

INDIAN HYMN.

To the Spirit of God, called Narovena, i. e.
"moving on the water." (See *G. N.* v. 2.)

TRANSLATED BY SIR WILLIAM JAMES.

Spirit of spirits! who through every part
Of space expanded and of endless time,
Beyond the stretch of laboring thou sublime,
Bad'st up into beatuous order start,
Before heaven wast, thou art.

Ere spheres beneath us rolled, or spheres above,
Ere earth in firmament ether hung,

Thou sat'st alone; till through thy mystic lore
Things unexisting to existence sprung,
And grateful descent sung.—

What first impelled thee to exert thy might?
Goodness unlimited. What glorious light
Thy power directed! wisdom without bound.

What proved it first? oh! guide my fancy right.
Oh raise from cumbrous ground

My soul in rapture drowned;

That fearless it may soar on wings of fire,
For thou who only knowest, thou only canst inspire.

Omniscient spirit! whose all ruling power
Bids from each sense bright emanations beam,
Gleams in the rainbow, sparkles in the stream,
Smiles in the bud, and glistens in the flower

That crowns each vernal bower;
Sighs in the gale and warbles in the throat
Of every bird that hails the bloomy spring,
Or tells his tone in many a liquid note.

Whilst envious artists touch the rival string,
Till rocks and forests ring,

Breathes in rich fragrance from the sandal grove,
Or where the precious musk deer playful rove,

In dulcet juice from clustering fruit distils,
And burns salubrious in the tasteful clove;

Soft backs and vernal hills

Thy present influence fills:
In air, in floods, in caverns, woods and plains,
Thy will enlivens all, thy sovereign spirit reigns.

Blue crystal vault and elemental fires
That in ethereal fluid blaze and breathe;

Thou tossing man, whose snaky branches wreath
This penile orb with intertwined pyres,

Mountains, whose radiant spires

Presumptuous rear their summits to the skies,

And blend their emerald hue with sapphire light,

Smooth meads, and lawns, that glow with varying

dyes

Of dew bespangled leaves and blossoms bright,

Hence!—vanish from my sight—

Delusive pictures, unsubstantial shows!

My soul absorb'd one only being knows,

Of all perception one abundant source,

Whence every object, every moment flows,

Suns hence derive their force,

Hence planets learn their course:—

But Suns, and fading worlds! I view no more,

God only I perceive:—God only I adore.

From the desk of poor Robert the scribe.

EASIER COAXED THAN DRIVEN.

When I made my last visit to Applebury, I put off going to see my friend Luke Thornberry, and for the best reason in the world. Luke and his wife used to quarrel the live long day, and it is not very pleasant you know to visit where, 'I wot my dear,' and 'I'll see the devil take you first, my love,' make half the conversation. But Luke & I had always been on the best terms, and as for that matter, Mrs. Thornberry and I had never been at variance.

So one fine afternoon, it was I think just half past 3 o'clock, that I rapped at the door of the new house. And now while they were coming to open the door, I take time to open the door, I take time to tell you that every thing round it wore another guess appearance than when I was last at the farm. The garden fences were painted white, and the side walks ornamented with a row of handsome poplars. In the little yard in front of the house, the rose and the snow ball trees, scattering their leafy boughs to the frosts of autumn, indicated from the neatness with which they were trimmed, that the mind of the mistress was enough at ease to attend to such interesting trifles. And the old house dog came wagging his tail around me, telling me, as plain as a dog could tell—'you are welcome.' The nice observer need not be told of such good things. 'Walk in.' My good old friend that moment met me. Instead of that lean, half starved, be-pecked looking fellow he seemed ten years ago—why, sir, he was ruddy and as fat as a turtle fed alderman.—He gave that sort of cordial reception, which rather told by the eye and the pressure of the hand, than by words, that I was welcome. And Mrs. Thornberry too seemed delighted to see me. What an alteration! His wife was as happy a looking woman as I had ever seen in all Applebury. They both, I could perceive, marked my surprise at the perfect accordance of opinion and harmony of action in the house. After tea, the squire invited me to take a walk and see his new flock of Merinos.

'You seem,' said he, smiling 'a little surprised at the harmony which prevails between me and Mrs. Thornberry. Family affairs I do not often make a subject of conversation, but as you were my earliest friend, and used to sympathise with me in the misfortunes of having a cross partner, it is due you to tell the cause of this alteration.' I told him I was much pleased

with the happy change, and could not but be interested in the cause.

'When Jane and I married,' said he, 'I knew she possessed a good understanding, and a high spirit, I determined to be master at home, and took high ground, resolved to enforce obedience whenever it should be refused, taking care at the same time to command nothing wherein I had not a right to be obeyed; if my wife interfered, or interposed her opinion, my pride took the alarm least she should wear the breeches, and I would have things to suit myself. Jane grew cross and severe. I became morose and testy. For some time our life was miserable—my affairs began to get into disorder—she neglected the things in the house, and I every thing out of doors. Things all tended to an open rupture, and we resolved at length to part. She was the mother of my children; she had good sense—could be a good house wife, and I could not allege any greater offence against her, than that she could not submit to my government. Many a time, in our quarrels, she used to tell me, "EASIER COAXED THAN DRIVEN."

The thought struck me that before we finally separated, I would alter my plan of management. I became the best natured and politest husband in the world. What a metamorphose in Jenny! (said he, and the tear stood in his eye,) Jenny became the best natured and the most complying wife in all Applebury. I took her advice in every matter—she always advised just as I wished. If I got a nice peach from home, I always reserved it for her. She requited my attentions with four fold kindness. As she ill, I was unremitting in attentions. If I was sick, no angel could be kinder. In fine, said my friend, I became in truth a good husband, and that is the secret that wrought such a change in my wife, and I do verily believe if other husbands would only remember that a woman is 'EASIER COAXED THAN DRIVEN,' there would be infinitely more happiness in the married state.'

Extract of a letter dated Caracas.

"Venezuela, at this moment presents a very mournful and dreadful aspect. The rebel chiefs Cesnora and Centeno, have combined their forces, and given battle to the celebrated *Burro Negro* [black ass] so renowned from having captured a cannon from the Spaniards during the revolutionary struggle. After an obstinate conflict, the republican soldiers were completely routed with considerable loss, both in killed and wounded. This defeat has highly incensed the public authorities here and induced them to take the most active measures to arrest the progress of the victorious bandits. All the disposable military have been despatched in pursuit of the enemy, with orders to lay waste the country, and compel the mountaineers to desert and burn their habitations, in order that every retreat may be cut off from the malefactors. Different factions have risen up in the plains, disturbing the tranquility of the interior; but owing to the vigilance and promptitude of the government, several of the revolters have been conducted prisoners to the city and shot. Among the executions which we daily witness, I have to mention that of the famous Colonel Ramirez, in the seventieth year of his age. This intrepid commander, with a small chosen band, wandered for years through the adjacent mountains, making occasional descents upon the low lands, where he carried on a species of predatory warfare, until surprised & taken, the other day, in the vicinity of Cumana. His last hour arrived, he knelt down calmly, and in the midst of an immense crowd of spectators, assembled to behold this awful scene, bravely met his fate."

"The arrival of the *Liberator*, we had all reason to suppose, would wholly alter the existing state of things, and restore the blessings of peace to this distracted region. Far from it: we were doomed to be most grievously disappointed. Great, indeed, were our rejoicings at his coming but still greater our delight at his departure.

"He who should have been our pacificator, rendered us the most miserable of communities. One of Bolivar's first acts was to lay a heavy export duty of five per cent. upon the produce of the soil, payable by the planter. This burdensome impost together with the cost of transportation from the interior, and church exactions, leaves the unhappy agriculturalist without any profit whatever, and most generally with a serious loss on the fruits of his industry, as coffee is actually selling at the reduced price of seven and a half dollars; indigo and cocoa, equally low, while money is extremely scarce. The President's second measure went to lay a capitation tax of \$400 yearly, upon merchants, which, as you may easily imagine has excited the utmost dissatisfaction.

"Nor have our misfortunes ended here, for he absolutely ordered all the mer-

chants that were indebted to the custom house, to pay up their bonds within the brief space of forty eight hours, under pain of imprisonment. This unexpected demand was attended with consequent result, a number of failures: and followed by the enforcement of the penalty, for noncompliance with the mandate of the *Liberator*, with which it was utterly impossible to comply. Such is the posture of affairs here. Unless the Grand convention, which is to assemble on the 10th of March next, at Ocaña, should effect something for our relief, I really cannot conceive what will be the future agricultural and commercial prospects of the impoverished state of Venezuela. All our hopes are directed towards Ocaña."—*New York Courier.*

From the *New England Farmer.*

OATS.

Mr. Fessenden.—There is a difference of opinion among farmers as to the proper time for sowing Oats. While some contend that it is best to sow as soon as the frost is out sufficiently for the land to be worked, others insist on a different course and choose not to sow until the ground has become quite dry and warm. It may be a fact that late sown oats, in some, and perhaps in most instances, produce a greater quantity of straw than those early sown; and may be, and probably is true in as many instances, that the grain is proportionately lighter; so that a weight of grain is the prime object, that course of procedure, as it respects sowing is best, which is most likely to produce the desired result.

There seems to have been a general failure in the crop of oats through this part of the country the past season, there being but few instances where they are so heavy by one third, as they have been in other years, when no calamity has befallen them.

Notwithstanding the general failure, I had as good a crop of oats the past season as in any former year, having over one hundred bushels, from little more than two acres of ground, weighing thirty three pounds per bushel. Such being the fact it is a question with myself and others, what should be the cause of my obtaining a better crop than any other farmers in the neighborhood. That which to me appears as the probable and only cause, is early sowing. Although my ground was in no better condition than land in general, I sowed my oats several days earlier than other farmers in the vicinity.

There were several fields contiguous to mine where the soil and cultivation were not essentially different, but which were sown a few days later, which in every instance failed to produce a middling crop. I have always been in the habit of sowing my oats as soon as possible after the ground had become settled, believing it to be the better way; and observation and experience the past season, have only strengthened my belief that such a course is the correct one.

A FARMER.

Napoleon's opinion of lower Animals.

There is a link between animals and the Deity. Man (added he) is merely a more perfect animal than the rest. He reasons better. But how do we know that animals have not a language of their own? My opinion is that it is presumption in us to say so, because we do not understand them. A horse has memory, knowledge and love. He knows his master from the servants, though the latter are more constantly with him. I had a horse myself who knew me from any other person, and manifested, by capering and proudly marching with his head erect, when I was on his back, his knowledge that he bore a person superior to the others by whom he was surrounded. Neither would he allow any other person to mount him, except one groom, who constantly took care of him; his motions were far different, and such as seemed to say, that he was conscious he bore an inferior. When I lost my way I was accustomed to throw the reins upon his neck, and he always discovered where I, with all my observation and boasted superior knowledge, could not.

Those who had a right to command sent me here to practice physic; but since I came, I have had no opportunity of showing my eminence in the profession, as one seems to have any occasion for me." Mohammed replied, "The custom of our country is this: *We never eat but when we are hungry; and we always leave of what we have an appetite for more.*" The physician answered, "That is the way to be always in health, and to render the physician useless."—He took his leave and returned to Persia.

TO PRINTERS.

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O. & H. WELLS.

Cincinnati, Dec. 17, 1827.

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WILLIAM PULL.

Wayne county, Feb. 4, 1828.

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