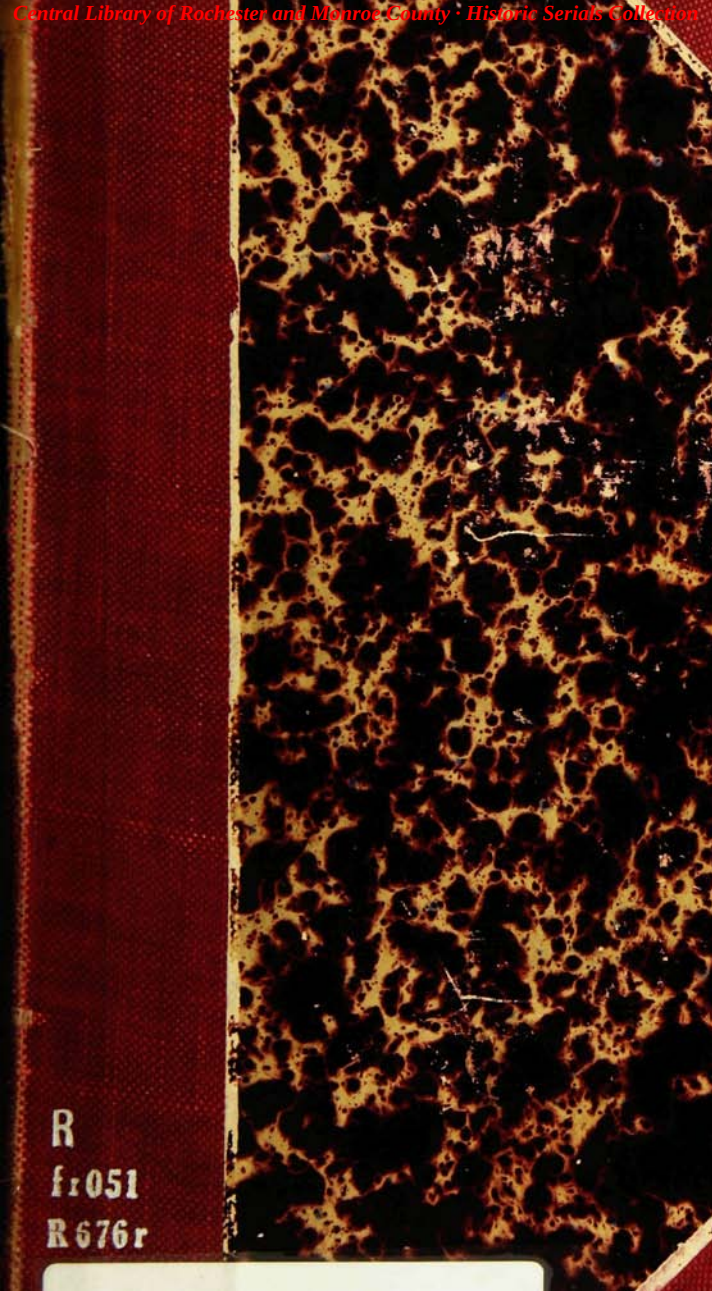

THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 1. ROCHESTER, MAY 16, 1829. VOL. 1.

ORIGINAL TALES.

FOR THE GEM.

THE REVENGE.

By Miss Winchester.

"That's too soon, Mr. Benson," exclaimed Henry Bidwell hurriedly, as he arose and walked the room with much agitation; "why really friend Charles, it's a month sooner than I should have though of." "Sooner!" replied Charles who thought he discovered something unusual in the countenance of his friend, and who had now begun to regard him with a suspicious eye,—"Say you that three weeks is too soon, when it was full two months ago that you proposed an immediate celebration of our marriage, and appointed a day for the purpose?"

Bidwell was silent, but his compressed lip, and burning cheek declared that all was not right, and that his thoughts were ill at ease. Charles continued, "I doubt not, however, but what you have uttered was merely for a jest, and that your wishes exactly accord with my own, so I shall have all things in readiness at the time mentioned. Oh! we will make our little village ring with joy and merriment."

"I entreat you to forbear," replied Henry, assuming a haughty and contemptuous smile; "with regard to your own affairs, of course, you have a right to do as you please, and I have the same privilege; when I have need of a deputy or prompter, I will call on you; but now more important business demands my attention, so farewell."

There was too much bitterness in those words to elicit a gentle reply; and Charles feeling it impossible to give his friend any other, gazed on his retiring figure in silence; but his pride and generous friendship had received a wound which could never be healed. What change had come over the tried friend of his boyhood and youth—him whose countenance was ever bright with joyous smiles, and whose heart was ever as open and free as candor itself; what strange event had brought so dark a cloud over his countenance: had blended conscious guilt with the uneasy glances of his averted eye, and wrung such bitter and malignant words from his once noble tongue!

A suspicion had crossed the bosom of Charles, and that suspicion was full of death itself! He had known Henry from infancy—a garden only separated their paternal dwellings—they were educated in the same schools—trained to the same pursuits, and the friendship of brothers is seldom more firm and unshaken, than was theirs. No thought entered the mind of one, but it was instantly communicated to the other—no pleasure was undenied between them, and no grief unshared. Thus they grew into manhood, esteemed and respected by all—and the grey-haired sires of the village, looked on them with peculiar delight, and said that a dawn so bright could not but be succeeded by a cloudless day.

At the age of twenty, Henry plighted his faith to the only sister of Charles—a beautiful and tender girl, just fifteen, and full of the purest sensibilities, and highest and holiest feelings of which our nature is susceptible. She loved him as a young and innocent heart always loves, in its first devotedness, and this rich, this unutterable affection had been nursed from childhood; again and again had their vows been reciprocated—again and again had they kneeled together on a bank of wild-flowers, which was the altar where they poured out the incense of the heart, and in the presence of changeless Holiness, dedicated their earthly affections wholly and unalterably to each other. Most ardently did Henry sigh for the period that was to give his beloved Maria to his arms; nor did Charles anticipate this period with less fervor and anxiety, for he too at that time, was to be united to one who held his whole soul. She was a creature of exceeding beauty, and equal fickleness; yet her lover was too deeply blinded by his passion to believe it possible for one so perfect to possess the slightest fault. She was indeed,

being all brightness and elegance, yet her heart was as changing as "ocean's wave."

At length the widowed mother of Charles and Maria consented to have their nuptials celebrated. Henry was all impatience to meet his beloved, and urged as early a day as possible for the solemnization of the sacred rites.—It was now, for the first time, that Charles invited his mother, his sister, and friend Henry to accompany him to the residence of his betrothed, and the invitation was cheerfully accepted. On their return all were eloquent in the praise of the beautiful Alma; but Henry, he was as sullen as the grave; his hasty replies to whatever was addressed to him, and his deep fits of abstraction declared that something unusual was passing in his mind; his full, dark eyes were fixed constantly on vacancy, and his whole soul seemed absorbed in a deep dream from which it was pain to be aroused.

Time passed on, and the bridal day at length arrived; all was in readiness for the marriage festival, and Charles had made preparations to go for his bride; but where was Henry? where was the ardent youth who had again and again entreated the mother of his betrothed to grant her permission to celebrate their union immediately. On the very evening previous, he was called away by *important business*, which would detain him several days; he returned at length but spoke not of his marriage. Charles hastened to welcome him, and was received with a cold, heartless salutation which chilled his very soul. From that hour, Henry Bidwell was changed! 'tis true he treated his friend with politeness, and that was all; he met him with embarrassment, was ever ingenious to frame some pretence for immediate departure, and, at last, when urged on the subject of his marriage, he said that for certain reasons, it would be necessary to postpone it for, at least, a few days; and this was his invariable reply whenever the subject was introduced.

Charles now begun to indulge a suspicion which was a continual dagger in his bosom; and there was a double reason for indulging this painful fear.—Was it possible? could he believe that the friend—the tried and faithful friend of his whole life could be guilty of such base treachery? and she, the day-star of his existence, the divinity of his dreams, oh, 'twas madness to think of—could *she* be false? yet why did her cheek burn so deeply, and her lip quiver so, when he named Henry as the cause of delaying their happiness?—Why did she seem so uneasy in his presence, and above all, why did she utterly refuse to have their marriage take place until that of Henry and Maria?

He brooded over these things until they amounted almost to a conviction of the fatal truth, and he determined to be kept no longer in suspense, but bring the matter to an immediate issue. It was in this mood that he sought his friend and informed him that he had appointed three weeks from that day for the solemnization of their nuptials; and the conversation that ensued, seemed to confirm him in his unpleasant suspicion.

From that hour he met not his friend, except by accident, and then the indifferent eye, and cold, formal bow—oh! they wrought up his soul to madness, and he flew to hear his destiny from the lips of his betrothed, to curse her faithlessness, and—to die.

It was just at evening when he reached her residence, and the full moon rising in the east, shed her soft lustre on the silent world; his thoughts were full of wildness and passion—his bosom throbbed with confused, distracted emotions; and as he felt his burning brow cooled by the gentle breeze of evening, he concluded to wander a few moments in the garden, to calm his agitated feelings, and prepare himself to meet Alma with the firmness and dignity of a man.

Oh! who can resist the charms of the moonlight hour, when the fragrant breath of the flowers of spring is upon the air, when the voice of nature is full of harmony and love, and all things whisper peace and forgiveness! Charles Benson could not, for his was a heart of the most tender associations, even in the midst of its wildest moments. He paused and gazed earnestly on the beautiful objects around him, he felt the fever of his soul abated, and his passions soothed into sweet confidence and hope. He looked on the pure eternal stars, and associating them in idea with the brilliant being of his youthful dreams, he deemed her no less constant, and blushed that he had for one moment believed her capable of falsehood.

As these feelings attuned his heart to all its former tenderness and devotion, he passed on to a little bower where he had frequently sat with his beloved, pouring the depths of his passion into her attentive ear, and calling up bright, joyous visions for the future. When he reached the charming little retreat, his ear was arrested by the sound of voi-

ces in pleasant conversation, and oh! heavens, they were familiar voices.

His bright hopes were suddenly swept away as the chaff before the wind, and a dreadful certainty of what he had long suspected, seemed fastened on his soul. Another step, and he stood before his beautiful Alma, who was encircled in the arms of Henry Bidwell, gently replying to his ardent declarations of love! Overcome by this sight, he stood motionless as a statue, and the purjured lovers, confounded by his unexpected appearance, spoke not, nor moved not, but gazed on him in silence. His high brow was as colourless as marble, and his lips quivered, but uttered no sound. This was a dreadful moment! a rush of madness came over him—he darted from the spot with the rapidity of lightning, and buried himself in a neighboring forest. All night long he wandered among broken ledges and dashing cataracts, talking to the distant moon, and telling the stars of the faithlessness of woman. The wind arose and sighed among his flowing hair; he sought to clasp it in his arms, and then with a wild laugh exclaimed, "go—thou art like woman!" He toiled up many a huge precipice, and dancing on the dizzy edge, told the whispering spirit of the trees that a step from thence would be less faithless than woman's smile!

At length, overcome by exertion and the ravings of the mind, he threw himself down exhausted on the banks of a rushing stream, and sunk into the arms of slumber. Who shall trace the madman in his dreams—now dashing into the midst of death and desolation—now rising high and sitting on the fierce tempest, playing with the lightning, and answering with equal voice the mighty thunders, and now dashing into the midst of space eternal, and dancing among the countless stars! These, and a thousand nameless visions dwelt in the mind of Charles Benson on that dreadful night—a night that memory never brooded over, without the deepest horror!

At length a bright morning dawned upon creation, but it was long after the sun had passed its meridian, ere the unhappy youth awoke from his fearful sleep: then gazing wildly around him, he pressed his hand to his forehead, and sat down to collect his shattered thoughts and recollect the events that had brought him to that place. At length the whole truth broke upon his mind; he did not rave now—his soul was softened, and when he reverted to days of bliss, never to return—he wept like a tender girl, and his tears brought calmness and resignation; he knelt on the green bank and besought heaven to forgive his rebellious spirit, then he looked upon the beautiful face of nature, but oh! how desolate was the prospect to his widowed heart. His sister's gentle smile, when he met her, added another pang to his grief; but the fortitude with which she received the mournful intelligence of her blighted hopes, made him blush at his own weakness, and he determined to suffer in silence, and lock up his wretchedness in the secret cell of his own heart; but when the news came that Henry had come home with his new bride, and when he saw every eye turning on himself either with compassion or derision, he looked on his pale, injured sister; all the fire of his soul broke forth, and he cried aloud for *Revenge! Revenge!*

(*Concluded in our next.*)

FOR THE GEM.

A SKETCH.

O, thou pale orb, that silent shines,
While care untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan unwarming beam,
And mourn in lamentations deep,
That life and love are all a dream.

BURNS.

Every one knows the propensity of the *idle* part of the fashionables of the city of New-York, to make an annual jaunt of pleasure to "The Falls," "The Springs," or at least to "The Pine Orchard," to escape the intolerable part of the warm season, in a crowded city.

In accordance with the wishes of a number of acquaintances who were making up a party of pleasure, I started, accompanied by my friend N——, on a tour to the Springs, where we designed remaining for a time to enjoy the benefits of a change of atmosphere, and variety of company which thronged that fashionable retreat every season. Having oft viewed by day the romantic features of the Highland scenery, we chose an evening ride up the far-famed and majestic Hudson, and took births on board the boat 'Chief Justice Marshall' the captain of which is well known for his attention to the convenience and accommodation of his passengers. Having taken leave of our friends, some of whom intended to follow, and were congratulating themselves accordingly on soon joining us, while others were regretting the obstables that prevented their going, we stepped on board the

boat, and the application of the steam to the machinery, soon left the city glimmering in the distance.

The evening was such an one as would inspire every lover of nature with feelings of a sublime and reverential character; and, after having taken tea in a crowded cabin, where almost every description of people were jumbled together in one promiscuous mass, we chose a prominade on the upper deck. The moon was beaming with effulgent beauty, gilding hill and dale, wood and water, with her mild enchanting beams, while ever and anon the white sails of sloops were seen moving over the waters with stillness and majesty, as the evening breeze filled the floating canvass.

After a few turns on the deck, our attention was arrested by a young man accompanied by a young lady, slowly coming on deck. The lady leaned upon her conductor's arm and her step was slow and faultering. I caught her eye, it was full and expressive; but her countenance was indicative of a slow decay. Consumption sat upon her brow, and the spoiler seemed revelling in the consciousness of his strength. "Poor thing," said N——, gaily, "she appears dejected, but it cannot be the effects of disappointed love, as no man could be so cruel as to break the heart of such an angel." I made no reply, yet my curiosity was nailed to know the story of this girl.

We arrived at Saratoga, took lodgings, mingled with the company there, and occasionally, to change the routine, took a ride to Ballston. It was while returning from one of these trips, that we discovered before us, a chaise overturned by the running off of one wheel. Hastening to the spot, I was not a little surprised to find the same lady supported by the same gentleman that we left at the steam boat landing. The lady was evidently injured, and by our assistance was immediately conveyed to a neighbouring house, where she soon fell into a state of insensibility. Medical aid was soon procured, and her case pronounced doubtful. After giving the gentleman who accompanied her, (and who, I learned, was her brother,) my card, and soliciting him to call on me for any assistance, we took our way to our room at the Springs.

A few days elapsed, and I found my way to the house of the afflicted. The poor sufferer lingered, but reason had fled forever. I gazed on the figure till the last pulse gave up to death, exhausted nature. She died, an emblem of the rose nipt in full bloom; for if her life was flown, her virtues, (as I afterwards learned,) left a pleasant fragrance entwined with her memory. After paying the respect due to the remains of one so dear, her brother made ready to return to the city, to bear the heavy tidings to his parents.

Calling me aside the evening before his departure, he politely thanked me for the attention I had shown him, gave me his card, and begged, that as we both lived in one city, we might become acquainted. I bowed, and after a few moments told him, that if it was not presuming too much, I would ask the history of his dear departed sister. "Though that history is painful," he answered, "yet I will gratify you. You must know that myself and Emily were the only children of a father who was once a successful merchant. We were educated and reared with the lavish indulgence of doating parents. We usually spent our summers, at a country seat in the most romantic part of the county of ——. In the neighbourhood was also another seat the retreat of a gentleman, who was probably led to choose the spot from the same reasons that influenced my father in his location. The two families oft visited each other; balls were frequently given by each, in which my sister was usually chosen a partner for Alfred Beaumont. Alfred was a worthy, agreeable young man, and it was soon susceptible to all around that his attentions toward my sister were unceasing, and that they had made an impression on the mind of Emily, of a different character from that of mere friendship. Their passion was reciprocal, and the day of their union finally fixed upon. Alfred having received a letter from his partner in the city, found his presence there would be necessary. This was an attempt of a heavy creditor to evade payment. They remonstrated against his proceedings in vain. Harsh epithets ensued, and both getting enraged, the creditor left the apartment, and in five minutes after sent Beaumont a challenge. Burning with anger, and conscious of the rectitude of his conduct, he foolishly accepted it. An immediate encountre ensued, and Beaumont fell. The fatal bullet pierced his side, while the deadly instrument that he held fell from his hand undischarged. This tragedy at length reached the ears of Emily, and with it came death. We have seen her slowly sinking for months into a premature grave. No object could arouse her, no change dispel the

gloom from her mind. She has sunk early, and Heaven receive———"

* * * * *

Here he ended his tale of wo, which I found had enlisted all my feelings. I arose and took his hand—"Farewell," said he, "you will always find a friend in Charles Hammond."

I returned to my lodgings, musing on the superior poignancy of blighted love.

ALANDER.

FOR THE GEM.

THEY ARE GONE.

"Alas!" said I, "are all past scenes of joy forever gone?" and echo answered, "gone!" Pleased at the time, our youth glides gaily on, and we scarcely think that soon its end must come. Thousands plunge into the vortext of pleasure, and sport a few short years upon its glittering waves, and then become the easy, deluded victims to its evil and inseperable companions. Memory will, sometimes, recall to our view those times gone by, and we are surprized to behold the willingness with which we were bound by the Syren. A few more years, and those scenes are as a dream: "they are gone," fled almost from memory. Sad, indeed, is the thought that all our life's pleasures, and all its vanities must inevitably go down into the dark tomb of forgetfulness.---Nothing here in this sublunary world, can long remain, or avoid its fated destiny. Look back upon the heroes of antiquity! Call to mind their dark and daring deeds; and where are they!---"They are gone!" sepulchred in a tomb of death, and their deeds only remain to tell that such men once had being. Where are those days of Chivalry, in which Love's own deeds were planned and acted---their Knights Errant and castled damsels? "They are gone!" Locked in the rapacious arms of oblivion! And are those bards of song too, once our time's sole history, gathered to the dead? Alas! 'tis true, and fame alone preserves their memory. 'Tis even so with all our life's endearments: all must fade, and ere long hurry to the tomb. Our childhood's buoyancy, its pleasures and various follies, and all, all its young day dreams of love; where are they! Alas! "they, too, are gone!" and we merely feel that recollection once had memory of such a time.

LOTHAIRE.

The following story has been frequently published in this country, and found its way to England. It is the production of Mrs. Stebbins, of Boston, a lady favourably known by several publications of much merit.---*U. S. Gaz.*

EFFECTS OF SUDDEN FRIGHT.

PLAIN FACTS.

Her color chang'd, her face was not the same,
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.

DRYDEN.

In the town of Hampton, in the county of Middlesex, England, a spot celebrated on account of the stately palace erected there by the magnificent cardinal Woolsey, was kept some years since, a young ladies' boarding school. A Miss Courtenay, the only child of immensely wealthy parents in the county of Hampshire, was one of the scholars. To prevent her suffering through life from a morbid cowardice, to which from nature and education the softer sex are much prone, her parents and teachers had taken unwearied pains not only to brace her mind against the terrors of imagination, but of those terrifying realities that flesh is heir to,—They succeeded effectually, little dreaming, poor weak-sighted mortals, as we are, that this very acquirement, one day might prove fatal to her.

Matilda Courtenay was about 16, amiable, accomplished, and as lovely in her person, as the fabled Houri. Her disposition was gay as that of the lark—all buoyancy and life. It was not long ere the young ladies in the school discovered this trait of fearlessness in her character—for Matilda had been so praised by her doating parents for its possession, that she lost no opportunity of displaying it on every possible occasion. Many were the tricks resorted to by her companions with the idea of frightening her; such as starting upon her from some place of concealment—making figures, with vile physiognomies painted haggard upon them, and placing them in her bed—perhaps a mischievous one, concealed beneath her bedstead, would seize her foot as she was stepping into it. At other times, Dolly, the maid would be hired to get upon the roof and throw brick-bats down the chimney of her apartment.—But all was in vain—her listening tormentors heard no noise save that of a chuckle, or a burst of joyous laughter. Almost wearied with the continual failure of their experiments, they at length hit upon an expedient to frighten the innocent girl by a coup de main. Miss Courtenay had been to visit her parents but was expected at Hampton that night. A student of medicine in the neighborhood, who was fond of one of

these boarding school romps, was prevailed upon to bring secretly in the evening a skeleton to the school. The hope of at length frightening Mis Courtenay weakened their own fears, and concealed the danger of handling this otherwise appaling subject. They fastened it to the tester with the curtains with pins at the foot of the bed, so as to conceal it effectually from her observation; but with the conviction that the moment the bed should be shaken by her getting into it, the figure would fall upon her.

Matilda did not reach Hampton till near bed time, but in more than usual gay spirits, retired to her room, saying to her loved but mischievous companions,

"Good night, dear girls, good night, I have got back, and to-morrow we shall have a fine gale of romps; good night," and with a bound she was out of sight.

There was a cause, nay *two* of them for Matilda's heightened spirits. Henry Melmoth, the companion of her childhood and her *beau ideal* of all that was perfect in mankind, had brought her to Hampton in his phaeton and four and had whispered something agreeable in her ear; and *more*, had "looked unutterable things." Besides, Matilda was by nature benevolent, and her parents, aware that she would make no ill use of it, had given her a plentiful supply of money; and that she might build castles in the moon, think of Henry undisturbed, and in her "mind's eye," dispose of her wealth on the morrow, she retired to her chamber.

With this sweetest and most delightful feeling of humanity, the desire of performing kind actions, after praying as fervently as a girl of sixteen could be expected to pray, she jumped into bed, where we will leave her for the night.

Early on the following morning those who had been particularly busy in this cruel affair were astir to see its effects, and repaired in a body to Miss Courtenay's apartment with the expectation of hearing the joyous burst of merriment; but imagine their surprise and horror on finding the sweet girl, doubtless in the position she had first lain down, with her eyes rolled up in their sockets; the white froth foaming from her pale mouth, her nostrils fearfully distended, and showing every appearance of approaching dissolution: the forefinger and thumb of her right hand held a shred or fibre which adhered to the skeleton, whose fleshless arm had fallen across her, and its eyeless skull rested on the same pillow with that of the late blooming girl. Medical aid was called, but alas! too late; her extremities were cold. The physician pronounced that she had fallen into repeated convulsions from affright, and there was no remedy. In a few minutes, "life ebbed pulse by pulse away," and the angel spirit of the ill-fated Matilda fled forever!

"Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring."

NEWSPAPER READING.

Who would not take a newspaper? Why it is worth more than all the travelling from Cape Cod to the Stony Mountains and from the Lake of the Woods, to Terra del Fuego. Seated in your old fashioned arm chair, with your shins resting on the fender near a sparkling fire; your thoughts revelling in all the luxurious enjoyment of a summer atmosphere, created within your little paradise; you can look out upon the world as upon a mirror, and observe its busy scenes passing in ever changing review before your mind's eye.

MAXIMS.

Colquhon, in his "Police of London," remarks that he never knew an apprentice who saved money during the first five months of his freedom who did not succeed; and rarely knew one who did, who, at the end of the same period run into debt.

Of what small moment to our real happiness, are many of those injuries which draw forth our resentment.

After the first departure from sincerity, it is seldom in our power to stop; one artifice generally leads the perpetrator to another.

To correct the spirit of discontent, let us consider how little we deserve, and how much we enjoy.

True politeness has its seat in the heart.

A passion for revenge betrays a weak mind.

Keep pace with your business. If it should get the start of you, you may pursue it 3 months without overtaking it.

Ladies should "set their caps," for a partner, at rosy sixteen.

MARRIED.

In Middlebury, Vt. on the 28th ult. by Rev. Prof. Hough, Mr. *Epaphras A. Miller*, merchant of this village, to Miss *Hannalonia Vallette*, of the former place.

THE GEM.

Saturday, May 16, 1829.

Address to the Publick.

At a time when our country is so flooded with the overflowings of Literature; while new papers are almost every day venturing forth, and striving to maintain, in this sea of troubles, a transitory existence, and at a time, too, when the very "life of a paper," seems to have departed to lands unknown, it may appear the heighth of presumption for us to put forth our fragile bark. We are well aware that shoals and quicksands are on every side; and perhaps too, the rock is near on which we shall split. But our motto is our apology. That the young and eagle wing of genius may speed its flight to more congenial realms.

Our object will ever be, to blend amusement with instruction; to gather sweets from every flower that blooms in this, our western wild, and present them to the kind indulgence of a generous publick. Pursuing this object, we send forth THE GEM, saying, "reap thine own reward."

TO READERS.

Our first number will be circulated freely among our friends, that those who take an interest in such a paper, may come forward and subscribe. After the present number, no paper will be sent to any one but those who may have previously ordered it. Our terms will be seen on the last page. While speaking on this subject we would say, that in all cases our paper must be paid for in advance. The price is small, and the only hope of sustaining such a paper, and of having it arrive to any degree of celebrity, is punctuality in payment. This punctuality does every thing, and it is as much to the advantage of those who subscribe, as to those who publish. Our best exertions shall be put in requisition to sustain *The Gem*, and at some day make it a more beautiful and extensive paper. Our friends, and the friends of Literature, are therefore invited to contribute both by purse and pen, to the helping us in our undertaking.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Miss Winchester, who is favourably known for her writings under the signature of "Amica Religionis," will be a contributor to the columns of the Gem. We believe, and we are sustained in that belief by some of the first Editors of our literary papers, that this young lady has as high a gift of poetry as any of the writers that now claim our particular admiration. We have watched her genius from its first young flight toward Parnassus, until we have seen it reach the mount triumphantly, and we hope for ourselves, and our readers, that our publication will richly abound with the productions of her muse.

We have a great number of favours from various correspondents. They shall all be attended to in due time. Our friend "Lara," must not be guided by the old adage, "out of sight, out of mind."

If you have cause to suspect the integrity of one with whom you *must* have dealings, take care to have no communication with him, if he has his friend and you have not; you are playing a dangerous game, in which the odds are more than two to one against you.

Lacon.

Some are so censorious as to advance that those who have discovered a thorough knowledge of all depravities of the human heart, must be themselves depraved; but this is about as wise as to affirm that every physician who understands a disease, must be himself diseased.

Lacon.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE GEM.

SONG.

By Miss Winchester.

Love!—I have heard them say that love
Was fittest formed for woman's heart;
And that the Gods assail'd her most,
Because she was the weakest part.

What then?—I know 'tis meeter far
For proud and faithless man to rove
A lofty, solitary thing,
Than stoop to gentle woman's love!

But *she*—all tenderness—all hope,
Her heart to loveliest feelings given;
How is it strange that she should love,
Since "*heaven is love, and love is heaven.*"

FOR THE GEM.

FRAGMENT.

She knelt beside his couch; her clasp'd hands
Were folded on her breast;—her tearful eyes
Were rais'd toHeav'n beseechingly,while her
Almost voiceless lips scarce breath'd a pray'r.
A crimson hue came o'er her face, as she
Sigh'd before her God, the name she dared to
Utter nowhere else. Oh! most fervently
Did she entreat that health might be restor'd
To him whom secret love had made her all.
She rose, and gaz'd upon his pallid face
On which was stamp'd the ling'ring mark of death.
Her fix'd eyes met his sick'ning glance, that
Seem'd to brighten as he knew the tender
Look. She turn'd away and blush'd to think he [glaz'd
Saw her there; but well she knew those
Eyes could brightly beam no more. Fearful death
Was almost visible upon his brow.—
She quickly turn'd, and in the sad fullness
Of her grief, press'd upon his dying lips
A hurried kiss, that told him all her love.

LOTHAIRE.

FOR THE GEM.

STANZAS.

Ah! is it so—nor shall I greet
My lov'd "Wanderer" again?
I had not thought with this to meet:
To lose that name to me is pain.

Yes, I did love that holy name,
It seem'd so like my own sad lot;
It seem'd to echo to the strain,
"By all the world am I forgot.

Changes o'er all the earth will come,
Peasants may wear a diadem;
And this lone, little *wandering* one
Now shines forth as a brilliant "GEM."

But it has lost the charm it lent,
Its unassuming, pleasing dress
Changed for attire magnificent,
Minds me of friendship's faithlessness.

Oh! there is nought on earth sincere,
Ambition breaks the tenderest tie,
And memory weeps o'er friendship's bier,
And love has fled at its first sigh.

The "*Wanderer's*" days of seeming care
Are past;—a "GEM" henceforth 'twill shine,
May it a radiant lustre bear,
And virtue prove it genuine.

PERI.

FAREWELL.

When lip meets lip with stifled feeling,
And silent sorrow fills the eye;
When dew drops o'er the cheek are stealings
And springs the oft repeated sigh;

Whilst o'er thy form in anguish bending,
To hide the grief I cannot tell;
What agony my heart is rending,
O'er that one fatal word "Farewell!"

THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 2. ROCHESTER, MAY 30, 1829. VOL. 1.

Popular Tales.

FOR THE GEM.

THE REVENGE.

(*Concluded.*)

"Be calm, dear brother" replied Maria pointing upwards towards the blue firmament; "let your revenge be there, and it may prove a blessing to yourself and your enemies," and then she told him to pray deeply and fervently, that they might feel the error of their ways, and be forgiven. But he broke wildly from her gentle grasp, and again and again cried for *revenge* on faithless, perjured hearts!

As he passed from her presence, a new thought struck his mind. Henry had a young sister in whom his choicest affections were bound up. She was an artless tender creature, and Charles knew she had long secretly loved him. There—*there* was an avenue through which he could reach the peace of Henry, and although he could not inflict a pang so deep and aggravated as that which his own heart had received, yet it would be a *pang* and that would please his revenge. He communicated his designs to his sister, who shuddered instinctively, and entreated him to forbear.

"Would you" she exclaimed, while all the feeling and indignation of *woman* beamed from her eye, "would you ruin the peace and fair fame of an innocent, unoffending female, and clothe her memory in eternal shame, because others have wronged you? Pause, and reflect—You surely would not commit so base an action, my noble brother."

As she ceased speaking, a tear moistened her eloquent blue eye, and a rich glow suffused her cheek. Charles gazed, and felt his deadly feelings of revenge softened. Could it be that that gentle being, who suffered greater degradation, and broken-heartedness than himself, felt such a spirit of forgiveness towards the murderers of her happiness, while he, who should comfort and support her amidst her affliction, was continually adding to it, by the determinations of his rash, unforgiving spirit.

"But, injured being" he exclaimed after a long pause, "is it not your wrongs as well as my own that I would avenge? would it cost Henry Bidwell a keener pang to gaze on the degradation of his beloved sister, than I have felt and still feel for you?"

"Talk not thus my brother" she replied "what has the sister of Henry to do with his misdeeds?—what has *she* done that you would steal away the brightest, dearest treasure of the female bosom—her innocence?

Because we have been abused, shall we wreak our vengeance on the unoffending? Reflect on this calmly, and let reason and honor be your guide?"

"I have no reason," he exclaimed, pacing the room distractedly "but you, my noble sister,—you shall be my guide; to you I will freely submit all my determinations, with regard to the subject now agitated, I will abide by your decision." "Swear it" said she while joy sparkled in her eyes. Then he pressed her slight form to his heart, and uttered the vow she required. "Pray," she whispered as the last word expired on his lips, "pray that those who have wronged us may repent, and find forgiveness from on high;" he shuddered—"nay, feel not thus," she continued, "hush the rebellion of your heart, and pray—pray earnestly, and let all your thoughts centre in one unceasing petition for your enemies, and then you shall reap a glorious *revenge!*"

He smiled bitterly, but promised to remember her request.——

* * * * * *

Time rolled on, and Henry Bidwell and his perjured bride laughed much, and looked happy, but there was bitterness in their cup of joy—deep increasing bitterness, which nothing could allay. They sometimes met Charles Benson and his uncomplaining sister, and when they marked the stern, sullen fortitude which sat on his brow, and gazed on Maria's pale cheek, they trembled, but plunged themselves still deeper into the midst of pleasure and vice, to forget that they were guilty.

——It was on a beautiful June morning that Charles accompanied his drooping sister into a neighbouring grove, hoping that the pure air might invigorate her

wasting frame, and infuse new life into her sinking spirits. Feeling somewhat exhausted, she sat down on the fragment of a rock, while Charles pursued his walk still farther. He had proceeded but a short distance, when who should cross his path, but the object of his once dearest friendship, but now of his deepest vengeance. He instantly forgot every thing but his wrongs, and drawing his dagger, he bade the treacherous friend defend himself. Henry cowered beneath his fiery glance, and falling at his feet, entreated him to spare his life. Charles remembering nothing but his injuries, now shouted "*Revenge—Revenge—Revenge!*" and lifting his weapon, would have plunged it to the villian's heart, had not his arm been arrested by his sister's grasp.

"Remember your vow my brother!" she exclaimed, "surely you would not be a murderer!"——

He staggered back and dropping his dagger, told the coward to live on in his guilt, and perish unrepented! "Not so repeated the gentle Maria, shuddering at his maniac glance, "beseech him to repent and be forgiven, and pray for him that he may be convinced of his error."

Henry's soul was softened—he sprang upon his feet, and advancing towards the generous girl, would have expressed his gratitude, but she turned suddenly from him, and seizing her brother's arm, was out of sight in an instant. This unexpected interview, together with her violent exertions, utterly exhausted her debilitated frame, and although she did not feel it until the painful scene was over, it was with difficulty that she reached her home; and from that home she never left her apartment, until borne to the last repose of all the living.

Henry was overcome by what he had seen and heard, and an overwhelming sense of his guilt rushed in upon his soul. He returned to his thoughtless wife with feelings which could not be concealed, and while she laughed at him, and upbraided him with his weakness, his agony grew deeper, and he wondered that the earth did not swallow him up. At length she began to reflect seriously on the subject, and it came powerfully upon her mind, that she too was as guilty as her husband. Now they mingled their tears and groans together, but not their prayers—for they durst not pray!—Thus did they continue for many long days and nights, and the dark cloud that hung over them seemed to grow blacker and heavier; but at length it gave way—they prayed, and mercy came with the soul's wrestling. Now, although they were brought to rejoice in a Saviour's dying love, yet most deeply did they deplore the deed that had so utterly destroyed the peace of their once dearest, and most devoted friends. Maria was on her death-bed—she would soon bid an eternal adieu to earth, and all its scenes, and now was the only time that would ever be offered them to seek her forgiveness.

It was evening when they reached the widow's dwelling, and called for admission; the afflicted mother shuddered as she recognized them, but when they declared the object of their visit, she conducted them into the apartment of her dying child. Maria was supported in her brother's arms who was reading aloud, some passages from the holy word of God. Her ashy cheek brightened at the sight of these unexpected visitors, and when they advanced, and kneeling beside her, recounted all they had suffered—deplored their aggravated guilt, and entreated her forgiveness ere she left the world, she extended her hands towards them with a heavenly smile of reconciliation, then looked joyfully upon the face of Charles, and while her spirit was spreading its wings for the country of the Redeemed, she sweetly said—

"I can go in triumph now—see, my brother, this—*this is my Revenge!*"——

FOR THE GEM.

THE CATASTROPHE.

"And now for sport George," exclaimed William Summerville to his friend, and the cousin of his affianced bride, as he threw his hunting dress over his elegant figure, "why should I not be happy, George to-day if ever, for this night Helen Sanford, by mutual consent of the parties, is to be made mine forever; and where is Helen this morning George, I have not seen her 'violet eye' for an age." "Lovers ages are short," replied George, "for if I recollect aright, I saw you part from her last night at twelve; and now it is only nine; ha, ha, ha, a long age indeed but then you lovers you know—"nay now George spare your moralizing, and come lazy one: I have been ready for hunting this hour, and there you sit sipping your coffee, and looking as unlike breaking bones this morning and hearts this evening as possible. Well now, will you go? In our walk we will call on Julia, for she is to be bridesmaid, and your stoical lordship has condescended to be groomsman; methinks you should be better acquainted. Well now are you ready? "why yes," replied George to his gay and volatile companion, "I believe I am;" and forth they sallied equipped cap-a-pie, with elegant fowling pieces, and bent their way to a neighbouring wood. Every thing that morning was bright, and to William Sum-

merville never had appeared half so beautiful. Even the singing of the birds never had sounded so sweet before. He talked incessantly, rallying poor George upon his low spirits, and accusing him of being in love, and exhausting every topic in three minutes after he had commenced it. "Well," exclaimed George, "if I wanted to be perfectly happy, I should wish to be always as near matrimony as you are, and no nearer."

"Well," said William, after walking in silence for some distance, "what have you found?" "Nothing," replied George, "what have you?" "Nothing," was the reply. They had both been absorbed in their own reflections, and had arrived nearly home, without even discharging their pieces. The mind of William was undoubtedly filled with the image of Helen Sanford, and whether George was thinking of the beautiful Julia R. with whom he had danced the evening before, we will not pretend to say—but it was certain both had forgotten the errand they had set out upon. "Well," said William, "let us at least fire, lest some of the arch beauties in the neighbourhood should attribute our silence to their own sweet images, and accuse us of being absent minded—but hark I hear a rustling among the leaves, and as I live there is something very like a rabit" He drew his piece, and fired. The echo was answered by a loud shriek, followed by a groan! "My cousin's voice by heaven!" exclaimed George, "William, you have killed her!" They rushed to the spot, and there extended upon the ground, in the agonies of death lay a being, who but a few moments before was in health, bounding along with the elasticity of youth, in one moment prostrated. William had in a thoughtless manner, shot to the heart, his best beloved, his favourite, his faithful————dog! Helen was walking in the wood, and shrieked at the report of the piece.

"Very like a rabbit," said George with a sarcastic smile.

William was that night united to the beautiful Helen, and George's heart was not adamant at the appearance of the fascinating Julia.

ROSAMOND.

FOR THE GEM.

A TALE.

BY AN ORPHAN.

The story which I am about relating, is not of the character of those fictitious tales, which awake to sympathy the warmer feelings of the heart on the moment of perusal, and then on reflection, lose their interest because we know them to be unreal. Most of the facts in the following tale are bitterly in the remembrance of the writer.

Henry G———, the subject of the following narrative, was the second son of an eminent lawyer of the county of W. His parents having died when he was an infant, left him destitute of maternal counsel, and instruction; yet under the direction of an aged grandparent, he was enabled to avoid the grosser follies of youth, and at a proper age, a situation was provided for him as an apprentice in the shop of a respectable mechanic. By his industry and honesty, he soon acquired the confidence of his master, and by his amiable and friendly disposition, enjoyed the respect and esteem of all who knew him.

At the age of twenty one by the assistance of a family connexion, he established his business in his own native village. He prospered, and in his days of prosperity, he married the amiable and accomplished Emily W———. This union prophecied the harbinger of much connubial happiness and domestic enjoyment But soon the dark cloud of misfortune arose. Henry unable to discharge some debts, perhaps unnecessarily contracted, soon became dejected and melancholy.

His affectionate Emily, observing the altered look of the object of her tenderest love, took him by the hand one evening, as he sat reclining his head upon his hand with a look of sadness that plainly bespoke a heart of despondency, and with a heart full of reciprocated love, and kindred feeling, she exclaimed "Why so sad my dear Henry? has your home lost its charms; do you so soon rue the day that made you mine?" Henry for a moment wildly gazed on the face of the angel before him—the massive tear glistened in his dark eye, and with a countenance replete with sorrow, replied as he pressed the hand of his trembling wife to his bosom, "No, no—my domestic fireside can never lose its charms, while adorned with the presence of my dear, my virtuous Emily; O, add not pangs to my grief, by a moments conjecture, that I rue the day that made thee mine; it is fitter far that thou shouldst weep o'er the hour thou wast wedded to the unfortunate Henry. I am ruined—my merciless creditors—O! my wife—my child." Here the rush of feeling stifled utterance. Nature yielded for a moment to the weight of emotion.

After composing himself sufficiently to speak, he looked his weeping wife in the face, and resumed—"To night I must leave you—my property is seized by my creditors, and to morrow I shall be in the lonesome cell of the gaol, unless I flee."

No entreaty or persuasion could divert Henry from his purpose. He had the day previous engaged a friend to take him in his carriage that night, and convey him

from town in secret;—and while his amiable wife was yet imploring him in tears, to attempt the arranging of his affairs, and not to leave her in the manner he proposed, his friend entered and told him he was ready to accompany him. Henry rose hastily from his seat to depart, when his wife overcome with the chilling thought of so quickly parting with a husband she loved with all the tenderness of woman's love, seized him by the hand, looked up weepingly and affectionately in his face, and exclaimed "O, if you must go, leave me one token of your unabated affection." Henry clasped her to his breast, pressed her lips to his own, and faintly uttered "my love farewell."

As Henry closed the door that hid him from her view, she sunk back in her chair, and gave long and wild utterance to the impassioned grief that rent her heart.

The night Henry left his once happy home, to escape the reckless vengeance of his creditors, was one of those dismal ones of November 18— The moon at solemn intervals shot forth her sickly ray upon the face of withered nature, and was just merging from a parted cloud, as he passed the village church-yard. Its pale beams faintly glimmered upon the marble that himself had erected to the memory of his parents.

Till now his head hung upon his breast in solemn silence, save now and then broke by a deep and hollow sigh, but when he raised to bid a last farewell to the cold and silent habitations of those who bore and cherished him, his already breaking spirit burst as if leaving its wretched tenement, and he wildly exclaimed—"O! my God must I now take a last farewell of the sacred spot that entombs my parents; must I leave forever, and in *disgrace* too, the scenes of my childhood? O, that I slumbered yonder with thy peaceful dust, my mother."

His friend in a measure succeeded in subduing this sudden burst of feeling, by exciting hopes of success in business, in the rich and fertile country of G———. Yet the feelings of a noble soul, that yields to misfortune, evidently preyed upon his heart.

They rode on slowly over the uneven way, till the dawn of light, when Henry after entrusting some private affairs to his friend, bade him adieu. He soon after arrived in the now flourishing "city of the west," and being unsuccessful in procuring employment in his profession, he was obliged to retire to the cottage of a farmer and labor for a scanty pittance through the winter. He now looked back with all the bitterness of grief, to the time when he was happy in the enjoyment of all the comforts a competence, and an amiable wife can afford, and often would weep at the remembrance of other days.

At the close of winter, having obtained employment in his profession, he was excited to a vigorous struggle to extricate himself from the heavy grasp of poverty, and was for a considerable time prosperous, and he hoped soon to send for his wife. But O delusive hope!—He was soon attacked with a violent fever, and from the first day of his illness appeared sensible of his approaching dissolution, and desired a friend to write his wife, and request her if she hoped to see him alive, to come immediately. His friend complied with his request, but without any hope of her receiving the intelligence in season to arrive before it should be too late. Henry's only desire now appeared that he might survive till the arrival of his wife. Two days before the time he knew it possible for her to reach him, being told by his physician, that he could not survive but a few hours, he grew frantic, and with a look of death like anguish, he exclaimed "O my God! is it so?—must I die—O my wife—my wife—can I not survive to take a last farewell of my dear Emily—" He continued to cry out in broken accents till with a mighty grapple with the king of terrors, he wildly rolled his eyes on those around, and then closed them forever.

The funeral ceremonies were postponed till the third day after his death, with the expectation of the arrival of his wife, and then a little gathering of the neighbourhood commenced, to perform the last act of respect to the remains of this unfortunate man.

The sable pall was spread over the coffin, and the bearers were in readiness to proceed on their solemn duty, when his wife entered the house. With a look of despair, she exclaimed "Oh my husband, my husband—dead! dead!" All attempts to console her were in vain; Nought could assuage the grief that rankled at her heart; the world contained no charm for her; one hope had till now borne her up, that hope had set forever. She followed his remains to the grave, and with him, buried all her earthly hopes. Whoever has witnessed the last look, the final and eternal adieu of those whose hearts were knit together by affection's strongest tie, can faintly imagine the sublimity of this touching scene.

It was some time ere Emily awoke to a sense of her loss; she had since the burial of her husband, been as one who was not; she gave way to corroding grief, and in a few months, after the death of her husband, she too was numbered with the dead.

Such reader is the outlines of my melancholy story, and such has been the unhappy fate of the parents of

ELLEN.

I HOPE I DONT INTRUDE.

I like to see young men gallanting ladies through the streets with cigars in their mouths. Ton.

I like to see young men smoking cigars in a room without knowing whether it is agreeable or not. Civility.

I like to see persons spitting tobacco juice over the floor of a house. Pretty clean.

I like to see young men and boys drinking liquor in a bar room. It looks well.

I like to see young persons with brandy blossoms on their face. They will soon bloom.

I like to see young men and boys cursing and swearing in the streets. Indication of sense.

I like to see persons when entering a church, walk as if they were killing ants. Practice.

I like to see young persons staring about the church as though their heads were set on pivots. They wish to hear more than see.

I like to see young people disturb a congregation by getting up and going out before it is over. Gentility.

I like to see young men stopping up the path to prevent people from coming out from church. Good behaviour.

I like to see young people freighting news about the town instead of minding their own business. A mere kindness.

I like to see people know more about other person's business than they do of their own Good citizens.

I like to see people contract debts, and forget to pay them. Knowing how to live.

I like to see whole families run to the door when a stranger passes by. Good breeding.

I like to see persons filling up the paths so that the ladies have to go in the mud. That shows good manners.

EXCELLENT RULES.

The following rules, from the private papers of Dr. West, were, according to his memorandum, thrown together, as general waymarks in the journey of life. They were advantageous to him, and, while they exhibit an honourable testimony to his moral worth, may be useful to others :—"Never to ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem such, however absurd they may appear to me.—Never show levity where the people are professedly engaged in worship.—Never to resent a supposed injury, till I know the views and motives of the author of it. Nor on any occasion to retaliate.—Never to judge a person's character by external appearance.—Always to take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.—Never to dispute, if I can fairly avoid it.—Not to dispute with a man more than seventy years old; nor with a *woman*; nor with an enthusiast.—Not to affect to be witty, or to jest, so as to wound the feelings of another.—To say as little as possible of myself, and those who are near to me.—To aim at cheerfulnes, without levity.—Not to obtrude my advice unasked.—Never to court the favour of the rich, by flattering either their vanity or their vices.—To respect virtue, though clothed in rags.—To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions; especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.—Frequently to review my conduct, and note my failings.—On all occasions to have in prospect the end of life, and a future state. Not to flatter myself that I can act up to these rules, however honestly I may aim at it."

A RUSTIC BALLAD.

A bee, while lay sleeping young Dolly,
Mistook her red lips for the rose:
There honey to seek were no folly;
No flower so sweet ever blows.
It tickled, and wak'd her, when clapping
Her hand on the impudent bee,
It stung her; and Dolly, caught napping
Came pouting and crying to me.

Said she, "Take the sting out I pray you."
What way I was puzzled to try,
And a trifling wager I'd lay you,
You'd be as much puzzled as I.
I'd heard about sucking out poison—
A sting is a poisonous dart—
So I kiss'd her—the act was no wise one;
The sting found its way to my heart.

FROM THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

A little while, alas! and all
The busy throng, that thoughtless tread,
So proudly now, this earthly ball,
Must sleep forgotten with the dead.

Maiden, bethink thee in thy prime,
While running fashions's giddy round,
How vain are things of earth and time—
How transitory ever found!

How little is the joy that flows
From gay apparel, costly show,
To that the humble Christian knows,
Whose heart rests not on things below.

If happiness then thou wouldst seek.
The crowded haunts of folly shun—
Be humble, virtuous and meek,
And thou in peace thy race shalt run.

OTHO.

FROM THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

Pilgrim is thy journey drear
Are its lights extinct forever?
Still suppress that rising tear,
God forsakes the righteous never!

Storms may gather o'er thy path,
All the ties of life may sever—
Still amid the fearful scath,
God forsakes the righteous never!

Pain may rack thy wasting frame,
Health desert thy couch for ever,
Faith still burns with deathless flame,
God forsakes the righteous never!

An old actress very proud of her *charms* used to have the play-house call brought into her bed-room every morning. One day a man came in, who she thought was the call-boy. "Lay it down says she, Ledger." "What do you mean by Ledger" says the man; "I *die* for you" "Lord bless me, who can this be?" said the actress. "I die for you! Dear me—there is somebody in love with me; let me see who it is." She pulled the curtain aside, and seeing a shabby fellow, demanded what business the impudent rascal had there! "I dye your clothes," Ma'am said he, "and am come for your *bombazine petticoat*."

An English lady of high fashion, at Boulogne, lately separated from her husband, has changed her religion, being resolved, as she says, to avoid his company in this world and the next!

"Economy is wealth." Shut up a number of small streams and they will fill a mill-pond.

JERUSALEM.

The present dwelling houses of Jerusalem are clumsy, square, low masses, without either chimneys or windows, terminating in flat roofs or cupolas, and look more like prisons or tombs than habitations.—The streets are narrow and unpaved, and run up hill and down dale. Awnings which are spread from one house to that which is opposite, increase the darksome gloom of this labarynth. Some miserable looking shops display only the wretchedness of their contents, and even these are frequently closed, for fear of a cadi, or pacha that may be passing by them. No human being is to be seen in the streets; and scarcely any noise is to be heard but the gallop of a horse from the desert, or of a Janissary cantering along with the head of a Bedouin Arab in his hand, or leaving the town to plunder the peasantry.

ON RURAL LIFE.

The pleasures, charms, and resources of a country life are inexhaustable; they impart their own peculiar joys, and are such as man cannot disturb or diminish; unconnected with the noise and turbulence of town, free from the shackles of its dependence, and the restraint of its confinement. Gay, airy, and independent, the mind, like the body, can roam free and undisturbed, and lay up all those riches to itself, which no change nor sorrow can take away. There, it witnesses those innumerable beauties, and becomes enraptured in those sweet, soft sensations which delight to revel in the luxury they produce. There are those wonders which exalt the being of the naturalist, and bestow a source of grand and inexhaustible delight; nature arrayed in her rarest and choicest garb, displaying her fascinating aspect to allure and delight, and hiding in the depths of retirement and darkness, her most magnificent possessions for curiosity and research.

Morning, noon, and evening, array her in different shades, till splendid night surpasses all: in its still and beautiful repose, are experienced those feelings and

emotions which the solemn majesty of an illuminated heaven only can impart when man, far from the world's busy tumult, breathing the air of solitude and tranquility, enveloped in its psaceful shades, has his feelings attuned to the loveliness and grandeur of the scene. Its quiet and sublimity calm and dissipate those cares which harass the spirits and mock the soul. In such hours as these, inspired poets have poured forth their gentle numbers, and proved their magical influence. It were in vain to suppose man untouched and insensible to these associations; it would be depriving him of the choicest luxuries of his being, and divesting him of charms whose power refines and softens. Latest posterity can whisper those glowing and happy effusions of "spirits which were," who were touched and roused by its influence. The rustic Burns, whose temperament was ardent and sensitive, and whose imagination was warm and lively, possessed an intense power of feeling those emotions. It was the secret charm that produced his finest, sweetest strains. Subdued by the faint and uncertain beauties of moonlight landscape, and the sublime, stupendous scenery of his own wild country, he frequently gave himself up to tender, abstracted and luxurious enthusiasm of imagination, till his feelings kindled into glowing action, and were even lisped forth in his childhood.

The poems of Ossian, whether written by the inspired pen of Mac Pherson, or collected from a rude and wild people, are strongly marked by this tender influence: the mossy rocks, caves, floods, and mountains of their country, are associated in every mournful episode and bloody battle. The sweet music of his harp he compares to the "soft mist that rising on the lake, pours on the silent vale," Every thing is involved in that secret charm which has equal power over all. Nature finds its way to the heart of every one, and that breast must be hard and cold to resist her arts. Even Pope, who never possessed an enthusiastic nature, seemed to be awakened by the charms of natural pleasure, and celebrated, though perhaps with no great native feeling, in Pastorals and his Windsor Forest, their pleasing joys. But it was reserved for the benevolent and mild Thomson to awaken a sensibility to the delights of external nature: early habits gave him that fondness and amiable feeling to enjoy rural life, and inspired him with a zeal in discerning its myriads of charms and beauties, that fitted him alone for the pleasing task, and enwreathed his name in an evergreen chaplet of fame.

It was in the solitudes of Vaucluse that PETRARCH indulged in his fondness for study and meditation; the silence of its dells, the freshness of its shades inspired him with his sweetest sonnets: fit was the retirement that ROUSSEAU sought, though the skeptic denied the power who gave it all its charms, and afforded him tranquillity and enjoyment. To him who is capable of enjoying the calm and peacefull pleasures of nature, and feeling her thousand wild charms, and disposing of his time to advantage, solitude is never irksome: it possesses delights and impulses that excite thought, sustain an activity of mind, and raise the soul; produces noble sentiments and heroic resolutions that fortify and ennoble the character.

FOR THE GEM.

STANZAS.

TO ———

Dear girl—thou idol of my heart!
Oh! how can I endure
The thought that we must shortly part,
To meet, perhaps, no more!

It must not be—I cannot bear
To think that thou, my love,
Another's happiness shall share,
While I am left *to* rove.

No, no!—I never can forego
The hope that warms my breast,
My heart would feel the deepest wo;
'Twould never be at rest.

ORLANDO.

☞Several communications are on file. To "Rosamond," and "S. of C." we tender our sincere thanks for their favours.

POETRY.

FOR THE GEM.

The writer of the following has heard a tale that a promising youth, from some unknown disappointment, repaired to the Canandaigua Lake, where he took a boat, put out upon the waters, and found there a grave.

THE MANIAC.

The moon shone pale from out the cloud,
And gilded every wave;
The night wind, whistling long and loud,
Was silent as the grave—
And half creation's monstrous host
In slumbers soft were laid;
When one, with wo and troubles tost,
With rank destruction play'd!

"You see me, moon," the maniac said,
"But you, all secrets keep."
And now the boat is quickly sped
Athwart the silent deep;
The night-wind mutters to his moan,
The water fiends rejoice,
On ev'ry breeze there rides a groan,
A horrid, deathlike voice!

Slow floats the barque, above his grave—
The maniac tears his hair,
Then looking down upon the wave,
He sees a *maniac there!*
"I meet you brother," wild he cried;
Oh there was none to save;
"I meet you," echo quick replied,
Then rashly plunging in the tide,
The maniac met his grave!

The moaning winds sighed from afar,
The night-bird scream'd aloud,
And yon bright orb that gilds the night,
Was veil'd 'neath the rising cloud!

S. of C.

Canandaigua, May 19th, 1829.

FOR THE GEM.

THE WIDOW'S LAST CHILD.

"Thy lip and cheek, and low'ring brow,
All tell, that I am childless now."

I know, I know, oh lisp it not,
That my last child is dead:
Oh it has ever been my lot,
To see my offspring fade.

Yes, one by one, I've seen them fade,
And wing their way to heaven;
And now my own sweet Ellen's dead,
The last, last tie is riven.

Oh were it not a sin, I'd say,
Dread spoiler, pass not by;
Thou'lt find an unresisting prey;
Oh let the mother die,

And yet, O Lord, I'll not repine,
But for thy mercy pray,
'Twas thou that gave, and they were thine,
And thou canst take away.

ROSAMOND.

FOR THE GEM.

THE STRANGER.

Around the cold grave, where the stranger lies sleeping,
The loveliest flowers shall bloom:
And if there's a spot, where pale pity is weeping,
'Tis by the lone traveller's tomb.

He came from afar—cross'd o'er the wide ocean,
To the land of the brave and the free;—
He heard of our land, and his spirits devotion
Bore him up on the perilous sea.

Now far from his home, in the earth he is lying,
And willows weep over his grave;
Though no friend to support him, when here he lay dying,
He lean'd upon ONE that could save.

LARA.

FOR THE GEM.

TO DELIA.

Delia! receive this little ring,
And let it round thy finger cling,
Perchance it may remembrance bring
Of Vardine.

Delia! it may by its bright hue,
Affection's brighter hours review,
And oft the faithful vows renew
Of Vardine.

Delia! if on thy lovely sight,
These gems should throw a ray of light,
Say? would they sometimes thoughts excite
Of Vardine.

Delia! Its circling form shall be
An emblem of my constancy,
Unending as the memory
Of Vardine.

V. R. G.

THE PUZZLER.

Answer to the Enigma from "G."

Your subject when known,
Is no less than a *stone*,
And hard as it is, it produces a *tone*.
One looking it o'er, discovers a *note*,
And a *net*, and *ten ton* at least all afloat.
And further we see, since our task is begun,
Where *Enos* of old found a *nest* for his *son*.
The subject goes *on*, and finds not a close,
From the *nose* on your face, to the ends of your *toes*.
Nay, but then we must stop, Reader say you not so?
Yet the subject replies, without variance *No*.

E.

2. Because both are set apart.

THE GEM

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THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 3. ROCHESTER, JUNE 13, 1829. VOL. 1.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE FOUNDLING.

There was not in this wide, wide world,
One soul to call him kin.

'How our mother doats on that boy,' exclaimed the haughty Clara Villars to her more gentle sister Emily. "Sometimes I verily believe she prefers him to us, and for my own part it hurts my feelings not a little, to think of the attention I shall be under the necessity of receiving from him during my voyage to America."

"Oh Clara, how can you talk thus," replied Emily, "what can you allege against him, only that he is portionless, and depends on the bounty of our parents; surely he is elegant and accomplished, and a more noble soul was never inherent in any bosom, than glows in the breast of Theodore Montague."

"You might have spared your sentiments Emily," replied Clara, "you have always been a champion of Mr. Montague's, but let me tell you, it is no *honor* to the house of Villars, for one of its members to be so interested in a pennyless foundling; and Emily, beware, this sentiment must be something stronger than friendship."

The haughty Clara then withdrew, leaving Emily in tears. We will now give the reader an insight into that family to which we have so abruptly introduced them.

Pembroke Villars was an only son, and on the death of his father, became sole heir alike to his title and vast estates. He resided in London, and was a star of the first magnitude, in the fashionable world. At the age of 25, he became deeply enamoured with the fascinating Emily Somers; and notwithstanding she had nothing but natural talents, beauty, and a sweet temper, to recommend her, the gay, rich, and accomplished Lord Villars married her, to the eternal discomfiture of some dozens of scheming mothers, and maiden aunts, who expected legacies at least.

He retired to a beautiful country seat, a short distance from London, where he might in his solitude, enjoy domestic bliss. But it is the lot of mortals to taste the bitter with the sweet; for his lovely wife, lived but four years after her marriage. She died when Emily was but three weeks old, and Clara two years. This unexpected stroke of providence, entirely overpowered Lord Villars, and for a while his friends were fearful lest a total loss of reason would be the consequence. But time, that healer of all griefs, proved efficacious in restoring him to his wonted vigour; and when Clara was five years old and Emily three, he married the amiable widow of a rich Baronet. This lady had no children but an adopted son, who had been found at her door when an infant, in a basket. There were no marks by which its parents could be traced—there were some articles of clothing, and a note pinned to his dress, with these words; "*Call him Theodore Montague.*" He was accordingly called so: and in every thing but the name, he was the son of the present Lady Villars.

At the time this lady married Lord Villars, Theodore was six years old.—Lady Villars treated him, together with Clara and Emily, with the greatest kindness. Theodore had arrived at the age of twenty, and had grown up beautiful indeed; and accomplished in every thing useful and elegant; for the same masters had been employed for him, which were provided for Lord Villars' own children. He was considered one of the most fascinating young men of the age.

When Theodore was in his eighteenth year, Lord Villars thought proper [to inform him of the manner in which he had become an inmate of his present elegant and happy home. [Before, he had passed as a distant relation of Lady Villars.] This information had entirely changed his appearance; from a thoughtless, gay, and cheerful boy, he had become a pensive, melancholy young man. After he had received the information that he was a poor found-

ling, he exclaimed "a poor orphan, pennyless and dependant on the bounty of her father. Oh no, I shall never possess her." He was thinking of Emily Villars. From her early childhood they had loved each other, and he had hoped some day to have possessed this treasure.

How different was the conduct of Clara and Emily, on the discovery that he was a dependant foundling. Clara treated him after the disclosure with disdain, and as an intruder. To the amiable Emily, he was dearer for being an orphan, and thrown upon the world in his helplessness. The health of Theodore was daily declining with his spirits. The thoughts of his parents and of that other being, made him gloomy and dispirited. Lord Villars saw with regret the effect which this disclosure had upon Theodore, and he determined to send him to America for a short time, to see if change of scene and air might not restore him to his usual health. He had delayed imparting this plan to Lady Villars and Theodore, from his reluctance to part with him even for so short a time. But lady Villars had lately made a discovery, which enabled him to put his plan into immediate execution.

Lady Villars soon after her first marriage, had brought home from boarding school, a very young and beautiful sister. The lovely Beatrice had a great many admirers, but she seemed to have a secret grief, which, "like a worm i' the bud, preyed on her damask cheek," and they were all rejected. But how was her amiable sister shocked one morning, on finding her room empty, and her sister gone, she knew not whither. From that time she had never heard from her (but once she had a letter in her sister's hand writing, stating that she had eloped with a Mr. Mentor, to whom she had been privately married,) until a few days before Theodore was twenty, she heard accidentally that she was in America, in the city of New-York, and in obscurity. She had therefore determined to go and seek her, accompanied by Clara and Theodore, for Lord Villars' health would not admit of his going, and Emily could not be persuaded to leave her father. It was therefore determined that she should remain and watch over her father in his helplessness. It was this journey that Clara referred to at the commencement of our tale.

This journey interested all the party. Lady Villars was going with the hope of finding a sister, who had been lost to her 22 years. To Clara it was interesting because she was going to a new country, where every thing would be to her a novelty. She was therefore waiting impatiently for the day to arrive that would see them on the waves of the Atlantic. To Theodore, his mind thirsted for knowledge; he longed to see far-famed America; but still his mind was on the rack. To leave Emily, this thought was the gall of bitterness to his soul. But oh how *bitterer* the thought of living to see her another's! Lord Villars too, had seen this strong affection. But amiable as he knew Theodore to be, and much as he loved him, he did not think it prudent to give his darling Emily, to one who had no parents to claim him; his parentage perhaps so low, that it might cause a blush to pass over the lovely cheek of Emily to acknowledge them. He had therefore forborne speaking to either of them on the subject, until something could be learned respecting his birth. Emily felt as though she should need all the fortitude she was mistress of at this dreaded parting. She might never see her mother, sister, and there was yet *another* being, whom she might never see again.

The day at length arrived which was to seperate these friends. They left their country seat and proceeded to London, accompanied by Lord Villars and Emily. On the fifth day after their arrival, they were to sail. Clara was in high spirits on that morning. Not so with lady Villars; she looked forward to that perilous journey, and thought of her almost hopeless errand; and sometimes she almost despaired of ever finding that long lost sister, but hoped for the best.

It was a beautiful morning on which they sailed for America; and every heart seemed lighter than Theodore's. They passed rapidly down the Thames, and soon London in all its splendour, looked like a lonely island in the far off sea.

They had a delightful voyage; and no accident occurred until the day but one before they landed in New-York. Clara was standing on the deck, when the boom of the vessel struck her, and threw her overboard. The vessel was going very rapidly, and there seemed no way of saving her, when Theodore seeing the accident, threw himself over the side of the vessel, crying for a boat. He caught the almost exhausted girl in his arms, and soon reached the boat in safety. They were received on board amidst the congratulations of the crew,

and the thanks and tears of Lady Villars. This act of Theodore's, moved the haughty soul of Clara; she was melted into gratitude to her deliverer. She begged his pardon for the part she had heretofore acted, which was readily granted; and from that day, Theodore Montague became dearer to her than she was willing to confess.

They arrived in New-York in safety, and had resided there upwards of 3 weeks; and all inquiries after that lost one had proved fruitless. No Mrs. Mentor could be heard of, and Lady Villars was so depressed on that account, that Clara and Theodore thought it best to have a temporary change of scene and air. They therefore determined to take a trip to Niagara Falls. They were out shopping a few days previous to this excursion, when Clara desired to step into a milliner's shop to make some purchases. They accordingly stepped in.

"What are those lace veils," asked Clara.

"Really I do not know," said the shop-woman; I have them on commission, and they were placed here this morning. The lady who furnished them is yet in the back parlour. I will fetch her."

She returned in a few moments followed by a lady in deep mourning.—She raised her eyes to Lady Villars,—"Save!—" and the words "Beatrice—Therese!" were uttered, and the sisters were locked in each other's arms. The ravages of twenty years grief, had not made such inroads in the beautiful face of the lovely Beatrice, but that Lady Villars recognized her long lost sister, in the one before her. Restored in this singular manner, after the first confusion was over, Mrs. Mentor fixed her eyes on Theodore, "tell me, Oh! tell me, sister, the name of this gentleman!" Being told it was Theodore Montague, she exclaimed "my son! my son! my lost son!"—and rushed into his arms. The whole party was struck with astonishment: but Mrs. Mentor said she would explain all in a few moments.

The whole party now retired to lady Villars' lodgings. Their curiosity was now on the rack, and they could hardly wait for Mrs. Mentor to recover her self-possession, ere she gave a detail of this singular affair.

She stated that while at a boarding school previous to her residence with her sister, Mr. Montague, under the feigned name of Mentor, became very much attached to her, and the attachment was reciprocated. She said he was the only son of wealthy parents; that his father was a very mercenary man, and wished his son to marry a rich heiress, who was old and ugly; that he being a minor, was fearful lest his father should enforce this detested union; and to evade it, he had eloped to London under a feigned name—that he pursuaded her to elope with him, fearing a refusal from her friends in his present pennyless state; and that she very imprudently took that step, for which she had been doing penance twenty years. He had hoped that when his father found that he was really married to another, and that all hopes of prosecuting his union with the heiress was at an end, he would forgive him. But in this he was mistaken, for on presenting himself before his father, where he had hoped for his blessing, he received a curse; he denounced him forever in his wrath; and said he would will all his vast estates to a distant relative, and he might seek a home and fortune where he pleased. On hearing this, in his bitterness of spirit, he determined to depart from his native land forever, and seek in America, a livelihood by his talents. They accordingly proceeded to London, Her little Theodore, (the hero of the present tale,) was then seven months old. They stopped in an obscure street, intending to sail with the first fair wind. She stated that stepping out one evening a short time, and leaving her babe asleep, when she returned her boy was gone. When her husband returned, he caused immediate search to be made, but no tidings could be gained of him; and they were under the necessity of going to America without finding him. She said they had lived comfortably, her husband had been first clerk in an extensive mercantile establishment. That his health had been gradually declining for the last 3 years; and that he had been dead about six months; that when he found he had but a short time to live, he wrote to his father, stating that previous to his leaving England, he had taken his infant son, and left him at the door of his wife's sister, as he could not bear the idea of having him reared in poverty, and that this lady having no children, he doubted not but she would accept him, and in this, as we have seen, he was not mistaken. She further stated that his father being on his death-bed, was softened, and freely forgave his son; and made his will in favour of his grand-son, Theodore Montague, the adopted son of Lady Villars. He sent the Will to America, and Mrs. Mon-

tague, had it now in her possession.—She was preparing to leave New-York for England in about three weeks, when she was discovered thus providentially by Lady Villars.

The whole party were in the utmost astonishment at this recital, and acknowledged that "the ways of providence are inscrutible, and past finding out."

Nothing could exceed the joy of Theodore at finding that he really had a parent, and that his kindred were of noble blood. They immediately set sail for England, and with what a light heart did Lady Villars retrace her way over the Atlantic. But Clara found too late, that he whom she had before despised as a dependant orphan, she now loved with all the fervour of woman's first love, as an heir of the illustrious house of Montague. And the delicate attentions of Theodore during their homeward voyage, added the last death blow to her already wounded heart.—They were received in raptures by Lord Villars and Emily, when all was explained.

Theodore did not delay asking the hand of Emily, which was readily granted by the now happy father.

"Come here Clara," said Lord Villars to his eldest daughter; a few weeks previous to the marriage of Theodore and Emily; "I have something to communicate to you, that will put an end to your sighing, and singing so many plaintive airs, because Emily is to be married first." He then communicated the fact that the noble heir of Somerset, whom Clara had condescended to smile upon the winter previous, in London, had asked her hand in marriage. Lord Villars, who did not approve of doing those things by proxy, gave him no encouragement, until he had consulted Clara. She sighed and looked sad, but thought that marrying might be the most effectual way to blind Emily and Theodore, as to the real state of her heart; for she would have died sooner than have had either of them suspected her fatal attachment. She therefore consented to become Lady Somerset, the day that united Theodore and Emily.

The time at length arrived, and all was bustle and preparation. The sisters were dressed alike on the occasion, except where there sparkled pearls and gems in the raven locks of Clara, a simple rose bud sent forth its fragrance, amidst the golden ringlets of Emily.—Never were happier mothers seen, than Lady Villars and the mother of Theodore; and never was there a happier bride than was Emily. And the bridegrooms, it is needless to say that they were happy. But there was *gall* in one lone heart. Clara, once the loftiest stem of the house of Villars, was a withered, a crushed, and a blighted flower,

And though her form did far exceed
The sculptor's finest art;
Her pale cheek plainly told, that it
Conceal'd a breaking heart.

ROSAMOND.

FOR THE GEM.

A FRAGMENT.

On a beautiful May evening as I sat by my desk, with my head carelessly reclining on my arm, and indulging in all the fond day dreams of youthful buoyancy; suddenly the door of my apartment flew open, and an aged, venerable man stood before me. His white and unshorn locks fell loosely down upon his shoulders, and gave him the appearance of some solitary hermit. He looked steadfastly upon me for some time, and in silence. There was something in his look and manner, so differently engaging from any thing I had ever witnessed, that rivetted my whole attention. His keen, piercing eye that rested upon me in all its intenseness, seemed to read my very soul. At length he spake, and his voice though enfeebled, was clear and distinct. "Youth" said he, "wouldst thou know the reality of thy vision? follow—" and he turned beckoning me after him. Insensibly, almost, I followed my singular conductor. For a time we wandered through a thick yet pleasant grove, upon which the midnight moon threw all her splendour; until at the farther extremity, we halted in front of the entrance to a cave almost overgrown with the surrounding shrubbery. Neither had spoken since we started, except at times my mysterious guide would repeat in a half whisper, some catches very much like a rustic song.

He now removed, with almost incredible strength, a huge stone that concealed the entrance, and rapped on the door of this subterranean abode, with a cane that had supported his steps thither.

Immediately this massy door, which seemed bound down by a spell not unlike that at the cave of the "Forty Thieves," was opened by a female, dressed in the garb of a Highland shepherdess.

The old man disappeared for a moment, but soon returned preceded by a young and beautiful girl of about ten years of age. "Here Imogine," said he, 'show the stranger our apartments.' She bowed, and touching a spring with her hand, a door which I had not before observed, flew open and we entered an extensive hall, lighted by a single lamp, swung from the centre. As we proceeded sounds of musick met our ears, which seemed to give a kind of holiness to the scene around. My curiosity hurried me on till we passed another entrance, which led into a saloon richly and beautifully tapestried. At the further end were seated two females; each with a harp on which they played. There was a kind of melancholy attached to the vibration of their instruments, as their hands swept mournfully o'er them, which well accorded with the soft yet thrilling tones of their voices. I was indeed in a mood to love, and had *one* been there I doubt not I should have expressed it. A folding door was thrown open and a group of young ladies, beautifully habited passed, dancing before us. Each was attired in her own fanciful dress, and as they tripped smilingly by, threw wreaths of flowers at our feet. One after another disappeared in the gay circle, till at length the music ceased and all were seated.

My young guide conducted me to a sofa, on which reclined in lovely fatigue, two the most beautiful of the group. On my approach each raised her eyes, and—"Heavens! whom do I behold! Yes, 'tis she—my own—" she stopped me, and when all were gone, threw herself into my arms which were instinctively extended, and breathing a tale of joy, reclined on my bosom; while I, almost entranced, eagerly pressed my lips upon————*my arm*, on which I had been sleeping.

LOTHAIRE.

MORAL.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

It has pleased the benificent Father of the universe, to form man a rational and intelligent being: to endow him with faculties of mind susceptible of the highest improvement, and to impart to him a soul which may soar far on beyond the joys of earthly happiness, and participate in the bliss of heavenly immortality. The feelings of his heart purified by the clear principles of morality, and ennobled by the influence of divine goodness, elevate his nature, and justly entitle him to be ranked among the proudest works of the creator. But Omniscience has so constituted him, that his happiness is closely interwoven with the practice of the moral virtues, and a strict and undeviating regard for the dictates of religion. When these are disregarded, the ties that bind his soul to heaven are broken; the glorious destinies of his existence, are lost in the transient pleasures of earth, and the impress of divinity, stamped upon his nature, remains but a polluted emblem of his pristine glory, and in his sober moments of reflection, adds keener pangs to his miseries, by reminding him of the high objects for which he was created.

Wherever there is a want of moral principle, the loftiest efforts of the human intellect degenerates into coldness. They may dazzle the imagination with their brilliancy, and perhaps astonish the reason itself with their strength and originality, but the heart is unmoved, and the nobler and more exalted feelings of our nature remain unaffected. We may witness the most towering flights of genius; we may listen with delight to the almost overpowering strains of eloquence; we may be enchanted with the soft and flowing numbers of heaven-born music, and at the same time our emotions may be mingled with feelings of sadness and regret, that the possessors of these golden talents are uninfluenced by the mild precepts of virtue, and throw a shade over their shining qualities by the vicious and corrupt conduct of their lives. We may view with pleasure, too, at a distance, the fiery heavings of a volcano, but we shudder to reflect that every swelling is pregnant with the seeds of desolation, and buries whole cities with liquid fire.

Who has not been enraptured with the sweet and fascinating melody of Byron? Who has not felt the deep breathings of his mighty genius and acknowledged the burning fervor which inspired his muse? And, yet, who that bends the knee of reverence at the shrine of religion, and endeavors to advance the great principles of morality, does not intertwine a wreath of cypress with the laurels that encircle his brow, and while he admires the magic power of his poesy, laments that his harp was untutored to nobler themes, and his sweetest stains were destitute of heavenly fire! The immortal Gibbon has removed the veil which had rested like a mist upon the history of imperial Rome and has scattered the darkness and doubt which for succeeding centuries

had enveloped the whole continent of Europe. His name will be remembered as long as nations shall exist; but while the philanthropist and christian shall bestow the just tribute of applause upon the splendor of his talents, and the magnificence of his works, they will shed tears of sorrow over his infidelity, and regret that almost every page of his history is stained with opposition to the gospel of Jesus. Hume has also erected a monument to his fame as durable as the "fast-anchored isle" of Britain; but he, too, has added his name to the list of unbelievers, and is ranked among the foremost of the opposers of the Christian religion.

But there is a brighter page in the history of man. From the catalogue of the distinguished men of every age, we may select some whose names are an ornament to human nature, and whose lives have been devoted to the cultivation of the moral graces, and the advancement of social and religious happiness. Newton, Boyle and Locke, have enlarged the circle of the human mind, and adorned the principles of philosophy, with the precepts of piety.—Their fame is equally identified, with the progress of knowledge, and the diffusion of virtue.

Others have emblazoned their names upon the escutcheons of immortality by some single act, which has contributed to alleviate the wretchedness of thousands, or disseminated the seeds of morality to the remotest corners of the earth. Millions of the degraded sons of Africa will swell the anthem of joy, while associations of the sweets of liberty shall remind them of the name of Wilberforce. The history of Mills, Fisk, and who have shed a bright and undying lustre upon our country, will call forth the grateful recollections of unborn generations, so long as truth shall triumph over error, and the influence of christianity be felt in removing vice and superstition from the hearts of men.

The cultivation of moral feeling, is as closely interwoven with the stability of government, as it is allied to the promotion of the great objects of religion. Remove this pillar, and the beautiful fabric of our freedom falls. Diffuse the poison of immorality among the minds of the people, and factious ambition would sway the councils of the nation, or perhaps the bloody flag of despotism would wave over the ruins of the fair temple of our liberties. Rome, so long as she resisted the encroachments of vice, and maintained among her citizens a sense of piety and devotion, preserved her political frame firm and unbroken. But the "fell destroyer" came. Vice opened its floodgates of destruction, and a thousand streams of pollution swept away every remnant of moral principle. The cords of Government became relaxed, her laws were disregarded, and licentiousness and corruption sapped the very foundation of the empire. Rome fell, and from her fall succeeding nations may learn, that moral principles are the supporting pillars of their political institutions.

The harmonious order which pervade the natural creation, beautifully illustrates the importance of regularity in the moral world. The shooting of the plant, the uninterrupted succession of the seasons, the regular movement of the earth, the stars of the firmament wheeling their courses in perfect symmetry through the boundless fields of space, all present a system of the utmost beauty and order, and excite in our minds the highest sentiments of admiration. But when storms and tempests ravage the surface of the earth, or the convulsions of nature shake its foundation to the centre, or when the terific comet traverses its eccentric course and threatens the destruction of world, the minds of men are excited with horror, and filled with consternation and awe. In the same manner, we view with feelings of dread the wild whirlwind of the passions, unrestrained by the mild influences of virtue, and uncontroled by the effects of a religious education.

The God of nature has raised us high in the scale of existence; and shall we degrade the dignity of our nature by pursuing the delusive phantoms of sensual pleasures, and exchanging the bliss that flows from the cultivation of moral and religious feeling for the debasing objects of earthly gratification? He has implanted in our souls a desire of happiness: and shall we exchange the pure and unadulterated joys of virtue and piety, for the short-lived unsatisfying pleasures of vice and immorality? No; reason and the experience of ages teach us, in loud and warning accents, that misery is the inevitable consequence of vice, while pure unalloyed felicity is the sure reward of virtue.

There is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty, as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquility of an aged parent. There are no tears that give so noble a lustre to the cheek of innocence as the tears of filial sorrow.

THE GEM.

Saturday, June 13th, 1829.

It was our intention to have printed this number of "THE GEM" upon type entirely new, but owing to an unforeseen delay, our fount did not arrive in season. We can, however, promise our readers that our next number will appear in its own new dress.

To our various correspondents, we are much obliged; and those to whom we are most indebted, we trust will accept our warmest thanks. We have on file a great number of communications; some of which will appear in due time, and others never.

BEAUTY AND DRESS.

Beauty has been with a very pleasing similitude called "a flower that fades and dies almost in the very moment of its maturity;" but there is a kind of beauty, which escapes the general mortality, and lives to old age; a beauty that is not in the features, but that shines through them. It is merely corporeal or the object of more sense, and is not easily discovered except by persons of true taste and sentiment. There are strokes of sensibility, and touches of delicacy, which, like the master-traits in a fine picture, are not to be discerned by vulgar eyes, that only are captivated with vivid colors, and gaudy decorations. These are emanations of the mind which, like the vital spark of celestial fire, animate the form of beauty with a living soul. Without this, the most perfect symmetry in the bloom of youth only reminds us of a "kneaded clod;" and with this, the features that time itself has defaced, have a spirit, a sensibility and a charm, which those only do not admire who want faculties to perceive.

By dress beauty is adorned, and a want of that attraction is rendered less unpleasing. The rules of dress have been, not inaptly, compared to those of composition. It must be propely adapted to the person, as, in writing, the style must be suited to the subject. A woman of rank should not appear in doggrel, nor a farmer's wife in heroics. The dress of a handsome female should be epic; modest, noble, and free from tinsel and all the luxuriances of fancy. To the pretty woman, greater license may be allowed; she may dress up to the flights and fancies of the sonnet and the madrigal. One whose face is neutral, and whose personal charms reach no higher than epigrammatic in her dress,—neat, clever, and unadorded; the whole merit and attraction lying in the sting. But the ugly woman should by all means restrict her dress to plain humble prose; any attempt beyond that is mock heroic, and can only excite ridicule.

THE MUSQUITO.

This tormenting insect, happily known only by report in England, is justly an object of dread to all new comers. A young lady from the Highlands of Scotland, having had her imagination worked upon, during the voyage to India, by the terrible description given of it by the officers of the ship, who felt a pleasure in hoaxing the new comers, and having heard by some means that it had a proboscis or trunk, on seeing an elephant near the beach where they landed, exclaimed, as she caught the arm of one of the passengers for protection, "is that the animal ye ca' a musketee?"

TO MISS * * * * * *

Thou once wert lovely as the blooming rose,
Which wastes its fragrance on the summer air
And while I gazed upon thy sparkling eyes,
That shot their rays of love, from 'neath a brow
White as the Parian marble, then I loved.
Yet know thou haughty fair one, I can scorn
As well as thou. Think not that thou hast bound
My heart so firmly as to make it brook
Thy high, thy lofty and disdainful mien,
And love thee still. No! earth receive my form,
Ere I'm so shackled by a woman's love.
Then deem not thou that I will ever bend
My knee before thy worthless charms again:
For they have lost their wonted pow'r to please.
Ah how unlike the rose, whose sweets remain
When its leaves wither in the scorching blast.

SAPORZA.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE GEM.

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

Oh, ask me not, to tune again
The softly soothing lyre;
For nought but harsh discordant sounds,
Come from the trembling wire.

The lyre that once could cheer the heart,
With a lively joyful tune;
Is hung upon the aspen tree,
For its sweetest sounds are flown.

And I am in a stranger land,
My friends are far from me;—
Oh how can I, attune my lyre
As it was wont to be.

It breathes a deep prophetic tone,
Like the wail of one in pain;—
My soul grows faint at the direful note,
And reels my dizzy brain.

I've heard that direful note come forth
In the night, when all was still—
Nor enough to shake the aspen leaf
Of breeze, was on the hill,

A voice upon the night wind came,
"Away from this place away
"Minstrel, this is no place for thee,"
And the summons I must obey.

I must go to another land,
I must seek for another home—
Alas! my hard and wayward fate;
Forever doom'd to roam.

LARA.

Batavia, June 10.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

ELLEN'S GRAVE.

I saw her laid in the chilly tomb,
And all around was darkness and gloom,
And I saw her kindred around her weep,
But she heeded them not in that deathly sleep.

There was one that lingered around the bier,
To drop the last, the bitterest tear;
They need not have told 'twas a mother's eye
That gazed on that ground so fervently.

None but a mother's foot could tread,
So lightly o'er the sleeping dead;
None but a mother's breaking heart,
Would linger there so loth to part.

And now I saw her stoop to twine,
The cypress and the eglantine,
To weave a garland for her child,
And leave it there in place so wild.

And there was yet another flower,
Cull'd from her own *lost* Ellen's bower;
This, too, she planted on that spot,
A little blue *forget-me-not*.

I never knew a mother flying,
When her darling child was dying;
Her voice ne'r tunes to notes of gladness,
When her offspring's heart is fill'd with sadness.

I went, and left her there still weeping,
O'er the spot where that blighted flower lay sleeping,
And oft have I heard that mother sighing,
O'er the lone spot where her child was lying.

ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE SEASONS.

With zephyrs sweet reviving breath,
Came verdant Spring across the plain;
She raised the drooping flowers from death,
And made the meadows smile again;
She caused the youthful heart to bound,
And softly touched the trembling string,
That quick conveys to all around,
The pleasures of the genial spring.

Then came fair Summer in her place,
With rosy health and sunny bowers,
More beauteous was her radiant face,
Than loveliest hues of spring-tide flowers.
She clothed the field with living green,
And shed a grace on all besides;
And brighter grew the verdant scene,
And richer still at summer-tide.

Next Autumn came, tho' wearing not
The Spring's blush, yet a richer dye,
Than fell to Spring, or Summer's lot,
Glow'd on her cheek, and lit her eye.
"I come," said she, "to gather in
What Spring and Summer brought along;
And joyful as the scene has been,
I'll crown it with the reaper's song."

Then on came hoary Winter last,
His head with silv'ry hairs was white;
And with him came, the chilly blast,
And howls throughout December's night.
He threw his mantle like a dream,
Across the far extended plain—
He laid his hand upon the stream,
And bound it with his icy chain.

He breathed upon the myrtle grove,
And chill'd the songsters on the wing,
Where late was heard the notes of love,
Is nought but winter's murmuring.
"I come," said he "to close the scene;
Spring, Summer, Autumn all have flown,
Have left you; and all that's been,
I now am left, supreme alone."

LARA.

MARRIED,

In batavia, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Joseph Elliott, the Rev. John R. Dodge, pastor of the first Baptist church at Brockport, to Miss Harriet M. Winchester.

THE GEM,

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THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young genius into life.

NO. 4. ROCHESTER, JUNE 27, 1829. VOL. 1.

ORIGINAL TALES.

FOR THE GEM.

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF PASSION.

And there was on that lonely wreck,
A mother and her child.

Don Elvazer was a grandee of Spain. He was one of the wealthiest nobles of Madrid. His family consisted of a wife and two sons. Antonio the eldest, was elegant in his person, but his disposition when roused, was like a tygers. He was the counterpart of his father. Sebastian was also a fine figure, but he had not the noble, resolute look of his brother; he was his reverse likewise in disposition; calm and gentle for a Spaniard.

Antonio loved the belle of Madrid, Donna Elvira; and she loved with her whole soul Antonio. She was devoted to him, and it would have reflected honor on a prince, to have been beloved by Donna Elvira. She was tall and commanding in her figure; and her eye—"her soul was in her eye;" so dark and beautiful, and yet so piercing, that when her long dark lashes fell upon her cheek, it was like a cloud passing over the sun; and although Elvira's complexion was strictly Spanish, it was strictly beautiful. Passion was no small ingredient in her character; for when she loved, it was with her whole soul; and her existence hung upon that love. She would as soon have been annihilated, as to have been torn from Antonio. And when she hated, it was with the same degree of passion. She was a Catholic, and in her religion she was devoted. And Elvira was kind, and in her kindness one would have almost thought an angel had strayed from its native heaven, and was dispensing blessings. The time for the celebration of the marriage of Elvira and Antonio now drew near, and all Madrid rung with the news of the splendour of the expected nuptials; and brilliant indeed were the preparations. And many a noble heart was sad that day; and the last ray of hope was crushed in many a bosom, now that this treasure was actually to be given to another. The most splendid church in the city was lighted on the occasion. All was pomp and ostentatious show. The edifice was crowded to excess, and every eye was bent on the door, where the bride was to enter. She at length appeared supported by her brother. Her dress was of white silk velvet, over which was a robe of silver gauze. Her dark, dark hair hung in ringlets over her shoulders; from her neck was suspended a diamond cross; and innumerable jewels sparkled about her person; And when she bowed before that holy altar, she looked so noble in her loftiness, one would have thought an empress, save the diadem, was kneeling there.

Nothing occurred during the ceremony, until near the end; Sebastian fainted, and was conveyed out of that holy place; and then Antonio's brow gathered blackness, and his devoted bride, almost quaked under his frown.

Time vanished scarcely noticed by Antonio and his bride, and happiness seemed their lot, except occasionally when Sebastian crossed the path of Antonio, his brow lowered, his eyes flashed fury, and his hand involuntarily grasped his sword: yet he would calm the tumult of his soul; but there was death in that deceitful calm. Two years passed, and during that time, Antonio became the father of a fine boy. And when he found (on returning home after a short journey,) his brother caressing his boy, and in familiar conversation with his wife, jealousy, that "green eyed monster," crept into his soul, and sapped his life's blood. His long suppressed passion burst forth, and his young and innocent brother fell by his hand; and his beautiful and guiltless wife was deserted. And it did seem as though this demon had laid waste his whole soul, and scattered his reason to the winds of heaven; and with a Spaniard's curse, he cursed his parents for having reared him; and with a Spaniard's curse, he cursed his brother, and

his wife, his once beloved Elvira and his boy; and with a demon's curse, he cursed *himself*, his *country* and his *God*. But guilt like his, will not long remain unpunished. Antonio put himself at the head of a band of pirates in the Mediterranean. He fell from happiness and peace and honor, to scenes which make the blood of innocence curdle to think of. He seemed like that fallen angel, blotted out of heaven. This terrible "spirit of death" seemed the terror of every mariner; and blasphemy, drunkenness, rapine, theft and murder, were among the catalogue of their crimes.

Elvira found at last what her husband had fallen to, and she determined on following, and trying to reclaim him and bring him back to virtue. Vain attempt. Can the fires of Ætna be quenched; can the Simoon of Arabia be stopped; can the roaring of the angry billows be hushed? Just as soon as frail feeble man could calm that troubled soul; none but the powers above could quell that spirit. But the wretched Elvira could not bear to give him up; she loved him just as fervently, as when she gave her heart and hand into his keeping at that holy hour. When therefore that treacherous vessel hoisted the flag of Spain, and came into port, she stole silently and secretly into that floating Sodom with her boy, and found a hiding place; and when far out at sea, she knelt before that haughty brow, and was spurned from him, and would have been hurled off the deck, had it not been for the compassion of a sailor. From that moment she knew she was forsaken, and that her cup of gall was full; and not another tear was shed, and not another sigh was given to the winds; the fountain of her tears was dry; and every sigh was smothered long ere breathed. She knew her utter hopelessness, and prayed to die.

They had been about nine days at sea, when a storm, one of the most terrible that was ever known arose; and they were driven about at the mercy of the winds; their masts, and all their shipping fell before the destroyer. The hull was at last driven upon a rock, and they all immediately threw themselves into the long boat, determined to trust to the mercy of the waves. Antonio and all his crew were in the boat, when a faint cry was heard, and Elvira came tottering from her hiding place, crying 'save, oh save my boy,' she then threw him into the boat, but Antonio took the boy, and threw him again on the deck, crying 'perish together, and let the name of Don Antonio be blotted out forever.' And then Elvira knew that the last pang was given. She told her beads, called on the Holy virgin, and placed that diamond cross, her bridal ornament, on the bare bosom of her boy, and sat down in her loveliness—to die.

Two days after this event, (according to the account of those that were saved,) they were taken from the wreck, and it seemed as though they had just expired. Death had not been a spoiler there; they looked as beautiful in that sweet sleep of death, as when they slept beneath their own dear Olives, in their native Spain. The cross lay on that boy's sweet bosom, just as his mother placed it there, and one of his fingers was twined in a dark tress of his mother's hair, which had escaped from her Spanish hat, in her last agony. They were taken from that wreck, and interred in the deep blue sea. It was sad to think that one who was wedded in so much splendour, should have had no kin to chant a requiem at her lonely funeral. * * * * *

Six years after this deep tragedy, Antonio was in a mad house. I did not ask if conscience did the deed.

ROSAMOND.

FOR THE GEM.

THE HERMIT MAID.

Charles Stanley had taken his gun, and accompanied by his dog, sauntered out into an extensive forest, a few miles distant from his father's abode, in quest of sport. It was a beautiful and clear morning in April, and Charles felt uncommonly cheerful. Invigorated by the dewy breeze that played around, and cheered by the untiring carol of the sylvan choristers, that, perched upon the boughs, or floating in the air above him, warbled forth their morning praise; our young sportsman had wandered far into the wood, before he was aroused from his pleasing reverie. Frequently would he raise his gun in the attitude of firing at a thrush or woodrobin, and then would let it fall again upon his arm, for they were too pretty he thought for a sportsman's eye. Thus he had roamed about the woods, and passed most of the day, without even once discharging his piece. He now began to think of returning, but was wholly unable to tell in what direction to bend his course. After wandering about for a long time, without knowing whether he was gaining or losing ground, and becoming weary, he sat down upon the bank of a small stream, that wound its way through the forest,

and gave himself up to all the melancholy reflections of a disheartened man.

His parents, friends and home, all, all presented themselves in lively and feeling contrast, with the desolate scene around. Situated as he was, ignorant of any course that would lead him to a human habitation, or direct him where to seek assistance, he would have given worlds had they been at his disposal, to have met in that dreary wood, a fellow mortal. The sun had already gilded the tops of the trees with his last, lingering rays, and as the dim twilight grew fainter, and his last hopes more feeble suddenly his dog rushed, uttering a low growl, into the wood. Charles raised his piece to examine it, and then let it drop again carelessly by his side, entirely regardless of what might befal him. Immediately, however, his dog returned, followed by an old and decrepid man. Charles now felt a new life rush through his veins, as he approached the venerable stranger, who looked upon him in astonishment, and brushed his grey locks from before his eyes, to assure himself that he really beheld a human being. A contemptuous sneer passed over his brow, and he turned muttering in an angry tone, "intruder." Charles sprang forward and beseeched him at least, to direct him to some habitation. The old man halted, and looked earnestly in his face,

"Thou art young," said he, "canst thou be innocent?"

"Of what!" said Charles.

"Perhaps thou art," said the old man in a less angry tone, "but what brought you hither? you are far from the abodes of men."

Charles then related the manner in which he had spent the day, and supposed he had been all the while going still farther from his home. The old man at length consented to conduct him to his dwelling.

Charles, as will readily be believed, answered all his interrogatories with pleasure, as they pursued their way to his deliverer's habitation; but what was his surprise upon entering the door, to behold a *female* engaged in reading.—She uttered a shriek, and flew into another apartment. Charles looked about him with a kind of wild gaze, that showed how little he had anticipated such a scene. Every thing was pregnant with astonishment. This forest abode, so humble in its appearance without, within was adorned with whatever fancy and wealth might suggest. Its various decorations were as the spoil of kings.

Charles turned his eyes upon his host, as if to ask an explanation, who, anticipating his desire, begged him to be seated, while he related his life's history.

"Times once were" said he, "when I floated upon this vain and deceitful world, a member of its most deceitful society. Thou art the first man that these eyes have beheld, for more than seventeen years, and I did hope they never would have rested upon even thee.

"The timid, fawn-like girl that fled in surprise at your approach, has been my only companion and received my only care. *She* has never tasted the cup of vice that is passed so freely from man to man, nor does she know even its nature. *Man* is to her a name more fraught with danger, than that of the most untamed beast of the forest."

Charles' eyes were turned towards the door through which she had passed, in wild expectance of again beholding her sylph-like form. A single glance had spoke its symmetry, but caught not the eloquence of her features; and he now wished to behold her, who had been thus nursed in the lap of innocent solitude; but he spoke not and the old man continued—

"Yes, I have known the world, and felt, deeply felt its wickedness. I was once young like yourself, and thought this world a paradise. My ancestry was noble, my parents were wealthy, and every wish that I could have formed, was anticipated by them. At the age of twenty-two, I was married to the only woman that I ever loved. We had an only daughter, who grew up like her mother, as innocent, and lovelier than the flowers around her. She had many admirers, and her hand was frequently solicited, but in vain, till Henry Beaumont, who had been for years her schoolmate, appeared among her suitors. He soon learned that innocence like hers, knew no guile, nor suspected any. In a short time, Rosett's heart was his, and he, as if in mockery of life's humanity, like the rapacious wolf, sucked its blood, and left his victim. I need not dwell upon particulars. Suffice it to say, that my only daughter was clandestinely married to Henry Beaumont, who after the first few months of feigned love were past, exultingly boasted among his companions that—

The rose which all admir'd,
Was now a bramble grown.

Every thing had been so artfully conducted, and the unsuspecting girl so wholly deceived, that no proof of their marriage could be adduced.

"Rosette's heart was too susceptible of anguish, to bear up under a blow like this. Reports too, of *infamy*, were whispered abroad, and she sunk like a trampled flower into her grave. My wife too—" and the full tear of remembrance glistened in his eye as he spake it, "soon slept by her side, and I am left alone the wreck of a damnable calumny. My daughter left a child, heir to her sorrow, and begged, as I loved the remembrance of *my* child, that I would guard *her's* from the falsehood of man; and faithfully have I kept her wish.—Within six weeks from the time I last beheld her who was once my wife, I removed my effects to this abode, and the little Rosette and myself have been its only inmates. Man is my enemy, and him I avoid." The old man ceased, and hung his head upon his arm to weep.

Charles, although deeply affected by his tale, frequently fixed his eyes upon the door he so much wished would open. Presently a harp was struck, and Rosette's voice accompanied it, singing to a lively air the following

SONG.

There is a time in youth's gay dreams,
When all, in fancy, pleasing seems;
And bright, and clear, and lovely too,
As sparkling gems in morning dew.

Then, then the joyous heart beats high,
And pulses throb with ecstacy—
Propel anew through every vein
Life's purple flood in swifter train.

And then, too, Friendship speaks aloud
And bursting eager through the crowd
Of senseless, dull and cold designs,
Seeks a response in kindred minds.

Its glowing pleasures, fired with hope,
Gives to fancy boundless scope;
Bids cold reason be at rest,
And fills with joy each willing breast.

"It is a tune her mother often played," observed the old man, "and I have taught it her. Poor thing; she little knows that Friendship is only a name."

"Has *she* no friends?" asked Charles.

"None," was the reply, "except myself, for she knows none else."

Rosette was called, and leaning upon the arm of her grandfather, sought protection from the *monster—man*. Like a timid fawn she came forth, and like our parent mother, when first the fiend beheld,—

"She as a veil, down to her slender waist,
Her unadorned, golden tresses wore."

which in part concealed the blush of fear that gathered on her cheek.

Bashful innocence was pictured in every feature, and each bright tress that curled upon her neck, had more of beauty in it for being unadorned. A diamond clasp glittered upon her bosom, which vied in vain with the sparkle of her eye. Her snow white dress, still increased the appearance of perfect innocence, and added to the illusion that some fair form had wandered from the realms of bliss, and sought repose beneath this sylvan roof. Her harp was brought, and as she struck a wild, romantic air, there breathed such melody from its strings, that Charles beheld with awe; and need I say he *loved*.

LOTHAIRE.

FOR THE GEM.

THE MYSTERIOUS WELL.

"What black magician conjures up this fiend."—SHAKESPEARE.

Timothy Pearing was the eldest son of a pious country pastor of that name. He was a good hearted, fine feeling fellow, but when he was out from the pale of his father's inspection, one of the wildest blades the country produced.—The fire for sport within him seemed to be forever burning; and as he was brought up under the immediate inspection of a rigid parent, his reigning passion would, like a concealed flame bust forth with uncommon vigor, whenever he had an opportunity to give it vent. Tim, (for that name every body gave him,) was a dasher among the *ladies* too, and was a great favorite with all the fair sex in town. "Ministers sons have to be watched,"—and the careful parent over Tim, was not unmindful of his charge. In this, Tim thought his father was quite too rigid, and but for this, I believe there would not have been the least dissatisfaction on Tim's part.

The Rev. father of Tim, was one of your good every-day devout men; one who always like Fallstaff, seemed to possess a quiet mind; was not too fastidious in matters of devotion among his people or family, and always had a good word to say to all his friends.

The tongue of slander had said that he was not altogether as he should be, in all things touching his daily walk. But a truce to this. Who has not enemies? and what will men not say, through envy, malice or revenge? But the reader may begin to enquire for the beginning of my story.—"Coming Sir."——

The "forest of the west," has not a more beautiful village than that of F——. It is situated on ground high and dry, on the bosom of a small, but beautiful lake; the scenery around which, would almost invite an angel from heaven,

to select from its thousand beauteous gems, materials for a coronal. Nature here is in all her perfection; and the glossy waters, which are as pure as crystal, reflect the charm and make it double. The inhabitants of the village of F. are as it were, moulded into one frame, and were as peaceable as the soft bosom of the unruffled lake upon whose beautiful borders they lived. Society there had not its grades, as in the more popular places; a good name, industry and virtue were a sure passport to the confidence of the worthies of the village. If a painter wished to draw a most superlative picture of man and nature, here were the materials for the genius of his pencil.

Matters had moved on for years, with the same quietness and harmony, and the happy people of F. had enjoyed the benignant smiles of heaven so long and so bountifully, that they had almost become unmindful that there was "one head over all who giveth good gifts." Every day had been fraught with comforts, and when the Sabbath appeared, that day of rest and comfort, to the Christian in particular, all repaired, old and young, to the house of public worship, where the good parson mentioned in the former part of my story, dealt out to them in christian meekness and solicitude, the heavenly injunctions contained in the sacred volume. But no "awakenings" were consequent on his preaching, and the first of the flock of the church had grown grey, and seemed apparently passing off the stage, leaving none to tread the paths they had trod. The business of "going to meeting," had become an item among their occupations, and seemed to be more regarded as such, than as a duty they owed to their Maker, and their own souls.

An evil day evidently hung over the destinies of the village of F. The crops were one year cut off, and the deacons, and more upright men, predicted that it was in consequence of their not having valued the innumerable blessings that had been heaped upon them. It was said, too, and the story gained credence, that old aunt Clara, the fortune-teller, had had a dream,—a terrible one; that the village was to meet with a calamity that would make the inhabitants tremble. Things passed on, and every day added fears to the already intimidated people, until every young girl, and half the women, were afraid of their own shadows. Times had arrived to such a crisis, that the church was frequently crowded at afternoon meetings, and by those who had left their work to worship. At length the dreaded calamity did indeed overtake that village, and wrought its wonders to the astonished multitude.

It was on the afternoon of as beautiful a day as May produces, that Betty, Deacon A's favorite daughter, (and a great favorite with the pastor,) went to the yard with a brother younger to milk the cows. Betty was a charming girl, for one brought up among those who do not follow all the foolishness of fashion, and every feature and movement of the rosy girl, told that she was in the very zenith of health and spirits. The sun was sinking fast in the west, and tinging the clonds with his golden beams. The birds that had all day long chanted their songs within the lake's beautiful scenery, were now whistling the symphony that would end the cheerful chorus of the day. The lambs upon the rising ground, were skipping a moment before they joined their dams, that had already reached the sheep-fold, and every thing, as if inspired, seemed to give evidence that the hand of Deity was spreading out the night to renovate a weary world. Betty was undoubtedly affected by the scene, and she poured forth upon the passing breeze, a song as sweet as the music of that harp, when "Ariel's finger touch'd the string."

SONG.

The pretty songsters on the spray,
Are chanting to the close of day;
See! while they sing,
They're on the wing—
A little longer—then, away.

I heard the voice of joy to day,
"Twas from a maid in love, they say;
I know not why
I heav'd that sigh,
But Allan, my love is far away.

This song ended, Betty arose, and the cow immediately left the spot to join the others at the WELL, where Charles had drawn water for them to drink. Betty followed the cow to the well, which was situated not far from a ravine, grown up with thick brushwood, and in the bed of which meandered a small stream in its way to the lake.

While standing near the well, indulging in some reflections, and looking down upon her own features that met her gaze from the bottom of the waters, all on a sudden a voice issued from the well! Its sepulchral tone, and warning accent, struck Betty and her brother dumb. They gazed upon each other in breathless emotion, as the voice in a clear, yet tremendous manner said "Wo, wo, unto the inhabitants of F. for they have offended Heaven by their

deeds,—they have forgotten the Lord in the day of their prosperity, and those who professed christianity,have become at ease in Zion—and have employed a pastor, whose garments are polluted. This warning will I again repeat to-morrow at the going down of the sun." The voice ceased—and as soon as they had recovered sufficient fortitude, Betty and her brother proceeded to the house. Here their agony was long and terrible. They attempted to inform their father, the Deacon, but the dreadful malediction for a time choked all utterance. At length the story was told. It is impossible to picture the feelings and actions of the Deacon, as the tale escaped the lips of his darling Betty. As she proceeded, the old gentleman would look first upon Betty, and then upon his wife, exclaiming, as he alternately adjusted his spectacles on his forehead, and then upon his nose, "Oh terrible! we shall all be sunk"—"Betty, my dear, was'nt you scar'd to death?" The news did not stay long with the Deacon. It was soon communicated to the whole neighbourhood, and the utmost consternation prevailed throughout that whole night. At length the dreary night, that had like a snail "limp'd tediously away, gave way to the approach of another day. The sun that morning rose in a cloud, and the utmost gloom was spread over the face of nature. It was thought advisable by the priest to assemble the following evening near the well, and implore omnipotence to avert the shafts of his anger, and save them from destruction. But at the very time, and in the midst of their devotional exercises, these affrighted souls were arrested by the voice from the well, saying—"Wo, wo, unto the inhabitants of F." as was the case the night previous. The affrighted people fell down in the dust, or trembled in their shoes, while the voice spake, and the whole assembly prayed for deliverance! The language seemed to add a deeper damnation to their already guilty consciences! The parson retired with his flock to his own house, where he confessed to his people many peccadillues that had chequered his life, and asked forgiveness; which they readily granted. Yet there seemed to be something in the actions of the good parson, that was not seemingly altogether reconciled with himself.

Another day passed, and the people quaked at the approach of the dreaded hour. The parson trembled with very fear, the Deacon exclaimed as he approached the mysterious well, "Oh terrible! we shall all be sunk!" The sun at length fell behind the western hills, and the dreaded hour had arrived. Precise at the hour, again the voice issued from the well, which chilled the blood of every soul present. The voice concluded, "Let the people not be led by the workers of iniquity!" "Oh! terrible! we shall all be sunk!" said the Deacon, "follow the minister." They all arose and followed him to his house, where the Deacon begged of him, if he had any secret sin unrepented of, he would forthwith make it known, and they would unite with him in appeasing the anger of Heaven upon them, as a judgment for his sins. The worthy pastor summoned all his fortitude, and thus began.

"I have before high heaven, heretofore made known to you all my faults but one; and had spared the recital of that, hoping that by hearty repentance, in secret, I might be spared the shame of a developement. But I see that nothing short of a full recital of the facts will avert the impending calamity. It then is this. I had connived to elope with one of the handsomest daughters among you, and take up my abode in a far off country. I repent the rash and unholy scheme, and pray Heaven and my people, to forgive my sins."

Who is that girl," enquired the Deacon earnestly.

"It is——" replied the overwhelmed pastor "your daughter Betty!"

"Oh! terrible! we shall all be sunk," said the Deacon, putting his hand on his bald forehead, and wiping down the sweat.

"How could you presume thus upon your sacred functions, and upon me and my daughter?" said the Deacon.

"The Lord forgive me, I know not," said the parson.

"Oh! terrible!" said the Deacon, as his agitated frame trembled, and his knees knocked together.

That very night the good pastor was sent off to a distant country, and the following evening the people again repaired around the well in devotional exercises. The Deacon watched the last rays of the king of day, as he sat behind the mountain. The hour had arrived, and again the voice ascended from out the well. But its language was "peace! peace!—Amen!" And there was joy unspeakable in every breast, and each returned to his home, filled with gratitude for his deliverance. The well was the next day covered with a smooth covering, and denominated "The Mysterious Well."

A year passed without giving any clue to the wonders wrought in so miraculous a way: and on the anniversa-

ry of the day when the people were delivered from the wrath of offended justice, the whole village assembled to offer thanks around the mysterious well.

The covering was removed; its waters were dark and sluggish, and animals that infest impure waters, had found their way into it, in innumerable quantities. During the devotion a stranger appeared, coming from a distance. On his approach, it was discovered to be no less than the volatile blade, Tim, of whom the first of our story speaks. He was cordially greeted by every one, except the Deacon, who seemed suspicious of his errand. After the exercises were over, and they had repaired to the house of the Deacon, Tim begged the liberty to relate the cause of the voice from the mysterious well. He was permitted to proceed, when he said that the first occupant of the Deacon's farm, in building that well had constructed it so that when the water rose to a certain height, (as it frequently filled up in case of rains,) it would pass off by means of pump logs sunk in the earth, and leading into the ravine a little below. That having found out by accident of the secret agreement of his father to run away with Betty, he himself had gone to the mouth of the logs, and spoken through them into the well; that by thus doing he had reclaimed his father, and averted that disgrace and calamity which was about to break with a double vengeance upon his father's family. He then gave a good account of the well being of his father, and all the members of the family. On ending his story, the good old deacon, who had all the time sat uneasy, arose and taking Tim's hand, said eagerly, "Tim, it was a noble thought in you, it was indeed—Oh! terrible! we should all have been sunk, if the thing had gone on, you may depend upon that Tim," and the sweat poured down his bald forehead, as he thought of the voice from the well, and all the circumstances connected with that dreadful communication.

Tim staid in town several weeks, and visited all his fellows; and soon it was whispered that Tim would be more successful at the Deacon's, than those before him. It turned out even so, for very soon, Timothy Pearing the once volatile, thoughtless blade, but now a steady upright young man, was an inmate of the Deacon's house; for he was wedded to the beautiful Betty, and was the successor of the Deacon, who with his wife having lived to a good old age, died leaving the peaceable possession of the estate to his son-in-law. Betty sometimes talks of the destruction that she escaped, but always refuses to be present, when her husband tells to his friends, the story of "The Mysterious Well."

ADRIAN.

THE GEM.

Saturday, June 27, 1829.

This number of "THE GEM," we present to our readers as a specimen of the manner in which it will be hereafter printed. Our type are all entirely new, and we trust, and do believe that we shall be able to DRESS our paper in such a manner, that it shall lose nothing when compared with any other of a similar cast. Of its contents, we will let others speak. We can assure our readers, that no pains will be spared to render our semi-monthly repast acceptable, and worthy of their patronage.—We shall make frequent extracts from the various literary productions now in circulation, but we hope the greater part of our paper will be taken up by original matter. This part of our country, styled by eastern writers, "the western wilderness," has many flowers of literature blooming amidst its rugged pathways, which only need be seen, to ensure admiration.

THE GEM,
Of Literature and Science,

Is published in Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y. It contains 8 octavo pages, and is issued semi-monthly, printed in a neat form for binding, and on entire new type. The proprietors of this paper have spared no expense in getting it up, and they send it forth to the public, with no other wish, than that it may meet with the patronage its merits may claim. It has thus far met with such encouragement as the proprietors could reasonably expect, and they intend as soon as sufficient patronage shall warrant it, to enlarge the paper, and embellish it with plates. The price is ONE DOLLAR per annum, payable in all cases IN ADVANCE.

Letters and communications addressed to the subscriber, will receive due attention. Back numbers can be furnished to new subscribers.

EDWIN SCRANTON.
ROCHESTER, JUNE 1829.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE GEM.

MY HEART IS SAD.

"My soul is dark, Oh! quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear."
BYRON.

My heart is sad, but Minstrel, thou
Canst wake it from its tone of woe:
Then strike thy lyre, but let it now
Be sad, and wild, and low.
Yes, let the strain be soft and sweet,
That falls upon my troubled ear;
For Minstrel, Minstrel! 'tis not meet
That sounds of mirth should linger here.

A burst of song would be too much
For this o'ercharg'd heart to bear;
Then gentle, gentle be thy touch,
Like Mercy's requium breathing there.
And ah! that much lov'd, well-known strain!
It 'minds me of a broken vow;
And strike, Oh! strike it not again;
Hush'd be the voice that breath'd it now.

Now, Minstrel, rest; and let me weep,
And ease this aching heart of pain:
Now gently let thy fingers sweep
Along the silv'ry chords again,
Oh! lightly, lightly touch the string,
Like an Eolian's slightest waking;
And let it to this lone heart bring
A calm, and save it now from breaking.
ROSAMOND.

FOR THE GEM.

THE MYSTERIOUS FAIR.

A seeming native of the sky,—
So fair her form, so mild her eye;—
Who could she be? what did she there?
The question none presumed to dare.
All wished to know, yet none would ask;
They felt they knew how hard the task:
But in a dread suspense would dwell,
As if they knew their hearts too well.
She had the art,—perhaps alone,
To make another's thoughts her own:
Then by one swift, repelling glance,
She'd turn each curious eye's advance:
And thus, superior to them all,
She held the stoutest hearts in thrall.

Her eyes were like the azure sky,
So mild and pure; yet sudden flashes
Shone out between her silken lashes,
Like fire from the clouds on high.
Her auburn tresses fell behind,
And gently floated on the wind;
While from her zone, her snow-white dress
Flow'd down in lovely carelessness.
Her dark blue eye was often raised
From the fair, blushing flower;
And oft she threw her ardent gaze
Athwart a verdant bower.
'Twere vain to tell of every charm,
That breathed around her lovely form;

Yet you might see at one lone glance,
She had a noble soul:
Her lovely eye's dark eloquence
Spurn'd proudly all control.
Her words were few; and fewer still,
Those which concerned her own:
And though she seemed companionless,
She stood not there alone.
LARA.

FOR THE GEM.

A DREAM.

I had a dream:
'Twas of pleasure, but followed soon by pain.
A verdant lawn had fancy pictured, o'er
Which I wander'd now, of time regardless,
Far, far from the home of my friends. I tho't
Of the days that had pass'd, when happiness
Beamed on my youth and directed my way.
I thought too of her who had mutually
Pledg'd me her love; never, never
Would I forget her name. Our last embrace
Return'd, in memory, as dear and ling'ring,
As when we, parting, bade adieu. The moon
But dimly shone; yet by its flick'ring light
I could at times a female form discern,
Cloth'd in the sable shroud of silent death.
Once it passed so near I knew its features,
They were *Mary's!* My God! I cried and clasp'd
Mine arms to catch the form, but oh! 'twas gone.
A sigh I heard: that sigh I knew was hers.
I gaz'd from whence the sound had came, but all
Was silent, still as death. Feelings too deep
For utt'rance rack'd my heart and weigh'd me down.
A sleep like death came o'er me; sensations
All were fled, till wak'd by a faint and
Feeble voice that whisp'ring sigh'd "*Lothaire.*"
I rose, and beheld far in the distance
Her shrouded, shadowy arm beck'ning me.
Tremblingly I followed, gazing on the form
That led, I knew not whither. It stopped,
And pointing downward, utter'd "*there.*" 'Twas gone.
I look'd, and Oh! 'twas MARY'S GRAVE!
LOTHAIRE.

THE TREBLE PUN.

At a tavern one night, Messrs. More,
Strange and Wright,
Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange;
Says More, "Of us three, all the world will agree,
There's only one knave, and that's Strange!
Says Strange, rather sore, "I'm sure there's one More,
A terrible knave and a bite;
Who cheated his mother, his sister, his brother,
"O yes," replies More, "that is Wright."

Epitaph on a Musician.

Stephen and Time are now both even—
Stephen beat Time, now Time's beat Stephen.

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THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 5. ROCHESTER, JULY 11, 1829. VOL. 1.

ORIGINAL TALES.

FOR THE GEM.

THE SPARTAN MOTHER.

A Tale of Ancient Greece.

By Mrs. H. M. Dodge.

The wild din of battle was heard in the fields of Sparta, and all her bravest sons were engaged in the dreadful conflict.

Albinus, a widow's only son, had left his maternal hearth, even in very boyhood, and gone to join the standard of his invaded country. At the time of his departure, there was one—a tender creature—who shed many bitter tears; but when she saw his mother's calmness, when she looked on her high brow, beaming with patriotism, and noble pride, and heard her last commands to her boy, which were to—"return with his shield, or return upon it."——she went away and wept in solitude, being unwilling to disgrace her own character, as well as that of her sex, by exposing so much weakness.

The mother of Albinus felt all that heroism, and love of military glory, for which the females of ancient Sparta were so celebrated; and she fervently prayed that her only and beloved child, might fall gloriously on the field of battle, rather than survive the liberties of his country. Linnacia, however, was very young; the bright influence of love's first breathings filled her heart, and she feared nothing so much as the loss of its object. All day long did this fair girl gaze on the distant plains that led to the field of battle, and listen with the most intense anxiety to every approaching footstep. At length a small party of Spartans were seen approaching the widow's cottage; they bore a dead body in their arms—it was doubtless that of Albinus!

Linnacia looked on the stern calmness of his mother and felt a sort of fortitude come over her soul, by which she was enabled to hear the tidings the soldiers brought. They said that the Spartans had met with a total overthrow, and that although most of them fought till they found a noble death, still some, hopeless of success, had, contrary to the laws of their country, betaken themselves to flight, and they were among the number. They found Albinus at a short distance from the field of battle, covered with blood, but yet, not quite dead, and believing that he had crawled thither with the hope of reaching his home, they took him up, and had brought him to his mother—he expired however, before they reached the cottage. The widow lifted up her eyes in gratitude, and thanked Heaven that he had not fled, but fallen nobly in his country's cause. Linnacia could now no longer restrain the bitterness of her grief, but wept aloud. The mother of her betrothed chided her severely, and told her she was unworthy the high and generous love her brave son had borne her. At this moment, a young soldier rushed into the midst of the little party, and falling at the widow's feet, implored her to forgive the weakness and cowardice that had induced him to save his life by flight. It was Albinus her son, for whom the lifeless corse before her had been mistaken. This was a dreadful moment; for no sooner did this true-souled Spartan learn that her beloved son, the pride of her life, had chosen to flee rather than die, she tore her hair and beat her breast in an agony, all the time reproaching him for daring to bring such disgrace on himself and the ancient honors of his family.

"But I will wipe it away," she exclaimed, darting across a little plain, and burying herself in a thick forest.

Albinus grieved deeply for his mother, and made every possible effort to search out her hiding place; but all proved ineffectual. At length he married his beautiful Linnacia and determined to pass his days in the quiet of his happy home. It was not many months however before the gentle partner of his bliss was removed by death; and feeling that he could never bear his grief in loneliness, he determined to seek re-

lief from sorrow, by plunging again into the din of war. When he arrived at the camp, he found preparations making for a great battle on the ensuing day. The morning dawned with splendour, and every soldier was at his post. Albinus having been assigned one near Capt. Locrisus, a brave man who had distinguished himself for unexampled courage and heroism. During the whole of that bloody day, they fought side by side, the former being frequently cheered onward by the proud glance and enlivening voice of the latter. Locrisus fought like one who feared not to die; he dealt out death with every blow, and the deep fire of his eye told how his soul thirsted for victory, and a glorious grave. Thrice was he wounded, but scorned to leave the field, while the foe was still unconquered. For a long time the conflict was maintained with equal spirit on both sides, and the victory seemed doubtful. At one time the Spartans would seem almost overpowered by the enemy, and then again all the fire of their warlike souls would awake—they would press desperately forward, and the enemy would sink before them.

Thus passed a greater part of the day, and the sun was fast descending in the west, when a loud shout broke from the Spartans, and a cry of "Victory—victory," seemed to rend the very skies. "It is enough, O ye gods," exclaimed the brave Locrisus, but the words had scarcely passed his lips, when an arrow pierced through his half raied arm, and planted itself deeply in his breast. He sunk smilling in the bosom of Albinus, of whom he entreated to be conveyed to a little eminence, not far distant, where he might gaze as he died, on the flying foe. The joy and triumph of the brave Captain, even in the agonies of death, were inexpressible.

"What a glorious death is that of a soldier," he exclaimed, lifting his eyes to the setting sun; "his last moments are like the beams of yon luminary—more intensely bright as they depart from the world they have illuminated with their glory. Who would not struggle to die thus, rather than survive a soldier's fame? I have fulfilled my vow," he continued, looking earnestly upon the changing face of Albinus, "I have by my brave acts blotted out the disgrace brought on our family, by thee my son, and I die in triumph." These were his last words. Albinus gazed with unutterable astonishment, and agony on the lifeless form before him, for it was indeed that of his lost *Mother*.

FOR THE GEM.

THE BROKEN VOW.

Oh thou hast resting on thee now,
A maniac's curse, and a broken vow.

"And why may I not chide crazy Kate," said Charles Sanburn (a lad about twelve years of age) to his brother a young officer who was standing beside him, gazing upon a lovely maniac who was twining wild flowers in her golden tresses. "Because she is unfortunate," replied this youthful champion of injured innocence; "well" exclaimed the exasperated boy, "she tried to decoy my favorite dog, that you gave me the day you left for West Point, and you had Ponto so long, I would not let him go." "She loves the dog for his poor master's sake," sighed Edward; "but Charles," resumed he, "you used to be a great friend of Catharine's." "Oh yes," replied Charles. "A great while ago, before you left, I used to love her, but she is crazy now," said he mournfully, "and do you know brother," said he lowering his voice, "a boy told me at school the other day, that you used to be her sweetheart, and that when you went to New-York, and married that beautiful lady, Catherine went crazy, and though that lady is so beautiful, and plays and sings so sweetly, yet when Catherine sits among the wild flowers; Oh she looks so pale and beautiful,"—"Peace, Charles," exclaimed the troubled Edward, "let us go."

Edward Sanburne was the son of a clergyman, in the village of M——, a short distance from New-York. He was a young man of brilliant talents, and good acquirements. He had received his education from his father, who had fitted him for a cadet, as a military life seemed best suited to his ardent disposition.

In the same village where Edward resided, lived a revolutionary veteran, who had lived out his three-score years and ten, and was yet a pilgrim on this lowly earth. His wife and children (all save one) had fallen a prey to the merciless savages early in the war, and this father and son fought side by side, and were frequently wounded; but were saved to hear the gladdening sounds of peace wafted through their oppressed country; they then took up their abode in this delightful village. The son married, but shortly after died with a lingering disease, leaving a lovely infant daughter, to the sole protection of its mother and grandfather. But soon this lovely charge devolved en-

tirely upon the aged grand parent, for the bereaved mother soon followed her beloved husband to the silent tomb.

Catharine was reared as tenderly as a frail flower which the gentlest breeze would blight, and at the age of eighteen she gave her hand, with her heart in it, to a wealthy tradesman. But while in the meridian of her hopes, she was cut off by consumption, that slow but sure destroyer, which she inherited from her father. She requested that a sweet babe that she left, should be called Catharine, and reared by the same venerable protector, and in the same cot where she had spent the happiest days of her short life. Catherine was accordingly at the age of three years placed under the care of this venerable man, who, assisted by Aunt Abigail, (so called by the whole village) reared the lovely Catherine, the image of her departed mother, in every thing which could adorn the person and mind. And to the aged man Catherine was the last star left to throw a ray of light over the evening of his days.

Edward Sanburn soon learned to love the filial prop of declining years. She was about two years younger than himself; they had grown up together like twin flowers, and it was hard to tell which was the most beautiful. The time at length arrived for Edward to commence his studies at West Point; and sad indeed was the childish parting of Catherine and himself.

Edward during his residence at West Point, frequently visited his father's house, but whether it was filial duty, or that other love which brought the boy so often to his native village, we will not pretend to say. But he never left the village without renewing his vows of constancy to his beloved Catharine. He at length graduated from the Military School, and a Lieutenant's commission was bestowed upon him. Previous to his departure for his station, he obtained a furlough, together with his friend Robert Winterton to spend some time in New-York, with an uncle of Edward's who had frequently pressed his coming, and spending some time with him. They were here introduced into the first circles, where they were greatly admired; (for a military dress, always secures the favour of the ladies at least,) and our hero must have been something more than mortal, had not his vanity been flattered by the attentions paid him. He could frequently hear exclamations of "what a splendid figure, what a fine face, what a fascinating young man is Lieutenant Sanburn," issuing from rosy lips; and if not breathed, he might read the same sentiments in the eyes of several arch beauties, who paid him the most marked attention. (It might have been leap year, I do not recollect.) But there was one star in the galaxy of fashion, which seemed to fix the eyes of every beholder. Isabella Wilmot had not the calm mild look of Catherine Edwards. No, Isabella killed at a glance she was a brilliant, sparkling, fascinating beauty. She seemed the mainspring of the fashionable world. Not a ball or a party could be given without first securing the attendance of this valuable prize; her presence would insure "full houses." She had admirers without number, and many of the most engaging young men in the city, did homage at a shrine so beautiful. But her proud heart had been invulnerable to the shafts of Cupid. Winterton at his first introduction was infatuated; and after this he seemed to live but in her smiles. Not so with Edward Sanburn, he looked upon her as a beautiful woman; but the image of Catherine kept his heart as in a hallowed shrine. But there are always changes; Winterton insulted Sanburn, and his proud soul would not overlook it. But Edward scorned a duel, yet he vowed revenge. As I before said, the heart of Isabella had never been invaded, until the elegant and accomplished Sanburn burst upon her sight; and then it seemed as though a secret spring had been touched. She was no longer the gay careless being she had formerly been. She did not wander from room to room, bestowing smiles and frowns at random. And as she sat at her harpsichord as she was wont, no lively air was heard; and Mozart lay untouched, and all the great composers were neglected; and some low plaintive air, and a slight warbling were all that could be heard. Her friends all gazed and wondered at a change so sudden. Edward alone knew the cause; he had seen her half bent, listening to catch a sound of his voice, and he had caught her eager gaze, when she thought she was unobserved; and once when a lady rallied him on being engaged to a rustic beauty, he saw Isabella's cheek overspread with paleness, and she left the room complaining of indisposition. Could he be mistaken; no, he knew that the magnet which had attracted the whole fashionable world, loved him; and Winterton, he thought of Winterton's insult, and of Winterton's love,—and

smiled; and in the bitterness of his soul he vowed revenge.

Edward was aware that although he possessed nothing but his commission, he could carry off this prize; and led on by revenge he forgot his other passion, and in six months after he first became acquainted with the bewitching girl, he forgot his vows to Catherine, and Isabella Wilmot became his happy bride.

We must now return to the gentle Catherine. The news of the fatal marriage soon reached her quiet village; for Edward had not returned to his father's house under pretence that his furlough had expired. But it was not so, it was a guilty conscience. He departed immediately after his marriage for his station; but his aged father was not satisfied with this excuse; he therefore wrote to his erring child, but his letter was not answered; he could not palliate his conduct, and ingratitude was added to the list of his offences. Catherine after the first shock, became passive and wild; occasionally her father took her home to spend the winter in New-York, but this only seemed to make her feel more keenly, that it was from this city, she could date all her miseries. She was therefore again placed in her quiet cot. She was not always a maniac, but sometimes when the thought of that broken vow rushed across her brain, her reason lost its seat, and she was crazy.

Edward did not long enjoy uninterrupted bliss. The climate did not agree with Isabella's delicate constitution, rendered fragile by late vigils and a fashionable life. Her husband therefore determined to spend a few months in his native village, as the air in those parts was uncommonly pure; and he hoped to return to his station with his Isabella in perfect health.

His aged father received him in deep anguish of spirit; and though he rebuked him in his wrath, he forgave him in his mercy; and Edward did not fear the gentle murmurings of that lovely maniac; and the too beauteous Isabella was received as kindly under his father's roof, as if there had been no vows broken, no reason scattered, no hours of anguish on her account.

Edward used frequently to wander around the domains of his former love, and sometimes he would catch a glimpse of the attenuated Catherine; and no one but himself then knew of the deep wormwood of his soul; yet he seemed to love to gaze upon the wreck which he himself had made. It was in one of these rambles with his brother, that he met with Catherine, and the scene occurred with which we commenced our tale. Isabella's health daily declined, perhaps it might have been dwelling so near the being she had (though innocently) made so wretched; or perhaps it was her Edward's sadness, I know not; but she pined away and died. And how did Edward bear this trial? He was calm, but sometimes there was another name than Isabella, which hovered on his lips.

* * * * * * *

One year elapsed, and there stood before the altar in the house of God, two beings who seemed to bear upon their countenances traces of grief. It was Catherine and Edward; and although Catherine was paler than in days gone by, she was far more beautiful.

On hearing the death of Isabella, she went into a violent fever, from which she arose in the full possession of her reason. And then she looked for consolation from a source which never failed. In a word, she became a humble christian. For Edward there was no peace until he had made her all the reparation in his power. He cast himself at her feet, and offered her his heart, (which had always been hers) and hand. She consulted her father, and that aged one, and with their consent became the bride of Edward Sanburn. Her father had married again soon after the death of his first wife, and his daughter Adelaide was to be married the same day to Robert Winterton. Edward had freely forgiven him, and Winterton was perhaps as much enamoured with the beautiful Adelaide, as he had ever been with the fascinating Isabella. Edward and his bride were as happy as mortals are allowed to be, for they were both pious. He resigned his commission, and settled on his father's estate to live out his life in quiet. And that venerable man, the great-grandfather of Catherine lived to see her restored to reason, and then he slept by the side of his son, in the churchyard of M——.

ROSAMOND.

FOR THE GEM.

THE HERMIT MAID.

Chapter II.

"Ha! Charles in love?" said Clement Monteith, as he approached his friend, who was musing in the garden, "what two beautiful black eyes have, at length so wounded that heart of yours, the impregnability of which has so long

been your grandest theme? Some angel fairy I suppose. Charles I say; why man, has her dulcet voice enchanted your sense of hearing too? On love! love! love!"

"No Clement, she is no fairy, but,—"

"Some lovely nymph then, or perhaps a wooing mind?"

"Clement, did I ever say that love was all a dream?"

"On no; you only dreamed of love."

Charles began again to walk back and forth through an alley, on each side of which the blossomed flowers were waving in the morning breeze; seemingly wrapt in thoughts too profound to be disturbed. His friend looked upon him with a feeling, half of pity, for he could easily divine the cause. Once Charles was gay and volatile, free in thought as a friend could wish; but now his mind was locked, and not a thought escaped, but breathed of love. He was one of those nobler souls, whom nature had fashioned in her truest mould. A feeling once engraved upon his heart, which was always open, was as intelligible as letters of gold; and no one dared even suspect its truth. He had now seen Rosette, whose blushing innocence, and untaught beauty, had written *love* upon his heart; but not such love as boys feel, and poets feign; it was a holier glow of future blessedness, awaking and giving substance to those thoughts which once were void. Still musing, unmindful of his friend, he would repeat "she has such a form—such eyes, and then those dark, brown locks too, that shade so prettily her angel bosom——"

"Were you describing your grandmother, Charles, or the moon?" said Clement,

"Neither; but what was I saying?"

"Only that her age was about seventeen, that she was a perfect angel, and that her name was——"

"Rosette, did I say?"

"Yes, but really Charles, is this fancied angel of yours indeed so beautiful?"

"More so than I ever dreamed an angel was. O Clement, could you but see her, and hear her speak—such a voice—so thrilling, and her manner so perfectly artless, that she outrivals even innocence itself. And then her harp—Oh! I would give worlds to hear her play that air again."

"Well, Charles, since you are so seriously in love, that you cannot talk rationally, I would, as your best friend, advise you to take physic, and sleep; so wishing that you will at least dream she is kind, I bid you a good morning."

Charles continued his walk, humming the tune that she had played, and whispering her name to every flower; until his every thought became a dream of bliss, and she its deity. The busy strife of business, and the gaiety of his father's splendid hall, had each lost their wonted power to please; while the forest seemed to have gained the attractions that other scenes had lost. In this mood of mind, which Platonic enthusiasm may call a fantasy, he seized his gun, which had now become his sole companion, and intuitively sought the forest.

Distance to a young and ardent mind, when it merely lies between the heart and its object, is easily overcome; and even valued for its difficulty. Charles had continued his course into the depths of the forest for a long time, his gun lying carelessly upon his shoulder, from which position, nor beast, nor bird had drawn it; when the stream, on the bank of which he sat, when the old man first appeared, at a time when he would have given all life's charms to see a friend, presented its ruffled surface to his view. The same seat on which he had indulged in all the intense melancholy of hope's last ray, was now occupied by another, but the scene around seemed not to have given him the sensibility that Charles had felt. A disregard for every thing, seemed only manifest, and he sat playing with the burnished hilt of a sword that hung by his side. Charles approached to address the old man, but what was his astonishment to behold a stranger there, and such an one too. His hand grasped his sword, and started it half from the scabbard with a quickness and skill, that showed he knew the art to wield it, but as if recollecting himself, he returned the weapon again to its place, and fixed his eyes wildly upon Charles. His tall and manly form seemed to grow in height, as he surveyed the intruder. His dress was fashioned after some ancient style, and worn almost thread-bare. The outlines of his countenance, showed the waste that grief had made; yet his dark and piercing eye, his firm and hasty step, bespoke a youth acquainted with calamity. Notwithstanding his forbidding aspect, Charles felt a wish to know more of one who had appeared to him under such circumstances, and at such a time, but he would neither answer or hear his questions; and turning quickly, was departing, when Charles rose to follow, but a frown forbid intrusion.

MORAL.

FOR THE GEM.

A FRAGMENT.

"Fix your head for church;" said an elderly dame to a beautiful daughter of 18, who had already spent an hour before her glass, adorning her person—"Fix my head, mother?" answered the daughter with a supercilious smile, "why mother, I hav'nt fixed my heart yet." The last expression of the girl, though it came from her without any feeling, as to its meaning and force, was not without feeling to the heart of that mother. She looked around upon the giddy world, and when she saw the decay and the fleetness of all earthly toys, the woe and the falsehood, the coldness and the sin of mankind, she pondered upon the propriety of "fixing the *heart*," and not the *head*, when she went to the sanctuary to worship. She knelt soon at the altar, and I marked her devotedness and saw for a truth, that she had "fixed her heart. A year passed, and that beautiful daughter knelt there by her side. The mirror had been exchanged for the bible, and the ornaments with which she before loaded her person, had now a restingplace in the bottom of an unfrequented drawer. That house, late the hall of fashion, of pride and revelry is changed. The vague laugh, and the idle jest, are no longer heard; but a sweet breathing of peace and joy, of contentment, and of love, is resting there, with an unbroken and heavenly serenety.

ADRIAN.

INTERRESTING TRAIN OF INCIDENTS.

The following account is given by the Rev. Leigh Richmond, as having been related by a minister, in a meeting of the British and foreign Bible Society. A drunkard was one day staggering in drink on the brink of the sea. His little son by him, three years of age, being hungry, solicited him for something to eat. The miserable father, conscious of his poverty, and of the criminal cause of it, in a kind of rage, occasioned by his intemperance and despair, hurled the little innocent into the sea, and made off with himself. The poor little sufferer, finding a floating plank by his side on the water, clung to it. The wind soon wafted him with the plank into the sea. A British man of war passing by, discovered the plank and child; and a sailor—at the risk of his own life, plunged into the sea and brought him on board. He could inform them very little more than that his name was Jack. They gave him the name of poor Jack. He grew up on board that man of war, behaved well, and gained the love of all the officers and men. He became an officer of the sick and wounded department. During an action of the late war, an aged man came under his care, nearly in a dying state. He was all attention to the suffering stranger, but could not save his life. The aged stranger was dying and thus addressed this kind young officer: "For the great attention you have shown me, I give you this only treasure that I am possessed of—presenting him with a bible, bearing the stamp of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It was given me by a lady; has been the means of my conversion: and has been a great comfort to me. Read it, it will lead you in the way you should go." He then went on to confess the wickedness and profligacy of his life before the reception of his bible; and, among other enormities, how he once cast a little son three years old, into the sea, because he cried to him for needed food! The officer inquired of him the time and place, and found here was his own history.—Reader—judge if you can, of his feelings, to recognize in the dying old man, his own father, dying a penitent under his care! And, judge of the feelings of the dying penitant, to find that the same kind young stranger was his son, the very son whom he had plunged into the sea; and had no idea but he had immediately perished! A description of their mutual feelings will not be attempted. The old man soon expired in the arms of his son. The latter left the service, and became a pious preacher of the Gospel. On closing this story the minister in the meeting of the Bible Society, bowed to the chairman and said, "*Sir, I am poor Jack.*"

FOR THE GEM.

MR. EDITOR—

Although I am a bachellor, and my age some years upon the other side of thirty, there is perhaps no person more passionately fond, or more happily entertained with the sounds of music than I am. Horribly subject to "the blues," it is almost the only charm that will dissipate them. It has a kind of unknown influence over me, and awakens such a train of pleasing ideas, that I have often sat a long time after the sounds had ceased, and felt my heart vibrate to the melody, as if the charmer still was there. Singing I most admire, espe-

again. I sat as uneasy as I ever did, for some time, when looking at my watch, I saw it was a few minutes past eight; I reminded my friend of my engagement, and we left, not however, until we had heard, at least fifty times, that she "had taken cold, and could not sing," or that "a wire was broken" I returned to my room, sat down, and bade my servant sing, until my feelings were restored. I then vowed never to hear Miss ——— sing again.

I am Sir,
Yours,
CLEANTHES EURYALUS.

Rochester, July 8, 1829.

THE GEM.

Saturday, July, 11, 1829.

FOURTH OF JULY,

The 53d Anniversary of American Independence was celebrated in this village with the usual "pomp and circumstance" that the occasion demands. The several independent companies assembled, together with the Clinton Band in uniform; and after some marchings, and counter-marchings were had, the company entered St. Luke's Church, where a patriotic, moral, and religious, Oration was pronounced by Rev'd Mr. Douglass. After the exercises at church were ended, the company proceeded through several streets to the Clinton House, where the host had "smoking upon the table," a sumptuous dinner. Several toasts were drank, and the company retired. There was nothing that *we* saw, but was perfectly in character, until near the close of the day, when a little wrangling commenced, which was soon attented to by the civil authority.

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☞ Any persons from a distance, forwarding us five subscribers, shall receive a sixth copy gratis.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondent "Byron," who sent us as his own, one of Lord Byron's most beautiful Enigmas, is informed that the *original* is much more correct than his transcript.

An elegant production, headed "Christ's Sufferings," in our next.

We welcome our old correspondent "Amica Religionis."

☞ The beautiful fragment from "Olio" in our next.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—On the 4th of July, a fellow, who perhaps had laid up two shillings, on purpose to buy a "little lasses cake, and good things," and who had bought a "whole card," into which he had made quite a vacuity, was walking up Exchange St. and carelessly looking one way and going another, when all of a sudden, he grazed his nasal features rather rudely against an awning post, and turning suddenly round, (taking hold of his nose, while his mangled card stuck straight up in his other hand,) he spoke to a fellow near, who stood grinning, and asked him what he had run his face into? "Run your face into," said the other laughing "Your gingerbread, I should think."

FOR THE GEM.

MORAL.

"Fix your head for church," said an elderly dame to a beautiful daughter of 18, who had already spent one hour before her glass, adorning her person; "Fix my head, mother" answered the daughter with a supercilious smile "why mother, I have not fixed my heart yet." The last expression of the girl, though it came from her without any feeling, as to its meaning and force, was not without meaning to the heart of that mother. She looked around upon the giddy world, and when she saw the decay and the fleetness of all earthly toys, and the woe, and the falsehood, and the coldness, and the sin of mankind, she pondered on the propropriety of "fixing the *heart*," and not the *head*, when she went to the sanctuary to worship. She knelt soon at the altar, and I marked her devotedness, and saw for a truth, that she had "fixed her heart." A year passed, and that beautiful daughter knelt there by her side. The mirror had been exchanged for the bible, and the ornaments with which she had before loaded her person, had a quiet resting place in the bottom of an unfrequented drawer. That house, late the hall of fashion and of pride and of revelry, is changed. The vague laugh, and the idle jest, are no longer heard; but a sweet breathing of peace, and of joy, and of contentment, and of love, is resting there, with an unbroken and heavenly serenity.

ADRIAN.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE GEM.

TIME'S RAVAGES.

There was a mighty voice in that ancient hall,
And a conqueror with a coronal,
And an aged man whose head was grey,
And a gentle maid—'twas her bridal day.
And a mother who strove her tears to hide,
As she gave her child to be a bride;
And a beauteous youth was bending low,
And a laughing boy with a brow of snow.

And an infant slept on its mother's breast:
Oh! it seemed like an angel's hallow'd rest.
And a mitre'd priest was kneeling there,
At a holy shrine in that house of prayer.
And soon the nuptial rites were done,
And that holy man stood there alone.
In fifty years again I sought,
With tottering steps, that hallowed spot;

Not a stone was left of that house of prayer,
For time had been a conquerer there.
I looked for that bridal group again,
But my long gaze was all in vain.
I asked of rock, and hill, and tree,
Naught but an echo answered me.
I cried again, Oh! where are they,
I listened—there was none to say.

That Conquerer's brow had bit the dust,
The Infant's voice in death was hushed,
That aged man had found a bed,
In the dark regions of the dead. [wave
That youth now slept 'neath the dark blue
And that laughing boy had found a grave;
And the screech owl now his vigils kept,
O'er the spot where that mitred head now slept.

And that mother mouldered there alone.
Without a tomb, or slab, or stone,
A wretched *Hag* there told her spell,
In tone of voice sepulchral;
I asked her for that lovely bride,
She pointed to herself—*and died.*

ROSAMOND.

FOR THE GEM.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A voice from the dead
Comes over the air,
With a woful dread,
Like the scream of despair.
And the hedious cry
On the night-wind comes,
Like a spirit's sigh
From the darksome tombs.

That haunted hall
Is full of despair;
Its time stricken wall
Why stands it there?
Let the Earthquakes sweep,
Lay its portals bare;
For destruction deep,
Is rankling there!

For the virtuous one
As he passes by,
Is struck with the form
Of its tapestry;
As he sees despair
Sit on the wall,
Decking his hair
With a coronal!

Nor hope is here,
Nor joy, nor peace;
But care and fear,
That cannot cease.
And death-like groans
That shake the whole;
And awful moans,
That quake the soul!

S. of C,

Canandaigua, July 4th, 1829.

FOR THE GEM.

REVERIE.

How pleasing 'tis to meet and converse hold
With those for whom we feel a true esteem:
To catch, at times, a glance from eyes just rais'd,
And hardly know if aught it means, but hope
And almost think, that in that glance, ourself
Is not forgot. Once such a scene had I.
Allur'd by an unassuming, modest mien,
That oft-times stole from me a wand'ring thought.
I tarried longer than is wont for those,
Who merely pay a senseless, cold regard
To scenes like this.
Her task embroidery—
On which she trac'd the lines of flowrets gay,
So nicely true, that nature seemed outdone
By art. Her looks were such as plainly spoke
A mind from care and trouble free; but yet
There was a something lonely in her air;
She seemed, indeed, like one who sought a friend.
I too, felt without a friend—long had wish'd
Some one to find of pure and mutual heart,
With whom I might of friends and friendship's joys
Discourse; and now I even dared to hope.
Whene'er our eyes would meet, a crimson blush
O'erspread her face, and mantled on her cheek.
Oh, that blush! methinks I see it now,
And hear that voice too, that so sweetly sung
A plaintive, lonely air and fir'd anew
The enraptur'd feelings of my soul, as when
Its melody wak'd my list'ning ear and won
A sigh of love. Alas! that joys so dear
Should be so transient.

LOTHAIRE.

THE GEM,

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THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 6. ROCHESTER, JULY 25, 1829. VOL. 1.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE HERMIT MAID.

Concluded.

Chapter III.

Rosette was singing to her harp, to beguile the time of its tediousness, while the old man was enjoying his usual walk in the forest, when Stanley entered. She did not flee, as on his first arrival, for his visit then had entirely banished her innocent fears; and she now welcomed him with a smile that had more of pleasure in it, than her former flight had of fear. She rose and gave her hand to his eager clasp, while timid blushes hesitatingly o'erspread her crimsoned cheek, as if they had first been seen. Their pleasing conversation, and eyes' delicious feast, was soon interrupted by the abrupt entrance of the old man, whose whole countenance burned with rage, and whose eyes seemed fixed upon some noted object—"Yes," said he, "earth still holds the villain." His eyes now rested upon Charles—"but you promised you was innocent" said he, "then you are welcome." Charles asked the cause of his sudden anger, and Rosette joined her entreaties, but he was silent; and after sitting some time in thought's deepest melancholy, "Rosette," said he, "we must leave this place to-morrow."—Charles started from his seat, and he and Rosette enquired in vain, the reason; the old man was inflexible.

A deep silence had prevailed for some time, during which, although their tongues were silent, the younger eyes held eloquent discourse, and Charles would have vowed he loved as angels love, but the raging anguish of that hoary brow forbid it. Immediately a step was heard approaching; the old man flew for his arms, and stood before the door, with the fixed determination of a youthful maniac. Rosette, frightened at the unusual manner of her grandfather, had thrown herself from very fear, into the arms of Charles, who beheld with such deep anxiety, that he scarcely knew her frightened bosom beat on his. "No," said the old man, "I will not shed a villain's blood," and he threw his weapons behind him, as the door opened and the stranger whom Charles had met, walked boldly in, but started as he saw the group. He surveyed the old man with a look of growing recognition, till Rosette fixed his eyes. "Heavens! said he, "it is my Rosette!" and rushed forward, but the old man stood before him. "Back villain, nor pollute her form with your unhallowed touch. She is indeed your Rosette, for thou art Henry Beaumont! your victim is dead and she is her offspring."

Beaumont reeled and beat his breast in agony. "My God!" he exclaimed, "I would have made her reparation, but oh! too late—and thou wilt not forgive me?"

"Never! take my eternal curse, and may it chime with thee, as thine hast with me and mine." "It has, it has," said he, "thy curse and Heaven's too has followed me."

"It should have been thy death-bed pillow. But what has brought thee here? Was it not enough to ruin my child, but thou must follow hers too?"

"No, no, I would not. Years of sorrow have already been my penance. Deeply have I repented that one rash deed; and I have sought in every clime and every hamlet, the wronged and ruined Rosette. She was my wife, and you had scarce departed before I followed, but could find no vestige of your retreat. At last, having given up all hope, I sought this forest and have been its maniac tenant for years. Heaven knows how true is my repentance, and you, sir, who was once my father, cannot now deny my pardon."

"Henry, I once believed that truth might be an inmate of your bosom.—Seek forgiveness there," said he, pointing to Rosette, "and if obtained, mine may follow."

"If I were only to plead for woman's pardon, I sue before a lenient deity. Canst thou my child, forgive a father?"

Rosette looked for an answer in her guardian's eye, but it spake not: She turned to Charles, read forgiveness there, and bowed assent to her father.

Beaumont's tale of grief and woe was heard, and the old man forgave but never could forget his daughter's ruin. Rosette was all life and love; and soon became a happy bride. The forest cave was foresaken for the splendid halls of Sir Edward Stanley, and a yearly visit to its deserted ruins serves always to recal to Stanley's mind the HERMIT MAID. LOTHAIRE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE STRAWBERRY GIRLS.

"Will you buy my strawberries?" said an artless tender litte girl to me, in the streets of M—— while I was one day walking. "Her strawberries, are dirty and mashed," said another of a baser sort to appearance, as she crowded away the first—"mine are nice and clean." I viewed the berries of the last mentioned as she gazed in my face with more brass than manners. Your berries, said I, are not as good as the others, and so saying, I passed along to the first and ordered a quart. The second girl departed muttering over something meant as an unfavorable opinion of me. The modesty of the one who was serving me with the quart, was so great, that I could not catch the glance of her beautiful eye, until I paid the shilling for the berries. What is your name? I asked. "Rosette Morto," said the girl, and the words seemed to have a musick in them. She departed thanking me with a low courtesy, and I went to my lodgings.

Six years had passed away ere I again visited the village of M——. No sooner had I put up, than I remembered with much pleasure the name of Rosette Morton. I inquired for her, and found that she was married to a rich merchant, and that both her and her husband were patterns for piety, morality and virtue. I visited her and made myself known. She was the same modest amiable creature, and having the benefit of piety, was dispensing blessings to all about her. On inquiring for the other strawberry girl, she sighed, and told a tale that made me shudder. She said she grew up like a flower uncultured—she was indulged early in habits of disrespect, and untruth, till in one fatal hour she yielded to crime, and was convicted of theft. A cell in the jail was the consequence of her misdemeanor; friends afterwards tried to reclaim her and soften her affections and feelings. But baseness wrankled at her heart, and she plunged into that sink of vice, where the female is overwhelmed with degradation and lost forever.

As I found my lodgings, I could not help indulging in the reflections that "sincerity and truth form the basis of every virtue." And how important it is to guard against every appearance of evil. Ask the convict who is groaning under the heavy penalty of the violated laws, what brought him to his shame; and in nine cases out of ten you will find it proceeded at first from indulgence in slight and comparatively harmless derelictions. Small errors sanctioned prepares the way for larger ones, and the victim, almost insensibly is led on, step by step in the catalogue of error, until he commits some open and flagitious crime. Thus my mind was occupied until sleep drowned the reflection.

ADRIAN.

FOR THE GEM.

FRAGMENT OF AN ESSAY.

There is a kind of melancholy, which diffuses calmness and serenity over the soul. The tumultuous passions are hushed to repose; a deep, solemn stillness prevails within, and the finer and more tender feelings reign undisturbed. That high degree of self-esteem, which we commonly so fondly cherish, is chased from the mind, by that lowly conception of ourselves, and that exalted opinion of others, which are so becoming and beautiful. It is natural to plume ourselves upon our good qualities; we love to dwell upon our many great and worthy deeds; our fancied acts of kindness and benevolence to our fellow men, and our earnest endeavours to secure the well being of mankind. But when this melancholy of which we speak, takes possession of the breast, all thoughts like these are banished. At such a time how tender are the ties which bind us to relatives and friends. The silver cords of friendship and attachment which unite us to them are drawn more and more tight, till our existence and our destiny seems blended and commingled with theirs. The ties of parental and filial affection seem indissoluble, and that it is possible for them to be sundered, we will not allow for a single moment.

But our kindly feelings are not confined to the small circle of relatives and friends. They stop not here; they extend farther, and embrace the whole family of man.

This state of mind is enjoyed but seldom. When the close of day puts a period to our labors and toil—when the hum of business has died away and a mild evening begins to invest all things in the soft mantle of night—when naught disturbs the general stillness, but

All along the silent plains,
The voice of nature seems to sleep—

it is then if ever that it steals upon us with all its sweetness.

These emotions, like most others, are heightened by reverie, and if thro' this stillness a strain of soft and plaintive melody reach our ear, we drink it in with ravishing delight. It chimes sweetly with our feelings, and like the music of Cayril is "sweet and mournful to the soul." We are transported---we fancy the earth a paradise and its inhabitants angels of light. These golden moments are the happiest of our existence, they are the poetry of Life. OLIO

BIOGRAPHICAL.

From the New-York Mirror.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The portrait of Washington Irving, has been placed among those of the eminent living poets of our country; not so much from the superiority of the few material effusions of his genius that we have seen, as for the respect in which he is held on account of his inimitable prose writings, many of which contain, indeed, all the essentials of poetry, but numbers.

He was born in this city, in the year 1782, and after going through the proper course of preparatory instruction, was entered a student of Columbia College. The earliest efforts of his pen, of which we have any knowledge, were published in a daily paper, called the Morning Chronicle, under the title of "Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle," which have been since (1824) collected into a volume, and republished in London, as by the author of the Sketch Book. Although the foisting thus, without authority, and from no other motive than that of profit, an author's juvenile and long-forgotten essays before the public, after he has arrived at literary celebrity, is certainly censurable; yet no one can regret the occurrence that has made him acquainted with the first attempts in letters of such a mind as Irving's. These epistolary contributions consist of sportive remarks of dramatic representations, and humorous satires on the manners and fashions of the period. They were written at about seventeen years of age and though hasty and careless compositions, evince a number of the pleasing peculiarities of style and thought which have since so strongly marked the writings of their author. Viewed without reference to the age when they were produced, they would not be entitled to much commendation; but he who peruses them with a knowledge of the attendant circumstances, though he may pronounce them puerile, will acknowledge their puerility that of a future Hercules.

When about twenty-three years of age, the delicacy of Mr. Irving's health obliged him to suspend his studies, which had hitherto been pursued with an ardour and intenseness of application too severe for his constitution; and a European excursion was determined on, as well for the purpose of improving his mind, as restoring his bodily vigor, by change of climate and of scene. He accordingly, in 1805, embarked for Bordeau, whence, after a few weeks delay to recover from the effects of a sea-voyage, he proceeded through the south of France to Italy. In the delicious climate of that country, his health was soon re-established; and after spending some time in Rome, Florence and Naples, and making a short tour of the island of Sicily, he returned, thro' Switzerland, into France, and shortly after visited England, taking Flanders and Holland in his way.

On his return to this city, in 1807, he commenced, in conjunction with the other well known contributors to the work, the publication of Salmagundi, which appeared in numbers, at irregular periods, and became so universally popular, that in the course of one year, it run through six editions. The principal design was to ridicule, in the manner happily hit on by Steele and Addison, in the Tattler, and Spectator, the fools and follies of the day; and a series of letters, from the pen of our author, resembling in tone and style, Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, gave the readers of Salmagundi great delight. The poetry contained in these volumes was written by an elder brother of Mr. Irving, since dead.

Knickerbocker's History of New-York appeared in 1810. Of the character and merits of this admirable work, it can scarcely be necessary to speak; as it is to be presumed that none who take the least interest in the literature of this country can be ignorant of its witty and humorous contents. It is a satire of the most playful, and yet most pungent kind; in which, whatever appeared to the keen mental vision

of our good-natured satirist, ridiculous and foolish in the customs and manners, and in the recent political measures of the times, is exposed to laughter and derision, by being grotesquely arrayed in the unique habiliments and garniture of our Dutch progenitors, and gravely set forth as incidents belonging to the pretended history of a former period. The publication met with a rapid sale; and notwithstanding the odd way in which their ancestors were tricked out on its pages, the Dutch part of our population evinced as much pleasure in the perusal of the work as any of its readers.

During the same year, (1810,) a duodecimo edition of Campbell's poetical works was published in Baltimore, to which was prefixed a biographical sketch of the poet, from the pen of Mr. Irving, who, notwithstanding that his materials in writing this life were nearly as few and unsatisfactory as ours in writing his, has given to the world an interesting and instructive sketch, of about forty pages, which for justness of sentiment and elegance of diction, is but little inferior to Johnson's masterpiece, the Life of Savage.

To biographical literature, Mr. Irving also made some valuable additions, during the late war with Great Britain, when, in compliance with the earnest solicitations of the proprietors of the Analetic Magazine, he was induced to furnish to that periodical, brief, but admirably written narratives of the lives of the most distinguished of our naval officers. In performing this task, there were sources of information open to him, to which not many could have had access; and there are but very few, that with more copious materials, could have executed the trust with equal success. The duty of the biographer is not confined exclusively to a detail of facts; he should illustrate them by his own reflections; should draw the attention of his reader to the cause of the events he is relating; if they are happy, showing their connexion with virtuous motive and proper conduct; and, if evil, how they might have been avoided. Thus managed, biography instructs while it pleases; and it is thus, and with the ability of a master, that Mr. Irving has treated the subject.

Soon after the termination of the war, in 1815, Mr. Irving again visited England, where he has since resided, except during occasional excursions to the continent. The winter of 1822 he passed in the city of Dresden, where, being preceded by his literary reputation, he was received with great courtesy by the venerable king and queen of Saxony, and experienced much hospitality from the principal inhabitants.

Of the two remaining great works of Mr. Irving, translated, as they have been into a variety of languages, and perused with eager curiosity and delighted attention, in every part of Europe, as well as this country, nothing need be mentioned, but the dates of their appearance. The Sketch Book was published in 1820; and Brackenbridge Hall, a kind of sequel to the former, in 1823. In the following year, the Tales of a Traveller, a work much inferior to both the preceding, but excellent notwithstanding, issued from the press.

The person of Mr. Irving is well proportioned, and about the middle size. His hair and eyes are dark; the latter, when he is occupied by thought, exhibiting a remarkably placid expression, but lightening up with great animation, when he is engaged in conversation. His countenance is rather handsome than otherwise, and indicates an intelligent mind. In manners he is modest and unobtrusive, but perfectly easy; in walk and movements, graceful and commanding; and in conversation eloquent. A keen observer of all that passes around him, as his writings sufficiently show, he never appears actuated by an undue curiosity; and his remarks contain none of those satirical touches which give such life and spirit to his works. His disposition is represented as effectionate and amiable, and his conduct to be governed by the nicest principles of honor and morality.

The mind of this accomplished author is richly stored with various kinds of knowledge, but of which he never makes an ostentatious display, as is too common with persons of fewer acquisitions. Besides being familiarly conversant with classic literature, he is master of the French, Italian, Spanish and German languages, and well acquainted with the best writers in each. That he is deeply read in the works of the old English authors, cannot be doubted; and he has transferred to his own pages many of the sterling qualities with which they abound.

The style of Mr. Irving possesses the ease and grace of Goldsmith's though in the invariable euphony and melodious arrangement of his sentences, he more resembles Johnson; but is without his pompous turgidity. He possesses great exhuberance of language, a rich store of illustrations, and

a prolific fancy. In sentiment, he is tender and natural; in description, vivid and correct; and in morals blameless. The principal fault that we should be inclined to urge against him, is too uniform sweetness. His birds always warble, his sky is always blue, the wave always limpid and cool, and all nature arrayed in perpetual verdure.

We have thus communicated to the reader all that we have been able to glean of Mr. Irving. We trust we have been accurate, and wish that we could have been more minute; but, as our author himself well observes, in his life of Campbell, "we are ignorant respecting the biography of most living authors of celebrity, as though they had existed ages before our time; and indeed are better informed concerning the character and lives of authors who have long since passed away, than of those who are actually adding to the stores of European Literature. Few think of writing the anecdotes of a distinguished character while living. His intimates, who of course are most capable, are prevented by their very intimacy, little thinking that those domestic habits and peculiarities which an every day acquaintance has made so trite and familiar to themselves, can be objects of curiosity to all the world besides."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The influence of Literature on the mind and character of Women.

Woman feels a laudable pride in the knowledge that a sister has distinguished herself in an intellectual career; has won a prize in the competition of mind; vindicated for her sex that equality with the other, which has been both doubted and denied. Her success is an argument which can be wielded at pleasure, and doubtless with pleasure, against all who would underrate feminine capacity. And it is something more and better than an argument. It is a stimulus; acting on the generous ambition of the whole sex; promoting all to an exertion of their highest faculties; inducing a general disposition to read, to study, to think; making something desirable besides personal attraction, and something enviable, which shall last longer, and be more attainable, than beauty. The objects of pursuit will be exalted and refined. The consciousness of power will produce self-respect, and self-respect will lead to improvement.

Nor will this be the end. Woman, at the same time that she is raised in her own estimation, will be necessarily lifted up in the good opinion of man. He will acknowledge her claims on his respect, for the sake of the proofs she has offered of her spiritual endowments; and his behaviour will tell her that he regards her neither as the queen nor the plaything of an hour, but as the real companion of his life.

Bower of Taste.

SISTERS AND MOTHERS.

These are ties, which, like the invisible sting of conscience, bind man to the world with kindly affection, and are the last things forgotten, when one leaves life. The married situation may be one of pure and uninterrupted felicity; there may be no cloud in its whole horizon; it may be ever sunny and flowers spring up in every season of life. But even these happy ones, who are in this clime of bliss, remember long and late the claims of a sister or a mother to their best affections. In the life of the solitary and single, those who are said to be doomed to an ennui loneliness, the claims of a sister and a mother should hold strongly, not only upon their feelings but duties. Those kindnesses which men bestow upon their offspring and their wives, who possess them, and in them concentrate their best affections, are given by the unmarried to those who bear to them these sacred relations. In loving a sister there is none of that earthliness of passion that degrades the heart—in the devotion due to a mother, comes none of the selfishness of man. The feelings inspired by both sister and mother, all are derived from sources as pure as the divinity that inspired them.

Ninety years hence not a single man or woman now twenty years of age will be alive. Ninety years! alas! how many of the lively actors at present on the stage of life will make their exit long ere ninety years shall have rolled away! And could we be sure of ninety years, what are they? "A tale that is told;" a dream; an empty sound that passes on the wings of the wind away, and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advances in age; like the degrees of longitude, man's life declines as he travels towards the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point and vanishes forever. Is it possible that life is of so short duration? Will ninety years erase all the golden names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in their stead? Will all the now blooming beauties fade and disappear, all the pride and passion, the love, hope and joy pass away, in ninety years, and be

forgotten? "Ninety years;" (says Death) "do you think I shall wait ninety years? Behold, to-day, and to-morrow, and every day is mine. When ninety years are past, this generation will have mingled with dust, and be remembered not."

PUNCTUALITY.

A mechanic promis'd to do a piece of work for me at a certain time; I called at the time; it was not done; he had forgotten it, but promised to do it by 10 o'clock the next day; I called again; it was not done. I discharged him, and left what he had done towards it, on his hands. I engaged another mechanic to do the same piece of work at a certain time; called at the time; it was not done; I discharged him. These mechanics had violated their word, disappointed me, (by which I sustained loss in money and time,) and lost a customer. So much for want of punctuality.

I went to another mechanic; he promised to do the work at a certain time; called for it at the time; it was ready for me. This mechanic enjoyed the consciousness of having kept his word, performed his contract, and done justice to his customer; by which he secured not only my work in future but my good will, which gained him many more customers. So much for punctuality.

It is but ten years since the occurrence of these things, and during the interval I have marked the progress of these three mechanics. A crisis towards which the affairs of all three had been gradually approaching, has just been reached. The two first have lost their business, their little property has been squandered, they have lost their characters, and their large and hopeless families are suffering for the necessaries of life; if you would know their persons, seek for them in the grog shop; their names seek for them in the record of insolvency. The last has retired with a comfortable independency to a large farm; is blessed by his family, admired by his friends, and possesses the good will of all.—*Balt. Patriot.*

To gild manuscript writing.—Dissolve a little gum ammoniac in a small quantity of water, in which a little gum arabick and the juice of garlick have been before dissolved. Write with this liquid instead of ink, or form characters with it by means of a camel's hair pencil. Let the characters dry, then breathe upon them, and apply leaves of gold to them as for any other kind of gilding. The superfluous gold may be removed by a brush, the writing will then appear covered with gold, and may be burnished.

INFANT CORSE.

If any object which impresses the mind with solemn sadness can, at the same time, infuse the pensive charm of melancholy pleasure, it is the innocent and beautiful corse of an infant. When the chill of death has stilled the pulse of life, and the countenance, which had been changed by disease and distress, has resumed its native placid sweetness—then to gaze on the lovely features, though cold in death, is a sight too touching and beautiful not to awaken all the tender emotions of the heart and soul.

The fair forehead, adorned with a few little curls of soft and elegant hair—the cheeks though no longer suffused with the glow of health, yet more beautiful than the most perfect production of statuary—the lips that prated so sweetly in life, with a light tinge of the coral still remaining, looking as though they yet might speak—the neck and shoulders, of delicate whiteness and symmetry—the little hands and arms, more beautiful in death than life, crossed on the bosom that has ceased to beat—who can behold such an assemblage of loveliness, without being softened down into tenderness, and freely bestowing the consecrated tear of affection and humanity.

The rose is more beautiful when its petals are but partially disclosed, than when expanded to their greatest extent; so the beauties of infancy, checked in their unfoldings, are lovely in death.—*Nantucket Inquirer.*

Speaking aside.—A diffident lover going to a town clerk to request him to publish the bans of matrimony, found him at work alone, in the middle of a ten acre lot, and asked him to step aside a moment, as he had something particular for his private ear.

A Sunday or two ago, a minister from Derbyshire being engaged to preach at Sheephead, took for his text, the 5th chapter of Matthew, 4th verse. "If a man sue thee at law, and take away thy cont, let him have thy cloak also." In the course of his sermon, he strenuously enforced the Christian duty of overcoming evil with good: but to his astonishment when he entered his gig he found his cloak gone; the thief having left written on the wall with chalk, "I have taken your cloak, and hope you will give me your coat."

THE GEM.

Saturday, July 25, 1829.

Our prospects.—We have cheering anticipations as to the ultimate success of our little paper. Since No. 4, an accession of near one hundred subscribers has been made to our list, among whom we recognize many warm friends. We hope still to make further improvements in the appearance of the paper, and hope that all who feel interested in building up a literary paper in this "city of the wild," will come forward and aid us in the undertaking. At a time of general depression, like the present, and while excitements and divisions are distracting community, it was a question somewhat problematical whether there could be found encouragement sufficient to support a paper upon the ground of the Gem, however well it might be conducted. This paper was therefore issued in small form, and at a low price, to test the question. It will therefore improve according to the support it receives—and we have strong hopes at present, of being able soon to enlarge our borders, and improve the publication otherwise. Agents will soon be named, but at present persons at a distance can obtain the paper by applying to post-masters.—A few back numbers remain on hand.

Inventions.—This is an age of inventions. The country is literally flooded with "new and rare" improvements, from a steam-boat apparatus, down to patent pumps and stocks. There is one invention however, that would be of more importance, if it could be accomplished, than all the patents that have lately been put forth. That is an invention to supercede the necessity of hard times. Hard times, is an ejaculation that escapes every one—the merchant as he enters his shop in the morning, and the clerk as he closes the shutters in the evening. It is written on the very goods that lie from day to day, unmolested—it is the mechanic's cold comfort, and the lawyer's antagonist. It is included in every bill of fare, and the only grace that thousands of the poor say at their tables. It is the excuse for the villian, the knave and the beggar. It is indeed a formidable and terrible enemy—it grinds the face of poor, and closes the purses of the rich. It robs honest industry, and locks up charity in a cell. It circumscribes comfort, and hangs upon mankind like an incubus, If therefore, any invention can be made to supercede the necessity of hard times, we are sure that such an improvement would meet the approbation of the community generally.

Literary Taste.—It is somewhat astonishing that so little literary taste pervades this part of our country. The inhabitants of this quarter are noted for their enterprize in every thing more than institutions of learning. Of late however, much more appears doing in this way. The establishment of an Atheneum, and some new institutions of learning show that the public mind is becoming somewhat drawn from speculations to the establishment of some permanent institutions.—But lately all our young ladies were educated abroad, and the literary taste of the village has been so low, that scarce any such taste was manifest among society. Several literary clubs we know have been formed, and broken up for want of a spirit to keep them alive. We hope this state of things will not much longer last. If in our polite circles a taste for literature prevails, it will be productive of the most pleasing and happy results. It will excite young men of genius to cultivate their minds, and establish a standard by which they will be willing to be judged. It will refine the enjoyment of the social circle, and keep alive an interest full of instruction and pleasure. Such a taste in the publick mind also, gives support to editors engaged in refining the manners and morals of our country, and it is the want of such a taste, that has lately thrown out of existence some of the most valuable periodicals that were ever established in our country.

Crops.—Every thing with the Farmers in this quarter, at present, appears like an abundance. The season of haying and harvesting is just commencing, and plenty is full in the anticipation of the community. The weather still continues quite cool, mild and pleasant.

More wonders.—There is now living in one house and only one family, at Jamaica Plain, says the Boston Patriot—One grandfather, 1 grandmother, 2 fathers, 2 mothers, 2 husbands, 2 wives, 2 sons, 1 daughter, 1 father-in-law, 1 mother-in-law, 1 daughter-in-law, 3 cousins, 1 brother, 1 sister, 1 uncle, 1 aunt, 1 nephew, 3 grandchildren, 2 children, and yet there are only seven in all.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE GEM.

CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.

He prayed, but not as mortal men do pray;
With careless heart and thoughtless tongue.
He knelt
There in his agony alone—he bowed
Before his father—and there was none
To see him in his bitterness. He cried,
"My Father, if it be thy holy will
"Let this bitter cup remain untasted
"By thy suffering son. Yet oh! my father,
"Not my will, but thine be done." And oh!
He seemed more holy for his wretchedness.
And the cold night-dews mingling with great
drops
Of blood, fell from his holy forehead. But it
Was not because he was an outcast from
His father's face; an exile from his native
Heaven; a wanderer on earth, without
A place to lay his head; a persecuted
Deity, born in that lowly, lonely place
And yet the Son of God; and buffetted
And mock'd; and yet the Saviour of the world.
'Twas not for this he groan'd, and wept and
died.
Oh no; the gnawing wormwood of his soul
Was for poor fallen, guilty man. And Judas
Came, and with unholy, treacherous kiss, he
Sold his Lord. How like the fair, fair fruit,
That grows around the lake where Sodom and
Gomorrah stood, was that unholy kiss!
'Twas fair without, but bitterness within!
And was a crown of thorns, a diadem
Befitting best the crown of one so holy?
And were the scourges of a heartless mob,
The just reward of deeds so pure?—yet this,
And more of scorn was his.

And when they nailed
To that accursed tree the sufferer,
The rocks, which since creation's chaos had
Been mute spectators of the world's dark
deeds,
Were rent. And the bright sun, which ne'er
had known
An hour of gloom, since God, Jehovah said
"Let there be light," was dark! And graves
were op'd,
And saints who had for countless ages slept,
Arose and gazed with horror on that scene;
The darkest scene that ever yet disgrac'd
Man's catalogue of crimes. And in that hour
Of utter hopelessness, he cried, "my God,
My God, Oh! why hast thou forsaken me."
And the gall and wormwood that they press'd
Upon those holy lips to drink, was *honey*
To his soul's deep bitterness! Jesus died!

ROSAMOND.

The sailor, toss'd on stormy seas,
Though far his bark may roam,
Still hears a voice in every breeze,
That wakens thoughts of home.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

Mr. Editor.—The house which is the subject of the following, still stands on Buffalo street. It was, at the time of the occurrence, surrounded by the forest. It is now surrounded by beautiful habitations; and the forest, like that once aged inmate of this house, has passed away.

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

As I wander'd forth in musing mood,
When Sol had sunk to rest,
To where a dense and fitful wood
Grew fruitful o'er earth's breast;
I heard a voice in accents low,
Come muffled on the air;
And the full breeze that next did blow,
Told 'twas the voice of prayer.

"We bow to thee, Almighty God,
With thankfulness and praise,
And tho' we smart beneath thy rod,
Yet just are all thy ways;
Our father! tho' we have rebell'd
Against thy laws most just,
And tho' from thee we're here expell'd,
In thee we put our trust.

"Look down in pity on us all,
In this vain world below,
And suffer us on thee to call
Thou balm for ev'ry wo.
With thee we leave ourselves to-night,
Poor mortal worms are we,
And may we find a pure delight,
In truly serving thee."

Thus said the voice, in plaintive mood,
As I approach'd the door,
Till my full ear, and the silent wood
Could catch the sound no more;
And I paus'd till the light that dimly burn'd
In the cot had ceas'd its glare,
Then with cautious steps, and still I turn'd
And left this house of prayer.

And as I wander'd on my way,
A voice was on the air,
At every sigh it seem'd to say,
"This is the voice of prayer."
Again I went to that poor cot,
The wind was whistling shrill,
I listen'd, but the voice was not—
That tongue in death was still!

A.

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THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 7. ROCHESTER, AUGUST 8, 1829. VOL. 1.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE COQUETTE'S REWARD.

By Mrs. H. Dodge.

Mary Ann Huntly was celebrated for her personal beauty. She was the eldest daughter of a wealthy New-England farmer, and although her paternal dwelling was far retired from the bustle and parade of public life, yet she was sought out, and received the homage of many a proud and high born heart.

It is the talent of beauty to win admiration; and sensible and noble indeed must be the female, who possesses this peculiar gift, without that vain haughtiness and pride, which are its usual attendants.

Mary Ann when she made her first appearance in society, was an amiable and gentle creature; but the praise which was poured into her ears and the admiration with which she was every where received, filled her young heart with new emotions, and a new ambition,—this ambition was, to be still more admired, and to win hearts but to deceive them. Hers was a career of fickleness and faithlessness, and yet all seemed equally eager to admire and to trust her, and all alike shared her attention and her bitter scorn.

She usually passed considerable time with a young female intimate in Boston, and it was during one of these visits that Miss Johnson presented her intended husband to her friend Mary Ann. Milford was an interesting youth, full of high life and high feelings, and was the heir not only of respectability but of wealth. He tenderly loved Miss Johnson, who was amply worthy of his choicest affections, and in one short month their bliss was to be consummated. Mary Ann looked on the amiable pair, the noble feelings of her heart for a moment triumphed, and she felt happy in the good fortune of her friend; but suddenly her insatiable thirst for admiration awoke, and she felt her pride wounded that any female but herself should receive homage from the other sex. Her rich blue eyes were bent long and thoughtfully upon the floor, and then she lifted them and smiled, and in that smile were centered all her powers of fascination. Those who had drank the fatal draught, would have known its meaning, but Milford read only there, depth of unutterable tenderness, and that was all springing up for him.

The hours passed fleetly along—the evening with a brilliant moon came, and a little ramble was proposed. A brother of Mary Ann was present, who very politely offered Miss Johnson his arm, while Mary Ann, overjoyed at so favorable an opportunity, gladly accepted that of Milford. Now all the powers of her flattering, deceiving tongue were exerted, to win his heart from its first object and attach it to herself. That evening she was unsuccessful, but after several different interviews, the eloquence of her beauty prevailed and she had the triumph of beholding Milford following madly in her train, and her dear friend Miss Johnson, mourning in secret over her blighted hopes. This was a rich morsel for the proud coquette's greedy vanity, and long did she keep up the delusion in Milford's mind; but at length she threw off the mask, and told him without a blush, that she desired not his love, and could no longer receive his attentions.

This unexpected blow fell on his soul like a thunderbolt from heaven, and he wandered alone in the madness of his heart, regardless of every object, and forgetful of every thing but the depths of Mary Ann's perfidy. This was his ceaseless theme, until calm reason at last resumed her throne, and he looked back with horror on the scenes thro' which he had passed. He mourned deeply over his follies, and determined to return, if possible, to the path of duty, the first step of which was to make an humble acknowledgement to his abused betrothed, seek her forgiveness and fulfil his former vows; but alas! how was his heart indeed riven and all his earthly hopes forever blasted, when

he heard from Miss Johnson's lips, that she would never see him more. He fled from her presence—reason again forsook him and madness took up its long and desolate reign in his bosom.

I was a child when he was pointed out to me, but never, never, shall I forget the dreadful expression of his eye, or the depths of horror and utter wretchedness that was depicted in his countenance! He seldom spoke, and ever, most studiously avoided all womankind. It was about this time, also, that I first beheld Mary Ann Huntly. I thought her the loveliest creature I had ever seen, but they told me she had faded much, for she too had felt the touch of sorrow. Her ill treatment of one so universally beloved, as Milford, blasted at once her reputation, and she was disdained and shunned by all.

Sometime after this, she had the misfortune to lose both her parents, and as her father made no provision for her in his will, she was left a destitute and friendless orphan. All now poured forth their bitterest censure, and she sought refuge from persecution with a relation, who resided at a considerable distance from her native town. There a wealthy widower became enamoured with her beauty, and offered her his hand and his fortune. This proposal she most cheerfully accepted, although the same ceremony that made her a wife, made her the mother of nine children.

She lived in high splendor and apparent happiness, for a few months, when suddenly her husband became insolvent, and was reduced from affluence, to a state of absolute poverty. Dreading the bitter reproaches with which she constantly loaded him, he avoided her society as much as possible, and the bar-room and the gaming house soon became far dearer to him than his own fireside.

It was about this time that I first saw her, and although sorrow-struck and heart-broken, she was still passing beautiful.

* * * * * * Two years more, and where was the once gay—the proud and adored Mary Ann Huntley! I saw her borne to the last sad home of all the living, and there was none to weep over her! her husband was there, but he could not mourn, he was insensible to feeling. Poor Mary Ann was weighed down with poverty, misfortune and disappointment, and believing that she had brought her miseries upon herself, she had no ambition no desire to live. With her last breath she repeated the name of Milford, and burning tears rolled down her cheeks at the word; but she is gone—forever gone, and peace to her mouldering ashes.

Milford still lives, and Miss Johnson is wearing away her life in useless regret, that she did not forgive her repentant lover.

This, dear reader, is no fiction; it is a tale of truth, and I could point out to you the town where you might see the miserable man, who is known in this narrative by the fictitious name of Milford.

FOR THE GEM.

THE FOX HUNT.

"Is he dying!" said Sanford Graham, as he gazed wildly and convulsed with agitation upon his youthful friend Winton Herbert. "Dying," ran thro' the whole crowd that stood about the bedside of poor Winton. "Dying," echoed back thro' the stillness of the neglected parlour. Already, indeed had death laid his cold hand upon poor Winton, the bleared and half turned eye, the flashing strokes of breath, the distorted features, and the large cold drops of sweat, were the awful assurances that the conquerer was indeed there. And now was seen the quivering lip; and the eye suffused with tears was intent upon the dying sufferer, as if to watch the escape of the soul in its separation from the mortal body. All the accompaniments of death was there; the suppression of speech, the frequent deep drawn sighs, the intense anxiety, and the unfeigned commisseration. The silence was again broken—"is he dying!" said Sanford to the deeply afflicted mother that bent over her child, and whose eyes flowed like fountains. Mrs. Herbert bowed assent, as she wiped from poor Winton's brow the accumulated drops collected there. It was too much for poor Sanford. The agonies of his bosom was no longer controlable. And as he saw the sure approach of death, and the loss of his friend flitted across his fevered brain, he burst forth in an unearthly moan. And now the whole room was in convulsions, as they saw the agony of the youthful Sanford at the idea of his separation from his friend. Long and heartrending were the cries that rent the very walls of that house. But this grief was unavailing against "man's mortal foe." He grasped his victim, and Winton Herbert, not yet 17, in the pride of life, and but one hour before indulging in all the gaiety and lightness of life, in full health, was now lifeless!

I was a stranger to all that witnessed this scene, and when the vital spark had

made its exit to unknown regions, I inquired of a by-stander what brought the youth to this untimely end. Our conversation was long, and the reader is informed that the story of the unfortunate youth was detailed to me as near as possible, as follows.

Sanford Graham and Winton Herbert were boys together—they were active buoyant fellows, and were never in their sports separated. Whenever one was going to enjoy a day's ramble, he was sure the other would be his companion, before he got consent to go. They grew up as it were arm in arm, and were the pride of the little society in which they moved. Time bears us onward swiftly, and as the years flitted away they found the butterfly field, and the ramble for birds' nest, had changed to sports of larger compass, and more ample enjoyment. Hunting was a favorite amusement, and it was in a beautiful morning in spring that they sought the woods together, to hunt the partridge. In their rambles a fox crossed their path, and then the chase commenced. Young Reynard was fleet and so were his pursuers. They followed him to the bank of a stream, which, though small, had in some places banks fifty feet in height. Here Reynard, high upon the cliff that o'erhung the gurgling stream below, disappeared in his den. This was too much for our youths to brook; they could not think of losing the game without ever being permitted to see the mouth of his den. The bank from above was too abrupt to admit of descending to his residence, yet below a slope from the bottom of the height, although it did not invite an easy ascension, did not forbid the possibility of gaining the mouth of the den, when they considered the numerous little twigs that shot out from among the rocks upwards. Ten minutes, and they were at the bottom of the bank. Looking up the cunning Reynard sat looking from his hiding place in bold defiance of their pursuits. His steady eye was fixed upon the instruments of death which they carried, and no sooner was one levelled at him than he turned indignant, and hid his head and body in the mouth of the den, leaving his long flowing tail hanging out as a mark, at which they might shoot as long as they pleased! This was too much, and young Winton burning with disappointment, in one moment threw off his armour and was ascending the steep. Without thinking how fruitless would be his endeavors even should he be enabled to gain the mouth of the cave, he strove like one to gain his life to reach the tail of Reynard. His ascent was slower and slower as the steep grew more and more perpendicular. At length he arrived at the last obstacle that barred him from the mouth of the cave! This obstacle was a protuberance in the bank—upon that, if he could gain it, he could stand at ease, and look in upon the habitation of Reynard! Before attempting to ascend it he looked up towards the mouth of the den. The tail still hung out in defiance of his enterprize! A swell of pride heaved his bosom as he thought of overcoming the wiles of the arch animal he was pursuing! He placed his right foot within a small fissure of the rock, and reached with his hands to draw himself up another step! At that moment the voice of Sanford, who had stood all the while in breathless silence gazing upon the ascent of his friend, broke upon his ears with the words "Be careful Winton!" It started him! and a slight flash of indignation passed over his mind at the thought that he had scared the Fox. He pressed harder upon the rock to raise himself, and the piece that he had placed his foot upon, broke from its hold and fell! Winton held on by his hands, and what little support he could derive from the toe of his left shoe! The rock, breaking into a thousand pieces rushed like the sudden bursting of thunder into the gulf below! A wild scream was heard from Sanford below, and was brought back on the reverberation, with the sound of the falling precipice! Sanford barely escaped death amidst the rushing rocks, and in agony beheld his friend suspended from an awful precipice. The tail was gone! Not knowing but fearing the imminent danger of Winton's situation, he raised his voice to speak, when his friend's voice fell upon his ears. "Sanford I shall fall! This struck Sanford with the utmost horror! But he cheered his friend, and said, "I will bring you help." Thus saying he bounded towards the village and spread the heart rending intelligence. The villagers routed, and with ropes repaired to the spot. Winton, almost exhausted still hung reeling over the gulf. A crowd collected, and quite a number on the opposite side, stood mute but anxious spectators of the scene. The rope was let down to him, and he grasped it with a fervour that showed how deeply he appreciated his perilous situation. In one moment he was slowly rising towards the summit of the precipice. All was silent, and the wind

that moved the just put forth leaves, sighed softly as if afraid to break the dreadful silence. A burst of voices like thunder, from those below and opposite now rent the air; "he has lost his hold! he is falling!" and the slacking up of the rope showed too truly to those on the bank that the poor fellow had indeed lost his hold. A dread convulsion ran through the crowd—the sufferer being hid by the sloping of the bank from the gaze of those above him, a general rushing towards the summit seemed to be likely to carry with it disastrous consequences, when Winton who in his anxiety to regain the bank had caught by a twig to help himself, suddenly let his weight upon the rope, and well nigh jerked from the bank those who had hold of it. The crowd being hushed, they continued slowly drawing up Winton; in a few moments his head appeared in sight above the precipice. This was a dreadful moment! But an instant and he would be past danger or past rescue. Hope and fear, struggled in every bosom! and an anxiety partaking of madness sat full in the countenance of every one. The blood, curdled as with the chill of death, swelled in the veins—in one moment the air would have been rent with shouts of joy. But the sufferer as his eyes caught the multitude of breathless spectators on the bank, swooned—he sunk—a desperate grasp was made, but he dropped into that fearful gulf, and was brought out mangled from that dreadful fall. A discord of horrid groans and shrieks issued forth at that dreadful moment from all present. But all was past. A gloom was thrown over the village, as they carried that unfortunate to a premature grave, and they told me that poor Sanford, crazy from the effects of so dreadful a catastrophe, was in imagination pursuing the Fox, and with all the eagerness that characterized their hot pursuit, would call every one who went to see him Winton, and then would ask in a half suppressed voice if they did not see the Fox's Tail.

ADRIAN.

FRIENDSHIP.

The Goddess has a multitude of worshippers; but many of them pay her only a blind devotion. They form a confused idea of something lovely and desirable, but have no just conception of her true character. They imagine her favor may be purchased with the same coin that buys other pleasures, and frequently reckon themselves among her favorites while utter strangers to her.

The Goddess once appointed a day for all her adorers to appear before her, and present their offerings. The summons was received with universal delight. The appointed day arrived, and a vast multitude assembled—each prepared with a gift. The goddess appeared, seated on a throne made of a silver cloud, and studded with the Gems and brilliants of heaven. Her figure and countenance were beautiful—celestial beauty, such as earthly language will not describe. There was in her manner a secret dignity, but nothing to awe or intimidate. She looked round on the admiring throng with a benevolent, discriminating glance, that seemed to say, "I would bestow my choicest favors on you all, if you knew how to appreciate them."

The first approached, and kneeling, spread all his treasures of wealth upon her altar; then raised his eyes to determine by her countenance whether the offering was accepted.

The Goddess frowned! "can gold," she exclaimed, "gain friendship? impotence of hope! Remove the trash!" It was done. In its stead, he arranged his titles and honors all in due order before her; again she frowned! He hastily put them aside, and in their place laid the record of his fame. It would not do—with a look of displeasure she bade him take it away. He obeyed; then throwing himself at her feet, he thus addressed her. "Great Goddess! I have offered thee all that mortals value; I have nothing left—but my heart; he paused—her look of displeasure was gone, "I freely surrender it," he exclaimed. She smiled, and accepted the offering.

Then rising from her throne, she addressed the vast assembly:—"Children of men, know that in the eye of friendship, gold is dross, honor a bubble, fame empty air; at her shrine the heart alone is accepted."

The crowd dispersed, though not without murmuring; for many had no hearts, and those who had, were so corrupted by vice, as made them sensible that they were not worth offering. The hearts that were heaped on the altar of mammon, could not be recalled; nor those which lay scattered at the shrine of pleasure. A smiling few approached, and presented the sacrifice of unsullied affections. As she received them, her countenance lighted up with such a resplendent beauty, that its radiance was reflected on the faces of her favorites—and they wear it to this day.

Ladies' Magazine.

RELIGIOUS.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

There is, in the city of *Philadelphia*, an asylum for children, who are presented to the guardians or overseers of the poor, as objects of public charity. Without stopping to admire and approve the humane and wise provision which keeps them from much evil example and influence, and gives them that instruction which is profitable for all things, even in this world,—our present object is, to state a case of much interest, which recently occurred.

Early on a Sabbath afternoon during the summer, the matron of this asylum was pained to find a company of eighteen men, (rope makers,) at a game of ball, in an enclosure near the building, and in view of the children. Knowing the power of such an example, she went to them—requested them to desist a moment, till they should hear what she had to say. She then told them, in substance, that she was shocked to see them so openly and fearlessly transgressing the law of God; "and if I, a poor sinful creature am shocked at the openness and enormity of your sin, how must it appear to GOD himself, who is so holy that no flesh living shall be justified in his presence?" She then informed them that she was the matron of the asylum; that she was endeavoring to train up these poor and friendless children in the fear of God, and in obedience to his holy law; and that such an example as was thus placed before them would counteract the influence of her instructions and labors. She then civilly requested them to leave their sport for a while, and go with her to the asylum, assuring them that what they would see, would be new to them, and perhaps interesting. After a short consultation, they determined to follow her; and leaving their hats and coats behind, they all followed her to the house. The family and children were surprized to see such a procession following the matron into the house and through the hall; but they were soon told that these were persons who had come to visit them, and see how they kept the Sabbath. Being seated on benches provided for visiters, in the school room, the matron told the children to sing one of their hymns; and, without any intimation of its appropriateness, they immediately sung the hymn—

This day belongs to God alone,
He chooses Sunday for his own;
And we must neither work nor play
Upon God's holy Sabbath day.

'Tis well to have one day in seven,
That we may learn the way to heaven;
Or else we never should have thought
About religion as we ought.

And every Sabbath should be past
As if we knew it were our last;
For what would dying people give,
To have one Sabbath more to live?

While this hymn was sung by upwards of one hundred children, (some of them so young as to be scarcely able to speak the words plain,) the tears were seen to roll from the eyes of the reproved visiters, who sat in perfect silence during the service. Several hymns and answers from the catechism, were recited, and verses of Scripture repeated, till dinner was ready. The matron asked the visiters to go into the dining hall, and see the children come to the table and take their dinner. A clean white cloth was spread, on which was placed a sufficient quantity of bread and molasses. After a blessing had been asked by the matron, in which the children audibly joined—she stated to the visiters, that on any other day of the week, the children had various fare, and the table was furnished with plates, &c. as in any other family; but *on the Sabbath*, she felt it a duty to avoid all unnecessary labor. She therefore had the bread provided, and the molasses drawn in proper quantity, on the evening before; and no noise or labor was necessary in providing food, furnishing the table, nor in clearing off, washing, and putting up the furniture. Thus she hoped to impress on the children's hearts, the spirit of the hymn they had sung, as well as its letter on their memory.

After dinner, and thanks returned, the children with great quietness went out into the yard which surrounds the building. The matron then cautioned them as to their conduct—"You know, children," said she, "that this is GOD's holy Sabbath. If you take a plaything, or touch one, you sin. You must not work nor play, lest you offend God, who has commanded you, and me, and all of us, to *remember the Sabbath to keep it holy*." She gave them this solemn ad-

monition in language the most simple and affectionate, and to the wonder of her silent and intent visiters. The children went out in a very orderly cmanner; the matron then turned to her adult calass, that had so unexpectedly come under her care. She told them she was sincerely obliged to them for their civiliyt; that they had seen something of the course of proceeding in that house, and she hoped they had been interested ; that she should be happy to see them there at any time, but especially on the *Sabbath*—when they would always see the same, or similar efforts made to train up children in the knowledge and fear of God, and in obedience to his holy law. They returned to the field, took their hats and coats in the most orderly manner, and returned home.

The next Sabbath, every one of the eighteen persons came to the asylum, decently dressed, and with a becoming deportment, and witnessed the whole course of exercises. One of them was considerably advanced, (supposed 45 or 50 years old,) and the youngest was about 17; and many of them paid a third visit! So effectually did the serious, affectionate, and judicious conduct of this matron, secure the respect and confidence of this company of transgressors.

A good one—The original shrewdness and simplicity of childhood often raise a blush on faces of grave instructors, as we doubt not, the reply at the close of the following anecdote, did on that of the reverend interrogator, whose questions, doubtless, were furnished to his own hands, by some of the modern book makers.

"At an anniversary meeting of the London Sunday School Union, the Rev. S. Kilpin remarked that in catechising some children on the subject—'Thy will be done on earth as is done in heaven'—the following were the questions and answers:—What is it to be done? The will of God. Where is it to be done? On earth How is it to be done? As it is in heaven. How do you think the angels do the will of God in heaven, as they are our pattern? The first replied, 'They do it immediately.'—The second, 'They do it actively.' The third, 'They do it unitedly.' Here a pause ensued and no other child appeared to have any answer; but after some time a little girl arose and said, 'Why, sir, they do it *without asking any questions*.'"

TEMPERANCE.

Beecher's Sermons and the Whiskey Barrels.—Our correspondent mentions the following fact, on the authority of the Rev. Mr. Reed, of Bloomington:

"He informed the meeting that at the place of his residence, Beecher's Sermons on Intemperance had been read from the pulpit, and that the last sermon in the series had been read the preceding Sabbath. On Monday morning a merchant who had been in the habit of retailing ardent spirit, and who had been listening to the powerful arguments and irresistible appeals of Beecher, *went to his store, knocked the heads out of his whiskey barrels, emptied their contents into the streets, and resolved to have nothing more to do with the article.*—Thus you see that Dr. Beecher, though he lives in Boston, is preaching in the West."—*Journal of Humanity.*

TEMPERANCE IN COLLEGES.

A friend has put into our hands an address delivered before the Temperance Society in Yale College, by a member. After discussing the subject in its more general bearings, the author adverts to the peculiar circumstances of his audience, as follows:—*Jour. of Humanity.*

"Shut out from the agitations of the world, and secluded in the quiet of this classical retreat it would seem that here of all places on earth, the ravages of intemperance should be least prevalent. Yet, my friends, there have been instances to qualify this presumption. One individual in particular I remember, who was of us, but is not with us. Many of his associates are here, but his seat remains unfilled. I will recall the hour, when, in the name of this association, I solicited his suffrage in its support—He answered my request with a refusal, alleging at the same time, his assurance that a pledged conformity to its rule could never be necessary. Days and months had passed away when one evening we met. His prostration of its and debility of frame led me to in-

quire the cause. In a tone which still sounds in my ear, he said, "There is—there is a hell in this bosom; my torments are those of the damned." Soon afterwards he left these walls. But scarce had he been welcomed by the hospitality of his paternal roof, when the toll of the village bell announced that he had passed "that bourne whence no traveller returns." He fell a victim of intemperance. He was an only son—one parent he had—an aged father, who had fondly looked to this remnant of his line for honor and support in the vale of years. But no such prospect now gladdens his view. Deeply and stilly that object of his hopes sleeps in the distant grave-yard. The elms still bloom—the winds of heaven still sweep over that lowly habitation. But they bring to his ear no notes of consolation. The cold hand of disappointment lies at his heart, and ere perhaps, another sun shall have shone, his weary course will have been ended.

THE GEM.

Saturday, August 8, 1829.

OUR CLOSET.

Sitting by our table last evening, driven to the sad perplexity of choosing from among the many, the better effusions of our friends, or write something ourself, [for we abominate partiality,] involuntarily we laughed outright. "A thought struck us." Just at that moment some "light wing'd fairy" or something else whispered in our ear, "what would your readers think of a visit to your closet?" We cast our eyes upon our table, loaded with the effusions of fairy and poetic brain,—tales, fragments, essays, love-songs, &c. &c. and just at that moment too, we caught a glimpse of our own melancholy countenance reflected in the mirror before us, and could not help but 'smile aloud.' But our task must be done, and we began again to read. One of our friends had sent us a beautiful description of some more beautiful country, and we were for a few moments lost amid the murmuring streams and wide spread lakes, with their enchanting shores, and silvery bosoms—we rambled o'er the various hills and dales that broke the evenness of the country's surface, and sighed for the morning air of some mountain glen. Another had traced the "dark and daring deed," of some bold adventurer, and wrought the history of his life into a tale of horror.—Others still had poured their fancy's thought upon our table—humorous, sentimental, pathetic, and some too breathing of love. One piece in particular, we remember; it was evidently the production of some young lady to whom Cupid had been indulgent but to deceive. The first moonlight ramble—the tender pressure of the hand, and tender look, with a world of sighs, were so vividly and so feelingly depicted, that we really felt pity rising in our breast, and almost wished we might be beloved.

We were aroused from this lovely reverie by the thought that our task was not yet commenced. We tumbled over and read again every paper upon our table, or at least their titles, but we were not in a mood to be pleased, and as a last resort we resolved to write ourselves. We commenced, erased and began again, till we were out of all patience with our very pen, and could our readers have seen our angry brow and melancholy phiz, and felt our heart beat with thoughts for their amusement at that moment, they would have laughed too, or pitied us.

☞We are pleased to see an advertisement announcing that Miss Pomeroy will commence a select school for young Ladies on Monday next. From the known qualifications of Miss Pomery, we recommend this school to the young ladies of this place seeking an education.

None are so seldom found alone, and so soon tired of their own company, as those coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE GEM.

THE REJECTED GIFT.

Take back, take back thy jewels now,
An offering far too bright for me,
This blanched cheek, and care-worn brow,
A painful contrast offers thee.
A faded bud, or cypress wreath
Is far more meet to linger here,
Bring me a wild flower from the heath,
And I will love thee quite as dear.

Then take, oh take thy diamonds now,
And twine them in another's hair,
Go place them on a gayer brow,
'Tis fitter they should sparkle there.
Oh would they heal a broken heart,
Or blot a page from memory now,
I'd never with thy offering part,
But firmly clasp it to my brow.

Oh urge me not, it cannot be,
Thy offering is not meet for me.

ROSAMOND.

FOR THE GEM.

Written on the blank leaf of a book, presented to Miss———

Accept the gift tho' small it be,
'Twill prove a guide to memory
When face and form's forgot:—perchance
It may the truth of heart enhance
Of him who gave it. Should it so,
Its object's gain'd. Trifling gift go;
And when eastern zephyrs kiss the cheek
Of her who bears thee, and reveries seek
The thoughts of friends afar,—friends yet dear,
Dearer still in absence, waft thou here
One wandering one, friendly still, still the same,
To breathe, perhaps, a lonely stranger's name.

LOTHAIRE.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

The thoughts are strange that crowd upon my brain
While I look upward to thee. It would seem,
As if God pour'd thee from his 'hollow hand,'
And hung his bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice which seem'd to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
'The sound of many waters;' and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch his cent'ries in th' eternal rocks.
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him,
Who drown'd a world, and heap'd the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

[Brainard.

[From the Philadelphia Album.]

'Tis only when the dust, the tombs dark dust,
Hath shrined our ashes that our memories bloom,
'Tis only then the intellect can thrust
Aside the darkness of our mortal doom;
But even now, tho' grovelling in the gloom
That broods perpetual o'er the deeds of men,
The soul, in hope of spotless life to come,
Drinks in quick glimpses of that deathless birth,
Whose happiest days endure nor agony nor mirth.

The evil know this not; the stain'd in soul,
The sear'd in guilt, the branded and the lost,
Cains of their kind, o'er them all seasons roll,
Unmarked, uncheer'd by all that gladdens most;
The fiendish calumny, the tumid boast;
Darken their sun, and wassail wastes the night;
But to the heart oft pierced and foiled and crossed,
Imagination steep'd in nature's light,
Brings highest, purest bliss from its empyreal flight.

[S. L. Fairfield.

[From the Oneida Observer.]

SONG.

I heard thy lute at even tide,
O! sadly did its tones complain;
But now as flowers for gentle dews,
I thirst for thy sweet strain.

I see the white moon sail in heaven—
How gladly once I hail'd its light?
For thou wert near, and thou didst lend
A glory to the night.

But now thou art, departed one
Far on the ocean's blue expanse;
And as the sunflower to the sun,
I perish for thy glance.

Thou'st gone—thy song hath ceas'd to be,
Thy gentle lute is broke in twain,
And now, alas! that it is so—
I mourn for thee in vain.

V.

THE GEM,

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THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young genius into life.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

FOR THE GEM.

THE TWINS.

In a romantic spot a few miles from Edinburgh, in Scotland, resided Walter and Margaret Grey. They were abundantly blessed in the things of this world. They owned the country seat where they lived, which had fallen to them on the decease of Walter's father. And it was a spot an angel might have deigned to grace, so beautiful, so romantic. Behind the mansion rose a hill covered with verdure, and affording food for innumerable flocks, which grazed upon its borders. At the foot of this hill, meandered a babbling brook, which found its way into a lovely lake, about a mile from the house. The grounds about the mansion were fitted up in a style of elegance, which did honor to the taste of its possessor. In front of the mansion was a beautiful lawn, covered with flowers of every hue; upon the left was a park, and a grove of fine trees. The house which stood in the midst of this romantic scenery, was large and airy, and its green venetian blinds were entwined with jessamine and honeysuckle; under the windows was a variety of flowers which sent up their fragrance, an acceptable offering at this shrine of peace and contentment. But there were other flowers that bloomed in this little Eden, far more beautiful than those which we have mentioned, Marion and Malcolm, twins, and only children of Walter and Margaret. They had been reared like two rose buds, and it was hard to tell which was the most beautiful. Oh it was sweet to see them hand in hand, wandering over the hill, or seeking wild flowers on the lawn, or, sitting by that brook, telling tales of superstitious meaning, of witch or fairy; and as it drew near twilight, Marion would cling to her brother for protection, while he, all courage, would laugh at her fears, yet clasp her firmly to his bosom, and safely convey her to her mother.—These were days of bliss. The happiest hours of life are in early childhood, when we know nothing of this world's gloom—when all is sunshine, and if there is a cloud upon our juvenile horizon, there is always a rainbow sure to follow. But in after years there is cloud on cloud without one ray of light, or one lone gleam of hope.

Marion and Malcolm were almost idolized by their parents. When they were twelve years old, they were sent to a school at Edinburgh. This parting was a painful one to all parties.—The only relief which the parents had, was the thought that it was for the benefit of their children. And when at the age of seventeen, they returned from school, and stood upon their father's threshhold, one would hardly have imagined they were beings of this frail world, they looked so beautiful. Marion and Malcolm were tall and exactly of a height, but the expression of their countenance were not alike. Malcolm's cheek glowed with the bloom of health, and his dark eye was at times so bright that it seemed unearthly; his hair was dark as the raven's wing.—Marion's hair was fair, and she was pale as the water lily, just dripping from its ocean bed, and her eye was blue, so blue one would have thought she had stooped to kiss the violet, and stole its hue. And these lovely twins were not alike in disposition; the basis of Malcolm's moral and intellectual character was arduous and enthusiastic, while Marion was mild and placid as the dove; and she used frequently to reprove her brother, for his rashness, yet in so gentle a manner, that it was more like fairy's whisperings than a harsh rebuke. In one thing they were alike; mutual love, love for each other, and for their parents. It seemed as though they strove to see which would be the most devoted, and Marion bore off the palm, for Malcolm's hasty disposition frequently led him into error.

About a year after their return from school, the country seat adjoining Mr. Grey's, was taken by a gentleman who had retired from business to spend the

remainder of his life in calm contentment.

His family consisted of a beloved wife, and two children; Edwin the eldest, was about nineteen; Cora, about two years younger. Visits of ceremony were soon exchanged between the families of these gentlemen, which soon ripened into intimacy and strong friendship between Marion Grey and the lively Cora Rossmore, and Malcolm and Edwin soon learned to share a part of this intimacy. Malcolm learned after a few solitary rambles with the sparkling Cora, that one glance from her rich dark eye was worth more, than to have Marion look at him a whole day, and somehow of late, Edwin had rather walk with the gentle Marion than with his sister. Edwin and Marion were alike in disposition; they were both gentle and peculiarly amiable. In a few months the atmosphere about Rossmore mansion, seemed to breathe of love. There had been just vows and sighs and tears and hopes and fears enough to fill about six months in love's calendar, when it was announced that the seat adjoining Mr. Rossmore's was to be taken by an old bachelor about thirty. His character was known to both families, and he was not considered a very valuable acquisition to the neighbourhood. Egbert Sunbury was an only son. His mother resided in Edinburgh, but he was so sullen and ill-humoured, that she could not take any peace in his company. Occasionally he would spend a few months with her, but it was seldom. He had a very forbidding look, was sullen and vicious in his disposition. He was wealthy, having realized all his father's property, except a small annuity to his mother. He also had a legacy from an aunt, but there were whisperings of a brother drowned, of forged wills, bribed lawyers, and other animadversions upon his character, which made our gay and happy party shudder as they thought of him as a neighbour. This incorrigie old bachellor, had more than once seen the dazzling Cora Rossmore, in Edinburgh, and he had been smitten with her charms; and this was the cause of his taking up his residence in the vicinity of her father's house. Cora was not however, aware of this honor. She had met him frequently, but had always regarded him with disgust, from his unamiable qualities. Sunbury had seen many beautiful women, but never was he so completely fascinated, as on seeing Cora at a ball; and he had determined from that moment, to obtain her hand if possible, for he doubted not, (although he had no pretensions to beauty,) but Cora would consider his fortune sufficiently large, to make her happy, without one grain of love; and his disposition was sordid enough to take her hand, and know that her heart was another's, or even that she hated him, he cared not, could he but possess her. But he had lightly valued the character of her he loved, and he had weighed her in the wrong balance.

Immediately on his arrival he called at Mr. Rossmore's, and these calls were repeated daily. When Malcolm Grey was introduced to him, "green-eyed jealousy" crept into his already base heart; and his brow gathered blackness, as the face of heaven before the thunder gust; and his eyes shot lightnings, and he looked as tho' he would have annihilated the innocent Malcolm. And Malcolm soon learned to dislike this persecutor of his peace, and he looked on him with a fearful eye; and in fact, there was not one of the youthful party, who did not dislike this intruder upon their happiness. Mrs. Rossmore treated him with the politeness due to a guest, but her respect extended no further. Since his arrival at Rossmore house, every thing seemed disconcerted; there were no more walks by moonlight, for the evening air was injurious to his health, and they had too much politeness to leave him alone to amuse himself by reading, and music he could not bear; every scheme was frustrated ere executed; every anticipation was crushed ere realized. He (as we have said before) hated Malcolm as the lover of Cora: he persecuted him in every possible way; he paid Cora the most marked attention, every way displeasing to her. At last, disgusted with his attentions, she was under the necessity of referring him to her father. He accordingly made proposals to her father, for her hand; he received a prompt refusal, which so enraged him, that he determined to have revenge on his more successful rival, whom he considered as the cause of his disappointment. He now neglected no opportunity to insult and injure Malcolm.

It was now autumn, and the family of Rossmore, together with Marion and Malcolm, had determined to spend the winter in Edinburgh, as business obliged Mr. R. to go at all events, and he was unwilling to leave his family behind. The time previous to going, passed off rather more pleasantly to our young lovers, as Mr. Sunbury absented himself, of late rather more than usual from their company, plotting mischief

or crime. At length, winter with all its frost and snow and winds set in, and Mr. Rossmore accompanied by his wife and children, together with Marion and Malcolm, proceeded to Edinburgh.—The first two or three weeks passed in confusion; visiting and paying visits, receiving acquaintances and seeking out connexions, and in public amusement.

Early one morning they were all sitting by the breakfast room fire, when a rap was heard at the door; it was opened by a servant, when in stalked Mr. Sunbury. Had a ghost in all the habiliments of death, walked in, it would not have been a more unacceptable intruder. Cora almost fainted; Marion looked as though she would have spoken, but could not; while Malcolm "looked unutterable things." He was politely received by Mrs. Rossmore, who gently enquired if he had letters. He answered in the affirmative, at the same time handing one to Marion, from her mother. He then quietly seated himself, and spent the rest of the day.—When Marion and Cora retired that evening to rest, Marion seemed more than commonly depressed. When asked by Cora the cause, she said she had a secret dread of Sunbury; it seemed as though he was the precursor of some dreadful event. Sunbury was now a constant visitor at Mr. Rossmore's house; he was as unceasing in his attentions to Cora as ever, with however, a different motive; before he had hoped to gain her love, but now his whole object was to vex and teaze Malcolm.

Marion and Cora were admired by all, they were the same in the city, that they had been in their solitude, except that Cora was more animated and lively, while Marion was pale and beautiful as ever; all who looked on her, loved her, she had many admirers, but Edwin had her heart, and she cared not for them. Malcolm watched over her as he would over a favorite flower, which he feared might be crushed by the blast; while Marion was devoted to him, nor did she forget in the allurements of the ball room or the masquerade, that she had a brother, and that he had a *rival*. She looked most fearfully on Sunbury, and yet she feared but for her brother. Tired of Edinburgh, she would fain have flown to her mother's arms, long ere spring; but she forbore speaking her sentiments, as her friends seemed to wish to linger yet, but in her heart she longed to re-visit her father's fireside; one hour in that loved spot would have been worth a whole year of heartless enjoyment in Edinburgh. Mr. Rossmore was under the necessity of spending the month of March in the city, as business prevented his leaving sooner. Well would it have been for them all, had they departed ere spring put forth its bloom; for during that bright month when all nature was putting forth her buds and blossoms, it was winter—cold dark winter, with many a heart that belonged to that party.

Lady S. gave a large and brilliant entertainment, in honor of her son, who had just returned from Spain, accompanied by a youthful friend, who had been in the same university at Madrid. Lady S. was the most fashionable woman in Edinburgh, and it was expected that her entertainment would far exceed any thing in E. for splendour.—Mrs. Rossmore received an invitation for her party. Malcolm and Cora readily gave their consent to attend, but Marion was not willing to go. However, after much entreaty, she consented. Dresses were prepared, and never had the beautiful being looked half so lovely. Marion whispered in her brother's ear, on ascending the steps of the elegant mansion, "*beware of Sunbury.*"

When the guests were all collected, young lord S. and his friend Eugene were introduced to the various groups, around the room. These young gentlemen were prepossessing in their appearance. Eugene appeared about 18, tall, and beautiful, but extremely pale.—Lord S. was darker and much more animated. They were introduced to our youthful friends, but when they came to Sunbury, he gazed long and convulsively upon the pale countenance of the youthful Eugene, then clasped his brow in agony, and fainted. He however recovered, and in the course of an hour, seemed as composed as ever. Marion observed this with anxiety, and from that hour she felt deeply interested in Eugene. Two or three days after this event, a party was made up, to go to the theatre; there was some mistake about the boxes, and Malcolm and his party, had taken the one previously engaged by lord S. and Eugene. A slight altercation ensued between Eugene and Malcolm, but it was finally adjusted, and they parted on good terms. The next morning all Edinburgh rung with the tale, that murder deep and dark, had been committed; the young Eugene, the friend of all, had been basely murdered, in the street, before his own lodgings, and about seven, *Malcolm Grey*, was apprehended in the *name of the King of Great Britain*, for the murder of *Eugene Fortescue!* Never was con-

sternation so great, as pervaded the minds of the friends, of the unfortunate Malcolm. Marion clung to him until he was torn from her and thrown into prison, and all the agony that ever racked the human breast, seemed centered in that gentle bosom. She called on his name until she was hoarse, and yet she wept not; that consolation was denied her; she at last sunk into a gentle slumber. She seemed to feel even in her sleep her deep forsakenness. She awoke calm, but almost in despair; her own Malcolm, her twin brother, apprehended as a base murderer! Oh no, she would exclaim, he was so kind, so gentle, he must, he must be innocent. She seemed at times to be crazed, and once or twice the name of Sunbury, passed her lips; she begged to see her brother, but it was not thought expedient. Mr. Rossmore sent immediately for the afflicted parents, who arrived one day previous to the trial.

Never had any thing produced such a deep pungent and general excitement. The house was crowded at an early hour, and when the prisoner appeared, every tongue was still as the grave, every heart beat with emotion for the victim, and it was so silent, that death seemed to have entered that place already. Malcolm was attended by his father, Mr. Rossmore, and many more sympathizing friends. The trial commenced, the chief evidence against the prisoner, was Egbert Sunbury. His deposition was as follows.

He stated that the prisoner and Eugene Fortescue had an affray in the theatre the evening previous; that immediately after escorting the ladies to their lodgings, the gentlemen all returned to a coffee house for supper. The gentlemen present were, the prisoner, Eugene Fortescue, Lord S. and himself; that the prisoner and Eugene seemed on good terms, but that witness thought he could discover malice in the eye of the prisoner, against Eugene; that about five o'clock in the morning, they parted for their lodgings; that he stopped at his room a few rods from the lodgings of Eugene; that prisoner proceeded in company with Eugene, that in a few minutes he was alarmed by cries of murder; he hastened out into the street, and stretched upon the ground lay the youthful Eugene; that prisoner was standing over him with a dagger reeking from the wounds of the murdered man. That witness immediately caused him to be taken into custody. And further this deponent saith not.

(Concluded in our next.)

JULIA SELLERS.

"Ah, seldom do our summer dreams give note,
Of the approaching winter."

There is but one true medium in all things, and in our frequent wanderings from the path of wisdom, we are found now deviating on one side and now on the other. In friendship we sometimes err from a cold and selfish spirit which embitters our attempts at kindness; and sometimes injure ourselves by an improper degree of pliancy. In ambition we are frequently found tempting too far, soaring with too wild and headlong and precipitous a flight; and again, often sluggishly reclining at the base of her proud pedestal, unmoved by the influence of her enticements:—and in LOVE we sometimes sacrifice too much to obtain the object of our wishes, and not unfrequently forfeit our peace of mind and happiness, by sacrificing our attachments unnecessarily.

Parents have often broken the hearts of their children by tearing them from the objects of their affections; and the hearts of both parents and children have been broken by imprudent matches, made contrary to parental advice. In a matter so important as that of the marriage contract the voice of the parent should most certainly have great weight. I do not say it should always be decisive, neither on the other hand will I aver that it never should be decisive. A parent should consult always the happiness of his child, and when that child's affections are fixed I think every chance should be calculated in favor of the policy of an alliance, and the interdictory authority should be exercised with care and caution. On one point, however, I would express a decided opinion:—when children have married; when there can be no undoing of the matter, and their fate is fixed, the parent ought not to pursue them with a vindictive spirit, though the union may have been in opposition to their wishes. The best efforts should be made to bring all to a happy issue. It has not always been the case that this conduct has been pursued, and where it has been departed from, evil has frequently fallen.

I remember the unfortunate JULIA SELLERS, a sweet girl, whose early life was all sun-shine, and whose hopes and prospects were of the brightest, while the summer of her youth endured.—She has passed to her final home; she passed to it through bitterness and tears, and left her example behind her, a warning to others, who, blest with youth and beauty, and enjoying all the happiness that wealth can give, may be

tempted to make a forfeit like that she made, and be at last as unfortunate as she was.

Among her suitors, for she had many, was a gay and volatile young man, whose vivacity, mingled with a persuasive and insinuating manner, won her heart, and yet failed to conciliate the affections of her father. She saw him only as a lover, the gayest, fondest, handsomest of her suitors, and confident of possessing his affections, she was ready to pledge her heart to him in all the faithfulness of youthful passion. But her father viewed the matter in a different light; he saw him gay, but improvident and poor, therefore without the means of long indulging his propensity; volatile and unthinking, not likely to reform; and without those principles of virtue, from which alone a reform could be expected; he saw him fond, but he knew well that love in a mind like his kindled, and blazed, and expired, a bright, perhaps, but at best a transient flame. He refused to countenance the suit, and the marriage took place consequently without his knowledge.

The parent disowned his child—he did not persecute, but he left her to the lot she had so venturously chosen. And without one kind farewell, or one blessing from a relative, Julia sailed with her husband to New-Orleans. Here *Mr. Morville*, for that was the name of the gentleman who was now her husband, engaged in business in a counting-house in the heart of the city, and the prospect of success was flattering; but, the disasters anticipated by *Mr.* Sellers overtook him here in the end—he gambled and lost his all; he then took to drink and abused the affectionate girl he had made the partner of his misfortunes. Times grew dreary, and he was obliged to decamp in haste. He set out accordingly on foot, for he had no other means of travelling, for an inland town one hundred miles from New-Orleans, his faithful consort with three children accompanied him all the way; to soothe him in sorrow, to animate him in despondency, and to cheer him under his fatigue; but he failed in getting business there when he arrived, and at last the poor unfortunate family retraced the weary way to New-Orleans, in the decline of autumn, without shoes to their feet, or clothes sufficient to shield them from the damp air of the evenings.

After sufferings the most intense, they arrived at New-Orleans; but oh, how changed from what they were three years before! Fallen from competency to absolute beggary, they were compelled to seek admission into the house of one who had been in better days their friend. It was granted, but there is something in the world's most frequent charities which has a mixture of gall, and tastes of bitterness. The unfortunate woman saw and felt this. Her husband, even now abandoned himself still to the intoxicating bowl, and every hope of his doing any thing to retrieve his situation gradually died away.

In the sickness of her heart, it was natural that most unfortunate of women should think of her far distant home, where plenty flowed; where a father's smiles illuminated the board, and a mother's fondness soothed each little woe. Some clouds indeed had passed over that bright haven of her early peace, but what child would not rather seek forgiveness from a parent, than charity from strangers. She resolved to embark for Philadelphia, and having laboured long and hard, and scraped together all she could save for six months, with a small sum given her in charity, she was enabled to take a passage for herself, her husband and family.

Mr. Sellers, in Philadelphia, had received a letter from his suffering daughter one morning, in which she spoke of her expected embarkation the next day, and which gave also a concise but heart-rending picture of her situation. Moved once more with affection he walked down to inquire whether the vessel had come in. A schooner from New-Orleans was sweeping up the river, and when she anchored, *Mr.* Sellers went on board—walked into a mean looking cabin, and beheld his disobedient child, stretched out, and gasping with overwhelming grief and misery, on the corpse of her departed husband, while her children cried around unheeded.

But let the scene close. Julia lived not many years in this world of suffering, and doubtless she is happy now. I will draw but one inference from the thread of this brief tale. It was the *character*, not the poverty of *Morville*, that Julia's father objected to—it was *this* that accomplished his ruin. The intrinsic worth of men is fixed by their characters alone.—*Trenton Emporium.*

He that becomes acquainted and is invested with authority and influence, will in a short time be convinced, that in proportion as the power of doing well is enlarged, the temptations to do ill are multiplied and enforced.—*Johnson.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR THE GEM.

HOME.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like HOME."

What sensitive heart does not beat with rapture at the mention of HOME? And what heart, too, but finds in the little happy circle, drawn around the evening fire, an antidote from all its bosom's grief? The playful child, seated in the lap of its father and hiding its little hands in his garments, seeking for, it knows not what—the tender and affectionate mother, plying the industrious needle, or teaching some younger daughter to make her mimic doll; while sisters and brothers sit "smiling at grief," and listen to the oft told tale of some maiden aunt:—or perhaps an elder brother, just now returned from country far away, relates the wonders of other climes, to younger and attentive ears, while the joyous parent sits in silence, happy to see his son returned—Oh! how like our fancy's vision of a better world.

There is no one, perhaps, who has arrived at the age of two score, but has, at times, looked back and sighed for the happiness of home. Gladly would he then recall the days of his youth, and tread with a light-beating heart, the threshhold of his first abode. Different as our multifarious dispositions are, we are none of us able to draw our friend's picture of his home, but yet there are those natural impulses inherent in the breast of every one, which may vibrate feelingly, although the picture be but imperfect. There is no one but had once a home, and its miniature is engraved upon *his* heart, in characters that, when memory beholds, gives it a vivid resemblance. Age cannot erase it, neither can the destroying hand of time so long as memory shall exist. But to appreciate home in all its loveliness, we must have left its portals, and have wandered in sorrow, alone, and far from our kindred, with "no eye to pity, and no heart to soothe." Then, when the stranger looks coldly upon us, or heeding,us not, passes wistlessly on, to greet the next, perhaps, with a cordial welcome; when our full soul meets no heart in which to pour its sad gush, and no smile beams with intelligence—when our ear finds not a sound but in accents unknown, and our eye wanders in vain for some roof that is dear—then, indeed, our "dear, native home" floats back on our memory, like the wave to its shore, and oh! if we dream, may we dream of our home.

Has the recollection of our childhood no charms? Its fleeting pastimes, its quarrels and little loves? And does not our fancy connect them with home? The young heart beats quicker as it remembers the green where its playfellows met, or the frozen declivity down which it glided with joy. The "prettiest little girl" too, whose champion we were, claims a place in our fancy's review, and heightens the glow of the picture, by recalling our own proud conquest, and the envy of our playfellows.

Are we married? then home has most truly a charm. She whose smile waits our coming, and whose sigh precedes our departure, is anxiously counting the hours of our absence. The heartless festivity looses its power to entice, and we fly to our home, as the treasury of comfort, the temple of love.

LOTHAIRE.

FOR THE GEM.

A SKETCH.

"Keep away from him," cried an aged man, whose head was whitened with the frosts of 70 winters, as he approached a rabble that had collected in the street—"Let him alone"—said he, and he swung his cane, and the large tears followed the furrows in his "grief worn cheek." The attention of the crowd were now turned upon the approaching stranger. He was indeed an aged man, for his form was bent and bowed with toil, and crook'd with age; and he tottered toward the middle of the crowd with his eyes fixed on the ground. I followed him, and as he halted in the crowd, I saw him stoop and lost sight of him. In a few moments his head appeared slowly rising, and I could discover he was engaged with something ponderous. He succeeded in raising it up, when lo! the sickening smile, and the smeared and bloated face, told too truly it was no other than a *drunkard!* "Alas!" said the old man, "I have brought up a number of children, and this, my last remaining child, is a drunkard." The tears with large drops of sweat, rolled down his cheeks, as he continued—"no father ever loved a son half so well, but he is lost forever!" Here the good old man was overpowered, and the inebriated lump of humanity that he held up rolled from his grasp and fell like a dead carcass upon the earth! A groan escaped the old gentleman, while I took his arm and conducted him to his home. It was tenantless except when he and his son were there. His son was soon

brought home after him, and I learned the poor old man's melancholy story. This son, the last of his children, had been established as a merchant, having been brought up to that business. His father had assisted him, and thought him doing well. Providence in a dark hour had taken from the old gentleman his aged wife, and he was preparing to go to meet his only son, to spend the remainder of his life with him. Before getting ready to go, his son returned to him, in a dejected, and apparently ruined situation. A few days discoved to him the lamentable state he was in. He had become a companion with the dissolute and the gambler, his property was all gone, his character and his pride—*he was a drunkard!*

* * * * * * *

I visited him a few days afterwards. He was on his death-bed, and was then insensible. He knew me not. I gazed on him as the vital spark took its flight, and at his last breath, the poor old man exclaimed *oh! my son! my son!* I saw not his son among the crowd, and on searching he was found in another room intoxicated to a degree bordering upon death!

ADRIAN.

THE GEM.

Saturday, August 22, 1829.

Dearth of News.—The absence of political excitements at home and abroad, throws upon the public a great quantity of light reading. Almost every paper has some fictitious story in it, and very many papers are from one fourth to one half taken up with "popular tales," and some too of a very antiquated nature, biographies and the like; we had read until we were tired a few days since, when taking up a paper we found extracted into it "The Grotto of Antiparos." Our thoughts immediately reverted to bygone days. We imagined ourselves in the midst of the school, surrounded by a numerous throng, and waiting our turn to "speak our piece" before the ladies and gentlemen. We rose instinctively from our seat, and the paper falling on the floor, put us in mind that we were but dreaming! The next paper that we took up contained the story of the "mysterious pack." We shuddered as we thought of the bloody havoc of that "old Copenhagen," as we remembered the numerous times it had been read from the Almanac by our father, to the friends that called in of an evening.—Passing from this we took up several love tales, every one of which we believe contained a *maniac*. We thanked our stars that we are not of the number, and wait the arrival of the mail.

Fashion.—The "square toes," for shoes, and boots are again in fashion. This is the way the feet of our ancestors were clad—those who fought and bled for us in the "times that tried men's souls." Our good father observing the square toed shoes lately introduced, said to us the other day, that when he was a boy there lived a manufacturer of boots and shoes in the town, (it was in the "land of steady habits" that he was reared) who had, stowed away in his garret, a quantity of *lasts*, over which the square toed boots and shoes were made. They *had been* in fashion but were looked upon then as a curiosity. About once a year the old gentleman would get on his small clothes and silk stockings, square toed shoes, queue, and three cornered cocked hat, and amuse his family with an exhibition of his dress on the morning that he started for the fair one that became his bride, and with whom he had then lived forty-five years in "peace and quietness." The old fashions are indeed becoming new, and who knows, since we have fairly *stepped* into them, but they will be generally followed.

An Eastern Paper says, "we have changed our carrier, if any of our subscribers, therefore, should be neglected, they will make it known by calling at the office."

This is very similar to the postcript in the Irishman's letter; which was, that if his friend did not receive the letter, he would please write and let him know.

To Correspondents.—A great number of communications are on hand, which shall have a place as soon as possible.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE GEM.

THE COMBAT.

Written on reading the "Lady of the Lake."

They met, resolving not to yield,
Not even with their latest breath,
Their slogan on that battle field,
Was victory, victory, or death.

"But ere this fray just let us pause,
Methinks we should each other know,
Nor die in an inglorious cause,
Nor cope now with too mean a foe.

"'Tis well, I am outlaw here,
But I will not for mercy sue,
This heart of mine knows naught of fear,
For stranger, I am Roderick Dhu!"

"Proud Chieftain! I am Scotland's king!
Disposer of her rights and claims,
Gaze on that signet and that ring!
Yes Roderick, I am James Fitz James!"

Then Roderick dashed aside his plume,
And gazed upon that noble brow,
"Ha! James Fitz James," did he resume,
"By heaven, I do not know thee now,

Yet 'twas thy power that sent me forth,
An exile in this world of woe,
And I do hold thee in my wrath,
As Roderick's direst, deadliest foe.

I fear thee not, and I will fight,
Come hasten now and say thy prayer,
Thou minds't me of some 'curlet knight,'
Just fit to wave that tress of hair."

"'Tis well; I thank thee for the word.
And now my heart for battle longs,
And this I ask of thee good sword,
Revenge for Blanche of Devan's wrongs.

But Roderick Dhu, whate'er thy boast,
One blast from this," (he touched his horn,)
There'd fly to aid Fitz James a host;
And would'st thou hold them too in scorn?"

Yes, blow thy loudest, *shrillest* blast,
Call *Heaven* and *earth* to aid thee now,
But Roderick yields not to the last,"
Though there was death upon his brow."

"No Roderick, I would scorn to be
A traitor to a heart so bold:
Take thy last look of hill and tree,
Clan-Alpine too, thy favourite hold.

Yet Roderick, if thou find'st thy bed,
On the cold earth this awful night,
The guilt must fall on thine own head,
Fitz James did not provoke this fight."

"Come on, yet stay, I'll say adieu,
Since thou'rt so sure that I shall fall;
Brave Douglass, Margaret and you,
Ellen, my sweet one, last of all."

They fight! till nought but life remains,
And neither for that life would sue,
"We worth the hour," for James Fitz James,
Shed the best blood of *Rhoderick Dhu.*

ROSAMOND.

FOR THE GEM.

VISION.

By Mrs. H. M. Dodge.

I know 'twas nothing but a dream,
And yet it was a pleasant thing;
And I have lov'd to live it o'er
When all was dark and sorrowing.
And there was blight upon the earth,
And mildew on life's choicest flower;
And then, O how I lov'd to think
Upon that vision's hour!

'Twas not a dream to fading things,
A vision of departed light;
'Twas not a glow flung o'er the past,
A fickle meteor of the night;
'Twas not a voice that tells of hopes
And joys that famish in a day,
'Twas not a strain of earthly hymns
Breathing itself away.

Ah no! it was a radiant beam—
A glow of beauty from the skies—
A glorious vision of the saints
In their own home of paradise.
How deep 'tis buried in my soul;
And long as life and thought are given,
I still will love that holy dream,
For 't was a dream of Heaven.

FOR THE GEM.

FAREWELL.

The full round moon is riding high,
And makes a glorious show;
The sky is clear, and stars are nigh,
Reflecting back her glow.
She shines upon the blue expanse
O'er which I soon must ride;
The ripples in her bright beams dance,
O'er the blue waters wide.

Hoist, hoist the sail, let's from the shore,
My heart is fill'd with pain:
Adieu, and shall I see no more
My native land again?
Come minstrel, bid thy harp awake,
And let thy fingers sweep
Across the chord, whose notes can slake
The grief that burns so deep.

For minstrel thou, and thou alone,
Canst ease this aching breast,
And tho' all happiness has flown,
Lull to the bower of rest.
Now nobly sails our ship along,
Tho' on a troubled sea,
But what's this tempest, child of song,
To that which troubles me.

And must I now pronounce those words?
What griefs my bosom swell,
Strike! minstrel strike, those sounding chords,
Farewell, dear clime. FAREWELL.

LARA.

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THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 9. ROCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 5, 1829. VOL. 1.

ORIGINAL TALES.

FOR THE GEM.

THE TWINS.

(*Concluded.*)

Upon this evidence did the issue of the trial depend; and upon this evidence was the young and beautiful Malcolm Grey, sentenced to be executed on the following week. Every exertion was used by the friends of the prisoner, to obtain a pardon, or at least to have the execution delayed a short time, until some more light could be thrown upon this dark transaction, but all to no purpose, not one moment of respite was allowed the prisoner. Lord S. the friend of the murdered Eugene, seemed fully convinced of the guilt of the prisoner; and nothing which he could do, to frustrate the plans of his friends, was left undone, for dear to him as life, was the unfortunate Eugene, and he would have surrendered that life, rather than have had his death gone unrevenged. He visited the prisoner several times, and he seemed to pity, yet gave no credence to his tale of truth. But he told the Jailor he would give all his fortune, could he believe, and have proof, that he was innocent. But there was no more hope for him than there was for CAIN. The distressed Cora, together with his parents visited him daily, trying to offer some little ray of hope, but his fond mother bending over her condemned child, who was in a few days to be dragged from her forever, and suffer a violent and ignominious death; this sight beggars description; and his father's heart seemed ready to burst; and his lovely Cora, who in a few months he would have claimed at the holy altar as his bride, she too, was overwhelmed with grief, but there was yet another, who had not seen her brother since he was dragged from her sight, by the officers of justice. Marion had not been able to leave her room, since the fatal event, but when told that her brother was condemned to die, she mildly requested to see him, before he was laid away in his innocence in the cold earth forever. Her request was granted, and the evening previous to the day appointed for his execution, she was led to his lonely cell; she asked to have this last meeting alone, with Malcolm; her request was granted. She tottered to a seat, (when the turnkey had barred the door,) and no sound of anguish issued from her lips, but she was as though a petrifying blast had passed o'er all the land, and turned her heart to adamant, and crystalized the fountain of her tears, and death, in any shape it chose to come, was hope, was heaven, to her heart's deep woe. She at length arose from her seat, and advanced towards her brother, who had sat as though stupified by grief. She parted the raven locks which clustered in neglected ringlets, about his pale brow. She gazed long and wistfully in his face, as if to call to mind some faint resemblance of departed joys.—At length her lips moved, and she ejaculated "sentenced to die! Oh Malcolm! my own, my only brother, to die to-morrow!" This was too much, she sunk into his arms and wept,—yes, wept for the first time, since the fatal event which separated them; she wept long and freely. She was relieved by this flood of tears, and conversed calmly with her brother. Malcolm was calm, and prepared to die. They knelt down upon that cold stone floor, and prayed that God would assist him in that trying hour; they prayed that their parents might be blessed and strengthened from above, in that most bitter hour. And Edwin and Cora were not forgotten in that prayer. They then arose calm and composed, and it seemed as though they could never cease to gaze on each other for the last time,—they, who had spent their life together; all the scenes of childhood rushed to their recollection, all the happy hours they had spent together, all their fond hopes, where were they? now crushed, blighted, destroyed. And one of those bright creatures who had always been admired by all, just on the verge of manhood, so beautiful, so young, and so much be-

loved, just on the brink of eternity, about to be consigned to the cold earth, a prey for worms. "And yet Marion," said the agitated Malcolm, "I die innocent; I know, and God knows, that this poor heart of mine knows no more of murder, than thine Marion, which beats so pure in thy sweet bosom. Murder!" and he shuddered as he pronounced the word, "murder! Oh! Heaven, forbid it." "Malcolm," said Marion, "at last we must part, this is the last time in this world that we meet; there is no hope, yet we shall meet in heaven, before long, for Malcolm," continued she in a suppressed voice, "I shall not long survive thee; farewell! farewell!"

But there was one being in Edinburgh, that evening, who could have said with Richard; "Shadows to-night have struck more terror to the soul of Richard," &c. Yes, there was one, stricken to the inmost soul, by deep remorse. The murdered Eugene, the imprisoned Malcolm, a drowning brother, all rose in dark review before his alarmed imagination, and he was stricken to the earth. This was Egbert Sunbury. Soon after Marion left her brother, a slight rap was heard at the cell of Malcolm, and on the door's being opened, Egbert Sunbury entered; his cheek was flushed, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, his whole frame was convulsed, and he seemed in the most excrutiating mental agony. He threw himself into a seat, and it was some time before he was able to utter a syllable. At length he spoke; "Malcolm," said he, "you here behold a wretch, who is too guilty to live, and Oh! how dare I look on innocence like thine; I have basely brought you to a dungeon, and in a few hours the gallows would have been your portion. But it is I, and I alone, who am guilty; it is I who murdered Eugene Fortescue, my own cousin, the son of my wronged mother's only sister. But I will save you, I will fly to your friends, and to Lord S. and declare my guilt."

He darted out before the astonished Malcolm could utter one word. But Oh! at this moment, how sweet to his soul, was the hope of life. Never, never, had this world appeared half so tempting, as at this moment, and hope rushed across his bosom, like a bright gleam of light after a hurricane. He threw himself upon his knees, and thanked the giver of all good, for his preservation; how different were his feelings at this moment, from what they had been two hours before; the image of Cora flitted before his eyes, and the joy of his parents, and Marion, his beloved sister, how happy was this hour of hope.

We will now follow the guilty Sunbury. He proceeded immediately on leaving the prison, to Lord S. he there declared his guilt, confessed his motive (which we shall soon give the reader.) Lord S. accompanied him to the afflicted friends of the condemned Malcolm, who caused him (at his own request,) to be arrested, and conveyed to the cell occupied by Malcolm, and he was released. And Oh! how did his heart overflow with gratitude at the unexpected deliverance; young as he was, he felt as though it was an overruling providence, that did not let the innocent suffer for the guilty. And his mother—with what gratitude did she return thanks to heaven for this kindness. And Cora was almost mad with joy. Marion, the beautiful Marion, she entered into her closet, and communed with her God, yet gave way to no extravagant marks of joy. She thanked her maker, that her brother had been spared an ignominious death, she prayed that this dispensation might be blessed to his everlasting good. And there was yet another who had a deep interest in her humble prayer; this was the wretched Sunbury. If Edinburgh had been in commotion upon the seizure and trial of Malcolm Grey, what was the excitement at the developement of the base villany of Sunbury! It was like an overwhelming flood, which carried all before it; all business seemed suspended, on the day of trial, and where there were ten at the trial of Malcolm, there were fifty in the last case. Situations were now changed with the parties. Sunbury, in the place of a bold undaunted witness, was a guilty and conscience-stricken culprit. Malcolm, as a witness, was first called. He stated that walking with Eugene Fortescue, from a coffee house, he left him at the door of his lodgings; that witness had walked but a few rods, when he was alarmed by the cries of murder; he immediately retraced his steps, and found Fortescue dying, with a dagger in his side; that witness drew the weapon forth, and stood with the murderous instrument still in his hand, when Sunbury and others came up; he was seized and thrown into prison.

The next person called to the stand was a bold, reckless looking Spaniard, with a heart like steel, and from his blood-shot eye looked deeds most murderous. He stated that the evening pre-

vious to the murder. Sunbury came to witness and after enjoining secrecy, he offered him a large sum of money, to waylay Fortescue and murder him; that prisoner refused. Several other witnesses were examined, and the prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to be executed three weeks from that day. The day came for the execution of this dreadful sentence, and countless multitudes flocked to the scene. The Sheriff entered the cell, but the tenant of that dark abode, slept deep and fearfully, from which no mortal voice could wake him. He was dead, not by any violence by himself, or any other person; heaven had in mercy spared him an ignominious death.

Beside him lay a roll of manuspript; it was a brief biography of himself, and we will present it to the reader, and let them judge for themselves of the enormity of his crimes.

Egbert Sunbury, was born in Edinburgh. His father was a Spaniard, and his mother a beautiful Scotch girl; they had but two children, Egbert and Francisco who was named after his father. This brother was drowned in consequence of his brother Egbert's pushing him into a river, in a fit of passion; this was characteristic of him, he always nurtured this violent and vindictive disposition, until it became complete master of him. When he was about 20, he was going to Spain, to finish his education, as his father was particularly partial to the universities at Madrid, it being his native city.

About this time, Lady Sunbury adopted the son of a deceased sister, a boy about nine years old. This boy was an orphan, his parents both having died when he was very young. They were wealthy, and in his father's will, it was directed, that when he was twenty-one, he should be put in possession of his estates; but in case of his death his cousin Egbert Sunbury, was to come in possession of the whole. Egbert knew too well this clause in the will, and plotted in his dark and sinful mind, the ruin and destruction of the helpless orphan. The boy was to be sent in company with Egbert, to receive his education. He was accordingly put under the care of his cousin, and they sailed for Madrid. But there was a plot most dire and horrible entered into the heart of Egbert. It was no other than to forsake his cousin, throw him upon the cold charity of an unfeeling world, and claim his immense fortune On arriving at M. he left him in the streets at night, and went immediately on board a vessel bound for Scotland. And on arriving home, he told a tale that was too well believed. He stated that his cousin Eugene, had been ill during the voyage, and that he died in two days after his arrival in Spain. That he returned, as he could not bear the idea of staying in the city where his beloved cousin had expired; and deep and artful as this villain was, he was implicitly believed, and immediately put in possession of his cousin's fortune.

We will now return to Eugene; he was found in the street by a gentleman of fortune, who had no children, who immediately adopted him as his own, and whose name he bore, which was Fortescue. He was educated at the most famed university, where he became acquainted with Lord S. and whom he accompanied to Scotland, where his visit ended so tragically.

Sunbury stated, that he had never had one moments peace since he forsook his cousin in the streets of Madrid; that he had flown to dissipation, to still the pangs of conscience, that he had tried travelling, and every thing which he could invent, but all to no purpose. There is no peace for a guilty conscience. He stated that he recognized Eugene by a particular mark on his *forehead*, at the party given to him and his friends. That he, that very evening, laid a plot to have him assassinated, (as he was well aware that should his mother see him, though years had passed since she had seen her favorite, she would immediately recognize him, and in that case all his villany would be discovered,) but he could get no one to assist him in his purposes, he determined to do this deed of darkness himself. Accordingly upon Malcolm Grey and Eugene's leaving the coffee house, he followed them, and as soon as Eugene was left by Malcolm, he sprung upon him like a tiger, and stabbed him to the heart, and then retreated; that he saw from his hiding place Malcolm return, and draw the dagger from the side of the bleeding Eugene, and now revenge came up in his foul heart, and he rushed out and had him secured and thrown into prison; but that remorse gnawed in his bosom, like the worm that never dies. And he was constrained at last to save him from the gallows. This is the substance of his last confession, there was a few words to Cora, and an appeal to his distressed mother. He stated that he felt death stealing over him, and life ebbing at every pore, and he thought it his duty to lay his crimes before the public, and warn them of the

danger of persisting in a course of sin like his.

We will now return to the happy family of Mr. Grey. In the course of a few weeks Malcolm and Cora were united, and the same day Mr. Grey gave the gentle Marion to Edwin Rossmore. They all enjoyed pure happiness, except at times the thought of the wretched Sunbury, threw a damp over their spirits, and though his fate was often thought of by this family, yet his name never passed their lips. About six months after the death of Sunbury, there was a procession of *death* passing through the streets of Edinburgh; I stopped and enquired who it was laid low, for it seemed to be some person of distinction; I was answered with a sigh, that it was an excellent woman, in the prime of life, cut off in the midst of her usefullness; a friend to the unfortunate, one who sympathized with the suffering, one who had lived a life of piety and virtue, one who had died *with a broken heart*, it was the mother of Egbert Sunbury.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child."

ROSAMOND.

HISTORICAL.

TURKISH CUSTOMS.

Lady Montague, who had, perhaps, a better opportunity of observing the manners of the Turkish Ladies in private life, than any other person who has ever visited that country, gives in one of her letters to her sister the Countess of Mar, the following lively and picturesque description of her reception at the palace of the fair Fatima. It is highly illustrative of their customs.

"I was met at the door by two black slaves, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that their custom did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But that was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather pavilion built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamine and honeysuckles that twined round their trunks gave a fine perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down.—On a sofa raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the *Kiyaya's* (lieutenant vizier) lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair FATIMA; so much her beauty effaced every thing I have seen, nay, all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany. I must own I never saw any thing so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been noticed near her's. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honor. I confess I was so struck with admiration, that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprizing harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of the body, that lovely bloom of complexion, unsullied by art! the unuterable enchantment of her smile! But her eyes!—large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovered some new grace.

"After my first surprise was over, I endeavored by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face exactly proportioned and perfectly beautiful, would not be agreeable: nature having done for her with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed by a collection of the most exact features, to form a face. Add to all this a behaviour so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

"She was dressed in a *caftan* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to admiration the beauty of her whole form. Her drawers were pale pink, her waist-

coat green, and silver, her slippers white satin, finely embroidered; her arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, and I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so.—For my part, I am not ashamed to own that I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

"She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be a mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa, to the number of 20, and put me in mind of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made them a sign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments between a lute and guitar, which they accompanied with their voices, while the others danced by turns. This dance was very different from what I had seen before. The music is extremely pathetic; 'tis true I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but perhaps I am partial. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room, with silver censors in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes-wood, and other scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest china, with *soucoups* of the finest gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me all this while in the most polite agreeable manner, calling me often *gazel sultanam*, or the beautiful sultana, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language. When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs; she begged I would wear the richest for her sake, and give the others to my women and interpretess. I retired through the same ceremonies as before, and could not help thinking I had been some time in Mahomet's paradise, so much was I charmed with what I had seen."

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.

From the N. A. Review.

THE ELOQUENT MUST STUDY.

The labour requisite to form the public speaker are by no means duly appreciated among us. There is nothing like the ancient estimation of this work.—An absurd idea prevails among our scholars, that the finest productions of the mind are the fruits of a hasty impulse, the unfoldings of a sudden thought, the brief visitations of a fortunate hour or evening, the flashings of intuition, or the gleamings of fancy. Genius is often compared to lightning from the clouds, or the sudden bursting out of a secret fountain. And eloquence is regarded as if it were a kind of inspiration. When a man has made a happy effort, he is next possessed with an absurd ambition to have it thought that it cost him nothing. He will say, perhaps, that it was a three hour's work. Now it is not enough to maintain, that nothing could be more injurious to our youth, than this way of thinking; for the truth is, that nothing can be more false. The mistake lies, in confounding with the mere arrangement of thought, or the manual labor of putting them on paper, the long previous preparation of mind, the settled habits of thought. It has taken but three hours, perhaps, to compose an admirable piece of poetry, or fine speech, but the reflections of three years, or of thirty may have been tending to that result. It is a good rule, no doubt, "to write with fury, and correct with phlegm;" but a man cannot write with fury, and write with sense too, without much previous thought. He may write with folly, and that is often done. He may imagine that he is writing finely, because he is writing fast, and that his sounding pen flies over an inspired page; and that is likely to result from the absurd application of the maxim, that happy efforts are hasty ones. Genius is thought, is study, is application. The two simple, but magic words, which contain the secret of Newton's greatness, according to his own explanation, are "patient thought." There is not a more indispensible characteristic of genius than good sense. It is that which has given to the true works of genius, universal reception and immortal fame. And here, too, is indicated the rock on which thousands have split. Many men have a powerful imagination, but they have not the "patient thought," the good sense requisite to control it. They have not learnt, in "the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion, to

acquire and beget the *temperance* that may give it smoothness." We wish that we could see an analysis of genius on these principles; that we could see unfolded all the previous thought, the patient study, the thorough reflection, the fine discrimination, that are necessary to produce even a page of fine writing. It would be a useful lesson.—It would teach our aspiring youth, that they never can succeed without labor; that it never will do to trust to irregular, hasty efforts; that they might as well expect literally to command the lightnings of the tempest without philosophy, as without philosophy to wield the lightnings of eloquence. They ought not to have this power without labour for it, without waiting patiently at the shrine of that divinity—that industry which alone can give it. The gift is too great, too high to cost them but little.

SCIENTIFICAL.

AN ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT.

The Philadelphia Chronicle contains an account of a curious manuscript volume, which has been recently added to the treasures of the Loganian Library of that city. "It may be pronounced without hesitation, says the Chronicle, to be far superior to any thing of the kind, ever brought into this country, and is not, in the estimation of competent judges, excelled but by very few specimens in Europe. It is written in Latin, and contains the Psalms complete, a Roman Catholic Litany, several canticles, and the Athanasian Creed. The capital letters are beautifully illuminated in alternate colours of extraordinary brilliancy; and illustrations in the same style, of several of the principal events in the life of the royal psalmist, are placed on the margin.—Among these are the Combat with Goliah; Saul throwing his javelin at David; the death of Absalom, &c. The drawings, it is true, where the human figure is the subject, are not precisely in accordance with our notions of dignity and grace; but in all other respects, nothing can be imagined more admirably executed. The text is excellently written, on vellum of the first quality, with ink such as it would now be impossible to procure. The history of this most rare volume is almost entirely unknown. It has no date, but one of its possessors, who has filled several pages at the end, which had been left blank, with the musical rotation of several chants, written in very inferior style, has dated these A. D. 1520. There is good reason for considering the principal manuscript to be at least a century and a half older than the addition. How or where the volume came into this country, we have not learned. The coat of arms of a Bavarian family is pasted on the inside of one of the covers; which, by the way, are in striking contrast with the splendor of the pages they enclose."

GOLDEN BIBLE.

A man by the name of Martin Harris, was in this village a few days since endeavouring to make a contract for printing a large quantity of a work called the Golden Bible. He gave something like the following account of it. "In the autumn of 1827 a man named Joseph Smith of Manchester, in Ontario County, said that he had been visited by the spirit of the Almighty in a dream, and informed that in a certain hill in that town was deposited a Golden Bible, containing an ancient record of divine origin. He states that after a third visit from the same spirit in a dream, he proceeded to the spot, removed earth, and there found the bible, together with a large pair of spectacles. He had also been directed to let no mortal see them under the penalty of immediate death, which injunction he steadfastly adheres to. The treasure consisted of a number of gold plates, about 8 inches long, 6 wide, and one eighth of an inch thick, on which were engraved hieroglyphics. By placing the spectacles in a hat and looking into it, Smith interprets the characters into the English language.

Harris states that he went in search of some one to interpret the hieroglyphics, but found that no one was intended to perform that all important task but Smith himself. Smith has interpreted the whole, and it is now in press in Palmyra, Wayne Co. The subject attracts a good deal of notice among a certain class, and as it will be ere long before the public, we shall endeavor to meet it with the comment it may deserve.—*Ed Gem.*

MAXIMS.

Live so well that if any speak ill of you, none will believe it.

A wasp may work its heart out, yet never make honey.

Small talk sometimes seems great to small people.

Belles overlook want of sense—but never pardon want of manners.

Fair words often cloak bad deeds, as a white glove hides a dirty finger.

THE GEM.

Saturday, September 5, 1829.

☞BACK NUMBERS.

Subscribers for our paper having accumulated rapidly of late, our back numbers have some of them run out.—Those, therefore, who have not received all the numbers are informed that we are re-printing our first numbers, and that they will be forwarded soon.

☞We have made such arrangements that this number, (and we hope all the subsequent numbers) of the Gem will fall into the hands of *all* our village subscribers. We fear some of them have heretofore been neglected, and we hope, if such is the case, they will call or send to the office and get the numbers missing.

Originality.—It has been the case thus far with us, that most of our paper has been occupied with original matter.—When we say *original*, perhaps it were better had we said a medley gathered from literary fields where others have culled flowers who have long since closed their earthly account. Be it so—the fields already whiten, and if we do in our rambles but tread in the paths where others have trod, and cull the twentieth flower from the same stalk, we will endeavour to present it to the reader as an humble and acceptable gift. Where cotemporary laborers of eminence are in the field who know the places "where bloom the choicest of the choice," it must be expected that our offering will often be of their gathering—besides our humble spot in the literary field, is where the flowers grow wild and uncultivated, and where they are choked with briers and brambles. Our steady efforts will be however, to make our little gift acceptable; and if, amid the brambles of this "city of the wild," one floweret shall be found to rear its tender head above its fellows, we cannot but hope that it will be cherished and nourished, till its fragrance shall fill the air. And if we shall eventually fail, we can have the consolation that

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

While sitting at our window the other day, we caught ourself, unconsciously admiring the beauty of some "country lasses," who were passing below us. The bloom of health sat smiling on their cheeks, and gave a deeper tinge to the rose that nature planted there; and every feature presented the picture of peace and contentment. We could not help but contrast them with our own "village *belles*." Perhaps we are partial, but we certainly thought at that moment, that a rosy cheek where health and industry prevailed, had more of beauty in it, than the languid, heart-sick features of inactive life; although the one may have been fanned by a real "northwester," and the other by zephyrs softer far than lover's sighs. We thought that in the faint and wavering smile of the latter, we could not even guess the feelings of the heart, unless they all were sad and melancholy, or perhaps a disappointed hope had preyed within; while in the lively smile that mantled o'er the cheek of the other, we fancied that we read a heart with peace and hope, and joy replete; where disappointment never dared intrude, or blighted love could ever reign—where happiness would be complete, if but a partner were united;—in fact, (we say again we may be partial) 'twas such a heart as we would ask, if we had the courage, in *exchange* for ours.

ORIGIN OF THE RED ROSE.

As, erst, in Eden's blissful bow'rs,
Young Eve survey'd her countless flowers,
An op'ning rose of purest white, [light.
She mark'd, with eyes that beam'd de-
Its leaves she kiss'd, and straight it drew
From beauty's lip, the vermeil hue.

John Carey.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following, written upon the decease of a valuable citizen of this village, was sent to us soon after the event took place, but owing to a press of matter, we have not before found room to insert it. The practice of eulogizing departed friends is considered by some a bad one, but for particular reasons, as well as from the acknowledged worth of the departed, we give it a place in our paper.—*Ed.*

FOR THE GEM.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. E. T.

He sleeps, yet dreams not; 'tis the sleep of death.
He's lingered out his little span of life,
And sunk to rest. And yet this tempest came
Not without warning; for when the hectic
Settled on his cheek, he knew twas death it
Meant. And there was yet another heart
That felt the coming desolation.
And his young offspring though they lisped it
Not, knew that the orphan's lot would soon be theirs.
His tongue is silent, but his virtues speak.
There is a bright, bright halo flung around
His memory, unspotted by a vice.
I never knew a falling star from heaven
But shone more brilliant than the gems it left.
He fell like the green palm tree of the desart
Before the dread Simoon. He's gone; but he
Has left a sacred relic here, a name
Unsullied by a passing breath. H.

FOR THE GEM.

THE BAPTISM.

I saw in a holy house of prayer,
A babe and its mother, lingering there;
I never saw so pure a thing
Brought to the font for an offering.
'Twas sweet to see that creature given,
In its bright innocence to heaven.
It seemed like a babe from the upper skies
Wandering away from paradise;
Lured to earth by a glittering gem,
And looking for its home again.
Its eye was blue, as heaven's own dye,
Its cheek was pale as purity.
It was as though the zephyrs breath,
Had fanned the roses there to death,
And sent them back upon the gale
It was so calmly, purely, pale.
To Son and Father, soon 'twas given;
Oh 'twas an offering worthy heaven.

ROSAMOND.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

This page, once so spotless and pure,
The emblem of virtue and peace,
But now of its beauty desil'd,
Should a lesson to woman secure,
That soon her fond pleasures may cease,
And she be of sorrow the child.
The heart, though confiding and true,
May sometimes be sorely aggriev'd,
And pennance too tardy appear;
Then happiness farewell! adieu!
'Tis too late, for man has deceiv'd,
And left thee—naught save a tear.

LOTHAIRE.

The following lines addressed to Lady Byron, are considered, by Sir Walter Scott, as the finest production of Byron:—

There is a mystic thread of life,
So dearly wreathed with mine alone,
That destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none.

There is a form on which these eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight;
By day that form their joy supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture thro' my breast,
I would not hear a seraph choir,
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a face whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek;
But palid, at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a lip which mine hath pressed,
And none had ever pressed before—
It vowed to make me sweetly bless'd,
And mine—mine only press'd it more.

There is a bosom—all my own—
Hath pillowed oft this aching head;
A mouth, which smiles on me alone,
An eye, whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two hearts, whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet!
That pulse to pulse, responsive still,
They both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two souls, whose equal flow,
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—they part!—ah, no!
They cannot part—these souls are one.

Question—for the Ladies.

Suppose a frick'ling tear 'twould take
To make one's heart a rover;
How many sighs that form'd that tear,
Would make that heart a lover?

PYTHIAS.

ANAGRAM DEFINITIONS.

Intimate—ate in time.
Wholly—a complete falsehood.
Presto—to embrace.
Inform—good proportion.
Sortic—an ill match.
Co-temporary—a firm of short duration.
Incumbent—coming in crooked.
Capon—having the head dressed.
Miserable—a rich miser.
Improving—a wandering devil.
Friended—done cooking.
Capapie—to put on the upper crust.

THE GEM,

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THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 10. ROCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 19, 1829. VOL. 1.

ORIGINAL TALES.

FOR THE GEM.

ION M'ELWAIN.

"I would not be that hated thing they call a lord, and wear a villain's smile, and rogue's gentility, for all the gold that Scotia ever earned;" said Ion M'Elwain, as he paced his solitary dungeon in the prison of Auvergne. "No, I had rather remain the tenant of this gloomy cell, where the sun's impartial rays are forced to be unknown, except at stated intervals, when they are merely admitted to give a hideousness to my keeper's face. And they would give me *pardon*, if, forsooth, I will take upon myself the name of *murderer*, and give them trace of my associates! yes, those are the terms: but they little know Ion M'Elwain, if they dare suppose that life is dearer than his fame: or that he, who never shed a drop of human blood except in manly combat, would meanly flinch from death, or stain his honor, because a *coward's* falsehood *might* avoid it. But two hours hence and they may seek "the murderer" where they please: I know my men," he said, as he laid his manly brow upon the dampened straw that formed his pillow.

Ion M'Elwain had been the foe, for years, of those overbearing, haughty lords, who trampled upon the necks of Scottish peasants, and rioted upon the poor man's toil in every town and province in Scotland. Rumour had, indeed, made him a fearful enemy. Associated with a band of merciless robbers, he was charged with every crime. Not a hillock, or a kid strayed from the fold, without the startling cry of "the black chiel is among us," and it spread from door to door, till every lord within the parish, had armed his men to meet the robbers. No one knew their place of abode, only that it was among the highlands over the glen.

Ion was brave and powerful, and had firm hearts at his control; but he had been betrayed. There was, notwithstanding all his care and penetration, a Judas among his men, who sold his master: but there were others, who valued their own lives only that they might preserve their Chieftain's; and they had heard of his captivity. Swords and halberds were already put in requisition, and about twenty of Scotland's hardiest sons were impatiently waiting his rescue. Night only delayed their purpose, and the sun had already sunk far behind the intervening hills. Their watch-cry was "Ion or death," and they rushed onward with a daring and resolute determination. Within the two hours that Ion had predicted, they were before his prison, and the clash of arms, and shouts of his men warned him of their coming. With a super-human strength, he burst his fetters like a band of straw, and stood in that dark cell, as free from manacles as if he ranged his own Highland fastness.

"Welcome, my boys," said he, as the door of his dungeon was forced from its hinges, and his own true sword placed in his hand, "and now this well tried piece of steel shall hide itself in gore. On, my heroes!" he shouted in a voice that sent new vigor through their veins; "remember, Ion M'Elwain has been the tenant of their dungeon," and blood followed the echo of his voice. The citizens who were near, awed by his terrific voice, and the fear that his name had always carried, hardly dared oppose their timid strength against his powerful arm. The Castle of Auvergne, from which his followers had dared to free him, stood remote from the city, and before sufficient assistance could be roused, they with their chieftain were far beyond the reach of civil power. The alarm was immediately spread, and "the black chiel is awa,' echoed from every tongue, spreading new alarm. They knew his make, and rightly judged his haughty soul could never brook the shame of having worn a chain. But turn we now to a gentler theme.

Matilda Glenroy, destined by her dying mother to assume the convent's sacred veil, had knelt before its altar her first three years, when she obtained per-

mission to visit her friends. On her return she was to pronounce before her God, the solemn vow that would forever shut out from her pious heart all sublunary thoughts. Friends, relations, all, all, save the pious sisters of her cloister, were now to behold for the last time Matilda Glenroy. But the thought had nought of pain for her.—Her soul was already given back to the God who gave it, and she only felt, that, shut out from the world, she should love him more. A few short days had again brought her to her father's house, which three years before, she supposed she had left forever. Those years of solitude, however, had not effaced from her mind the tender remembrances of her childhood. There was scarcely a spot near her father's house, that did not remind her of some youthful pastime, and she loved now to gaze upon the stars that filled the heavens, and the flowers that bloomed around her. In the one she beheld the power and magnificence of her God, and in the other his tenderness and love. The scene, too, reminded her of her young and almost forgotten companions; and amid these thoughts, if *one* more fervent than the rest swelled her pious bosom, could she refrain to give it words? She hesitated—sworn to be the Lord's alone, would not a thought of him be sinful? She tried to calm her palpitating heart, which beat the more for being restrained. Edward Ruthven had been her youthful friend, her champion; nay more, she had always in her early simplicity, called him her "beau," and now she breathed a wish, if it were not sinful, to behold his form again. But he, too, had left his early home, and sought a fortune in other climes. Matilda tried to banish the wish she had formed, but when she learned that he was soon expected, the glow that brightened on her cheek, told that she had not succeeded. Every one spoke of his return with rapture, for the village all had loved him. Brave and magnanimous, he had ever been the hero of their youthful sports—kind and affectionate, he was the bosom friend of all. And did Matilda sin, if she breathed a wishful thought for him whom all admired? Ah! no; she felt she did not. But then her vows—they could not be broken, for they were already formed in her own heart. She dared not even suspect she loved; but yet she wished to see him—to know if three years absence had made him less her friend. And then the name of friend would sound too dear, for she knew none else but her God, and he was *love*.

The sun was even now mantling with its last, lingering rays, the bosom of nature, when a stranger was seen walking briskly up the little hill that formed one of the outward prospects of the village. His road would lead him immediately past the window, where Matilda was watching the evening's first star. As he drew nearer, she thought he was looking at her—his eyes were surely turned in that direction; and thoughts began to struggle in her timid bosom, as she fancied a resemblance that her heart bespoke. The stranger had drawn his hat closer to his brow, and was walking musingly, opposite, when "Edward Ruthven!" was echoed from half a dozen voices, whom the stranger had met. Matilda's heart seemed to have flown with the sound of his name, and leaving the window, she knew not why, threw herself upon the sofa. In a moment she was at the window, but he had passed, and she stood gazing upon his manly form, as friends gathered around him, each with a cordial welcome, until the tolling of a distant bell startled her reverie. The solemn sound, as it died in echoes away, recalled to her fearful imagination, the convent's sacred altar, before which she had so often kneeled, to offer up her sinless heart's devotion; and already her fancied guilt had pictured a frown upon the brow of the Abbess mother, and the pious sisters, from beneath their holy veils, cast looks of pity upon the truant sinner. Matilda fell upon her knees, and breathed a fervent prayer to God, that he would still the tumult in her breast, and teach her how to think aright.

It was a beautiful evening, (the next after his return) and the bright moon, just rising, lit with its mellow rays the window at which Matilda sat, when Edward Ruthven was shown into the room. She was sitting at that window, watching, *perhaps*, the bright star that she had admired the evening before, and had not noticed his entrance. Edward, aware of this, and presuming upon the friendship that had existed, walked, cautiously, forward and stood behind her chair. "O, how beautiful!" said she, "surely he must have forgotten her he once called *friend*. I wish—" and the sound died upon her lips, as if she dared not give her thoughts expression. "What is so beautiful, Matilda?" said Edward, stepping forward. The unconscious girl started from her chair, as she heard his voice, and with a look of surprise half made up of emotion, gave her hand to the ardent pressure of

his, which was extended to receive it. "Pardon me, Matilda," said he, "if I have trespassed too far upon the friendship that I knew *once* existed." She spoke not, except that the language her eyes could not restrain, was all forgiveness, if she knew of aught to forgive; and if her hand trembled in his, it was but for a moment, ere it was reluctantly given back. Hours had flown like the vision of a dream, and Matilda, in listening to his deep, rich voice, as he recalled the pleasures of their youth, and in tracing upon his now firmer brow, the change that manhood had wrought, had forgotten the stern resolution she promised herself to regard when they met; and the recollection of scenes that had passed since their parting, was crowded from her innocent bosom, by the joy of their meeting, and fancied visions of the future, when that distant bell again sent forth its deep-toned warning upon her startled ear.—The half formed answer died, tremblingly on her lips, as that sound recalled the resolution she had formed. "O, Edward!" said she, "you must leave me," and a deep sigh, *ab imo pectore*, escaped her agitated bosom. She rose, and turning from the window, burst into a flood of tears. Edward endeavored in vain, to calm her agitation. "O, miserable sinner that I am!" said she, and she spoke of the convent, of its pious inmates, of her God, and of her vows. "Edward, we must not meet again," she continued, as the sorrowful farewell died upon her tongue. She beheld him depart without even a sigh, yet the tender clasp of his hand was feebly returned, as hers unconsciously lingered in his. Matilda, now left alone, indulged the tears that escaped from under their silken covert, and seemed to bring a calm to the troubled waves of her bosom. Seventeen summers had scarcely bloomed upon her being, three of which were passed in the gloomy winter of a convent, and had given a faint tinge of melancholy to her otherwise cheerful disposition. Mild and passive as the dove, her bosom knew no passion but affection, for whatever might be the object, her heart was love alone. For three years had she given its most tender effusions to her God, and poured out her full soul's deep passion at the foot of his sacred altar, in return for the dying love of her Saviour. Before, she had loved each plant and flower that bloomed around her, and now, alas! she feared that Edward Ruthven possessed the heart she knew not how to keep. The thought was painful, for she wished to believe that she loved none other than her God; yet, at times, she could not, for the truth had flashed upon her disobedient heart, and forced her to admit that Edward Ruthven was dearer than a *friend*. And still she dared not acknowledge that she *loved* him, and tried to persuade herself that she really loved none but him, who died that she might live.

Edward Ruthven was also young, ardent and enthusiastic, yet affectionate as Matilda. Friendship, that had for a long time lain almost dormant within his breast, now burst forth in all its ardour and assumed the name of love. He knew not till now, that Matilda was ever more than his friend; and still he always thought that if he ever married, she who was to be his wife, must have Matilda's eyes, her hair, and just such a smile, too, dimpling her cheek. And now he only felt that Matilda must be his. 'Tis true her vows might interfere, but then they were not yet solemnized, and he hoped to win her from them. In a few weeks she was to return to her solitary cell in that holy convent, never again to mingle with the world. Edward had expended his whole eloquence in vain endeavours to dissuade her from her purpose, but she only answered it was a dying mother's last request. His resolve was taken. Suddenly business of the extremest urgency called him back, as he said, to Edinburgh. A last and lingering farewell was taken, in which Matilda seemed more like some pitying angel, weeping the loss of an associate in heaven, than a mortal like himself. And Edward fancied that he read upon her lips, although her tongue refused the words, a wish that she could deem her mother's last request less absolute. On the morrow he bade his friends and home a short farewell, and proceeded towards the emporium. Matilda sorrowfully returned his salutation, as he rode quickly past her window, and when she could see him no longer, breathed forth her last sigh of earthly hope in prayers for his protection.

* * * * * * *

Return we now to Ion M'Elwain.—"Am I not your Chieftain?" said he. A general burst of feeling gave the answer; and the ragged rocks that formed their council-room, echoed back the sound. "And will you tamely see him who bears that title, stoop beneath a chain, and pace their dungeon's floor and listen to the name of *murderer*?"

"Never, never!" shouted they, and

their half-drawn swords reflected back the mimic rays, that fell from a huge lamp swung in their midst.

"Lazalier, too, he who led a host of Lowland cowards upon a weaponless man; breathes he in safety?" A kind of murderous look darkened upon their brows, as the name recalled the traitor to their memory.

"And you, Carloman, have you not a *scratch* still red with blood, to show how weakly a traitor's sword will fall upon his former comrad's limbs?"

"I have, my lord," said he raising his mangled arm, "and death to him who gave the blow!"

"Aye, death to the traitor!" shouted all. "My lord, we only wait for your command."

"Then this night shall Auvergne's hated dungeon know, that Ion M'Elwain has not forgot the road that once has led him there. Are the matches trimmed?"

"They are."

"Then meet me here two hours hence, with each his sword and match to follow it."

The sun is never truer in his course, than were these reckless men at the hour appointed.

"Yesternight at this hour," said their Chief, "this hand clanked a chain, but now, 'tis free to erase from memory every spot that knew the shame. But hark ye, men! shed not a drop of blood, except it be in manly combat. We shall have as good as day, before the Lowland cowards leave their beds, if there is aught to make a blaze in that huge pile of princely folly.

Two hours more, and the madning flames rose high above the roof that once had claimed the name of Auvergne Castle. "The black chiel is amang us!" echoed from every door and window within the hearing, while the dauntless exterminators mocked their cry, and laughed at the ruin they had made. "Thus perish every thing that dares confine our chief!" shouted they as they departed from their scene of riot.

(*Continued in our next.*)

Fortune has been considered the guardian divinity of fools; and, on this score, she has been accused of blindness; but it should rather be adduced as a proof of her sagacity, when she helps those who certainly cannot help themselves.

Little things are not valued, but when done by those who can do greater.

SCIENTIFICAL.

TREATMENT OF DROWNED PERSONS.

1. Remove the body on a plank or hurdle, with the head uncovered and elevated to the nearest convenient place; or, if it be far to such place, first strip the body of the wet clothes, dry it carefully, and with as little rubbing as possible, and put on it some of the clothes of bystanders.

2. On arriving at the intended place, put the body in a room where there is a fire, lay a mattras, or a folded blanket, on a table of convenient height, and placing it near the fire, lay the body upon it, keeping the head and chest constantly elevated. Admit no more than six or seven persons, who will be quite sufficient for every necessary purpose.

3. Let part of these immediately begin to apply dry warmth in every possible way, such as hot bricks and bottles of hot water, wrapped in flannel, bags of hot sand, &c. to the soles of the feet, palms of the hands, armpits, &c. and hot flannels upon the body and limbs; while the others, at the same time, commence artificial respiration in the following manner:—

4. While one closes the mouth and one nostril, let another insert the pipe of a pair of bellows in the other nostril, and blow a moderate quantity of air into the lungs; the mouth and nostrils being then unclosed, the chest and pit of the stomach must be gently pressed, to expel the air; a fresh portion of air is then to be blown in again, and again expelled in the same manner. This must be continued uninterruptedly, for three or four hours, if recovery does not take place sooner, before the attempt at restoration should be abandoned.

5. After this has been done a few times, rub the body and limbs of the persons with a dry hand, or with dry warm flannels, but not so as to interfere with the process No. 4.

6. A glyster, with an ounce or two of table salt, and a little mustard, in half-a-pint (not more) of warm water, may be given.

7. Smelling salt, or the fumes of brown paper, or feathers burnt, may be passed under the nose occasionally, but not held there.

8. If recovery takes place, as soon as the person is able to swallow, some warm brandy, or wine and water, should be given at intervals, continuing the rubbing and artificial respiration

till the natural breathing is fully established, when the person should be put into a warm bed, be carefully watched for some time, and occasionally supplied with small quantities of light nutritious food. Fresh air should be allowed freely to enter the room.

N. B. If the accident has happened in the winter, and the body is frozen, warmth must be applied very gradually, as recommended in the treatment of persons exposed to intense cold.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

From the New-York Mirror.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

Dr. James G. Percival, a name familiar to every lover of poetry, not only in our own country, but wherever the English language is spoken, was born on the 15th of September, 1795, in the town of Berlin, Connecticut. His early education was superintended by his father, a physician and a gentleman of large acquirements; but who, dying in 1806, left his son, at the age of eleven years, to the charge of less interested instructors. His education was, however, pursued with vigour; and the facility with which he acquired knowledge, and his fondness for the poetry of the ancients, gave evidence of that strength of mind, and that refinement of taste, which have since been employed to the delight of so many readers. In 1811 he entered Yale College, where he graduated in 1815; and in 1820 he took the degree of M. D. at New-Haven. During his collegiate course, and the subsequent period devoted to medical studies, the mind of Dr. Percival held frequent communings with the muse, as was amply demonstrated by the appearance of his first volume of poems, in 1821. Previous to this, occasional effusions from his pen had found their way into the columns of various periodicals and daily journals, and prepared the public mind to expect high gratification from so gifted a source. Nor was it disappointed.—The sweet and various flowers of poesy with which this volume—a sort of intellectual garden—abounded, attracted the eye on every page, and at once entitled the author to a proud place among the sons of song. Its contents were poetry, in the true sense of the word—poetry such as he has himself described:

"'Tis not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measured file, and metrical array;
'Tis not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity, and accent, that can give
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movings of the soul."

The first number of Clio was published during the following year, in Charleston, whither, we believe, its amiable author had gone for the benefit of his health. During his residence in that city, a number of poetic effusions, from his pen, under the signature of P. appeared in the Charleston newspapers, whence they were copied throughout the United States, on account of their uncommon intrinsic excellence, without its being known by whom they had been written. One of these, The Dissipated Husband, is exceedingly touching and beautiful, and has been read, and treasured in memory, by almost every one who professes fondness for poetry. The second number of Clio, issued from the press at New-Haven, on the return of Dr. Percival to that place; soon after which, Prometheus, a poem of nearly four hundred Spenserian stanzas, made its appearance. The next year a selected edition of the writings of this sweet poet was published, by Charles Wiley, in this city, in one large octavo volume, containing about four hundred pages, which was re-published in London, by Miller, in 1824. Besides the productions which we have enumerated, a poem, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa, of New-Haven, has been printed in Boston, and, quite recently, the third number of Clio, in New-York. He has also compiled a work, in six octavo volumes, entitled Elegant Extracts, the contents of which have been selected and arranged with unusual taste and skill. It has been stereotyped by the publishers, and will doubtless rank as a standard work in English literature.

The reader who peruses what we have written of Mr. Percival, may well say that we have given a history of his publications, rather than of his life; and those who have taken any interest in the literature of our country, needed not such information, being necessarily well acquainted with his productions, if not with the dates of their appearance. But these are the principal facts of interest which we have been able, or which it was necessary, to procure.—Poets, more than any other class of men, owing to the peculiar delicacy and sensitiveness of their temperament, shrink from the public gaze, into "the calm, secluded vale of life." They seek to be known but by the written transcript of their minds; and few ar-

rive at the distinction to be in that way so widely known, and so generally admired, as the subject of these brief remarks.

Dr. Percival resides in New-Haven, where he is at present engaged in literary pursuits. As a man, he sustains a most amiable character. The natural delicacy of his constitution, the early loss of his parent, and the obligation, which necessity has imposed upon him, of mingling in the business and bustle of life—though timid and sensitive in an unusual degree, and warmly disposed to the retirement of literary seclusion—have thrown over his mind a slight tinge of melancholy, which frequently contributes very largely to the touching sweetness of his song. In manners, he resembles Addison, in disposition, the excentric and excellent Goldsmith, and in mind he possesses the Herculean vigor of Johnson, combined with the tuneful equability of Pope. His blank verse, like Cowper's, is characterized by fullness and eurythmy of language, boldness of imagination, and chasteness of sentiment; and Prometheus, the longest of his effusions, bears the traces, on every page, of a mind deeply imbued with classic lore, possessing an accurate knowledge of external nature, and not a stranger to the secret workings of the heart. Our author has written much, and he has written well; but we hope he will write much more, though we cannot expect him to write much better. The public sieze his effusions with eager avidity, and peruse them with never-flagging delight; and to him we may well say, in the language of Virgil,

What shall I render for thy tuneful lay?
Not wave-lash'd shores, the South-wind's whispering play,
Nor, 'midst the valleys, streamlets, as they swell
Their rippling music, please me half so well.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR THE GEM.

SCENE OF REALITY.

A SKETCH.

I stood beside the bed of Death. She who had for years been a faithful companion, friend and comforter, lay stretched in the agonies of departing nature. It was death she wrestled with, and easy did the mighty monster, bring down the frail, trembling mortal. The husband was there too, and his lip did quiver, and his frame was convulsed—the big tears stole their way down his ashy cheeks, and then he uttered a groan. The response was dreadful, for the lookers-on that stood with eyes fixed and motionless upon her who was departing this life, presented countenances, that betokened their deep and heartfelt grief and commisseration. At length 'twas ended—for death laid low his victim, and the last sigh had left the lip trembling, like a stricken leaf after the passing breeze. I turned away full of awful sensations, and was about to leave the room, when I heard one say, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!" and I paused that I might hear the comforting words again. They came like water to one dying with thirst—like the abundance of plenty to him perishing with hunger. Every soul seemed to pronounce a hearty "amen," as the same voice continued—"Be ye likewise ready." "Life is a vapour that cometh up in the morning; it soon passeth away." The matron that slept in death was one who had knelt at the altar for many years. She was "of the household of faith," and as I learned, had been a jewel in the little society in which she moved. Deep were the lamentations over her removal, but the pious said, she had exchanged this world for a better," and when I turned away from that "house of mourning," and buried myself alone in my own reflections, I was struck with the folly that characterized the major part of the whole human family. For this world's goods will man barter away his own soul. His eternal life for a handful of dross! And what is all the pomp, and pageantry, the splendour, the honour and the fame of this world to him who is aware that his hours are numbered, and feels life ebbing to its close? Yet many die, while "basking in the sunshine of affluence," forgetful 'till too late, that this earth is not their resting place. Death comes alike to all, in all seasons, situations and circumstances. "Leaves fall—and flowers do wither at the north-wind's breath
But all—thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death!"

But I will not take the reader over too much ground, yet I would add, if the dross of this world has not deceived him with its false glare, that he has an interest in searching into things that point to another region, a region beyond this world—and if possible to prepare himself for those glorious realities that our subject when dying, had in view—the realities of those which the "angel saw standing upon a sea of glass," beyond the wreck of Time.

ADRIAN.

THE GEM.

Saturday, September 19, 1829.

The Weph of Wish Ton-Wish.—Mr. Cooper's forth coming novel, bearing the above singular name, is already in the press of Messrs. Carey Lea & Carey, of Philadelphia. An editor of one of the Philadelphia papers, who has been favoured with a perusal in part, expresses a highly favorable opinion of its merits. One of its scenes is spoken of as containing "a minute, animated, graphic, we might say, terrible account of a siege by infuriated Indians."

DEVEREUX; *By the author of "Pelham," and the "Disowned." New-York, re-printed, by J. & J. Harper,* 1829.—Equal in many respects to Sir Walter Scott, inferior to him in nothing, and superior to him in some things, is E. LYTTON BULWER, the author of Pelham, the Disowned, and Devereux. He is Scott's equal in keen observation of character, and graphic skill in its portraiture, in the fidelity and power with which he describes inanimate nature, and in the spirit and life of his dialogue. He is superior in wit, and still more so in the exquisite beauty and polish of his style. In this latter quality no writer, living or dead, can be compared with BULWER. Frequently, in the midst of his narrative he arrests the story and pours forth his impassioned apostrophes in a brilliant and overpowering flood. Eloquence, the eloquence of feeling, maddening at crime and mourning over calamity, comes from the heart of this gifted mortal with almost superhuman power.—The waves roll over us, and leaves us, breathless, appalled, motionless. His imperious genius commands every passion and emotion, and we weep—he lays bare the heart of crime, and we shudder—he takes us into the chill chamber of death, and we are almost as breathless as the pale corse he exhibits to our view. And to his high honor be it said, he has not perverted the magnificent genius with which heaven has endowed him—he neither inculcates error, nor spreads delusion, nor palliates folly, nor exculpates crime. High and proud morality, generous and noble virtue, shine through the creation of his intellect, in beautiful contrast with the darkness of sin and the shadows of folly. While he fascinntes the imagination and enchains the passions, he does not corrupt the heart.—*N. Y. Cour. & Enq.*

FROM THE BUFFALO REPUBLICAN, EXTRA.

Great attraction at Niagara Falls.—Permission having been granted by his Excellency Sir John Colborne, Governor of Upper Canada, to Mr. William Forsyth, to blast off that portion of the Table Rock which for several years past has threatened destruction to the many visitors who have been daring enough to pass under or upon it—two gentlemen of this town have determined to add something to the effect, by holding out an inducement to the celebrated *Sam. Patch*, who has several times jumped off the Passaic Falls in New-Jersey, and subsequently leap'd from the mast-head of a schooner on the Hudson, opposite to New-York, to give a specimen of his unique skill and daring, at the proposed blasting-off fete at the Falls on the 6th of October next. The application has been made to the aforesaid Sam. Patch, through a friend in New-York, in due form: and, from his known intrepidity, there is but little doubt, but that the offer made, which is liberal, will be accepted. The place in contemplation, for Mr. Patch to leap from, is over the eddy, between the two Falls, and can be raised or lowered at the option of the jumping Mr. Patch. The water into which he will fall, is from 50 to 70 feet deep, without an under-tow or local current.

In the event however, of Mr. Patch declining to jump, when he has examined the premises, the schooner Superior, (a stout, staunch vessel, re-built two years ago and drawing much less water than the old *Michigan*,) will be sent over the Falls the same day.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE GEM.

THE CREOLIAN MAID.*

Oh I saw her there in her hour of grief,
And the night wind was fitfully sighing,
Not a friend was near her to offer relief,
And her love in the dark sea was lying.

Not a sigh was heard, nor a funeral wail,
That betrayed her heart's deep emotion,
But she sat in her agony purely pale,
Gazing wistfully out on the ocean.

Not a prayer was said, not a bead was told,
Yet no holy man came there to chide her,
And her rosary was hid in her mantle's fold,
And her cross lay neglected beside her.

At length she spoke in her native tongue,
And methought 'twas like pity sighing;
And her raven locks to the winds were flung:
Oh, she seem'd like some angel dying.

And her tiny foot press'd the burning shore,
But she heeded it not in her sorrow,
For her soul was riven to her bosom's core,—
I shudder'd, and thought of the morrow.

And the morrow came, and I sought the spot,
And gaz'd on the waves' dark commotion,
And the rock was left, but the maid was not:
She slept fearfully deep in the ocean.

ROSAMOND.

* *There is a Legend in one of the West-India Islands, of a Creolian Maid, who on hearing of her lover's Shipwreck, forsook her home, and wandered about a favourite rock, by the sea shore a long time, and finally drowned herself.*

FOR THE GEM.

YOUTHFUL PLEASURES DIE.

When youth is in its summer glow,
This world is bright and shining;
How sweetly then our moment's flow,
While all is sunshine here below,
And youthful hope sits twining,
A wreath of flowers; of brightest line,
As if all else on earth were true.

Then lightly bounds the youthful heart,
In fond pursuit of pleasure;
Corroding grief, can share no part,
Nor know they aught of sorrow's smart,
While seeking for that treasure;
But watch, oh, watch, lest fav'rite flowers,
Be crushed in unguarded hours.

Oh how like softly murmuring streams,
Life's earliest years are wasting,
Wrapt up in fancy's airy dreams—
All smooth and fair life's ocean seems,
Yet unto sorrow hasting;
And hopes, bright as the vaulted sky,
Delude, while years pass swiftly by.

But youth's gay hours fly fast away,
In hope's intense devotion,
And like a rill they'll find their way,
Tho' blest with many a cloudless day,
Unto the troubled ocean;
Where all is tumult, war and strife,
As though the elements had life

Oh! when upon the fearful deep,
By youthful joys forsaken,
When care and sorrow o'er them sweep,
May they the bonds of friendship keep,
Unbroken and unshaken;
That when from this last solace riven,
Fond hearts shall re-unite in heaven.

LARA

The following from an old friend and classmate of ours, we find in the N. E. Weekly Review.

SONG.

TELL ME MAID.

Tell me maid and tell me true!
When and where must lover woo!
Can maid be won,
By the morning sun,
When the South's first breath is coming
By the scented rose,
Where the tulip grows,
And the bird and bee are humming.
—No, ah no! 'twill never do,
Never there may lover woo.

Tell me maid—and what's the hour
Love may woo with sweetest power,
Say shall he call,
In the festive hall,
When a maiden's smile is brightest;
When there's music rare
On the loaded air
And a maiden's heart is lightest.
No, ah no! 'twill never do
Never there may lover woo.

Tell me maid—and speak me fair,
Love may woo—oh! when and where,
At the moonlight hour,
In the secret bower,
With the vine o'er the lattice wreathing;
With blushes unseen
Thro' the myrtle screen,
Will she listen to true love's breathing.
—And the maid spoke me true,
"*Then* and *there* may Lover woo."

West Point. HARP OF THE ISLE.

Like the odour from flowers,
That glides on the breeze,
Like the gushing spring showers
To the putting-forth trees;
Like the dreamings of peace,
To one borne down in strife,
Is the sum of our ease,
Is the measure of life.

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☞ Letters and communications must be sent in, the week previous to publication.

THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 11. ROCHESTER, OCTOBER 3, 1829. VOL. 1.

ORIGINAL TALES.

FOR THE GEM.

ION M'ELWAIN.

(*Continued.*)

After the destruction of Auvergne Castle, the robbers, satiated with the havoc they had made, or fearing the law which they had so unjustly violated, remained quietly among the rocks that formed their habitation. The citizens around began to indulge the hope, that their flocks and dwellings were now secure, for it was rumoured that the robbers had left the border. Months had passed away, and "the black chief" was almost forgotten. A new and splendid edifice had arisen over the ruins of Auvergne, and tranquility reigned throughout the parish.

Ion M'Elwain, with some of his followers, had been out upon a hunting excursion, and returning in the evening, heard a cry for aid, but a short distance from their fastness. Ion listened—"Heavens!" said he, "it is—it is a female voice!" and in an instant he was at her side. "Save, save my father," said the lady, pointing to an aged man who, a few yards below them, lay apparently lifeless, upon the very brink of the precipice. Ion, with the assistance of one of his men, carefully removed him from his dangerous situation, and a few moments again restored him to animation. "Matilda," said he, after assuring himself that he was yet alive, "you must thank our deliverers; but where are my ponies, my beautiful greys? O, they are ruined! they are ruined! and my new gilt carriage too, the richest in all Scotland, is broken! O, unfortunate man that I am!" Ion immediately sent some of his men to look for the horses, while he conducted the Earl of Glenroy and his daughter Matilda, to his abode among the rocks. "Fear not," said he, as they hesitated to enter the dark pathway, you are among honorable men, and those who are sworn to protect the innocent." After they were seated, and while the old man was lamenting the loss of his "beautiful greys," Ion had learned from Matilda, that having missed their way, in the darkness of the night, their horses had become unmanageable and overturned their carriage upon the brink of the precipice, when he so fortunately came to their assistance. Her father was thrown with such violence from the carriage, that he lay insensible upon the rocks where she dared not venture to assist him, and a slight movement would have precipitated him into the gulf beneath. Soon the men returned with the horses and carriage but slightly injured. The Earl overjoyed to see them safe, and finding no shelter for them during the night, would have proceeded immediately on his journey, had not the fear of a similar accident deterred him.

"And we shall not be in season at the convent," said he, as he informed his benefactor, that on the next evening his daughter was to assume the holy veil that would forever seclude her from the world. Ion looked on the lovely being before him, perhaps more lovely for her being in that rude place, and he pitied her that she should so seclude her beauty. The Earl was at length prevailed upon to retire to a rude anti-chamber, and endeavor to seek repose. Matilda accompanied him to his room, and then locked herself in an adjoining apartment. If her situation was singular and perhaps dangerous, still there was something in the manner of their deliverer, that forbid a suspicion of his integrity, and she resigned herself to rest; but sleep had not the power to steal from her troubled bosom the thoughts that rankled there. She dreamed of her home, of her youth, of the happy, alas! too happy hours she had passed with *him* whom she would have gladly loved, but whom she must never again behold; and then her thoughts would revert back to her God, whom alone she dared adore. Her disordered imagination would recall the frightful precipice, upon the brink of which she had stood and called for aid, to save her father. And then the robber came, and

their leader seemed like Edward Ruthven, who, while he laughed at her misery, hurled her father headlong down the abyss! O, my God!" she cried, and starting from her frightful sleep, gazed with horror on the scene that surrounded her. Reason come, and she fell back upon her pillow to muse on her dream. Feelings too deep, too keen for sufferance racked her brain, and she rose to seek her father. A faint ray of light shone through a crevice in the casement, and disclosed a door that opened on the heath without. The moon, just risen, rode brilliantly through the heavens, contrasting her own smooth and even course, with the rocks and rugged scenery upon which her radiance fell. The cool and invigorating mountain breeze, had chased away the feverish dream of Matilda's brain, and induced her forth to share the richness of the scene. She had proceeded but a short distance, when Ion M'Elwain, wrapped in his Highland plaid, appeared before her.

"What could tempt Matilda forth at such an hour as this?" said he, as he fastened the clasps to his visor which concealed his face.

There was something in his voice and manner that suddenly recalled her dream, and she gazed tremblingly upon his form, to see if it might be true.

"Cannot a tender form find rest upon a rugged couch," he continued, "or does some *one* claim the thoughts that Sleep cannot?"

"I had left my room to look upon the beauty of the night," timorously replied Matilda. "And I" said he, "influenced by the same motive, was gazing on the heavens, admiring their sublimity, and wondering which one of the stars had been your guide. But have you fear, being alone, in such a place as this?"

"I will return," said she, feeling the impropriety of her situation; but Ion took her arm—"you have no cause of fear," said he, for the innocent are never more safe than when under the protection of Ion M'Elwain. But your father mentioned a convent; do you, indeed, so young, deny yourself the little joy this world presents?"

"I seek for greater joy," said she, "to-morrow's vesper sounds the appointment for its dawn." "So soon?" said he, "such innocence and beauty deserve a dearer name than sister."

Matilda answered not but returned to her room, and anxiously waited the approach of morning. Again within that holy cloister, thought she, and this world and its vexations will be forgotten. Its virtues and its vices will mingle together and I know nothing of them—their tumult can never reach my isolated abode.

At length the morning came, and the Earl anxious on account of his horses, had arisen with its first approach. After seeing "the greys" properly dressed, and having given his host an half hour's advice on the structure of a stable, he called his daughter, and handing her into the carriage departed for the convent of——. Ion beheld their departure in silence, but his men whispered among themselves, "we'll have rare sport anon. The brow of our chief is never dark in vain, and now 'tis darker than a coward's lie."

Matilda, at the convent's gate, bade her father a long and last adieu, while tears mingled with prayers for his protection. She saw him depart, and mournfully passing the choir of sisters that had gathered around to welcome her return, she prostrated herself at the foot of the sacred altar and poured out her full soul in praise to her God, whose servant she now truly felt she was.—Most fervently did she beseech that her every thought might now be his, and that her heart might now be made an offering worthy of his love. The bell was struck, and recollections forced themselves upon her mind, until her words were drowned in tears, and she leaned her cheek upon the pedestal and wept the bitterness of her soul. O, how like some angel of a better world!

After the joyous salutations of the sisters had welcomed her back, at least an hundred times, and having received the holy benediction of the Abbess, Matilda returned to her solitary cell, with more heart-felt pleasure, than she experienced on the day she left. Then she was about to mingle, for a short time, in the false and illusive day dreams of a tell-tale world. Then her heart beat lighter, because she knew not the scene she was about to enter, and only anticipated pleasure. Now she rejoiced that she was about to bid an eternal farewell to that world, which even so short a time had taught her that to know was to depricate. Now her bosom swelled with a purer emotion, because, sick of the world and its vainglorious trapping, no scene of its illusion could now interrupt her heart's pure worship. But hark!—it is the vesper bell, and already are the expectant nuns assembled around that sacred altar, to witness the joyous sacrifice—a sacrifice of earth for heaven. The Abbess Mother was seated in the sacerdotal chair, leaning

her head upon her arm which rested upon the opened volume of sacred truth. On her left stood the votaries, habited in garments of purest white; and on her right were those who had already taken the vow, habited like their sisters except that a long black veil falling down to the floor, concealed their features. The door was opened, and a train of those pious nuns entered the apartment. In their midst, Matilda, leaning upon the arm of a sister on either side, walked slowly, but resolutely forward. Her pure white robes, forming a faint emblem of her purer heart, fell in graceful folds around her person, over which was thrown a veil falling to her feet, that rivalled the driven snow in whiteness. Alone she proceeded to the altar, and kneeling at its foot, put aside her veil and remained fixed and calm in her purpose. A song of praise was raised to heaven and the full choir joined the devotion. As the sound died away, the venerable Abbess, approaching Matilda, loosened her veil and substituted in its place the consecrated one, that was forever to shut out from her heart all thoughts save those of her God, and laying her hands upon Matilda's head, was pronouncing that solemn vow, which was slowly but firmly repeated, when a crash was heard at the outer gate! In an instant that holy room was filled with armed men, and their leader rushing to the altar, seized the kneeling Matilda and rushed from the apartment. His men followed, and amidst the screams and tears of the affrighted sisters, Matilda was borne away an insensible captive!

(Concluded in our next.)

SCIENTIFICAL.

TREATMENT OF PERSONS HANGED.

Remove the cord immediately, and proceed exactly as for a drowned person; except that medical assistance should be obtained, as soon as possible, to open a vein in the neck.

TREATMENT OF PERSONS SUFFOCATED BY NOXIOUS GASSES.

If the body is yet warm, it should be freely exposed to a draught of fresh air; and cold water should be dashed over the head and chest. In other respects it should be treated exactly as a drowned person. If the body is cold warmth must be applied at first.

TREATMENT OF PERSONS EXPOSED TO INTENSE COLD.

1. Rub the body for a few minutes with snow or melted ice, or if these can not be had, with the coldest water that can be procured. Afterwards add small quantities of hot water, at intervals, to increase the warmth very gradually.

2. Use artificial respiration, and as soon as the person can swallow, give warm cordials, at first in very small quantities.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

From the New-York Mirror.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Samuel Woodworth was born at Scituate, Massachusetts, on the 13th of January, 1785. His aged father—one of the neglected band that achieved our independence, a few of whom still linger among us, in want and penury, a living reproach upon the nation for its parsimony and ingratitude—was the cultivator of a small and unfruitful farm, from which he was barely able to derive a subsistence. This war-worn veteran was the parent of four children, of whom Samuel was youngest. The limited state of his means prevented him from bestowing upon them more than the mere rudiments of an English education; but our author, with that facility in the acquirement of knowledge which is one of the most common characteristics of genius, made so good use of the few and wretched opportunities afforded to him, that, at the age of fourteen, he was not only beyond his classmates in the ordinary branches of common school learning, but had already produced evidence of poetic talents which excited the surprise and approbation of his preceptor. The clergyman of the village, the Reverend Nehemiah Thomas, on becoming acquainted with this instance of precocious genius, was so much pleased with the boy-poet, that he immediately took him under his own roof, and made the improvement and unfolding of those faculties, which he foresaw would one day ripen into great excellence, the object of his particular care.

The favourable impression which an early and rare exhibition of intellect, more, perhaps, than any other quality, is calculated to make, was confirmed and strengthened in the mind of Mr. Thomas, by the amiable disposition, delicacy of sentiment and taste, the playful wit, and docile manners, of his youthful ward. With an activity of benevolence, that is remembered to his honour, he endeavoured to procure a subscription, from the wealthy inhabitants of the neighbourhood—his own

miserable stipend being incompetent to the purpose—to defray the expense of a liberal education, which it was his wish to bestow upon the promising boy. For a time he entertained sanguine hopes of success, and, in the overfulness of his feelings, communicated the project to poor Woodworth, who literally danced with joy, at the prospect of having his dearest wish accomplished. A little while, however, served to show them both that they had been too easily elated; that it is easier to form schemes of benevolence, than to persuade others to support them; and that he who has no other argument to offer in favour of the plan he proposes, but the abstract and general good which will result from it, will find but few so philanthropic as to listen to his reasoning.

The attentions and tuition of this good man,

"More bent to raise the wretched, than to rise,"

were still freely bestowed upon his charge, who, it must be confessed, did not receive that large benefit from this instruction, which his unusual quickness of apprehension, and retentiveness of memory, fully warranted his friends in believing that he would. His advances were rapid, but irregular and desultory; he, like most youthful votaries of song, devoting too much of that precious intellectual seed-time, which never comes again, to disposing, in metrical order, the thoughts and images with which his mind was already stored, instead of increasing his fund of useful knowledge. But these halcyon days were fast elapsing, and the young minstrel was soon to be aroused from his day dreams, at the rude call of necessity, to attend to the real business and drudgery of life. His connexions, finding that his prospect of receiving a collegiate education was fallacious, began to remind him that it was time to make choice of some pursuit which might yield him a livelihood; and his own spirit of independence, though it was with bitter reluctance that he gave up the hoarded wishes of his soul, whispered to him the same unwelcome monition.

In selecting a business, the poor boy's unconquerable passion for literary distinction was still apparent; and he became a printer, induced by the opportunities which he thought would be afforded him, in that profession, of advancing upon the steps "where fame's proud temple shines afar." After bidding a tearful adieu to his friends and his native village, he travelled to Boston, alone, and on foot, and bound himself apprentice to Mr. Benjamin Russell, at that time editor and publisher of the Columbian Centinel, with whom he continued until the expiration of his apprenticeship, in 1806. During this long period, he was not solely intent upon his trade; but devoted much leisure to study, reading, and—more frequently than either, it is to be presumed—to song. Numerous metrical effusions from his pen found their way into the different newspapers of the period, most of which, with the ephemeral vehicles that conveyed them to the public, have gone into utter oblivion, he having, with blameworthy carelessness, neglected to preserve any copies. He remained but a short while in Boston, after his term of service had expired, being induced to leave it on account of the unsuccessful issue of a speculation in which he thoughtlessly engaged.

He now set out for New-York, but was obliged to pause before he reached it, his small finances being exhausted when he reached New-Haven. Here he procured employment, in the office of a weekly miscellany, called the Herald, to the columns of which he was a frequent and valuable contributor. After accumulating a little money, by nine months of industry, in this way, he determined to establish a literary paper himself; and accordingly, purchasing a press and materials on credit, he soon issued the first number of a ladies' weekly miscellany, entitled the Belles Lettres Repository, of which he was the editor, publisher, printer, and, very often, the carrier—so that he might with great propriety exclaim, in the language of Coriolanus, "Alone I did it!"

Common prudence would have foreseen that a paper of this kind, in a small place, and commenced without capital, could not long survive. The publication lasted about two months, at the expiration of which time, it was discontinued, the property restored to its rightful owner, and the dejected editor, burthened with an accumulation of difficulties, returned to Boston, and thence to his native town. He remained but a few days beneath his paternal roof, when he again set out, on foot, invigorated for a fresh pursuit of fortune; and, on parting, he entered into a firm determination to revisit his birth-place no more, until wealth and fame should be his companions home.

Baltimore was the next place to which he directed his steps, where he continued about a year, enriching, during his stay, the columns of the newspapers

with the effusions of his muse. In the next spring he came to New-York, where he still resides, having married shortly after his arrival here; and we have reason to believe that he experiences, in the endearments of social intercourse, a full and sweet recompense for the buffets of fortune, which the sons of song are too often obliged to encounter.

Besides having edited numerous literary miscellanies, for example, the War, the Casket, the Halcyon Luminary, the Parthenon, &c. in all of which, metrical productions from his own pen often appeared, Mr. Woodworth has given to the world two volumes of poems, which well entitle his portrait to the place it occupies amongst the most distinguished of our native bards. The first of these volumes, entitled the "Poems, Odes, Songs, and other Metrical Effusions, of Samuel Woodworth," was published in this city, in 1818; and the other, called "Woodworth's Melodies," containing those pieces on which he must chiefly rely for poetic fame, was given to the world but a few months since.

As a poet, the excellence of Mr. Woodworth consists less in fancy than in feeling. His imagination seldom delights us by soaring a lofty flight; but his descriptions are generally true, his sentiments tender and natural, his illustrations apposite, and his language chaste. So far as we are acquainted with his writings—and we have read the most of them with pleasure—they contain "no line which, dying, he could wish to blot." This, of itself, is great praise; but when we add to this the various other qualities by which his poetry is characterized, some of which have just been enumerated, we feel assured that no one can dispute his claim to the Parnassian wealth.

One of the best, if not the very best thing he has written, is the little poem, entitled, the Bucket. Its merit consists in the graphic accurary of the description, the simplicity and nature of its sentiments, and the melodious flow of the versification. It appeals to feelings cherished in every bosom, which, though they may be suppressed for a while, can never be extinguished; but are called up anew, by such strains as the one we are speaking of, with a train of sweet associations, that "lap us in Elysium." Amidst the thousand vexations and perplexities of business, the mere perusal or accidental hearing of this song, gathers around us the scenes and companions of our school-boy days, creating in our hearts a tide of emotions, fresh and pure as the fountain that gushes from the rock of the desart. We hear the splash of the water, as it falls down the sides of the moss-lined well; we view the dimpling and ripply undulations of the surface below, as it is sprinkled upon it; we see on one side the meadow, green with the fragrant luxuriance of summer, and on the other, the bridge and the cataracts, and the dairy-house; the coolness of the water is on our lip, familiar noises are sounding in our ear, and—in short, the delightful little poem forms around us, with the delusive power of a dream, a chain of young and heart-hoarded circumstances, which can never be united again, except by the witchery of the poet, or the wand of fancy, in those still hours when she exerts full influence over our minds.

We have spoken of the Bucket, as the best of Woodworth's productions, with that warmth of feeling a perusal of it always occasions; but there are several others of this author's poems, which, if not equal, are at all events, excellent; combining in sweet assemblage some of those prominent and well remembered objects, which the heart "delights to love and cherish ever," and appealing, with a kindred influence, "to feelings and affections kept within the heart, like gold." It is scarcely worth our while to stop to notice blemishes in the productions of a poet who has written so much, and, oftentimes, so hastily as Mr. Woodworth, and whose writings, moreover, are so well known. Besides, we have not a copy of his melodies at hand, while writing this article, and, of course, must not trust to memory for the exposition of any particular instances of error. In general it may be said, that prolixity of expression, and, now and then, a prosaic line, a trite observation, or a truism, and occasionally, the introduction of an illustration beneath the dignity of the subject, are his predominant faults: but what human production is faultless? These are but a few innoxious weeds that have escaped the gardener's detection; they are defects that occur as seldom as beauties do on the pages of nine-tenths of the namby-pamby rhymesters of the present day; and, being thus 'few and far between,' deserve no severity of comment, even from the most cynically disposed.

As a man, Mr. Woodworth enjoys an irreproachable character. Notwithstanding the want of pecuniary success which has frequently attended his literary undertakings, he has invariably

sustained the reputation of an honest man—a reputation infinitely more to be valued, than the brightest which the mere exercise of splendid genius could confer. His song has always inculcated pure and salutary morals, and his life has been a practical comment on his writings. In manners, he is modest and unobtruse; in conversation, shrewd and sensible; in public, a good and influential citizen; and in private, the affectionate husband, the enlightened parent, and the faithful friend. With a calmness that misfortune can ruffle only for a brief season, he has met the disasters that have impeded his course through life, and denotes, by his manly bearing, his belief that

"Mind alone is the true worth of man,
And that which raises him above the sense
Of meaner creatures, and permits a hope
Of unembodied being, in a high
And holy dwelling, lifted far above
The reach of tempest, with essential light
Encircled, and with fairest wings of love
O'ershadowed, the reward and resting-place
Of such as hold their journey patiently.
And pause and faint not on their weary way."

MORAL.

A FRAGMENT.

"Six weeks from to-day, is our little Anna's birth day," said the young and lovely Madalaide, to her affectionate husband, "and I propose that we should give a little fete to her and her young companions." "Most assuredly," replied Edgar Dana, "any thing that a father can do, to make his child happy, shall be most cheerfully assented to, by me; our little girl's birth day, shall not be forgotten." Edgar Dana had married the lovely Madalaide Stansbury, from pure affection; no mercenary motive had a place in his bosom, in his choice of a companion. Her parents were not wealthy, but Madalaide possessed that, which is far preferable to wealth. She possessed every amiable quality, calculated to make a husband happy. Six years had passed since their marriage, and Adalaide was the same kind gentle creature, she had ever been. And Edgar was almost the same, except, he had of late been fond of the gambling room, but his wife hoped to reclaim him before it was too late; and peace and joy seemed to reign in their happy home.

But there was a dark, dark cloud lingering over their destiny, which seemed to threaten shipwreck to their happiness. Edgar, of late, had been much from home, and late vigils, and play had disturbed his peace, and his Madalaide and his child had fewer charms for him; and yet he had not drank deep of the fatal draught, but the time was yet to come.

The birth-day of little Anna came, but there was no youthful merriment, no laughing faces peeping from among the flowers which entwined the little porch. No, there was any thing but mirth there now; the closed shutter, and the muffled knocker, too plainly told another tale. Edgar Dana was cold upon his last pillow. Beside his corpse, knelt the suffering Madalaide, "Her tearful eyes were raised to heaven beseechingly, while her almost voiceless lips scarce breathed a prayer." Edgar had played deep. *His all* was at stake, *his all* was lost. Dark despair seized on his troubled mind, and a deep bitter draught of death, administered by his own hand, was his. Madalaide and Anna were a widow and an orphan. Gambling is fascinating; 'tis like the bright glittering eye of the wily serpent, 'tis bright but to *deceive*, it glitters but to *ruin*. The draught may be sweet, but there is *bitterness* at the bottom.

ROSAMOND.

REFLECTION.

How many evils are brought upon mankind by not paying a strict regard for reflection. Thousands of ills occur yearly, for the want of this. The criminal who is lingering out a solitary existence in the walls of a dungeon, frequently owes his misstep to the want of reflection. To reflect, is to reason, and the voice of reason, if permitted to speak, will frequently, if not universally, interpose a complete barrier against the commission of crime. But the criminal does not reflect—his reason is not heard, and he goes forward to the accomplishment of his wicked purpose, reckless, and desperate. And when justice demands the sacrifice of the criminal, and the injured laws call for the perpetrator, then it is, when too late, that the criminal reflects, and conscience rises amid the reflection, and says, *thou art the man!* In all our doings in life, we should reflect. The most unfortunate, and the most unhappy men are those who lack in this point. They are continually operated upon by every circumstance that turns up, and without reasoning, set their hopes, at a point far above the hope of being realized—thus they are emphatically following their own shadows, with the vain hope of overtaking something real, something substantial.

ADRIAN.

THE GEM.

Saturday, October 3, 1829.

We are glad to see the young men of our village taking such an active measure to extirminate from the land, the shameful vice of intemperance. This is as it should be. Let the *young* men but resolve that there shall not be a 'tippler' among them, and make good their resolution, and in a few years not a drunkard will be found. The grog-shop, and the intoxicating bowl will only be remembered as evils gone by, and the name of a drunkard will be known no more. Our prisons will not then be crowded with worthless mendicants, as they are at present, for half of their tenants may date their ruin, at the commencement of intemperance.

A large and respectable class of young men convened at the Court House on Thusday evening, and after forming themselves into a society to be known by the name of "The Young Men's Temperance Society," passed a number of excellent and spirited resolutions for the suppression of intemperance. The meeting was ably addressed by a number of the young men.

THE FALLS.

The great explosion at the Niagara Falls, seems to be likely to be prevented by his Excellency, Sir John Colborne, Governor of Upper Canada. It it is thought however, that he will yet be persuaded into a compliance.—Whether Sam Patch, will leap from the banks into the abyss, is also yet unknown, and may be considered doubtful. The other entertainments advertised, will undoubtedly take place.

A NEW CITY.

The foundation of a new city, to be called the City of Chesapeak, has been laid at the western extreme of the Chesapeak and Delaware Canal, and a large and commodious Hotel, with some other buildings already erected.

The only surviving signer of the declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, completed his *ninety-third* year, the 14th of Sept.

New Anecdote.—In the first settlement of Bloomfield, Ontario County, a man moved there upon a farm who was a Blacksmith. Having his implements with him, and concluding, very naturally, that he should want to do some work in his line, he put up his anvil and bellows, ready to work, but either thro' inability, or the want of time, he did not erect a shop; thus leaving his apparatus out of doors. A neighbour some miles distant, having heard of this blacksmith, and wishing to get his plough irons mended, started off one morning for that purpose. After travelling two or three miles, without finding out the Smith, he accosted a man whom he met, with, "sir, can you tell me where Mr. B's. blacksmith shop is?" "You ure *in the shop* now," said the facetious fellow, "but it is 3 miles and a half to his *anvil*."

CALOGNIACS.

This seems to be a new species of Intemperates. A communication in the Journal of Humanity includes, among the persons deserving the attention of the Temperate Societies, those ladies and gentlemen who are accustomed to a free use of Cologne and Lavender water, in washing their skin. He thinks, those who make use of these articles, are not aware, that the base of them is double distilled alcohol. He says, "it makes the *skin drunk!*"

MARRIED.

In this village, on Thursday last, by the Rev. Mr. Philips, Mr. *Hiram Morgan*, to Miss *Lucina Ritch*.

In this village, last week, Mr. *William Brewster*, to Mrs. *S. Babbitt*.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. James, Mr. *F. M. Haight*, to Miss *Mary Ann*, daughter of Dr. M. Brown, Jr.

In Lockport, Capt. *Joseph Favor* of Rochester, to Miss *Sarah R. Bond*, of that place.

DIED.

In this village on the 23d ult. Mr. *Joseph B. Seeley*, Printer, aged 26 years.

Recently, in New-Orleans, of the prevailing fever, Mr. *Burrage Smith*, late of this village.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE GEM.

A FAIRY DANCE.

The pale wan moon, the Queen of night,
Was riding down the western sky,
And shot upon the silent earth,
Her trembling light of silver die.

Hush'd was all nature to repose,
And man was buried in a trance,
The fairies o'er the silvery green,
Assembled for their nightly dance.

I heard the music of the throng,
In melting and melodious strains,
As they repeat their magic song
And zephyrs bear it o'er the plains.

The music ceas'd, and all was still,
All, save the water's falling roar,
Which rising on the breathing winds,
Was heard from either shore to shore.

FAIRIES.

"Queen of the night—to thee we bow,
Shine upon us gaily now,
Lend thy light to gild the scene,
While we sport upon the green.

Mortals bind in deepest sleep,
While we here our vigils keep,
Mortal eyes may never view,
What the water fairies do."

The music now strikes up again,
Then dies like murmuring winds away,
While o'er the green with lightsome foot,
They dance beneath the moon's pale ray.

Such rapturous sounds salute mine ear,
And bear along a magic spell,
Sweet melancholy strains I hear—
No mortal tongue sings half so well.

* * * * * * * * *

Aurora announced the approach of the Sun,
And the mystic dance and the song were done,
The sprites sprang alert to the bounding main
And descended to their realms again.

LARA

FOR THE GEM.

THE CONVICT.

A FRAGMENT.

It is the noon of night, the hour
When memory wields resistless power,
The wretch whose crimes allow no sleep
Now turns away to think, to weep:
The sailor's eyes where'er they roam,
In rapture turned toward "home, sweet home."
The convict's fate, his hated crime,
The well known place and fatal time,
Keen pangs of sorrow o'er him cast,
As sad he views his errors past.
Now no reprieve, a dungeon's wall,
Secures his form, his life, his all;
Here as his days and nights pass by,
They warn him to prepare to die.
He breathes in accents faint and slow,
To the night breeze his tale of woe.

"Come thou misfortune!—wing thy deadly dart,
At this, your victim's desolated heart:—
Here strike—'tis bare, nor heeded comes the blow,
That bids from my torn heart its life-blood flow.
No luring pleasure calls me—soon I die,
Unpitied and with scorn, forgotten lie.—
Be here no vain repentance—I have done
My course on earth;—joys, hopes I've none,
They're buried in the tomb of youthful days:
As the storm's blackness hides the solar rays.
Leave me, with thoughts of one most torturing deed,
O, leave a wounded wretch, alone to bleed!
Stay but one thought within my guilty breast
Let present sorrows chase away the rest.
A brother's love, in sickness round me hung,
When other friends forsook, still closer clung;
Dear brother! Heaven reward affection's due,
And may it grant its dearest boon to you.
Soon will the death-bird hover o'er my tomb:
Farewell! Repine thou not at my sad doom."

Though stiff the convict's form in death,
His memory dies not with his breath,
But oft at eve a brother weeps,
Around the grave the zephyr sweeps.

IOTA.

THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 12. ROCHESTER, OCTOBER 17, 1829. VOL. 1.

ORIGINAL TALES.

FOR THE GEM.

ION M'ELWAIN.

(*Concluded.*)

When Matilda awoke to sensibility, she was reclining upon a couch, attended by a beautiful girl of about twelve years of age. Casting her eyes around the apartment, she was astonished to find herself in a rich saloon. Embroidered damasks hung about her bed, and the richest materials formed the furniture around her.

"Where am I?" she exclaimed.

"In my uncle's parlour:" innocently answered the little girl—"and I am here to wait upon you."

Matilda now seemed to recollect her captivity, and she sunk back upon her couch as memory came to her mind.—The convent, the altar, the solemn vow that seemed still trembling upon her lips, the robbers and their Chief whose visor had fallen from his face when stooping to seize her—his features—she knew no more, for there her memory failed her. A deep drawn sigh told the bitterness of her grief, and her full soul burst forth in a flood of tears. Narissa, (for by that name was her attendant called,) tried in vain to calm her wild and wandering imagination, which at times burst forth in all the incoherency of an alienated mind. Here tears at length brought a calm to the bosom on which they had fallen unheeded, and she rose to survey her prison, as she supposed her apartments were. A small, but well selected library was arranged on one side of the room, and drawings were promiscuously hung about. Upon a desk were writing materials, and Matilda was not a little surprised to find her own name frequently written on pieces of paper that were lying upon it. On one piece was written "Ion," and immediately under it, "Matilda." "And is it so?" said she, a painful and thrilling idea shooting across her brain.—"Yes, I am in his power, and he a *robber!* O, heavens! what am I doomed to suffer?" Trembling with a fear that words cannot describe, she besought her attendant to have pity upon her.

"Tell me," said she in an agony of thought, "who is your uncle, and what is my fate? Has he no other name?" said she, as she endeavoured to recall his features as they seemed when his visor fell from his brow at the foot of the altar.

"None," said the girl.

"Then Heaven have mercy on me!" said Matilda, wringing her clasped hands, and throwing herself on the bed in despair.

Again Narissa tried her feeble skill to calm the fear that preyed upon Matilda's heart, but in vain. One only thought occupied her whole soul, and banished all attempts to soothe or sympathize. Their names written together, seemed to her credulous bosom a foreboding of the future, and again tears came to her relief, drowning the sighs of an o'ercharged heart.

Matilda had remained in her captivity, attended only by Narissa, for nearly three days, fearing, yet almost wishing the appearance of her captor. The uncertainty of her fate, she would think, at times, was worse than to know at once her wretchedness, and she felt a fearful desire to behold him who alone could reveal it. As she walked her room musingly, endeavouring to explain to herself why she had been thus snatched from her friends, her sacred retreat, and from her God, to become the companion of a ruthless robber, whom she had but once seen, unless her dream and vague suspicion should prove too true, and she shuddered at the idea—while endeavouring to persuade herself that she should yet return, Narissa entered and handed her a letter. With a trembling hand she broke the seal, fearing yet anxious to know its contents, and read as follows:—

"*Matilda*—

"I can easily imagine what your astonishment must have been, when you found yourself in such a place as this. Me, no doubt you *cursed*, as

the author of your misery, but *perhaps* I do not merit it. Till now I have delayed visiting your apartments, because I feared to encounter your displeasure. To know that I was near you, has heretofore weakened my impatience to appear in your presence, but my heart can no longer remain thus inactively.—The robber *may* prove a generous *captor*."

ION."

Matilda had scarcely refolded the letter, with a hand that trembled like the shaken aspen, when the door opened, and Ion M'Elwain slowly walked into the room. A Highland plaid covered his form, and his visor was drawn over his face. Summoning all her resolution, Matilda looked upon him as he proceeded towards the chair in which she was sitting, regarding him as the demon of her destiny; yet she showed no fears. Her pure soul seemed to have diffused itself through her whole frame, and she met the robber's look with a brow so firm, that even his dauntless eye fell upon the floor. Yes, that daring, haughty robber, who never before had feared a mortal frown, stood abashed and humbled before the virtuous Matilda. Perhaps a knowledge that she owed her wrongs to him, gave half the fear that seemed to darken in his soul.

"Matilda," said he, without daring yet to meet her glance, "I am a robber;" and he stopped as if he then first felt the meaning of the epithet. "Yes a *robber!*" he continued, "hated by all mankind; an outcast from society; from the world; without a friend, or one who dares to think that I am other than a *robber!*" He raised his downcast eyes and met Matilda's glance.—A slight blush tinged her cheek, as she turned her face to avoid his look. Ion continued; "Had I a friend, I might soon forget these scenes of strife, and return again to the gayer bustle of feeble life; become a participator of their scenes and plans——" he paused. "No, no, I cannot mingle with their hollow *honesty*, and sickening, lying splendour, for which the poor man starves. No it was that which first displeased, disgusted me, and never will I return and be a *lord* if I must bear a lord's enormity, and riot on the bread that thousands hunger for. But some unknown place; some peaceful spot, which I will make another Eden, where vice can never enter, *may* be my future home if----if---- but a friend would share it with me."

Matilda, who had expected the commands, and perhaps violence of a murderous robber, and steeled her heart against him, happily disappointed, listened now to his words in silence. The robber, whom she had taught her heart to fear, now stood devoid of all his terror, more like some suppliant criminal, than the monster she thought to see, and her feeling heart already half pitied his tale of circumstance. Ion was about to proceed when Carlomon rushed into the room.

"My lord!" said he.

"Speak; what now?"

"We are pursued!"

"By whom?"

"A band of Lowland cowards."

"Their strength?"

"About three hundred."

"And who their leaders?"

"The Earls of Ruthven and Glenroy."

Ion rushed from the apartment.

"Stay! stay!" cried Matilda, but he was gone. She would have followed, but the door was barred. Sorrowfully she paced her room, and called upon Narissa, but no one answered. All was bustle in the adjoining apartments, and the clang of armour resounded through that dreary abode, as if the contest had already commenced. Matilda feared for her father, who, old and infirm, had taken up his arms to rescue his daughter. Her timid bosom beat for *all*, for blood she knew must flow. She called upon Ion, besought him not to kill her father, and promised submission to all that he might ask, but her cries were unheard.

The violation of that holy retreat, and the escape of the robbers with their victim, had reached the Earl of Glenroy who, with the Earl of Ruthven, had collected a band of followers, and were on their way to rescue Matilda. The news of their approach had dispelled, as the sun the weaker light, the milder resolutions that were forming in Ion's breast. Already was his citadel set in order, and his men had each their seperate command. Resolute and determined, he would have faced a thousand in such a place as that. His men shared his spirit, and only waited for the approach of their foes. A narrow pass formed the entrance to their fastness, and a handful of daring souls would keep at bay a thousand, and such were those who waited there.

Ion having thrown off his plaid, and arrayed himself in all his insignia of combat, again entered the apartment of Matilda. 'Twas painful to look upon that manly form, and graceful, well-knit limbs, and know that they must be a *robber's!* His hurried manner, and the bright glare that burned on his blood-

shot eye, awed the timid Matilda. She had risen to throw herself at his feet, and implore him not to draw his sword, but amazed at the sudden change his form assumed, she stood trembling before that dark being, as the timid fawn before its fell destroyer.

"Matilda," said he, in a voice that kindness could not deprive of its passion, "hear me. God is my arbiter, and he alone can know if I survive this contest. A dread fatality forces itself upon me, and almost unmans my soul; but I shall not flinch. Matilda, I am not what I seem; I am not Ion M'Elwain; but I have seen the haughty king and varnished noble, trample on the necks of my countrymen! They have rioted upon the poor man's labor, and then contemptuously spurned him from their doors. Deprived him of his very substance, and bid him go, like some base cur, and feed upon the offals their *kindness* had provided. Aye, such kindness as the tyrant gives the brute. I have seen the almost naked child, stretch forth its little hands, and supplicate the crumbs their dogs had refused, and I have seen that child spurned with the lash, because it could not call its father *lord!* And I have seen the young and cheerful maiden dragged from her home, to gratify the cursed satiety of an insatiate prince. Yes, I have seen all this, and much, much more; and in a fit of despair and disgust, I left my home, and sought communion with a horde of *robbers! Here*, at least, is equality; and if we have taken from the richer man, we have clothed the poorer. This life had little charm for me, but—" said he, in a milder voice, "there was *one* whom I *loved*, and that too, deeply. With her I could have sought some lone retreat, and lived a life of joy, free from the grosser scenes of this deceitful world—but her vows prevented." He paused, and hung his head, as if he would, but dare not speak his thoughts. At length, "Matilda," said he, raising his visor, and changing his voice to the rich mellowness that it once had claimed, "I am EDWARD RUTHVEN!"

Matilda gazed upon his features for a moment—not a word escaped her lips, but her swelling bosom beat as if her heart's each throb would be its last.—The truth, though half expected, was a fearful one.

"Yes, Matilda," said he, "Edward Ruthven is a ROBBER!"

"No, no!" said she, recovering a slight sensation at the sound of the hated words, "it cannot be!" and she would have fallen had not Ion caught her. A moment's apathy prevailed, and her unconscious cheek leaned upon the robber's breast. But reason came, and starting from his arms, she fell at his feet and besought him not to bathe his hands in blood.

"Oh! Edward!" said she, in her soul's deep agony, "have pity on me. Save, save my father! Once I called, and your arm assisted. Be again Edward Ruthven."

Ion would have raised her, but she clung to his knees.

"No," said she, "say you will not fight—that you will not kill my father, and I will promise any thing."

"Matilda," said he, "you dare not promise what I ask—no, I will not ask it."

"I dare, I dare," said she, "only say you will not fight. In the name of her you *loved*, I ask it."

Ion leant his head upon her shoulder and his tears fell upon her bosom.

"Matilda," said he, "if I do not fight, what have I to hope?"

"Every thing. I promise all—all," said she, hearing the shout of Carlomon as he burst into the room:—

"Shame! my lord, they are upon us," said the robber; and the apartment echoed his words.

Ion sprang from Matilda and the passion that had for years engrossed his soul, burst forth with double energy.

"No," said he, "never shall Ion M'Elwain be made a captive!" and he rushed to the encounter. Already were his men engaged with the foremost of their opposers. "On my heroes!" he shouted, and his fatal arm dealt death at every blow. But hark! a shout behind! 'Tis Lazalier. The traitor knew the secret passage. In an instant Ion was before him, and his mighty arm cleft the traitor's head from its bleeding trunk. But alas! fatal blow! for his rage had given his arm such mighty impetus, that the weapon flew from his grasp. In an instant he was overpowered, and the Earl of Ruthven's sword glittered over his head.

"Hold! hold! he is your son!" shrieked a female, throwing herself upon Ion's bosom. But the blow could not be staid, and its deadly force cleft Matilda's brain!

"Oh! God!" shrieked Ion, as he clasped the bleeding victim, "thy revenge hath come!"

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

Afar on the mountain roams a haggard solitary being. Pale and emaciated, he seems a living ghost. Nor shel

ter nor food save the nuts of the forest, cover his head or palliate his hunger. See, see how he flies, fleeter than the wind. Now he stops. "Yes," he murmurs, "I shall again behold my wife." And now he rises and beats the air, calling for vengeance on her murderer. Again he is seated, and hugs the delusive phantom, hope as if 'twere real. Behold, upon that rock he sits. Once Edward Ruthven, once Ion M' Elwain, but now a *maniac!*

LOTHAIRE.

FOR THE GEM.

THE TRIO OF SOTS.

In the village of R——, not many years since, was a notorious trio, that were, from the circumstance of their always living and working together, as well as from the frequent drunken riots that they *enjoyed* with one another, denominated "the trio of sots." These unfortunate fellows excited considerable commiseration among certain young men in the village, and a most heart-rending tale was told of them, which was more as an excuse for their intemperate habits than for any other motive. While other drunkards would universally be pelted in the streets by numerous boys, this famous trio could be seen reeling from side to side of their path unmolested.

Happening one evening to see these unfortnate victims pass, and there being a convenient place near to call them into, my friend upon whose arm I leaned, beckoned to them, and we all went into a private room in a recess.

"I hear," said my friend, "that you have an excuse for the intemperance that has reduced you to a level with the brute creation. I am inclined to believe that no man living has an excuse for such conduct, and I have called you in here, that you might tell over the story of your griefs, and excuse yourselves as well as possible for the wickedness you weekly practice."

The bloated faces of the sots, the bloodshot eyes, their ragged apparel, and the loathsome fume which their breath gave, were, combined, enough to have made a man sick of his species. In a few moments one of them spake---

"My story is short!" said he. "I was educated well, and brought up strictly in a store. I married and entered into business, which proved unsuccessful; and my wife, being a haughty woman, contrived to get a bill from me, and thus abandoned a man, who loved her with his whole soul. This caused me to drink." "Well," interrupted my friend, addressing himself to another of the trio, "what do you say for yourself!"

"I owe my ruin," said he, as he raised his eyes that had not yet lost their rich and mellow lustre, "to the deceitfulness of woman. A coquette that now sails throuh the fashionable circles of the village of F——, has the secrets of my story. My proud heart, educated as I was, could never brook the frown of a woman, and when it had stooped to the love of one as artless and innocent as a lamb, and found there nought but deceit and treachery, it fell into ruins, and you see the destruction."

"And now your story;" said my friend, addressing himself to the third one.

"My story I decline telling," said he, "any further than to attribute my ruin to the treachery of man. I have been ruined by those I supposed my friends. They have stripped me of my hard earnings, and bid me go and seek my friends in the wide world. I have done so; and these, my companions are my equals. We can talk over our misfortunes together, and then together drown our sorrows in the bowl. My life is of no consequence to me and the sooner I am dead the better."

"Well," said my friend, sternly, "you have indeed made out a grievous tale, and all of you feel, I suppose justified, not only in your drunkenness, but in your wickedness. I will now give you a history within my own knowledge," said he. Addressing himself to the first---

"Do you know the widow Nelson of ——?"

"I did know her once," sighed the drunkard.

"Well," continued my friend, "she had an only son, whom she brought up with all the care of a widowed mother. He was her sole prop and stay---and she looked forward with all the hope she dare, to the future respectability of that son. Fervently have I heard her pray that his feet might be guided in the paths of wisdom and virtue, that he might be useful to himself, an ornament to society, and a staff to her in the decline of life. She educated that son, and paid his school-bills out of her hard earnings. She brought him up with all the tenderness that a knowledge that he was her only son would dictate to her, and gave such advice as her heart taught her was good---and which, if rightly followed could not have failed of producing beneficial results. But that son strayed from the path of recti-

tude. He visited the gaming table, and early became a victim of intemperance. His father before him had been addicted to the same deadly habit. Nor the advice of friends, nor the tears of his widowed mother, and a beautiful sister of 17, could reclaim his son from the damning curse he pursued. He went on year after year, a curse to himself, and to his connexions---rioting in shame and becoming each day more hardened, and more wicked. But alas! the mighty destruction was not to stop here. He was to add a deeper damnation to his already guilty soul. He had a friend---a young man amiable and virtuous, and who was walking erect in the path of duty. Him he allured to destruction; and too soon was it seen by his agonized parents, that the destiny of the one, must be the destiny of the other. Nor here, can this dreadful history stop.---This friend of his youth had a female friend whose whole soul was bound up in that of her suitor. For years had this virtuous pair been calculating on happier days. Alas, the fatal dream was only an illurement to destruction; and instead of the happiness that had filled her dreams and animated her hopes, a premature grave soon shrouded a heart disappointed and broken. I need not go on and depict to you the scenes of riot and crime through which these youths passed. They were banished from their homes, and cast upon the world's unfeeling charity, without a friend, and without hope. If they are living they must present the same picture of human degradation and wretchedness, as you do now."

Here the story had its effect upon the sots, and two of them looking each other in the face, burst forth with a grief that showed the keenness of their agony.

In a few moments---"Oh! my God," said the first one addressed by my friend, "I am that monster son, and this is the friend I have ruined!" and both gave vent to their unutterable anguish.

"Let the tale of wretchedness be filled, with my own sad history," said the third. "I owe my own disgrace to intemperance."

"I was educated at the first schools, and early entered the mercantile business. In my early days I was the companion of the dissolute, and tried to rival all in the vainglorious enterprize of being considered the "hardest case," and of being able to tell tales of the "greatest sprees," and most daring impositions upon the credulous and innocent. I grew up to manhood, and entered into business. The habit followed me, and I neglected my business, and was intimate with all the low scenes that debase human nature and make man a brute. I married an unsuspecting female, and brought her to a home which was soon to her a hell. I have come home at the dead hour of night, from my riot, and found her wild, and in such a state from the effects of her sorrow, that I have feared the sun would rise upon her corse. This startled me, but it only opened my eyes to my own shame, and to see the ruin that encompassed me. My business failed for want of my attention, and my wife fell into the tomb. Here are the effects of a life of dissipation and debauchery. Here is a victim of intemperance!"

The heart could receive no more stabs, and the speech of the victim was drowned in his grief. We left the trio to their own reflections. One would have thought that such a scene would have brought them to a sense of their own shame. But the next week it was all forgotten. A little labour had supplied them with the means, and they were all reeling through the steets as usual.

Since that time the grave has called them all to its cold and fearful embrace, and their spirits---where are they?

ADRIAN.

FOR THE GEM.

A FRAGMENT.

It was a delightful evening in September, that I wandered far from the busy bustle of the town, and entered a wood where I roved almost unconsciously along, indulging in a pleasing reverie, and thinking that no mortal being was near, when I was startled by a groan which was quickly followed by another. I followed the sound, and was surprised to find, alone, in that wild and dreary place, a female kneeling on the cold, damp earth, with dishevelled hair and disordered dress, and wildness was in her eyes. I raised her gently, and seated her upon a moss-grown log, and tried by the kindest supplications, to bring reason into action; (for she seemed to have left her throne,) and after a few hurried, incoherent sentences, she was calm. She then informed me that at a little distance from us reposed quietly the forms of her husband and two little ones; she led me to the spot where were the graves still wet with the bitter tears that lone one had just shed. She seemed again becoming wild, and as if aware of it, quickly rose and said, 'stranger, farewell,' and darting past with a

speed that surprised me, was out of sight in an instant. I gazed and listened a long time in vain, but she returned not. A few moons rolled away and I again sought that retired spot, and found another grave added to that little number. That devoted wife and mother now slept beside her husband and children.

CATHARINE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the N. E. W. Review.

THE DEFORMED GIRL.

Memory---mysterious memory!---holy and blessed as a dream of Heaven to the pure in spirit---haunter and accuser of the guilty! Unescapable presence! lingering through every vicissitude, and calling us back to the past---back to the dim and sepulchred images of departed time---opening anew the deep fountains of early passion---the loves and sympathies of boyhood---the thrilling aspirations of after years!---While the present is dark with anguish and the future gladdened by no sun-bow of anticipation, I invoke thy spell of power. Unroll before me the chart of vanished hours; let me gaze once more on their sun-light and shadow.

I am an old man. The friends of my youth are gone from me. Some have perished on the great deep; others on the battle-field, afar off in a land of strangers; and many---very many, have been gathered quietly to the old churchyard of our native village. They have left me alone---even as the last survivor of a fallen forest---the hoary representative of departed generations. The chains which once bound me to existence, have been broken---Ambition, Avarice, Pride; even all that wakes into power the intolerable thirst of mind. But there are some milder thoughts---some brighter passages in the dream of my being, yet living at the fountain of memory---thoughts, pure as angelic communion; and linked by a thousand tender associations to the Paradise of Love.

There was one, a creature of exalted intellect---a being, whose thoughts went upwards like the incense of flowers upon God's natural altars---they were so high and so unlike to earth. Yet was she not proud of her high gift. With the bright capacities of an unbodied spirit, there was something more than woman's meekness in her demeanor. It was the condescension of seraph intellect---the forgiveness and the tears of conscious purity extended to the erring and passionate of Earth.

She was not a being to love with an earthly affection. Her person had no harmony with her mind. It bore no resemblance to those beautiful forms which glide before the eye of romance in the shadowy world of dreams. It was not like the bright realities of being---the wealth of beauty which is sometimes concentrated in the matchless form of woman. It was Deformity---strange, peculiar Deformity, relieved only by the intellectual glory of a dark and soul-like eye.

Yet, strange as it may seem, I loved her, deeply, passionately as the young heart can love when it pours itself out like an oblation to its idol. There were gentle and lovely ones around me, creatures of smiles and blushes, soft tones and melting glances. But their beauty made no lasting impression on my heart. Mine was an intellectual love---a yearning after something invisible and holy---something above the ordinary standard of human desire, set apart and sanctioned, as it were by the mysteries of mind.

Mine was not a love to be revealed in the thronged circle of gaiety and fashion---it was avowed underneath the bending heaven; when the perfect stars were alone gazing upon us. It was rejected, but not in scorn, in pride, nor in anger, by that hight-thoughted girl. She would ask my friendship---my sympathy; but she besought me, ay, with tears she besought me, to speak no more of Love. I obeyed her. I fled from her presence. I mingled once more in the busy tide of being, and ambition entered into my soul. Wealth came upon me unexpectedly; and the voice of praise became a familiar sound. I returned at last, with the impress of manhood on my brow, and sought again the being of my dreams.

She was dying. Consumption---pale, ghastly consumption had taken away her hold on existence. The deformed and unfitting tenement was yielding to the impulses of the soul. Clasping her wasted hand, I bent over her in speechless agony. She raised her eyes to mine, and in those beautiful emblems of her soul, I read the hoarded affection of years---the long smothered emotion of a suffering heart. "Henry," she said, and I bent lower to catch the faultering tones of her sweet voice, "I have loved you long and fervently. I feel that I am dying. I rejoice at it. Earth will cover this wasted and unseemly form, but the soul will return to that promised and better land, where no change or circumstance can mar the communion

of spirit. Oh, Henry, had it been permitted!---but I will not murmur. You were created with more than manhood's beauty; and I---deformed, wretched as I am, have dared to love you!" I knelt down and kissed the pale brow of the sufferer. A smile of more than earthly tenderness stole over her features, and fixed there, like an omen of the spirit's happiness. She was dead. And they buried her on the spot which she had herself selected---a delightful place of slumber, curtained by green young willows. I have stood there a thousand times in the quiet moonlight, and fancied that I heard, in every breeze that whispered among the branches, the voice of the beloved slumberer.

Devoted girl! thy beautiful spirit hath never abandoned me in my weary pilgrimage. Gently and soothingly thou comest to watch over my sleeping pillow---to cheer me amidst the trials of humanity---to mingle thy heavenly sympathies with my joys and sorrows, and to make thy mild reprovings known and felt in the darker moments of existence; in the tempest of passion, and the bitterness of crime. Even now, in the awful calm which precedes the last change in my being; in the cold shadow which now stretches from the grave to the presence of the living, I feel that thou art near me---

"Thyself a pure and sainted one,
"Watching the loved and frail of Earth."

THE GEM.

Saturday, October 17, 1829.

By the following extract from Mr. Basil Hall's new work, our readers may see what the gallant captain, who is an Englishman, thinks of American sociability. Perhaps some of our readers may differ from his opinion, and we are "positively" sure, that he never visited the "ball room" at times when we have.

"In the ordinary business of their lives---I mean their busy, money-making, electioneering lives---the Americans have little or no time for *companionship*, that I could ever see or hear of, with the women, still less for any habitual, confidential intercourse. Consequently, when they come together for the express purpose of amusement, those easy and familiar habits, which are essential to the cheerfulness of a ball room, or indeed of any room, are rarely to be found. In place of that unreserved but innocent freedom of manners, which forms one of the highest charms of polished society elsewhere, I must say that I seldom observed any thing in America but the most respectful and icy propriety upon all occasions when young people of different sexes were brought together. Positively, I never once, during the whole period I was in that country, saw any thing approaching, within many degrees to what we should call a 'flirtation'---I mean that sedulous and exclusive attention paid to one person above all others, and which may by that person not be unkindly received."

"Who steals my purse, steals trash,
"But he who filches from me my" *Cigar*—

A meeting has been called by some of our good citizens, who are disposed to be *temperate* in all things, to take into consideration and eschew the evil of chewing or otherwise using tobacco. It may be a good resolve, and be productive of beneficial results, but we fancy that we already hear some of our exquisites exclaim in the language of the immortal bard, as we have done in the lines above "What," says one, "rob me of my cigar! No, d---n me!" "And me of my box!" says his companion, opening the same in very spite, "no my *dear* sir they dare not." We cannot say what will be the result of this meeting, but we anticipate that more opposition will be made to the giving up of cigars and boxes, than many think of. It certainly appears to us that this is carrying matters quite too far, and turning into ridicule the praiseworthy efforts that have already been made for the suppression of intemperance.

When an opinion, to which there is no temptation of interest, spreads wide, and continues long, it may be reasonably presumed to have been infused by nature, or dictated by reason.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE GEM.

HANG UP THE LYRE.

Hang up the lyre—the voice is still:
Hang up the lyre—the hand is cold:
Never again this heart will thrill
To its sweet strains—the tale is told.

Go now and twine a cypress wreath,
To deck the lonely minstrel's bier,
And chaunt the requiem now of death;
No other sounds may linger here.

Ah, Minstrel, thou alone couldst charm
This soul from deep despair and sadness,
No other voice can ever warm,
This heart of mine to notes of gladness.

Hang up the lyre, no hand shall break
The sleep of that forsaken wire;
Oh, it would thoughts of anguish wake,
In pity then, hang up the Lyre.

ROSAMOND.

FOR THE GEM.

THE FAREWELL.

He stood upon the dizzy height,
Where swift the waters glide;
And cast one ling'ring *farewell* glance
Upon the foaming tide.

O, Genesee, thy lovely stream
Glides through my fancy like a dream;
Oft have I stray'd upon thy shore,
To see thee softly glide;
Or o'er thy lofty rocks to pour
Thy torrent fierce and wide—
And listen'd to thy direful yell.
That rose amidst the spray;
From where thy waters fiercely fell,
In their resistless way.
How swiftly roll thy waves along,
And wave is by wave suppli'd,
Forever moving swiftly on,
Like life's resistless tide.
But thy firm banks shall never fail
'Till time shall be no more,
Decay's fell hand shall ne'er prevail,
Against thy rocky shore.
My eyes now pierce the rising spray
To take a farewell view;
And as thou'rt rolling fast away,
As flies youth's bright and sunny day,
So am I changing too.
Farewell, farewell, thou rolling flood,
I'll leave thy rocky shore;
Tho' oft upon thy banks I've stood,
When cover'd with the gloomy wood,
And listen'd to thy roar,
And seen the milk-white sea-gull fly,
And hover o'er thy wave;
Whose depths the plummet's search defy,
And hides the pearl from human eye,
Deep in thy watery tide.
Hear me, thou mighty, foaming tide,
That thunders loudly on:
Hear me, in all thy haughty pride—
A lover sighs Farewell—Now glide
Along—Roll on—roll on—
Great, grand, majestic and sublime—
Thou mocker of the flight of time.

LARA

Pathetic.

I would not taste of heavenly bliss,
Where angels strike the lyre;
Unless I knew her mad'ning kiss
Amidst the joyous choir
Was fing'ring.

THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 13. ROCHESTER, OCTOBER 31, 1829. VOL. 1.

ORIGINAL TALES.

FOR THE GEM.

THE MISTAKEN RIVALS.

A TALE.

"It is a dreary night Alice, my wife, and the wind blows, and the limbs of the trees in the girdle lot screak like a death-watch, Alice."

"You're a skitish old man," said Alice, rather inclining to be frightened. "and you're too full of ghostly ideas for us to live here together without any body but Johnny. It is a dreary place at best to live on this plain in such a rough winter."

"It is so indeed Alice, said Gordon M'Inglish, as he drew nearer to his beloved wife, "but it is so ordered from Providence, and let's be proud to be contented with it. But sure the storm deepens, Alice," said Gordon as he rose to replenish the fire, "and there are very strange whistlings without. I think the traveller who is out in such a night will perish in a dreadful——"

M'Inglish was stopped short by a sudden and tremendous crash, as if the one half of their little log cabin had given away before the sweeping blast.—The dishes rattled, and mingling with the crash and the wild whistling of the winds, overwhelmed the affrighted inmates at the Cottage on the Plain.—When Gordon awoke from the trance produced by the sudden and unaccountable shock, it was by seeing his son Johnny, slowly descending the stairway over which he unconsciously leaned.

"John! John!" he vociferated, "are you safe, my son?"

"Yes, father, but the house trembles dreadfully, and the old elm tree has broken through the roof, and the snow is coming in fast," said the affrighted boy catching for breath at every word.

"The elm tree fell on the house!" screamed Alice, his mother, "then Gordon, we must go out immediately, for the next gust will prostrate the house, and the great elm will grind us to powder."

"I fear that too, Alice," said Gordon more composedly, "but we cannot go out into the storm with safety, wife, and again we must trust to Him who "rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm," for our preservation."

Another crash was heard without accompanied with a wild scream, and the house trembled as if the whole was going to ruins. Gordon dropped upon his knees, but he could not pray. His lips trembled, and his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Silence now ensued a moment—but it was broken by a faint cry of "Father! Father!"

"It is Edward, our son, Alice," said M'Inglish, springing to his feet, and grasping the arm of his wife as she sat in her chair with her head leant back.—But Alice had fainted, and Gordon calling to his son for a stoup of water, then for the first discovered that Johnny was missing! This was a dreadful discovery, which struck the heart of M'Inglish with more terrors than he could controul. He threw up his hands and uttered a groan that told all the agony that filled his bosom. At this moment Alice recovering asked for her son.

"He is lost!" said M'Inglish.

"Lost!" shrieked Alice, "where is he?"—then springing up she called loudly for her son.

A noise from the chamber, and in a moment Johnny was heard to say "Father, the elm has rolled off the corner of the house where it had lodged, and only one limb is left sticking through the roof."

"God be praised," said Alice.

"Aye, God be praised," repeated M'Inglish, and he fell upon his knees and lifted up his voice in thankfulness. The danger seemed passed, and all the fearful imaginations of M'Inglish were suddenly banished, as his courageous son descended the stairs into the room. Alice kissed her son when he approached, and then turned away her face to hide her tears.

"This is a dreadful night, father," said Johnny trembling.

"It is indeed a dreadful night, my-

son," was his father's reply. "And if Edward, your brother, should be on his way to the Cottage, the Lord preserve him."

"I thought I heard a cry in the storm just now, that sounded like some one in distress," continued the affrighted boy.

"No, no, my son, it could not be," interrupted his father, half fearing that his words were too true.

The storm that had raged for an hour with a fury that threatened destruction to every thing within its compass, now slowly began to die away. M'Inglish went to the door and opening it a little, could hear the protracted sound as it roared and howled through the distant wood. He looked out. All was yet angry and dark in the heavens.---The snow lay in huge drifts at every point from his cottage as far as his eye could penetrate the darkness. He shut the door, and walked anxiously backward and forward thro' his room. He again opened the door and looked out. The storm yet howled in the distance, the clouds had broken away from over his head, and a few stars added their feeble light to the dreary scene that presented from every quarter. He listened; there was no sound but the creaking of the limbs in the girdle lot. Again he paced his room, more earnestly than ever, and his lips moved, and his head shook, as if something troubled him.

"You seem troubled, Gordon," said his wife, breaking the silence.

M'Inglish started as the sound broke the chain of his reverie---"I am troubled Alice, for I have a kind of fatality hanging about my mind that Edward, is perishing in the snow this dreadful night."

"Look at his letter, Gordon," said his wife, "that will tell you what time he expected to meet us."

"That is a good thought, Alice," said M'Inglish, as he flew to his secretary and unfolded the letter. His eyes eagerly ran along the lines----his hand trembled---he grew pale, and the letter dropped on the floor! "Alas! Alice, said he, as the tears trickled down his aged cheek, this is the night he was to be at the cottage. My fears no doubt will prove too true;" and he sobbed aloud as if his heart was breaking.

At this moment a noise was heard at the door. M'Inglish sprang to it with the rapidity of lightning, and putting his hand to the latch, was about to pull it open with a fury prompted by a deep anxiety, when suddenly, as if he recollected some danger that had occured to him through such an act, he stopped.---"No," said he in a low voice, "I'll be more cautious,"---and then he immediately called in a loud voice, "*Who's there?*" For a moment all was silent, and then a desperate rush and a convulsive struggling was heard against the door! M'Inglish could no longer contain himself and he opened the door, springing back at the same time into the middle of the room. A large dog entering, proved to be the visitor. He immediately set up a mournful howl, and fawned at the feet of M'Inglish, and then made off with great speed. In a moment he returned, and repeated his former actions.

"It is enough" said M'Inglish, "this is the messenger of death, and Edward perishes on the plain. Get your coat my son," said he, as he took down his own, "And your gaiters and shawl too; we shall need much clothing to keep out such a storm as this, and to buffet the snow drifts, my son," he continued, drawing his coat around him.

The dog leaped up to M'Inglish, as he saw him getting ready to follow, and then again, was off. They heard him howl and bark, until the sound was lost in the distance.

"The dog is gone, father," said Johnny, not hearing him.

"No matter, we shall hear him anon when we get out. Keep the door barred, Alice," said M'Inglish, "we will return as soon as our errand is accomplished."

Now all was ready, and Alice brought the lantern lighted, and put it into her son's hand, but she could not speak; her tears told enough of the feelings that reigned within. In a few moments M'Inglish and his son were lost to her gaze, amid the snow-drifts; again she saw the faint light from the lantern, and heard the distant barking of the dog.—It was gone; she gazed long but it did not appear, and she shut up her cabin, and gave vent to her too full heart. Now she fancies she hears the tread of her returning husband, and anon a groan is on the air. She rises and looks out, all is dreariness, and hoping yet fearing, she sits down and tries to exercise calmness amidst her despondency.

"Stop, my son," said M'Inglish rising upon a bank of snow, "I do not hear the dog."

They listened, and in a moment a faint barking was heard. "You will not be able to go much farther I fear," said M'Inglish to his son.

"Oh! father, I am not tired; I can go a long way yet," he answered courageously.

Again they renewed their search—now travelling through huge drifts of snow, and now meeting with deep gullies produced by the wind.

"I can see something through the darkness, that looks like the dog," said M'Inglish, and the sentence was followed by a loud howl, which proved true his conjecture. Both now rushed towards the dog, but unluckily they were by a misstep buried in the drift. They arose from it without difficulty, but the light had fled! the lantern was lost in the drift! M'Inglish now felt his situation critical. He paused a moment—the bleak whistling of the wind and the flying snow met his cheek—he thought he felt that death was there. He looked upward to the sky; all was blackness.—At this moment the dog again was heard; he took his son's hand, and in a state of mind bordering on despair he rushed forward to the spot. A horse, shivering before the piercing blast stood a few yards from the dog, who was eagerly pawing in the drift, as if it was the hiding place of some favourite game.

"He is in the drift," said M'Inglish, and he sprung to the spot and dug with all his might. A few moments disclosed the fact, for he drew from that deep drift the body of a man apparently lifeless.

"Oh! heavens!" said he, attempting to recognize his son, "what heavy grief has fallen upon me in my old age, when I am the least able to bear it," and he clasped the body in his arms, and sobbed as if his heart would break. His son Johnny too, was shocked beyond description, and he shed many a bitter tear over that unfortunate brother. Edward was a favourite son, on whom M'Inglish had placed his highest hopes.—He had been brought up as a merchant, and this visit to his home was the first since his freedom. It had been more than a year since Edward had seen his parents, and little did they dream that when he entered his long neglected home, it would be but to have them pay the last sad office that man expects from the living.

"He breathes! he breathes!" said M'Inglish, raising up the body; and then looking up, he ordered his son to bring the horse. It was done in a moment, then placing the body upon the horse, and his son to hold it there, he began to retrace his steps towards the cottage, leading the horse. They followed the track they had made in coming, until it was no longer perceptible, having been closed over by the driving wind—and then they wandered, not knowing what course to steer. At length the dark, and threatening sky broke away, and the stars that shot forth their feeble light, added to the almost expiring hope a ray of promise. M'Inglish again looked at the features of the sufferer, but nothing distinctly could be seen—he put his finger to the eye, it was closed!

"Father, I am freezing to death!" said Johnny in a half suppressed tone.

"You must walk my son," he answered, and immediately proceeded to help him from the horse; but alas! he could not stand! His limbs were palzied with the cold. This was a dreadful discovery, but as difficulty and destruction arose thicker and more insurmountable, M'Inglish seemed inspired with more resolution and fortitude. He took the halter that was wound round the neck of the steed and bound the perished rider to his back; then putting his son on his own shoulders he pressed forward. Rising a snow-hill, he looked for the light from his cottage; but it met not his gaze. He travelled on, but his hopes darkened, and finally fled—he sunk under his burthens and gave himself up to despair and death! He surveyed his son; he was asleep, and in vain did he endeavour to awake him. He now felt that all was lost, and he thought, (and oh how bitter was that thought,) on his poor wife. Again he made an effort to go forward, but it was in vain, and in his soul's deep agony he called on his wife, and sunk to rise no more!

But that call which M'Inglish made, though it was to him the last struggle of an agonized bosom, it was also the signal of his deliverance. Alice heard that cry, and in a few moments was by the side of her perishing husband, and child! The Cottage was only hid by a few drifts from her husband, who had nearly passed it. She had hardly got out, on her way, when she was met by that faithful dog, who conducted her directly to her husband before he had become so chilled as to be helpless.

Who can tell the joy and gratitude that swelled the breast of M'Inglish on seeing his wife! But we will bring them all to the Cottage, where they did arrive in a few moments. It would be impossible to describe the feelings of that mother at such a sight. She fancied that they were perished, while she was alone, and wept, but the grief she now experienced was more poignant.

The sufferers were brought to the light of a blazing fire—but the unfortunate rider found in the drift *was not their son!*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE GEM.

THE SOUVENIR.

"To-morrow," exclaimed the lovely Claudine, "I shall see my bosom friend, my beloved Juliet, and I shall hear from ——"The name died upon her lips, and a slight blush overspread her face at the name she was about to utter. Claudine Howard was an orphan, and had been reared by an uncle, her father's eldest brother in New-York. This uncle had one own son, and an adopted son who had been left to his care by his dying father, an old and tried friend of Mr. Howard; and he fulfilled his promise to that dying parent, for Frederick Welville and Harry Howard were equal sharers in his fortune and his love. But Claudine was the favorite of all three; her uncle seemed to idolize her. Her cousin Harry was always her champion at school, while Frederick would have *died* for her. And when he returned after having been on a travelling tour for three years, and found her whom he had left an interesting child, grown to be a beautiful girl; when his hand trembled in hers, and his lips pressed her fair forehead, he could scarcely believe it was the little Claudine with whom he had played three years before; and it was certainly very hard to tell which beat the fastest, his *heart* or his watch; and somehow when he met the glance of her rich blue eye, he felt an emotion he had never felt before, and he wondered if she was any dearer to him than when he left home. The blind boy made fearful ravages in the course of a few months in these two youthful hearts. But their love was mutual and approved of by Mr. Howard. Claudine was looked upon as the future bride of Frederick; her education was not quite completed and it was at a boarding school a few miles from the city, that we first introduced her to our readers.

Anxiously did she expect the arrival of Juliet Larned, who was to become a scholar in the same school, Juliet was her friend and confident, (for girls in love always have one) not because there was any similitude in their dispositions, but Claudine loved her because she knew her cousin Harry did; and Juliet loved Claudine because she was so perfectly amiable; it was impossible to see and not admire her. We will now give our readers a slight description of Juliet Larned. She was as small as the standard of perfect beauty will admit, and elegantly formed; her raven tresses hung in natural ringlets over her neck and shoulders; and her dark eye looked more mischief in one glance than Claudine would have thought of in her whole life. One would be vexed and pleased with her in the same moment; her greatest failing was in the delight she took in teazing her friends; it almost amounted to a fault; and yet she was the most fascinating creature in existence. Harry Howard had long loved her, and Claudine was in the secret. He had solicited her hand and pressed her for an answer, she laughingly told him that her music master was in waiting for her, and she could not stay to answer him. Harry was so vexed that he almost vowed he would never see her again. But the next evening found him by her side, on the sofa, and she playfully asked him if he had ever seen 'patience on a monument smiling at grief.'

The happy to-morrow at length arrived, which brought Juliet at the boarding-school at W. She sprang eagerly from the carriage and in one moment was locked in the arms of her beloved Claudine. When they were left alone, question followed question in quick succession, and never were two beings happier than they were. Yet Juliet never mentioned the name of Frederick, nor gave her any letter or keepsake; she thought it strange, but was too proud to inquire; the morrow came and her heart was full almost to bursting. Juliet was unpacking bandboxes, trunks and baskets without number, and still no letter appeared. The unhappy Claudine could be silent no longer. "Juliet," said she, "did you bring me no letter from——" she stopped, "from whom?" said Juliet roguishly looking up. "No one," said the proud girl, while her rich blue eye filled with tears, "no one," said she, and left the room. Juliet did not perceive her emotion, or she would have flown to her, and allayed the throbbings of that innocent heart.

"What a beautiful Souvenir you have Juliet," said Claudine to her friend, a few days after her arrival, "pray what good friend was so kind, as to—" "Oh," interrupted Juliet, "I will tell you who was so very kind, if you will not be jealous." "Well, I will promise not to be." "Well then," said Juliet, with mock gravity, "it was Frederick."

"It is time for my music lesson," said Claudine, looking at her watch, and left the room. She immediately proceeded to her chamber and gave vent to the agony of her mind, in a flood of tears. Was Frederick false! he, whom she had loved with her whole soul, he, to whom she was betrothed. Alas! she

feared it was too true. She well knew with what indifference Juliet had treated her cousin Harry, and she feared it was a partiality for Frederick, which had induced her to it. And then his apparent neglect of late to her; he might at least; thought the weeping girl, have asked to have been remembered to me. But there was not one kind word, he loves another. Her resolution was immediately taken. She carefully packed up all the letters she had ever received from Frederick, together with all the keepsakes; there was an ivory fan, a lock of auburn hair, a forget-me-not, two or three literary productions, two or three faded flowers, two hearts cunningly interwoven, and various other articles, which those who have ever had a lover can easily designate. These were all done up in due form and made a formidable package, for a lover who had lived on the hope of seeing her he loved for a month; and to have this hope crushed in the bud, it was too much, and two days after the receipt of this parcel, our hero was sailing for South Carolina, in the hope, probably, of being drowned, or of dying of the yellew fever soon after his arrival.

'Claudine,' said Harry Howard one morning, 'Claudine, this is my birth-day and I have invited a few friends to spend the evening with me, and I want you my sweet cousin to look most enchantingly; for I have a particular friend with whom I became acquainted while travelling, and Claudine he is elegant, rich and accomplished, and every thing that is desirable; and see here Claudine,' said he, lowering his voice, 'I want you to take his heart by storm—' he was stopped in his crazy calculations, by Claudine's putting her beautful hand over his mouth. 'Oh,' exclaimed he as soon as he could speak again, 'dont be so frightened, do put off that long face, why you make me think of a child who throws away its playthings and then cries after them. It was you that sent Frederick off, and you have done nothing but cry about it ever since; but come I must see you cheerful to-night, so good morning"

Harry's speech had acted like an electric shock upon the sweet girl. It was, indeed, as he had said; she had grown pale, and, although the reigning *belle* ever since her return from school, there was a void in her bosom which nothing could fill. She determined to throw off that secret grief, and be herself again; and whether the knowledge of the stranger's appearance that evening, produced the change or not, I cannot say, but certainly Claudine had never appeared half so beautiful before.—At least half a dozen gentlemen eagerly sprang forward to conduct her to a seat, when she entered the drawing-room, but there was one leaning, pensively, against her harp. It must be the stranger. The next moment he was advancing with her cousin Harry. Claudine's heart beat violently, and she leaned upon her piano for support as he advanced. She shook back the flaxen tresses which clustered on her forehead, and raised her humid eyes, turning them upon the stranger. She faintly ejaculated "Frederick!" and sunk into her cousin's arms. "Harry, how could you use me thus!" said she reproachfully, looking at her cousin. 'How could I?' said he. 'If you are displeased, he shall return immediately to Carolina.' Claudine said no more, but played and sung so tenderly, that Harry rogueishly whispered in her ear that as she was in such good spirits, he would ask the stranger to call again.

I cannot tell, but a few weeks after I saw Claudine and Juliet decked with the pure bridal robes, which so well became those about to enter the matrimonial state, and Harry and Frederick stood beside them at the altar. 'Juliet,' said Frederick, the week after her marriage, 'I have been giving Claudine a bridal present, will you also accept one?' 'Most assuredly,' said the lovely bride. He laid a Souvenir for 1829 upon the table. She took it and burst into tears. It was meant to remind her of her fault, and it had the desired effect. She was cured of this dangerous failing.

The Souvenir which Claudine had seen her perusing at school was given to her by Frederick for Claudine, but Juliet in her fondness for teazeing, had determined to keep it a few days and make her a little jealous, and then give it to her. But this experiment had nearly proved fatal; Juliet wrote to Harry, and he immediately informed Frederick and prevailed upon him to return, else Claudine might have died with a broken heart and Frederick with the yellow fever.

It is dangerous to trifle with the feelings of our friends.

ROSAMOND.

The merit of pleasing must be estimated by the means. Favour is not always gained by good actions, or laudable qualities. Caresses and preferments are often bestowed on the auxiliaries of vice, the procurers of pleasure, or the flatterers of vanity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The eve of the Battle of Salamanca;

THE FATHER AND SON.

At night the proximity of the two armies, after the numerous marches and manœuvres of the preceding four days, indicated to every soldier that, on the morrow, these harassing and, to them, unsatisfactory displays of generalship would be terminated, and on the affair being decided they would obtain a brief respite. I felt no inclination for repose, and having visited the outposts, slowly wandered to a short distance from the camp. The larger stars only were visible. The scene was as tranquil as a churchyard. The piles of arms, groups of men, and scattered tents were dimly blended to the gaze. At this moment a murmur fell upon my ear. I approached the spot from whence the sound proceeded; it was of two voices, of a youth and a full-grown man. A few steps farther brought me in sight of the latter. I looked on them attentively. Two figures were on the ground kneeling, an elderly man and a youth of sixteen.—Their faces were close together, their hands elevated in the attitude of prayer, and their heads directed upwards; their words now dropped distinctly on my ear; I recognized the elderly one, a most meritorious soldier, who had risen from the ranks to a lieutenancy. Two days before, his only son had arrived from England as an ensign in the same corps with his father, who was justly proud of his commissioned son, a fine promising lad, fresh from school, and from the quiet home of his boyhood now all at once cast into the arena of death. Could it be wondered at if his young spirit quailed at the prospect before him, when he compared it with all he had left behind in his native land? That night he had withdrawn with his parent into the solitude of the encampment, where I beheld that father and that son, unseen by them, invoking the Father of all at that midnight hour. The prayer of the son was interrupted by many a sob; his father's low but earnest voice in vain whispered consolation: the youth felt awfully oppressed by the sense of his new and startling position in commencing his perilous career. Distinctly I heard his young heart unfold all its latent apprehensions, and utter all its doubts and dismays, and then he sobbed bitterly, casting himself on the arms of his kneeling father, whose voice rose louder as he appealed to Heaven to strengthen and shield his boy in the hour of combat. Down he turned his face on his son's and kissed him, with a low whisper. To that son the glory of a soldier's fame and a soldier's death appeared vain and unenviable; he wished to forsake his dismal trade to pursue an humble and unaspiring course in the midst of civil life, and in the absence of peril; but the old soldier would not listen to these requests; he did not chide or upbraid his son, he knew that nature was strong, and must hold her course uncontrolled. A long silence ensued, the sobs of the youth became less frequent, and at length both arose, the son with a lighter and bolder heart, fortified by the spirit which had gained the mastery, and by the prayers which had not been unheard or unheeded.—The father placed his arm round the youth, and both walked leisurely away. The son did his duty at Salamanca, his conduct was especially noticed and applauded; he behaved like a young lion, and was in the thickest of the death-storm, till the close of day. The struggle did not end till night came over the field, but then this young hero's hour was come; it came as he was congratulated by a brother officer on the almost achieved success of the day, when he fell dead by a musket-shot. His poor father sought him among the slain, and buried him in a lone grave near the spot where they had prayed on the previous night. From that hour that father pined away; he still did his duties well; death he vainly sought in every succeeding action; at last the spirit was vanished, and he passed away from amongst us unscathed by mortal weapon, but his heart pierced by one of those unseen wounds which baffle mortal skill.—*United States Journal.*

Russian Houses.—All the houses in Moscow, says Roberts, seemed to have been stuccoed with different colors: the roofs were either of wood, iron, or tin, and generally painted green. Almost every house is surrounded with endless tiers of pillars and piazzas. No view can be so truly diversified nor more astonishing and wonderful than that of this immense city. To admire Moscow, however, it should be viewed at a distance; from thence the churches with their numerous glittering domes and painted spires, seem to cloud the whole horizon. The appearance of the city from the Kremlin, is truly fascinating. Hundreds,—many thousands of spires and cupolas, varying in size, forms and colors, and grouped in the most irregular and picturesque manner, striking the eye with delight, as well as with as-

tonishment; while the solemn and constant tones of the numerous and ponderous bells, seemed to echo and re-echo through the heavens, like distant thunder.

THE GEM.

Saturday, October 31, 1829.

☞ BACK NUMBERS complete from the first No. can now be furnished to subscribers.

Intemperance.—In the course of the sermon preached in this village a few days since, by the Rev. Mr. Eddy of Canandaigua, he related, among other things, the following striking story:

"A few years ago, two gentlemen, one a lawyer, were standing on the corner of two streets in the city of ——, conversing on the subject of an eloquent speech that had been delivered by a member of the bar but a short time before, and one of them opening a paper which he held in his hand, and which contained the speech, he read aloud a Greek sentence which it contained, and asked the other to translate it. A wandering beggar who heard the sentence read, stepped up, and without hesitation gave a correct translation. The lawyer looked upon him with astonishment an instant, apparently much confused, and then addressing him, asked him how he became acquainted with the dead languages.

"I am a graduate from Cambridge College," said he.

"My God!" said the lawyer, seeing the bloated cheek, and the blood-shot eye of the miserable creature before him, "is it possible that a graduate of Cambridge College can sink so low?"

They all went different ways, and in two years from that time that same lawyer was a drunkard, begging the means of intoxication from one grog-shop to another."

Sam Patch.—This most extraordinary fellow made a leap at the Niagara Falls, a few days since, of 130 feet into the water! A more daring and extraordinary feat probably never was performed by man. A friend of ours tells us that there were numerous individuals at the foot of the ladder from which he jumped, who tried to persuade him not to make the awful attempt—but Sam laughed at their honest solicitude. When about to ascend the ladder he took off his shoes and coat, and tied a handkerchief tight round his waist.—Numbers approached and shook hands with him, bidding him farewell; and some shed tears. He ascended to the top of the ladder, which was made of four trees spliced together, standing sloping over the water, and fastened by ropes running back upon Goat Island. On the top of the ladder was a platform barely sufficient for one man to sit upon. It reeled in the air with his weight, as if it was falling every moment! Patch raised and stood upright upon it—he jumped up to try its strength, and then taking the handkerchief from his neck and tying it round his waist, he kissed the American flag which was flying over him, deliberately stepped off, and in an instant was buried in the deep bosom of the river! A general burst of "he's dead, he's lost," ran through the crowd, when just at the moment Sam popp'd out his head, and proved himself not only "alive," but "kicking." The multitude now shouted loudly, as the dauntless jumper swam to the shore uninjured.

An ill-timed kiss.—A lady of an engaging appearance went into a store, after a few silver-eyed needles; and while the clerk was in waiting upon another lady, at the other end of the counter, the lady clapped two or three papers of the silver-eyes into her mouth. Unfortunately, the lad could see two ways at once, so, as the lady was preparing to quit the shop without buying any, the gallant clerk, nimbly wheeling over the counter, begged she would excuse him, but really she looked so fascinating that he must have one kiss; then squeezing her cheeks gently together, with his fingers and thumb, he kissed her until the very blushes trickled through her cheeks. It must have wounded the lady's feelings.

Demetrius of Macedon.—This monarch would, at times, retire from business to attend to pleasure. On such an occasion he usually feigned indisposition.—His father, Antigonus, coming to visit him, saw a beautiful young lady retire from his chamber. On entering, Demetrius said, "Sir, the fever has now left me." "Very like, son," says Antigonus, "*perhaps I met it at the door.*"

If it be difficult to persuade the idle to be busy, it is not easy to convince the busy that it is sometimes better to be idle.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE GEM.

THE MISANTHROPE'S SOLILOQUY.

Shut out the light! for oh! I would not see
A sun that gladdens all the world but me—
Each bosom cheers, and sheds its warmth divine,
On every heart and every soul but mine.
I *hate* to hear the rustling of the trees,
For man's foul breath doth linger on the breeze
I would not see what man has ever seen;
I would not be what man has ever been.
Man has deceived me;—aye, and woman too:
And deeply now the bitter day I rue.
When first I trod the treach'rous haunts of men—
Oh! had I died ere that, how blest I'd been.
And woman—I have seen far out at sea
A bubble bright and beautiful as thee:
It burst, and where its glit'tring form had been,
A dark, deep, dangerous gulf was only seen.
How bitterer than wormwood was the cup,
Mingled with gall, which man for me fill'd up!
Yes, 'twas man, *man* that mix'd the bitter draught,
Of which this guilty soul so deeply quaff'd.
I'd suffer torture on the Spanish rack,
To bring one hour in peace of conscience back.
Oh! I would drain deep Lethe's river dry,
To have past scenes in dark oblivion lie.
I'd be a branded exile, nor regret
My shame or country, could I but forget.
But in this tortur'd bosom rankling lie,
Deep in its core, dark thoughts which cannot die.

ROSAMOND.

FOR THE GEM.

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

When at eve by the light of the fast waning moon,
I wander in silence while Philomel sings,
I heed not the pleasures that adorn the saloon
Or deck, with their splendour, the palace of kings.
The small murm'ring stream, and the earth cloth'd in verdure,
All lovely and smiling, unsullied by art,
While I muse on their charms, affords richer pleasure;
And, waking, I dream of the girl of my heart.

The Beauty who revels in the halls of the great,
And upon *all* so familliarly lavishes smiles,
Feels deeply her sorrow when flatterers abate,
Or age the fair cheek of its dimple beguiles.
Then talk not of happiness that Indies can bring,
While they yield with their riches, of joy but a part.
But give me much rather the pleasures of Spring,
At home, with a smile from the girl of my heart.

At sun-set to ramble o'er the flowery mead,
Where nature her beauty profusely has flung,
And watch the fleet motion, as she urges her speed,
Of the Red-breast bearing the food to her young,
Conveys to my heart a more pleasing sensation,
Than e'er was produced by the vainness of art;
And doubly enlivens the sweet dissertation,
As, happy, I walk with the girl of my heart.

But sweet scenery of bliss! thy charms, too, must fade,
And happiness here in thy walks be no more.
Death in his march, impartial, will never be staid,
Although at his feet countless millions implore.
Then, when enfeebled by age, these limbs shall decay,
And soon from this world of remorse I must part,
Give me, while the bright "Star of the East" guides my way,
Oh! give me a *tear* from the WIFE of my heart.

LOTHAIRE.

FOR THE GEM.

SONNET.

Sweet are the notes of the lulling lute,
Sweet is the sound of the mournful flute;
Sweet is the Robin's tuneful throat,
When he pours his mellow note;
Sweeter yet—ah, sweeter still,
The tears that flow for another's ill.

Fair is the azure vault on high,
When no vapours dim the sky;
Fair is the cloudless morning sun,
Fair is the lover's fairest one;
Fairer the Tears that freely flow,
For a fellow-mortal's woe.

LARA.

THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 14. ROCHESTER, NOVEMBER 14, 1829. VOL. 1.

FOR THE GEM.

THE MISTAKEN RIVALS.

A TALE.

CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.

Every attention having been paid to the sufferers that could be, by M'Inglish and his wife, they had the satisfaction of seeing their son, at last, restored.—As to the stranger, he had well nigh perished. Long and untiring were their efforts to restore to vigour the flickering, and almost extinguished pulse; and when the icy chill that had nearly severed the thread of existence, had been broken and thrown off, that young man became so frantic, that it was necessary to bind him. The struggle of nature against death, was long and terrible, and the inmates of the Cottage feared that it was over with the poor stranger.

"Alack!" said M'Inglish to his wife, "I fear the young man will never rise again—But we have great cause to be thankful that our son escaped."

"And I," interrupted Alice, "ought indeed to be thankful that you were saved my husband," as a tear glistened in her eye.

The second day had nearly closed, and the sufferer, yet under an alienation of mind, raved on as if the efforts of the human frame were never-tiring. Gordon stood and looked upon him as the retiring sun threw his last pale rays upon the window of his Cottage. The sufferer raged worse and worse, and in his agony he would shriek, "*Save me from him! Edward is my foe!*" and then a slight laugh escaped him. His eyes were turned in their sockets, and the convulsive twinging that was apparent, told the agony that was cracking asunder his very heart-strings. M'Inglish and his wife, felt a deep sympathy for the fate of the stranger—they felt too, peculiarly distressed at the idea that he must die not knowing his own fate, and entirely unknown to them. But they felt a consolation amidst it all, in the reflection that they had done all in their power to rescue him from his impending fate. The petition that was raised to the Preserver of all mankind that night before partaking of supper, was long and earnest in behalf of that poor unknown sufferer; and the family ate as if a calmness had visited each heart, with a convincing proof that it had followed the path of duty.

While they were at table, a noise was heard from that faithful dog, who had lain at the foot of the sick couch during the whole time, refusing all food and comfort. M'Inglish sprang to the bedside of the stranger, and found the dog upon his couch, eagerly licking the hand of his master. He looked upon the sufferer—his reason had returned—and he attempted to speak, but being nearly exhausted, his lips moved, producing no sound. M'Inglish put his ear to the stranger's lips—

"I am faint," he whispered.

Attention was now wholly paid to the wants of the sufferer, and in a very few hours his strength and speech in a great degree returned. It is impossible to depict to the reader the seeming joy of the stranger's dog. He roared with exultation—and when his master called "*Porter*," he bounded in ecstacy towards him.

"Good morning," said M'Inglish, entering the room the next morning, "pray, sir, how have you rested?"

"Very well," said the stranger. "I feel quite strong—but tell me, where I am—in whose house—and how I came here? for I would know the name of my preserver."

"My name is Gordon M'Inglish," was the answer.

"Gordon M'Inglish!" repeated the stranger, evidently surprized. "But the manner in which I entered your house, I am anxious to know. The last that I remember, (he continued,) is that while buffetting the storm on the plain and having lost my way, fears came over me that I should perish, and my horse fell."

"I took you from the drift with my own hands," said M'Inglish, and he related to him the adventure, with tears streaming from his eyes. The recital

overcame the stranger, and he poured forth his gratitude amidst a flood of tears. As soon as the tears had been wiped away, M'Inglish informed the stranger of their deep anxiety in his behalf, and requested him to give a history of himself, and where he was travelling.

"I will," said he, "but the history of my life, is a painful one, and I must needs tell you the whole, to illustrate the object of my present journey."

"Two years ago, (said he,) I lived at the village of D—, and was pursuing my studies, intending soon to be admitted an attorney and counsellor at Law. My habits were good, and I frequented good company, always having laid it down as a maxim, and a rule, that bad company was worse than a retirement from all social society. In my nature I found a growing partiality for the other sex, and I never passed any hours more sweetly than when in company with the beautiful, virtuous and accomplished circle of young ladies, with whom I had become acquainted. It happened one spring when all nature was putting forth into blossom, and which is of all others to me, a time when the world moves on as by enchantment, that I was invited to walk in company with several ladies and gentlemen, which I accepted. When the company had got together, there was a strange lady among them who was introduced to me as Miss Edgeworth from T—. She was a beautiful girl, and my whole soul was taken with her charms. The walk ended, I escorted her to her abode, and I was afterwards a frequent visitor at her place of residence. In the village I had one particular male friend, a young merchant, with whom I was on terms of the closest intimacy. To him I told my feelings, and my intentions. He was a young man of strong passions, though he always controlled them with prudence and moderation. It was a bad step in me, when I expatiated to him on the peculiar graces of Miss Edgeworth. He immediately after paid her a visit, and became much enamoured with her charms. I called on him, and he seemed altered, but on my pressing him to explain to me the cause of his treatment, he told me he had visited the young lady, and that he must possess her, or his peace would be forever broken. You can judge of my astonishment at such a disclosure. I told him that knowing my determination, he could readily see to what disastrous consequences it must lead. At this he took umbrage, swearing at the same time to possess himself of the lady at all hazards; and finding that his passions were becoming ungovernable, I hastily left him to his own reflections. In a short time a boy brought me a letter. I opened and read it; the style was very lofty, and overlooking all the friendship that he had professed, he wished to be struck from the list of my friends forever. I was exasperated at the idea of his impudence, and burning with rage, I replied to it with a becoming spirit. A threat from him was the consequence; but this I did not regard. Months passed, during which time I did not leave my study, except to get my meals, and I had concluded that, overlooking the treatment I had received, I would again visit the young lady with whom we had both so strangely, and so ardently fallen in love. I rapped at the door early in the evening, and was shown into the room; I had scarcely got into conversation, when a rap was heard, and soon my former friend, but now my deadliest enemy, walked into the room. As his eye fastened on me, I could see depicted in his countenance the foulest spirit of revenge. He bowed to me, but oh! how much of the assassin-smile was there! He excused himself by saying he expected to find a female friend there, and withdrew with the pretence that he was going to escort her thither. Not knowing what he might do, and fearing that a plot might be on foot that might prove dishonourable to both, I excused myself as soon as possible, and retraced my steps towards my study, determined to address a letter to his reason, and at once abandon all idea of a matrimonial nature. I had already reached my study, and was entering the door, when I was seized with great violence, and I readily knew who was the adversary. I immediately grasped his hands, and springing forward with great force, I threw the villain quite over my head, and he fell with such violence on the floor that it perfectly stunned him. I closed the door, and soon found means to get a light. I looked upon the face of my antagonist; it was my rival! and the blood was gushing from his mouth and nostrils with a fearful and a rapid flow. I was horror-struck, and rushing into my sleeping apartment, I seized a pen and wrote a short statement of the affair which I left on the table, then putting up a part of my clothes, I hired a horse, and left that night for my father's house, distant near five hundred miles. After two day's travel, I wrote back and undeceived the man of whom

I hired the horse, at the same time sending him a draft on my father for what I supposed to be the value of the horse, saddle and bridle, and requested him to immediately write to me at my father's. It was the fourth night of my journey, that I encountered the storm; and I had almost said it had been better had I perished in the drift. Thus," he concluded, as he writhed under the agony of one distressed with the recollection of some crime, "am I disgraced I fear forever! My name is Hamlet Jay."

M'Inglish heard the narrative with an interest that deepened as the stranger proceeded; and when it was ended he assured him that he would assist in protecting him from the shafts of calumny, malice and revenge. He saw in the stranger's every action and word, the traces of a mild disposition, and a mighty genius, and his heart melted as he perceived the distress which he felt by having in a rash moment brought upon himself dishonour, and perhaps infamy.

"But what was the name of your rival?" said M'Inglish.

"For reasons which I cannot here state," said the stranger, "I must decline mentioning his name."

We will now carry our friends forward a week, during which time the stranger had so far recovered as to be able to walk the room. One evening, as they sat enjoying the comfort of a good fire, a quick rap was heard at the door, which opened into an adjoining room. M'Inglish left the room to see who was there. In a moment the dog, which had been lying quiet in the room, rushed to the door with great force, and growled and pawed as if mad.

"It is an enemy of mine," said the stranger vehemently, at the same time rising, "and it will not be safe to admit him into the room."

Alice, who had risen, heard her husband repeating the name of "Edward!" knew it was her son, and she rushed to embrace him, without heeding the ravings of the dog. The feelings of a mother on meeting with a favourite child who has long been absent from her sight are powerful—but circumstances had conspired to make this meeting one that partook largely of the *madness* of joy.

Alice opened the door in an instant to meet Edward, and the dog, with the ferociousness of a tiger springing upon his prey, sprang upon Edward M'Inglish, while his hand was yet in the eager grasp of that of his father. The fury with which the animal came, prostrated Edward, and the next moment he was at the throat. M'Inglish and Alice screamed, and flew to their son's relief. The dog struggled against their efforts, but they tore him away—and as Edward arose, he drew a loaded pistol, and fired its contents into the head of the mastiff—at this, his parents let go of the dog who reeled an instant, and then falling expired. So strange and unexpected an event, filled the family with astonishment, and they gazed upon each other confounded. At this instant the stranger appeared in the room—Edward cast his eyes upon him, and his countenance gave evidence of great emotion—

"Death and Hell!" he exclaimed, "what do I see! Hamlet Jay, my rival and my enemy in my father's house!"

He rushed towards the stranger, and raising the discharged pistol, he dealt a blow that rent it in two, and the parts flew in different directions against the wall.

"Oh! God! spare——" said the stranger falling prostrate on the floor.

M'Inglish, not knowing what he did, grasped his son—"What," said he, "would you be a murderer!"

"No," answered his son in a low, mild tone, "but I fear I am a murderer."

The stranger was now laid upon the couch where he had but lately suffered every thing but a final dissolution. The blood streamed upon the pillow with a rapid tide, and on examination it was found that the wound would prove mortal, for the lock of the deadly instrument had perforated the skull, a part of which was still sticking in the brain!

To what disastrous consequences will ungovernable passions lead. How fatal was the effect in this instant; reason had fled, and when she returned, with what poignancy did she see what a desolation had swept the heart in her absence!

The stranger was already expiring, and the shame, and the ignominy that crowded upon the minds of all present, and especially Edward, was almost equivalent to actual distraction.

"What a fiendlike disposition have you shown; and how desolate hast you left this heart, aged and broken as it is, by this dreadful deed!" said M'Inglish as his agitated frame trembled.

"Father," said Edward, "I have indeed, by this rash act, plunged you and myself into deep and irreparable degradation and misery; and what must be the result time alone must determine."

His speech was broken by a messen-

ger bringing a letter directed to Edward M'Inglish. He opened it eagerly, and read it; the sweat stood in large drops upon his pale forehead, when dropping the sheet, he hastily left the room. M'Inglish seized the letter which read as follows:

"*Dear Sir*---Having heard of a difference between yourself and another gentleman, arising from a partiality for the late Miss Edgeworth, I conceived it my duty immediately to inform you of a mistake you have both fallen into.---Some months ago I privately married the said Miss E. on account of an unfounded dissatisfaction on the part of her guardian uncle, who refused consent. She came to this village to a friend's house, and passed by her maiden name for particular reasons, while I went to her uncle to inform him of the marriage, and receive from him an everlasting malediction, or a request to return. The differences between you therefore, must cease, and although I might be, perhaps, proud of this attachment, yet I regret that it should have been [as I understand it has,] the cause of seperating friends.

"I am, very respectfully,

"CHARLES FREDERICK."

M'Inglish threw up his arms in agony, exclaiming "it was a mistake! it was a mistake! and the injury is of a ten fold blackness; there was no excuse for such rashness." Then raving wildly, he called aloud for Edward.---But he had fled, and from that time M'Inglish never saw his son!

That night Hamlet Jay died, and the following day was buried; but there was no kindred there to drop a tear over his premature grave. Yet the family of M'Inglish mourned over that unfortunate young man, with a deep and poignant sorrow.

Two years afterwards Charles Jay, the aged father of that unfortunate stranger, was riding across that plain, where reposed the peaceful relics of his departed son. It was summer, and a black cloud rising in the distance portended the approach of a dreadful storm. As he approached the Cottage on the Plain, the storm broke forth with a dreadful fury, and he fled to that as an only shelter, not knowing that in that place the tragedy was acted which made him childless. The Cottage was desolate and shattered, and the roof of one wing had fallen. He entered it, but started back and shrieked with horror, for his eyes beheld a poor ragged and putrid body suspended by the neck. A piece of paper was sticking in the vest pocket which the traveller drew out and read as follows:

"Stranger, whoever you are, know that two years ago in this house, then my father's peaceful home, in a fit of passion, I slew one who was my friend, but whom I madly supposed was my rival. His body lies entombed near this spot, and there would I wish to repose. I die here alone, and by my own hand."

The reader can judge how that traveller was affected by the remembrance of the deep woe which overtook him, by means of the rashness of that loathsome figure which now was pendant and dead before him. But he had in his heart 'more of pity than anger,' and caused the felo-de-se to be buried beside his son. An enclosure was made around their graves, one large slab was reared, and this was the Epitaph over the MISTAKEN RIVALS.

Here worth weeps a loss,
And Friendship drops a tear.

ADRIAN.

FOR THE GEM.

NIGHT.

"The gaudy, babbling, and remorseless day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea."

What a lovely loneliness pervades the world! 'Tis night. Earth's discordance, hushed in one common rest, is tranquil. Man—busy, active, meddling man—sleeps the interval his craft cannot beguile. Lovely is the lover's "twilight hour," but grand, sublime, is the silent, solitary sleep of nature, when all is still and twilight gone. On either hand, is nought but solitude, and above, the mighty maker of the Universe is visible throughout his works. The ogling moon, as though her borrowed light were all her own, rides her course resplendent, extinguishing as she nears, the lesser luminaries of that high heaven. The stilly solitude brings a quiet to my soul, and calms the tumult that the day had made. Oh! what thoughts my bosom fill, as I look upon the beauty of night.

What a general rest has a few short moments produced. But now, all was bustle, and nature seemed one great arena of mortal contest. Yet within these few short moments have the gladiators disappeared, and mingling with those who idly gazed upon their prowess, now resign to a brief forgetfulness, the discordant and ambitious views that trafficked heaven for a transitory world.

Perhaps some vagrant dreamer, yet soliloquising, lingers to convince himself that this or that design, may yet be

fraught with consummation Another still is seen to linger, and escape the *mass* to breath his thoughts *alone*. But no vain and worldly toys—no schemes of transitory bliss allure him from the rest that others seek. His bosom swells with a nobler purpose. He walks forth to commune with his heart, of nature and of nature's God. The solitude of night for him hath charms, because his soul can *feel*, and now the spirit that swells within is free from trammels that a world impose. And yet another timidly comes forth, and breathes his fervent prayer in adoration of the night! It is some young and ardent spirit that would waft his soul upon the wings of fame to more congenial realms. And yet his heart dares not explain its thoughts except to the ear of night; and see! his bosom swells with hopes he dares not utter even now. How earnestly he gazes at the moon; as though his fate were lettered on her disc, and he had prescience to read it there. Disappointed, he turns away to hide his hopelessness, while his restless spirit conjures up some new idea, more filled with thought than was the last. This, too, is abandoned, and the Book of Fate is still impenetrable to his search. Perhaps he indulges some youthful dream of *love*, and fain would know, if *thought* alone can tell, the destined fate of hope like his. But still 'tis dark; & he retires to kill the time that separates another moon; Oh! 'tis sweet to be a lover of the night! LOTHAIRE.

THE IRRASCIBILITY OF A POET.

We copy the annexed article from the New York Spectator. It partakes largely of the spirit of M'Donald Clarke. He is a strange genius, but notwithstanding all his follies, possesses many excellent qualifications both of the head and heart.—*Phil. Al.*

Original Repartee.—A certain poet, who had written some of the *best Stanzas*, and some of the *worst lines*, of any American bard, and who for some particular eccentricities, (but which he has at length thrown aside,) has been reputed *mad*, being, some time since, in the Assembly Room, at the City Hotel, was interrupted in his "dreams of fiction" by a stranger who thus accosted him:

"Is your name C——e?"

"C——e sir, is my name"

"I have come a great distance, sir, for the express purpose of seeing you."

"Indeed! And do you consider yourself amply remunerated for the fatigues of a long journey, by a view of my delectable person?"

"Yes—you are a strange looking creature. I have heard much of you. Some people say you are mad; and I have heard a number of ladies assert that if you paid proper attention to your dress, you would be a very pretty man."

"*A pretty man!* Now, by Heavens, sir, I consider that one of the most rascally compliments they could have paid me. A *pretty* man, sir, (like yourself, for instance,) is, in my opinion, one of the most contemptible objects that ever came from the manufactory of Heaven!"

"Why so, sir?"

"Because, sir, the epithet implies the absence of all that is *manly*—They might as well apply the term to the Ocean in a storm, an eruption of Mount Etna, or the falls of Niagara."

"Well, you are really a strange fellow, and in my opinion, a greater knave than fool."

"Do you think so, sir? I really wish that I could reciprocate the compliment. But I am certain that no trait in your character will bear any comparison with your silliness, which like Aaron's rod, of Pharaoh's lean kine, swallows up all the rest."

"You are severe."

"You say that you have come a great distance for the express purpose of seeing me as you would go to see a Bear, an Elephant, or a Hottentot Venus?

"Yes."

"Now sir, comply with the terms; fifty cents a sight."

"Indeed! well, there." (*Gives him the money.*)

"Stay, sir, take back twentyfive cents—children half price!"

"Again! Why you show no mercy to one who is anxious to serve you."

"To serve *me?* Then unite your fortunes with mine, for every beast that is exhibited, is always accompanied with a *monkey!*" The fellow finding C—e "too much for him," as the pugilists say, and perceiving that he was no more deficient in feeling than in wit and talent, begged his pardon for having so rudely intruded upon his meditations, and was about retiring when the poet returned the rest of the money, and taking him by the hand, assured him that as impudence and ignorance are always united, he could very safely pardon his presumption.

When an opinion, to which there is no temptation of interest, spreads [illegible] and continues long, it may be reasonably presumed to have been infused by nature, or dictated by reason.

ROBERT EMMET.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
With all their country's honors blest."

"Poor Emmet," we exclaim, as we lay down his trial, and acquaint ourselves with the martyrdom of this unfortunate Irishman. Born in affluence and of highly respectable parents, he was destined for the law, together with his effectionate brother the late highly distinguished advocate at the New York bar; but warmed with an ardent zeal for his beloved country, which was then suffering under the persecuting spirit of the British hirelings, he forsook the law and joined the society of United Irishmen, and shortly became the leader of that powerful band of patriots, who had sworn to protect the home and fireside of an oppressed people, and expel tyranny from the land. Our hero, besides the two Shears, and a few others, who were filled with indignation, and whose hearts burned with the holy flame of patriotism, determined to avenge the wrongs inflicted on an injured people, became the rallying point of what the royalists then termed the *rebels* of Ireland. Companies were formed, ammunition provided, and officers appointed to command this force, which under a divine Providence, they intended should unrivet the chains which had bound them so long in ignominious slavery, and Ireland be proclaimed a free and independent nation; but "the fates decreed it otherwise: dissatisfaction and disunion reared their Hydra heads; treachery and treason stalked forth uncovered from the ranks, and the intrigue which British gold effected, soon disarmed this noble land of the terrors, with which old England viewed it, and "*suave quipat*," as on a later and more inglorious occasion, became the watch word. Of course all who had assisted in this affair, and the cause in which these unfortunate men were engaged, were stigmatised as traitors conspiring to overturn the government, and the strong arm of law was raised to punish the conspirators and abettors.—Young Emmet, then but twenty-one years of age, was arrested and confined in prison, until the day of trial; during which, we venture to assert, the Four Courts never witnessed more excitement in the breast of an injured people, nor never were the feelings of the heart more aroused [illegible] than on this occasion [illegible] the insulting and impertinent interference of the Court during the trial, and more particularly when he delivered his dying speech after the judgment had been pronounced, must have harrowed his very soul. Hundreds who have taken shelter under our blessed government, were witnesses to this last effort of expiring greatness; and when he closed the outpouring of a heart, burning with *amor patriæ*, and which had been devoted to the sacred cause of ameliorating the condition of his fellow-countrymen, with that sublime exclamation—"When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written," every cheek was bedewed with the soft tear of sympathy. A strange union of tenderness, enthusiasm and fortitude, was the characteristic of young Emmet. He was violently in love with the daughter of Mr. Curran, his able advocate and defender. The day previous to his trial he was observed by his keeper, gazing steadfastly on a tress of hair, suspended over his table on a fork. On the keeper's approaching him, he said, "See how innocently I am engaged—this little tress has long been dear to me; and this I shall wear in my bosom on the day of my execution." What love and tenderness for the object of his affection! On the day of that awful event, there was found sketched on his table with a pen, an admirable likeness of his own head, severed from the body, laying near the scaffold, with all the frightful paraphernalia of high treason execution. The fortitude of young Emmet, during his daring conspiracy, during his trial, as well as in prison, never forsook him. He met death with the fortitude and firmness of a John Rogers. He lived a hero and died a martyr. The freedom of his darling country from the shackles of despotism, the enjoyment of liberty and conscience, and the relief from oppressive burdens of his fellow-citizens, was his highest wish. The greatest consolation during affliction, and consoling thought in the hour of death, was, that he had done his duty to his country and his God. Such is the brief memoir of this champion of freedom, who sacrificed his time, his talents, and eventually sacrificed his life, as a propitiation for the crime of wishing his country free. He has now gone to the land of spirits, and his virtues will endure to immortality.

"Nations unborn will [illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible] his name,
[illegible] his memory on the page of fame."

It is observable, that most nations amongst whom the use of clothes is unknown, paint their bodies. Such was the practice of the first inhabitants of our own country.

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, NOV. 14, 1829.

The Rev. Mr. PLUNKET having returned to this place, regular services will be resumed in the First Presbyterian Church.

☞ Mr. SAMUEL HAMILTON, is our authorized Agent, and we hope our subscribers in arrears, will be ready to see him.

Some of our first numbers are now out, but will soon be re-printed. Subscribers from the beginning will therefore be served with deficient numbers in a few weeks.

We acknowledge with pleasure, the receipt of 34 subscribers from the villages of Brockport and Clarkson.

SAM. PATCH—FATAL LEAP!

Dauntless, he stood upon the dizzy height,
And gazed all fearlessly upon his cold, deep Grave, and *dared to die!*

This singular and presumptuous being has, indeed, made his "*last* jump." Yesterday, at the hour appointed, in handbills which had been previously circulated, headed "SAM'S LAST JUMP," the banks of the river, on either side below the falls, for near half a mile, were crowded with spectators. Sam appeared amid the shouts and hurras of the expectant assemblage. A stage had been erected twenty-five feet higher than the brink of the precipice, making the height about 120 feet, from which he was to leap. He had before jumped from the precipice without injury, and now determined to prove by experiment, (in his own language) that "some things can be done as well as others." ascended the stage, and was again greeted by the cheers of the spectators. Sam addressed those immediately below him for a few moments, in a language that seemed to say he half anticipated the result of his rashness. After adjusting his dress, he bowed to the vast assemblage, first upon the one side of his unenviable station, then on the other, and deliberately leaping off, was for a moment in mid-air, and then engulphed in the abyss beneath. We stood near where he struck, and for a moment after he left the stageon, heard not a word. Each heart beat with a dread suspense, and every eye was strained to behold his rising: but they saw him not, for the water still engulphed its victim. At length, when not a wake or sign gave further clue to hope, the half-formed shout of joy died into breathing murmurs of "He's dead!" "He's gone!" and in a moment the vast crowd knew full well its truth, and turned half aside to conceal the horror that they felt. Thus has Sam Patch, who had rashly, but till now uninjured, sported with the law of nature, given us an example that vain and mortal man may not trifle with bounds prescribed by an Omniscient God.

We understand that the body has not yet been found.

MISS FRANCES WRIGHT.

This extraordinary female a few evenings since gave us a specimen of her talents at the Court House in this village. A good many of our citizens, influenced, we presume, by mere curiosity, were present. Her lectures were well written, and delivered with ease and perspicuity. She levels her female artillery against our present system of religion, and denounces the whole Clergy *en masse*. She calls all religion superstition, and sets up herself, a weak (weak, because she knows not her station,) woman, to overthrow those fundamental principles upon which all our happiness exists. We were sorry to see a female who *might* do honor, not only to herself, but to almost any society, travelling our country as an itinerant *preacher*, and a preacher, too, of such a doctrine! But enough. Our society is not yet so debased, as to cherish her opinions, although they may be urged upon us with all the persuasiveness of a female tongue.

MARRIED,

In Munson, Mass. on the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Alfred Ely, Mr. *Wm. C. Smith*, Merchant of this village, to Miss *Mary Newell*, of the former place.

DIED,

In this village, lately, Mr. *Wm. Stowell*, proprietor of the Rochester Museum, aged 54 years.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A SKETCH.

'Twas fancy wove the web.

'Twas night, and sleep, deep, stilly sleep was o'er
The world—the golden stars were brightly
Glittering in the blue arch above, while
The cold and milky way was almost lost
'Midst their deep brilliancy. And the pale moon
Shone out from its gem'd resting place, to light
The slumberer's vision up to heaven.
Oh! 'was a night of sweet resistlessness;
And when the clock chim'd twelve, I linger'd
Yet beneath the starry canopy of
Night. I stood where the deep cataract pour'd
Downward its might in grand sublimity.
And there was naught save the far distant echo,
To answer its thunder. There stood beside
Me in that dread hour, one whom in early
Childhood I had lov'd, but he had been
A wanderer from his native home. Yes
He had stood where proud Vesuvius,
Deep from its bosom's heated core sent up
Its burning offerings high to Heaven.
And he had floated too, upon Geneva's
Gentle Lake in Italy; and Araby's
Hot breath had fann'd his cheek, and Spain,
High, haughty Spain, had looked on one
Of Liberty's proud sons. He had return'd
And stood beside me there in utter wakefulness,
That heavenly night. But oh! how alter'd
Now from the calm being I had last
Beheld him. His eye was bright as the red
Meteor's burning wake. His cheek, oh 'twas
As though decay had lighted up a
Funeral pile upon the wreck of roses
It had made. 'Twas the next eve the vesper
Bell had toll'd, and I was kneeling in
The house of God. There lay upon the Altar's
Marble slab a wreath, fair as the snow drop's
Purest petal is; and just beside the
Fairest bud of all, some thoughtless hand had
Twin'd a cypress sprig; methought 'twas *Ominous.* The wreath was not for me, yet
Oh, 'twas for the bride of him I long had
Lov'd. (They said he'd sold his heart for gold
To one of Scotia's loveliest daughters.)
The organ sent its holiest notes to
Heaven; then all was still, and a light
Footstep came, and then there stood before the
Holy altar there, the wanderer and his
Bride. Oh she was lovelier far than I,
And her dim tearful eye, was rais'd
Beseechingly to that lov'd face, and
Then I knew that she had left her country.
And her friends, for him whom her heart
Coveted. She spoke, and the sweet idiom
Of her native tongue, linger'd upon
Her lips. That other being stood there like
A bruis'd reed. A change was o'er him now,
His cheek was pale as the pure diadem
That clings around the Appenine's cold brow,
A tear now trembled in his haughty eye
All big with *bitterness*—methought 'twas not
The meetest tribute to a bride.
I saw him
Not again—but ere the moon had wan'd
They said he *slept.*

ROSAMOND.

FOR THE GEM.

THE LOST HEART.

I've lost a heart—a truant heart
It was to leave me so:
But yet 'twas fond, and true in part,
And never dream'd of woe.

'Tis flown—to whom, or where it flew,
With all its waywardness,
I cannot say, and wish I knew
Whom I might dare to guess.

'Twas with me but a week ago,
When crossing o'er the street
Some one—yes, *then* 'twas here I know,
For I could feel it beat.

But now' alas! 'tis lost I fear,
And none will seek the toy;
Yet if 'tis found and brought me here,
I know 'twill not decoy.

LELIA.

☞ We would say to our new correspondent "Lelia," that we welcome her to our columns.—*Eds.*

FOR THE GEM.

SONG.

The northern blast comes chilly on,
And blanches on my cheek;
The songster of the wood is gone,
Some warmer clime to seek.

The snow-drop falls on the frozen ground,
Like an offering from the sky;
Contrasting things that here abound
With Heaven's own purity.

ADRIAN.

THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 15. ROCHESTER, NOVEMBER 28, 1829. VOL. 1.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE STRANGER.

During that horrid revolution which drenched France in the blood, not only of her citizens, but even of her monarch, there lived in the little village of Louvain, situate in the southern extremity of the kingdom, an aged and venerable man, whose honored locks had whitened in the service of his King. He had been in his youthful days a dazzling courtier, and as he grew in years, he also grew in the esteem of his countrymen, and he had already held a number of the most important and influencial offices and trusts that France could give. His uniform exactness and untarnished honor had procured him the royal pleasure, and M. Chauvelin was the favoured minister of the unfortunate Louis XVI. But the pomp of courts had lost its charms, and M. Chauvelin beheld in a lovely and only daughter, new and more tender duties. Although his youth had been passed amidst the gaiety of a French court, his heart possessed too much of sense to be misled by gaiety alone. He knew the dazzling and not unfrequently fatal effects of a courtly education, upon a young mind, too well to trust his only daughter within its influence.

Eulalia was now fifteen, and her dark tresses and darker eye, had already been the theme of many a *petit maitre's* soliloquy. Her father, ever watchful of her welfare, and fearing for her happiness, saw, with pain, that his house had of late become particularly attractive, and he resolved at once to flee from a danger so seductive. Having converted his immense property into moveables he departed secretly, but first addressed a letter to his sovereign, informing him of his purpose, but not of his residence.

"For me alone," said his letter "the court has no danger, but I have a daughter, whose safety requires the remainder of my care. You are well aware, my honoured King, that I never loved a life so splendid and at the same time so dangerous, and that it has been my most ardent wish to forsake it. There are those whose minds can love to dwell upon a situation so prepossessing, and to those I gladly leave it. Altho' your majesty has been pleased to require my services, I trust you will find one more able to fill my former station. A tender duty requires the step I have taken, and if a tear falls to the memory of friends that I leave, my heart beats with joy when I look upon the innocent and yet uncontaminated smile of my daughter."

None knew whither the self exiled minister had flown; and his majesty himself is said to have wept at his departure. Judge then the surprise of those *petit maitres* who had lately become his visitors, when they learnt that the fair Eulalia had departed.

In the village of Louvain, M. Chauvelin had resided, unknown and free from the care and tumult that then pervaded the royal court; and if at times, when some disastrous news had reached his ears, he half wished to be again in the private chamber of his King, a single glance at that fair form beside him, now his only care and hope, dispelled the thought, for it was fraught with danger for her. Eulalia had now passed four summers at her rural retreat, and had entirely forgotten the scenes of gaiety that once surrounded her. She was, among her companions, all life and buoyancy, and seemed to have not a thought but of joy. Although none knew her rank, all felt that she was their superior, yet all loved her. She knew not that she was more beautiful than they, nor did she feel but that they were her equals. Thus had she passed her time, loving all and by all beloved, till a stranger appeared in the village. He had been the theme of their wonder for some days, and none could tell who the tall and beautiful stranger was, or from whence he came. An accident had given him the opportunity to render Eulalia an important service, and whether or

not, it was love that gave the zest, I cannot say, but surely the stranger had of late become Eulalia's constant companion, and for some reason or other they had both just discovered that the moon was peculiarly beautiful, and that some particular star shone more brightly than the others. I cannot relate the eloquent discourse that their eyes may have held, or interpret the definition of a sigh that would at times escape, "and waste," (for aught I know) "its fragrance on the desert air." It is said that every one has his evil genius, and theirs must have been an envious one, for Eulalia had one evening walked out to pluck some flowers that she had heard him admire, and having learned to love a walk, she had already gone some distance from her father's, when a man muffled in a military cloak sprang from his hiding place and seizing her, bore her to his carriage. Eulalia had uttered a shriek, before her fear had drowned her senses, and the stranger, who was also gazing on the moon, had heard that shriek. The carriage then proceeded swiftly, but—as love would have it—directly towards the stranger, who was hurrying to her rescue. In a moment the reins were seized and the stranger leaping into the carriage, had seized the insensible Eulalia, and was again upon the ground, before the affrighted ravisher could disencumber himself sufficiently to offer any resistance; and his horses becoming frightened now required all his attention.—Eulalia was borne to her father's, and when her reason returned, she was reclining on the bosom of the stranger. Not a week had intervened, before the Count Santerre appeared at M. Chauvelin's, and demanded the traitor, who had threatened his life. Eulalia shrieked and flew from the room. Santerre, (for it was he who had attempted to carry away Eulalia,) enraged at the sight of his rescued victim, loudly called for the stranger, stating that he had not only robbed him of a great sum, but had attempted his life. M. Chauvelin would have reasoned with him, but no, the Count would hear to nothing, and the stranger was pinioned and borne to Paris. He was brought before the National Assembly, who at that time dispensed the law of France, and upon the oath of Santerre, was condemned to die. The prisoner stepped forward, muffled in a cloak, begged to be heard for a moment. The Judge bade him be short, and the prisoner, after asserting his innocence and accusing the Count of having attempted to carry away an heiress, raised his voice to a higher pitch, "yes," said he, "I *have* aught to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon me. Although I am accused by the oath of a Count, I do most solemnly swear that that Count has perjured himself! and thanks to those who formed our laws, I shall yet prove it. Know you, Sir Count, that our laws have instituted the *wager of battel?* There's my glove!" said he, as he threw it at the feet of Santerre. The Count turned away and said, "he would not shed a peasant's blood." The crowd looked upon the glove, and a cry arose of "'tis not a peasant's glove!" and the Count tremblingly took it up and threw down his own. The stranger stepped forward to take it, and his chains clanked upon the floor, as if in mockery of the scene.

The next day a vast multitude were collected to witness the termination of a scene that had commenced so singularly. The stranger was already pacing the stage in expectation of his antagonist. A rapier hung at his side, and a mask concealed his features.—With folded arms he walked to and fro across the stage, and his manly form seemed to grow in strength as one looked upon him. At length the Count appeared. He also wore a rapier and a mask, but his step had not the firmness of his antagonist's. They paced the stage a moment in sullen silence. At length the stranger stood before the Count and drew his sword. "Now," said he, "confess that thou hast lied, or meet your fate!" and he came upon his guard with a quickness that made the Count step back, but instantly recovering himself he made a pass at the stranger, which by an easy movement of his was parried and the thrust returned. And now each were engaged, while the anxious multitude gazed breathlessly on. Their blood flowed, but neither yet seemed dangerously wounded; and the Count collected all his might, made a desperate thrust at his antagonist's throat, but the stranger caught his weapon upon his, and hurling it in the air, stood with his own sword at the Count's breast, while the vast crowd shouted, "*vive le vainqueur! vive le vainqueur!*" The Count dropped upon his knee and begged his life. "Yes" said he, "you are innocent, but to whom do I owe my life?"

"To the Count Florio Le Gendre!" said the stranger, throwing off his mask.

"Vive Le Gendre! vive Le Gendre!" shouted the multitude, for it was a name they loved.

And was there one there who felt not joy for the victor. Yes, there was.—Eulalia had accompanied her father to witness the fate of the stranger, and if his conquest had restored his life, that conquest too had restored his name.—"Oh Heavens!" she cried, and fell back upon her seat.

The Count Le Gendre heard her shriek and in an instant was at her side.

"Look up Eulalia," said he, "I am not hurt."

"But," said she, as she raised her eyes, "you are the Count Le Gendre!"

"No Eulalia, I am still the stranger, if that name is sweeter," and he led her to her mansion; and oh! 'twas sweet to see that fairer form than Helen's, lean upon a blood stained bosom, pure and brave as Hector's.

LOTHAIRE.

The following is an extract from Cooper's new Novel, entitled 'THE WEPT OF WISH-TON-WISH.'

"The fingers of that hand, which grasped the handle of the tomahawk, appeared to bury themselves in the wood; the glittering axe itself was slightly raised; but the fierce gleaming of resentment subsided, as the anger of the young Sachem vanished, and a dignified calm again settled on his countenance.

"Go, Wampanoag," he said, waving a hand proudly, as if determined to be no longer harassed by the language of his wily associate. "My young men will raise the whoop, when they hear my voice; and they will kill deer for their women. Sachem, my mind is my own."

Philip answered to the look which accompanied these words, with one that threatened vengeance; but smothering his anger, with his accustomed wisdom, he left the hill, assuming an air that affected more of commiseration than resentment.

"Why has Conanchet sent for a woman from the woods?" repeated the same soft voice, nearer to the elbow of the young Sachem, and which spoke with less of the timidity of the sex, now that the troubled spirit of the Indians of those regions had disappeared.

"Narra-mattah, come near;" returned the young chief, changing the deep and proud tones in which he had addressed his restless and bold companion in arms, to those which better suited the gentle ear for which his words were intended. "Fear not, daughter of the morning, for those around us are of a race used to see the women at the council-fires. Now look, with an open eye—is there anything among these trees that seemeth like an ancient tradition? Hast ever beheld such a valley in thy dreams? Have yonder Pale-faces, whom the tomahawks of my young men spared, been led before thee by the Great Spirit, in the dark night?"

The female listened, in deep attention. Her gaze was wild and uncertain, and yet it was not without gleamings of a half-reviving intelligence. Until that moment, she had been too much occupied in conjecturing the subject of her visit, to regard the natural objects by which she was surrounded: but with her attention thus directly turned upon them, her organs of sight embraced each and all, with a discrimination that is so remarkable in those whose faculties are quickened by danger and necessity.—Passing from side to side, her swift glances ran over the distant hamlet, with its little fort; the buildings in the near grounds; the soft and verdant fields; the fragrant orchard, beneath whose leafy shades she stood, and the blackened tower, that rose in its centre, like some gloomy memorial, placed there to remind the spectator not to trust too fondly to the signs of peace and loveliness that reigned around. Shaking back the ringlets that had blown about her temples, the wondering female returned thoughtfully and in silence to her place.

"'Tis a village of the Yangeese!" she said, after a long and expressive pause: "A Narragansett woman does not love to look at the lodges of the hated race."

"Listen.—Lies have never entered the ears of Narra-mattah. My tongue has spoken like the tongue of a chief. Thou didst not come of the samach, but of the snow. This hand of thine is not like the hands of the women of my tribe; it is little, for the Great Spirit did not make it for work; it is of the colour of the sky in the morning, for thy fathers were born near the place where the sun rises. Thy blood is like spring-water. All this thou knowest, for none have spoken false in thy ear. Speak—dost thou never see the wigwam of thy father? Does not his voice whisper to thee, in the language of his people?"

The female stood in the attitude which a sibyl might be supposed to assume, while listening to the occult mandates of the mysterious oracle, every faculty entranced and attentive.

"Why does Conanchet ask these questions of his wife? He knows what she knows; he sees what she sees; his mind is her mind. If the Great Spirit

made her skin of a different color, he made her heart the same. Narra-mattah will not listen to the lying language; she shuts her ears, for their is deceit in its sounds. She tries to forget it. One tongue can say all she wishes to speak to Conanchet; why should she look back in dreams, when a great chief is her husband?"

The eye of the warrior, as he looked upon the ingenious and confiding face of the speaker, was kind to fondness. The firmness had passed away, and in its place was left the winning softness of affection, which, as it belongs to nature, is seen, at times, in the expression of an Indian's eye, as strongly as it is ever known to sweeten the intercourse of a more polished condition of life.

"Girl," he said with emphasis, after a moment of thought, as if he would recall her and himself to more important duties, "this is a war-path; all on it are men. Thou wast like the pigeon before its wings opens, when I brought thee from the nest; still the winds of many winters had blown upon thee. Dost never think of the warmth and of the food of the lodge in which thou hast past so many seasons?"

"The wigwam of Conanchet is warm, no woman of the tribe hath as many furs as Narra-mattah."

"He is a great hunter! when they hear his moccason, the beavers lie down to be killed! But the men of the Pale-faces hold the plough. Does not 'the driven snow' think of those who fenced the wigwam of her father from the cold, or of the manner in which the Yengeese live?"

His youthful and attentive wife seemed to reflect; but raising her face, with an expression of content that could not be counterfeited, she shook her head in the negative.

"Does she never see a fire kindled among the lodges, or hear the whoops of warriors as they break into a settlement?"

"Many fires have been kindled before her eyes. The ashes of the Narragansett town are not yet cold."

"Does not Narra-mattah hear her father speaking to the God of the Yengeese? Listen—he is asking favor for his child!"

"The Great Spirit of the Narragansett has ears for his people."

"But I hear a softer voice! 'Tis a woman of the Pale-faces among her children; cannot the daughter hear?"

Narra-mattah, or 'the driven snow,' laid her hand lightly on the arm of the chief, and she looked wistfully and long into his face, without an answer. The gaze seemed to deprecate the anger that might be awakened by what she was about to reveal.

"Chief of my people," she said, encouraged by his still calm and gentle brow, to proceed, "what a girl of the clearings sees in her dreams, shall not be hid. It is not the lodges of her race, for the wigwam of her husband is warmer. It is not the food and clothes of a cunning people, for who is richer than the wife of a great chief? It is not her father speaking to their Spirit, for there is none stronger than Manitou. Narra-mattah has forgotten all: she does not wish to think of things like these. She knows how to hate a hungry and craving race. But she sees one that the wives of the Narragansetts do not see. She sees a woman with a white skin; her eyes look softly on her child in her dreams; it is not an eye, it is a tongue! It says, what does the wife of Conanchet wish?—is she cold? here are furs—is she hungry? here is venison—is she tired? the arms of the pale woman open, that the Indian girl may sleep.—When there is silence in the lodges, when Conanchet and his young men lie down, then does this pale woman speak. Sachem, she does not talk of the battles of her people, nor of the manner in which the Pequots and Mohicans fear her tribe. She does not tell how a young Narragansett should obey her husband, how the women must keep food in their lodges for the hunters that are wearied; her tongue useth strange words. It names a Mighty and Just Spirit; it telleth of peace, and not of war; it soundeth as one talking from the clouds; it is like the falling of water among rocks. Narra-mattah loves to listen, for the words seem to her like the Wish-Ton-Wish, when he whistles in the woods."

Conanchet had fastened a look of deep and affectionate interest on the wild and sweet countenance of the being who stood before him. She had spoken in that attitude of earnest and natural eloquence that no art can equal; and when she ceased, he laid a hand, in kind but melancholy fondness, on the half-inclined and motionless head as he answered.

"This is the bird of night, singing to its young! The Great Spirit of thy fathers is angry, that thou livest in the lodge of a Narragansett, His sight is too cunning to be cheated. He knows that the moccason, and the wampum, and the robe of fur, are liars; he sees the color of the skin beneath."

"Conanchet, no;" returned the female

hurriedly, and with a decision her timidity did not give reason to expect. "He seeth farther than the skin, and knoweth the color of the mind. He hath forgotten that one of his girls is missing."

"It is not so. The eagle of my people was taken into the lodges of the Pale-faces. He was young, and they taught him to sing with another tongue. The colors of his features were changed, and they thought to cheat the Manitou. But when the door was open, he spread his wings and flew back to his nest. It is not so. What hath been done is good, and what will be done is better. Come; there is a straight path before us."

Thus saying, Conanchet motioned to his wife to follow towards the group of captives. The foregoing dialogue had occurred in a place where the two parties were partially concealed from each other by the ruin; but as the distance was so trifling, the Sachem and his companion were soon confronted with those he sought. Leaving his wife a little without the circle, Conanchet advanced, and taking the unresisting and half-unconscious Ruth by the arm, he led her forward. He placed the two females in attitudes where each might look the other full in the face. Strong emotion struggled in a countenance which, in spite of its fierce mask of war-paint, could not entirely conceal its workings.

"See," he said in English, looking earnestly from one to the other. "The Good Spirit is not ashamed of his work. What has been done, he hath done;—Narragansett nor Yengeese can alter it. This is the white bird that came from the sea," he added, touching the shoulder of Ruth with a finger, "and this the young, that she warmed under her wing."

Then, folding his arms on his naked breast, he appeared to summon his energy, lest, in the scene that he knew must follow, his manhood might be betrayed into some act unworthy of his name.

The captives was necessarily ignorant of the meaning of the scenes which they had just witnessed. So many strange and savage-looking forms were constantly passing and repassing before their eyes, that the arrival of one, more or less, was not likely to be noted. Until she heard Conanchet speak in her native tongue, Ruth had lent no attention to the interview between him and his wife. But the figurative language and no less remarkable action of the Narragansett, had the effect to arouse her suddenly, and in the most exciting manner, from her melancholy.

No child of tender age ever unexpectedly came before the eyes of Ruth Heathcote, without painfully recalling the image of the cherub she had lost.—The playful voice of infancy never surprised her ear, without the sound conveying a pang to the heart; nor could allusion, ever so remote, be made to persons or events that bore resemblance to the sad incidents of her own life, without quickening the never-dying pulses of maternal love. No wonder, then, that when she found herself in the situation and under the circumstances described, nature grew strong within her, and that her mind caught glimpses, however dim and indistinct they might be, of a truth the reader has already anticipated. Still, a certain and intelligible clue was wanting. Fancy had ever painted her child in the innocence and infancy in which it had been torn from her arms; and here, while there was so much to correspond with reasonable expectations, there was little to answer to the long and fondly-cherished picture. The delusion, if so holy and natural a feeling may thus be termed, had been too deeply seated to be dispossessed at a glance. Gazing long, earnestly, and with features that varied with every changing feeling, she held the stranger at the length of her two arms, alike unwilling to release her hold, or to admit her closer to a heart which might rightfully be the property of another.

"Who art thou?" demanded the mother, in a voice that was tremulous with the emotions of that sacred character. "Speak, mysterious and lovely being—who art thou?"

Narra-mattah had turned a terrified and imploring look at the immovable and calm form of the chief, as if she sought protection from him at whose hands she had been accustomed to receive it. But a different sensation took possession of her mind, when she heard sounds which had too often soothed the ear of infancy, ever to be forgotten.—Struggling ceased, and her pliant form assumed the attitude of intense and entranced attention. Her head was bent aside, as if the ear was eager to drink in a repetion of the tones, while her bewildered and delighted eye still sought the countenance of her husband.

"Vision of the woods!—wilt thou not answer?" continued Ruth. "If there is reverence for the Holy One of Israel in thine heart, answer, that I may know thee!"

"Hist! Conanchet!" murmured the

wife, over whose features the glow of pleased and wild surprise continued to deepen. "Come near, Sachem; the Spirit that talketh to Narra-mattah in her dreams, is nigh."

"Woman of the Yengeese!" said the husband, advancing with dignity to the spot, "let the clouds blow from thy sight. Wife of a Narragansett! see clearly. The Manitou of your race speaks strong. He telleth a mother to know her child!"

Ruth could hesitate no longer; neither sound nor exclamation escaped her, but as she strained the yielding frame of her recovered daughter to her heart, it appeared as if she strove to incorporate the two bodies into one. A cry of pleasure and astonishment drew all around her. Then came the evidence of the power of nature when strongly awakened. Age and youth alike acknowledged its potency, and recent alarms were overlooked in the pure joy of such a moment. The spirit of even the lofty-minded Conanchet was shaken. Raising the hand, at whose wrist still hung the bloody tomahawk, he veiled his face, and, turning aside, that none might see the weakness of so great a warrior, and wept.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCHES OF FEMALE CHARACTER.

On the revival of literature in Italy, especially during the pontificate of Leo X., woman appeared of almost consummate erudition, and talents of the first class. Among these we find Vittoria Colonna, marchioness of Pescara, and Veronica Gambara, Countess of Correggio, who, though highly celebrated as poetesses, should always be remembered as eminent examples of virtue.

The love of literature having been diffused over Europe, instances of learned women became more common; and the art of printing having been brought to a high state of perfection, women of great talents became more conspicuous, and the lives and eminent examples of pious females more generally known. As many people have unjust opinions respecting the female mind—its faculties and energies—we will produce a few specimens of its character from among the multitude of great and good women, whose existence has been a blessing to mankind.

The beautiful, unfortunate, and never-to-be-forgotten Lady Jane Grey was remarkable for her attainments in knowledge. Besides thoroughly understanding her own tongue, she wrote in the French, Italian, Latin and Greek languages with great facility. Strange as it may seem, she was likewise well versed in the Hebrew, Chaldaic and Arabic, and this before she had well passed the years of childhood. With all her natural talents, and great acquirements, she was unaffectedly humble and modest.

Another, and probably an unparalleled instance of female greatness, was Miss Anna Maria A. Schurman. This woman appears to have had an universal genius. At ten years of age she learned the whole art of *embroidery* in three hours. "She applied herself to music, painting, engraving, modelling, carving, and sculpture, and succeeded perfectly in each species. She particularly excelled in miniature painting, and etching perfect likenesses on glass with a diamond point. She understood Latin, Greek and Hebrew so thoroughly, and wrote in each language so correctly, that all the *literati* of Europe were astonished at her proficiency. To these she added the knowledge of the Chaldee, Syriac, Turkish, and Arabic. Besides the Low Dutch, which was her native tongue she spoke French, Italian, Spanish, German, and English, with great ease and fluency. Salmatius said of her—"She cultivates the whole circle of the arts, succeeds in each, and graces the whole assemblage of virtues, so that to her not one is lacking." But although the most learned men of her age felt themselves honored by her epistolary correspondence—although she was visited by princes and princesses, and styled "the *tenth muse*, the miracle of the age, and the wonder of her sex," she was an humble professor of Christianity, and her piety was fervent and sincere.

Lady Rachel Russell may justly be considered an honor to her sex, for her faithful adherence to her husband, her religious life, and her epistolary writings. In consequence of some irregular proceedings, in concert with the Earl of Essex and several other noblemen, caused by a sincere love to the religion and liberty of his country, her husband was condemned to be executed. "After his condemnation, she threw herself at the feet of king Charles II. and pleaded, with many tears, the merits and loyalty of her father, in order to save her husband's life. Finding all applications vain, she not only fortified herself against the fatal blow, but endeavored, by her example to strengthen the resolution of her consort. Lady

Russell survived her husband about forty years. Her letters have been published in one volume octavo. They display exquisite sensibility, an enlarged mind, and much reflection; but they are chiefly recommendable for the spirit of charity which they breathe.

THE GEM.

Saturday, November 28, 1829.

Mr. SAMUEL HAMILTON is our authorized agent, and is now on a tour to the east. We hope our friends will be prepared to receive him.

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of 65 subscribers since our last number, principally from the west.

Cooper's last Novel, the Wept of Wish-ton-Wish.—We make an extraxt from this book, which will be found in our columns to-day. We believe this work falls not behind any of the others from the pen of this distinguished Author. The extract will be read with interest and feeling. The work is advertized for sale at the Bookstore of Messrs. E. Peck &co., in this village.

We have noticed in some of our neighboring prints, an article stating that the body of the unfortunate Sam. Patch had floated to the shore; and stories have been circulated among us, that within a few days, he was seen at Pittsford, Canandaigua, &c., on his way to New-Jersey. We were surprised that such stories should gain the least credence, especially among those that witnessed his "last jump." We (as we have previously stated,) saw him jump, and stood near where he struck the water, and we gazed intensely for his rising, at least thirty minutes after the waters closed above him, but no Sam. Patch appeared; and unless he is more of the *amphibious* than man was ever known to be, he has not since been seen in either of the above places, but his corse is yet entombed in the waters of the Genesee River.

Mr. E. M. Cahill, Exchange Broker, of this village, was, a few days since, robbed of his valise in the city of New-York. The thief is supposed to have followed Mr. C. from the Steamboat to the Hotel, and to have secured his booty immediately. The valise contained $5,000, and was afterwards found by the indefatigable Hayes, cut open and robbed of its contents.

The Editor of the Craftsman, desirous of improving the second volume of his paper, offers the following premiums:

For the best address to the people of the United States, on the subject of popular commotions, based upon the prevailing excitement in the western district of New-York, and other parts of the Union, embracing historical facts connected with the masonic Institution, space unlimited, $50.

For the best Original Tale, founded upon facts connected with the history of America, $40.

For the second best do. $20.

For the best Poem, not exceeding 200 lines, $30.

For the second best do. $15.

A competent committee, whose names will be given to the public in a few weeks, will decide upon the merits of the various articles offered, and award the premiums.

Offers for the prizes, must be made previously to the 1st day of February, 1830.

Snow is said to have fallen to the depth of a foot and over, in the counties bordering on Lake Erie, within the last fortnight.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our friend "Z" is informed that his sketch is very good, though entirely destiute of Poetry. We will publish it as a prose sketch if he pleases.

Our Auburn correspondent, "G." we welcome; though we wish he would give us the chance to address him. We think we can give him some hints that may be beneficial to him.

"Lara" is welcome always. We hope he will keep good his stock on hand.

Among the pieces sent us in answer to "Lelia," "Florio" has the preference.

"F. T. L." came too late for an insertion in this number.

DIED,

In this village, Mrs. Curtis, consort of capt. A. B. Curtiss, aged 30 years.

In Marshall, Oneida co. on the 11th instant, Judith, consort of Billey Titus, aged 41 yrs.

In Canandaigua, on the 22d inst. Phineas Bates, Esq. aged 80 years, one of the earliest settlers of this country.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

The Italian Girl's reply, on being solicited to sing in America:—

Oh! ask me not in thine hour of mirth,
To chaunt a song for thee!
Wert thou far, like me, from thy place of birth,
How sad thy heart would be.

Oh! I cannot sing in this strange, strange land,
With a heart so ill at ease;
My voice and my harp, they will not chime,
Then let me depart in peace.

I would please thee now, in thy joyous hour,
But thy language is strange to me;
If thou'lt go with me to my native bower,
Then I will sing to thee. ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THAT BRIGHTER WORLD.

When disencumber'd of this clay,
Deliver'd from this world of pain,
Say! shall sweet friendship die away?
Shall Love be rent in twain?

No! rather think that kindred hearts
Shall meet again in pleasure there;
And join in friendship, ne'er to part,
In worlds more bright and fair.

And oh! break not that holy spell,
That dream of happiness above!
Where hearts, all passionless, shall dwell
In pure and Heaven-born love.

Oh! if that world be all so bright,
So free from heart-corroding care,
How sweet to leave this world so light,
For Pleasure's banquet there. LARA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

Mr. Editor—

I send you the result of a visit paid to me last evening by "*The Nine.*" If worthy a place in your paper, please give it an insertion, and oblige a subscriber.

TO "LELIA."

I heard a sigh, 'twas not of joy,
Nor yet was it of pain;
But 'twixt the two—and yet so coy,
I heard it not again.

'Twas faint, yet deep; and pensive; too,
Like some true lover's Lyre;
But yet 'twas clear, and breath'd anew
Some truant heart's desire.

And was it thine? fair maid, or no?
That sigh of joy and pain—
If thine, (and who but you should know?)
Oh! breath it once again.

Yet no, I would not hear that sigh
Again, for "some one's" sake;
But let it to *his* bosom fly,
And with *thy* heart partake. FLORIO.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE LAST LEAP OF PATCH.

He ascended the scaffold, he mounted on high,
Full detetermin'd to leap, tho' in th' leap he should die:
He view'd, but with calmness, the torrent run wild,
O'er Nature's huge rocks, which in grandeur are piled.
He bade all farewell, the world and its ties,
Now a moment suspended 'twixt earth and skies;
But behold! in the next he forever is lost,
Where the huge foaming billows, like pebbles are toss'd.
Urg'd onward by cheers, he bid all adieu,
He sprang from his summit, swift as lightning he flew,
From the scaffold erected, the height of his pride,
To thdark gulf below—the deep foaming tide.
Genesee's raging waters, now over him roll,
A grave for his body, but not for his soul;
Light was zephyr, on which it wafted away,
From the world's troubl'd scenes, to eternity's day. OLIO.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

DELIA AND THE ROSE.

'Twas morn—Phœbus arose and display'd
His purple rays athwart the orient glade:
Aurora now appear'd in her brilliant ear,
Expanding her refulgent beams afar:
'Twas morn—all nature saw bright Sol arise,
And plough his way thro' the radient skies.
He proclaim'd the day, and he dispel'd the night;
Rival'd in splendor countless orbs of light.
Cours'd his lone way throughout the cloudless plain,
And shed a radiance o'er the azure main.
The trees wav'd their boughs to the God of day,
Luxuriant blossoms deck'd each verdant spray.
The lovely lily op'd her snowy breast,
The purple pink was in her beauty dress'd.
From the thick foliage did the Robin sing,
Inhaling odour from the flowers of spring.
The mourning Dove, and pretty Linnet sate
On verdant trees, caressing each his mate.
The neighb'ring stream preserv'd a silent calm;
And gentle zephyrs blew ambrosial balm—
As with Delia, I wander'd in the grove,
Press'd her soft hand, and talk'd to her of love:
"Delia," I said, "observe that blushing rose,
Its bosom glistens, wet with morning dews,
Its crimson'd leaves an odour rich imparts,
Revives our bosoms, and our sinking hearts.
In this sweet flower, I all thy beauties see,
It blooms, expands, and lives alone for thee."
I said—when, by some strange fatality,
I saw the lovely blossom droop and die.

Auburn, Nov. 21, 1829. G.

THE GEM,

Will be published regularly once in 2 weeks on good paper, in octavo form, and paged suitable for binding. It will be issued on Saturdays, and printed for the proprietors,

By Edwin Scrantom,

Terms.—ONE dollar per annum, in advance.

THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 16. ROCHESTER, DECEMBER 12, 1829. VOL. 1.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE WARRIOUR CHIEF.

A TALE OF 1814.

In the year 1811, there lived a young merchant at the head of Lake Ontario, in Upper Canada, whom we shall call by the name of De Grass. He was an Irishman by birth, and a nobler spirit never swelled the bosom of patriotism, than that which reigned in the breast of De Grass. He was a real republican, and he had a heart that deeply felt the disgraced state of his country. He was much attached to America, and many a sharp encounter did he have with his comrades, when they would chide him for his encomiums upon our free country, at the expense of his Majesty, George 3d. He would say, "my mind o'erflows with arguments in favor of the American Government—my spirit pants for the free air of that happy country, and my dreams take the wings of fancy, and hover side by side with the American Eagle." Such a spirit was not destined long to endure the shackles of British law. It was, however, hereditary, for the father of De Grass, not being willing to witness the persecutions of his countrymen, and alike unwilling to bear the tyrant's yoke, had left his native country, and was the owner of a merchant vessel, salling upon our seas. And here I must mention the story of the younger De Grass, relative to his father.

"My father," said he, "left his native country ten years ago. He was a man of a large fortune, but he left it all, except a few thousands in cash. My mother died three years before his leaving the country, and two sons were the only children he had living. Both of whom he afterwards influenced to follow him. A few years after his arrival in America, in 1812, war was declared against Great Britain. As soon as he heard that such was the fact, he said, *'from this day forward am I a soldier,'* and he verified the saying, by being so during the whole time of that war. Having at length been taken in the city of New-York, with a disease that he was fearful would terminate his existence, he sent for me to come and close his eyes. I immediately arranged my affairs and started for the city.—On my arrival, I found my father in a much lower state than I had expected, but on seeing me, he seemed to revive. "You have come in the right time Oliver," said he, as a tear glistened in either eye. "I shall die to-day," he continued, "and I think I should have died ere this, had I not had hopes of seeing you. Your letter of the day before yesterday, saved my life to behold you again. I rejoice at it, and I shall die now calmly." Then fixing his eyes on me earnestly, "Oliver," said he, "I have left my native country, because I could not see the tyranny that was exercised over my countrymen—because I could not breathe the air of any other than a land of liberty. I have been a soldier, arrayed against the King under whom I was reared, and all my estates have been confiscated. But this is nothing, so long as I am permitted to die in a land of freedom, the land of my choice. Oliver, you were my first-born, and I anticipated in you a great comfort.—Your poor mother was a noble woman, and I did intend that she should have been a resident with me in this land—but death has prostrated my intentions, and I might add, that my hopes were all dark, and myself wedded to fatality when the grave closed over the remains of your mother. I bequeathe to you only the spirit that has animated my bosom, and the hopes that I have entertained of my countrymen. If our native country ever declares for her liberty, return and be the foremost in the ranks against her oppressors. If not, live here. I commend you to the great God, who deals with us all, and if you write any thing o'er *my* tomb, let it be, that I left my native country and my property, to die in a land of liberty."—Thus saying, my father closed his eyes, his countenance assumed a calmness

that betokened a high satisfaction, and in a few moments he was "in the world of spirits."

But it was long before the death of the father of De Grass, that the circumstances happened on which this tale is founded.

At the commencement of the war of 1812, Oliver De Grass still lived at the head of Lake Ontario. When he heard that war was declared by America against Great Britain, his feelings were too strong in favor of America, for him to control, and it was often that he found himself engaged in arguments against his friends. Contrary to his expectations this course created him some enemies before he was aware of it.

In the forest about the head of Lake Ontario, in Canada, there was a large tribe of Indians; but the name of the tribe I cannot now remember. There were many noble warriors among them, and particularly one Chief, whom we shall call Saccareesa. This chief was very large and tall, and when arrayed in his warlike habiliments, was a formidable and noble looking enemy. One day while De Grass was alone in his store, he was somewhat surprised as Saccareesa and another warriour, dressed in complete Indian attire, entered.

"They say you Yengeese," said Saccareesa, as he approached De Grass.

"No, I am not a Yankee," said De Grass, "but I am much attached to the principles of the Americans."

At this the chief shook his head, and all the malice that the keen eye of an Indian can depict, was instantly visible. "Ha! ha!" continued he, shaking his head, "Yengeese print on the post, and in their houses, shoot British, shoot Indians, shoot women, shoot children, burn wigwams, kill every body! This is Yengeese principle."

"It is not so," said De Grass vehemently, "it is a lie—they tell you lies about America."

"Ha!" said Saccareesa, turning quickly on his heel and leaving the store.

De Grass paused a moment and reflected that he had been too rash in his expressions, for he saw at once that the honor of the chief was touched, and that his expression when he left, and the manner of his exit, was sufficient to pourtray that spirit of vengeance which the chief was known to possess against his enemies. He reflected too, that his situation was the more critical, inasmuch as his known principles, although they did not show his hostility to his country, were far from being in consonance with a majority of those in the country. In the midst of his reflections however, he arose to look after the haughty child of the forest and his companion. Their feathers were just visible at a distance, in the forest. A month after this transaction, while De Grass was dressing himself by his window early one morning, he thought he discovered an Indian lurking in the woods near the store. He stopped and fixing his eyes in that direction, saw a plain looking Indian with a rifle, planting himself in a spot, evidently to fire upon him when he should open his back door, which he did every morning, and near which was a place fixed for the purpose of washing. He paused a moment—for not knowing but there might be others with, or near him, he feared to attack him, though he always said he never feared any single Indian. In a moment, taking a large club, he rushed from the front door, and running towards the spot, said loudly, "*fire, if you dare, now, fire!*" The Indian arose; tho' plain as he was, De Grass instantly recognized the chief. He approached him instantly, and seizing the rifle wrested it from his hands in an instant, and throwing it upon the ground, struck Saccareesa several times in succession. The chief stood astonished at De Grass, and did not resist in the least, the beating, or shew signs of resentment, except what was visible in that dark eye, the hung lip and scowled forehead. But in these there was enough.

"Now what will you have of me?" vociferated De Grass;—"you have not succeeded in your designs of murder, speak, what do you mean?"

Saccareesa shook his dark hair from over his forehead, and quickly drawing a whistle from his belt, blew it. The sound was shrill, and the echo bore it back to their ears again. Directly a rustling was heard at a little distance. De Grass snatched the whistle from the chief's hand, as he was returning it to his belt, and blew it to the top of its sound, again and again. At that moment there emerged from a thicket five sturdy warriours, habited in full Indian costume, painted and streaked---and came towards their chief with rapid strides, the foremost one bearing the warriour dress of Saccareesa. De Grass seized the chief by the hair as they approached, and looking sternly towards the clan, and brandishing his club in the other hand, said in a loud and undaunted voice—

"Stop! villains, stop! Dare to fire at me, and your chief dies!" then ta-

king up the rifle, discharged it in the air.

His voice, and the report of the rifle, sounded through the forest, touching along the mountain-side, and echoing back with force upon the deep-pervading silence. The warriours halted, and in a moment De Grass saw some of his friends, who had been alarmed by the report of the rifle, approaching. When he saw this, pushing the chief violently forward, said at the same time,

"Go—go with your band of murderers, and dare to show yourselves in this place again at the peril of your lives!"

Thus saying, he offered the chief his rifle; but he frowned indignantly as he turned his eyes upon the white men, and shaking his head exclaimed "hugh!" He then set off swiftly, and as he joined his band the whole set up a wild scream of revenge which made the "welkin ring." They then made off, and their voices were soon lost in the distance.

De Grass carried the rifle to his room, that he might have it near him in case of necessity. He now pondered upon the risk he had run in the encounter with the chief, and he felt astonished that he was not killed by his enemy.—For certainly he knew that it was in the power of the chief alone to have killed him when he approached, or to have overpowered him in a single combat, unarmed. De Grass knew that his only safety now, was in flight, and accordingly he made this intention known to the owner of the establishment which he carried on. Four days had elapsed, and the next was set for his departure. The sun had already set, and but a few faint rays were streaking towards the east, as De Grass entered the store. A something seemed to flash across his brain that on that very night he was to be delivered up to savage cruelty. He opened his back door and looked anxiously out into the forest, that had already begun to darken, caused by the deep foliage that hung upon the trees, and he imagined that he saw an Indian pass behind a tree. Whether this was true or not, it was sufficient to awaken the fears of De Grass. He made known to his friend whom he had engaged to stay that night with him, his fears for his safety, and at once concluded to depart. His friend tried to pursuade him to stay, but his suspicions that he was marked for sacrifice that night, had become so strong that they amounted to an absolute certainty in his own mind—and without hesitating further, he pressed his friend's hand, directed him how to forward his trunks and took to the woods.

Oh how implacable is an Indian's revenge! When once he becomes an enemy, he continues so, and time, instead of allaying, tends only to heighten his revenge, and leave room for the rankling spirit to corrode, and be the more effectual and deadly when it shall burst upon its victim. That very night the store where De Grass had been, was surrounded by more than one hundred savages, headed by Saccareesa, who demanded De Grass—and in the event of being refused, threatened to burn the store, and all it contained. They were deterred from the execution of their purpose by the doors being thrown open, and themselves permitted to ransack every foot within, in search of their victim. After several hours fruitless search, Saccareesa rushed from the store foaming with madness; and setting up a yell that denoted his disappointment, made off to the woods, and was followed by his band in regular file. A week passed away quietly, but the revengeful spirit of the chief was not allayed. At the dead hour of night the cry of "*Fire!*" echoed through the streets of D——. The flames were just bursting from that ill-fated store—but there was no being in sight: the savage incendiary was in concealment. The villagers, however were prompt in repairing to the spot, and success crowned their efforts. The fire was got under, though not without some loss, and again all was quiet. After this the owner made an offering of peace to Saccareesa, which he accepted, and they smoked together the pipe of peace.

The distance to Fort Erie, through the woods, was not over forty miles—whereas the distance by any road, was twice or thrice that distance. Fort Erie, at the head of the Ningara River, opposite Buffalo, was the place De Grass wished to reach as soon as possible. The night was dark, until after midnight; when the moon rose, which gave some hope to the flying De Grass. His journey through the wilderness, was marked by many difficulties, and when the moon arose, he found himself in the middle of a swamp, which was seemingly impassable. With the rising of the moon, the beasts of the forest sallied forth from their dens, and began to howl from every quarter. But De Grass depended upon the rifle which he had taken from Saccareesa, and continued fearlessly onward. At length the light that faintly gleamed in the eastern horizon, gave token of the ap-

proach of another day. Never was the rising sun hailed with more heartfelt joy, than it was on that day by Oliver De Grass. He continued his journey, and about noon of that day he reached Fort Erie in safety—and before the sun had again sunk to rest, he was a soldier in the American Army, stationed at Buffalo.

Some months had passed, during which time De Grass had become distinguished for heroism and bravery.

A detachment of men were now ordered to Lewiston, on the frontier, and De Grass was one of the number. Not many days after their arrival at Lewiston, they heard of the battle at Fort Erie, and the defeat and retreat of the enemy. De Grass and a party of ten others, immediately started to join the Americans by crossing at Black Rock, for the whole soul of our young hero, was bound up in the determination of sharing in the honours of the first battle. They arrived at Black Rock, crossed over, and joined the American army near Chippawa. Here was a skirmish with the enemy, who, though retreating kept up a *running fire*, the marks of which are visible to this day. On arriving at Chippawa, the enemy again halted, and made a strong effort to maintain their ground. They were joined by a reinforcement of Indians, who gave a great impetus to the effect of the British army. But they were soon routed, and fled to their strong hold at Drummond Hill, or Lundy's Lane. In the pursuit, De Grass discovered on the battle-ground at some distance, among the wounded and dead, some Indians, and with motives which no one knew but himself, he went to the spot. The first that he approached was one of gigantic stature, who was rolling upon his face in agony, from the effect of a mortal wound. His dress betokened that he was a chief—De Grass gazed upon him with intense anxiety, scarce knowing whether to pity and offer relief, or to despatch the savage and thereby satisfy the never-dying hatred that he held towards the tribes—when the chief by a convulsive effort, threw his face upwards. He sprang back in astonishment to behold his direst, deadliest enemy—*it was Saccareesa!* As the chief recognized the features of De Grass, he gathered strength, and seemed to forget the mortal wound with which he was inflicted. He rose in an instant, and seized his tomahawk.—But De Grass wrenched it from his hand, and seizing the chief, hurled him to the ground with a violence prompted from the recollection of the wrongs he had received from him. Saccareesa tore his hair to think he was obliged to die in presence of his enemy. But the loss of blood prevented any further resistance, until De Grass attempted to take from him his wampum, when the chief, putting on the same revengeful countenace as when he departed from De Grass after the encounter near the store, commenced throwing about his hands and feet, and seemingly with the idea that he was in combat with his foe, fought till the last expiring breath left the body. De Grass took the wampum and after thanking God for the pleasure of having seen the fall of this worst enemy to mankind and himself, left the Warriour Chief dead on the field enshrouded in his own gore!

Three hours after this, De Grass was at Lundy's-Lane, where he fought heroically through the whole of that memorable night, which crowned the American army with victory and lasting honours.

The reader is informed that the subject of this tale is no fiction. The character whom I have denominated De Grass, still lives on the frontier; is a worthy man and a good citizen, and under the patronage of the government.

ADRIAN.

MORAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

BAD COMPANY.

"Twelve years ago, and I was young and sprightly," said a young man of twenty-four, who had given himself up to all the vile habits of gambling, profanity and intoxication.

"Yes," answered a by stander, "but twelve years ago you frequented *bad company*—you was the companion of the idle and dissolute, and instead of learning wisdom and sense, you closed your mind to all that was wholesome, just and manly."

"That is too true," said the first, as his memory flashed across the plain of his former life; and the keen retrospect caused a deep-drawn sigh, that indicated the wormwood of his soul.

Robert Fraquier when young, was the companion of the blackguard, and the idler. Though educated with care and tenderness, he nevertheless was always courting the smiles of those, whose companionship is infamy. Having for a long time steadily pursued the path of the vicious, he at length became so used to the grosser practices, that he felt abashed when found in the company of

the virtuous and the good. He imagined that every soul knew just how vicious and how debased he was—and therefore his mouth was closed, for fear that if he spoke, he might be rebuked by no one noticing what he said. He went into business early, and being unsuccessful he became an easy prey to despair. The last time I saw him he was clerk over a Billiard Table, and depended upon gaming for money to carry him through life. I took him aside and asked him if there was no way possible for him to escape from the ruin that already encircled him. He burst into a flood of tears.

"George," said he, "I am utterly and hopelessly ruined. I see no way of escape, I am so far advanced on the ocean of destruction, that to go over is death, and to return is death. If any thing, George, it is more fearful for me to return and view the opportunities of good I have thrown away, than to go over. I feel that my heart is already festering within the foul body that encompasses it. Had I taken your advice, and avoided bad company, I had not now been a ruined man, and the only disgrace upon a respectable family. But the die is cast and tell all the friends that I once claimed, that Robert Fraquier is reduced to the veriest wretch that ever claimed the name of man."

A few months after, a hearse passed to the burial ground accompanied only by the sexton and poor-master. It was the body of Fraquier.

This picture is not too highly painted. It is in fact, but a true representation of the evils to which bad company will lead men. Idleness is the evil genius that allures to destruction—industry is the mother of happiness. A.

FROM THE DIAMOND.

THE FAREWELL.

There is something peculiarly solemn and affecting, even to a spectator, in the parting of friends who have long enjoyed the pleasure of each other's society; who have been accustomed together to participate in the various enjoyments of life, and are about to be separated perhaps forever. The heart-withering thought that we may soon be forgotten; that perhaps a few months will suffice to blot our existence from the memory of those we hold dear, intrudes itself in the sensitive breast on such an occasion, and adds a fresh drop of gall to the already embittered cup of separation.

It was on a stormy evening in the month of November, that I accompanied my friend Charles B. to the house of Mr. H. where he was going to bid his friends farewell, previous to his departure from home. We spent the evening in the company of the amiable, youthful and lovely Miss Julia H. and her elder, though to me not less lovely, sister. But in the view of my friend, no earthly being possessed equal charms with Julia. Towards her he cherished the warmest sensations of youthful love, and that love was reciprocated by the kind-hearted girl. The moments passed fleeting and pleasantly, save when the unwelcome thought of the fast approaching separation broke in upon our hilarity, and cast a simultaneous gloom over the company. The hour of nine at length arrived, and I trembled for Charles when he arose to bid adieu, being acquainted with the generous sensibility of his soul, and knowing how easily his feelings were affected. Taking the hand of the sister of the beloved Julia, and begging for old acquaintance sake to be excused, he gave her a parting kiss; and the most careless observer could not but have noticed the trepidation of the youthful lovers, as Charles turned towards and grasped the hand of Julia, imprinted upon her blushing cheek one fond kiss, stammered "Farewell!" and hurried from the house; and my own feelings were deeply affected when I beheld the lovely girl almost exhausted by the deep emotions of her bosom, sink into the arms of her sister. Bidding the ladies a good evening, I followed my friend, and taking his arm we proceeded some distance silently, until desirous of dispelling the gloom from his generous bosom, I rallied him upon his parting kiss. But I had touched a tender place, and a stifled sigh indicated the mental feelings of my friend. He accused me of trifling with those feelings of his heart, which naturally arose from the circumstance of an approaching separation from his friends, and the land of his nativity, but affected to laugh at my insinuations of his being in love. * * * *

Charles has gone; and to me, the parting scene of the youthful, the ardent lovers, was indeed affecting and while a spark of social feeling continues to warm my breast; while the pulse at least, of my youthful life continues to throb, the remembrances of that "Farewell" will be cherished by me.

HENRY.

The hardest trial of the heart, is whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCHES OF FEMALE CHARACTER.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, a deeply experienced christian, and highly celebrated authoress, may be mentioned, not only as an example of the powers of the female mind, but as a model for the imitation of her sex. From her childhood she was remarkable for the sprightliness of her imagination, and the force of her expressions. Every thing she wrote was charged with the electricity of genius. Her productions were greatly admired; yet her modesty prevented her from affixing her name to many of her works. She generally received her reward, however, for the beauty and loftiness of her style pointed out its author. She wrote 'Friendship in death,' 'Letters Moral and Entertaining,' 'The History of Joseph,' 'Devout Exercises of the Heart,' &c. The latter she left to the care of Dr. Watts, by whom it was published. In speaking of this work, the doctor says, "The style, I confess, is raised above that of common meditation or soliloquy; but let it be remembered, she was no common christian. As her virtues were sublime, so her genius was bright and sparkling, and the vivacity of her imagination had a tincture of the muse almost from childhood. This made it natural to her to express the inward sentiments of her soul in more exalted language, and to paint her ideas in metaphor and rapture near akin to the diction of poesy."

Mrs. Wright daughter of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, may be properly mentioned as an ornament to her sex, both for talents and acquirements. Many of her poems are characteristic, not only of the tenderness of woman, but of the true spirit of poetry. The 'Address to Her Dying Infant,' has been called a piece inimitable for its tenderness, and highly polished manners.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, is celebrated for a translation of Epictetus, and for many original poems. She had a thorough knowledge of the Greek language. Dr. Johnson, speaking of a celebrated scholar, said, "he understood Greek better than any person whom I have ever known except Elizabeth Carter." Mrs. Carter was another proof of the superior beauty of great abilities when graced by piety.

Mrs. Chapone, authoress of Letters on the Improvement of the Mind--addressed to a young lady, was a woman of fine talents. An elegant poem, of her production, was prefixed to the 'Translation of Epictetus," by her friend, Mrs. Carter.

Mrs. Macauley affords another instance of the strength of the female mind. "At an early period, history became her darling passion, and liberty the idol of her imagination; and from the world of frivolity, flattery and dissipation, she shrunk back to a more improving world of her own. She took up her pen, and gave to the most interesting parts of English history, a new spirit and interest." In consequence of the ill state of her health, she visited France in the latter part of the year 1777. Here she became acquainted with Dr. Franklin and other distinguished Americans. To avoid becoming offensive to the English government, she was obliged to observe great caution in her actions and expressions. Yet, so devoted was she to the cause of liberty, that, in a letter to Dr. Franklin, in which, from prudential motives, she declined the pleasure of seeing himself and friends at her hotel, she says, "The whole tenor of my conduct must have convinced you, sir, that I should with pleasure sacrifice my life, could it be of any real service to the cause of public freedom." In 1785, she visited the United States, and was every where received with kindness and hospitality. She terminated her tour at Mount Vernon, where she remained three weeks. "It seemed to have been her intention, after her return to England, to have composed a history of the American contest, for which purpose she had been furnished by Gen. Washington, with many materials." Unfortunately, the infirm state of her health prevented the execution of this plan. "Mrs. Macauley published nine different works in a very accurate and elegant manner."

Mrs. Fletcher, wife of the Rev. John Fletcher, may be here mentioned, not only as a writer, but a bright example of practical piety. She gathered numbers of orphan children under her roof, to whom she proved a parent indeed, by training them up to honorable pursuits in life. From her great hospitality, her house obtained the title of the "Pilgrim's Inn." She wrote "Letters on the death of her Husband---to his Brother in Switzerland," "An Aunt's advice to a Niece," "A Commentary on the Ten Commandment's," and "The Life and Death of Miss Sarah Lawrence," her adopted daughter.

THE GEM.

Saturday, December 12, 1829.

☞ REMOVAL.—The office of the Gem is removed to the office of the Rochester Observer, Globe Building, at the east end of the bridge.

☞ Since our last, we have received 38 subscribers from different places. Our thanks are due for the same.

☞ Numbers 2, 3, 6, and 7, having run out, will, as soon as possible be re-printed. New subscribers from the beginning, are therefore informed that their setts will be made full as soon as we can re-print them.

☞ POSTAGE—We wish our friends would spare us a little from this expense. Our paper is put low, on condition that we should pay no postage—but our letters of late, have many of them come unpaid.

The DIAMOND, a small, but neatly printed literary publication, issued by Suydam & Wheeler, and published at Auburn, weekly, has been received. The price is one dollar per annum.

THE MAILS.—The friends of a strict observance of the Sabbath in this county, lately held a meeting at the Court-House in this village, and resolved to petition Congress to instruct the Post-Master-General not to contract for any mails to be transported, or post-offices to be opened on the Sabbath. Memorials are accordingly now circulated for signatures, for that purpose.

The friends to the present system of transporting the Mail, have since assembled at the Court-House, and resolved that the present system ought not to be changed, and that they will remonstrate against the memorialists above mentioned. An address to the public has been published, and remonstrances are also circulating for signatures.

RURAL REPOSITORY.—The last number of this literary publication, contains a Lithographic plate, representing the "Entrance to the Highlands," on the Hudson River.

THE NEW STATUTES.—We are very glad to see that by the "Revised Statutes of the State of New-York," more effectual means are taken to compel a man who is able, to pay his honest debts. As the law now is, a man may convert his property into notes or mortgages, and although in fact worth thousands, put his papers in his pocket, take "the benefit," and laugh at his creditors. But as the law will be after the first of January next, he who now laughs at his creditors, will then have to *pay* for his mirth.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge the receipt of a communication from our new correspondent "Pitt," which, want of room obliges us to defer until our next. He has our thanks; and we assure him that the communication now before us, is a valid guarantee for whatever we may receive in future. We trust his pen will not be idle.

MARRIED,

In this village, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. G. Laning, Mr. Amos White, to Miss Hannah M. Cook.

In East-Bloomfield, on the 3d inst. by Rev. Mr. Wheeler of Canandaigua, Mr. Henry O'Reilly, editor of the Rochester Daily Advertiser, to Miss Marcia F., daughter of Gen. Micah Brooks.

DIED,

At the Mansion-House Hotel, Philadelphia, after an illness of two months, Hon. Bushrod Washington, in the 71st year of his age.

THE CRAFTSMAN—VOL. 2d.

The Editor of the Craftsman, desirous of improving the second volume of his paper, offers the following premiums:

For the best address to the people of the United States, on the subject of popular commotions, based upon the prevailing excitement in the western district of New-York, and other parts of the Union, embracing historical facts connected with the masonic Institution, space unlimited, $50.

For the best Original Tale, founded upon facts connected with the history of America, $40.

For the second best do. $20.

For the best Poem, not exceeding 200 lines, $30.

For the second best do. $15.

A competent committee, whose names will be given to the public in a few weeks, will decide upon the merits of the various articles offered, and award the premiums.

Offers for the prizes, must be made previously to the 1st day of February.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

SONG.

Lady, this heart is wholly thine,
Though thou hast lov'd another now;
Oh had thy love been deep as mine,
Thou ne'er hadst broke thy parting vow.

But I would now thy pity move,
Thy image clings to memory yet;
Thou that hast taught this heart to love,
Teach it in mercy to FORGET.

ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

YOUTHFUL HOURS.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

Is youthful hours, when hope is high,
No clouds are hovering round the sky;
The Sun is shining clear and bright,
And basking in its splendid light
All nature smiles. The zephyr breeze
Is murmuring thro' the shady trees,
The birds are singing on the hills,
And thro' the vales the murm'ring rills
Meandering, glide, and softly pass,
Now clear, now thro' the silken grass—
So pass the hours of Youth away,
In pleasure's bright and sunny day.
Youth little dream that future years
Will see their cheeks bedew'd with tears;
That scenes so pleasing now, and bright,
Will ever vanish from their sight;
And music, that in shady bower,
So charms them now, shall lose its power;
The friends they love, so blithe and gay,
By time must all be swept away—
Gone, one by one, 'till they are left
Of all the joys of life bereft.
Oh! may that never be your fate,
May happier days on you await,
And may yours be the happy lot,
As long as life endures,
To find a friend whose heart shall beat
In unison with yours.

Dec. 1828. LAURA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE ILL-FATED PAIR.

She heard his voice; it came on the gale,
And gently it pass'd by her;
It echoed through the surrounding dale,
And told that he was nigh her.

She sprang aloof like the mountain deer,
To catch a sight of her lover;
The craggy height she bounds without fear,
For he was far above her.

She listen'd and heard his voice again,
A deep gulf did them sever—
Their bosom's heave with joyous pain,
They leap—and sink forever. T. L.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

POET'S LOVE.

Oh! if this heart is doom'd to rove,
And to ought of Earth be given,
Give me a Poet's hallow'd love;
'Tis less of earth than heaven.
Its gentle impulse o'er the heart,
Doth such sweet thoughts reveal,
And such a kindly calm impart,
Oh, 'tis what angels feel.

Its deep revealings so entwine,
And round the heart-strings steal,
It seems as pure as that bright shrine,
At which the angels kneel.
But ah! there's many a bitter sigh,
Survives e'en love like this,
Its joys like earth's best blessings die—
Who can outlive such bliss.

ROSAMOND.

FAREWELL.

[SELECTED.]

Farewell! 'tis but a word—'tis spoken!
The tearful eye,
The struggling sigh
Tell of a warm and fond heart broken.

Farewell! I did not think that ever
That word would pass
These lips, alas!
Echo replies farewell—forever!

Farewell! the hopes this heart hath cherish'd
With thee depart;
Even the heart
Shrinks drooping like a spring-flower perish'd

Farewell! too late for aught save weeping,
The dream hath fled,
Above the dead
The dying heart its watch is keeping.

Farewell! even so—farewell forever,
I claim thee not,
Be all forgot,
All—save that word which bids us sever.

THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 17. ROCHESTER, DECEMBER 26, 1829. VOL. 1.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE FIRST AND LAST VOYAGE.

"How calm and beautiful the ocean is to-night," said the lovely Elizabeth Morton, as she stood upon the deck of the Eleanor, leaning upon the arm of her devoted husband. "How calm and beautiful," she again murmured, "and yet Henry, it is a fearful thing to be at sea, and although for you, who have lingered on the ocean from childhood up, it has no terrors, yet for me,"—she gazed long and wistfully in silence out upon the green waves, and looked to see if any cloud rested in the horizon; but all was clear in heaven, and there seemed no ground for fear. "Yet," Elizabeth continued, "I have had a deep impression that I shall never see the land again, but that I shall lie down, cold and still, upon the bottom of the ocean: and, Henry, could I be sure that you and my sweet little Charles, my own my only brother, could return safe to my poor mother, I could sleep as sweetly in a watery grave, as in the cold earth." Henry tried to smile away her fears, but it was of no avail. There was a settled melancholy upon the spirits of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth Morton was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant in New-York, and had from early childhood been indulged in every wish of her heart. She had possessed every advantage that wealth could procure, which, together with the beauties and talents which nature had bestowed with a lavish hand, rendered her at the age of 18, one of the most brilliant and fascinating stars in the circle of fashion. Her hand was sought by many elegant and accomplished young men, but her heart had never been touched. She had treated all with the most studied respect and the most persevering coolness.

Accident did that which nothing else could effect; her father's house having taken fire, the third story was enveloped in flames, yet all were safe but her. The mother of the unfortunate girl rushed repeatedly into the flames, to seek her child, while her father raved frantically, unable to render any assistance. Every noise was hushed for a moment, all waiting for the flames to devour its victim, when a youth in the garb of a sailor, rushed to the spot and with the swiftness of lightning, and a soul undaunted by the crackling flames, the crash of falling timber, and the noise of engines, he rushed into the destroying element, and flew up the burning staircase. In a few seconds he reached the ground again in safety, bearing the fainting girl to her distressed parents. From that fatal night Henry Morton became as dear to the rescued Elizabeth, as her life. He was a splendid officer, captain of one of the largest ships that ploughed the Atlantic; and Elizabeth's gratitude to her preserver, soon ripened into a kindlier feeling.—The only objection raised by her parents was the constant danger he incurred upon the unstable ocean; but gratitude to the preserver of their child, overcame every feeling of fear, and one year from the dreadful night in which the lovely girl was rescued from death, she was united to the only being she had ever loved; and with her marriage, her trials commenced. Henry's vessel sailed from New-York to Liverpool. The two first voyages after his marriage were prosperous, and he returned at the expected time to his fearful bride; but his third was an unlucky one, for they came near being wrecked; and not until the last ray of hope had almost fled from the bosom of his afflicted Elizabeth, did he return. And when he portrayed his danger and his sufferings to the gentle girl, she made a secret vow that she would share his perils, and that if he died out on the merciless ocean, he should not die alone. She kept this a secret, even from Henry, until three days previous to his sailing, and when she broke her determination to her parents, their agony cannot be described,

Her mother prayed and wept; her father represented to her all the dangers of the sea, and the horrors of shipwreck, but they only seemed to fix her determination more firm. She answered, while her large blue eyes filled with tears at the thought of parting with her parents and her beloved and only brother, "If my Henry has to suffer all this, it shall not be alone." In a gentle manner she requested that her brother might be permitted to accompany her in her first voyage, and with a great deal of reluctance her request was granted.—The hour of parting cannot be described. Henry tried in vain to inspire them all with courage, yet, all save the lively Charles, were sad and hopeless. The four first days of their voyage were delightful, and it was on the eve of the fourth that we presented them to our readers. The fifth morning there were fearful symptoms of an impending storm; clouds, black and ominous, floated in the heavens, and the sea moaned, as if in anticipation of the approaching commotion. Henry tried to persuade Elizabeth that there was nothing unusual in these appearances, and she listened, yet believed not. A fearful looking mist, which had been gathering for hours, came down upon them with the wildness of a tornado; then a deep, rushing, roaring sound was heard along the surface of the ocean, which was first ruffled, and finally covered with a sheet of bubbling, spotless foam; and at the next moment the wind fell upon the laboring Eleanor. As the gust approached, Morton had taken the opportunity to keep her as much before the wind as possible, but her movements were sluggish, and did not meet the exigencies of the moment. She received the first shock on her broadside, and it was the mercy of an over-ruling Providence that she was not fated to receive the whole shock of the tempest at a blow. Her sails fluttered and collapsed alternately for a moments, as if gathering strength for the next trial; and then the rushing gale swept over them like a whirlwind. The Eleanor received the blast like a stout and well built ship, yielded to its impulse until her side lay incumbent upon the water, and then, as if conscious of her danger, struggled to work her way through the water. Her masts and rigging were all cut away and fell into the sea with a tremendous crash, and her despoiled hull drove on before the tempest as though nothing had occurred to stop its progress. "Come here, Charles;" said Elizabeth, and the boy obeyed. "Charles, there is no hope;" said the gentle girl, "and you as well as me will have to lie down under the wave." The boy who had never thought of death before, was now shocked, and throwing himself into his sisters' arms, wept long and silently. The provisions of the ship were all destroyed, except a little flour, which lasted but a short time. The ninth evening after their disaster, that lovely boy was cast into the bosom of the deep, and his golden locks were interwoven with the sea-weed in the bottom of the ocean. 'Twas the eleventh morning; they were casting lots to see who should perish to save their fellows from starvation, when they espied a sail, but they had no canvass, or any thing with which to make a signal, and the ship passed by. The next morning Henry was sitting on the deck of the fearful fabric, supporting in his arms the remains of the beautiful Elizabeth, who had just expired, when "A sail!" "A sail!" was echoed faintly by a half a dozen voices, and their friendly messengers were soon on board administering to their wants. The frail form of Elizabeth, was gathered to the resting-place of millions, and the waves rolled calmly over her. Henry returned to New-York alone to tell of Elizabeth's First and Last Voyage.

ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE UNFORTUNATE SOCIETY.

Whoever has made a voyage through the Canal, that stretches from the Hudson to Lake Erie, must recollect the village that presents itself in a very conspicuous manner, as you proceed towards the west; until the high and steril hill, which forms its western boundary, deprives the eye of a view of its beautiful scenery. The canal winds through the extensive plains on which the village is erected, and forms a semi-circle in its course around it, which tends to increase the view, and imparts a pleasing sensation, on perceiving the commodious walks which surround the public places.

In this truly sequestered place I have resided for more than half a century; and have witnessed the gradual advances it has made in point of improvement. The inhabitants of this place, like most others, were composed of different classes of people; caused, perhaps, by the various kinds of labor at which they were engaged. During the days of my early youth, there was formed

a small society of young men in the most central part of the village, for the purpose of receiving news-papers and purchasing useful books, by which we could receive such information as might tend to our perfection in some department; or remove from our eyes the badge of folly, which ever flies from the rising light of science.

Weekly meetings were held in a regular manner, at which times all business that related to the society was transacted—conversation and reading continued, which served to increase the object we had in view, and promote the felicity of domestic happiness.

It was in this amicable association that we passed the evenings of summer and the long and dreary nights of winter. Conscious of the vanity which exists among mankind, sensible of our own frailties, and anxious alone for enjoyment; we endeavored to pass the morning of life in a manner that would be beneficial in youth, and advantageous in age.

Our usual place of meeting was in an old deserted building, situated on an eminence in the back part of the village, and had remained unoccupied since the conclusion of the Revolutionary struggle, (a space of about ten years,) except as a place of deposit or magazine for the northern garrisons. The building was large and commodious, and had of late become shattered by the north-west winds which blow at this place with the greatest violence. The country of which I am speaking is situated near Ontario Lake, on a high and level plain, which terminates abruptly with its steep and towering banks; and consequently open to the winds which pervade the bosom of that chrystal Lake. How often, when seated among my elder friends, have I heard them recount the particulars of some terrible tempest, which had leveled the dwellings of our early inhabitants, who had settled near this village, or more directly on the banks of the Lake from which the wind, like the increasing surge, grows more and more formidable in its course, and finally exhausts its accumulated weight upon some unoffending object. We assembled one evening at an unusual late hour in an upper story of the building, and commenced the business which we had met to transact, and proceeded as usual in our deliberations.—The wind howled in the most frightful manner, and roared among the trees; the forked lightning of heaven was observed to gleam in the east: in short, all the engines of nature were in complete operation, in putting forward the tempest; which seemed determined to level the habitations of man beneath its dessolating course. The groaning of the frame and the combustibles around it, began to impress on our minds the danger to which we were subject, and bid us, in the strongest language of nature, to retire and forsake a position which could only be maintained with the utmost imprudence. Every blast of the whirlwind bore anew the commission of death, and only waited for the appointed moment to be the executor of its sad decree.

Within our assembly room the utmost silence reigned, interrupted only by the stern voice of the President, and the low whisperings of the members, who endeavored to conceal their fear by some faint conversation upon some favorite topic. The lamps on the table were on a sudden extinguished by the wind, which penetrated the crevices between the boards, and left us in the dark; when we instantly commenced our retreat from the room, groping our way down the narrow windings of the half dilapidated stairway.

When thus enclosed in this dark labyrinth of peril we were alarmed by a shock like that of an earthquake, caused by the sudden explosion of a barrel of powder that lay in the cellar and at a considerable distance from us. Stupified with fear, and half suffocated with smoke and flame, myself and a number of others succeeded in escaping from all danger by leaping from a window, which we did without material injury; leaving four of our companions to perish in the flames.

The rising conflagration growing redder and redder, soon became a solid mass of flame, which was parted by the wind and carried in the form of a column, a considerable distance, before it was extinguished; and the dissolated embers falling near, apparently spread around us a shower of brilliant and sparkling diamonds. The plaintive cries of our companions were heard at distant intervals calling on us for help, but in vain; we were compelled to witness their death in the most shocking manner that can be imagined, without being able to mitigate their sufferings, or redeem their lives. A sudden crash announced the fall of the roof, which nearly completed the work of destruction, and buried our companions beneath the ruins.

The next morning we returned to the place where twelve hours before had stood a gigantic edifice, which was now

level with the dust. On every side, to a considerable distance from the theatre of desolation, lay scattered the mutilated fragments, still blazing over the smoky ruins. The chimneys, (three in number,) towering amidst the general destruction, frowned frightfully over the plain. While gazing upon it and considering what it then was, and what I had seen it, I thought I saw Vesusius in repose! Such have been the dreadful calamities which attended a society of young men, who were mindful of their folly, attentive to their own interests, desiring nought but happiness, and conscious that all perfection comes from study; enjoment from industry; that man to be happy, must revere his creator with a grateful heart, and submit with pleasure to the decrees of fate, and the dispensations of Providence.

The dreadful disaster which I have related, and which annihilated the society, gave us the appellation of the "Unfortunate Society;" which was well applied to our confederation.

PITT.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCHES OF FEMALE CHARACTER.

Miss Seward is well known as a distinguished poetess, and should ever be remembered for her remarkable devotion to the happiness of her infirm father. "Her poems," says Sir Walter Scott, "contain vivid traces of genius; and her elegies on Major Andre and Captain Cook, convey a high impression of the original powers of their author."—"Her letters, published in six volumes, exhibit a capacious and well stored mind, and a lively fancy."

Mrs. Hannah More was a shining proof of the strong powers of woman's intellect. Her "Practical Piety," and "Strictures on Education," have been highly celebrated. Her writings have been said to be equal to any thing produced by the other sex. The biographer of bishop Portens having had occasion to mention the Bishop's friendship for M. s. More, and having enumerated some of the means by which she performed so much good, comes to the conclusion, "that it is hardly possible to speak of her in terms of adequate respect, gratitude, and admiration." For great powers of mind, perseverence in their cultivation, and sincere piety, she will always be considered one of the chief ornaments, not only of her sex, but of human nature.

Mrs. Barbauld was another example of her sex, for virtue, and an honor to her sex for talents. Her "Hymns in Prose," for children, have been most extensively read, and the purity of sentiments makes them really useful. Of this production of her pen, it has been said, "None of her works is a fairer monument than this, of the elevation of her soul and the brightness of her genius. While discarding the aid of verse, she every where burst forth in o poetry; while stooping to the comprehension of infancy, she has produced a precious manuel of devotion, founded on the contemplation of nature, fitted to delight the taste, and warm the piety of the most accomplished minds and finest spirits." As a poetess, she long cherished the reading community, not only because of the merits of her versification, but also by the religious spirit that breathes in her compositions. Children, delighted, culled wild flowers in gratitude, and their parents entwined them in wreaths to honor the amiable authoress of so much instruction and amusement. But she has gone down to the tomb: and there are many tongues yet sealed in infancy that shall repeat her lessons, and many hearts yet unwarmed with a sense of divine goodness, shall glow with thankfulness to heaven for Mrs. Barbauld's legacy.

A VIRGIN HEART.

The author of "De Vere" has made some beautiful observations on the worth and devotions of an unpracticed heart.

"There is nothing under Heaven so delicious as the possession of pure, fresh, immutable affections. The most felicitous moments of man's life, the most ecstatic of all his emotions and sympathies, is that in which he receives an avowal of affection from the idol of his heart. The springs of feeling, when in their youthful purity, are fountains of unsealed and gushing tenderness—the spell that once draws them forth is the mystic light of future years and undying memory. Nothing in life is so pure and devoted, as a woman's love. It matters not whether it be for husband or child, or sister or brother, it is the same pure unquenchable glow of feeling, whose undeniable touchstone is trial. Do but give her one token of love—one kind word, or one gentle look, even if it be amid desolation and death—the feelings of that faithful heart, will gush forth as a torrent, in despite of earthly bond or mercenary tie. More priceless than the gems of Golconda, is a virgin's heart, and more devoted than the idolatry of Mecca, is woman's love. There is no sordid view, qualifying self-interest, in the feeling. It is a principle and characteristic of her nature—a faculty and infatuation which absorbs and concentrates all the fervor of her soul, and all the depths of her bosom. I would rather be the idol of one unsullied and unpractised heart, than the monarch of empires. I would rather possess the immaculate and impassioned devotion of one high souled and enthusiastic virgin, than the sycophantic fawnings of millions. There is more thrilling felicity derived from an union of two guiltless and uncontaminated hearts, than all the conquests of Alexander, the wisdom of Socrates, or the wealth of Cœsus would afford. The general world knows nothing of these things. None can appreciate the refinement of pure feeling, but those who by nature, or some peculiar property of the mind, are qualified to drink of the depths of its gushing and sparkling fountains. None can know the elysium of possessing a heart, until they know the value of a gem so priceless,—until they think of its embodyings

as something too holy to be mingled with the grosser images of passion and humanity, until they at least imagine the spirit of a seraph has been clothed with the form of imperishable mortality. When this wild dream mingles with the colder and more calculating visions of life—the world may put forth its anathemas—fortune may shower down its adversaries—but in vain—even the sword of Asrael, (the angel of death,) would scarcely destroy the unutterable ecstacies of this Heaven-descending happiness."

From the Journal of Health.

WET FEET.

What a crowd of painful recollections are conjured up in the mind of a physician of any age and experience, by the words wet feet. The child which had been playing about in the morning in infantile loveliness and vivacity, is seized at night with wet feet, and in a day or two is a corpse. The youthful form of female beauty, which, a few months before gladdened the eyes of every beholder, is now wasting in slow, remediless decay. What was the origin of her malady? Wet feet.—Let us hope that the exposure was incurred in a visit of mercy to a helpless widow, or distressed orphan. Whence come the lingering disease, the pain and suffering of that fond mother? Still the same response; getting her feet wet, while providing suitable winter's clothing for her children—as if tenderness for her offspring justified her dispensing with all the rules of prudence for herself. Thus we might continue the melancholly list of diseases, at best harrassing and alarming, often fatal, to which the heedlessness of youth, the pride of manhood, or the avarice of old age, are voluntarily and causelessly exposed, by a neglect of one lesson of every day experience.

It needs no medical lore or labored reasoning, to show the great influence which impressions on the feet exert over the rest of the body at large. The real martyrdom produced by tickling them, and the cruel punishment of the bastinado, are sensible evidences of their exquisite delicacy of feeling. Of this fact we have more pleasurable experience in the glow diffused through the whole system, when, chilled and shivering, we hold them for a while to the fire, or when, during the prevalence of the dog star we immerse them in cold water to allay the heat which is then coursing through our veins. Are the internal organs of the body a prey to wasting inflamation, as in the hectic fever of consumption, there is a sensation of burning heat in the feet. Is the body feeble and the stomach unable to perform its digestive functions, these parts are habitually cold. In both health and disease there is a constant sympathy between the feet and the different organs of the body. Whatever be the weak part, it suffers with unfailing certainty from the impressions of cold and moisture on the feet. No matter whether the tendency be to sick-headache, or sore throat, hoarseness and cough—pain of the stomach, or rheumatism, or gout, severally and all they will be brought on by getting the feet wet, or at times even by these parts being long chilled, from standing on cold ground or pavement. And who, it might be asked, are the chief victims to such exposures? Not the traveller caught in the storm, or the man of business, or even the day laborers, who cannot always watch the appearances of the clouds and pick their steps with especial avoidance of a muddy soil, or wet streets—O no! we must look for the largest number of sufferers among the rich, the fair, and the lovely of the land; those who need only walk abroad when invited by the fair blue sky and shining sun—or who, if pleasure calls at other seasons, have all the means of protection against the elemental changes, which wealth can command of ingenuity and labor. They it is who neglect suitable protection for their feet, and brave the snow and rain with such a frail covering as would make the strong man tremble for his own health, were he to be equally daring.

At a season like the present it would seem to be a matter of gratulation, that shoes and boots can every where be obtained of such materials as to preserve the feet dry and warm. Leather of various kinds, firm, or pliable and soft, is at the shortest warning, made to assume every variety of shape and figure, called for by convenience or fashion. But we mistake—fashion, that destroyer of comfort, and too often a sworn foe to health, will not allow the feet of a lady fair to be incased in leather. She must wear, forsooth, cloth shoes, with a thin leather sole, and even this latter is barely conceded. A covering for the feet, never originally intended to be seen beyond the chamber or the parlour, is that now adopted for street parade and travel; and they whose cheeks we would not that the winds of Heaven should visit too roughly, brave in prunella the extremes of cold and moisture, and offer themselves as willing victims to all the sufferings of the shivering ague, catarrh, and pains rheumatic. Tell them of a wiser course

—argue with some on their duties as mothers and as wives to preserve their health—with others as daughters of beauty, who are risking by approaching disease, the loss of their loveliness, and they will reply, that they cannot wear those horrid large shoes—that leather does not fit so nicely on the feet, and that India rubber shoes are frightful. They do not reflect that beauty consists in the fitness and harmony of things, and that we cannot associate it with the ideas of sufferings and disease.

"I AM ENGAGED."—The following is an extract from the "Journal of the Tour of La Fayette in America," written by Mr. Levasseur, his Secretary.

"The American Ladies are not more remarkable for their severe conjugal fidelity, than their girls are for their constancy to their *engagements*. At parties I have often had young ladies pointed out to me of eighteen or nineteen, who had been *engaged*, and of whose future husbands, one was in Europe, pursuing his studies; another in China, attending to commercial business; and a third dangerously employed in the whale-fishery, in the most distant seas. Young girls thus engaged, hold the middle place in society, between their still disengaged companions and the married ladies. They have already lost some of the thoughtless gaiety of the former, and assumed a slight tinge of the other. The numerous aspirants, designated as beaux, which at first surrounded them, and were received until a choice was made, still bestow upon them delicate attentions, but by no means so particular as formerly; and should one of them, either from ignorance or obstinate hopes, persist in offering his heart and hand, the answer "I am engaged," given with a sweet frankness, and an indulgent smile, soon destroys all his illusions, without wounding his pride.—Engagements of this sort, preceding marriage, are very common, not only in New-York, but throughout the United States; and it is exceedingly rare, that they are not fulfilled with religious fidelity. Public opinion is very severe on this point, and does not spare either of the two parties which may dispose of themselves without the consent of the other."

GOOD ADVICE.—Be not always speaking of yourself. Boast not. Don't equivocate. Attend to the ladies. Despise the character of an ill-bred man. Be remarkable for cleanliness of person. Avoid old sayings and vulgarisms. Acquire a knowledge of the world. Praise delicately. Study the foibles of mankind. Judge of others by yourself. Avoid noisy laughter.—Strive to write well, and grammatically. Neglect not an old acquaintance. Lose no time in transacting business.—Be not frivolous. Study dignified as well as pleasing manners. Adapt your conversation to the company. Praise not another at the expense of the present company. Look people in the face when speaking. Interrupt no man's story. Reflect on no order of men.—Suppose not yourself the object of ridicule. Avoid debt.

To the point.—The town clerk in a certain town, as the custom is, having published the banns of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clergyman, by reading the hymn beginning with these words:

"*Mistaken souls, that dream of Heaven.*"

At an evening sale, by auction, of books, a sailor, half seas over, was vociferous and troublesome. The auctioneer, having in vain tried to silence him, proceeded to turn him out. Jack entreated that he might stay long enough to make a bid. "I won't take your bid," said the auctioneer. "You will," said Jack, "for I'll bid you adieu."

The following letter from a gentleman to the Judge of Probates, requesting him to grant him a letter of administration on the estates of his deceased father, is equal to the famous debate of the first Legislature of Ohio concerning the *Ahbergoynes*.

Letter.—Sir, my father died some days hence leaving a widow and three scorpions besides me. He died insolent; leaving me his executioner. As I understand you are a Judge of Reprobates, I wish you to send me a letter of condemnation.—*Western Courier.*

To endeavor all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy is to spend so much in armour that one has nothing to defend.—*Shenstone.*

The scholar, without good-breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.—*Chesterfield.*

Virtue, like fire, turns all things into itself; our actions and our friendships are tinctured with it, and whatever it touches becomes amiable.

Seneca.

THE GEM.

Saturday, December 26, 1829.

We acknowledge the receipt of 63 subscribers since our last, and tender thanks for the same.

OUR OWN CONCERNS.

It is now near nine months since the establishment of "THE GEM" by its present proprietors, and the success which has attended our efforts, has been far above our expectations. When our first sheet was issued, we had but *thirteen subscribers!* we now have over five hundred, many of whom have paid in full, or in part, the amount of subscription for a year. We feel very much encouraged to go on, and to enlarge in our efforts, in proportion as we receive patronage. For that purpose, we shall keep a steady eye towards all the popular works that may be forthcoming, that we may serve our readers with extracts as early as they can get them from any other source. Likewise we intend, should circumstances permit, to obtain some few plates to adorn our little work with, the coming year. In order to do this, we call upon all our friends in arrears, and particularly, those who have taken from the beginning, to be ready to pay up, at a date which we shall hereafter name. We shall collect, and publish a list of agents, to whom monies may be paid, and immediately after supplying all our back numbers to those who have not yet received them, we shall expect payment.

☞ We cannot supply subscribers from No. 1, who may come in after this date.

We noticed, and with pleasure mentioned the same, some weeks since, that a meeting had been called by the young men of our village, to take into consideration measures to suppress the vice of intemperance: but since then we have heard nothing, or at most, very little of the matter. We did hope that the energy of our young men would be of longer duration. But so it is; their zeal seems to have expired, after the first faint show of exertion, and we dare to say that not one in ten among them, can now tell the resolutions of that meeting. We have said and we repeat it, that it is in the power of the *young* men, to wholly exterminate a degradation so shameless; for if *they* will but shun a *tippler*, few, very few, if any, will grow old in the practice. The finger of shame, pointed by a companion, is a sore rebuke while the evil is yet in infancy. Let, then, our *young* men take active measures to root out this vice, and frown upon a companion seen with his *glass*, and soon all, seeking to avoid that frown, will flee from its cause. In a few years those who are beyond the reach of shame, will have departed with their folly flush upon them, and we who are now young, having shamed the hideous monster from society, will have no cause to blush for a companion, reeling home under the influence of shameless intoxication.

A Natural Curiosity.—While we were on a late visit to the county of Cattaraugus, in the western part of this state, we fell in company with a Mr. Peet, the Under Sheriff of that county, who informed us that there were two Creeks in that county, about two miles from Farmersville, which crossed each other at exactly right angles, and each held on their course. That by throwing a stick into the one above where they crossed, it would pass immediately over, and go off in the exact direction—also, by throwing a stick into the other, it would likewise pass over, and go down with the current in a straight line. The curiosity was so great, that it attracted our attention, and on hearing the story corroborated by a Mr. Bullock, a thriving respectable farmer, who said he had seen it twenty times, we visited it. The size of the streams are nearly equal, both rising from springs; and where they rush together to cross, the water forms an equilibrium, or dead centre. Thus two sticks being put into each, above the point of crossing, will get under some headway, and when each arrive at the crossing place, the force they have acquired, will shoot them across at right angles, and they will pass down in the direction of their several streams.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE PROMISED FLOWER" is received, and shall have a place in our next.

Are we to hear from "LELIA" no more? We shall be really sorry to learn that she has lost her *pen* too.

And "FLORIO" we hope is not so enraptured with "a sigh," as to be incapable of telling us his ecstacy.

MARRIED,

In this village, on the 22d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Laning, Mr. ROBERT CRAPPEL, to Miss MALINDA JANE GARNSEY, all of Rochester.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

There is a smoothness and beauty, as well as truth in the following, that we seldom find in the ephemeral productions of the day. It is Poetry.—Ed. Gem.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO A BEAUTIFUL BRIDE.

Peace to thee, peace to thee, love's fairest daughter,
Happy in heaven, and on earth mays't thou be,
No form ever stood before Hymen's bright altar,
So pure in its bud, and so beauteous as thee.

Fair as the lily, that droops 'neath the fountain,
Pure as a drop of heaven's crystalized dew,
Bright as the blue bell that decks the green mountain,
Frail as the rose, and as beautiful too.

But the lily will languish beneath the green willow,
And the dew-drop will melt with the brightness of day,
And the rose, and the blue-bell, soon find their last pillow;
Thus the bright and the beautiful ever decay.

Thou must part with that bright one, who lingers beside thee,
All happy and blest, in his fullness of bliss;
Thou must wander alone, with no friend here to guide thee—
If there's anguish on earth, it is this, it is this.

Then peace to thee, peace to thee love's fairest daughter,
Thou, too, must sleep, in eternity's rest,
Thou wilt droop like the lily beneath the green water;
Bright mayst thou bloom in the realms of the blest.

ROSAMOND.

The following beautiful piece of poetry is taken from a work entitled "Weeds and Wild Flowers," a youthful production of the author of Pelham, and the Disowned:

KNOWLEDGE.

'Tis midnight—round the lamp which o'er
The chamber sheds its lonely beam,
Is widely spread the varied lore
Which feeds in youth our feverish dream—

The dream, the thirst, the wild desire,
Delirious yet divine to know!—
Around to roam, above aspire,
And drink the breath of heaven below!

From ocean, earth, the stars, the sky,
To lift mysterious Nature's pall,
And bare before the kindling eye
In man the darkest mist of all:

Alas! what boots the midnight oil?
The madness of the struggling mind?
Oh, vague the hope and vain the toil
Which only leaves us doubly blind.

What learn we from the past?—the same
Dull course of glory, guilt and gloom!
I asked the future—and there came
No voice from its unfathomed womb.

The sun was silent, and the wave;
The air replied but with a breath;
But earth was kind, and from the grave
Arose the eternal answer—Death!

And this was all, we need no sage
To teach us Nature's only truth;
O fools! o'er wisdom's idle page
To waste the hours of golden youth.

In science wildly do we seek
What only withering years should bring—
The languid pulse, the feverish cheek,
The spirits drooping on their wing.

Even now my wandering eyes survey
The glass to youthful glance so dear:
What deep'ning tracks of slow decay
Exhausting thought has graven here!

To think, is but to learn to groan,
To scorn what all beside adore,
To feel amid the world, alone,
An alien on a desert shore.

To loose the only ties which seem
To idler gaze in mercy given!
To find love, faith, and hope a dream,
And turn to dark despair from heaven."

HOPE.

What is hope?—the beauteous sun,
Which colors all it shines upon;
The beacon of life's dreary sea,
The star of immortality!
Fountain of feelings young and warm;
A day beam bursting through the storm;
A tone of melody, whose birth
Is, oh! too sweet, too pure for earth!
A blossom of that radiant tree
Whose fruit the angels only see!
A beauty and a charm whose power
Is seen—enjoyed—confessed—each hour!
A portion of that world to come,
When earth and ocean meet the last o'erwhelming doom.

THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 18. ROCHESTER, JANUARY 9, 1830. VOL. 1.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE PROMISED FLOWER.

Mine is no tale of fiction, interwoven
With fancy's airy visions.

'Tell him' said the beautiful Louisa, to one of her young and volatile companions, 'tell Leander Murray, when the flowers send forth their odoriferous perfumes on the ambient air, if he will visit me, I will give him the sweetest flower that blooms in the garden.' How my young heart beat with transporting raptures at the thoughts of receiving that PROMISED FLOWER—that simple pledge of pure and unalterable friendship. To me, time moved with a slow and lingering pace. I waited in anxious expectation for the arrival of that auspicious hour; but, alas! my hopes were as evanescent as the last rays of the setting sun, that for a moment gilds the mountain's top, but quickly leaves it in the shades of night; for ere the consummation of my anticipated happiness, I was far, far away from the bower of the innocent and lovely Louisa. Yet my happiness although impaired, was not destroyed; for the remembrance of those happy hours, clung to my memory like the pleasing recollection of some happy dream. Often amidst the revels of the gay, have I sent my mind back to revisit the scenes of my childhood, and abstracted from all around me, held sweet communion with the friends of happier days.

Who, that has visited a foreign land, but has felt the chords of affection draw him towards his native home. Who cannot remember with pure and unmingled pleasure, the scenes of his early childhood, when all unpractised in the art of deception, he read in the countenances of his youthful playmates—and heard from their guiltless tongues, unaffected declarations of everlasting friendship. To the sensitive, reflecting mind, recollections like these seem to soften and alleviate the burden of human woe. I speak not from imagination, nor yet from scholastic erudition, but from that surest of teachers—experience. If I was ever by my gay companions, enticed to scenes of mirth and revelry, there was always a guard upon my lips, a restraint upon my actions. If I was ever by the soft enchanting blandishments of love, tempted to go astray from the path of rectitude and virtue, to wander in the broad range of profligacy and ruin, how, suddenly would the thoughts of home, and all its associating ideas, arise in my mind and dispel the potency of the charm before me. Although the vocations of life sometimes lulled me into a partial forgetfulness of the scenes from which I had wandered, and the friends I had left behind me; although I formed new acquaintances, and mingled with the cheerful and the gay; tho' interest, pride and ambition, on the one hand, friendship, gratitude and respect on the other, essayed with their united efforts to chain my heart, and fetter my hands in another clime, yet would the thoughts of that *promised flower* come back upon my mind, and awaken in my memory all the pleasing sensations which it at first produced.

The image of Louisa would appear before me, in all its native loveliness, and I would fancy that I heard her soft voice, in gentle accents chiding my forgetfulness.

Could such an association of ideas be resisted? No! at least I could not resist them. To me they came like an overwhelming deluge—like a rushing torrent, sweeping away the frail fabric which my fancy had reared as the end and aim of all my earthly hopes,—and bringing back the memory of those scenes which to me were dear as existence itself.

'Twas not any intrinsic worth which that pledge possessed, nor was it that the gentle promiser *was* the object of my adoration that gave such potency to the remembrance of it; but that she was the emblem of innocence and virtue. Such reader is the picture of a part of my life; but I had other feel-

ings; I had witnessed the vicissitudes of life, I had endured pain and sickness, I had leaned upon the world, and learned too well that they who lean upon it, lean upon a pointed spear.

They who were my friends in prosperity, withered and vanished before the blast of adversity, and left me without an earthly hope, save in the friends of my childhood; and having seen so much of the deception of mankind, is it strange that I sometimes doubted whether I should find them the same, as when I left them. * * *

Divided between hopes and fears, I resolved once more to visit the scenes of my childhood. One moment I would fancy that my former friends had forgotten me, which would have been tenfold more heart-rending, than never to have had a friend. In the next moment the promised flower would rush in upon my memory, and silence all my fears; then it was, that with a lightsome heart, I took my way towards my native village. I was filled with apprehensions (as I approached the place of my destination,) that I should be received with cold regard. At that moment what wild thoughts coursed throughout my brain, how my heart beat with strange emotions. Worn down by grief and sickness, deserted by friends, and disowned by the world, what would be my fate if I met with the same reception here? A gentle rap announced my arrival. The door was opened and she—whose memory alone could guide to virtue in my darkest hour, stood before me, and with that smile of innocence that always played upon her radiant face, she took my extended hand and bade me welcome to her peaceful home. Who shall attempt to describe the emotions of the heart, on meeting with another of kindred feelings, much less the feelings of kindred hearts, souls united by the affections of childhood, meeting again after a long separation. The efforts of the pen are too feeble,—the force of language is too weak, to convey an adequate idea of such a moment. What is to be my fate for the future, no human wisdom can divine, yet, tho' I may again wander in the wide unfriendly world, far from the happy circle of my friends, yet never, oh! never shall I forget that indiscribable sensation---that thrill of rapturous emotion, which pervaded my bosom, when grasping the hand of unwavering friendship,—I was by the gentle Louisa welcomed to her happy home.

LARA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE MURDERER.

"Murder most foul, as in the worst it is
But this—most strange, foul, and unnatural."
SHAKESPEARE.

It was night. The village clock had rung the hour, and the hoarse monotonous sound of the distant waterfall that only crept upon the silence seemed to say, midnight reigns. There was a sound of death in that all-pervading stillness, which, though it was a creature of imagination, held the soul in awe! The moon, that had gilded the distant housetops, had sunk in the west; and the bright stars gleaming in the hemisphere like so many diamonds, and the "milky way," served to draw the attention upwards in admiration. At this time I walked out. The cool breeze that kissed my cheek made me shudder, for it felt like the cold touch of death, and my mind instinctively turned upon all those horrid fancies that associate themselves, with robbery, treachery, and murder! and all the evil spirits, that prowl at that dread hour waiting on spoil, and "making night hideous." Wrapped in such a reverie, and still walking onward, like Richard from his tent; fearing every thing, and harking intensely, lest the air should bring upon it as it passed, the dying groan of some being—suddenly there started up from a log before me, a something that moved. My soul sunk within me, as a voice in accents low and muttering said, "a curse to the land——," and the indistinct guttural precluded my understanding the remainder of the sentence.—Scarce knowing what I did, I attempted to follow on after the figure, when I stooped down, and ranging my eye with the horizon I saw to my astonishment, a man bearing something burthensome upon his shoulders. I looked again---it appeared to be a human being upon the shoulders of the sturdy traveller, but he was pushing forward, and I was obliged to follow on for some distance without satisfying my curiosity. Again I ranged---and now the figures were distinct. The traveller was a sturdy, giant-like man, and he bore upon his shoulders *the body of a man, with his head apparently severed from the trunk!*—I was freezing with very horror, and the blood in my veins seemed at first to stop—then breaking away as it were, rushed upon my brain charged with madness, which brought me to the ground. I soon however awoke, and the faint sound of the footsteps of the felon broke upon my senses as my head lay upon the earth. I arose, but nothing could

be heard. I followed on, and soon came within sight of the felon, who was pressing forward with an eagerness prompted by the dreadful thought that he was a *murderer!* At length coming to the wood, he turned aside, and approaching a huge log that lay just in the forest, sat down. A faint murmuring of incoherent sounds burthened the breeze that wafted towards me, and a moan as sickening to the heart as the thought of bloodshed and death could make it, fell upon my ear! At this moment,

"From in the high and hollow beech,
The Owl pour'd forth his horrid screech,"

and the distant wood rang with echoes upon echoes, like the wild scream of despair! My hair was on end, as the night-bird again gave his scream. I looked upon the murderer---he sat as unawed as if truth and innocence was his shield! Merciful heavens, that a man---a murderer too, should not at once construe that horrid scream into a cry of revenge. But such was not the case; and I even fancied that he smiled at the wild and incongruous sound, that broke so fearfully upon the silence of the wood.

To what fearful lengths will mortals dare. And what a reflection is it, that man will take the life of his fellow man, trifle with his own soul, and play with destruction!

The murderer arose, and proceeded onward. The same burthen was upon his shoulders, and he now seemed prepossessed with the idea that he was pursued. Often did he turn, and stopping among the leaves, listen with intense feeling. After following him some distance, he approached a dreary, low, uncouth log cabin, that was surrounded with vile weeds, and scraggy underbrush. He put his hand upon the door, and again listened; then lifting the latch pushed it open. It screaked upon its wooden hinges, in perfect mockery; and came together with a slamb that pierced the thick woods like a muskets' report. Instantly on entering the body was thrown upon the floor---and in the sound that it made in its fall, I could picture in my imagination the distended limbs, the bleeding trunk, and the lifeless body reeking in its gore! In a cautious manner, step by step, I approached slowly towards the hut. A light was struck that darted backward and forward, by the apertures between the logs of the cabin, which showed how full of wildness and horror the mind of the wretched inmate was, when brought to see the object of his revenge, and contemplate the deed in all its infamy—I must say that I felt in my own bosom how his soul must be harrowed, and the sensation was pungent. But hark! The door slowly opens, and the light is suddenly extinguished. The felon appears with a pail in one hand, and dragging the body in the other—he approached near where I stood, and I trembled, lest he should come at once upon me. This was a moment more crowded with awful imaginings, than my pen can describe; my whole frame was perfectly convulsed, and I moved in the brush where I stood; when the murderer, stopping—cast his eyes with a wild flash in every direction—then putting down his pail he—*untied the top of a bag*, and pouring out some bran into the pail, which it contained, and which was his burthen, a cow approached, and commenced eating her usual mess, (tho' late this time,) and the cottager, *murderer* as he was, quietly entered his peaceful, tho' humble habitation, to retire—leaving me to feel as I *did* feel, and to get away as I *did* get away. And how that was, let the reader judge from his own feelings.

ADRIAN.

SCIENTIFICAL.

Translated and extracted for Silliman's Journal.

The *color of the sea*, is ascribed by Sir Humphrey Davy, in part at least, to the presence of iodine and bromine, which its waters certainly contain, and which result perhaps from the decomposition of marine vegetables. These two substances, dissolved in a small quantity of water, give a yellow tint, and this tint mingled with the blue tint of pure water may produce the sea green.

Salmonia.

Antidote to Prussic Acid.—M. Davergne, in a letter to *M. Gay Lussac*, dated Paris, April 25th, 1829, states, that M. Siman, apothecary to the hospital Saint-Louis, poisoned a cat with hydroeyanic acid, by placing two drops in the corner of his eye; the animal was violently affected, and when to all appearance past recovery, a large quantity of chlorine was diffused in his throat, which very soon alleviated the symptoms, and when able to raise his head, which before he could not do, he appeared to take pleasure in smelling the chlorine, from the relief which it afforded. In an hour he rose on his feet, and in the course of two hours more, scarcely any traces of morbific symptoms remained. The experiment has been tried

on various other animals, with similar results.—*Ann. de Chim. Mars*, 1829.

Copal Varnish, by J. J. Berzelius.—Copal reduced to coarse powder, and watered with caustic liquid Ammonia, swells, and is converted into a gelatinous mass, which is entirely soluble in alcohol. To affect this solution, which makes a very beautiful varnish-liquid ammonia is to be added by degrees, to pulverized copal till the swelling ceases, and it becomes a clear and consistent mass. It is then heated to 359 cent., and introduced in small portions at a time, to alcohol of S, having a temperature of about 59 cent., shaking it well after each addition. A solution is thus obtained, which, after depositins an insignificant portion of sediment, is absolutely colorless and as clear as water.

Method of cleaning Gold Trinkets, and of preserving Engraved Copper-plates.—Boil the trinkets in water of ammonia, which dissolves the metallic copper of the alloy to a certain depth, so that after the operation, the metal is, in fact, gilded, nothing but pure gold being visible. In this process the waste of gold, which takes place by the application of neutral salt to disengage nitric acid, (in the usual method of cleaning trinkets,) is avoided. Hitherto chemists have neglected to observe, that metalic copper is soluble in ammonia. Dr. M'Culloch has shown that the solution takes place rapidly at a heat sufficient to boil the water of ammonia. He says, copper-plates are apt to be injured by lying by, a coat of oxide forms on the surface, which is rubbed off by the hand of the workman on the first inking, when the plate is again used; and by the re-formation of the oxide, and being again removed, the fine lines of the plate are soon injured, and obliterated. To prevent this, he recommends the application of common spirit varnish to the surface, when the plate is laid by; it is easily applied, and can be removed by spirit of wine.—*Edin. Jour. of Science.*

Something of a Tree.—A correspondent in Byron has sent us the dimensions of a sycamore tree, which was lately cut in that town; Circumference at the ground, 55 feet, where there is a large excrescence extending round the trunk; circumference four feet above the ground, and entirely beyond the projection, 33 feet! diameter at the ground, 13 feet; diameter five feet above the ground, 10 feet. A part of this "monarch of the forest," has been manufactured into a smoke-house—to cure the hams of elephants, doubtless!—*Bat. Pr.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

WINTER.

December came; his aspect stern
Glared deadly o'er the mountain cairn;
A polar sheet was round him flung,
And ice spears at his girdle hung.
O'er frigid fields, and drifted cone,
He strode undaunted and alone:
Or, throned amid the Grampians gray,
Kept thaws and suns of Heaven at bay.

Introduction to the 'Queen's Wake,' by Hogg.

Such is the splendid description of December given by the Ettrick Shepherd, than which we do not remember ever to have seen any thing more poetick. But his portrait must be confined to those winters we knew when we were boys, and not to our modern ones, when, if the heavens be overcast, it is more in sorrow than in anger. Now a-days, winter creeps upon us so gradually, with so many sunshine smiles upon his brow, and in such a green old age, that we can scarcely recognize him as the same old gentleman who used to pay us a visit, all rigidity and stiffness, with an eternal scowl upon his features, his elf-locks hung with icicles, and breathing forth the nipping blast. Formerly he came "with polar sheet around him flung," now he makes his *entree* like a very Niobe, dissolved in tears. Although the old fashioned winter had some crustiness about him, and great coldness in his manner, he used to bring in his train a host of comforts, to which his presence added double zest. There was after the skating and snowballing, the sleighing, and other et ceteras of the day were done, the snug fire-side with the family circle drawn closely around it, the apples and nuts, and perhaps the pitcher of fine clear cider, to give food for conversation, and subject for the merry jest.—Then, the joyous tale went round in all the hilarity of health, while old and young appeared disposed to enjoy themselves and laugh at the storm that raved without. With bodies braced by the keen air and exercise, and hearts filled with glee, the very whistling of old Boreas seemed to join in our gaiety and mingle in the chorus of our mirth. And about Christmas too, what a fund of fun, filling the stocking, watching for the Bell-snickle, and Heaven knows how many other pranks. All these have passed away with the old fashioned winter, and primness and propriety have succeeded them. Children now no longer seem to be children, mewed up in a corner with frames relaxed, they seem to dread the blast that in the old-

en time would have been thought the vernal gale. Instead of roughing it through hail, snow, and rain, and just popping in to warm their benumbed fingers, and then out again, to mingle in their merry work, the drawing room, well heated, must be the scene of their amusements; and if they happen to make a sortie into the open air, it is only to run back again with a shudder.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NIGHT FEVER.

Unconsciousness, or sleep, its counterfeit, dropt a curtain between me and this stage of suffering, and again the shadows of my delirium took another form. I was in a spacious theatre, where the earlier events of the French Revolution were being represented, till by degrees, that which at first had been no more than a show, became reality; and I, who had only been a spectator, was converted into an actor, and called upon to do and suffer. Sometimes I paraded the streets with the infuriated mob, shouting 'Caira' and the Marseillois Hymn; while at others I was the doomed object of popular hatred, and had a thousand hair-breadth escapes from the guillotine, which was going on incessantly by night and day, till the kennels ran with gore, and Paris had the look and smell of one huge slaughter-house. Still the cry was for blood —"more blood:" The sun itself refused to shine any longer on the polluted city. It was the third morning, and still no other light appeared in the sky, but a broad crimson moon, in wich Paris, with its deeds of death, was reflected as in a mirror suspended over our heads. This sign, however, prodigious as it was, had no effect except on a few weaker spirits; in general, the yells of blasphemy only became so much the louder and the fiercer for the people were drunk with sin and blood as with new wine, and reeled along the streets like Atys and the frantic crew of Cybele in olden times, when their limbs were wet with recent gore, and foul offerings to the unknown goddess. A pale priest, venerable from his grey locks and placid features—placid in the midst of all this fearful tumult—pointed with his aged hands to the red sign above, and bade us remember the fate of Ninevah. He was instantly seized by the mob, and dragged towards the scaffold, where the executioner incessantly plied his office, and as each head fell, shrieked, rather than called, to the populace, 'Encore un' encore un! He was the rigid ogre of the fairy tale, who scarcely devours one victim ere he clamors for another. Imagination cannot picture a more loathsome or terific monster. His face, though still human, bore the same revolting resemblance to the wolf that man, in his worst form, is sometimes found to bear to the monkey; his teeth, or rather fangs, for they were of enormous size, protruded from the bloated, purdle lips, that were constantly drawn back and distorted with one eternal grin; his cheeks had the fixedness of marble, with that frightful ashy hue which is only to be found on the face of the dead, and can be compared to nothing living; the color of his eyes, small, fierce and burning, could not be distinguished; but they were sunk deep under huge brows which, like his head were utterly bald of hair. In place of all other dress, he wore a winding-sheet, without belt or buckle, that at every movement spread and again closed upon his body, as if it had been part of himself, and more like the wings of a bat in its action, than the mere waving of his shroud.

"The populace thrust forward the poor old priest with clubs and staves towards this monster, much as the keeper of some wild beasts thrusts into its den the living victim that is destined to gorge his appetite. In the twinkling of an eye his head fell; when the man of blood shook his shroud till its swelling fold left his body naked; and holding out to me his long arms, reiterated his incessant cry, "Encore un!" Before the rabble, who were well enough inclined to gratify his wishes, I had burst my way through them, and leaving the noise far behind me, had found a refuge in my hotel.

Young Men.—Thousands of young men have been ruined by relying for a good name on their honorable parentage, or inherited wealth, or the patronage of friends. Flattered by these distinctions, they have felt as if they might live without plan and without effort,—merely for their own gratification and indulgence. No mistake is more fatal. It always issues in producing an inefficient and useless character. On this account, it is, that character and wealth rarely continue, in the same family, more than two or three generations. The younger branches, placing a deceptive confidence in an hereditary character, neglect the means of forming one of their own, and often exist in society only a reproach to the worthy ancestry whose name they bear.

I the formation of a good character,

it is of great importance that the early part of life be improved and guarded with the utmost diligence and carefulness. The most critical period of life is that which elapsed from fourteen to twenty-one years of age. More is done during this period, to mould and settle the character of the future man, than in all the other years of life.

If a young man passes this season with pure morals and a fair reputation, a good name is almost sure to crown his maturer years, and descend with him to the close of his days. On the other hand, if a young man, in the spring season of life, neglects his mind and heart; if he indulges himself in vicious courses, and forms habits of inefficiency and slothfulness, he experiences a loss which no efforts can retrieve, and brings a stain upon his character, which no tears can wash away. Life will inevitably take much of its shape and colouring from the pluastick powers that are now operating. Every thing almost depends upon giving a proper direction to this outset of life. The course now taken is usually decisive. The principles now adopted, and the habits now formed, whether good or bad, become a kind of second nature fixed and permanent.

From the Virginia Gaz. March 10, 1769.

A correspondent says he was an ear-witness to the following whimsical dialogue between a *short* gentleman and a *tall* lady, with a grenadier hat, in the pit of Drury Lane theatre one evening, this week:

Gent.---Be so kind, madam, as to pull off your hat.

Lady.---What a ridiculous request! Did you ever know, sir, the ladies take off their hats in a play-house?

Gent.---I am so short, madam, that I can see nothing unless you will be obliging.

Lady.---Then, sir, you should not have come here until you were taller.

Gent.---(Very gravely) Madam, I did not make myself.

Lady.---(Imitating him.) Nor did I *make* my hat, sir.

Gent.---(Angrily.) I pity the man madam, that has made you his wife.

Lady.---(Laughing.) I fear, sir, the lady who may make you her husband, will *make* you something else.

This occasioned a loud laugh from the persons near them, and the poor gentleman was so abashed that he made no further reply.

Arab Women—The Arab women marry about the age of sixteen. They are allowed great liberty, visiting each other till late at night, without interruption: indeed, being in company with a female is considered the best protection. A woman is enabled to divorce her husband on very slight grounds: a bad temper on his part is a sufficient reason; and, if no serious offence can be proved against the wife, she is entitled to receive back her dowry. Every lady, when she visits, carries on her arm a little bag of coffee---this is boiled at the house where she spends the evening, thus enabling her to enjoy society without putting her friend to expense.

It was observed of a philosopher who was drowned in the Red Sea, "that his taste would be suited, for he was a man of deep thinking, and always liked to go to the bottom."

Examples.---Fear is but a dubious, a treacherous teacher of duty. Examples are of much greater efficacy with men, for they not only direct to virtue, but prove that it is not impossible to practice what they admonish.---*Pliny.*

Pathetic.

A fellow who sometimes 'writes verses,' having lately got married, sent us his marriage prefaced with the following lines, the production of his own muse. No doubt he felt every word of it.

Love is a curis' thing,
And all things show it—
Once I thot so;
And now I know it.

THE KISS---From the French.

Thanks my gentle, absent friend,
A kiss you in your letter send—
But ah! the thrilling charm is lost,
In kisses that arrive by post;
That fruit can only tasteful be,
When gathered *melting from the tree.*

Woman's will.

The following lines were copied from the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, formerly called the Dungeon field, Canterbury:—

"Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't."

Epitaph on a Mr. Legg.

Here lies a man who ne'er did beg;
And when he died,
His friends all cried,
We're left *without a legg!*

Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

THE GEM.

Saturday, January 9th, 1830.

☞We are now engaged in re-printing our back numbers, and shall soon be able to supply deficient copies.

☞We acknowledge, with pleasure, the reipt of forty-nine new subscribers, since our last number.

Fire.—On Sunday last, a fire broke out in a building belonging to Mrs. Vesey in Buffalo-street, and occupied by her as a boarding-house. It was got under after destroying the roof. It took from a stove-pipe. Much injury was done by the precipitation in moving furniture, &c. We understand, however, that a subscription has been circulated, and money enough raised to repair the building.

Morning Courier.—This is the title of a new Daily paper issued in this village about the beginning of the new year, by Messrs. E. J. Roberts, & Co.—neutral as to politics. We are fearful that the remark of a friend at our elbow will prove too true—that they are serving the *public*, and not *themselves*. We *wish* it success, yet we do not see how it is to obtain it.

Murder.—We extract from the Morning Courier, the following particulars of the Le Roy murder.

We have just received the Le Roy Gazette, from which we learn that the affray took place between 6 and 7 o'clock; that the persons concerned were Elijah Grey, (senior) James Gray, Elisha Gray, and Moses Herrick.—These men, after two of them had been warned to keep clear of the premises, and one of them forcibly turned out, entered the house of Mr. Samuel Davis, situated about a mile east of the village of Le Roy. Mr. Davis called some disinterested persons present to assist in forcing the disturbers out, when a general scuffle ensued; and while Mr. D. and another person were in the act of putting out James Gray, Mr. D. received a deep wound in the abdomen, supposed to have been inflicted by a common jack-knife. The above four first named persons were immediately arraigned—James Gray was committed to jail to await a trial for assault and battery, with intent to kill, and the other three gave bail for their appearance before the county court, for a riot and assault and battery. Mr. Davis died of the wound the next morning at about 11. A coroner's inquest was convened at the house of Mr. Davis, the deceased, on Sunday evening, which returned a verdict of wilful murder committed by James Gray, and that Elijah Gray (senior) was feloniously present engaged in a riot and fray, abetting thereto. The latter was then also committed to the county jail for trial. It is also stated that an enmity had existed with the Grays concerned, against Mr. Davis, which was undoubtedly heightened at the time the affair took place, by the influence of liquor. The senior Gray is represented as quite an old man, and has a wife and numerous children in the vicinity of Le Roy. The other two engaged in the same affray, are his sons. Mr. Davis was 56 years of age—he was one of the earliest settlers of Le Roy, and was wealthy. He has left a wife and numerous family.

Temperance movements—The country is moving in a mighty phalanx, in every direction, against the destructive effects of ardent spirits. Temperance societies are formed or forming in almost every village far and near.—The plan of discouraging and entirely discountenancing the use of Whiskey among our soldiers, is gaining ground, and I will, ere long, no doubt, be fully effected. A great moral revolution has already been produced, and when once the intoxicating draught shall be entirely done away, our nation, under the benignant smile of heaven, will stand redeemed from one of the foulest stains that ever degraded a free people.

An old gentleman, a friend of ours, handed in the following very significant lines. We have ourselves felt the force of them.—Ed.

OPTIONAL SLEEP.

"Pray, Jack, are you asleep?" said Ned;
"What makes you ask?" he slowly said—
"Because of you, or Sam,
I want to borrow half a crown,
For something that I owe in town:"
"Why, then," said Jack, "I am!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'Pitt,' is received. 'W. H. W.' came too late. 'Z.' 'to the parting year,' in our next.

MARRIED,

In Chili, on Thursday Dec. 31, by the Rev. Mr. Hemingway, Mr. Lewis Hawley, to Miss Marcia Stillson.

Also, by the same, at the same place Mr. Zara Little, to Miss Elizabeth Hemingway.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ADDRESS;

To the patrons of the Gem.

Yes, another year has flown!—borne upon
The fleet and destin'd wings of fate, 'tis gone
To slumber in eternity—a wreath
Upon the brow of Time to tell of death.
But hark! methinks that something whispers faint,
And still as dying echoes, when they paint
Our better deeds. It is the plaintive moan
Of that dead year. Alas! it's form is gone,
But yet 'twould speak of days and deeds gone by
Within the last twelve moons, and leave a tie
That man may not forget it once had been.
The last 'New Year,' like all, was usher'd in
With joy and mirth, but Winter, stern and cold,
Came swiftly on, in chains the earth to hold.
A little while and all was drear and chill,
And even Nature seem'd itself to kill.
Then smiling, soft-eyed Spring came tripping o'er
The wreck that Winter left, and herb and flower,
And plant and tree, gave signs of life renew'd.
Then Summer follow'd, and with verdure strew'd
The new-fledg'd earth. And Autumn too, with joy
And plenty crown'd, came gladly on to cloy,
With hope, the grateful labourer, and spread
Before his laughing eye her boundless meed.
And then again came Winter, cold and chill,
To warn that life must be like nature, *still*.

Our friends who join'd, in mirth, our joyous band,
With hearts as light as ours—as free and bland
The last 'New Year,' where are they now?
O, where!
Has not the icy hand of death been there?
Alas! 'tis true; even those flowing souls
Sleep 'neath the wave that oblivion rolls,
O, cruel Time! to snatch our *friends* from us,
And moulder o'er their names forgetfulness.

And now, Sirs, I, the News Boy, tell
What I have seen, and what's befel
Our native homes, our native clime,
Since last year bow'd to father Time,
Its entrance on the stage of life,
'Midst party wars and *modest* strife.

And firstly, then, I'll just premise,
By way of preoration,
That "Uncle Sam" is now at peace
With ev'ry other nation—
That our *eclat*, of late, has grown
The same it always has, and shown
To wond'ring nations, all around,
That peace and plenty *can* abound
For fifty years, and longer too,
Without a *crown* to guide our view.

And next, (I'll even quote a line,
Because I think it pretty,)
"Our virtues thro' our efforts shine,"
And grace our would-be *City*.
A sample take—(I mean not *you*:)
Look back a year, and call to view
The sparkling *glass* with poison fill'd,
That, quaff'd by each, so many kill'd.
Where is it now?—its dead'ning thrall
Pour'd out to fill the "big *canawl*."

Of *Parties*, I've not much to say.
And leave them for their beadles
To herald forth their great display,
"With trumpet, drum and feedles."
Anties, Masons, and others, too,
Who have no name for public view,
Have each receiv'd a due regard,
From those for whom they've toil'd so hard.
Here let them rest, for we're a brother,
To Anti, Marson, and the other.

Our schools have flourish'd like the rose
That bloom'd in Nature's bower,
And every month the leaves disclose
Of some new op'ning flower.
The lamp of Science—Virtue's guide—
Extends its halo far and wide,
Embracing all who dare be wise,
And wafts their glory to the skies.
A sweeter incense, far, to heav'n,
Than aught of earth that could be giv'n.

But now the "New Year comes again, and brings,
Beguiling still, the phantom hope, that clings,
So dear around man's vain and anxious soul,
And joy and mirth again pervade the whole.
Then join the throng, and for a while forget,
'Midst all your mirth, that FAME lies sleeping yet—
That but a winning smile from you, dear friends,
Would kindle into flame, a fire that lends
To timid Genius, its alluring aid
To soar aloof, or seek the beechen shade.
Let all be joy—let not a care intrude,
Or mingle with your heart's sweet plenitude.

And now, dear patrons, our best wish receive,
That peace, and wealth, and joy, and hope, may give
You all your hearts can ask—that Fame may raise
Her temple proud, and vivid Genius praise.

January 1, 1830.

THE GEM,

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THE GEM,
OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 19. ROCHESTER, JANUARY 23, 1830. VOL. 1.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE FIRST AND LAST VOW.

In the city of Montreal resided a Mr. Cameron. He was a native of Scotland, and held an office under the government. He had selected Montreal as a residence, in order to afford the advantages of the nunnery to his only child, a lovely daughter. Isabella was every thing that was amiable in mind and manner, which combined with personal attraction rendered her the polar star of many a devoted heart. But Isabella had almost from childhood been betrothed to her cousin William Dudley, who loved her with increasing ardour; as each year brought forth some hitherto concealed beauty of mind or person. Our story commences the week previous to their marriage. Isabella sat alone in the drawing room at her father's when Dudley entered.

"Augusta will be here to-morrow Dudley," said the lovely girl, while her dark eyes filled with tears of joy, at the thought of meeting her beloved friend, who was a boarder in the nunnery at the same time with herself, and who had twined herself round her heart, by her gentle and winning manner. Their souls seemed to assimilate and commingle and since they had left school, they had kept up a regular correspondence.

"She has consented to be bridesmaid," said the lively Dudley, "and does she not congratulate you on your approaching nuptials?"

"She does," replied the blushing girl, "I have purposely withheld your name Dudley, to give her an agreeable surprise, as you admired her so much last winter at York. I am half inclined to believe that you were in love with her, but I will try you both, for she is not aware that in the betrothed husband of her friend, she is to meet an old beau; 'tis all in the dark to her."

Dudley had spent the winter previous, in York, where Augusta was a reigning belle. He had, it is true, hung over her while seated at the Piano, in rapture, and he had exclaimed in rapturous excitement, in praise of the performance, he did not observe the transitory lighting up of that usually calm and mild blue eye. 'Tis true that Augusta was never so happy as when he was near her. Imperceptibly he had stolen her young affections. She knew not of his engagement to another—she knew not that his heart was all Isabella's, her early companion and best beloved friend. Augusta had hoped that she was not looked upon by Dudley with indifference, but she could not read his soul.—He did admire her most for her extreme gentleness, and she was beautiful as the snow-drop, and shrunk like it, from observation; and when he left for Montreal, she hardly dared to own to herself that there was a kindlier feeling for him in her gentle heart, than friendship. But she almost reproached herself when she found with what heartfelt pleasure, she had accepted the invitation of her friend, to visit Montreal and be her bridesmaid at the approaching nuptials. Isabella had observed that Augusta, in all her letters, had spoken in high terms of William Dudley, to whom she wished to be remembered by her friend. She had purposely evaded all Augusta's enquiries, as to the name of the gentleman whom she was going to wed, to give her an agreeable surprise. Isabella had watched all day for the carriage. At length it came in sight, and in a few moments the friends were in each other's arms.

"The lover, the lover," exclaimed Augusta who was unusually lively.

"You shall see him in just two minutes," said Isabella, "when we go down to tea—and there is the bell as I am alive."

They descended the stairs; they entered the dining room, and there, standing at the harp, was William Dudley. Augusta cast her eyes fearfully around the room; there was no other gentleman there, and the truth now flashed upon her mind. I have seen a frail and beauteous flower crushed, and withered by the chill of winter winds; I have

seen the mildew's fearful blight upon the fairest fruits of earth; but never was there such overwhelming desolation as now clung around the heart of the hapless Augusta. Yet she assumed a look of composure, and never was there a sweeter bride, or a fairer bridesmaid. Augusta stood calm, and motionless, and saw all she loved, wedded to her friend. She kissed the beautiful bride, and put up a silent prayer for her happiness; and then she returned to her home desolate, and drooping.

It was on a beautiful afternoon, about one year after this event, I was sauntering near the nunnery at Montreal, that I was joined by William Dudley.

"Come," said he, "I have obtained leave to go and witness the ceremony of taking the veil—and I insist on your accompanying me." He then informed me, that Augusta was the devoted victim who we were this day to witness, buried as it were alive. She had always from the time of her return from Montreal, after Isabella's marriage, been anxious to take the veil; and at last her friends were overpowered by her earnest and tearful entreaties, and consented. At about three o'clock, we entered the chapel. Every thing looked like death; all was still, save the deep-toned organ, which sent up its solemn notes to heaven, so like the requiem of a departed spirit, that we involuntarily looked round, almost expecting to see the funeral procession. As they appeared, there was no appearance of death, all was life. The beautiful girl appeared, supported by the Lady Abbess, clothed in pure and spotless robes, the emblems of her innocence. She advanced to the altar, and knelt down; and then she took her first vow. She renounced the world, with all its bitterness. I saw her deep blue eye rest, for one moment, upon my elegant friend, and then there seemed a deep, deep struggle in her bosom. Then all was calm, and she pronounced in a rich mellow voice, her utter renunciation of this bright world: and then they severed the sunny locks from that devoted head, and she lay down, in all her deep forsakenness, beneath the sable pall; an emblem that she was dead to the world, and wedded to her God.

The organ again sent up its plaintive notes to heaven. They lifted that pall of death, and Augusta was as calm, and cold, as the pure marble on which she rested. She had taken her *first and last vow!* and her spirit had gone, with those sweet thrilling notes, to heaven.

ROSAMOND.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE TRAVELLER.

During the Indian war which drenched our frontier settlements, in Ohio and Indiana in blood, and razed the dwellings of the peaceful inhabitants to the ground, compelling those that escaped the dire revenge of the savage, to flee to the abode of civilized man: I was travelling through the North Western Territory; from the Straits of Michilimackinack to the Ohio river, by way of the great Wabash which I descended in a canoe accompanied by only one companion of my own species, and a friendly Indian.

We embarked in a light canoe on the head waters of the Wabash, and commenced the descent of that noble river, notwithstanding the numerous dangers and difficulties we had to surmount; from the known hostility of the savage whose tenderest mercies were certain death; protracted by surrounding agonies of fire. Our voyage whilst descending the western branch of that river, continued both day and night, with little or no interruption, for we had nothing to fear from the Indians who inhabited its banks as *they* had not enlisted in the war of extermination, in which their neighbouring tribes had engaged. Arrived within three days journey of an Indian fortress (now called Fort Vincent) we were compelled to observe the utmost caution in order to prevent a capture by the Indians. Prudence compelled us to proceed only in the night, and lie concealed in the woods during the day, and sometimes hunt as necessity and safety might dictate.

The day previous to our passing the fort, I shot a large Buck that came near the thicket in which we lay concealed, and the report of my gun reached the ears of an Indian, who was lurking near, and who came to the spot where we lay. To suffer him to depart, with suspicion in his mind of there being white men in the vicinity, would not answer, if we regarded our lives; and we therefore determined that instant death should be his doom. My companion instantly levelled his rifle and laid this huge son of the forest prostrate on the ground.

The dark mantle of night soon shrouded the earth with her folds, and we left our hiding-place and proceeded down the river, carrying as much of our venison as circumstances required. The current of the stream carried us rapidly down, aided by the expert oars of the Indian who managed the canoe with

surprising agility, and propelled her forward at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. Whilst passing an Indian wigwam or fire on the banks, we usually gave the canoe her course, save the slight guide of the helm, by which we might keep her in the middle of the stream, or prevent running on the sawyers that we frequently saw in the river.

The night we passed the Fort, was dark and gloomy; a drenching rain had driven the Indians to their wigwams, and we succeeded in passing their fortress without being discovered: we encamped the following day about twenty miles below the fort, and spending considerable time in hunting, intending to remain at this place for some days, in order to procure a fresh supply of provisions—for game of all descriptions at this place, was exceeding plenty. On the second day after our arrival at this place my companion and myself wandered some distance into the woods in quest of game, leaving our Indian in charge of the canoe and other property, concealed under the bank of the river. We killed in the course of the day, a large quantity of game such as squirrels, wild turkeys, &c.

It was near dark before we commenced our return, and the numerous thickets, the uneven face of the country, and the narrow winding paths, lead us from our intended course, and plunged us deeper into the wilderness. After groping about for a number of hours, we were encouraged by the light of a fire which we took for that of our Indian, but on a near approach we found, to our disappointment, it was surrounded by hostile Indians, who were whetting the instruments of torture for their white foes. Chagrined at this failure, we again, with great caution, turned into the howling wilderness, to seek for a dwelling. We wandered through thick morasses, until at last, exhausted for want of proper repose, we provided a place to sleep for the night, and sunk to rest, having the cold earth for our bed, and the canopy of heaven for a covering.

When our wearied limbs were about to free themselves of their burden by sleep, the coarse howl of the wolf the careless hoot of the owl, or the sharp scream of the panther, would dart upon our drooping faculties, and arouse our vigor to action. The rising of the moon gave us some relief from these terrible neighbors, and enabled us to obtain a little rest in the latter part of the night, which was so requisite for our preservation. The cheering break of day, followed by the rising of the sun, relieved us from our troubles and enabled us to pursue our journey with redoubled ardour and an increased resolution. How welcome to the lonely traveller are the first rays of the rising sun, and how cordially do we greet him when he appears above the horizon. He rises to cheer all nature with his beams, and infuse into our system a sensation for ambition, which sets all the capacities in motion, and gives reason her balance. We soon found our place of deposit, and our Indian who was anxiously waiting our arrival. We spent the day in preparing our provisions and making all necessary arrangements for our departure the following night. A shower of rain fell in the afternoon which prevented our hunting any distance from the river; but we spent our time well and caught some fine fish, by angling along its banks. No sooner had the sun retired from our view, than we made preparations for our departure, and soon launched our canoe upon its native element, and proceeded down the river. The fear of being seen by the Indians caused us to proceed with all possible secrecy; for we dreaded their appoach as the angel of death.

The Wabash at this place widens out to a great extent, the current becomes more calm, the banks high and steep, on the brinks of which grow innumerable large trees, which throw their shadows into the middle of the stream.

A few rods from the banks commence the celebrated "steps," or "prairies," which extend on both sides of the river as far as the eye can reach, presenting an uninterrupted plain for leagues in extent; covered with high grass, in which live most kinds of wild animals that are to be found in the American forest.—Sometimes the huge Buffalo would plunge into the river, and swim across to the opposite bank, then emerge from the water and shaking the soaking element from his coarse and brushy hair; ascend to the plain through some alluvion and vanish from the sight amidst the high productions of the soil. The nimble Deer when pursued by some enemy, eager for its blood, would flee to this as a last refuge, and thus escape.

We encamped one morning on the west side, near an old Indian fortress, which had to all appearances been desolated a great number of years, and after securing our canoe among some driftwood, we concealed ourselves in an adjoining thicket of young chesnuts for the day. A number of canoes filled with Indians passed down the river in

the afternoon; but being strangers to us we had no disposition to trouble them with an introduction. In one of the canoes was a white man who appeared to be a Tory that had deserted from the American army. At a late hour at night we again committed ourselves to the current, and continued our voyage without any interruption, until after midnight, when we were alarmed by a noise like that of footsteps, which came from the bank—but we soon found it to proceed from a herd of Buffaloes, that were driven from the plain and swam across the river.

The light of the stars was darkened by the black clouds that covered the face of the heavens, the tall trees on the shore encircled by the vine, threw their black shade on the waters, which served to increase the darkness, and render our course still more gloomy.

Ever since the false alarm, our Indian declared that we were pursued, and so often did he repeat the assertion that we feared his prediction would be fulfilled. Nor was he deceived in his expectations. The brisk dip of an oar was soon heard, and we had only time to prostrate ourselves in the bottom of our bark, before we discovered an Indian rapidly approaching in his light canoe, which moved like a feather on the water. Arrived within a few rods he appeared to hesitate concerning a nearer approach, and seemed anxious to ascertain the contents of our frail vessel.

The savage was of a giant stature, standing erect, with his coarse black hair hanging about his head, a bundle of arrows at his back; in his right hand was firmly grasped his paddle, in his left his bow, with a fatal arrow fixed against the string. He seemed to halt between certainty and doubt; resolution and fear; safety and presumption; and waited to imbibe the idea that foes not friends, were within his reach. As I viewed the erect posture of the savage, and admired his stately mein, I thought I could distinguish (although an enemy) that majesty which bespeaks the Indian.

Fearing delay might be dangerous, I instantly levelled my piece and fired notwithstanding the darkness of the night.

The sharp echo of my rifle, had not time to return before our enemy's lifeless corpse was floating on the surface of the Wabash, and following the canoe within which, five minutes before, he stood planning our destruction. We took possession of the canoe and continued our course without any further interruption; and in a few days reached a white settlement in Kentucky; where we arrived in forty-two days from our first setting out. PITT.

MORAL.

FOR THE GEM.

THE GAMBLERS.

Valentine was a beloved son, and was educated in a masterly style. His mind was stored with all the riches of the language, which, added to a brilliant imagination, showed signs of a mighty genius. But he was passionate, and his temper was like the deep and dreadful tempest, that o'erwhelms and destroys. Valentine had many friends who knew his disposition, and consequently when he was in their company, he seldom became so angry but that they would overrule him. It happened that Valentine left the city to travel towards the West; and finding a small, busy village in western New-York that suited his taste, he soon determined to settle down in that country spot, and no more mingle in the discordant hum of a city life. A few months passed away, and Valentine gained many friends and acquaintances. But oh! fatal hour, he was lured to the gaming room, and partook of a draught there that sealed his fate. Being of a high temperament, he became unmanageable as soon as he indulged in intoxicating drinks. He seemed to possess more strength when under the influence of spirituous liquors than ever. Having lost considerable money, and being excited by drinking, he commenced a quarrel with his friends, who all quailed beneath his indignant frown and athletic gestures. His passion rose higher and higher, till the mind became the seat of revenge. Reason had fled, and his dark blood-shot eye was full of horror, wildness and desperation. He flew at one of his companions whom he singled out as the victim because he led him there. One blow, and he reeled and fell! Imagine with what velocity the tiger seizes his prey—imagine the look of the infuriated savage when he has lurked for, and overpowered his enemy—or the infuriated bull exposed to the gorings of numerous hounds—all this and more was Valentine's. He stood over his fallen victim and his dark soul heaved with a gush of assassin-like triumph. But it was of short duration. Reason soon forced her way to her wonted seat—she brought with her a mighty light—and his mind died a thousand deaths! The victim was ta-

ken up, and in a moment Valentine was as senseless as him who had received the blow. But Valentine recovered.—The victim of his passion lingered a few months, and then, unprepared and forsaken, a few of his companions laid him in the tomb! Valentine left the place and found one more retired. But the spirit of remorse followed him, and the shade of that departed one intruded upon his solitude. The grave yawned, and he fell unwashed of the blood of his fellow mortal. ADRIAN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New-Hampshire Observer.

MOURNING APPAREL.

Messrs. Miller & Brewster,—I think you would confer a favor on the public by copying the following from a New-York paper, hoping the reform may extend to this section of the country.

It has been a matter of deep regret to me in the settlement of several estates of persons in low circumstances in which I have been engaged, to find Mourning Apparel so large an item—and the expense contracted at a time when the money expended was really needed for other purposes. The rich may afford it—but the poor will ever imitate them in this particular—and it is to be hoped that the reformation may begin where its influence may be most beneficial. Yours, &c. A. B.

"A meeting has been held at Cazenovia, N. Y. of which Henry Crandall was Chairman, and Benjamin Davenport, Secretary, at which the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"That after mature consideration and due reflection, we do consider the present custom of wearing mourning apparel as useless, inconvenient, and oppressive, particularly to the poorer class of citizens, and productive of no good effect to any; inasmuch as we consider it a display of pride and ostentation; that it does not serve to call to mind our departed friends, nor to remind us of our own mortality. It is inconvenient, because it throws the care of purchasing and making clothes upon a family, at a time when worn out with care, watching and sorrow, they need retirement and relief.—Therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the use of any particular habit of mourning apparel, color, or fashion, ought to be done away.

"*Resolved*, That any apparel suitable to enter the sanctuary of Jehovah, to pay our devotions to the most high God, is, and ought to be considered suitable for funeral and mourning occasions, without alterations of trimmings or fashion."

In Paris, on the morning of the 27th, the body of the double headed infant Ritta Christina, was opened at the Hospital de la Pitie. The pericardium, or envelope or covering for the heart, was single, but inclosed two hearts, so closely connected and bound together, that during life the peristaltic motions must have been simultaneous, and consequently confounded. The organs of digestion were double as far as the cœcum, where the chyle is formed, and the intestines where the alimentary absorption takes place. From the cœcum down, there was but a single duct or passage. There were two livers, but they were united into one. The following singular circumstances are mentioned concerning the child's death: Ritta, or the right side of the infant, had been ill for three days, and her illness did not appear in any degree to influence the health of Christina, the other side; so that at the moment when Ritta had given up the ghost, Christina was hanging to the breast of her mother and playing with her face. But suddenly she let go, heaved a sigh and died. At the end of ten minutes Christina was cold, while Ritta, who had first died, still retained some warmth eight hours afterwards.—*Jour. of Commerce.*

GOUT—INFALLIBLE CURE.

I shall proceed, says Dr. Garnet, to give some directions, which, if rigidly persevered in, will not only afford relief in the fit, but will prevent its return with such violence, and at last, totally eradicate it, provided the constitution be not stiffened with calcareous concretions.

The whole secret consists in abstaining, *into-to* from alcohols in every form, however disguised, or however diluted. He must not take it, either in the form of liquors, cordials, wine, or even small beer.

I believe there never was an instance of a person having the gout, who totally abstained from every form of alcohol,

however he might live in other respects; and I doubt very much, if ever the gout returned after a person had abstained from fermented or spiritous liquors for two years.

Ignorance.—It has been asserted that out of 742 families, comprising a population of 5,310 souls, in Bullit county, Kentucky, 430 were destitute of the bible—of the 2,114 children in these families only 160 were going to school; and in 60 families out of 742, not *one* member of either could read. We regret to believe this is not a very extraordinary case, even in some states much older than Kentucky. But we doubt if sixty such families could be found in *all* the New-England States and N. York—unless of *foreigners*.—*Niles.*

Bravely done. The retailers in the village of Assonett Freetown in Bristol Co. (15 in number) have entered into an agreement to sell no more ardent spirits. It is said that a more than common quantity of spirits in proportion to the population has been consumed here.

Asking a small Favor.—A few days since, as one of the eastern steamboats was about leaving the wharf, a passenger was asked to take charge of a letter to a friend in Boston. He did so very readily, and others having the like favours to ask, applied to him in their turn. In a very accommodating manner, he accepted the additional charge, and soon had his pockets filled with letters. Others emboldened by the readiness with which he undertook these little errands, applied to him to take charge of larger and more weighty articles—such as packages of wedding-cake, patterns of the newest fashions, and such like matters, which, with the greatest good nature in the world, were also taken charge of by the accommodating passenger. "Wont you be kind enough," said a gentleman, "just to put this shawl in your pocket, and leave it at Mrs. Such-a-one's in Providence?" "Shall I trouble you," said another, "to take charge of this pine-apple, and hand it to my wife? I promised to send her one, and I wish you would be particular to deliver it into her own hands. I'm sorry to trouble you, sir, but"——He was now interrupted by a wag, who, seeing the disposition to impose upon good nature, very loudly said, "Mister, I regret exceedingly to trouble you, but if your pockets are not full, you would oblige me very much by taking charge of *a barrel of flour!*"—*N. Y. Constellation.*

An Officer in a certain regiment was told that one of the lower officers had run his own sword through his body.—On his earnestly inquiring how it was done, he was informed that he had sold his sword for liquor which he had drank at the tavern.

At Dorchester, Mass. may be seen an epitaph on a young woman who suddenly fell down dead, in these words:

On the 21st of March,
God's angels made a *sarche*;
Around her door they stood;
They took a maid,
It is said,
And cut her down like wood.

In the town of Framingham is a double grave-stone, recording the death of two persons struck dead at the same time by lightning. The author of the epitapth, thinking perhaps, that if the one was killed by lightning, the other must have been by thunder, after mentioning the death of the first, proceeds:

My trembling heart with grief o'erflows
While I record the death of those
Who died by thunder sent from heaven
In 1777.

Four negroes were executed at Greensburgh, Ky. for a murder committed on their master, while he was transporting them down the Ohio to the New-Orleans market. They died with astonishing firmness, without showing the least compunction for the crime committed, and one of them, the instant before he was launched from the cart, exclaimed—"death—death at any time, in preference to slavery."

"You owe me 15 shillings for an opinion you had of me," said a country Gripus to an honest open-hearted son of Erin. "Faith, honey, you are mistaken," replied the other "I never had any opinion of you at all, at all!"

An upholster in Montreal offers 12 cents per pound for gentlen's whiskers. The asking price is not known.

He that runs fastest, gains the most ground.

He that goes softly, goes safely.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE PARTING YEAR.

Farewell, farewell, to the past year,
Let, nor a sigh, nor mem'ry's tear
Betray one inward, wild commotion,
As thou pass off to Time's wide ocean.
Farewell to thee;—thy days are past;
Time's rapid wings, like boreas' blast
Flitting across the mountain-lawn,
Has sped thee onward;—thou art gone;
I said thou'rt gone;—nought but thy time
Has pass'd us by, with all its chime
Of varied sounds;—days that were spent,
Basking in sunlight's sweet content;
Seasons of Love and ecstacy,
Of mirth, hilarity, and glee,
Oozing from pleasure's brimful cup,
Buoying our youthful spirits up.
Days too of sentimental thought,
With solitude's soft breathings fraught,
Quelling each anxious sportive strife,
Giving to finer feelings life;
Ah! such have gone, and such bright scenes
Have pass'd us by—nor intervenes
The orient dawn of New-Year's day
Ere fancy frolicks far away,
Indulging oft in revery,
Sporting mid scenes of days gone by;
Such, such, our vag'ries idle spell;
Chiming the parting year—farewell.
Thursday evening, Dec. 31. Z.

We sometimes meet with funny things in the shape of advertisements. Huddled amongst the crowd of equivocal "Wants" of "*plain* chambermaids" and "*light* porters," every day to be found in the London Times, we lately observed the following:—"Wanted immediately, a respectable and well educated man: he must understand the dead languages, and speak most of the living ones fluently. He will be expected to wait at table with decorum, to clean knives and forks, and to attend a horse and gig. He must be of a grave and serious deportment, help the girls to make the beds and play with the children."

An Answer.—A pedagogue in Berkshire not long since, inquired of a boy, "what part of speech is Oh! and Ah!" or "what is an interjection?" The lad not knowing, the knight of the rod attempted to illustrate by again asking, "what should you say if a man seized you violently by the arm?" "Why I should tell him to let me alone, darnation quick!"

A bull.—Jack Lawless, who prides himself like the Patriarchs of old in being cunning in the ways of "flocks and herds," on passing through a field of cattle the other day, said to a friend, "Whenever you see a herd of cows *all* lying down, and *one* of them only standing up, *that* one is sure to be a *bull*!"

THE GEM.

Saturday, January 23, 1830.

☞*Acknowledgement.*—We have received since our last, 73 new subscribers. No more full setts can be furnished.

A list of Agents will be published in our next.

Spirit of the Age.—The second number of this publication, containing 16 pages, has appeared in this village.—The price per year, is $1 in advance.

Mechanics' Press.—Several numbers of a paper under the above title, published at Utica by Mr. T. M. Ladd, have reached us. It is a neat medium quarto paper, and very well conducted. The price is $2 per annum, in advance.

Sheet Almanack.—Messrs. Tuttle & Shearman sent us, a few days since, a copy of their Almanack. It is a valuable article, and ought to be put up in the counting-room of every business house. It contains, besides the Calendar, various articles of information relative to judicial concerns, and is a very superior display of letter-press printing.

☞*Back Numbers.*—Since our last, we have re-printed numbers 2 and 3, and forwarded to all our subscribers who lacked them. If any have failed to get them, they will please give us information. We shall re-print and forward the coming week, No's. 6 and 7, which will complete all the setts sent to subscribers from No. 1.

Fashion.—A new-moddled cap has lately been introduced into the fashionable society of *bon ton*. It resembles a Louisiana gallinipper as much as any thing on this earth, and ought to be known by the name of the *gallinipper Cap.*

New Discovery.—The American Manufacturer, Boston, announces a discovery that will save one fifth of the labor in setting and distributing types. This saving ought to be made, in order to afford a reasonable profit to printers

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

Messrs. Editors.—If the following effusion is considered worthy a place in your interesting little paper, an insertion would be pleasing to

THE AUTHOR.

MIDNIGHT.

And now, oh! night, art thou in thy deep noon!
The busy world in sleep profound lies buried,
And all is hush'd, save some sweet murm'ring rill,
Whose rustling voice by distance mellow'd o'er,
Comes softly floating on the rising breeze,
And gives a lulling charm to this calm hour.
And thou, oh Moon! refulgent Queen of Heaven,
Thou sweet companion of my wand'ring hours,
Ah! who can dwell upon thy placid face,
And feel the wildest passion of his soul
Not tuned to deepest—sweetest melancholy?
Oh! who could wander at an hour like this,
Could gaze on Earth, on Heaven, the stars, and thee,
Then mark the dark green trees, as slow they wave,
And breathe the balmy, sweet refreshing air,
But feels his heart uprais'd, his soul refin'd,
His nature purifi'd, affections warmed!
T' envy not the stoic's senseless heart,
Who'd gaze on magic scenes like these,
And turn his head with solemn sneer away.
I would not give one holy hour like this,
This solitary—melancholy hour—
For all the pomp, and show, and tinsel'd trash,
Which crowd the gorgeous halls of rich and great.

Ride on fair moon, th' empyreal arch ascend,
And span the starry, bright, æthereal vault;
But with thee, in spiritual ecstacy,
Oh! let me tread thy wild, and magic path!

W. H. W.

Rochester, Jan. 8th, 1830.

☞ We hope that our new friend will not be content with sending a single production.—We invite a continuance of his favours, and hope they may be neither 'few,' nor 'far between.'—EDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

STANZAS.

O VIRTUE, thou'rt a boon that's given
To those of mortal birth;
To guide our erring feet towards heaven,
The brightest thing of earth.

But there is yet a brighter thing,
Purer—holier, far,
To guide the soul's dark wandering;
RELIGION—Heavenly star.

ROSAMOND.

FOR THE GEM.

THOUGHTS AT SUN-SET.

The sun has set—his golden rays,
Are with the shades of evening blending—
The vestal virgin's hymn of praise,
Is on the sombre shades ascending.

How soft upon the ambient air,
The music of those heavenly numbers,
Perform'd to close their evening prayer,
And court the nights refreshing slumbers.

Their souls are wafted far on high,
On wings of love up-borne to heaven;
Where not a tear shall dim the eye,
And not a tender tie be riven.

Where no discordant passions rove—
No pains of cross and adverse feeling,
But melts in harmony and love,
Pure friendship, o'er their bosoms stealing.

Where not a thought impure may be,
To mar the spirit's pure devotion,
But wrapt in thrilling ecstacy,
Drink deep of loves unbounded ocean.

O, how I long to reach that goal,
Where there will be no fear of changing;
And where the freed immortal soul,
Shall be through realms of glory ranging.

LARA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE FRAILTY OF LIFE.

I pluck'd a rose—'twas in its bloom,
And plac'd it on my breast,
That I its fragrance might enjoy,
While I sat down to rest.

Then musing o'er life's longest span,
How short, how soon 'tis gone—
I cast a look upon the rose—
'Twas withered—and wan.

Emblematic of human life!
So quickly 'twill decay.
For who can boast a year?—we may
To-morrow pass away.

Then fleeting time! pursue thy course;
And onward quickly fly:
For who can stop thy mighty course?
I am prepar'd to die!

J. H.

THE RETORT.

Two neighb'ring Lawyers, clever fellows,
One lack'd a book, and one a bellows.
Their names perhaps you'd like to know?
Elias one, the other Joe—
Joe sent a message to Elias,
For his Espinasses, Nisi Prius—
This answer back Elias sent,
His office books he never lent,
"But Joe might call, if that would do,
And in his office read them through."
It chanc'd Elias on the morrow,
To Joe his bellows sent to borrow—
"My bellows, tell my worthy friend,"
Says Joe, "is what I never lend,
But he may call, if he's inclin'd to,
And blow all day, if he's a mind to."

THE GEM,

Will be published regularly once in 2 weeks on good paper, in octavo form, and paged suitable for binding. It will be issued on Saturdays, and printed for the proprietors,

By Edwin Scrantom,

THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 20. ROCHESTER, FEBRUARY 6, 1830. VOL. 1.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

DORA;

THE

DEVOTEE OF NEOSKEECK.

Part First.

I've numbered eighteen summers.
Much may lie in that short compass.
Cornwall.

Not an hundred miles from the city of P——, is one of the prettiest little valleys in these independent states. It is indeed so beautiful that we fear any description of it would be but mockery, and all attempts to write the same, would be making mere common scenery of a spot meant to be the climacteric of natural beauty in the creation of the universe. Some description, however, is necessary to our forthcoming story.

This valley has on one side, one of those high hills so common to the country, (which are of sufficient elevation to strike a traveller near them with the singular grandeur of their appearance, but do not make an ugly black mark on a map:) covered to the top with lofty chesnut and hickory trees, among which, sometimes, the storm raves and whistles, and at others the sun pours its rays through their boughs on the evergreen laurel that thickly shelters their roots. That mountain serves for a northern inclosure; while to the south the country rises with a gentle slope to the summit of another elevation. Within a short distance from the foot of the first mentioned hill, and parallel to it, flows a purling brook, the fountain of which is a copious gushing spring near the head of the dingle. After rising, it flows with a moderate fall, over silver sands and sparkling pebbles, now shaded by weeping willows that gracefully ruffle the stream with their long branches; and then suddenly bursting off through fruitful and grassy meadows until it joins the river. This vale may be said properly to extend to the top of the last mentioned hill, all of that space being highly improved by "lab'ring swains," except those small patches of woodland usually left in clearings, and which, besides their real use, so happily relieve the eye from the otherwise apparent sameness of prospect.

The inhabitants of this spot have nothing peculiar in their character to distinguish them from their fellow-beings of other situations, except their universal honesty and contentment. Their forefathers were chiefly of one family, who settled on it when the Indians were the owners, and *their* good opinion the only safeguard of their lives and fortunes. Their families continued to grow and flourish—to intermarry and raise up children, who would go over the same routine, independent of the rest of the world. From these circumstances, and the retiredness of their homes, they have become insulated, as it were, from the rest of the world, and it is seldom the ambition of one of their youth will require him to extend his travels far beyond the precincts of NEOSKEECK VALE. Still they are a well informed, and communicative people, and for these reasons their houses are often the resort of loungers from the city, who seek its peaceful shades to clear themselves of the town's contaminating impurities.

A small village had gradually arisen on the banks of the stream, owned by the several mechanics to whom the neighbourhood gives encouragement. There is, as usual, a green upon which the children sported beneath the foliage of goodly elm-trees:

"While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending, as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round."

It was to this place the charge of a neighboring pedagogue used to repair at every recess; and there might be seen the chubby urchin, the obstreperous youth, the laughing little girl, and the groupe of modest village maidens;

all of them engaged in perusing their tasks, wholesome play, or pleasantly chatting on momentary subjects. In the latter company, the fair DORA FRONTENZY shone the brightest. She was the daughter of an opulent farmer, who resided on the out-skirts of the village; whose only child she was, and consequently the life and pride of her parent. Every attention had been paid to her education that the situation of Pleasantville afforded. Possessed of a sensitive mind, she was extremely susceptible of the attention shown her; and her gratitude to her father, as well as a warm heart and agreeable disposition, ensured for her the friendship of all. Combined with her mental attractions, was such a charming figure, and graceful carriage, as might vie with a belle of more fashionable circles than were usually seated around her father's fire-side. It was for these reasons that she was always the umpire---if unhappily any petty disputes would occur between her acquaintances,---insomuch that the most stubborn spirituoso would immediately renounce her positions, if they were not found to be in accordance with those of Miss Frontezy.

So many good qualities could not fail to attract the attention and admiration of some one of her cotemporaries of the other sex. She had now reached her seventeenth year; that time of life when the female heart is said to contain the most intense feelings, and quickly discovers any love invasion that threatens it: and sure the heart of Dora Frontenzy was threatened by at least one.

Whether her personal or mental charms more particularly attracted the admiration, (and, had he been allowed, the *adoration*) of HENRY WATSON, we do not pretend to say; but true it is, he devotedly loved her. His was the ardent, fitful love of twenty, not the warm steady passion of more advanced years. This species of affection, the world knows, is capable of being trasferred to another object if not requited; and whether that of Henry was duly valued, the sequel will show.

His character was marked with the same lines that displayed Dora's, only they were stronger, and more adapted to his sex:---hers the placid river,---his the mountain stream. His life known to every farmer's son inhabiting the valley, as one similar to theirs in rank, birth and style of education. He had become acquainted with Dora as a near neighbour, and in love with her, perhaps on account of similar passions.---He made his advances accordingly, and they were repulsed for the present.---This only caused the chains of the sentiment to bind him harder, and he became a rambler in wood-lands, and along the banks of the stream. He was often seen with his line in hand, wandering on its borders, seemingly wrapped in thoughts that escaped in sighs or scraps of rhyme, which were hurried off on the breeze. Old Mr. Watson was acquainted with human nature, and the nature of his son's feelings soon became known to him. At one time he secretly followed him, and his report we will give, instead of a dull narration.---The stream at one place widened, and abounded with fish which were often the sport of the boys of the village. To this place Henry led, and seating himself on the root of a beech, he began the following

SONG.

Had I a small thatch'd mountain cot, that rugged rocks would hide,
And Dora, fair, my light, my life, there seated by my side;
My inmost wish would be complete, desponding care would flee,
Into the air, with dull despair, far, far away from me.

The shepherd's call would be my cry, the tender flock my care,
While seated on the mossy rock, we'd carve our homely fare;
And when the sound of jocund pipe, and wild-wood song would fail,
We'd con the happy hours spent, in sweet Neoskeeck vale.

The speckled trout might swim for me, the finny pike might play,
And undisturbed the laughing brook reflect the brightest day—
Our hours would pass in primal glee, our thoughts by virtue led,
The mountain breeze our lullaby, the leafy couch our bed:

And smoothly would our life lead on, as airy fancy's tale,
While memory's eye would oft look back, to sweet Neoskeeck vale.

"Ha, ha," exclaimed the old man, "what have we here, indeed, but a poet? Why man, this humming and rhyming will craze you. Come home with me, and not waste your time angling for trout at bright noon-day."

"Father," said Henry, starting back and coloring, "I did not dream you were here. Not a poet----only humming an old---song.---Bad luck to-day, those trout are cunning fishes."

"They are so," rejoined his father, which is a reason why you should not angle in water so shallow that the smallest minnow would not venture near your line."

This remark brought Henry to his *senses*, and he pensively followed Mr. Watson home without uttering more words on the subject.

Things were in this situation, when near the close of a day in the month of July 182-- the city mail coach appeared drawn by jaded horses, entering the valley. The carriage moved at a moderate rate up the poplar-shaded street of Pleasantville, until it stopped at "The Old Soldier," the well known Inn of the place. A young man stepped from the carriage, and as he glanced a look of recognition towards the landlord who appeared at the gate, handed a lady from the inside, and at the same time exclaimed, "Good evening; Col Williams, glad to see you! Let me introduce you to Miss Parker, the daughter of your old friend."

"God bless you, young lady," said the old gentleman, "and you, Will Smelton, I will heartily welcome to the cheer of the Old Soldier."

"Passengers all ready!" halloed the driver, and away the carriage flew.

William Smelton, was one of those persons whom we often see about cities and large towns; who are, strictly speaking, adventurers, sometimes on the highway of fortune, and not unfrequently of licentiousness. These fellows, by effrontery generally make their way into the families of honest citizens, steal the hearts of their daughters, whom they betray almost as soon as gained. Smelton was a native of our village, and at an early age commenced his career. The landlord of the Old Soldier had given him a recommendation as a clerk in the mercantile establishment of his friend Capt. Parker.---- His engaging manners and handsome person gained for him the esteem of the good though unreflecting old man, who introduced him into his family. In short William's success had been so complete that the affections of his daughter were gained, and he had actually pursuaded her to abandon her home, leaving her affectionate parents in uncertainty as to her situation. To induce her father to commence a search in an opposite direction from the one in which they had actually fled, had been a part in their unhallowed enterprize; therefore the pursuit that was commenced only served to delude the messengers.

The unfortunate young lady the next day after her arrival, expressed a wish to be removed to a situation more retired; where she could be accompanied by female companions nearer adapted by age and taste to her disposition, and friendship. Inquiry was immediately made of the landlord, by the attentive Smelton, which resulted in the house of Frontenzy for her residence, as Dora would make for her a confidential comforter. In this arrangement the crafty libertine considered the circumstance of being a former acquaintance, would be a sufficient excuse for frequently visiting the Frontenzy's; besides, he could also make love to the daughter, and he was wont to say, that the acquisition of her father's estate would be no small augmentation to the patrimony of the Smeltons of Neoskeeck.

This chapter, therefore, will leave the reader to accompany Eliza Parker, and William Smelton on the way to the MANSION.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE GEM.

THE INDIAN.

"I defy any white man to say that he entered Logan's Cabin hungry, and he gave him no meat—naked, and he clothed him not."

Speech of a Chief.

If we look into the most distant periods of antiquity, we can find the most celebrated traits of character, but none that can be compared to that of the American Indian. Their virtues have never been justly admired on account of the national antipathies that exist between them and the whites: but when the veil of prejudice can be removed and the unfavourable impressions which we received from our infancy, can be exterminated; we behold before us one of the most noble characteristics that ever adorned a people.

The Indian in his native forest presents himself in all his attainments: but when we see him surrounded by the whites, whose habits he acquires, and by whose vicious propensities he soon becomes contaminated, he sinks into a state of apathy, and ends his life by dissipation; a burthen to himself and a slur upon his race.

It is in this state, that he has been viewed by partial writers, who have wished to do him an injury rather than justice. We must take the character of the Indian, in its native simplicity, as the "child of the forest," and not the corrupted vassal of the white man; where even the most accomplished of civilized life, become worthless and degraded.

How often is the Indian surrounded by the greatest difficulties, and the most appalling dangers; yet all that is thrown across his path he delights in surmounting. With no friend but his arrow, no companion but his dog; he

launches into the trackless forest, and pursues his course undaunted through the dreary wilderness, exposed alike to the dangers of lurking foes, and pinching famine. With his light canoe of bark, he sports on the rivers, and glides through their foaming rapids with the buoyancy of a feather. He is ever ready for defence, and lives with his weapons in his hands.

His very subsistence is snatched from the hardships of the chace; and wrapping himself in the skin of the Panther the Bear, or the Buffalo, he sleeps alike soundly and safely at the mountain's top, or beneath the thunders of the cataract.

In the circle of his friends of his own fire and family, the conduct of the Indian should be a guide for the white man. Faithful to his promises, attentive to his engagements, and hospitable to strangers; he knows no motive but honor, acknowledges no rites but necessity; seeks neither to injure his neighbor by force or fraud; looks on deception as folly; hates hypocrisy; punishes cowardice; rewards valour; and distributes justice with impartiality. He performs his duty with cheerfulness, and never abandons the chace while a hope remains of success. War to the Indian is a sort of employment in which he delights to exercise his sagacity and strength; and if he has revenge, this he conceives the time for its exercise. Death affrights not the Indian. The white may rush on death in his desperation—but the Indian will coolly survey its approach, and endure its cruel infliction with composure.

When chained to the stake, and surrounded by the blazing pile, he defies the power of his enemies, and provokes their ingenuity of torture. As the heat of the rising flame rises higher and higher, piercing his vitals; and as his brain becomes like the whirlwind, and his strength fails, and his life ebbs, with a firm voice he raises his last song of triumph, and invokes the shades of his departed fathers to witness that he dies without a groan!

The character of the Indian has been traduced by early writers, who, in detailing the cruelties of some of their former warriours, have neglected to speak of any good traits in their characters, and thereby left the world to the conclusion that they had no feelings but those which are inimical to every principle of justice and humanity. But the truth finds her way into the most bigotted mind, and calms the unnatural tempest.

"We have receded, [said a celebrated Indian orator,] from the Atlantic bays to the borders of the western Lakes, yielding our habitations to the proud usurper; resigning our peaceful homes and kindred dwellings, to an avaricious race of men, who are determined to pursue us to the setting sun.---We received them when small, nourished them when weak, taught them the arts of the forest: how to catch the deer, subdue the buffalo, destroy the panther; we gave them food and clothing—they gave us *poison* in return.---We have withered before them like leaves in autumn, submitted because we could not resist, and there now remains but a frail remnant of our once powerful tribes.

"Our dominions extended from the east to the west, but we now have scarcely room to entomb our bones.—The hunting grounds once were ours, but they have new owners: we fought for them and yielded only a single tree at a time, behind which we left a warriour who moistened the ground with his blood. Our brave children have gone; they fell by the quarrels of the whites, who induced them to interfere with their wars—they fell, and left us in the hands of our foes who will shortly cease to persecute us, for we shall cease to exist!"

That the once mighty tribes of the American Indians are dwindling, is a fact well known; and it is to be hoped that the government will not oppress or persecute the remnant of a once powerful people, who are fast hastening to the tombs with their fathers.

PITT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FARMER.

It is the truth that mankind are not half sensible enough of the superiority of the Farmer's situation, in regard to happiness, over every other class in the community. While the merchant, or he who is engaged in active business, is harrassed with care and anxiety, their mind is as free as the air that meets them as they go to their daily employment. After the labors of the day are over, the husbandman can retire to his home and enjoy the "luxury of rest." Not so with the man of business—he only exchanges perplexing toil for anxious reflection; and while the "lord of the soil" is dreaming of fat oxen, and agricultural prizes, his eyes are enclosed, and his mind is upon the stretch in an endeavor to invent means of taking

up notes at the bank, or some such equally pleasing cogitations.

Professional men have their numerous troubles also. All the professions are crowded, and those who have neither great impudence nor superior talent are in hopeless condition—and those who do possess these requisites, are often in despair at the slow and tedious progress in the path of notoriety and eminence, and suffer most excruciatingly at such times from the horrors.

The mechanics, too, superior as is their situation in point of real comfort to either of the above classes, are continuallyplagued with captious and mean customers, untoward and lazy apprentices, or perhaps want of employment.

Agriculture has been justly styled the 'natural employment of man,' and happy would it be for the community if more would in this respect, as well as every other, follow nature, the 'unerring guide to truth.' Then, instead of cities being crowded with melancholy and disappointed speculators, every part of the country would smile under the hand of industry, and be filled with a happy and healthful population.

RELIGION.

In the following parallel, there is something besides mere assertion for the support of the position taken. It gives rather a new,and certainly a very ingenious character to the subject:

"I will venture to affirm that religion, with all her beautiful and becoming sanctity, imposes fewer sacrifices than the uncontrolled dominion of any one vice. Her service is not only perfect safety, but perfect freedom. She is not so tantalizing as passion; so exacting as the world; nor so despotic as fashion. Let us try the cause by a parallel, and examine it, not as affecting our virtue, but our pleasure. Does religion forbid the cheerful enjoyments of life as rigorously as avarice forbids them? Does she require such sacrifices of our ease as ambition? Or such renunciations of our quiet as pride? Does devotion murder sleep like dissipation? Does she destroy health like intemperance? Does she annihilate wealth like gaming? Does she embitter life like discord? Or abridge it like duelling? Does religion impose more vigilance than suspicion? Or half as many mortifications as vanity? If the estimates be fairly made, the balance is clearly on the side of religion, even in the article of pleasure."

FUNERAL OF RED JACKET.

The funeral of this great man took place on Thursday the 21st inst. at the Indian village near Buffalo, attended by most of the Pagan and Christian parties of his tribe and many white people. His body was taken into the mission house, where religious services were performed. Several of the chiefs then addressed the audience in their own language, recounting the exploits of the deceased. The Buffalo Republican says that judging from the fixed attention, the trickling tears, and the occasional bursts of feeling from the audience, it was plain that the orators were dwelling upon scenes dear to many, and touching the hearts of their hearers in their unextinguished strains of native eloquence. This part of the ceremonywas conducted by the Pagans who seemed indifferent to all the religious services which followed.

The body of this "last of the chiefs," was then deposited in the earth.

"And they left him alone in his glory."

Alb. Dai. Adv.

We find the following retort courteous in the Harrisburgh, Pa. Intelligencer of Friday. It is a part of a legislative debate.

Mr. Craft, a young man of considerable promise, from Alleghany county, having thought proper to answer Mr. Martin, of Philadelphia county, on the subject of connecting an important subject with party feeling, Mr. Martin thought proper to answer Mr. Craft, by saying that he would quote the following poetry for the gentleman's instruction:—

"Large vessels can—may venture more,
But little CRAFT must keep the shore."

Mr. Craft replied, that when the gentleman offered argument, he would condescend to answer him; but as he had been pleased to amuse the house with poetry, he would add the remainder of the couplet:—

"The noble swallow seeks the sky,
The foolish MARTIN can but try."

A gentleman who was not overstocked with intellect, while reading the doings of our state legislature, remarked that he "should not much like to be appointed as a standing committee-man;" 'why,' inquired another; "because," said he, "I had much rather sit than stand, and who would want to stand up during all the session of our legislature! conscience I wouldn't!"

The Westminster Review for October,speaking of Capt.Hall's publication.

says, "The author's own declarations and admissions, lead us, in spite of our prejudices to the contrary, to acknowledge, that of all the people in the world, the Americans are the most truly polite and well bred."

I heard a loud rapping at my door, says a writer in the Journal of Humanity. I went and beheld a little boy, five years old, or less. I asked him what he wanted. "I want a cent's worth of Rum." No, said I; milk you mean.—He said no, he wanted rum! What do you want of Rum? "I want to drink it, father drinks it, and I want some!"

A finger Board.—In the year 1729, between Winchester and Romney, at the forks of the road, there stood a finger board with the following inscription on it:

☞ 27 Miles to Romney,
"If you can't read inquire at the Mill."

THE HORNET.

Extract of a letter from Commodore Jesse D. Elliott to the Secretary of the Navy, dated

"U. S. Ship Falmouth, before Vera Cruz, December 5th, 1829.

Respecting the Hornet, it becomes my painful duty to convey information, which, doubtless, will be received with feelings of deep melancholy, as well by the Government, as by the relatives and friends of those composing her officers and crew. The information contained in the accompanying letter from Capt. E. R. M'Call of the Peacock, but too fully realizes the conjectures I had previously entertained. Capt. Norris, her commander, had, previously to the 10th September, interposed his official authority in rescuing the person and property of one of our citizens from the power of the Spanish invading army. On the 10th September, a gale, unusually severe, came on, which proved highly disastrous to all the vessels anchored along the Coast. The Hornet, in common with others, was compelled, by the violence of the gale, to stand off the Coast. In this attempt, however, she failed, and from some cause, which will probably never be ascertained, foundered; and all on board (her crew consisted of 180) sunk into an untimely grave.

The population of Washington City is estimated 19,319. There were erected 148 dwellings in 1829. The total number of dwellings is 3,050.

Of sixteen deaths in Charleston, S. C. between the 3d and 10th inst. *four* are set down to *intemperance.*

Short line of Descent from the Pilgrims.—Mrs. Experience Clapp is now living at Marshfield, on or near Peregrine White's farm, on which there is now an apple tree planted by him. He was born in Cape Harbor in Nov. 1620; and died at Marshfield, in 1704. Mrs. Clapp, who retains her memory, and faculties very little, if at all impaired, is in her 88th year. She is descended from Peregrine; and knew his daughter and attended her funeral.

The Lucero, of Buenos Ayres, states that the celebrated traveller M. Bonpland, who has for some years been under confinement at Paraguay, has been released by special permission of Dr. Francia, the Dictator, and is permitted to return to Europe.

The income of the London Times is stated, and believed by those best acquainted with newspaper property, to be at least £25,000 a year.

Accounts from Tampico state that a number of hats such as are worn by seamen in our public vessels, with the word "Hornet" on them, had drifted ashore on the coast in that vicinity.

A Bill to provide for the *emancipation* of all Slaves in the State of Kentucky, was, on its first reading in the House of Representatives, postponed *indefinitely*, by a vote of 18 to 11.

Earthquake.—A very severe shock of an earthquake has been lately experienced at Valparaiso, which damaged almost every building in the city, but no lives were lost—but at Santiago it was still more severe and disasterous;—many lives were lost.

Revolutionary Soldiers—The bill now before Congress making appropriations for the payment of revolutionary and invalid pensioners, provides the following sums, viz:

For arrearages due to Revolutionary Pensioners, for the year 1829, $101,700.

For paying the Revolutionary Pensioners for the year 1830, $866,480.

For paying the Invalid Pensioners for the year 1830, $191,481. In addition to a balance in the Treasury of $107-849 96.

THE GEM.

Saturday, February 6, 1830.

☞ *Back numbers.*—We have, since our last, re-printed and forwarded to subscribers, No's. 6, and 7, which make the setts complete. Any of our friends who may have been neglected, will please give us notice.

☞ *To our Patrons.*—The first volume of the Gem, is drawing to a close, and we think it time to begin to call upon some delinquent subscribers to remit the amount of their dues. Those who have paid us, will receive our thanks. We contemplate an enlargement of our paper, with the commencement of the 2d volume, should our patronage warrant it—it therefore becomes peculiarly necessary, that our old dues be paid .—— Those owing only a part, can pay it to an agent, or if they send us over the amount due, it will be placed to their credit. We shall soon address our Agents by letter—meanwhile they will please collect and forward immediately as much of our old dues (as well as for new subscribers) as possible.

LIST OF AGENTS.

The following persons are appointed Aagents for the Gem, and will forward subscriptions when called upon.

Albion, N. Y. John Kempshall.
Auburn, Henry Cherry.
Batavia, Wm. A. Seaver.
Burlington, Vt. R. G. Stone.
Canandaigua, N. Y. John Ackley.
East-Cayuga, Wm. Foot.
Caledonia, J. R. Clark.
Geneva, H. J. Daniels.
Hudson, Wm. B. Stoddard.
Jordan, F. Benson.
Le Roy, Wm. A. Almy.
Lyons, Wm. P. Patrick.
Little-Falls, Edward M. Griffing.
Manlius, Stephen Gould.
Oriskany, Doct. Fuller.
Palmyra, E. B. Grandin.
Riga, O. L. Angevine.
Syracuse, A. Daumas, & Co.
Scottsville, S. G. Davis.
Utica, T. M. Ladd.
Waterloo, Charles Sentell.
Weedsport, E. Weed.
York, D. H. Abell.

"We hold these things to be self-evident, that all men are born free and equal." &c.—*Declaration of Independence.*

Georgia Slaves.—A law has just been enacted, (says the N. Y. Journal of Commerce,) by the state of Georgia, which prohibits the teaching of any "slave, negro, or free person of colour, to READ, or to WRITE, either in *written* or *printed* characters, under the penalty of *fine, whipping, or imprisonment,* at the discretion of the court." Should a *white* person be engaged in so nefarious a transaction—for instance, should some benevolent lady undertake to teach a coloured Sunday school—such person is liable to $500 fine, and imprisonment in the common jail.

Boston, a city of Intemperance!—A Boston editor says, "twenty-six persons have died, in this city of Intemperance, within the last six months." The insertion of a single comma in the above, would have saved Boston from having been styled a "city of intemperance."

MARRIED,

In Utica, by the Rev. Mr. Dorr, Mr. E. A. Maynard, one of the editors of the Oneida Observer, to Miss Welthy Velona Hart.

DIED,

At the Eagle tavern in this village, on the 2d inst. Mr. Charles Y. Hempsted, of the house of Reed, Hempsted and Sturges of New-York aged 29 years.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

AN OLD FABLE.

A Fox, more subtle than the rest,
And sharp in all his senses;
Once on a time with hunger press'd,
Leap'd o'er the garden fences.

The grapes that dangle on the boughs,
Do very much invite him;
And pretty peaches too, he vows
Do very much delight him.

Then slily upward Reynard jumps,
As high as legs could rear him,
But falling down with divers thumps,
He did not e'en come near 'em.

Rot 'em, says he, they're very sour,
They'd kill me with the cholic,
I would not eat them if I could—
I only jump'd for frolic.

B.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE GEM.

TO JULIA.

In early days I sought to find, that gem of heavenly birth
Friendship, alas! where does it dwell, 'tis not 'tis not on earth—
No more it lights this gloomy vale, but hope's resplendent beams,
Are left to cheer us here below, and lull us with their dreams.
And happy is that mortal then, although on slippery ground,
Who thinks, (and ne'er is undeceiv'd,) that he true friends has found;
Not blind to fate, I see ahead, unnumbered perils rise,
But 'tis not perils yet to come, that blind my weeping eyes.
In childhood's days I chose a friend, the nearest to my mind,
And thought our friendship ne'er would end, but ah! 'twas human kind;
Scorn not, oh! scorn not thou my lay, my simple, plaintive strain,
For 'tis not thoughts of that young friend, that causes present pain.
But yet I choose my early days, as samples of the rest,
For where on earth, alas! have I with friendship pure been blest?
Where?—riper years have seen me choose, a friend I thought sincere,
A friend indeed I thought, but lo! he starts the briny tear.
Upon his bosom I reclin'd, nor thought to doubt his truth,
'Till I was cheated past a doubt—still in the prime of youth.
Alas! how feeble is my pen, my sorrows to declare,
Oh! could my soul but speak to tell, what grief is center'd there;
Sure then if sympathy e'er warm'd that tender heart of thine,
If e'er thou weep'st for other's woes, thou'dst surely weep for mine.

MINERVA.

SENTIMENT.

There is a tongue in ev'ry leaf!
A voice in ev'ry rill!
A voice that speaketh every where,
In flood and fire, through earth and air!
A tongue that's never still.

A WIT AT REPARTEE.

A man renown'd for repartee,
Will seldom scruple to make free
With friendship's finest feeling—
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And say he wounded you in jest,
By way of balm for healing.

From the Literary Souvenir for 1830.

THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

I never was a favorite;—
My mother never smiled
On me with half the tenderness
That blessed her fairer child:
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek
While fondled on her knee;
I've turned away to hide my tears,—
There was no kiss for me!

And yet I strove to please, with all
My little store of sense;
I STROVE to please, and infancy
Can rarely give offence:
But when my artless efforts met
A cold, ungentle check,
Did not dare to throw myself
In tears upon her neck.

How blessed are the beautiful!
Love watches o'er their birth;
Oh beauty! in my nursery
I learned to know thy worth:
For even HERE, I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn,
And wished—for others wished it too—
I never had been born!

I am sure I was affectionate,—
But in my sister's face,
There was a look of love that claimed
A Smile or an embrace.
But when I raised my lip, to meet
The pressure children prize,
None know the feelings of my heart,—
They spake not in my eyes.

But oh! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect:
I saw my sister's lovely form
With gems and roses decked:
I did not covet them; but oft,
When wantonly reproved,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came,
A time of sorrow too,—
For sickness o'er my sister's form,
Her venomed mantle threw;—
The features once so beautiful
Now wore the hue of death:
And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infectious breath.

'Twas then unwearied, day and night,
I watched beside her bed,
And fearlessly upon my breast
I pillowed her poor head.
She lived!—she loved me for my care!
My grief was at an end;
I was a lonely victim once,
But now I have a friend!

THE GEM,

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By Edwin Scrantom,

at the Office of the Rochester Observer, in the Globe Building, to whom all letters and communications must be addressed, postpaid. Terms—ONE DOLLAR per annum, payable in all cases in advance.

THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 21. ROCHESTER, FEBRUARY 20, 1830. VOL. 1.

Original Correspondence.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

DORA;

THE DEVOTEE OF NEOSKEECK.

Part Second.

"Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms."—*Byron.*

Since Miss Parker had made her residence at the Mansion, the visits of Smelton became daily. He generally found her accompanied by Dora, for whom she had imbibed the truest friendship, and with whom it was her delight to converse intimately. That circumstance afforded him the means to display his talents of fascination; and it was with demoniac pleasure he discovered they were not unfavorably received by the unsuspecting Dora. His private conversations with Eliza were also frequent, and generally turned either upon the subject of leaving her home, or writing to her father.

"If my dear parent could but know that I am here and contented," she often would say, "I think I should be happy—but the wretched uneasiness I imagine him to be in respecting me—the sleepless nights, the heart-aching sorrow, and the deep parental solicitude that fill up the measure of his suspense respecting me, crowds upon my mind, and renders me almost miserable."

"My dear girl," Smelton would reply, "do not make yourself unhappy in that respect; my correspondence with my friends in the city affords me an opportunity of acquainting your father of your situation. "To be sure," he would often add, "it is rather an indirect way of giving him information respecting you, yet I flatter myself that the step we contemplate taking, will soon render all evasion unnecessary, and that we shall honourably rejoin again your parent."

In this manner would he discourage Eliza from writing to her father, by holding out to her the prospect of an honorable union. Nothing, however, was farther from his purpose; but he well knew, that if her situation was known to her friends, he might bid adieu to his unripened schemes, and consider himself well off if they were satisfied with barely removing her.

We will now return to Henry Watson. He is a character for whose cause, we doubt not, the reader has imbibed a generous interest. As might reasonably be expected, the quick-eyed feelings which influenced him, soon discovered the new dangers that seemed to threaten his intimacy with Dora Frontenzy. If, indeed, after the repulse she had given him, she could care for him more than another, he felt it a duty owing to his own happiness, to warn her of Smelton's character; and urge his own devotedness. To accomplish these objects he made more frequent visits to Dora, than he had usually done. True, he did not openly traduce Smelton, neither did he present his failings in their worst light (as these would be but dull subjects for a lover to discuss;) but he would when occasion offered, speak of him as a low character; and tell of the report then circulating, concerning his absconding with Miss Parker. How unkind soever, those proceedings appear at first thought, they will cease to appear so, when we think of the state of Henry's feelings. To know that he had a rival, who was an adept in the wiles of the world; and the mistress of his heart was alike unskilled in those arts, and devoid of selfish sentiments, was enough to arouse his energies. He communicated, in the manner we have described, his thoughts to Dora; but, although she appeared to be fully aware of his kind intentions, she did not farther encourage his hopes. Not knowing to what circumstance to attribute her conduct towards him, and impatient to know the event, the proud-hearted youth began to suspect his warnings were not so well received as they appeared to be, and to inquire of himself whether it would be consistent with

honor or propriety, to make farther advances. A determination was made as to his conduct in this respect, from the following circumstance.

One of those very warm days which occur in August, had been succeeded by such an invigorating evening as induced the young ladies to walk out. Their way led across the fields towards the dwelling of Mr Watson. The sun had just dropped below the horizon, but had not disappeared as yet from the fairy race who inhabit the variegated tints, which seemed to supersede his setting; resembling guardian angels attending the death-couch of an eminent saint.

The dwellings of these beings were sparkling in the west, and reflecting their light on each object around them.

The cool evening breeze was dispelling the heated atmosphere, and the little birds, that might have been seen during the heat of the day, with their bills and wings expanded; softly piping, in the shade of woods and fences; now boldly perched forth to hymn for a moment their vocal music. The drooping grass pertinently raised its spires to receive the night dew, and a slight nestle might be heard among the deep green leaves of a neighboring grove, which during the day was as silent as vacuity.

Every thing seemed conspiring to ennoble the feelings, and raise the mind above the sordid, selfish world, to a communion with superior beings; and to a full sense of the magnificence of nature's works. If such would be the feelings, on partaking such a scene, of common observers; how much more elevated must they seem to persons in love.

We consider persons in that situation as beings, above their fellow-mortals, especially if we judge them by their sentiments. When they look at any thing—it is with the eye of poetry; when they think on any subject—only the silvery side of it presents itself to them. Such were the sentiments of Dora and Eliza, and they passed on in silence for some minutes, when they were broken; the former exclaiming, "How beautiful are the works of nature! how perfectly harmonizing appears every object around us! every thing seems to enjoy the flowery existence that is here offered to them—even the humming beetle, and the swift-winged night-hawk, are aware of it, and spring upward in convulsions of joy."

"My dear friend," answered Eliza, "your enthusiasm is soothing to my soul. When fits of melancholy would enwrap me in their cloudy folds, it is the thought of the Creator's goodness that disperses them; and the knowledge that he instills the sentiment of joy, and consequently the enjoyment of life, into the smallest insect; often encourages me in a trying hour."

"I know not why such reflections should rise in our minds, but, on viewing the splendid scenery around us, and then for a moment meditating, do we not feel holy sentiments pervade our souls, which may be nearly allied to poetry. The 'songsters on the spray' have now sunk to rest, all except the Whip-poor-will, who strikes up her notes in yonder wood, as if resolved not to let the praises to the God of the universe cease. As the moment is so favorable perhaps it would be a fit time for you to write the lines you promised me for a keep-sake." Eliza without hesitation drew forth her pencil, and wrote the following

ADDRESS.

TO THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

In the dark thickets' shade,
When the hush'd breeze is laid,
And each leaf in stillness reposes,
The note deep and shrill,
Echoes full from the hill,
And thy situation discloses,

To the merry tree frog,
Whose response does not clog
The full chorus thy mate is then chiming,
With thee, to the moon,
Or that starry festoon,
Which in the blue arch is then shining.

Happy bird of the eve,
Hast ere had cause to grieve
A false mate of feathery dress?
Thy answers are still,
"Whip-poor-will!—Whip-poor-will!"
They a negative answer express.

Still thy ditty repeat,
For, to me it is sweet,
To thy lively, quaint strains here to listen,
For they soothe my sad heart;
Now the day will depart;
See, the stars in the sky dimly glisten.

About the time they had finished their criticisms on the above, they were joined by Henry Watson, who asked leave to accompany them home, as the night was advancing swiftly. Henry took occasion when with Dora this evening to speak again on the subject that lay so near his heart; and at this time he urged every reason that suggested itself to his mind, to induce her to throw off all that cold restraint which she had shown, and open to him the true state of her heart. He again warned her against the fascinations of the wily Smelton—and when she answered him not, almost accused her of participa-

ting with him the ruin of his peace.—Dora shed many tears at this time, and she answered, that circumstances of an extraordinary nature prevented her from giving encouragement to his offers!

This was the "unkindest cut of all. Watson sprang from the house, and went to his lodgings. As he pursued his way, his reason became bewildered with the mingling of such opposite passions as love, jealousy, and natural pride.

"She on whom I had placed my affections rejects them," thought he, "yet it may be that she will repent her actions, and that when it is too late. Yet why should I blame her—that low-bred viper who has so unceremoniously crawled in upon our happiness, is the cause of all. True, she shed tears, but

Woman's tears are like waste rain
Which falls into the sea,
And straight is lost—as nothing!

Some would have had recourse immediately to the pistol or the dagger; yet so would not I, thank heaven! The world is wide—the maids of other climes are fair. To-morrow, for the last time, will I see the sun rise and burnish the green fields of this valley! I will rush from the scenes of my present misery, to seek happiness in another region.

[Conclusion in our next.]

SUMMARY.

Death of Mr. Hayden.—A letter from Albany, to a gentleman in this village, announces the death of the Hon. *Moses Hayden*, of Livingston county, a member of the Senate of this state, from the 8th district. He expired on Saturday evening last. His funeral took place on Monday afternoon, attended by both branches of the Legislature.—*Ontario Repository.*

Daring Robbery.—The Oneida (Rome) Republican says, that as Mr. Fletcher, collector of the town of Western was returning home from Rome, he saw two men in a cutter before him, and as he attempted to pass them they sprang upon him, tied his hands behind him and the cape of his coat over his head, took his money amounting to $100, cut the reins and started his horse, which fortunately turned up at a tavern where he was released from his unpleasant situation. Search had been made for the robbers but without success.

The same paper says that while a man left his sleigh and horses in the street in that village and went into a store in the *day time*, one of his horses was unharnessed and the thief got off with it undiscovered.

Genesee County.—The Le Roy Gazette states that at the General Sessions in that county last week, 15 indictments were found for various offences. James Gray and Elijah Gray, actors in the affray which resulted in the death of Samuel Davis, were indicted—the former for murder in the first degree, and the latter for murder in the second degree. Brown, a colored man, was sentenced for horse stealing to the state prison for two years. The following were also sentenced to Auburn: Jeremiah Canfield, forgery, 3 years—Milo Chilson and John A. Smith, horse stealing, 4 years—Geo. Hicks alias Geo. Benedict, stealing jewelry, 4 years.

The Batavia Advocate states that Dr. Benedict, who was held to bail on suspicion of having been engaged in disinterring a dead body, in Batavia, has been honorably discharged from his bonds—no evidence being found to implicate him.

A bill is pending in the U. States Senate, which provides that copper coin shall not be a legal tender to an amount exceeding ten cents—that silver coins, less than a dollar, shall not be a tender for more than ten dollars.

The Eastern (Pa.) Argus says, "that as a young man was hunting in the woods near this borough, he was attracted to a particular spot by the barking of his dog; and on reaching the place found a naked dead infant, frozen, which had been abandoned by its monster-mother, who is now in prison, awaiting her trial.

The House of Assembly of the island of Jamaica have passed a law conferring on slaves the right of holding property, and of testifying in courts of justice.

Maus Schermerhorn, formely mayor of the city of Schenectady, fell down dead, with anapoplectic fit on the 26th ult. while he was walking from his house to the barn.

The town of Romulus, Seneca County, hasbeen divided.

A head waiter, in a public house in England, in attempting to draw a cork

from a bottle, holding it between his thighs, pressed it so hard that the bottle broke, and a splinter of it entered the femoral artery, which caused him to bleed to death instantly.

The keepers of several *faro tables*, have been arrested in Frankfort, Ky. and committed to prison for illegal gaming. Another man has been sentenced to pay a fine of $500 for keeping a table to play a game called *chuckerluck*—but what sort of 'luck' this is, we know not.

Illegal gambling!! what hardened wretches not to *gamble* "according to law."

A woman killed by a Panther.—A letter from Reading, Pa. dated the 1st inst. relates a terrible occurrence which happened near Pottsville a few days previous. A Panther, rendered frantic by the snow and cold, sprang upon a woman while passing alone in the road, and killed her.—*New-York Spectator.*

A Youthful Editor.—The Journal of Commerce says that a lad of 12 years old has commenced the publication of a periodical in that city, called "Youth's Instructor or Moral Magazine," and says that he not only edits it, but sets most of the types without assistance. The publication is well spoken of.

The new Presbyterian Church in Lowville, Lewis County, was destroyed by fire on Sunday evening the 3d ult. Some few articles of the church furniture were saved. The fire is supposed to have originated from the heat of a stove-pipe in its passage through the ceiling.

Andrew Steel of Iredell co., N. C., while preparing to shoot a hawk, killed his son, by the accidental discharge of the rifle. Mr. Steel was so shocked at the melancholy affair, that it was feared the consequence would be an alienation of mind.

"*Am I to blame mother?*" said a young lad, the other day. The lad had joined a temperance society. His father and mother, (probably *temperate* drinkers) appeared to be displeased with him. The mother openly chided. After a long silence, the boy broke forth —"Am I to blame, mother? Sister Mary has married a drunken husband, who abuses her, every day. Sister Susan's husband was intemperate and has gone off, and left her, and you are obliged to take her home, and take care of her children. Brother James comes home drunk every night. And because I have joined the cold water company, and you are likely to have one sober person in the family, you are scolding at me!—Am I to blame?"—*Philanthropist.*

C. Robinson, Coroner of Clarendon, Orleans county, reports the deathunder shocking circumstances of two persons in his neighborhood. One, Elijah Dolly, died drunk in a bar-room.—The other, a Mrs. Annis, being intoxicated, fell into the fire, from which she was unable to extricate herself. The husband, being also drunk, fell likewise into the fire in attempting to drag her out. He escaped with life, but she perished.

The following is an extract of a letter from a shipmaster in France to a gentleman in Boston:

"*Paulioe, 6th Dec.* 1829.—I am now 27 miles below Bordeaux performing Quarantine, and shall be obliged to remain here till the 16th, on account of the sickness at New Orleans, [from which he had sailed.] Two of my men were sick with the scurvy, which was occasioned by being in want of water; for 20 days we were on allowance of a pint per day. I saw a number of their vessels, but they were all in a similar condtion. One ship arrived on the same day that I did, the whole crew of which had lived twenty days on a *dog* and *cat*, and what *mice they could catch.*"

SLIPPERY TIMES.

The United States (Philadelphia) Gazette gives an amusing and sprightly account of the accidents which have occurred in that city since its sidewalks have all been converted into slippery places. We might easily make up a similar one here, but we have no room to print it if we should.

It has rarely happened that the Spanish salutation "*como esta*"---"how do you *stand*,"--- could be deemed more appropriate to time and place than in our goodly city.

Shortly after midnight it commenced raining, and the water chilled at once upon the pavement and sidewalk, making the whole as slippery as a new frozen pond; and during the morning it was marvelous to behold the quaint devices into which men and boys threw their legs and bodies in order to maintain their *standing*. The torrents of

rain had only served to give additional smoothness to the ice and wash off the coal ashes that had here and there been strewn with parsimonious hand.

Men lapped flannel about their boots, and lifted their feet high, so as to obtain a firm stepping. Yet, ever and anon, some unlucky one was seen dragging his drenched garment from a puddle in which he had been immersed by a *faux pas*. Little girls who had gone forth to the corner for milk, were seen mourning over their broken pitchers, and dropping tears upon the "milky way," that marked the gutter current for more than a square. One poor man had made shipwreck of his bottle, and as its blessed contents mingled with the less etherial fluid, he looked down upon the stream like a Bramin on the Ganges, as if it was worthy adoration.

An honest soap fat collector helped up an old lady from the pavement, and with a tone of sympathy that did honor to his Hibernian heart, kindly asked—"Faith ma'am, but how did you *stand* that *fall?*"

Two or three females came under our cognizance, as they somewhat ungracefully sprawled towards the pavement, and while we helped them up, and cautioned them against future *slips*, our heart smote us that there was too much of the world in the caution. How many of us look out upon the highway of life, and if, indeed, we reach out a hand to help up *her* that has fallen, we only add a cold monition to avoid another slip, and altogether neglect the fact that the way in which she is to tread is no safer than that in which she fell; and her garments are soiled by her first misstep.

He who would make his advice available and show it sincere, should lift the unfortunate from the slippery places upon which she now stands and *has* fallen; withdraw her from the jeers of those who witnessed the mis-step, clear her garments from the stain they have contracted, warm her into confidence, and when the danger that waited her steps shall have passed away, and those who witnessed her fall shall have gone onward, then, with a caution that shall be a lamp to the feet, "bid her go and *fall* no more."

FATAL TRICK OF A CONJURER.

A dreadful accident occurred at Armstadt on the 10th November. On that day Linsky, the celebrated legerdemain performer gave, in the presence of the family of Prince Swartzburgh Sondeeshauser, a grand exhibition, in which he wished to distinguish himself by an extraordinary display of his art. Six soldiers fiom the garrison were introduc'd, to fire with ball cartridges at Madame Linsky, the young wife of the conjuror.

They were, however, instructed in biting the catridge, to bite off the ball and keep it in the mouth, as they had been shown how to do on a rehearsal. Madame Linsky, who had lately lost a child, and, besides, was pregnant, was for a long time unwilling to perform the part allotted to her in this trick; but, by the persuasion of her husband, she was induced to consent. The soldiers, who were drawn up before the company, took aim at Madame Linsky, and fired. For a moment after the firing she remained standing upright, but the next moment she sunk saying, "Dear husband, I am shot." One of the musket balls, which had not been bitten off, passed quite through her abdomen. The unfortunate woman never spoke another word, and died on the second day after she received the wound. Many of the spectators fainted, and the horror of the scene has given a shock to the reason of Linsky. It was, indeed, a spectacle which might well have unmanned the most firm. It is to be hoped that this event will serve as a warning to all conjurors, as well as the spectators of their tricks, who usually show too inconsiderate a confidence in the art of the performer, not only with respect to cases of risk of life, but to other practices of a dangerous nature.—*Austrian Ob's.*

[From the Craftsman.]

[The first prize offered by the editor of the Craftsman for the best poem, was awarded by the committee, to the author of the following.]

FIRST PRIZE POEM.

Written by Prosper M. Wetmore, Esq. of N. Y.

LEXINGTON.

"It was a scene of strange and thrilling interest—they stood there to oppose an authority which they had been taught to fear, if not to venerate. Many were armed but with their wrongs; others had caught up with haste the rude weapons of the chase; but there was determination in every look. Well did the assailants rue their assault upon that little band of patriots. Long and well shall the doings of that day be remembered. It was the opening scene of a glorious drama."

There was a fearful gathering seen,
On that eventful day;
And men were there who ne'er had been,
The movers in a fray:
The peaceful and the silent came,
With darkling brows and flashing eyes;
And breasts that bore a smothered flame,
Were there for sacrifice!
No pomp of march—no proud array—
No brazen trumpet's sound—
As solemnly they took their way,
Unto that conflict ground:
Sadly, as if some tie were broken—
But firm, and with a brow severe—
Dark glances pass'd, and words were spoken,
As men will look and speak in fear;
Yet coursed no coward's blood
Where that lone phalanx stood,
Rock-like, but spirit-wrought—
A strange, unwonted feeling crept
Within their breasts—all memories slept,
Save one consuming thought,
To live a fettered slave,
Or die in freedom's grave!
Though many an arm hung weaponless,
The clenched fingers spake full well
The stern resolve, the fearlessness,
That danger could not quell;
Yet some, with hasty hand
The rust-encumbered brand,
Had snatched from its peaceful sleep,
And held it now with a grasp that told
A freeman's life should be dearly sold—
'Twas a courage stern and deep!

Proudly, as conquerors come
From a field their arms have won,
With bugle-blast and beat of drum
The Briton host came on,
Their banners unfurled and gaily streaming—
Their burnished arms in the sun-light gleaming;
Fearless of foe, and of valour high,
With a joyous glee they were idly dreaming
Of a bloodless triumph nigh:
The heavy tread of the war-horse prancing—
The lightning-gleam of the sabres glancing—
Broke on the ear, and flashed on the eye,
As the columned foe in his strength advancing,
Pealed his war-notes to the echoing sky!
'Twas a gallant band that marshalled there,
With the dragon-flag upborne in air:
For England gathered then her pride,
The bravest spirits of her land;
Names to heroick deeds allied,
The strong of heart and hand:
They came in their panoplied might,
In the pride of their chivalrous fame—
They came as the warriour comes to the fight
To win him a wreath for his name:
They came as the ocean-wave comes in its wrath,
When the storm-spirit frowns on the deep;
They came as the mountain-wind comes in its path,
When the tempest hath roused it from sleep:
They were met as "the rock meets the wave,"
And dashes its fury to air;
They were met as the foe should be met by the brave,
With hearts for the conflict, but not for despair!

What power hath stayed that wild career!
Not pity's voice—nor a thrill of fear;
'Tis the dread recoil of the dooming wave,
Ere it sweeps the bark to its yawning grave:
'Tis the fearful hour of the brooding storm,
Ere the lightning-bolt hath sped;
The shock hath come! and the life-blood warm,
Congeals on the breast of the dead!
The strife—and the taunt—and the death-cry loud—
Are pealing high through the sulphurous cloud!
'Twas a day of changeful fate,
For the foe of the bannered-line;
And the host that came at morn in state,
Were a broken throng ere the sun's decline:
And many a warriour's heart was cold,
And many a noble spirit crushed—
Where the crimson tide of battle rolled,
And the avenging legions rushed!

Wo! for the land thou trampl'est o'er,
Death-dealing fiend of war!
Thy battle-hoofs are dyed in gore,
Red havock drives thy car:
Wo! for the dark and desolate,
Down crushed beneath thy tread—
Thy frown hath been as a withering fate,
To the mourning and the dead!
Wo! for the pleasant cottage-home,
The love-throng at the door;
Vainly they think his step will come—
Their cherished comes no more:
Wo! for the broken-hearted,
The lone-one by the hearth—
Wo! for the bliss departed,
Forever gone from earth!

Wreaths for the living conqueror!
And glory's meed for the perished!
No trophied stone may their deeds restore,
But the hero names are cherished;
They bared them to the sabre-stroke,
Nor quailed an eye when the fury broke;
They fought like men who dared to die—
For "freedom" was their battle-cry—
And loud it rung through the conflict-smoke!
Up with a nation's banners! let them fly

With an eagle-flight,
To the far blue sky—
'Tis a glorious sight,
As they float abroad in the azure light—
And their fame shall never die!

When nations search their brightest page,
For deeds that gild the olden age,
And shine, the meteor-lights of story—
Britain, with swelling pride shall hear
Of Cressy's field, and old Poicteers,
And deathless Agincourt;
Fair Gallia, point with a kindling eye
To the days of her belted chivalry!
And her gallant Troubadour;
Old Scotia, too, with joy shall turn
Where lives the fight of Bannockburn,
And Falkirk's field of glory!
Land of the free! though young in fame,
Earth may not boast a nobler name,
Platea's splendour is not thine—
Leuctra, nor Marathon;
Yet look where lives in glory's line,
The day of Lexington!

[From the Craftsman.]

THE GOAL OF LIFE.

Turn from the vision that brightly gleams
Before thy morning sky,
Turn from the spell of its traitor beams,
Ere they dazzle thy heedless eye;

And on to the glorious goal of life,
Ere that vision enchain thee here,
The spell is bright, though deeply rife
With hidden dregs of fear.

'Tis the gift the spirit Morgana* gave,
Of youth and love for aye,
A charmed crown and a sparkling wave,
And being's fadeless ray;

The brow unshaded, the cheek unwet,
Though years on years passed by,
And the life's young lustre lingering yet,
And the smile of the cloudless eye.

The magick spell to the heart is dear,
And the magick fetters cling,
While that crown meets not the fountain clear
Where truth's deep waters spring:

The heart received the life of the flower
That blushed to the morning sun,
The breeze renewed it hour by hour,
Its being still just begun.

But the charmed crown has met the wave,
And the long soft dream is o'er,
And memory sprung from her fettered grave,
Her strong wing free once more.

She sprung forth from her magick dream,
She turned to days gone by—
To the star that lit life's gushing stream,
The flash of honour's eye;—

And memory thought of the haughty brow
In the rush of the battle scene,
And wept for what the heart was now,
And what the heart had been.

Go to the conflict in thy might,
In the spirit's energy,
And suffer not the primal light
Of its golden lamp to flee.

Another field to close upon,
Another strife within;—
This be the meed of purpose won,
Another crown to win. HINDA.

*The story of the Fay Morgana and Ogier the Dane, the brave Paliden of Charlemagne, is related by Sismonde. "Ogier suffered her to place upon his head the fatal crown to which belonged the gift of immortal youth; but every sentiment was effaced from his mind except love for Morgana. He passed two hundred years with Morgana, without noting the lapse of time; but his crown accidentally falling into a fountain, his memory was restored."

THE GEM.

Saturday, February 20, 1830.

BACK NUMBERS.

☞We have not over half a dozen full setts of our paper now on hand—and we have a number of calls from abroad, requesting us to send back numbers. We now give notice that all who wish full setts must send in their requests immediately, post-paid, and their favours will be attended to. Orders for full setts must be accompanied by the *cash* in all cases, (unless it has been paid in advance.) This is the more necessary, as we shall be obliged to reprint several numbers.

☞*The Ariel.*—A few specimen numbers of this valuable literary publication, published at Philadelphia, have been received. It is to be embellished during the present year with twelve plates. It will be published once a fortnight in quarto form, at the low price of $1 50. We shall make an extract from the Editor's address in our next.

☞Our readers will, we doubt not, be pleased with extracts we have made from the Craftsman. The first prize Poem, is a nervous and beautiful production, and does credit to the author.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Z." was received some days since, and we should have inserted it in the present number, but had not room. It will appear in our next. We hope for a continuance of the favours of 'Z.' "Pitt," is received. "Augusta S. E." is welcome. We shall take the writer at the promise. "J. H." is on file.—Our box has also been enriched of late by several productions from "Rosamend," "Lothaire," and "Lara." Where is "Lelia?"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

She gave me a ring, and bade me tell my dream.

I know 'twas but an idle dream,
Beguiling as the fading gleam
Of hope's delusive ray;
But yet 'twas sweet—so thrilling sweet!
That I could dream a life complete,
To guide that vision's way.

Her quick, dark eye, from 'neath a lid
That clos'd, in vain, to keep it hid
Shone out so arch and sly,
That *love* seem'd striving with its rays
To kindle, where it fell, a blaze
Of pure felicity.

'Twould seem her eye but sought to find
If I'd been false, indeed, or kind:
(I know my dream was wild,)
But when I rais'd my hand to bear
Its clasp to her's, that linger'd there,
She saw the RING and smil'd.

LOTHAIRE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE GIFT.

Take, take the gift all bright with flowers,
I decked the heart for thee;
'Twill mind thee now of blissful hours,
And wilt thou think of *me?*

Ah, no! I dare not hope that thou,
These faded charms will cherish:
Go, wear them in thy bosom now—
Oh, do not let them perish.

But bear me now before we part;
Don't crush poor Cora's token:
I never knew thee *touch* a heart,
But it was surely *broken.*

ROSAMOND.

Affecting Narrative.—The following interesting account is given by the late Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, when Editor, some years ago, of "the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." It has hardly a parallel in its kind:—"I once, in my early days," says Dr. Currie, "heard (for it was night, I could not see) a traveller drowning, not in the Annan itself, but in the Frith of Solway, close by the mouth of that river. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him in the night, as he was passing the sands of Cumberland.

The west wind blew a tempest, and according to the common expression, brought in water *three feet abreast.*

The traveller got upon a standing net a little way from the shore. There he had lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance, till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of the night, and amidst the pauses of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance—no one knew where he was:—The sound seem'd to proceed from the spirit of the waters.

But morning rose—the tide had ebbed and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind." It is hardly conceivable that any accident ever occurred better calculated to excite the strongest sympathies in human beings.

LINES

Suggested on reading the above.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

He swept along in martial pride,
On his gay and gallant steed;
As across the sands of Cumberland,
He rode with his utmost speed.

The tempest came like a mighty foe,
And the foaming sea ran high;
Dread terrors spread on the gloomy coast,
For darkness had veil'd the sky.

Amidst the darkness of the night,
In the pause of the tempest's breath;
A deep, despairing voice was heard—
'Twas the harbinger of death.

His voice was heard;—but none could tell,
Where the suffering man might be;
The mournful accents seemed to arise,
From the sprites of the troubled sea.

The tide went out—the night passed by,—
And brightly the morning shone;—
The *traveller* was bleaching in the wind,
But his *spirit* for aye—had *flown!*

LARA.

FOR THE GEM.

ACROSTIC.

M odest Beauty, truth and love
A lways, with a raven eye,
R aise emotions sure to rove
I n hearts that know a sigh.
A nd cannot truth and love array'd,
H eal a wound that Beauty made?

FLORIO.

THE GEM,

Will be published regularly once in 2 week on good paper, in octavo form, and paged suitable for binding. It will be issued on Saturdays, and printed for the proprietors,

By Edwin Scrantom,

at the Office of the Rochester Observer, in the Globe Building, to whom all letters and communications must be addressed, postpaid. Terms—ONE DOLLAR per annum, payable in all cases in advance.

THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 22. ROCHESTER, FEBRUARY 27, 1830. VOL. 1.

Original Correspondence.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

DORA;
THE
DEVOTEE OF NEOSKEECK.

Part Second—concluded.

This resolution, though suddenly made, the passionate young man determined should be carried into effect. It will not be supposed that on the eve of such an undertaking, Morpheus, even in his season, held much sway over him. He retired late, & lay to contemplate on his future movements. He was resolved to let the knowledge of his departure remain a secret until he was far beyond the reach of his friend's sympathy.

The next day, having addressed notes to his parents and fellows, to tell them, all inquiry would be in vain, he hastily scribbled the following to Dora.

"I am about to leave this place—perhaps forever! I am very certain it will be *forever* if some great revolution does not take place in matters known to us both, still I cannot take such an important step without again speaking of the vile W. S. In friendship to you, I will say; shun him as you would certain destruction! for his good parts can only be compared to the beautiful coating of the serpent, which charms the simple bird until it is fairly within its fangs. Read this once, and believe, in doing so you will totally expiate the wrongs practiced on your friend Henry."

This note with the others, was committed to the care of a boy, who was bribed to place it in the village Post-Office when he should be gone some days.

As evening approached, he started on his journey. As he left the valley very mournful sensations arose in his heart—he pondered on the days of his early youth, so happily spent within its enclosures, and was half tempted to return. Then the reason of his leaving it would appear, and disperse those childish thoughts. "If I never return I need not fear the stories which will be circulated respecting me," he murmured, and forcibly turning his face, the neat village, meandering stream, and paradisaical seats of Neoskeeck, were lost to his sight.

Part Last.

Here is my throne, my kingdom is this breast,
My diadem, the wealth of light that shines
From yon fair brow, upon me. *Milman.*

The time had now arrived, which had been secretly wished for by Smelton, as an opportunity to practice effectually his base schemes. It had been suggested to his mind, that were Henry removed, no obstruction could present itself to baulk them—he fancied Dora, the simple village girl, could have no strong notions except those instilled at the moment, and now was the time to test the quality of that impression. But how greatly mis-led was he! He offered her his hand, swore his happiness would be eternally lost if she did not accept it, and tried other arts of which his well practiced imagination afforded not a few, but all to no purpose—his propositions were rejected with proud disgust. When at length he became zealous, she threatened to expose him to her parents, and while tears of pity coursed her flushed cheek, hinted to him, that Miss Parker would be shocked, if in a time of unusual confidence, she should disclose to her, his proceedures. Smelton, unused to seeing such noble sentiments shown in any of his walks of life, was somewhat abashed at her retorts. At length he became convinced of her real character, and the virtuous anger in which she expressed her wonder that he, who knew her former loves, could entertain such opinions, intimidated his usually bold course. But he had proceeded too far for policy—the pride of Dora was touched, and she promised to inform those who would deny him access to her Father's house. Smelton attempted to remonstrate, laughed at her threatenings by way of reconciliation—still no alteration could be made in her purpose, her resolution was fixed—and he perceived that his best course would be to leave

the place; and accordingly did so at an early day. Such was his heart, that the situation of Eliza caused but few emotions, and those were stifled by pleading necessity as his impellant, and if he left her she would immediately return to her friends. To what depth of baseness cannot the human mind descend! Eliza was not entirely cast down, when after the necessary inquiry had been made, no tidings could be gathered respecting her betrayer. She could not persuade herself that he meant to forsake her, but believed he would again return. It was this hope, indeed, that was her only support; bereft of it, a mind like hers, in such a situation, would soon sicken itself by its own corroding reflections, until the fine thread of existence should be snapt, and the sufferer sink into the grave. The society of her friend was now more anxiously courted than ever; she loved to listen to her endearing voice, which almost constantly employed in sympathetic utterance, acted as a balm to her wounded soul. Dora had also her own troubles—her lover had also flown she knew not whither, and she would often blame the pride that had prevented her from giving him the true state of her heart, and the impediment obstructing their union. The space of four months had passed—a short time to those whose every situation is pleasant, and whose existence is but a continuation of agreeable events, but to the young ladies, the period seemed almost the echoes of as many years. Another summer was about commencing, and was greeted with mutual satisfaction by each of them. The valley was again mantled in its gayest dress, and the flower garden of Dora, was newly prepared. It was her delight to watch the progress of the tender flower, from the time its embryo first began to swell the bud, until the odoriferous rose or white pink, boldly unfolded its beauties to the sun; she guided the honey-suckle in its fantastic twinings, and the eglantine increased in freshness, under her fostering hand. Eliza would often join in the task, to divert as much as possible, her mind from its accustomed course. The variegated poppy, the emblem of forgetfulness, and deep-blushing piony were her care. Evening walks were again instituted, and rambles of greater extent were sometimes enjoyed.

Meanwhile Henry Watson was engaged in other employments, and striving to drown his unhappiness in the ocean of variety an active situation produces. When he left his home, he determined on visiting one of the largest cities. Here a lucky circumstance awaited him. An old gentleman, a distant relation of his father, with whom he was acquainted, gave him an invitation to stay some weeks with him. In these he informed Henry that he owned an estate in England, which he was desirous should be attended to before his death, and offered the task to him; as age and inclination prevented himself from it; which offer was joyfully accepted.

A short time—and he was on the wave, fast leaving his native land. A stout heart does not quail at such prospects, and, in addition to this, a comfortable sentiment of *revenge* was thrilling through his veins, giving him additional fortitude. However, in spite of those, he often caught himself gazing over the glistening sea, with his face turned towards the west; and if the time was night, to watch the stars that glimmered in that horizon seemed to impart a satisfaction.

The business which called him to Europe was at length despatched, and he thought of returning. But why need he again cross the ocean? he had already done so in the search of happiness, and if he had not yet found it, a continued search might at length enable him to do so. He was once on the point of forswearing his native country, as his future home, when he concluded, strictly to inquire into his real wishes, and indulge them. He was here at a distance from the scenes of his disappointments, but he was also, far from those of his joys.

"Home, sweet home"

appeared to his view in the light it was in his early days; and he also pictured to himself, his friends' thoughts in relation to him, and finally concluded to return. He was no sooner on board of a packet, and his eye had ceased to discern the English shore, than he was angry with his weakness, and offered a reward to be taken back; so fluctuating is man's resolution, & the great influence of pride, in delicate minglings of the passions.

The vessel on which he had engaged his passage, belonged to the house in which Capt. Parker was a partner. Of this circumstance he was ignorant, until observing that the Captain was uselessly harsh to his sailors, and seeing a club of them engaged in conversation on that subject, he asked them the cause of their commander's austerity, and was answered, "We know no reason except it be the hope of soon possessing this vessel and terranizing over us poor

boys, with impunity. You must know it belongs to an old codger, named Parker. The old fellow had a wench of a daughter who run away with one of his clerks, and he was for sometime crazed, but that has now left him, and it is said the sharks under ground will soon have him in their keeping."

This hint of the honest tars, caused the truth respecting Miss Parker to be fully understood by him, and he resolved to do all in his power to redeem her; besides, this was an excuse, though a disagreeable one, for visiting his home again.

We again return to Neoskeeck, and the ladies.

We were speaking of walks, and as one of those was particularly eventful, we will describe it.

After crossing the stream they continued their ramble through the wood which bordered the hill to its base; still they went on, now stopping to cull the wild flowers, or in innocent gaity, toss a pebble at the sprightly blue-jay, or red-tufted wood-pecker, whose shrill notes and industrous pecking enlivened the wood. Their way led along bye-paths curiously twining among the forest-trees whose long and thick-leaved branches, threw so dense a shade, twilight seemed to reign, and then suddenly the sun would burst through with a dazzling splendor. Their conversation was on the never-failing subjects; and here, excluded from fellow-mortals, they were as one person in sentiment and ideas.

After climbing at an easy rate, among the rocks and underwood, they gained the summit of the hill. They reached it at a point from which an ample prospect was to be had, of the country on both sides. They seated, to refresh themselves and look out on the sunny scenes below them. Their conversation was resumed.

"I am here" said Eliza," a being persuaded to abandon my home, by a person who swore to be faithful. He has now forsaken me, and but for you, my dear friend, I should be a wretch devoid of happiness. I have lingered in the expectation of once more seeing him who is dearest to me, until deferring the hope from time time, it has almost deserted me.

"You should not suffer such emotions to govern you," answered Dora; "the enjoyment of this existence is considered too great a blessing to be felt unalloyed; but to the truly repentant, or the faithful, the rewards of a happier kind than our weak imaginations can picture are promised."

"You seek to comfort me by thus speaking" rejoined the other, "but though it is innocently done, you strike an arrow where you would apply a balm. You speak of heaven as a place of glorious rewards, its bar is also a place where just retribution is granted to all. I, who am so guilty could scacely expect the blessings of the guileless; but, strange as it may seem, I have no desire to live a moment but in the expectation of again beholding William Smelton, and forgiving him my wrongs.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing as fore-warning in case of death? I will not say that I do not credit such beliefs, but (I wish not to affect you) should I die, and he return, tell him the words I have spoken. We are feeble creatures, the space between the fullest possession of life and the grave, is sometimes shorter than we imagine."

Silence followed for some moments, when Dora was roused from a reverie into which the other's melancholy words had thrown her, by being asked to sing the following words, to a melancholy air.

The sun is fast leaving the hill and the valley,
To visit the isles of the westernmost sea;
From each ambush the muses each other now rally,
To scatter new dew-drops on shrub and on tree.

By a visit from fancy my soul is now haunted,
Which presents to my mind both the present and past:
Then each joy unperrennial my bosom enchanted,
And e'en seemed so substantial as ever to last.

And *now*, e'en by hope I am almost forsaken,
Who her votary leads, when all other friends tire;
And the heart that in perils remaineth unshaken,
When this last shall have left it; fain would it expire.

Yon cloud with dark grandeur in the west now arising,
Portentious, bespeaks the approach of the storm;
The sun of my soul, a dark omen surmising,
Is obscured by a cloud of a more gloomy form.

For my William is false as the wild rolling billow
That rolls o'er the world ere it reaches its bourne;
And perhaps that same ocean may now be his pillow,
And the cold forming coral his mouldering urn.

The cloud alluded to in the song, had by this time spread far in the heavens. The black folds which seemed formed to hide the electric fluid were continually widening, and the thunder was roaring at a distance. The sun was now

set, and night was gathering about our ramblers who, terrified, commenced their route back. Here they were startled on finding they had wandered farther than they imagined, but they had no alternative. By the time the foot of the hill was reached the rain poured in torrents, and the gullies between the rocks were violently roaring near them.

The lightening of heaven seemed to threaten them every moment, and they joined hands, pursuing their way as fast as the darkness, & slippery path would permit. The heavy branches above them, were bending under the vast weight they sustained; and sincerely did they repent their love of natural scenery which had led them such a jaunt. At length they reached the plain, but when the stream was gained, it had swollen to the size of a river, and the bubling, muddy water mooved swiftly along. The bridge was hid from their view, but Dora resolved rather than wait for the storm to abate, to trust to her knowledge of its situation. She accordingly ventured, and had reached the middle of the stream when Eliza, who had proceeded but a few feet, called out, that her strength could not resist the force of the water, and that she would go back. Dora, whose whole attention was directed to her own safety, continued to cross. Her bosom was heaving with fear for her friend's safety, and when she had reached the shore, she sank to the earth with weakness.

How great was her horror when on looking back, she heard a crash in the water, and the arm of Eliza was seen waving between her and the imperfect light on the other shore. This was too much for her delicate heart to bear, and she fainted with her emotions and in that situation was found by her friends who had become anxious about them.

The body of the unfortunate Eliza was found at a considerable distance from the spot where she fell. Preparations were made for its interment, but the grief of Dora was so excessive that she was left to her own reflections.

Three days had passed since the accident—the mournful time of funeral obsequies. The solemn procession was about forming, that was to convey to the village church-yard, the remains of Eliza Parker. The coffin was already closed about her form, and the church-bell had began its solemn peals, when a carriage drove rapidly to the door of the mansion. An elderly pair were helped from it, who immediately made their way to the bier. A suspension took place in the rites, and many a watery eye and sorrowful countenance was there, on seeing the emotions of this aged pair. They were the parents of the deceased! They then beheld the cold features and bloodless cheek of their daughter, who when they last beheld her, was rife with beauty and happiness. These reflections were too much for them to bear, and they sank under the weight of their afflictions.

The procession again formed and proceeded slowly to the grave, which was a mile distant from the village.

On their way they were joined by a young man whose countenance seemed to have a deeper melancholy seated on it, than the majority of the crowd. He was recognised by some persons, whose company he had joined.

The honest villagers had began to return to its place, the earth, which had been removed to give room for the remains of Eliza; and the parish minister had performed his last sad rites; when the attention of the procession was again arrested—a person on horseback, rode violently up, and throwing himself to the ground, stood by the grave side. He was without hat or coat, and his remaining garments bespoke the wreck of reason. He glared wildly about on the wondering villagers, and the grave; his motions indicated him bereft of reason, and some standing by, were proceeding to lay hold of him, when he bounded actively from their grasp, and uttering a curse, and cry of defiance, sought shelter in a neighboring wood. This unfortunate being, was found the next morning suspended from a tree, bearing all the marks in his countenances, of an aggravated death. A piece of paper was found in his pocket, containing the following words;

"I am a desolate and mad being, and in addition, have my unhappiness augmented, by knowing that I need not have been so. I commenced my career with bright prospects, but, through the influence of evil companions, I am now cursed, and yet live! The glass—the gambling table, and every species of debauchery, have thus reduced me; have implanted the pangs of hell in my burning bosom: I am William Smelton! When I left this vale for the last time, I established my correspondents, who gave me an account of the death of one I had ruined; this has again led me here. I had deemed all feelings of remorse banished from me, still I had a desire to see her once more. I have not been able so to do, and as I have nothing to live for, thus I die! Reader, profit by the example!"

William was buried in that part of the church-yard, allotted to strangers, but the nettle and long grass, have long since, hid the spot.

The parents of Eliza sank fast to the grave, and the reflection of their daughter's misdeeds, were not the last among their reflections.

The person who so silently joined the procession to Eliza's grave, was Henry Watson. He resolved to continue some time with his friends, during which, he received a visit from the father of Dora, who thus accosted him:

"Young man, you will perhaps be surprised when you know the purpose of this visit. I know that you have been a suitor of my daugdter, and I also know, that to insure their happiness through life, a pair should join their hands, only from motives of pure affection. Your naturally ardent disposition led me to suppose, that you might not be perfectly acquainted with the real situation of your heart, in respect to Dora, and had forbidden her to encourage your advances, but since by your actions you have proven your affections to be real, you are welcome to her hand."

We need scarcely say that intimacy was again restored, and as soon as circumstances permitted, they were married.

And here we speak of something which before we have not found opportunity to relate. The relation, on whose business, Henry went to England. died in his absence, and in his will bequeathed a large estate to R. Watson, the father of Henry, to become his, on the day of his marriage.

This duty the honest farmer performed, and that house Dora and her husband chose for their residence. They make a visit yearly to their parents and their native vale, and the grave of Eliza is new-sodded at the return of every spring. A neat marble, shaded by a willow, marks the spot, and the tear of affectionate remembrance is often shed over it, by Dora, the devotee of Neoskeeck.

Reader, our little tale conveys its morals, but as it has reached a sufficient length, we leave you to deduce them.

X.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

SOLITUDE.

I must acknowledge that I love solitude, and during my stay at the pleasant little village of P. I indulged it, in solitary wanderings, in the romantic woods which lie to the south, adjoining that village; romantic I say, because they seemed so to me. I love to traverse the various vallies that abound in those forests, while the cold north-west wind whistles through the leafless branches of the trees, and the sun at intervals, sheds his warm rays upon the dreary scene, as the broken clouds pass before him. When fatigued with wandering about, I climb some rugged hill, and as I seat myself on some fallen tree, I contemplate the majesty of nature, and dwell with a soft melancholy on the vicissitudes of human life.

How much does this place, and the surrounding forest, resemble the animate creation! here we see one tree, complete in all its parts, proudly rearing its majestic form; another with a bended trunk—a limb broken off, or dangling in the air; or deprived of its wide-spreading honors—standing exposed to the merciless blasts of winter: even the tree on which I recline, brings forcibly to mind, the neglect of mankind. How soon, alas! may I be laid prostrate—then will mankind pass by—as regardless of *my* fate, as the surrounding trees, are of the fate of their fallen companion.

I know that such reflections, too often indulged, are inimical to the happiness of any person; yet they convey such a pleasing sensation, that they are seldom forbidden to enter the breast of a person, who is naturally melancholy: and it must be acknowledged that they are productive of some good, inasmuch as they serve to wean the affections of the soul, from the perishable materials by which it is surrounded.

Doubtless some will see this, whose minds have never felt the influence of solitude; to whom the multiplicity of business has debarred time for reflection; they will smile at the principle which called forth these sentiments, and denominate it weakness—only, because their cold, unfeeling hearts, were never warmed by the pleasures of solitary reflection.

LARA.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment on its waves, and sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temples of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? why is it, that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then passes off, and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? why is it that the stars which 'hold

their festivals around the midnight throne,' are set above the grasp of limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts. We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever.

As might have been expected.—Miss Paulina Snyder, the girl from Ohio, who was born without arms, and who exhibited in this village last summer, her ingenuity in sewing and knitting with her toes has, it seems, entrusted herself to a couple of gentlemen of the Circus in New Jersey, who after collecting considerable money from the humane and curious, for her benefit, as might have been expected, pocketed the cash and left her destitute, and dependent upon the charity of strangers.

Claiming the protection of the Law.—At the great Masquerade Ball which took place in New York last week, a mob having collected before the door of the theatre, the manager applied to the police for protection, but was answered that as he was acting in direct *violation* of law, the police would not interfere in his behalf.

From the Rochester Observer.

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

Among the living animals at the Museum in this village, is a Bird of the Parrot species. It takes its food in a small room, the door of which is fastened by a wooden button. A few evenings since, while the bird was in this room the door was closed, the button turned and it was left to spend the night in rather close quarters. After the parrot was discharged from its confinement in the morning, it went resolutely to work and before night had completely *torn off the button*—thus securing itself from future mishaps of this kind. . . . . L.

We have been requested by a gentleman who attended the exhibition at the High-School, to re publish the following, which we do with pleasure. We could not attend the exercises, but understand they more than met the expectations of those present.---Eds.

From the Rochester Observer.

ROCHESTER HIGH-SCHOOL.

The examination of this School took place on the 19th inst.

The exercises were so conducted as to show that the scholars had made substantial attainments.

The examinations in Natural Philosophy and in the Elements of History, were exceedingly well sustained, while there cannot be said to have been a failure in any thing.

The exhibition in the evening was highly satisfactory, as was evinced by the patient and earnest attention of a very numerous assembly.

The School is now well worthy of publick confidence, and I am happy to learn that the Trustees contemplate still further and important advantages.

SPECTATOR.

Be not affronted at a jest. If one throw never so much salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm, unless thou art raw and ulcerous.

READING IN BED.

We cannot forbear saying a few words to our fair readers, on the subject of reading in bed. We have lately noticed several accounts of persons burnt to death, by this imprudent dangerous and indolent practice.---It is strange, at least it seems so to us; that people cannot sit up, until they are satisfied with reading; but must retire, and having a burning candle by their bed—read until sleep steals unconsciously upon them, and the burning light, liable, with the aid of a slight breeze, to communicate its fire to the bed-clothes, and thus endanger not only the life of the imprudent reader, but perhaps of a whole family. We hope these hints will be sufficient to awaken in the breasts of our readers, an abhorrence of this dangerous practice.

THE GEM.

Saturday, February 27, 1830.

LIST OF AGENTS.

The following persons are appointed Agents for the Gem, and will forward subscriptions when called upon.

Albion, N. Y. John Kempshall.
Auburn, Henry Cherry.
Batavia, Wm. A. Seaver.
Burlington, Vt. R. G. Stone.
Canandaigua, N. Y. John Ackley.
Canajoharie, J. McVean.
East-Cayuga, Wm. Foot.
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Palmyra, E. B. Grandin.
Riga, O. L. Angevine.
Syracuse, A. Daumas, & Co.
Scottsville, S. G. Davis.
Utica, T. M. Ladd.
Waterloo, Charles Sentell.
Weedsport, E. Weed.
York, D. H. Abell.

We publish a prospectus for our 2d volume in the present number. Our friends will pay some attention to it. We shall, probably issue some of the last numbers in this volume weekly, that we may have time to prepare for the commencement of the next.

"I don't drink a drop of liquor!"—There is a fellow in this village, who drinks all he earns, and would drink more if he could get it, who frequently exults *that he does not drink a drop of liquor.* This is true, but he drinks a sufficient quantity of *cider*, one would think to surfeit an ox. He neglects his family, who are generally freezing or starving—and with his tin pail in hand, he goes about from place to place collecting his cider, the fruit of little jobs of work done, and thus spends as much time as the beverage is worth, besides earning it. He has been known to drink over twenty quarts of cider in a single day in the winter! and yet he tells every new acquaintance at once, that *he don't drink a drop of spirits!* He carries all the marks of a drunkard, viz: a hollow cough—a bloated pale countenance—trembling nerves—a fœtid breath, —a dulness of action, and a shabby appearance—and yet with all these, together with the practice of drinking from 8 to 20 quarts of cider a day, this individual affects to *console* himself that he has escaped from the destructive effects consequent on a too free use of ardent spirits!!

The New-York Amulet.—We have received the first number of this work. The matter in the number before us is chaste and beautiful. We hope it will be sustained. The price is $1 per annum, and it is printed on a demi sheet in the quarto form.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A great number of communications are in our box, all of which will be attended to in due time.

THE GEM,
A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—ENLARGED.

The proprietors of the above publication, from the liberal patronage bestowed upon it, have concluded to present the 2d Volume in an improved form. The establishment of the Gem was an experiment, to arouse, if possible, the Genius of the West; and the proprietors are proud in saying that the West has responded to the call, and winged its infant flight far beyond their most sanguine expectations. The field is ample; and though not cultivated as highly as older soils, yet there are in it flowers of the choicest kinds, whose peculiar qualities are enhanced, perhaps, by the hawthorns that o'ershadow them. We have culled some of them, with which we have graced our first volume—and hope in the coming year, to present entire nosegays from the western fields. For this purpose, our sheet will be enlarged to *double the size* of the present publication, which will afford room for a greater variety of matter, and we hope, therefore, be more acceptable to our patrons. We confidently hope that we shall be sustained in our undertaking, and that our friends will manifest their former zeal for the advancement of the Literature of the West.

TERMS, &c.

The Gem will be be published semi-monthly, on a Royal sheet quarto, and calculated for binding. The price will be *One dollar and fifty cents* per year—One dollar payable *in advance*, and the remainder at the end of six months. All subscriptions for less than a year, must be paid in advance. Agents allowed every sixth copy, or 10 per cent.

The Volume will commence on the 1st of May next, and all wishing to commence with the 1st No. will be careful to forward their names before the commencement of the vol.

☞ All Letters and Communications must be addressed to the subscriber, *post-paid.*

EDWIN SCRANTOM.

Rochester, March 1, 1830.

☞ Editors with whom we exchange, will please give the above a place in their papers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

A FRAGMENT.

What sight is this? what scene do I behold!
Alas! it is the *Saviour* of mankind!
Hanging, suspended on Mount Calvary,
To reconcile us to our Maker GOD.
And who has hung him there?—let *Man* reply.
Oh! foul, debased mankind! is it then meet,
That he, whose life was one continued scene
Of love and mercy,—he who caused the blind
To see the glorious light of heav'n;—that he
Who healed the sick—cleans'd the impure, and caused
The lame to be made perfect in each limb—
Who from their tombs called back the slumb'ring dead,
And gave new life unto their lifeless clay:—
Should thus be made a laughing-stock, a scorn,
That all who passed him by, whose hearts were steel'd
Against each tie of love, and kindly feeling—
Whose tender mercies were but cruelties:—
Might wag their heads, and offer insult there!
Deluded man! e'en on that cursed tree,
His heav'n-born sympathies, his holy love,
Still flow'd in vast profusion. Did he curse
The hands that nail'd him to the ignoble cross?
No! Still he strove to vindicate to us,
The ways of his Almighty Father, GOD,
And reconcile us to his holy will.
Oh! how his tender heart was pierc'd, to see
The obstinate rebellion of the world;
And even when his foes were standing round,
Reviling him and *mocking* at his fate—
In the deep anguish of his noble soul—
"FATHER FORGIVE THEM," was his *earnest* pray'r.

LARA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

IS LIFE A DREAM.

And what is *Life?* Is it a dream,
As often-times confess'd to be?
Or does it to our senses seem,
A sure reality?
Should we express our views ideal—
Sure we must deem it something real.

Else why is man e'er brought to think,
He has a living soul to save?
When time may place him on the brink,
Of his eternal grave!
Why struggles his whole nature there,
'Till, hopeless, left in dark despair?

This life a dream? then why not all
Dream on in bliss, from morn 'till ev'n,
'Till CHRIST, the *Judge*, our spirits call,
And wake our souls in Heaven?
This life a dream? Then all must be
Dreamers, for one eternity.

Z.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE MIMICK SWORD.

'Twas but a mimick sword,
Model'd in playful hours to teach the art
Of one more deadly; but yet its semblance
Gain'd the name of SWORD. Oft in boyhood's hour
I'd stray alone o'er wood and field, to strike
The mullein top, or thistle's guarded down,
While fancy pictur'd that a victim fell
At every blow; or marshal up, like mad,
To some huge oak with frowning top, and shout
"On guard!" in very mockery of fight.
With some wild-wood berry, I'd spread upon
Its blade, the very proof and hue of war;
And oft would fancy that my foeman's blood
Was bleaching on its side.

I remember,
(Tho' years have interven'd,) a lonely grove
Where Lelia lov'd to walk; and there I'd watch
Unseen by her, and guard her every step,
With all the valour that a warriour feels.
And thoughts would come, and bear upon their wings
Some vision of a foe. Then, then I'd start—
Display my show of war, and gaze upon
The air to mark my foe. But none appear'd:
'Twas but an angel wand'ring there, and I
Her watchful guardian.

Once, too, I know,
(And never shall forget the shame it caus'd)
I *slept* upon my post. Dreams of boyish
Magnitude and joy—such dreams as poets
Feel when sleep is not, (unless *fame* be sleep)
Had seiz'd my brain, and fancied out a scene
Too sweet for earth, and slumber seal'd my eyes.
But when I woke, O shame, shame to tell!
My sword was gone! and all my valour froze
Like water in the cold. No pen can paint
The deep disgrace I felt—'twas worse than death—
And, cursing sleep, I walk'd, dejected, on
Till Lelia's voice, like magick, struck my ear.
"Here *sleeper* take thy *toy*!" she archly said,
And look'd a smile, at least, half made of frowns,
So roguish, that I could have died to shun
A second smile like that. I took the sword
And, kneeling to my fair reprover, vow'd
To never sleep again.

LOTHAIRE.

STAMP DUTY ON RECEIPTS.

"I would," says Fox, "a tax devise.
That would not fall on me,"—
"Then tax *Receipts*," Lord North replies,
"For those you *never see*."

THE GEM,

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By Edwin Scrantom,

at the Office of the Rochester Observer, in the Globe Building, to whom all letters and communications must be addressed, postpaid. Terms—ONE DOLLAR per annum, [illegible] in all cases in advance.

THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 23. ROCHESTER, MARCH 13, 1830. VOL. 1.

Original Correspondence.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

HANS GOOTWOLFF.

A German Legend.

It had been a bleak day in December, and the driving snow-storm had left its mark upon the north-west side of every object it had met. The village of Durham had not seen many stranger inhabitants that day in its streets; and when night spread its mantle over the plain, it was like the thick fog that rests upon the brow, and hides the horrid drapery of the water fall. The wind fell not with the sun, for ever and anon it swept by in its fury, bearing with it clouds of snow, that rattled merrily at the lattice. But at the Middle-West, there was a fearful tempest that night. Situated on the plain below, the elements sported there in all their horrors, and to the numerous Germans who inhabit the Middle-West, there was a fearfulness in the deep tone of the rushing winds that night, that kept them from their rest.

"Mine Gott," said Birch, to Von Weimer, as they sat shivering over the expiring embers in the fire place, "that screaking in yonder tree-lot, keeps my eyes from their wonted slumber."

"Aye," said Von Weimer, as he gazed on Birch, "I'll go and salt the embers, that we may be proof against the spooks that travel in company with such a storm as this."

Thus saying, he arose to perform the action, when a rap, was heard at the door; before an answer could be given, it was opened, and a tall gentleman approached the fire. He was a man whose head was grey with years, and whose cheek was furrowed deep, and often.

"I am a stranger in these parts," said he, shaking the snow from his silvery locks. "I am on an errand of love, drawn from my home by extraordinary circumstances, and must perform my journey with all possible speed. I seek a guide to direct my footsteps across the Rush, for owing to my age, and an imperfect knowledge of that dreary, swampy pass, I feel unwilling to risk it alone. Here, I offer you an ample reward, accompany me," continued he, exhibiting his money.

"Birch spoke in German, to Von Weimer, and then turning to the aged traveller. said, "I will go with you across the Rush, to the ford."

"It is enough, I shall fear nothing when once over the ford," replied the stranger.

In a few minutes all was ready, the stranger bowed to Von Weimer, and taking the arm of Birch, both departed. Birch was a hired man to Von Weimer, who was one of the most wealthy, and consequential farmers on the plains of the Middle-West. Von Weimer, as well as all the neighborhood, had the most unlimited confidence in the honesty faithfulness, and fidelity of Birch, who was a young German of about twenty two years of age, and understood beyond a doubt the secret of managing an extensive farm to the greatest advantage.

Von Weimer went to bed, but the storm raged on. The unnatural howlings of the winds, together with the screaking of the broken limbs of the trees, kept him however, from sleep. Von Weimer began to fear, lest both the stranger and Birch should perish in the Rush. He arose and looked out, but it increased rather than diminished his fears. He again sprinkled salt on the smouldering heap in the middle of his hearth, and retired. The storm abated, nature asserted her right, and he slept. The morning dawned fearfully over the deformity of nature. A chimney's top was here and there blown off, the barns had suffered the loss of boards, and some of an entire gable-end or a thatched roof, the fences in many places lay prostrate, and the dangling limbs of old trees, as well as the hundreds that had been torn off entirely, gave evidence of the power of the tempest.

At noon on that day, Birch returned. He had conducted the stranger safely over the Rush to the ford, and received his pay, (a handsome sum,) and all was right. Von Weimer was thankful that his fears had proved false; he commu-

nicated his joy to his neighbors, with whom he had conversed before the return of Birch that morning, and all was quiet among the usually peaceable Germans of the Middle-West.

Three months, however, had not elapsed, ere another shaft broke upon the peace of the house of Von Weimer. Three strangers knocked at the door of Von Weimer, just as the supper table had disappeared. Their countenances indicated that their errand was of no inconsiderable import. After having seated them all, one of them thus addressed the master of the house.

"Is your name Von Weimer?"

"It is," was the reply.

"Then we have some important questions to ask you. But first I will give you a history of the whole subject.

About three months ago, a man by the name of Hans Gootwolff, the father-in-law of your three present visitors, heard of the severe illness, and approaching dissolution of his daughter, living then in G——. He was an aged man, but on hearing this news, no reasonings could dissuade him from immediately visiting his dying daughter. Finding him thus determined, we furnished him with a horse, and, taking a considerable sum of money, he set out. He was directed to call on you at the Middle-West, and make some inquiry respecting the Rush and the Ford, as we well knew that during that season in which he started there was some danger in passing these without a guide. His daughter, recovered from that sickness, but soon after fell a victim to a return of the same disease. Hans Gootwolff, has never seen his daughter, and to this day we know not what has been his fate. He wore a heavy ring, the gift of his mother, marked with the initials of his name. Our question is whether such a man called on you at the time mentioned?"

"Oh! mine Gott!" said Von Weimer.

"Gracious heavens!" ejaculated Birch, rising from his seat. "Is that stranger lost? why I conducted him safely over the Rush, to the ford myself, and in as dreadful a night too, as ever shrouded the earth."

"Let us know all," said the first stranger, and "Yes, yes," was immediately responded by the other two.

Birch then related the whole, and the strangers retired to the village inn. Von Weimer was literally distracted.

"Oh!" said he, "the wailings of that night were not without their meaning!"

Birch appeared wrapped in deep thought, and seemed to have more anxiety for the fate of the stranger, than fear for his own safety.

Suspicion spread her wings; the dreadful tale flew like lightning. Slander magnified it—envy blackened—and malice with blood-shot eye, promised revenge! It all fell on poor Birch. The sheriff did his duty, and the prison opened and received its victim.

The feelings of the people, had become strong on the subject, when the day of trial came on, and Nicholas Birch, needed the massy walls of his prison to guard him against the fatal shafts of vengeance that slept around him. The day arrived—the court was opened, and the prisoner brought to the bar. A burst of indignant feeling arose from the multitude, as the prisoner entered. The friends of the lost were there, and a deep feeling pervaded every bosom. But how was it with Birch. He looked composedly upon all around him, and as he brushed slowly the long hair from his white forehead, and showed his open and wan countenance, he fastened his eyes upon some of his former friends, who turned instinctively from his glance.

The trial proceeded, and nothing could be heard of Hans Gootwolff, after he left the hands of Birch. At this moment, an aged man arose and addressed the company; but he could not be heard distinctly, amid the stifled indignant murmurings of the Germans. Then raising his voice, he commanded silence.

"I am the man," said he "Hans Gootwolff—Here is the ring!"

His friends approached, and embraced him in ecstacies of joy. The harangue was long and for many minutes unbroken, and the building reeled amidst the general acclamations. It was night—and the envious, the malicious, and the revengeful, who felt stricken at heart, were glad that the day-light did not witness their confusion, on retiring. The lost man embraced Birch, who wept tears of joy over him. The next day was set to hear the explanation of Gootwolff, at the court room. The populace retired to their homes, and the friends of Gootwolff, retired with him to the inn. Night gathered into her folds, the joyful villagers, and Von Weimer declared he should again sleep quietly, with Birch in his house.

The day dawned—the hour arrived, and the court-room was thronged to overflowing. The friends of Gootwolff came, but *he could not be found!*—His room was found empty in the morning, and to this day the fate of Hans

Gootwolff lies hid in the unfathomable depths of mystery. ADRIAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE GRAVE YARD.

In the summer of 1826, while pursuing an excursion of pleasure, I recollected in the beautiful village of C—— the suburbs of which I was just entering, that an old schoolmate resided, by the name of Arthur Pentonville. After attending to the wants of my faithful Rozinante at the first inn I saw, I enquired for the house of my friend, and the landlord, who was a very attentive, loquacious fellow, volunteered his services to act as guide. We mutually recognised each other, and upon a pressing invitation I consented to tarry a week. As we had not seen each other for a few years, we found our time fully occupied in recounting our various adventures—recalling to mind "days of auld lang syne," and refreshing our memory with heyday scenes of the happiest portion of our lives—of talking over *some* of the mad pranks and college capers acted in the pilgrimage of youth. Sauntering out one after-noon, proceeding to no particular place, we had wandered to a field in the rear of the village burying ground. To spring the fence and commence reading the epitaphs inscribed by the hand of some mourning friend, was but the work of a moment. A grave yard always inspires me with the spirit of melancholy, not from the association of having followed some dear departed friend to the sacredness of its repose—but why I cannot tell. I seldom fail to ask myself, if *here* must be my last bed, and this earth the last "downy couch," upon which these limbs, now invigorated with life, health and happiness, are finally to repose?

The Grave—dread thing—
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd.

While thus engaged in scanning the contents of those stones placed at the head of each little mound, my friend would relate to me a succinct biography of the tenants of almost every one of them. In one corner of the burial place my attention was attracted to a small, smooth and chaste marble, shaded by an aspen. The only inscription was as follows:—

"MARY D——
alike lovely and unfortunate.
September, 1823."

"The history of Mary D," said my friend, "is one which always makes me feel sad and melancholy."—

We sat down on a log by the fence, and he related to me the following sketch.

"In the summer of 1822, there resided in that stone mansion which you see through the opening of those trees, a Mr. L—— and lady, a couple beloved and respected by all who knew them.—In the early part of the summer of that year, Mary D——came from the eastern part of Maryland, to spend the year with the family of Mr. L——Friendship formed in early life, was the occasion of the invitation being given and received. Mary D—— came clothed in all the roses of fourteen—smiles, those harbingers of content and happiness, played on her lips; love and friendship to all around her, sparkled from her deep blue eye. Nursed in the lap of affluence, and cradled in the lap of fond and doating parents, she had known unhappiness and disappointment, only, by perusing it in her daily readings. About the time she came, a Mr. F—— a man apparently seeking pleasure in travelling also came to the place. He soon, by his pleasing and winning manner, ingratiated himself into the most respectable company; he saw Miss D—— at a ball, and in a short time was her devoted admirer. To the family of Mr. L—— he appeared to call forth the feelings of friendship, but to Mary D—— he came under the semblance of love. With a face showing the exterior of manly beauty, with an easy, polite and gentlemanly address; and a peculiar sweetness in the tones of his voice; and with an apparent modesty in his advances, he soon captivated the heart of the unsuspecting Mary D——; in short, she saw him---heard his sweet converse and the liquid flattery of his tongue, and---*loved him*---yes, my friend, loved him with all the ardor, interest and passion of woman's *first* love. Mr. F—— saw with the eyes of a libertine that she was lovely---unhackneyed in the follies and vices of the world---credulous almost to a fault, and he also saw his advantage. In a few weeks he had vowed eternal constancy and love to her, and in return had elicited from her *own lips* the confession, that *he* was *loved*.—With feelings possessed only by fiends, and a life trained for the purpose, he conceived the project of working her ruin---and my dear friend, that purpose he too soon accomplished. The eyes of Mary D—— became opened---she saw the rock she was soon to founder upon, and learned too late, that man was a deceiver. From that time a change was visible in her deportment. Pleasure, nor the smiles of friends, could al-

lure her from the house of Mrs.L—— yet to those friends who called on her, she had a smile, so full of purity and innocence, that *suspicion* was almost lulled to rest. Mr.F—— soon wholly deserted her and rumor whispered that he was but a needy adventurer. When the truth flashed upon her mind she gradually pined away, and a fever settled upon her. At times, reason would flee from its throne; then it was she raved almost incessantly, and conjured F—— by all his vows he had called heaven to witness, *to save her*. Reason resumed its seat, but with it came the hectic flush of sure consumption---her form continually wasted away under the consuming hand of disease, and in one year from the time of her arrival, the lovely and unfortunate Mary D—— was consigned, amid a large concourse of *friends*, to yonder silent tomb! Her parents were informed of all the circumstances, and they arrived just in time to bestow upon her, their blessing. Before her death, she desired to see the author of her ruin, and accord to him her forgiveness. Word was sent to him, but he wholly neglected that being who a few months before, he aimed to please. That was but a week before she breathed her last. A few weeks before she died, she confessed herself before Him who is able to save, and testified to all, that she died in the hope of a blessed immortality. F—— still lives, though a changed being; and those intimate with him, say. that the image of Mary D—— follows him like a shadow."

Thus ended the mournful story of my friend. Next morning I mounted my faithful horse, and bade adeiu to the hospitable abode of Arthur Pentonville; and every grave-yard I pass, the mournful story of Mary D—— will find a place in my thoughts.

AUGUSTA.

SUMMARY.

Bank of Monroe, Michigan—The North Western Journal of the 17th ult. published at Detroit, says that the Bank of Monroe, Michigan, has stopped payment.

Mr. Foster, the corporation sexton, reports that there was but *one* death (that of an infant) in Rochester and its immediate vicinity during the month of February.

The death of Mr. Hiram Walbridge at Lockport was occasioned in a singular manner. His physicians say that it resulted from "a stoney concretion, of the size of a hickory nut, attached to the bowels near the junction of the small with the large intestines, which caused so firm a contraction as to defy all artificial means to render them pervious." He was an estimable citizen, and had but recently removed to Lockport from Geneva.—*Roch. Daily Adv.*

A Post Office has lately been established at Lewis' Corners, in the town of Sodus, called Alton Post Office. Col. E. R. Cook appointed Postmaster.

Nathaniel H. Carter Esq. former editor of the New-York Statesman, died at Marseilles in France, on the 2d January last.

The ten pirates who captured the ship Topaz, of Boston, and murdered all on board, were executed at Cadiz on the 14th Jan. They made a full confession of the crime for which they suffered, and of others equally atrocious, committed on English vessels, and died with the greatest indifference.

Chenango Bank.—It is said that this Bank will be able to redeem its bills. As commissions ers are now examining into its concerns, their report will *soon* settle the question. It is said it will, at all events, come within the provision of the *safety fund*.

The N. Y. Jour. of Commerce of Jan. 24, says, "Ashes were nominal through the week, $140 for Pots, and $150 for Pearls. There are no buyers at these prices."

In Tennessee the punishment of death is abolished for any offence except murder in the first degree.

Mr. Coleman Cain a *distiller* in Kentucky, was killed on the 27th January, by the stroke of an axe given by a man named William Henry, in a fit of frenzy.

It is said that the *Whale* fishery at Newfoundland has been remarkably unprofitable the last season.—*Rochester Daily Advertiser.*

Suicide.—Joseph H. Wright, a stranger, committed suicide at Piqua, Ohio, by cutting his throat with a razor.

More Victims to Charcoal.—On Sunday night, Jan. 31st, Mr. Ockford, from England, foreman in the Northfield Woollen Factory, and his wife, took into their chamber a furnace, partly filled with live coals from the kitchen fire. In the morning, they were found dead.

Mrs. O. appeared to have died without a struggle. Coals from the fireplace, let it be remembered are nothing more nor less than charcoal.

Doct. Solomon Bebee an old and respectable inhabitant of Sullivan, Madison Co. (N. Y.) was killed last week by the collision of two sleighs as they were passing on the highway.

HAPPINESS IN STORE. Sir Gervase Clifton, of Yorkshire (near Leeds) was "blessed with seven wives,"—so the epilogue of his own writing says. The first three, who were maidens, he calls "honorable;" the next three, who were widows, he calls "worshipful;" and the seventh, who was a servant maid, he calls his "well beloved." Each of the six agreed to the marriage of the next, before her death, and at that awful period were attended by their successors.—Sir Gervase had several children by his last wife, some of whose descendants now enjoy the family estate. He lies buried at the head of his wives.

NEW-ENGLAND.—— No other than such as have visited New-England, and mixed somewhat with those whom certain people call the "peasantry" and consider as a sort of "white slaves" have a just idea of the general intelligence and comfort of the people and their neighborly kindness, one towards another, while the equality that prevails, is not less extraordinary than interesting to every friend of the human race.—They are the most *independent* people in the world—for if their means are inadequate to supply their desires, they reduce their desires to the amount of their means.—*Niles' Reg.*

Peopling of America.—The peopling of America is no longer a subject of the slightest mystery or difficulty. The north-west limit of this continent approaches so near to Asia, that the two are almost within view of each other, and small boats can pass between them. Even farther south at Kamschatka, where the distance may be 6 or 700 miles, the Fox and Aleutian islands form so continuous a chain, the passage might be effected with the greatest facility.—The Tschutchi, who inhabit the north-eastern extremity of Asia, are in the regular habit of passing from one continent to the other. These tribes, then, from the earliest ages, had discovered that mysterious world which was hid from the wisest ages of antiquity, and appeared so wonderful to modern Europeans. It was not a discovery in their eyes. They knew not that this was Asia, and that was America; they knew not that they were on one of the great boundaries of the earth. They knew only that one frozen and dreary shore was opposite to another equally frozen and dreary. However it is manifest, that by this route any amount of people might have passed over into America. The form of the Americans approaching to that of the nations in the north-east of Asia, the comparatively well peopled state of its north western districts, and the constant tradition of the Mexicans, that the Atzeks and the Toultees, who early occupied their territory, came from the north-west;—all agree with indications afforded by the natural structure of the continent.

Murray's North America.

A poor man's wants may be satisfied when he hath obtained what he wants; but the covetous man labors under an incurable want; because he wants that which he hath, as well as that which he hath not.—*Tillotson.*

Marriage.—The learned Agrippa tells us that all the inconveniences of married life happen, not so much thro' the fault of the women, as the negligence of the men, for it seldom happens that the women are bad unless their husbands are worse.

Heretical. The editor of the Journal of Health insists that beauty and health are synonymous. What a vulgar creature!

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LOVE.

Of all the passions that pervade
Or dwell within the heart;
The passion Love—stands unexcell'd
For pleasure, or for smart.

Ah! it is pleasure when we know
Our love is not in vain;
And when the heart-felt sigh of love
Is answered again.

'Tis then that the affections, pure
Burn strongly in each breast—
And souls congenial thrilling meet,
And friendship is caress'd.

But ah! the smart, when once first love
Is blighted in its lay;
What balsam can its power remove?
Its keenness take away!

Death, death, is then the only balm
That can destroy the smart;
It can relieve the mind from pain,
And heal the wounded heart! J. H.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO CUPID.

Take, take thy arrow back again;
In pity take it now,
And leave this heart, as aye it's been,
To friendship's only vow.

The shaft at first so harmless seem'd
I wonder'd at its fame—
I threw it by, and even dream'd
It never had a name.

But soon, ah! soon the fraud I knew;
My bosom throb'd with care—
I sought the cause—alas! too true,
I found the arrow there.

Recall, recall the cruel dart,
In glee so artful given,
For oh! it barbs this breaking heart
Even to blood has riven.

LELIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

YOUTH.

There is in youth a certain fervency
Of feeling, a certain tenderness of
Mind, peculiar to no clime or country,
In every land the same. It is alike
Strange to each other age of life, and is
So warm, so uncorrupted, and so pure,
Scarce would it cloud a seraph's heav'nly soul.
Among nature's finest feelings the most
Refined, among her purest is most pure,
And stands almost unrivall'd in the heart.
Hast thou ne'er felt in youth's fond early glow,
Love's op'ning bud—hast thou ne'er seen the
Gem of verdant nature's dew in youthful eye
Resplendant? O'tis a sight which fills the
Eye, and gives to the heart, reciprocant
Emotions, indescribable. 'Tis then
Nought else in nature seems e'en half so fair.

HENRY.

The following persons are appointed Agents for the Gem, and will forward subscriptions when called upon.

Albion, N. Y. John Kempshall.
Auburn, Henry Cherry.
Batavia, Wm. A. Seaver.
Burlington, Vt. R. G. Stone.
Canandaigua, N. Y. John Ackley.
Canajoharie, J. McVean.
East-Cayuga, Wm. Foot.
Caledonia, J. R. Clark.
Geneva, H. J. Daniels.
Hudson, Wm. B. Stoddard.
Jordan, F. Benson.
Le Roy, Wm. A. Almy.
Lyons, Wm. P. Patrick.
Little-Falls, Edward M. Griffing.
Manlius, Stephen Gould.
Oriskany, Doct. Fuller.
Palmyra, E. B. Grandin.
Riga, O. L. Angevine.
Syracuse, A. Daumas, & Co.
Scottsville, S. G. Davis.
Utica, T. M. Ladd.
Waterloo, Charles Sentell.
Weedsport, E. Weed.
York, D. H. Abell.

THE GEM.

Saturday, March 13, 1830.

TO OUR PATRONS.

Our little charge has now survived almost a year; and even in its green and feeble infancy, gained friends who feel an interest in its well-being.

We, as its foster-parent, tender such friends the thanks of a grateful heart. Although circumstances and "the times" have been most unfavorable, yet we are proud in assuring its patrons, that the Gem is now established on a firm and sure foundation. Wind & tide, the ebb and fluctuation of favor, and even poverty itself have beat, with all their fury upon our devoted heads; yet we have borne it, and still present our semi-monthly repast, seasoned as it may be, to our friends. We have endeavored to serve it up, not like the French, nor yet like the fattened gourmands of England; but our object has been to please the humbler, yet delicate tastes of our patrons. How far we have succeeded, *we* are not to say. That we have laboured we know, and if we have failed to please, 'twas but an error of the head—our hearts beat their own acquittal. If we have not, in a wilderness of flowers where all were young, culled the fairest and sweetest, we have but to say that all have not yet bloomed—that—

"Many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

Our friends will, we are confident, be pleased with the arrangements we have made for the second volume. We have, heretofore, been limited in our matter by the smallness of our paper. At the commencement of the next volume, it will be increased to double its present size; which will afford us room for the variety and quantity we have long wished to insert. We shall continue to make such extracts from other literary productions, as we think will please our readers; yet we trust that the greater portion of our paper will be taken up by *original* matter. Our correspondents have already increased to a number we never, even in our gayest dreams, dared expect. 'Tis true we cannot boast of a "*Brooks*," a "*Norna*," or a "*Hinda*"—ours are younger hearts; but they may have as much of feeling and genius within them, which needs but time to kindle into a fire, that shall blaze as bright and brilliant too.—We mistake our readers very much, or they will never throw aside an offering merely be-

cause 'tis *Nature's* humble gift—unadorned by art. To us it has more of beauty in it, because it *is* thus unadorned. Genius, in its first young flight, seeks every path, and from one of thorns cannot always bring back a rose.—*Our* correspondents, we repeat, are *young*, and we are proud to acknowledge it, for it was to arouse infant genius that the Gem was established. It was an experiment we hardly dared undertake, but yet it was one which has proved that the vast region of the west is not all overgrown with brambles—that young Genius may lie lurking in an humble bosom, fearful of its own glare, till called forth by some friendly patron: and such *we* would be. Our readers, in the coming volume, will not expect effusions, as *original*, from the riper Geniuses of our age, for we cannot promise them; yet should any deign to grace our columns, gladly shall we acknowledge their favor.

By indefatigable exertions we hope to render the second volume of the Gem worthy of the patronage it may receive. We can promise that nothing, on *our* part, shall be wanting, and we trust that a generous public will favorably appreciate our motives.

A new novel, entitled "*The Skimmer of the Seas*," is in preparation for the publick by COOPER. The sea is the author's favourite element, and we doubt not, its beauties and terrors will be again presented to the anxious publick, in all the lively imagination for which Mr. Cooper is renowned. We await its forthcoming with pleasure.

CHOICE OF OCCUPATION.—It is a very common error with parents, in determining upon the future occupations of their children, to fix upon a profession, or some sedentary employment for those of a weakly or delicate constitution; while to the robust or vigorous, is assigned a more active and laborious occupation, requiring considerable bodily exertion, and repeated exposure to the open air.

As a general rule, the very opposite of this course should be pursued; the robust being the best able to bear up against the pernicious effects of that confinement an inactivity, to which the enfeebled constitution will very soon fall a prey; while the latter would be materially benefitted by the very exertion and exposure to which it is supposed to be adapted.—*Jour. of Health.*

The Ariel.—We copy below, a part of the prospectus of this valuable literary paper.—The 4th volume commences on the 1st of May.

☞We will forward the names of any of our friends who may wish to become subscribers for the Ariel.

The ARIEL is exclusively a literary publication. It is published every other Saturday, on paper of the finest quality, each number containing eight pages of imperial quarto, (expressly adapted for binding) with four columns on a page.

To enhance the value of an imperial quarto sheet thus filled, *eight* elegant copperplate engravings have been added annually, appearing in every third number of the work. The price of subscription has been, and will continue to be $1,50 a year, in advance.

The improvements to be made in the FOURTH Volume are these:—Entirely *new type* will be procured, with paper of the most superior quality; and instead of only *eight* engravings annually, the new Volume will contain *twelve*. The whole will be copperplate engravings, executed in beautiful style, and procured expressly for THE ARIEL.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Laura," is welcome to our columns.

"Pitt," in our next.

We hope to hear often from "Henry," "Anna," "Augusta," and others who have occasionally contributed.

Where is "W. H. W."—Will he not favor us again?

Begin life with the least show and expense possible: you may at pleasure increase both, but you cannot easily diminish them. Do not think your estate your own, while any man can call on you for money and you cannot pay, therefore begin with timorous parsimony. Let it be your first care to be in no man's debt. Resolve not to be poor. Whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness, it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult.

He whose ruling passion is love of praise, is a slave to every one who has a tongue for detraction.

From ill air we take disease; from ill company, vices and imperfections.

THE GEM,

Will be published regularly once in 2 weeks on good paper, in octavo form, and paged suitable for binding. It will be issued on Saturdays, and printed for the proprietors,

By Edwin Scrantom,

at the Office of the Rochester Observer, in the Globe Building, to whom all letters and communications must be addressed, postpaid. Terms—ONE DOLLAR per annum, payable in all cases in advance.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE GEM.

WHY SHOULD I SIGH.

Why should I sigh when fortune's frown
  Dooms me to tread life's chequer'd way;
To live unheeded and unknown,
  Without a light to guide my way,

Friend after friend, from me is borne
  Away by death's relentless hand;
True they have reach'd their happy home,
  Have gain'd the wished-for peaceful strand.

But here *I* linger, yet awhile,
  The stormy path of life to tread;
To live unnotic'd and unknown,
  Then sink forgotten to the dead.

Bright hope around me sometimes sheds
  A glimmering light, which cheers my bark;
But oh! how soon these gleams are fled—
  They leave life gloomy, dull, and dark.

But soon these earthly cares will cease,
  And may my heart no murmur raise;
Against that power which holds my fate—
  Who's just in all his works and ways.

LAURA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO THE INVITED STRANGER.*

That solemn note, those pensive strains,
  Which from thy bosom flow,
Is that the sound of grief unfeign'd,
  The voice of actual woe?
Gives not a scene like that to thee
  A pleasure *undefin'd?*
Is not that musick melody
  To thy so lonely mind?

And was that smile upon thy cheek
  That joyous look of thine,
A garb of pleasure's stole by grief
  To deck bright beauty's shrine?
And as thou held thy partner's hand,
  The fairest of the fair,
Amid that gay and happy band,
  Was not thy young heart there?

Stranger, I fain would know thy grief,
  And consolation give;
Gladly would I impart relief,
  And to each joy say live;
Perchance from board paternal, thou,
  An exile lone doth roam;
Perchance before stern fate doth bow,
  Sans fortune, friends, or home.

But *stranger*, say not there is none
Whose heart responsive to thine own
In sympathetic union heaves,
Say not thy sighs unheeded go,
Say not thy tears unear'd far flow,
  For with thee Ella grieves.

Let memory's pow'r, cease then awhile,
And distant friends no more beguile,
  From proffer'd friendship here;
For absent *loves* take present friends,
Whose truth and zeal may make amends,
  For want of those more dear.

ANNA.

*Referring to a piece of poetry lately published in the Auburn Free Press.

FOR THE GEM.

ACROSTICK.

Gone, gone are the days when I once us'd to roam
Round the peaceful abode of my dear native home;
And oh! those past days of enjoyment and glee,
Never more will their pleasure return unto me.
Vales, hills, & green meadows, brooks murmuring between,
In the days of my boyhood your beauties I've seen;
Little groves and sweet woodlands, where I once, with delight,
Lov'd to ramble with William noon, morning and night.
Ever dear shall thy beauties to memory prove.

Z.

THE GEM,
A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—ENLARGED.

THE proprietors of the above publication, from the liberal patronage bestowed upon it, have concluded to present the 2d Volume in an improved form. The establishment of the Gem was an experiment, to arouse, if possible, the Genius of the West; and the proprietors are proud in saying that the West has responded to the call, and winged its infant flight far beyond their most sanguine expectations. The field is ample; and though not cultivated as highly as older soils, yet there are in it flowers of the choicest kinds, whose peculiar qualities are enhanced, perhaps, by the hawthorns that o'ershadow them. We have culled some of them, with which we have graced our first volume—and hope in the coming year, to present entire nosegays from the western fields. For this purpose, our sheet will be enlarged to *double the size* of the present publication, which will afford room for a greater variety of matter, and we hope, therefore, be more acceptable to our patrons. We confidently hope that we shall be sustained in our undertaking, and that our friends will manifest their former zeal for the advancement of the Literature of the West.

TERMS, &c.

The Gem will be be published semi-monthly, on a Royal sheet quarto, and calculated for binding. The price will be *One dollar and fifty cents* per year—One dollar payable *in advance*, and the remainder at the end of six months. All subscriptions for less than a year, must be paid in advance. Agents allowed every sixth copy, or 10 per cent.

The Volume will commence on the 1st of May next, and all wishing to commence with the 1st No. will be careful to forward their names before the commencement of the vol.

☞All Letters and Communications must be addressed to the subscriber, *post-paid.*

EDWIN SCRANTOM.

Rochester, March 1, 1830.

☞Editors with whom we exchange, will please give the above a place in their papers.

THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 24. ROCHESTER, MARCH 20, 1830. VOL. 1.

Original Correspondence.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE SEDUCER.

"But *one* day, I am sure, can make no difference," said Philura, as she put her hand upon Ferdinand's lips to prevent his answer.

"True," said he, "but you have told me the same these three weeks, and I am no nearer New York than I was the first time I saw you. I shall have to leave here some time when those eyes are asleep, or I shall never escape their witchery."

"Then you will *not* go to-morrow," said the playful girl: and Ferdinand thought, as she spoke it, her smile was more bewitching than her eye.

Ferdinand Hazard had for some years resided in the city of New York; young and giddy as may be, pleasure alone was the supremacy to which he had paid his whole adoration. Nothing seemed worth possessing, unless it bore the festive stamp of mirth, or, in some way, indulged the deity of his soul.---His manly and commanding, yet graceful deportment---easily secured his admission to circles of pleasure, and once there, he knew no other scene, and always lingered till the last, as if he feared some ray of joy would escape his notice. He had acquired a very considerable fortune in his lucrative employment, and resolved to travel. Fate destined that he should pass through the little village of —— in the western part of the state of New York, and accident detained him a few days at the rude hotel, which claimed the name of the village mansion. As pleasure was his only object, he sought it in every form, and having been for some weeks a stranger to all he met, had half cultivated a taste of mingled pleasure for the rural scenery of nature. One afternoon he had walked some distance from the hotel, and perceiving a beautiful grove but a little way further, sauntered on till he had reached its confines. Musingly walking to and fro through the wood, he tried to love its beauty, since no other source of pleasure was near, but his heart was not formed for the solitary grandeur of nature, & he had already relapsed into a kind of mental slumber. Dreams of his own genial disposition floated on his mind, and he was again in the festive hall the merriest of the gay. So delusive is fancy, that he was even now paying one of his sweetest compliments to some city belle, as she stood upon the verge of a dance fluttering to be gone; and even actual voices did not for some time dissipate the dear delusion. But when it had fled, and the mind awoke to its power, he beheld, at a short distance, an aged and feeble man ---the relick of some eighty years gone by, tottering upon the arm of his youthful grand-daughter. Ferdinand gazed for a moment with delight, and then a sensation of mingled awe and adoration —feelings, till now, strange to his bosom took possession of his soul; and he still gazed in silence, wondering if he was yet awake. But sensations like these were too new and untimely to enchain, longer than a moment, a disposition like his. He approached, and paying the salutation of the evening, begged the old man to lean upon a stronger arm. And now he had leisure to study the sylph-like being beside him. Philura was not yet sixteen, and the sprightly airs of girlhood, just mingling with the artless modesty of riper years, formed a picture for a mind like his to dwell upon, doubting if it was real. Ferdinand, practised in the *beau monde* of society, found no difficulty in first winning the approbation of the old man, and then securing the admiration of the unsuspecting, credulous Philura. Often would she leave the arm of her grandparent to cull some wild wood flower, emblem of herself, and returning ask Ferdinand if it was not beautiful. She had plucked a rose, and carefully severing each thorn, placed it in her bosom —innocence and its emblem together. Need I say that Ferdinand thought *that* rose most beautiful, and would have hazarded more to pluck it from its security, than to have culled all the others that bloomed in the wood!

The sun had already gone down, and

the thickning twilight warned them to return. Philura, half unconscious why, would have lingered longer, but dark clouds began to veil the sky, and they feared a storm. They had but just returned when the first faint drops of rain began to spatter upon the windows which soon increased so violenly, that a torrent seemed to be pouring itself upon the fields around. Ferdinand, for he had supported the old man to his home, congratulated them upon their happy escape from the storm, and as soon as it had subsided, arose as if to return to the village mansion, but the old man would not permit him to depart till morning, and Philura, although she spoke it not, *looked* a welcome. From that evening till the commencement of our tale, Ferdinand had been their constant visitor.

Philura Barclay was the idol of her grand-father, and she loved him as a parent. Her mother died before the little Philura could lisp her name, and her father soon joined his wife. An orphan from her first remembrance, she had always called her grand-parent, father, and knew no tittle of difference. She was also the idol of her companions, for they all loved her.---Artless as nature---fond and credulous to a fault, she listened to the whispers of Ferdinand, and soon knew no pleasure except in his company; and the destroyer, false as fair, fanned the flame that he knew was but to destroy.---Well, well he knew that guileless, open heart was his, and yet the fiend could calmly plot its ruin. Beautiful as the rose he had plucked from her bosom, was his victim, and yet not a throb of anguish escaped his heart to soothe the death of hers. On the morrow he departed for New York, bearing on his heart a stain more bitter than that of blood.

* * * *

A few months after, and I saw the once lovely and loved Philura borne to her silent tomb in the little village Cemetery, and the tall grass now waves mournfully over her head. Her grand-father, who survived her loss but a week, sleeps by her side. No monument marks their chilly resting place, save a wild rose planted by some friendly mourner. Oft have I sat on that little mound and plucked the thorns from the rose, as I wept over the fate of the unfortunate and ruined Philura.

LOTHAIRE.

Modesty in your discourse will give a lustre to truth, and an excuse to your errors.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE BLASTED FLOWER.

In one of those pleasant country villages which adorn our western states, is one that by its singular situation, had received the name of the "Mountain's Top;" and judging from its aspect, the appellation had not been misapplied. It stands on a high and commanding elevation, surrounded with a fine selection of trees, planted in regular order and with a taste which reflects honor to the first settlers of the place. On each side of the mountain extend those wide prairies, interspersed with open woodlands that were but thinly inhabited, which circumstance prevented that travel, and other communication, from passing through the country, which now like the rush of inundation pours into those delightful regions an unceasing tide of emigration. There lived in this village in an early day of its existence, a young man by the name of Egbert N—— who is the subject of this tale. Gifted by nature with a lively and comprehensive mind, possessed of a genius which seldom falls to the lot of mortals, and enlarged by a liberal education; he was the admiration of his friends, who were gratified to imagine they should be represented on the stage of action by one who was so well qualified to perpetuate their memory, when they shall have mouldered away in the grave. When Egbert had reached that age at which the human mind commences its actual operation in the affairs of man, he was deprived of both his parents, who left him their only heir to a considerable estate. No sooner had he recovered from the first shock of anguish, which penetrates the heart when death wrestes from its embrace, the object of its affection, than he began to arrange his affairs and prepare for a uniform course of life. Egbert, naturally of a bright and enterprising cast, could not submit to the idea of passing the remainder of his life in his native village, but listened with rapture to the narration of travellers, and was anxious to see the western part of the union and ascertain by actual knowledge, the real location of the highly extolled plains of Missouri. A number of young men offered to accompany him in a journey to the west, and view those regions, of which they had only heard. Preparations were accordingly made for their departure, and they commenced the descent of the Ohio, about the first of June. They left the mouth of the Sciota in a small open boat, (which was the only kind in use at that time,) committing themselves

to the guidance of the current which is rapid at some places, and at others, more calm and gentle, moving majestically down its solitary course. The various objects of admiration which presented themselves to their view, served to relieve the mind, and prevent a natural disgust which one continued appearance is apt to produce—to arouse despondency, and prevent a gradual decay. Sometimes the curling smoke of the Indian wigwam, could be seen gently arising from beneath the trees and ascend towards the distant clouds. Sometimes the wild beasts would approach the bank and appear to regard the boat with the greatest indifference; and then taking fright at some unusual appearance, bound away into the thickest of the forest. The Indian with his light, would dart across the stream with a rapidity hardly credible, and rush into the woods, dreading the approach of the white man as the sure destroyer of his race. That season of the year was approaching which often proves fatal to those who are not habituated to the climate. They had reached the mouth of the Ohio, and were making preparations to proceed up the Missisippi to the mouth of the Missouri, when two of their companions were seized with the fever, and in a short time reduced to a state of misery of which they little thought; but it soon terminated in the recovery of one, and the death of the other. Egbert, had as yet, maintained his usual cheerfulness, never suffering his firmness to forsake him for a moment, believing they would soon be extricated from the labyrinth of dangers by which they were surrounded, and urging the necessity of reaching the mouth of the Missouri as soon as practicable; where they would find white settlements, and a country abounding with civilization.

"If we can attain two degrees to the north," said he, "we shall at once be exempt from the danger of sickness, and the snares of enemies; we shall find inhabitants who emigrated from our country, possessing the same habits with ourselves: who, knowing our wants will hasten to relieve them; and extend towards us, that civility which becomes the stranger."

After toiling with incredible labour, they at last reached the mouth of the Missouri, and visited the first settlement on the south side of the river.

Our young adventurers were much gratified with the appearance of the country they came so far to visit. they admired its fertile plains and rich soil: holding out a prospect of great wealth at some future day; when the waste of land could experience the benefit of agriculture, and the rivers be navigated with steam-boats instead of bark canoes.

The celebrated "Savannahs," covered with all kinds of game, presented a new field to Egbert and his companions so long accustomed to an unremitted monotony of wood; and instead of being compelled to exhaust their strength at the oar, could now range the country at their leisure, and enjoy that satisfaction which new curiosities impart. Autumn had by this time stripped nature of her beauties, the leaf began to fade and take its flight to the ground, the air became more cool and healthy, indicating the approach of winter. The latter circumstance, induced Egbert and his companions, to commence their return in season to avoid obstruction from the ice.

They accordingly set out about the first of October, proceeding down the Missisippi to the mouth of the Ohio, which they were now compelled to ascend against an impetuous current (the fall rains having swollen the stream,) which rendered their progress slow, but the pleasing reflection that they were returning to their homes where they would meet the embrace of their friends, gave new life and energy to their efforts—they urged their bark through the water with a resolution that overcame resistance. Such constant and unremitted labor, however, overcame the constitution of one, who shortly died, leaving only four out of the seven which at first composed their number.

About the first of November Egbert was violently attacked with a disease which threatened his immediate dissolution. His indisposition soon assumed an alarming aspect, which they had no means of mitigating, but let the fever have its natural course, and in a few days that countenance which was once so fair, that eye which was once so vigilent, became pale and languid—seriously indicating their return to their kindred earth. In the latter part of the day he was sometimes better; and gave directions to his companions, who flattered themselves that he would soon recover. But destiny had pronounced his doom—and the fatal hour was at hand. After a struggle with the "rude destroyer," he became convinced that his end was near, and gave directions concerning his burial, indicating the spot where he wished to lie—and soon resigned his being.

His corpse was then committed to the earth in the manner which he had described, in as decent a manner as circumstances would permit; and then forsaken by all, save the inhabitants of the wilderness---with this humble inscription over his tomb:---

THE BLASTED FLOWER.

PITT.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

At the awful period when the English nation was convulsed with civil discord, and Cromwell with his partisans were contending against the scattered forces of the King, William Mortimer, a young and zealous loyalist, used every exertion to forward the success of his lawful monarch. He left his family, then living in retirement near Chepstow, to join the standard of Charles, who was marching with an army from Scotland into the southern part of the country, expecting to be reinforced by his friends, and all those who were discontented with the wild enthusiasm of Cromwell and his followers. These expectations were, in a great measure, disappointed. The royalists, in general, were not aware of their King's approach, and the Scotch, on whose assistance he had confidently relied, were deterred from uniting with them unless they previously subscribed to the covenant. In this posture of affairs, Charles encamped at Worcester, and was compelled to hazard that fatal battle, the result of which is so well known. Mortimer was one of the few who, escaping from the field, accompanied the King in his flight; and although history is silent upon the subject, it has been handed down by tradition, that Charles, dismissing all his faithful attendants for fear of hazarding a discovery, and accompanied only by William, who was well acquainted with the localities of the country, resolved, if possible, to escape into Wales. The attempt, however, was frustrated by means of the various passes of the Severn being so well guarded by soldiers, who were every where eager for his apprehension, not so much in obedience to the commands of their generals, as on account of the immense reward offered for his person. Not dismayed at this unexpected failure, they travelled by night, (hiding themselves in marshes and among the river reeds in the day time) and, with much peril and exertion, contrived to reach Monmouth.—Here they soon perceived that it was impossible for them to remain long without being discovered, and Mortimer, having arranged his plans accordingly, seized a little boat on the banks of the Wye, and covering the King with the bark of trees, suffered the vessel, during the night, to be carried down by the current, till it reached a range of romantic rocks on the banks of the above mentioned river. Here they landed, and, letting the boat adrift with the stream, to elude pursuit secreted themselves in the natural recesses of the cliffs. Mortimer had sufficient confidence in the faith of a young lady, to whom he was betrothed, to confide to her the secret of the King; and as he was afraid to make his appearance near a place where he was so well known, this loyal and affectionate girl, at the hazard of her own life and honor, brought them, at the dead of the night, their provision. One fatal night she was traced to the spot by a militia-man who was eager for the destruction of his sovereign, and on her return was seized and confined by this ruthless traitor. In the mean time, Mortimer, fearing that discovery might take place from these midnight interviews, in a neighborhood where he was so well known, and anxious for the further safety of his royal master, whose danger was increased by delay, ventured to descend from their secret cave, to the residence of a peasant, who was under the greatest obligations to him, and informed him that a friend of his, a cavalier, who had escaped from the battle of Worcester, was anxious to get out of the country. The old man was sworn to secrecy, and the King was immediately confided to his care. Mortimer then retired to his hiding place, with the intention of passing the night; but his pursuers, with their hot blood hounds, were then hunting about the spot; he saw the light of their torches glaring among the caverns, and heard the cliffs re-echo the howling of the wolf dogs, as they forded the river and climbed the precipices, in the eager pursuit of their prey. He attempted to retreat, but in vain; the monsters of death, were already fast approaching, and after a short, but desperate struggle, he sank down, bleeding and exhausted, under their greedy fangs. The pursuers called off their dogs in order to save his life, that they might extort from him a confession of the King's retreat; they succeeded in muzzling the ferocious animals; but when they lifted their victim from the bloodstained sward where he had fallen, they found him still and cold in the arms of death; they passed their torches before his face, but his eyes were forever closed. Even the barbarians themselves, when they

looked upon his well proportioned limbs and saw his fine manly countenance, beautiful in death, cursed the cause that betrayed from their allegiance, and compelled them to the commission of a crime, at which their hearts now shuddered. As they had gained nothing by their cruelty, they released their unhappy captive next morning, without making her acquainted with the bitterness of her destiny. She hastened to the spot of her lover's retreat, anxious for his safety, and yet scarcely daring to proceed. It was in the month of October; the morning was chilly and cold, the dew drops were lying thick upon the lank blades of grass, and a gray mist was rising from the earth, which partly obscured the distant objects. She ventured onward, invoking Heaven for the safety of her lover, (for then she thought not of the King) when suddenly turning her eyes to the ground, she witnessed the object of her solicitude, lying on the cold bed of turf before her. He who had often hailed the sound of her footsteps, was now heedless of her approach; his cheek, with her pure kisses, felt not now her pale and delicate lips as they fed greedily upon the death damps of his face. She passed her white fingers over his brow, and when she saw them smeared with the unnatural stain of livid gore, she laughed in the delirium of her despair, till the sound of the mountain echoes, mocking her tone of misery, awoke her to the burning, realizing sense of her soul's agony. A fisherman who had witnessed the scene, at this moment approached the spot; she looked wildly round and beckoned him away, when she saw him still advancing towards her, she uttered a piercing shriek, and in a few minutes was on the summit of an adjoining precipice. She waved her white arm for a few minutes, as in triumph, and then sinking upon her knees at the utmost verge of the o'erhanging brow, crossed her hands over her face, and instantly bending forward, sank gently into the deep below. Such was the aerial delicacy of her form, that not a limb was bruised, and nothing but the absence of breathing indicated the calm triumph of death. The unfortunate lovers were buried in one grave, and nothing is left to perpetuate their memory but the imperishable cliff, which rises, like the Genius of History, over the spot, to consecrate their eternal fame.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget;—but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closed upon the remains of her he most loved, and he feels his heart as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept consolation that was to be bought by forgetfulness?—No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. It has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming bursts of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud even over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would, exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a recollection of the dead to which we turn, even from the charms of the living. Oh the grave!—the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment.—From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those we loved—what a place of meditation. Then it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; then it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene—the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities—the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling! pressure of the hand—the last fond look of the glazed eye, turning upon us even

from the threshold of existence---the faint, faultering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Aye, go to the grave of buried love and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never---never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvery brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, word, or deed, the spirit that generally confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unremitted pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory and knocking dolefully at thy soul---then be sure that thou wilt be down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave the chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living---*W. Irving.*

MAXIMS.

Live so well that if any speak ill of you, none will believe it.

A wasp may work its heart out, yet never make honey.

Small talk sometimes seems great to small people.

Belles overlook want of sense, but never pardon want of manners.

The poor stir to get meat for their stomach; the rich to get stomach for their meat.

The young wife of an old man, must become an old woman.

Fair words often cloak bad deeds, as a white glove hides a dirty finger.

When the poor give, they beg.

Faint praise is concealed disparagement.

Honor and ease are seldom bed-fellows.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

SONNET TO PEACE.

Thou dearest pledge of human happiness!
Thou smiling cherub, Peace!
Thou messenger of joy! thou placid queen,
Array'd in robes of purest brightest ornament,
With countenance serene;
Descend with all thy soft assuaging pow'r,
Rear o'er my head thy happy blissful bow'r
Of sweet content!
As gently borne on zephyr's evening breeze—
O come and bring
Sweet healings on thy balmy wing,
Calm every fear—and give my spirit ease;
O come and reign within my breast—
And there forever make thy happy downy nest!

Z.

The true Gentleman.---By a Gentleman we mean not to draw a line that would be invidious, between high and low, rank and subordination, riches and poverty. The distinction is in the mind. Whoever is open, loyal, and true; whoever is of humane and affable demeanor; whoever is honorable in himself, and in his judgement of others, and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement, such a man is a gentleman: and such a man may be found, among the tillers of the soil.---But high birth and distinction, for the most part, insure the high sentiment which is denied to poverty and the lower professions. It is hence, and hence only, that the great claim their superiority; and hence what has been so beautifully said of honor, the law of kings, is no more than true; It aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her, and imitates her actions where she is not.---*De Vere.*

Shaking Hands.—I love a real hearty grasp; it speaks confidence and good will. When a man gives his hand loosely and it hangs in mine like a mere rag, I am apt to think he is either unfriendly or incapable of friendship—cold hearted, calculating and unfeeling.

Knives.—In the reign of Henry the Eighth, it appears by the chronicles, that knives were so uncommon, that every guest was obliged to bring his own to a dinner party. The habits of the English people, according to the same accounts, were then filthy in the extreme. So late as the reign of Charles II. carpets were unknown; the drawing rooms of the nobility were strewed with rushes; the king himself kept a litter of puppies in his bed-room, and it was only with king William that they acquired the cleanly habits of the Dutch.

Punctuality is the life of business.

THE GEM.

Saturday, March 20, 1830.

The following persons are appointed Agents for the Gem, and will forward subscriptions when called upon.

Albion, N. Y. John Kempshall.
Auburn, Henry Cherry.
Batavia, Wm. A. Seaver.
Burlington, Vt. R. G. Stone.
Canandaigua, N. Y. John Ackley.
Canajoharie, J. McVean.
East-Cayuga, Wm. Foot.
Caledonia, J. R. Clark.
Geneva, H. J. Daniels.
Hudson, Wm. B. Stoddard.
Jordan, F. Benson.
Le Roy, Wm. A. Almy.
Lyons, Wm. P. Patrick.
Little-Falls, Edward M. Griffing.
Manlius, Stephen Gould.
Oriskany, Doct. Fuller.
Palmyra, E. B. Grandin.
Riga, O. L. Angevine.
Syracuse, A. Daumas, & Co.
Scottsville, S. G. Davis.
Utica, T. M. Ladd.
Waterloo, Charles Sentell.
Weedsport, E. Weed.
York, D. H. Abell.

☞AN ENGRAVING.

We propose, should sufficient encouragement be given, to embellish the 2d Vol. of the Gem, with an elegant Engraving representing the GENESEE FALLS, at Rochester, and the surrounding scenery, together with a view of the Scaffold, from which SAM PATCH made his "Last Jump!" We have ascertained that the cost will be about $125. The Price of the engraving to subscribers, will be 25 cents each. Persons subscribing for the Gem, will also note the number they will take—to be paid for down. Our Agents will please attach this to their prospectuses.

Rochester, March 20, 1830.

To Agents.—We have, during the past week, printed, and forwarded to our Agents prospectuses for Vol. 2nd, and we will add here, in addition to what is said in the letter accompanying each prospectus, that it is desirable that all subscriptions be returned to us before the close of the month of April. Any persons wishing to become Agents, by writing, and giving us satisfactory references, will be furnished with a prospectus.

NOTICE.

☞If any of our subscribers will forward to us copies of Nos. 15, 16, and 20, we will allow them for each copy so received, 25 cents, in part payment either for Vol. 1. or Vol. 2.

☞Subscribers in arrears are requested to pay the amount of their bills to our Agents; and where we have no Agents they will forward their dues by mail, post-paid. It is indispensable that all demands should be immediately settled.

☞SAM PATCH—FOUND.

The body of this unfortunate individual, has been found. It floated ashore a few days since, at the mouth of the Genesee, 7 miles from this place. The daily Advertiser says—

"The corpse found at the mouth of the Genesee, has been identified as that of the ill-fated jumper. The inquest held yesterday, decided that it was the body of Sam Patch. We learn that none of the bones are broken---that the face is not so greatly injured as to prevent recognition---and that the cut on the forehead is the only one found about the body. This is the more surprising, as, in the 7 miles between the Falls in this place, [where Patch lost his life,] and the mouth of the River, there are several falls, (those at Carthage being 104 feet,) besides dams, &c., at which it might be supposed the corpse would have received contusions, if it were not dashed to pieces. The hair was nearly all off; but the pantaloons in which Patch jumped, together with the handkerchief which he tied around him, were found on the body. It was interred near the place where it was found."

THE GEM,

Will be published regularly once in 2 weeks on good paper, in octavo form, and paged suitable for binding. It will be issued on Saturdays, and printed for the proprietors,

By Edwin Scrantom,

at the Office of the Rochester Observer, in the Globe Building, to whom all letters and communications must be addressed, post-paid. Terms—ONE DOLLAR per annum, payable in all cases in advance.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE GEM.

A NIGHT SCENE.*

Thus pass'd a powerful tribe away,
Within the compass of a day.

On Mistick, Luna casts her rays,
While silently the soldiers gaze,
On the fortress, where in sleep,
Lies the savage buried deep.
Ere the morning light shall break
Upon the Fort; stout hearts shall quake—
And gloomier yet, the scene shall be,
Ere Sol shall tinge the forest tree:
Hark! the English cannons roar—
Life-blood oozing, dyes the floor,
Where, dreaming not of bloody fray—
At night, the hostile Indians lay.
Suddenly a horrid yell,
On the gloomy forest fell—
On rush'd the English, in the dark
With blaze and thunder, to the mark.
'Twas then the fearful scene begun—
When Savages met Englishmen,
And hand to hand contending stood,
To save or spill life's precious blood.
Hatchet and bayonet, blade and spear,
By turns increase the carnage here.
Their dwellings wrapt in flames—they rise,
In lurid columns to the skies.
Too late to fly—they're doom'd to feel
The deadly force of British steel.
Six hundred of them gasping lay—
And clos'd their eyes, amid the fray—
While from their veins, a sanguine flood
Emerg'd, and drenched the earth with blood!
Who can describe the horrors there,
Or tell the terrors as they were!—
Where savage yells, and children's cries,
And women's shrieks, assail'd the skies—
The dismal darkness of the wood,—
The crackling flames, and streaming blood—
The ghastly visage of the dead—
And groans—where life had all but fled—
Compos'd a scene unmatch'd in time,
So strange, and horribly sublime!

LARA.

*Founded on an incident recorded in American History.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

"Tis sweet to see the sun
Sink down below the surface of the sea—
Transforming that broad mirror into gold.
But oh, 'twas passing sweet in that bright hour
To gaze upon the fast retiring sun—
For there were *friends* to view the scene with me:
And as the sinking sun's last, golden beams,
Were melted, mix'd and mingled with the shades
Of coming ev'ning, spreading a soft charm
On all around—So did our minds unite,
In one fond channel—friendship most sincere.

MINERVA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE PIRATE'S BRIDE.

I know it is a sin to be
So wholly, deeply, wildly given,
To one of thy *dark* destiny,
To one so lost to heaven.
And yet my heart-strings closely twine,
With every look and word of thine:
I cannot break the magic chain,
That's o'er me thrown, ah 'tis in vain;
I know it must not, cannot be,
For thou art dear as life to me.
Oh thou who dwell'st beyond the sun,
Have mercy on this wandering one,
Redeem his erring, recreant heart,
Teach him to act a better part;
And when to him earth's ties are riven,
Oh! take him to thyself in heaven.
For me, my sands are nearly run—
I'll only breathe, "Thy will be done."

ROSAMOND.

THE GEM,
A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—ENLARGED.

THE proprietors of the above publication, from the liberal patronage bestowed upon it, have concluded to present the 2d Volume in an improved form. The establishment of the Gem was an experiment, to arouse, if possible, the Genius of the West; and the proprietors are proud in saying that the West has responded to the call, and winged its infant flight far beyond their most sanguine expectations. The field is ample; and though not cultivated as highly as older soils, yet there are in it flowers of the choicest kinds, whose peculiar qualities are enhanced, perhaps, by the hawthorns that o'ershadow them. We have culled some of them, with which we have graced our first volume—and hope in the coming year, to present entire nosegays from the western fields. For this purpose, our sheet will be enlarged to *double the size* of the present publication, which will afford room for a greater variety of matter, and we hope, therefore, be more acceptable to our patrons. We confidently hope that we shall be sustained in our undertaking, and that our friends will manifest their former zeal for the advancement of the Literature of the West.

TERMS, &c.

The Gem will be published semi-monthly, on a Royal sheet quarto, and calendered for binding. The price will be *One dollar and fifty cents* per year—One dollar payable in advance, and the remainder at the end of six months. All subscriptions for less than a year, must be paid in advance. Agents allowed every sixth copy, or 10 per cent.

The Volume will commence on the 1st of May next, and all wishing to commence with the 1st No. will be careful to forward their names before the commencement of the vol.

☞All Letters and Communications must be addressed to the subscriber, *post-paid.*

EDWIN SCRANTOM.

Rochester, March 1, 1830.

☞Editors with whom we exchange, will please give the above a place in their papers.

THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 25. ROCHESTER, MARCH 27, 1830. VOL. 1.

Original Correspondence.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

SPORTS OF THE HILL-SIDE.

"Hurra! hurra! now we go," said three merry fellows as their little sled dashed wildly down the snow-bank.

"Clear the way Bob," shouted a voice drunk with ecstacy that closely followed on the hill; "I shall run foul of you"—and in an instant the little vehicle with its merry companion were buried in the snow-bank. A general peal of laughter burst from the little group of spectators that had assembled on the hill; but the adventurer rising and shaking off the feathery element, laughed amidst the snow-fog that he raised, and proceeded to try it over again.

"Hurra! hurra!" again emerged from another trio that came dashing down the hill side, threatening to plough their way through the little throng that were toiling upwards. The caution was unheard, or unheeded, and soon they darted amidst half a dozen laughing boys, tripping them up—and the hill presented the appearance of a battle-field; with this exception, that those who lay rolling, were convulsed with mirth, and not with the death-wounds of battle,

"There, Bob Medler's nose bleeds!" cried one.

"Never mind that," said another, "it won't hurt him."

"I'll let you know how good it is then," said Bob, pouncing upon the speaker, in a great rage.

A struggle ensued—Bob struck his friend and injured his face—they were parted—the sports were broken up, and in a few moments the hill was deserted.

What a lesson is contained in this—how emblematic it is of human life! Bob had been the first one to commence the sport—he had introduced the very proceeding by which he caught his fall, and consequently his bloody nose. Yet no sooner was he caught in the very trap he had himself set for others, than he became enraged, and he burned for vengeance.

We are all on the *hill* of life. We see some dashing down, intoxicated with joy, and pouring forth delightful strains, unheeding as they go. Some, too precipitant, fall, but rise again smiling from disaster, and ready, and more anxious to take another adventure.—There are too, a numerous throng that are toiling upwards to the summit, eager to take the flight downwards that appears to be so pleasant to those whom they pass on their way. But there are a great many Bob Medlers on the hill—those disturbers of society, who, having laid plans for their own aggrandizement at the expense of others, get caught in their own traps,—become disturbers of the peace, and resort to baseness under the sting of disappointment.

Reader, you may see this Bob Medler in various places. If you are a member of a little circle where all appear happy, and where the truest friendship reigns, and you discern in time that one member tries to slander another for a reason which he cannot give, be assured that Bob is there.

If a public society worshipping in peace, suddenly become disunited, and dark hints, and damnable inuendoes creep among them respecting somebody the purport of which nobody can divine, be looking among some of that society for Bob.

When you see a man willing to stigmatize another in any way, and especially by dwelling entirely upon his *faults*, as if he had no good qualities, you may suspect that man of being nearly allied to Bob Medler.

If you see a young lady, upbraiding her fellow, for practising arts to catch somebody, enlarging upon the impropriety of deceitfulness, and decking herself with the laurels of truth and innocence, you will see she is not only a relative of Bob, but that she has the "family failing."

And lastly, reader, when you do become acquainted with this disingenuous fellow on the hill of life, turn out for him, and say to yourself, as he passes; "go, the *hill* is wide enough for you and me."

ADRIAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE FELO-DE-SE.

Alander Fitzroy was the only son of James Fitzroy, an opulent barrister of the court of King's bench. Alander possessed all the advantages of a liberal education, and was far superior to thousands in his own rank of life. He was the pride and admiration of all who knew him, for in addition to his literary acquirements, nature had bestowed upon him an elegant form and superior manly beauty; with a suavity of manners scarcely ever attained by young men of his age. He had reached his twenty-third year, and was bidding fair to become a man of consequence, when he fell in company with some young men of loose characters, and was led unconsciously along until he loved to take a social glass with his fellows.

'Tis said, that, when a person has once passed the threshold of virtue, to return, is a difficult task—so it proved to Alander. From the exhilerating draught he went on to the gaming table—and being very lucky, he continued to indulge his propensity for gambling.—The scale soon turned, and in a short time he had lost an immense fortune. His father saw his wild career and endeavored to arrest him before it was too late—but in vain. He at length became a confirmed gambler, and in order to carry on his works, having expended his own means, he resorted to forgery. In this manner he obtained a considerable fund for carrying on his profligacy, but being at length suspected, he was obliged to secrete himself for some time, One evening as he was straying out near his hiding place, his father saw, and approached him. Alander was unconscious that any one was near, until his father was almost within reach of him. On hearing his footsteps he turned suddenly round, and supposing he was overtaken by an officer of justice, in a paroxism of fear, in all the frenzy of despair, he fell upon the intruder, like the famishing tiger upon his prey, and instantly laid him breathless on the earth; and then fled to his hiding place.

Words cannot describe the feelings of Alander, when his confident informed him that the unfortunate man who fell beneath his powerful arm, was no other than his father. The feelings of the son returned; for he supposed that his father was slain, and the darting anguish that pierced like arrows to the inmost recesses of his soul—the heart-chilling voice of blood thundering in his ears, "*Thou art a murderer*," overcame him—despair seized the thone of reason, and held despotic sway over the empire of the soul---hell raged within---and all the powers of darkness urged him on, till at last he fell a victim to *self-murder*---a striking example---a solemn warning to all, *not to swerve from the paths of virtue.*

LARA.

From the Edinburgh philosophical Journal.

Account of the Nuremburg Boy, Caspar Hauser, who was shut up in a dungeon from the fourth to the sixteenth year of his age.

About twenty-five years ago public curiosity and the solicitude of the scientific world, were powerfully excited by the discovery of the wild man of Aveyron, who was surprised in the woods leaping from tree to tree, living in a naked state, the life of a baboon rather than that of a man, emitting no other sounds than imitations of the cries of animals which he had heard, or those which made their escape from his breast without the emotions of pleasure or suffering. A phenomenon of nearly a similar nature has, for the last fifteen months, engaged the attention of the learned in Germany. But in this case there do not exist the entire liberty, and the wild and erratic life, which degraded the intellect of the unfortunate being just mentioned. There has, on the contrary, been a state of absolute constraint and captivity. Hitherto nothing had transpired in France respecting this singular phenomenon, and we should probably have still remained ignorant of it, had it not been for the attempt at assassination made a month ago upon this unfortunate creature, now restored to social life; and, as would appear, pursued by the same villain who, for twelve years, had kept him buried in a dungeon. A person of high rank, and distinguished by the superiority of his mind, has addressed to us the following letter, which reveals, in some measure, the entire history of this unfortunate being. Our correspondent has seen and conversed with this mysterious young man. We have thought it right to publish this letter in the same spirit that dictated it, that is to say, less as the recital of an extraordinary and touching adventure, than as a subject of moral and psychological study. At the moment when we were sending this letter to press, we received the *Nouvelle Revue Germanique*, which is printed at Strasburg, and in which the same facts are translated from the *Hesperus*, one of the best of the German journals. But we have in addition the assurance of authenticity and the observations made on the subject by a person who, by profound study,

has been familiarized with all the great questions of philosophy."

"*To the Editor of Le Globe.*

"PARIS, Nov. 15, 1829.

"Sir,—Within a few days the French journals speak, for the first time, of the history of a young man found at Nuremburg, whose name is Caspar Hauser. They speak of him in consequence of the assassination attempted upon his person in the course of last month, quoting the *Austrian Observer*, which has itself derived its information from German journals, printed in countries nearer the place of the atrocity than Vienna. The story appears to them incredible, and with good reason, for what is true is not always probable. I have seen the young man in question, and am able to furnish authentic information respecting him. I am convinced you will judge it worthy of being made public.

"In the month of May 1828, there was observed at the entrance of one of the gates of the city of Nuremburg, a young man who kept himself in a motionless attitude. He spoke not but wept, and held in his hand a letter addressed to an officer of the regiment of Light Horse in garrison in the town.—The letter announced that from the age of four to that of sixteen years, the bearer had remained shut up in a dungeon, that he had been baptized, that his name was Caspar Hauser, that he was destined to enter the regiment of Light Horse, and that it was for this reason that the officer was addressed.

"On being questioned he remained silent, and when further interrogated he wept. The word which he most frequently pronounced was *haam*, (the provincial pronunciation of *heim*, home,) to express the desire of returning to his dungeon.

"When it appeared evident from the state in which the young man was, that the statement contained in the letter was true, he was confided to the charge of an enlightened professor of the most respectable character, and, by a decree of the magistrates, was declared an adopted child of the city of Nuremburg.

"Previous to my return to France, I had determined to visit that city, the only large town in Germany which I had not seen. This was about the end of last September. I was furnished with a letter to one of the magistrates, who, from the nature of his functions had the charge of superintending the education of Caspar Hauser. It was this person who brought him to me; and, by a privilege which I should not have ventured to claim, the last moments of a residence devoted to the examination of the curiosities of this great monument of the middle age, afforded me an opportunity of seeing a very rare, if not unique subject for the study of human nature. We beheld a young man, below the middle stature, thick, ard with broad shoulders. His physiognomy was mild and frank. Without being disagreeable, it was no way remarkable. His eyes announced weakness of sight, but his look, especially when a feeling of internal satisfaction or of gratitude made him raise it towards the skies, had a heavenly expression.—He came up to us without embarrassment, and even with the confidence of candour. His carriage was modest. He was urged to speak, to give us an account of his emotions, of his observations upon himself, and of the happiness of his condition.

"We had no time to lose, for our horses were already harnessed. While I was reading an account composed by himself, in which he had begun to retrace his recollection, he related to my travelling companion whatever had not yet been recorded in it, or replied to his questions. I shall, therefore, first present the details of the narrative, and then mention what was repeated to me of a conversation of which I heard only a part.

"His manner of speaking and of pronouncing German was that of a foreigner, who has exercised himself for some years in it. The motion of the muscles of the face indicated an effort, and was nearly such as is observed in deaf and dumb persons who have learned to speak. The style of the written narrative resembled that of a scholar of ten or eleven years, and consisted of short and simple phrases, without errors in orthography or grammar. The following is a brief account of it:—

"His recollections disclose to him a dark dungeon, about five feet long, four broad, and very low; a loaf of bread, a pitcher of water, a hole for his wants, straw for a bed, a covering, two wooden horses, a dog of the same material, and some ribbons, with which he amused himself in decorating them. He had no recollection of hunger, but he well remembers being thirsty. When he was thirsty he slept, and on awakening, the pitcher was found full. When he was awake, he dressed his horses with the ribbons, and when his thirst returned he slept. The man who took care of him always approached him from behind, so that he never saw his

*The letter is probably the production of the celebrated Cousin.

figure. He remained almost constantly seated. He recollects no feeling of uneasiness. He is ignorant how long this kind of life lasted; and when the man began to reveal himself and to speak to him, the sound of his voice became impressed upon his ear. His words are indelibly engraved on his memory, and he has even retained his dialect. These words ran exclusively on fine horses, and latterly on his father, who had some, and would give them to him.—One day, (I make use of this word although it is improper, for to him, there was neither day, nor time, nor space,) the man placed upon his legs, a stool with paper, and led his hand in order to make him trace some characters upon it, when the impulse given by the man's hand ceased, his hand also stopped.—The man endeavored to make him understand that he was to go on. The motion being without doubt inopportune, the man gave him a blow on his arm. This is the only feeling of pain, which he remembers. But the stool greatly embarrassed him, for he had no idea how he should put it aside, and was utterly unable to extricate himself from this prison within a prison. One day at length the man clothed him, (it would appear that he wore only a shirt, his feet being bare,) and taking him out of the dungeon put shoes upon him.—He carried him at first, and then tried to make him learn to walk, directing the young man's feet with his own. Sometimes carried and sometimes pushed forwards, he at length made a few steps. But after accomplishing ten or twelve, he suffered horribly, and fell a crying. The man then laid him on his face on the ground, and he slept. He is ignorant how long these alternations were renewed; but the ideas which he has since acquired have enabled him to discover in the sound of his conductor's voice, an expression of trouble and anguish. The light of day caused him still greater sufferings. He retains no idea of his conductor's physiognomy, nor does he even know if he observed it; but the sound of his voice, he tells us he could distinguish among a thousand.

Here ends the narrative, and we now come to the conversation. During the first days he passed among men, he was in a state of continual suffering. He could bear no other food than bread.—He was made to take chocolate; he felt it, he told us, to his finger's ends. The light, the motion, the noise around him, (and curious persons were not wanting to produce the latter,) and the variety of objects which forced themselves upon his observation, caused an indescribable pain, a physical distemper, but this distemper must have existed in the chaos of his ideas. It was music that afforded him the first agreeable sensation; it was through its influence that he experienced a dispersion of this chaos.—From this period he was enabled to perceive a commencement of order in the impressions by which he was assailed. His memory has become prodigious; he quickly learned to name and classify objects, to distinguish faces, and to attach to each the proper name which he heard pronounced. He has an ear for music, and an aptitude for drawing.—At first he was fond of amusing himself with wooden horses, of which a present had been made to him, when he was heard continually to repeat the word horses, beautiful horses, (*ress, shcone ress.*) He instantly gave up, when his master made him understand that this was not proper, and that it was not *beautiful.*—His taste for horses has since been replaced by taste for study. He has begun the study of the Latin language, and by a natural spirit of imitation, his master being a literary man, he is desirous of following the same career.

"So extraordinary a phenomenon could not fail to inspire, independently of general curiosity, an interest of a higher order, whether in observing minds or in feeling hearts, and the women especially have expressed their feelings towards him in little presents, and letters of the most tender kind.—But the multitude of idle visits they made to him, and especially these expressions of tender feeling, were productive of danger to him, and it became necessary to withdraw him from so many causes of destraction, and to lead him into retirement. Accordingly, he now lives retired in the bosom of a respectable family. Pure morals, an observing mind, and a psychological order, preside over his education and instruction, in proof of which he has made immense progress in the space of the last sixteen months.

"Here, then, by the inexplicable eccentricity of a destiny without example, we have presented, and perhaps solved a problem, which from the Egyptian king mentioned by Herodotus, down to the writers of novels, to the Emilius of Rousseau, and the statue of Condillac, has exercised the imagination of men, and the meditations of philosophers. It is evident that in the profound darkness, the absolute vacuity in which Caspar Hauser was for twelve

years immersed, all the impressions of the first four years of his life were effaced. Never was there a *tabula rasa* like that which his mind presented at the age of sixteen. You see what it has been capable of receiving. But the metaphor is false, for you see how it has re-acted.

"In proportion as the sphere of his ideas enlarged, he has made continual efforts to pierce the shades of his previous existence. They have been useless, at least as yet. "I incessantly try," said he to us, "to seize the image of the *man*; but I am then affected with dreadful headachs, and feel motions in my brain which frighten me." I have told you that his figure, his look, and his port, bore the expression of candour, carelessness and contentment. I asked him if he had, either in his dungeon, or after coming out of it, experienced feelings of anger. How could I, said he, when there has never been in me (and he pointed to his heart) what men call anger. And this being, from whom, since the commencement of his moral existence, had emenated all the gentle and benevolent affections, has all these illusions dissipated by the violence of an assassin. Happy, perhaps, had it been for him had he fallen under it, should he yet fall! And yet, if, after having been struck by the murderer, he drags himself mechanically and squats in the corner of a cellar, as if he would again enter his cave, he who, in the first moment of his social existence, had no other wish than that of being led back to it, see him now become a social man to such a degree, that his first cry is to supplicate that he be not again led to it!

"This assassin, I only know, as yourself and as the public know, through the medium of the newspapers. The young man, they say, thought he recognized in him the voice of his conductor. It is probable that the conductor is the assassin; but it is also possible that the young man may be deceived; for in that so well rembered voice were concentrated all his ideas of evil. Be this as it may, it is as a psychological phenomenon that I have presented his history; and not as an adventure, respecting which every one may form his own conjectures. All that I can say is, that the functionary who presented him to us, and who, by the duties of his office, was charged with directing the inquiries, has informed me that for a moment they imagined they had found traces of a discovery; but these traces had ended in nothing else than the rendering it probable that the place of his imprisonment is to be found in a district at the distance of about ten leagues from the city of Nuremburg."---*Le Globe, 21st Nov.*

The Ariel.—We copy below, a part of the prospectus of this valuable literary paper.—The 4th volume commences on the 1st of May.

☞ We will forward the names of any of our friends who may wish to become subscribers for the Ariel.

The ARIEL is exclusively a literary publication. It is published every other Saturday, on paper of the finest quality, each number containing eight pages of imperial quarto, (expressly adapted for binding) with four columns on a page.

To enhance the value of an imperial quarto sheet thus filled, *eight* elegant copperplate engravings have been added annually, appearing in every third number of the work. The price of subscription has been, and will continue to be $1,50 a year, in advance.

The improvements to be made in the FOURTH Volume are these:—Entirely *new type* will be procured, with paper of the most superior quality; and instead of only *eight* engravings annually, the new Volume will contain *twelve*. The whole will be copperplate engravings, executed in beautiful style, and procured expressly for THE ARIEL.

The following persons are appointed Agents for the Gem, and will forward subscriptions when called upon.

Albion, N. Y. John Kempshall.
Auburn, Henry Cherry.
Batavia, Wm. A. Seaver.
Burlington, Vt. R. G. Stone.
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THE GEM,

Will be published regularly once in 2 weeks on good paper, in octavo form, and paged suitable for binding. It will be issued on Saturdays, and printed for the proprietors,

By Edwin Scrantom,

at the Office of the Rochester Observer, in the Globe Building, to whom all letters and communications must be addressed, postpaid. Terms—ONE DOLLAR per annum, payable in all cases in advance.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

A FRAGMENT.

Yes my dear Caroline I will now tell you the history of our old schoolmate, Elizabeth Carlton—said my friend Maria Beaufort to me one day soon after my return from school, where I had spent four years. You know that at the time you left, it was the every day talk of *all*—that Elizabeth was plighted to the elegant and accomplished George Rivers; in just two months after your departure he led her blushing to the altar—and *such* a marriage was it, that each was the object of envy to multitudes; after a week spent in receiving the congratulations of their numerous acquaintances he started for the South with his beautiful bride—and settled in Charleston, S. C. Months rolled happily on, and Elizabeth was gay and cheerful, but ere a twelvemonth had elapsed she began to look in vain at the close of business hours for the return of him who was her heart's idol; but the cause of his delay she could not divine, his hours became more and more unseasonable, but when he *did* come, he was so kind and affectionate that she consoled herself with the belief that urgent business *alone* detained him; but alas! a change came over him: he would return late and retire gloomy---another change—he was irritable, yea, even brutal: Elizabeth was all kindness and never a murmur escaped her lips; she knew he did not look as formerly but the cause she *knew not*---but it was soon to burst upon her like an overwhelming torrent---he was brought home by his associates from the gaming table and stood before his beautiful wife in the character of a *confirmed drunkard!!* Elizabeth fell into a swoon from which she revived only to request that her daughter, an interesting little girl of two years old, might be sent to me to be adopted as my own; she then expired, lamented and regretted by *all*. Her wretched husband was conveyed to an alms-house, where he breathed his last, in deep penitence and remorse, just three weeks after Elizabeth was conveyed to her long home---and from letters which I have recently received; the little Maria (for she was named after me,) may be expected in a few days---when, my sweet Caroline, our task may be one of mutual kindness, in rearing that little orphan in such a manner as to fill the place of admiration, in the hearts of all who know her, that her dear mother filled.

CATHARINE.

Avoid deceitfulness as a rank poison.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

MEDITATION.

If there be any act capable of being performed, that has a tendency to refine the soul, and fit the character to go, with freshened fearlessness, in contact with the world and its temptations; that act is meditation. Whether it be enjoyed in the morning, noontide, or at the twilight hour---in whatever condition or company we may be placed, its tendency is always the same---to collect the man within himself, and re-seat reason on her throne. For my part, I am fond of indulging strains of contemplation, and from certain impressions and ideas moving in unison in my mind, they are often the source of great self-satisfaction. For instance, if I am in trouble from some cause of real or imaginary formation, invited by meditation, philosophy steps to my presence, with well-seasoned remedies of reason and christian forbearance. If, on observing any cause of extreme human depravity, my mind is clouded with dark images of the corrupted moral state of my fellow-beings, I think of the equal chance the loathsome example has had with others, of doing right; my senses are re-awakened to the supreme loveliness of virtue, and wholesome rules are formed to oppose vice.

The time, however, most suitable to Meditation, the time she loves as being consonant with her own mild nature, is

"The noon of night."

It is at that time I most eagerly accept her company, then she communes with, and enchants my soul. It is in that hour she inspires the holiest and most soothing sensations. She invites my mind to rove with her in the bright gardens of the sky, visible from my pillow; to converse and expatiate with the inhabitants of other planets, and learn of their natures and moral properties. This earth---a speck in the combination of ten thousand universes, sinks to nought. "Its fluctuations and its vast concerns," are lost amid the glorious images which crowd the arena, and give way to others still more glorious and wonderful.

If I take one star, the smallest apparently, that glimmers in the northern horizon (small to our view, but perhaps, itself far exceeding this earth,) and consider of its wonderful structure, my mind is irresistibly struck with the exceeding and supreme power of the Creator.* The other innumerable and grand machines, formed to work in harmony to the glory of GOD; and erst the moon, [whose attributes are frequently

the gala-beings of my imagining,] appearing with her splendor in the dark blue heavens, increases my wondering and adoration.

Finally, from all the advantage resulting from a contemplative temperament, I am induced to marvel that meditation has not more votaries than she has. If the midnight reveller, the gambler, the man of fashion or pleasure, or any other professed idler; would employ his faculties of reason in searching himself for lasting fountains of mental enjoyment, instead of following the traitorous phantoms of worldly pleasure, he would find "with what astonishment and veneration he could look into his own soul, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhaustable sources of perfection."

R.

"Addison has beautifully described the feelings of a contemplated prison, in such an instance, in his paper illustrating the "omniscience and omnipresence of the Deity."

THE GEM.

Saturday, March 27, 1830.

☞NOTICE.

We have enclosed in the present number of the Gem, to our subscribers where we have no Agents, a bill of the amount owing to us, and call upon each one so receiving a bill, to enclose us the amount immediately. Those, owing us less or more than one Dollar, can easily get it forwarded to us by applying to post-masters; or if they wish to continue, can make up the amount to one or more Dollars; and the balance, can be credited on Vol. second. We shall expect a prompt compliance with this notice.

March 27, 1830.

LUXURIES OF THE SEASON.

Spring again appears, new as ever, yet old as time. How singular that this sweet season is always beautiful and "soft-eyed," amid the ravages and ruins of centuries, while every thing that heralds in its annual return withers and dies. Beauty itself can witness but a few fair Springs before 'tis gone—ravished by the icy hand of Winter; never to resume its loveliness. And Spring has always pleasant mornings, and lovely, moonlit evenings, in which to ramble is sweeter than the poet's song. But we speak now of the present time—the luxuries of to-day, for they do indeed thicken upon us in most manifold abundance. Is it not pleasant, after the first few sunny days in the year, to rise in the morning prepared to welcome the blooming Aurora with all our smiles, and then find them wasted upon a cold and sunless storm? Oh! it is a damper, and hangs upon the soul like a frozen bud; vexing and driving one's spirit almost to madness. And when the snow is taking its leave, what beautiful walking we have—so nice and dry! Why, one may actually walk half way across the street before he will be absolutely *lost* in the mud!! And then, too, the pleasure of always carrying an umbrella, for it is never safe to venture out without one, lest we be caught without shelter. A few evenings since, notwithstanding the mud was over shoe, our gallantry was put to a most severe test, for a young lady in attempting to cross one of our streets——but pshaw! *that* was a *luxury* which our readers care not for, since it fell on us alone.

We wonder if Ossian ever thought upon "the joy of" *mud!*

☞AN ENGRAVING.

We propose, should sufficient encouragement be given, to embellish the 2d Vol. of the Gem, with an elegant Engraving representing the GENESEE FALLS, at Rochester, and the surrounding scenery, together with a view of the Scaffold, from which SAM PATCH made his "Last Jump!" We have ascertained that the cost will be about $125. The Price of the engraving to subscribers, will be 25 cents each. Persons subscribing for the Gem, will also note the number they will take—to be paid for down. Our Agents will please attach this to their prospectuses.

Rochester, March 20, 1830.

NOTICE.

☞If any of our subscribers will forward to us copies of Nos. 15, 16, and 20, we will allow them for each copy so received, 25 cents, in part payment either for Vol. 1. or Vol. 2.

FOR THE GEM.

BATTLE SCENE.

With mutual dread the adverse armies stood,
Reflecting on their future scene of blood.
Each, eyes askant, his equal deadly foe,
And waits impatient for the final blow;
When from the distant knowl the signal given,
Invet'rate thousands on their spears are driven
In others' hearts their glitt'ring steels they stain,
And sink ensanguin'd on the martial plain—
Across the field the vanquish'd Hero flies,
While shouts of victory rend the concave skies.
Returning victors sing with glad surprise,
Blood was its cost, but—liberty—the prize!

March 24th, 1830. SPECTATOR.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

MISANTHROPY.

Yes, I was born to roam *alone*
This hated world—but I will not repine,
Since not a soul on its wide surface feels
For me, the love that I have vainly sought:
Nor can they, for our hearts cannot accord.
No, they do not, cannot love as I do.
Has the rose, for them, a charm? yes, yet why?
Because its blushing hues entice the eye!
Yet *I* can love the rose because its hue
Is virtue's; and 'tis virtue's emblem too.

The tender, bashful vi'let, too, they claim
To love, and praise its tints of vari'd dye,
As if no other charm was there conceal'd—
As if their colder hearts but only saw
The colour of its leaves—fair, yet fading
As the transitory hues of hope.
Yet *I* can love that sweet and virgin flow'r
For its modest semblance. Although its hour
Of life is fleeting as the hopes that bless,
Its modesty is virtue's loveliness.

And can they gaze on that emblazon'd sky
Where all is chaste and pure, and feel a wish
To be there too—to dwell in some bright star,
A hermit there? or can they feel one half
Its spell; and love to linger o'er the scene
As if its beauty could withstand the morn.
No, no, they do not, cannot love or feel
A scene so sweet—when burning feelings steal
The soul, and fancy paints eternal love,
That angels feel for each, in realms above.

This world!—I would not be its tenant long,
For all the love its creatures ever felt.
I should not say its *love*; for LOVE is not.
I've been its dupe and fed upon its show,
Till hunger was my sole, boon companion;
But soon I left it to its other dupes.
E'en *angel* forms are here—like angels made—
Except they're merely sin in masquerade.
And they would fain believe that they can *love*!
Foh! farewell this world! I'm doom'd to rove.

LOTHAIRE.

FOR THE GEM.

EARTH'S JOYS.

Thou'st seen the glittering dew-drop fall,
E'en from the rose-bud's coronal;
Hast seen the bud live out its day,
And the bright dew-drop melt away;
Thou'st seen an end of earthly bliss—
Love, hope and friendship are like this.
They live but in earth's fairest bow'r,
The creatures of a sunny hour.
They'll bless thee in thy hour of gladness—
They're lost to thee in days of sadness.
Thou'lt find them in thy wintry day
Like the bright dew-drop—fled away.
But there are joys which cannot die,
They bloom far, far beyond the sky.

ROSAMOND.

WI WI WI WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

"DIED."

Unwelcome word, that strikes the ear
With such a troubled sound,
Thou tell'st that all that linger'd here
Is low in the ground!
Thou'rt the knell of fall'n man,
When all is o'er, we know;
Thou'rt found written on life's span,
When we fall below!

And like a mournful echo, thou
Ring'st sadly on the ear—
A wrinkle on Time's hoary brow,
Withering and sere.
A majesty o'er human pride,
E'en like the sword of Time;
A note that's sounding far and wide,
In every clime.

ADRIAN.

THE GEM,

A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—ENLARGED.

THE proprietors of the above publication, from the liberal patronage bestowed upon it, have concluded to present the 2d Volume in an improved form. The establishment of the Gem was an experiment, to arouse, if possible, the Genius of the West; and the proprietors are proud in saying that the West has responded to the call, and winged its infant flight far beyond their most sanguine expectations. The field is ample; and though not cultivated as highly as older soils, yet there are in it flowers of the choicest kinds, whose peculiar qualities are enhanced, perhaps, by the hawthorns that o'ershadow them. We have culled some of them, with which we have graced our first volume—and hope in the coming year, to present entire nosegays from the western fields. For this purpose, our sheet will be enlarged to *double the size* of the present publication, which will afford room for a greater variety of matter, and we hope, therefore, be more acceptable to our patrons. We confidently hope that we shall be sustained in our undertaking, and that our friends will manifest their former zeal for the advancement of the Literature of the West.

TERMS, &c.

The Gem will be published semi-monthly, on a Royal sheet quarto, and calculated for binding. The price will be *One dollar and fifty cents* per year—One dollar payable *in advance*, and the remainder at the end of six months. All subscriptions for less than a year, must be paid in advance. Agents allowed every sixth copy, or 10 per cent.

The Volume will commence on the 1st of May next, and all wishing to commence with the 1st No. will be careful to forward their names before the commencement of the vol.

☞All Letters and Communications must be addressed to the subscriber, *post-paid*.

EDWIN SCRANTOM.

Rochester, March 1, 1830.

☞Editors with whom we exchange, will please give the above a place in their papers.

THE GEM,

OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Be ours the pleasure—ours the strife,
To wing young Genius into life.

NO. 26. ROCHESTER, APRIL 3, 1830. VOL. 1.

Original Correspondence.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

OMRI;

OR THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

How delightful were the sensations of Omri, the son of Joatham, who after an absence of several years from the abode of his childhood, and after he had sighed away many lingering months, to return to the place, and only place where he had enjoyed real happiness—when, by fortune's smiles, he found himself in the path towards the lovely and secluded vale of his father's habitation, and the home of his infancy. Often had he dreamed of home in midnight slumbers, when far from his natal abode. A pleasing anxiety swelled his bosom as he approached the place of his nativity, the happy valley where all his affections resided. At length but one high hill seperated him from the place where he had spent his puerile days. He mounted the lofty acclivity with renewed ardour, and in a short time nothing intercepted the long desired vision. His heart throbbed with ecstatic joy; and he walked onward with unabating vigour, as he feasted his eyes upon the numerous objects which he recognized. Sometimes he was following the meanderings of the Susquehannah, which rolled in gentle silence along the base of the mountain, on the banks of which he had frequently lolled in the shade of the wide-spreading willow to view the playful fish, sporting in the river. Sometimes his eyes were wandering over the verdant meadows upon which he had frequently spread the new mown hay, and the rural groves where he had frequently roved with his father to view the grazing herds, and reposed in the cool shade to listen to the notes of the downy warblers. Thus he went on and at length he discovered the humble cottage of his father, through a small aperture in a thick group of poplars which encompassed the moss grown tenement, and the last rays of the setting sun reflected a golden lustre upon the small windows of the rustic mansion. With a pleasing hope and anxiety he walked onward until he reached the venerable tenement. How delightful were his sensations when he entered his native abode, and received the benedictions of his aged parents, and the fond embrace of his affectionate brothers and sisters. There, after a laborious and fatiguing journey, he had found a home; he regaled with all the luxuries of a pastoral table, and entertained the domestic circle with a history of his journey, the pleasures he had enjoyed, the difficulties he had surmounted, and the fatigues and disappointments which he had endured. Often he repeated the same excursions which he was wont to perform with so much gaity and pleasure; his former companions flocked around him, and all were anxious to hear the recital of his history. The short hours and days were spent in almost uninterrupted happiness in that delectable valley; but at length he began to grow weary of a solitary and inactive life, and it was no longer a pleasure nor a novelty to ramble through unfrequented forests, or climb to the summits of uninhabited mountains, where nothing could be heard save the lowing of herds, and the distant sound of the huntsman's horn. Already he even longed to leave the secluded valley, and bid a final adieu to the cheerful tenants of the rustic cottage with whom he had formerly indulged the vain expectation of enjoying perpetual pleasure and happiness. Hours after hours he consumed in solitary rambles although he saw nothing which afforded him a solitary ray of pleasure; and those amusements in which he formerly took so much delight he had now no desire to participate. In short, he now realized none of the pleasures and delicious sensations of which he had imagined in his romantic dreams of home, when in foreign lands, and he gazed with wonder and surprise on the jollity and apparent cheerfulness which prevailed among the inhabitants of that secluded region. Day after day he remained at home inactive and without enjoyment, while his brothers were la-

boring with cheerfulness and gaity upon the sides of the mountains, all were busy, and all were active and cheerful in pursuing their various occupations in which he took no delight—he sighed to return to the distant city, join the gay and fashionable throng, and seek happiness, honor and renown, amid the hum and confusion of the busy crowd, instead of remaining as a pastoral swain in an obscure and lonely retreat. Although he put on the semblance of happiness, and counterfeited the smiles of juvenile pleasure, he could not conceal the sorrow and disappointment which pervaded his mind. Hours and days he spent in meditation and reflection, and at length he resolved to consult his father on what course to pursue, which would be most likely to insure him permanent happiness, and he expressed his determination to imitate and obey his precepts and admonition. He immediately made known his request to the venerable sage, who with pleasure and satisfaction, thus briefly addressed him:

"Experience has already taught you my son, that it is folly to ramble through this mazy and delusive world in search of constant pleasure and happiness; follow therefore no longer the fantastic allurements of boyhood, nor suffer yourself to be again deluded by false and romantic dreams. Learn to be contented wherever you are, and whatever may be your condition, be resigned to the will of the Author of your existence.—Abandon the search after sublunary honours, riches and renown, and above all, 'place your affections upon things above and not on things of the earth;' thus you will receive solid and durable felicity, and the gratifying benedictions of HIM who alone is the author of all our blessings.'

RAMBLER.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

MORNING!

Throw back the lattice—let us breathe
The sweet reviving breath of Morn.

How sweet to gaze upon the beauties of morning! when the sky is clear and not a cloud is seen above the horizon, and the gentle zephyrs lightly sporting over the plain, inhale the odours of the myrtle grove—to wander around our own rural homestead, and watch the sun as his golden rays spread far and wide over the plain, transforming night into the brilliant day—then, then there is a high and holy feeling which pervades the heart of man—then he inhales the spirit of true devotion, and looks upon the gilded heavens with an eye of delight, mingled with wonder, awe and admiration—inspiring his soul with an ardent desire to fathom the mysteries of that brighter world—and almost invariably leads to a train of virtuous reflection. Oh! who would break the charm which is then thrown like a mantle over his mind—who would scatter that bright train of thoughts which are then weaving for him a new and happier state of existence. Oh! how his heart leaps, in ecstacy, at the idea of meeting, in that after state of existence, all that it holds dear in this!

Is he a man of family? his thoughts are bent upon meeting there the partner of his bosom—the pledges of affection—and all those friends whose tender solicitude has smothed life's rugged way, and rendered his thorny path, a path of flowers.

Is it the fond and youthful lover? who gazes on that delightful scene! Oh then how bounds that young and devoted heart! how springs the soul, when his warm imagination paints the joys of that imperishable world—where that angel form, now the loadstone of his purest and holiest affections—shall meet, and with him, drink of the streams of eternal felicity—and, like two pure rivulets mingling their chrystal channels—unite, in one sweet—eternal—deathless union.

LARA.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

HANS GOOTWOLFF.

Concluded.

Mr. Editor— As your correspondent "Adrian," has been good enough to tell the story of the unfortunate subject that stands at the head of this article, but has failed, (for want of information, I presume,) to furnish us with any clue to his fate, I have taken the liberty to draw out the second chapter of Hans Gootwolff, which, you will please publish in your paper, for the benefit of all concerned.

Three years had passed away, and the inhabitants of the Middle-West, were as usual, quiet and peaceable.—Nothing since the trial and release of Birch had occurred to mar the happiness of the Germans, though the story of the unfortunate stranger was fresh in their memories. Birch had been prosperous—he had reared a large building fronting the "Square," and immediately behind a row of trees with square tops, which had been planted by some of the oldest of the Germans. This building, Birch furnished splendidly, and opened a public house. It was the resort of the whole country around. Not many months after Birch had become settled

in his determination, than he led to the altar of hymen a beautiful bride. Elizabeth Stansbury was a beautiful girl---She was not only charming to the *eye*, but she was charming to the *mind*. She was none of nature's wax-work, liable to be blighted by the scorchings of trouble's first rays---she had the mental solidity that bid defiance to at least the *light* waves of misfortune. The match was thought a good one, and indeed it was so; for it was as happy an one as love, hope and anticipation, could form.

Years passed away, and all was splendid in the halls of Birch, and all was quiet at the homes of the Germans. But there was *gall* in one heart---there was a poison rankling in the bosom of one, that seemed but to fester with time ---one heart which was always breaking, though never broken; always dying, yet never dead!

While all was bright and prosperous, and happy at the mansion of Birch; *he* did not rise with the rise, nor be happy in the happiness that he drew around him. Pale, haggard disease was seated on his brow, as blanching as the mildew; as deadly as the Siroc! He wasted. Time sat upon him heavily, and life filled with disease, pain and anguish, like the dull snail, "limp'd tediously away."

In the mean time the story got current that Birch was destined ere long to be laid down in that cold and narrow house which covers alike our bodies, and our imperfections. Consumption was upon him, and at length he did indeed fall under its slow but sure destruction. Many were glad that the poor fellow was indeed gone---for he had died a thousand deaths, and had hovered between hope and fear, until he had excited the pity of all around him. Poor Birch, he was indeed gone; and that *lone* and broken-hearted one who followed to the grave all her earthly hope and comfort, was as blank and desolate, as crushed hopes, coupled with despair could render her.

Like the green tree, that on the earth
By sweeping tempest has been laid—
Like the frail flower that dies for sun,
Whose place is in perpetual shade.

Before many months had passed, the honest, though superstitious Germans, conceived that Birch was still the murderer of Hans Gootwolff. It first commenced by insinuation, and at length arrived to all the force and consequence of substantial facts. The name of Birch was slandered, and, notwithstanding he had lingered out such a miserable life, his ashes were cursed. Matters rose to a great height—untill the whole neighborhood at the Middle-West were haunted with the spirits of devils of their own forming.

A year had passed since Birch had died, and it was already approaching to the autumn. A cloud that hung over the Middle-West, seemed to be more than ordinarily portentious; and when night came on it was with the "blackness of darkness." In a short time the wind howled mightily, at a distance, and as it approached, brought with it a storm charged, as it were, with the deep thunderings of vengeance! It was a dreadful night—houses and barns were unroofed, cattle were killed, or were running to and fro bellowing for very madness—and the addition to the thunders from the heavens, of falling timber in the forest, was enough to freeze the very soul with horror! But destruction stopped not here. The house of Birch took fire in the midst of the tempest, and before a soul could get to it, the whole was enveloped in flames!—That splendid edifice, with all its costly furniture, was soon buried in ruins; but the most heart-rending occurrence was that that devoted one perished amidst the ruins, on that dreadful night! Rescue was impossible; the fury of the winds drove the flames to the very sky, and the broad sheet of fire that arose from the mansion, flung its glare over the surrounding village, adding ten fold to the horrors of the scene! But the night passed away, and with it the storm. In the morning the Germans collected around the smouldering ruins of the mansion of Nicholas Birch. The bones of the unfortunate and devoted Elizabeth were found, & collected—but there was a discovery connected with all this, that added a still deeper gloom to the scene.

During that terrible night, one of the old trees in front of the mansion had blown down, and lay prostrate on the square, amidst the pieces of shingles, and cinders that had falled from the Mansion. The top, which had been cut off, perhaps, thirty years before, had become hollow; and the birds of the air had been yearly in the habit of nesting in it.

In the hollow of this tree, at the top, was discovered, a human skeleton! It was drawn out from its long hiding-place, and while the anxious villagers were examining it, there was discovered on one withered finger of the right hand, a *ring*. It had the mark of the lost stranger upon it! The fate of

Hans Gootwolff was developed, and it was well then, perhaps, that the grave had taken Birch to its cold and fearful keeping! GWY.

SUMMARY.

Ebenezer Cox, the murderer of Mr. Dunn, late superintendent at Harper's Ferry, has made a full confession of his crime, and has accused seven other persons of having been accessary to the murder. Six of the men implicated have been arrested and committed to jail upon the evidence of Cox.

The Richmond Compiler states that a riot took place a few days since, at the venerable College of William and Mary, in consequence of the expulsion of one of the students. Some injury was done to the windows and papers. The lectures were suspended.

A lead mine has been found in Warren County, N. C. a piece of ore of the size of a hen's egg, says the Warrenton Reporter, produced one ounce of pure lead.

"There is reason to believe," says a writer in the Washington Spectator, "that the most splendid of all spectacles, the formation of worlds, will yet be witnessed by means of telescope, and that sensible testimony will thus verify the mode of their formation.

The nett receipts of postage from the city of New-York last year, were $129,970, a sum exceeding the whole nett receipts from any entire state in the Union, except Pennsylvania.

We are happy to state that the $450 necessary to redeem Spence and his wife from slavery is now completed, leaving a small balance in addition, which will be sufficient to carry him home to Maryland.—*Jour. of Commerce.*

East India Company.—The charter of this company was granted by Parliament in 1600, with a capital of £72,000. Its Territorial Revenue for the year ending 1827, was 23,382,487*l.* (more than four times the annual revenue of the United States.)

Of *twenty thousand* persons, arrested for debt the year past, in London, 17,000 were for debts less than 100*l.*

Milledgeville Statesman, of the 13th inst. says:—We are informed by a correspondent from Lawrenceville, Gwinnett county, under date of 7th inst. that "a Company of United States troops passed through Decatur, Dekalb county, a few days since, to put off the gold diggers from the Indian territory. Report says resistance is threatened."

The Hon. Josiah Quincy is appointed by the City Council to deliver the centennial discourse, on the 17th of September next, the commencement of the third century from the first settlement of Boston, and has accepted the appointment.

Among other curiosities in the New-England caravan, now exhibiting in Flagg Alley, there is to be seen a mammoth horse, nineteen hands high, and weighing 2,200 pounds.

The lead mines in Missouri, it is said, cover an area of 3,150 square miles, and have produced this year more than ten thousand tons of metal.

An outrageous murder, says the Ohio Star has been committed at Jefferson Barracks, upon Lieut. Charles May, a native of Vermont, and a graduate of the West Point Military Academy in July last. The deed was perpetrated in cool blood. The papers call it duel.

Rising of 280,000 dead letters were returned to the general post-office, during the present year.

Oswego Harbor.—We learn from the Oswego Palladium, that the sum of $18,000 has been appropriated by congress to secure the public works of the Oswego harbor.

An expedition is fitting out in France, of 25,000 men, to act against Algiers.

It is stated in the Kingston, (U. C.) Gazette, that a man went to a temperance store to get his keg filled with spirits, but finding that the merchant did not keep it, a conversation ensued on the subject of temperance, which resulted in his signing the constitution of a temperance society on the spot, and going home with an empty Keg.

Washington & Warren Bank.—We understand this bank has failed, and the chancellor has granted an injunction suspending their further operations.—*Poukeepsie Enquirer.*

The Presbyterian Church in Belmont co. O. was destroyed by fire on the 31st ult.

The money collected in Eng the year ending the 25th of March, 1828, for the relief of the poor, amounted to £7,391,528.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

YOUTH.

Girl of my youthful life, good bye,
Friend of my former days, farewell;
Long, long on that love-moistened eye,
Shall my memory continue to dwell.
Long, long shall fond memory's sigh
Continue my bosom to swell;
As she listens to lov'd days gone by,
And echos thy last farewell.

I will think of the hours we have spent
In pleasure's most fanciful ways,
When our listening souls we have lent
To the wood-birds' musical lays;
And cherish each happy-spent hour,
In my heart, of the days "lang syne,"
And think of the rose-shaded bow'r,
Where we offer'd at Love's own shrine.

Lov'd of my early life, good bye,
Friend of my former days, farewell;
Long, long on that tear-moistned eye,
Shall fond memory continue to dwell.
Long, long shall dear memory's sigh,
Continue my bosom to swell;
As reverting to lov'd days gone by—
She murmurs thy last farewell.

HENRY.

Schools in Boston.—There are eighty public schools in Boston, containing 7,430 scholars, costing $65,000. There are 155 private schools, containing 4,018 scholars, and costing $107 702. The cost of books is 16,600; fuel 6,027.—Whole number of Schools 235; Scholars 11,448: cost 196,829 dollars. This amount is exclusive of what is paid for instruction of Boston youth in Colleges and Academies abroad, which is estimated at $50,000. So that the whole sum voluntarily paid for education, by a population of 60,000, is nearly $250,000. —*N. H. Observer.*

During the year 1829, there were, in the parish of Montreal, amongst the Catholic population, 1,075 baptisms, and 858 burials. Of the 1,085 births, 78 were illegitimate.

A bill has been introduced into the house of representatives, granting to James Monroe, late president, $67,980, in full for his claims.

Bills of the Monroe Bank, Michigan, are selling in Ohio at fifty cents on the dollar.

Popery at Rome.—During the Pontificate of Pope Puis VI from 1775 to 1800, *eighteen thousand assassinations* were committed in Rome, the fountain head of Popery. The protestant doctrine is, "the tree is known by its fruit."

The Rev. T. Osgood is in England, soliciting aid for erecting a Union Building as a place of worship and instruction, for seamen, in and about Montreal; having apartments connected with it, for teaching the arts of printing, book binding, &c. to the children of Indians and emigrants.

HINTS ON HEALTH.

"A MAN," says Sir William Temple, "has but these four things to choose out of—to *exercise* daily, to be very *temperate*, to take *physic*, or to be *sick*." We may venture to assert, with a much later writer, that the principle secrets of health, are, early rising, exercise and personal cleanliness, and leaving the table unoppressed.

When a family rises early in the morning, conclude the house to be well governed, and the inmates industrious and healthy.

With respect to exercise, there is a simple and benevolent law of nature—"Earn that you may enjoy." In other words—secure a good digestion, by exercise.

As much, perhaps, may be said concerning ablution, as exercise. "Dispel the ill humors from the pores." Cleanliness is a virtue, though not the first, in rank, one of the first, at least in necessity.

On the subject of temperance, that sturdy moralist, Johnson, speaking of a book in which it was recommended, observed, "Such a book should come out every thirty years, dressed in the mode of the times." "He that would eat much," says the proverb, "must eat little." Let us not, however, confound temperance with starvation—on the contrary, it is strictly moderation. We may be intemperately abstemious, as well as intemperately luxurious.

From all that has been said and written on the subject—from the experience of every age and every clime, we may conclude, that "they are the most healthy who have nature for their cook—hunger for their caterer: who have no doctor but the sun and fresh air—and no other physic than temperance and exercise."—*Jour. of Health.*

THE GEM,

Will be published regularly once in 2 weeks on good paper, in octavo form, and paged suitable for binding. It will be issued on Saturdays, and printed for the proprietors,

By Edwin Scrantom,

at the Office of the Rochester Observer, in the Globe Building, to whom all letters and communications must be addressed, postpaid. Terms—ONE DOLLAR per annum, payable in all cases in advance.

Vacancies Supplied.—The vacancies in the Board of Managers of the American Sunday School Union occasioned by the death of the HON. BUSHROD WASHINGTON, of Virginia, and PETER HAWES, ESQ. of New York, have been supplied by the election of CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL, of the former state, and Col. RICHARD VARICK of the latter.—*S. S. Magazine.*

Judge Marshall's Opinion.—We take the liberty to make the following extract from *Chief Justice Marshall's* letter, in answer to the notice of his appointment.—*Ib.*

"No man estimates more highly than I do, the real worth of your society, or the intrinsic value of the object it pursues. I am much, very much gratified at the success which has thus far attended its philanthropic, meritorious, and well-directed labors. I hope and believe that the future will not form a contrast with the past.

With the truest wishes for the prosperity of the institution, &c. &c.

CHARACTER OF A WELL BRED MAN.

By a Lady.

Some have supposed the fine gentleman and the well bred man to be synonymous characters; but I will make it appear that nothing can be more widely different; the former leaves nature entirely, the latter improves upon her. He is neither a slave nor an enemy to pleasure, but approves or rejects as his reason shall direct. He is above stooping to flatter a knave, though in an exalted station; nor ever overlooks merit, though he should find it in a cottage. His behaviour is affable and respectful, yet not cringing or formal, and his manners easy and unaffected. He misses no opportunity wherein he can oblige his friends, yet does it in so delicate a manner that he seems rather to have received than conferred a favour. He does not profess a passion he never felt, to impose upon the credulity of a silly woman, nor will he injure anothers reputation to please her vanity. He cannot love where he does not esteem, nor ever suffer his passions to overcome his reason. In his friendship he is steady and sincere, and lives less for himself than his friends.

These are two bad characters—A tyrant creditor, and a proud debtor.

The Ariel.—We copy below, a part of the prospectus of this valuable literary paper.—The 4th volume commences on the 1st of May. ☞We will forward the names of any of our friends who may wish to become subscribers for the Ariel.

The ARIEL is exclusively a literary publication. It is published every other Saturday, on paper of the finest quality, each number containing eight pages of imperial quarto, (expressly adapted for binding) with four columns on a page.

To enhance the value of an imperial quarto sheet thus filled, *eight* elegant copperplate engravings have been added annually, appearing in every third number of the work. The price of subscription has been, and will continue to be $1,50 a year, in advance.

The improvements to be made in the FOURTH Volume are these :—Entirely *new type* will be procured, with paper of the most superior quality; and instead of only *eight* engravings annually, the new Volume will contain *twelve*. The whole will be copperplate engravings, executed in beautiful style, and procured expressly for THE ARIEL.

☞AN ENGRAVING.

We propose, should sufficient encouragement be given, to embellish the 2d Vol. of the GEM, with an elegant ENGRAVING representing the GENESEE FALLS, at ROCHESTER, and the surrounding scenery, together with a view of the SCAFFOLD, from which SAM PATCH made his "LAST JUMP!" We have ascertained that the cost will be about $125. The Price of the engraving to subscribers, will be 25 cents each. Persons subscribing for the GEM, will also note the number they will take—to be paid for DOWN. Our Agents will please attach this to their prospectuses.

Rochester, March 20, 1830.

DIED,

In Geneva, on the 25th ult. Rev. Daniel McDonald, D. D. professor of languages in Geneva College, after a long confinement, occasioned by a distressing though not painful disease, aged 44 years.

In Gorham (Ont. Co) Mr. Daniel Morse aged about 45 years.

In Middlesex Mrs. Persis Green.

At Albany, on Sunday evening the 21 inst. very suddenly, the HON. HERMAN M. HARDENBERGH, member of assembly from Sullivan county. Mr. H. retired to bed on Sunday evening, and was found dead in his bed on Monday morning. He was in the 63d year of his age.

LIST OF AGENTS.

The following persons are appointed Agents for the Gem, and will forward subscriptions when called upon.

Albion, N. Y. John Kempshall.
Auburn, Henry Cherry.
Batavia, Wm. A. Seaver.
Burlington, Vt. R. G. Stone.
Canandaigua, N. Y. John Ackley.
Canajoharie, J. McVean.
East-Cayuga, Wm. Foot.
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Lyons, Wm. P. Patrick.
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Manlius, Stephen Gould.
Oriskany, Doct. Fuller.
Palmyra, E. B. Grandin.
Riga, O. L. Angevine.
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Scottsville, S. G. Davis.
Utica, T. M. Ladd.
Waterloo, Charles Sentell.
Weedsport, E. Weed.
York, D. H. Abell.

THE GEM.

Saturday, April 3, 1830.

TO OUR READERS.

The present number concludes the first volume of our paper. We owe our readers many thanks for the manner in which they have sustained us during the past year—and to our correspondents in general, we would express our sincere thankfulness, and ask for a continuance of their favours. The first number of Vol. 2d. will be printed immediately, and forwarded as a specimen number.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The History of Genius and Taste, is received, and will be inserted soon.—Will our correspondent in the mean time be good enough to furnish the remainder?

"George," is received, and will find a place. We invite the author to a continuance.

Several communications will necessarily lie over for the 2d vol. Correspondents are invited to continue to send in their favours.

NOTICE.

☞If any of our subscribers will forward to us copies of Nos. 15, 16, and 20, we will allow them for each copy so received, 25 cents, in part payment either for Vol. 1. or Vol. 2.

☞We again call upon subscribers in arrears, to lose no time in remitting to us the amount due from each. All subscriptions must be closed with the volume.

Profane language.—Apart from the fearful impiety of this practice, it is most assuredly ungenteel; and I never will—I never can enter upon my list of gentlemen, the man who swears profanely; whatever may be his accomplishments, descending to this vulgarity utterly mars his character as a gentleman.

Pressure of the atmosphere.—There is an effect of the atmospheric pressure on the living body, which is rarely thought of, although of much importance, viz: its keeping all the parts about the joints firmly together, by an action similar to that on the Magdeburgh hemisphere. The broad surfaces of bone forming the knee joint, for instance, even if not held together by ligaments, could not, while the cadsule surrounding the joint remained air-tight, be separated by a force of less than about one hundred pounds. In the loose joints of the shoulder, this support is of great consequence. When the shoulder or other joint is dislocated, there is no empty space left, as might be supposed, but the soft parts are pressed in, to fill up the natural place of the bone. When a thigh bone is dislocated, the deep socket called the *acetabulum* instantly becomes like a cupping glass, and is filled partly with fluid and partly with soft solids. In all joints, it is the atmospheric pressure which keeps the bones in such steady contact that they work smoothly and without noise.

Origin of Sirloin.—The sirloin of beef is said to owe its name to King Charles the 2d, who dining upon a loin of beef, and being particularly pleased with it, asked the name of the joint. On being told, he said, "for its merit then. I will knight it, and henceforth it shall be called Sir-Loin."

Mr. Thomas Campbell, the poet, has undertaken a Biography of Sir Thomas Lawrence, with whom he lived in close personal intimacy.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

STANZAS—TO G. W. S.

Thou say'st that thou art married and bid'st me write to thee,
What care I for thy love-lit bliss—its joys are not for me;
Shall I then wake my harp again, and with my feeble pow'rs
Attune its strings with mirthful notes to chaunt thy blissful hours—
There's music in the eastern wind that falls upon my ear,
Awak'ning tender sentiment that gives my heart a cheer—
There's charms in ev'ry Letter-sheet that comes from thy good hand,
Which drives dull care from me away, and leaves me gay and bland.

Thou say'st that thou art married and bid'st me pray for thee—
What care I for thy sorrowings thy grief is not for me;
But hah! methinks thou'rt fearful that thy fate is ever seal'd.—
Look'st thou askant at what is pass'd? or what has been reveal'd?
And when thou bid'st me pray for thee, would'st thou to court a favor?
Or look'st thou on the darkest side of personal behaviour?
Yes sir, I'll try to pray for thee, 'twill be but weak and frail,
The best petition I can make, I fear 'will not avail.

Thou say'st that thou art married and settled down for life—
What care I for your settlement or for your loving wife?
For aught I know the chance is small that thou should'st have contentment,
(Nor shall I ever chide thee sir, ii offerest thou resentment,)
Tho' 'tis your ever friend's best wish that coming scenes of pleasure,
May mingle with your married state—and happiness your treasure.
May Love entwine your youthful hearts and knit them close forever,
And fortune smile upon your heads 'till death the tie shall sever.

Thou say'st that thou art married—grown old in thy profession—
What care I for thy 'pretty one,' 'tis thine—not my possession.
Fain would I think that you believe it is a consolation—
The phantom thought of having 'one' without combination.
I fain would write one strain for her, who is thy wedded wife.
But that I know not who she is, nor could I 'guess' for life.
Perchance I yet may ascertain, and learn her disposion,
That I may tune my harp again, and change its theme's position. Z.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE MANIAC.

They told me that my love was dead,
Silent and pale, and cold, they said—
And oh! they told me that his vow
Was broken and forgottee now.

I gaz'd but 'twas not him enshrin'd
In that pale shroud—nor could I find
Nor lip, nor cheek, of his was there—
Naught—save a ringlet of his hair.

And as I look'd on that pale brow,
I told them of that broken vow—
Then stole this lock and fled away,
To look no more on that cold clay.

They said he lov'd poor Kate no more—
I never thought of this before!
'Tis well—I'll softly, softly weep—
Nor wake him from his chilly sleep.

And must I go away and die!
Aye—where I sleep none else can lie—
The cold earth is the maniac's bed,
'Mong the cold chambers of the dead.

THE GEM,

A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal.

2d VOLUME—ENLARGED.

THE proprietors of the above publication, from the liberal patronage bestowed upon it, have concluded to present the 2d Volume in an improved form. The establishment of the Gem was an experiment, to arouse, if possible, the Genius of the West; and the proprietors are proud in saying that the West has responded to the call, and winged its infant flight far beyond their most sanguine expectations. The field is ample; and though not cultivated as highly as older soils, yet there are in it flowers of the choicest kinds, whose peculiar qualities are enhanced, perhaps, by the hawthorns that o'ershadow them. We have culled some of them, with which we have graced our first volume—and hope in the coming year, to present entire nosegays from the western fields. For this purpose, our sheet will be enlarged to *double the size* of the present publication, which will afford room for a greater variety of matter, and we hope, therefore, be more acceptable to our patrons. We confidently hope that we shall be sustained in our undertaking, and that our friends will manifest their former zeal for the advancement of the Literature of the West.

TERMS, &c.

The Gem will be be published semi-monthly, on a Royal sheet quarto, and calculated for binding. The price will be *One dollar and fifty cents* per year—One dollar payable *in advance*, and the remainder at the end of six months. All subscriptions for less than a year, must be paid in advance. Agents allowed every sixth copy, or 10 per cent.

The Volume will commence on the 1st of May next, and all wishing to commence with the 1st No. will be careful to forward their names before the commencement of the vol.