruit, some of which fell on the ground, and at last one of them grew up to a tree, where a large snake ate them both off at the roots, and they wandered off together; from those have sprung all the people that now inhabit the earth. After many ages, when all these different tribes were at war, the Great Spirit sent runners, and called them all together at the "Red Pipe." He stood on the top of the rocks, and the red people must be assembled on the plains below. He took out of the rock a piece of the red stone, and made a large pipe; he smoked it over them all; told them that it was part of their flesh; that the red man were made from it; that though they were at war, they must meet at this place as friends; that it belonged to them all that they must make their calumets from it, and smoke them to him, whenever they wished to appease him, or get his goodwill; the smoke from his big pipe rolled over them all, and he disappeared in its cloud; at the last whiff of his pipe, a blizz of fire rolled over the rocks and melted their surfaces—at that moment two squaws were in a blizz of fire under the two medicine rocks, where they remain to this day, and must be consulted and propitiated whenever the pipe stone is to be taken away."

The following speech of a Mandan, which was made to me in the Mandan village four years since, after I had painted his picture, I have copied from my note book as corroborative of the same facts:

"My brother: You have made my picture, and I like it much. My friends tell me they can see the eyes move, and it must be very good; it must be partly alive. I am glad it is done, though many of my people are afraid. I am a young man, but my heart is strong. I have jumped on to the main rock—I have placed my arrow on it, and no Mandan can take it away. The red stone is slippery, but my foot was true; it did not slip. My brother, this pipe, which I give to you, I brought from a high mountain—it is toward the rising sun; many were the pipes we brought from there—and we brought them away in peace.—We left our totens and our marks on the rocks—we cut them deep in the rocks, as you see, are now. The Great Spirit told all nations to meet there in peace, and all nations hid the war-club and tomahawk. The Sioux, who are our enemies, are very strong; they have taken up the tomahawk, and the blood of our warriors has run on the rock. My friend we want to visit our medicines—our pipes are old and worn out. My friend, I wish you to speak to our Great Father about this."

Shoo-di-ga-ka, chief of the Ponchas, on the Upper Missouri, also made the following allusion to this place, in a speech which he made to me on the occasion of presenting me a very handsome pipe about four years since:

"My friend—This pipe, which I wish you to accept, was dug from the ground, and cut and polished as you now see it, by my hands. I wish you to keep it, and when you smoke through it, recollect that this red stone is a part of our flesh. This is one of the last things we can ever give away. Our enemies, the Sioux, have raised the red flag of blood over the rocks, as you see, are now. The Sioux are many, and we cannot go to the mountain of the Red Pipe. We have seen all nations smoking together at that place; but my brother, it is not so now."

One of the old chiefs of the Sacs, on seeing some specimens of the stone which I had brought with me from that place, observed as follows:

"No, I have never seen it; it is in our enemies' country, I wish it were in ours, I would sell it to the whites for a great many boxes of money." Such are a few of the traditions relating to this curious place, and many others might be given which I have procured, though they amount nearly to the same thing. The position of the pipe-stone quarry is in a direction nearly west from the Falls of St. Anthony, at a distance of two hundred and twenty or thirty miles, on the summit of the dividing ridge between the St. Peter's and the Missouri rivers, being about equidistant from either. This dividing ridge is denominated by the French the "Coteau du Prairie"; and the "Pipe-stone" is situated near its southern extremity, and consequently not exactly on its highest elevation, as its general course is north and south, and its southern extremity is [Concluded on the Fourth Page.]