THE GEM,

A SEMI-MONTHLY

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

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

BY EDWYN. SCRANTON.

VOLUME II.

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THE GEM.
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NO. 1.
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VOL. II.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.
THE INDIAN WARRIOR'S BURIAL.
They sought for their chieftain after the fight; on the battle-field's bosom they found him; and they buried him there in the pride of his might—With a halo of glory around him.

Dumbly they stood by the deep narrow grave, Where the sear white man lay keeping; And they heard not a sigh, as the warrior they gave
To the cold earth's fearful keeping.
The mighty has fallen, and gone to the land Where his fathers are gathered before him; And wild were the notes of the ruthless band, As they pour'd out their death-song o'er him.

They rain'd for their chieftain's bloody fate, Their wild death-hoof of sorrow—They breath'd but one curse, all bitter with hate—
'Twas seen to the white men to mourn—

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.
THE FIRST AND LAST HOPE.
Travelling through the little village of M—— a few years ago, I stopped there to spend the Sabbath; and after attending divine service, I strolled out into the silent city of the dead. My attention was particularly attracted by four graves, side by side. I learnt, by the pure marble beneath which they slept, that they were kindred spirits that rested there so cold and lonely. Three sisters and a brother lay beneath the long grass which covered those solitary mounds.

While I sat ruminating upon this dark event, I was joined by the venerable pastor of that secluded village. He approached those grave-yards, and after gazing long and mournfully upon them, he requested me to sit down with him upon the marble slab, and he would give me some account of those bright beings who had been thus early blighted in their fair youthfulness.

"The parents of these children," said he, "were Lucy and Edgar Fleming: they were under my particular care, and when these lovely ones grew up, I dedicated them to God; and four brighter, happier creatures never knelt before the holy altar to be given up to the keeping of their heavenly father—and when this sorrowed hand pressed its pure foreheads, ah! little did I think, that the fearful moulder of death was so soon to pass over them, and that I should be left, like the seared and scathed oak, to endure the storms of this sad world, while these tender saplings would be laid down under the cold sod. The father of these children, when the youngest was but an infant, began to droop, and the cold, unfeeling hand of decay was upon him. According to the advice of his physicians, he went to another climate, and died there, alone and unheeded, in a foreign land. Poor Lucy was a widow, but not alone and forsaken in her widowhood. Her children were blooming around her; her little daughters were beautiful, but her darling, her idol was Edgar; her first born, her only son. He seemed to enter into her sorrows, and when he saw her weep, his large blue eyes would fill with tears of sympathy for his beloved mother.

The spring following the death of Mr. Fleming, brought with it all its beauties; every flower seemed to flourish around the lovely widow's house, and peace seemed in a measure restored to that tried heart. She seemed to have forgotten her griefs, and her whole being centered in her offspring. But there was one bud in that sweet cottage, that bloomed not with nature's soft revivings. Her little Lucy, her youngest child, seemed to wither and decay; and when the flowers fell, and the leaves fluttered in the sad winds of autumn, she was laid away in the cold earth forever. Decay and death stopped not here: they came again and again, until her three youngest children slept peacefully and sad, here in this lonely place. Still that young woman was murmured not; there was one left; Edgar was her stay and support. He was most beautiful. Oh! how like his mother. I can see him now, kneeling by his little head, resting in his mother's lap, his blue eyes filled with tears, his sunny curl straying out upon his forehead, and repeating, in a low, gentle voice, his evening prayers. Excuse me, if I am an enthusiast on this subject; but this boy was my favorite—his thoughts always seemed to soar above this sublunary world. His mother intended him for the church, and he was put under my tuition, until he was fourteen. He then went away to school. Never shall I forget his parting with his mother; his eye was sparkling, his cheek was blooming with the full glow of health. There did not seem to linger about him, any of those fatal symptoms, that had marked the decay of those frail flowers which had fallen before him.

One year after this he returned—his eye was sunken, his cheek was pale—he tottered as he stepped upon his mother's threshold; and then she knew that she should soon be childless! He lingered out a few weeks of pain and misery, and then he slept as deep and silently as those other beings—and we gave up to the grave's cold keeping, that lovely widow's first and last hope.

She lingers on, a thing of fate,
From all the world afar—
An exile, but serene,
An unattained star.

Speak always according to your conscience, but let it be done in terms of good nature.

Fashions are for the most part nothing but the extension of riches.

WHEN night from labor calls the swain,
And stills the busy village hum—
Then thoughts of home, and distant friends,
With all their sweet endearments come—
'Twas in the month of dreary December—the day had been remarkably pleasant, and having been preceded by so much foul weather, the beauty of it was greatly enhanced. At a short distance from my boarding house was the little village which had been my residence for a number of years. The sun had just settled beneath the horizon; and the golden clouds hovered around the west, like silver messengers around the couch of some expiring saint, waiting to receive his departing spirit.

Alas! that man should view such scenes as this,
Without one heart of kindred tone,
To beat responsive to his own.

Such, however, was not my situation, for there were by my side my dearest friends—childless, whose virtuous worth is engraven, in bright, indelible characters on the tablet of my unyielding memory. As I sat gazing upon the scene, in all the fervency of youthful imagination, I involuntarily exclaimed, 'How delightful a prospect!' and although they replied not, yet cried in their expressive countenances, in a language too plain to be misunderstood, how much their minds were wrought up by the beauty of the scene. They were admirers of nature, and the look of cheerfulness that always lighted up their countenances, whenever they gazed upon a beautiful natural scenery, spoke to the heart more powerfully than all the studied eloquence of man. If there is a time when the soul retires within the breast, and holds sweet communion with the thoughts of other days, it is the hour of twilight.

For sweetest thoughts that memory wakes
Come o'er us at the twilight hour.

When the last rays of the setting sun has passed from the tops of the highest trees, and the shadows of evening are mildly blending with the light of day, and forming that period of time which calls forth the tenderest feelings of the romantic bosom—then, if ever, the mind is wrought up by the beauty of the scene, and feels pleasing employment in viewing with a retrospective eye, scenes long past and gone. Then the immortal soul, bursting over the bounds of its ordinary sphere of action, soars away, and ranges through the fields of time—and in contemplation of the past, and contemplation of the future, parties of that bliss, the fruition of which is denied to clay-encumbered spirits. Are we at home? does not that hour deprive us of all our petty cares? Fashion is for the most part nothing but the extension of riches.
render others around us, so far as we lie.

Are we abroad—in a strange land—does not the hour of twilight remind us of home and absent friends, and awake in our bosoms every incident that is worth a thought?

From the New York American.

EVEARAD GRAHAM.

"Take bake the bow—take back the bow—Bring back the bow! I would not see a stainless soul Beneath its dark and foil suppress.

There are evils in the earth, upon which the eloquence of the Orator, the lyric of the Poet, and the deep and over-wrought touches of the painter have dwelt almost in vain. In their description the wealth of language of Holy Writ; the burning words of David and of Solomon, are almost impertinent when they are employed in painting the awful horrors of infidel unbelief, and that destruction of the body and the soul which follows in the train of Protean Drunkenness. They are more dire than the faded flowers; the abrupt open are fiercer than Cocyntus or Plegasthenes; their grasp is more powerful than the serpents of Laocoön: The barbirs which they impend are more venomous than the Sydney's or the wheel of Ixion; and their ascendency is unbroken, until the understanding is bewildered, and the clouded eye becomes tearless, until the heart becomes bloodless, and the spirit is groaned and restless beneath the dominion of Remorse; till the ear tingles with the adder-hisses of coward delusions which they have grasped; but I am too joyously ensnared by our comfortable grate, in the balmy prison gates of delicious slumber. I glanced at the letter as he extended it to me; and directly was I in the most beautiful and delightful picture: the world is wide full of the affections that are summoned up like clouds around the devastating and overwhelming path of the Blasphemers. The scene was one of splendor, of luminous alluring in the goblet; the shadowy illusions of the sceptic come but for a little session with a soothing affection to his mind; but upon the instant, the clouded heart was opened by a thousand regrets of bitter regret; to the other, the clods which obscure the sunshine of hope; which spread a mournful curtain over the beautiful scenes of human existence, and checked in terible forebodings of that undiscovered country beyond the land of Death.

I have little hope that the tale which I am about to relate will carry with it the slightest delusions which they have grasped; but I am never without hope. I would that my pen were dipped in the empyreal fire of heaven, that I might paint to the world which is presided over by the souls who turn from the word of inspiration. I would I might gather upon canvass, the darkness of the midnight cloud, and the fierce light of the tempest: I would form a horrid panorama of terrors, which would shadow forth to the mad votary of Bacchus, and the victims of infidelity, the abyss of destruction upon which he must be led, which must be exposed to them, "Turn ye at my reproof, and heed not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

It was a stormy evening in January, 18—. My friend Evarad Graham and myself were seated by our comfortable grate, in the library of —. The coal was reddening beneath the bars of its prison; and the cheeriness of the atmosphere was sharpened by storms without. We had but lately up from recitations and prayers in the chapel; and had for some time been seated in silence, each indulging in our respective thoughts. The snow came pattering gently against the window; the thin moon hung in the sky, and shed a pale light upon the few scattered stars. I arose and breathed upon a pane, and wrote thereon my humble initials. Without, the scene was troubled and uninviting. The wide streets were closed by the thick wing of the wintry tempest; the tempest of the night-wind was loud and dissonant; and I soon found that the shadows of the scene were closing over my slumbering mind. My thoughts went forth amidst the conjoined skies of evening; and mighty ideas of infinity and boundless space—the mystery of the darkness where the little motes of snow had fallen; and I was absorbed in meditation.

I was roused from my reverie by the entrance of a lad bearing a letter. I stepped forward—it was for my friend. His large hazel eye was lit up pleasantly, and a kindly smile of un revolted delight passed over his grey-browed eyes. 'Davout for ever has been my bosom friend, and I have desired to have his letters read to me. I am a woman; the Dearest Brother of the long lapse of time since I have heard from the dear girl, that has given me the hope that she may still be a noble woman, and that she may long favor her. She has written me late, in consequence. She has quoted scripture to me in her epistle; something odd for her; but it is certainly expressive. She is not that I eschew the whole of the Book which she holds so sacred. But we will not jar each other on that ardent grate, as to remain where she is.'

He turned to the treasure he had shown me: and if I indulged in unmingled encomium upon its pervading loveliness, I trust it was not undeserved or hypocritical. The friend glistened in the gem. "There is not a sweet without its bitter," he said, "often when that beloved girl and I have walked along the vernal shore of the world, I have retraced the walks along the vernal shore of the world, and have walked along the vernal shore of the world, and the sweetest haired, but it is certainly expressive. She is not that I eschew the whole of the Book which she holds so sacred. But we will not jar each other on that ardent grate, as to remain where she is."

Three: A Visit to London

The apartment presented a cheerless picture of poverty and desolation. One or two mutilated chairs stood near a scantily furnished corner of the room. On a low mat, a lazy蓬松edess, a shapeless wisp, a mass of tangled forms, apparently groaning in a troubled sleep. I drew near, and as the woman entered with a lamp, with astonishment opened his eyes to catch a glimpse of the Student with whom he had been at school. The sight of the Student with whom he had been at school, opened his eyes, and lit a finger of his own. He looked at me with a look, of all the lights shone over his lowly forehead—he came. His name was Evert Graham. His head grew dizzy—his eyes failed me, and I was incapable.

When I recovered, my once high-souled and honourable friend was a sight to behold! I had come to a realization of its unseemly being under whose roof I had been taken in. I had for some time past two months been an inmate of her miserable dwelling. His last half crown had been paid her the day before, and there remained only a packet in her pocket, for her forlorn attentions, if he had lived longer. There was only a packet in her pocket, for her forlorn attentions, if he had lived longer. She turned and fixed upon me a look, of all the lights shone over his lowly forehead—he came. His name was Evert Graham. His head grew dizzy—his eyes failed me, and I was incapable.

The struggle had been too powerful. The storm had already burst above me; the cloud of smoke which overhung the British metropolis, us soon as my rent, I hesitated not to apply for relief, were I not a midnight murmurer. Here the MSS ended. I give it as I received it. The next day the remains of Graham were interred in the Potter’s Field of one of the Alms-houses, in Kingsland Road.

The little daughter of my lost friend is with the parents of her mother in America. She is a counterfeit of her mother, and in young Marie, her second child, I am not without hope. Twice have I swallowed poison; the potter drug has lain harmless within me: and God still bids me live and suffer. My wife is my weakness, and my weakness has at last prevented me from indulging the mournful office of weeping over her peaceful grave. My child still lives; and is the first and only image of her sainted mother. If ever visits America, and this should reach you, do not ask me to acquit her with the unhap"sate of her vocation. She was a wretch—of that spotless mother who loved me, not wisely, but too well.

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A Commodore’s Nephew—Two or three years ago, a walking horse, a ram in his stall, and inquired of the Alms-houses, in Kingsland Road.

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A Commodore’s Nephew—Two or three years ago, a walking horse, a ram in his stall, and inquired of the Alms-houses, in Kingsland Road.
Tis mom—and far the day-light dawn
The wine still sparkles on the board
Where4atea bacchanalian hoard
Who'st still remain, are there to plan
But now the bacchanalian crew
The flame of war—and ev'ry man
Must bravely stand or fall to-day—
To seek revenge for bloody crimes,
Who are they ''—those he wish'd for most—
His friends have come, with armour bright
But woe to them who boldly dare
To tempt fierce Tyro's vengeance there.
Sweeps fearfully, on battle field.
*Till horse and rider weltering lie.
His brawny arm untaught to yield,
They wait the conflict—nor despair—
Amidst the loud contentious sound!
As if they'd tumble to the ground,
They chide the foeman's long delay.
But restless, anxious for the fray,
'TisJCyro's foes assembled there,
But where the avenger's hardy band,
O'er the wide waters—as the lark
Sails through the air en pinions free,
Meet,
He comes with vengeance o'er the main
Of furious whirlwinds rushing by—
His father's foes, whose treacherous smiles
Are near at hand—and Tyro's power,
Roll'd one continued stream of fire.
'Twas bravely fought—and bravely won—
The strife is o'er—the battle done—
And Tyro, rising in his might,
And gaz'd upon the bloody fight
As mountain-rocks withstand, the rush
Of bursting fountains, as they gush
From their deep caves, down the hill-side—
And now the sun had reach'd his height,
And gaz'd upon the bloody fight
As the deep-rooted mountain-rock.

* * *
Genius was born in Egypt, towards the close of that happy period, when the gods swayed the sceptre over man. He was the youngest son of Mercury, but as his mother was an Egyptian lady, it seemed, for a while, doubtful, whether the ethereal essence of the divinity would predominate in his constitution, whether, like his mother, he would be mortal.

No sooner had he forsaken his cradle, than he began to manifest extraordinary endowments. His surpassing beauty distracted, not only the attention of the multitude, but his piercing eye and lofty mind, the envy and jealousy of his elder brothers, of which he had many. His surpassing progress in every accomplishment, and the increasing pre-eminence of his father, seemed to foreshadow the brotherhood of mankind.

But Genius, with a more exalted spirit, didn't direct his course, he received advice and guidance from his illustrious father, and left Egypt for Greece. Without regret therefore, he abandoned a country, in which he had so long resided, and often sickened, from which he had never seen. Calliope and Clio were sisters, he would be convinced that they were equally worthy of his esteem, and that he must leave his native country. He gave him all the necessary instructions and directions, which a youth, foresaw would be extensive, then, taking him into his wardrobe, he clothed him in a dress suited to the dignity of his rank, and the nature and importance of his situation, having assumed the authority of his paternal affection, and perpetual remembrance, bade him proceed on his journey.

His under dress was of the purest white, over which he wore a robe of light azure, he spangled with stars; and it was the peculiar advantage of his dress, that it would never tarnish or decay. As Genius had been educated with the gods, and was the child of Mars and Apollo, he was a proficient in all the graces of the palestrae—in all the gymnastic exercises, and he understood the use of all the instruments of art, especially the lute, which always fad’d away when he was wearied in contemplating “the wild.”

While Genius was deliberating whither he should next direct his course, he received advice and guidance from his illustrious father, and left Egypt for Greece. Without regret therefore, he abandoned a country, in which he had so long resided, and often sickened, from which he had never seen. Calliope and Clio were sisters, he would be convinced that they were equally worthy of his esteem, and that he must leave his native country. He gave him all the necessary instructions and directions, which a youth, foresaw would be extensive, then, taking him into his wardrobe, he clothed him in a dress suited to the dignity of his rank, and the nature and importance of his situation, having assumed the authority of his paternal affection, and perpetual remembrance, bade him proceed on his journey.

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A CHARACTER.

* * *

It was a moonless night. He pressed to his feverish lips the intoxicating bowl. His eye was bloodshot, and a sickly paleness sat upon his bloated cheek. I sought to catch his eye, but could not; for it flew away from my glance, like the guilty from the front of justice. It told what the tongue would not; and its language was more impressive than if spoken by the tongue. I followed that man to his dwelling. It was night. He kneeled and prayed earnestly commencing with "Our Father"—Oh! how I pitied that heart—He professes to be a follower of Him whose existence on her part of some cutaneous disorder. To present a gloved hand to a lady would be taken as an insult, as inferring the existence on her part of some cutaneous disorder.

A THEISM.—The existence of God is stamped in the most legible characters on the whole canopy of night. It is written on the face of day, in characters of radiant light, by every sunbeam which comes down to earth, and is reflected by every orb which glitters in the canopy of night. Had inspiration never revealed this truth to man, had the lips of the prophets never been touched with holy fire, still we had not been without evidence of the existence, the power, the goodness, and the providence of God, strong as proof of holy writ.

A Scenery of the 19th Century.—The ecumenical manner of giving names to children during the times of the civil wars in England, when the excommunicated party seemed to despise to exhibit their piety in every thing is truly remarkable. In the Little Parliament, one of the most active members was Mr. Barebones. On the other hand, there were three brothers, each of whom had a sentence for his reverence.

And there's no more to add—silence is sufficient to convey the deep meaning of our words...
THE GEM: A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL

Rochester, Saturday, May 1, 1830.

TO OUR PATRONS.

We present the first number of the Gem, as a sample of the size and style of the 3d volume. We send it forth in the hope that it will meet with that encouragement, which it may deserve. Our exertions shall not be wanting, to make it interesting and useful. The Literary Journal—and of our limits are now covered. In former times, we shall endeavor to furnish a variety that will, in a greater or less degree, catch the taste of all our readers. We hope our friends will continue in their former zeal for the interest of our paper—if they should, we have nothing to fear.

TO OUR AGENTS.

On the receipt of the present number, or as soon after as circumstances permit, our agents, to whom we have sent prospectuses, will forward the result of their labors.

We have enclosed a number of copies of the Gem to individuals not residing near an agent. Those who may receive this, and wish to continue, will please send their names immediately, post-paid. To such as do this, our paper will be sent regularly, and to no others.

Those who have overpaid, will receive the amount in this volume.

It is our intention to give the current news of the day in our paper; But as we publish this somewhat in advance of time, for the purpose of showing its size, &c. we omit any articles of news, as they would, before the 1st of May, be out of date.

Mr. Jacob L. Ranney, is now on a tour West and is authorized to receive subscriptions and money for us, and give receipts. As the demand from each individual is small, we hope all will be ready to pay up.

Our Terms. It is highly necessary that subscribers should comply with our terms. We see the necessity of this from our last year's subscriptions. Our terms are, one dollar in advance, and the remainder at the end of six months.

New York Amulet—This paper is becoming more popular. In the last number the editor says that subscriptions flow in abundantly. We copy from that number a prize tale for which the author received a prize.

We have received "An Ode on the death of Sam Patch." We were favorably struck with the poem from the author, but we think that he himself will say enough on that subject that has already been published.

Credit by running away. We find, on looking over our book, this apologue as opposite quite a number of subscriber's names. Now we do not wish to be suspected of awarding any man credit for running away, yet we feel constrained, in the present instances, (and we think we are not alone) to give the credit to these individuals, which faces this article.

We have received as many as numbers 15, 16, and 20, of Vol. 1st, as is required to fill out our promised sets.

The following is the concluding paragraph of an address which we delivered in 1824, on giving up the editorial charge of a paper on the Niagara Frontier,—we publish it, not because it think it anything superior, but for the particular benefit of those who were there present. It was a gathering of kindred spirits, and the occasion one that will be ever bright on the page of memory. But there is a sadness that creeps into the mind of a thing—now—are they now?—when I look back—have they been as they were—and the grave has called two to its cold and silent keeping. One breathes a southern atmosphere—and one has been driven on the dark waves of misfortune—has wrestled with destiny, till, as it was, his ship has been reduced to a single plank in the broad ocean of life! That plank is his hope—of which we believe is yet sound! The others of that bright and memorable assemblage, are, for ought we know, as joyous and happy now as they then were.

May those who are patterns, practice what they teach, and not force affairs, look one way and row the other. Lastly, may type never trouble the printer, by getting into pi—may justice be evened with the sable and plains—may the liberty of the Press never feel the close of oppression, nor be locked up in tyrant—may each one stand to the case of freedom, distributing morality, and setting up intelligence for the people—may monarchy never be an imposing stone on which our broken down forms shall be destined to lie—may all demagogues, opposed to the principles of liberty and equality, be brought to the bar of justice and worked off with a double pull—peace shall go abroad in pages of canon, and correct principles be stamped upon the hearts of all in twenty lines pica, italic capitals! May the printer, on earth, make no out in fortune, so that the officer will be obliged to overreact him; but as old Adam made an out in all creation by the fall, may our lines of conduct so wide spaced and so correct without that there will be room for the word heaven.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

REMINISCENCE.

How often will memory revert to our childhood, and call up ideas pleasing and almost as young as they even then were. At times too, that faithful and unblushing monitor will recur and tell us that we would be buried in oblivion; and scenes, too, that even memory would forget were not that truth is counsellor.

I remember a little 'incident—I know this simple, but even now it hangs upon my soul in all the vividness of youth. We were at play—my sister and myself. She had seen but eight summer years, and I yet not two more. It was spring, and we had rambled to the woods in search of the first young flowers. I sat with a little basket on her arm and I her guide. We had spent the whole morning, running from one little sunny spot to another. Nearer which first should know if any flower was blooming there. Her little basket was already more than half, a nosegay, presenting a dozen different flowers. For the last half hour her laughing blue eye had been first to find a prize, and she had rallied me about it, calling me idler, and said she never should have a flower if she waited for me to pick it. I was vexed, although I knew she meant not what she said, and was determined that the next should first be mine. At a little distance we both, at the same time, discovered one of a different genus. It was large, and the prettiest we had found. I sprang to seize it, and the anxious girl caught my coat that she might fly as swift as I did. I held a cane, and with it struck her arm. Perhaps the blow was harsher than I meant, but I was seized and would have the flower first. I pulled it, and holding it up in triumph, exclaimed, "am I idler now?"—but she had stopped the instant I struck her arm from my cost, and stood looking at her unkind brother. No tear moistened her young eye, nor did she speak, but her cheek was tinged deeper than the flower I held, and yet no anger mantled there; I was purely pily frightened from her heart. "My sister," was checked by the sudden and crushing flower in my hand, I threw it towards her, and left her to wander home alone.

I roamed about the wood an hour longer, and saw a number of flowers like the one I had been so eager to obtain, but pulled not one of them. They had no beauty for me now, and my sister's grief seemed pictured on their leaves. When I returned Amelia was but a moment before me, for she had waited and called to me, till she thought I had gone home without her. "As I opened the door she held an arm around me in triumph, exclaimed, "am I idler now?"—but she had stopped the instant I struck her arm from my cost, and stood looking at her unkind brother. No tear moistened her young eye, nor did she speak, but her cheek was tinged deeper than the flower I held, and yet no anger mantled there; I was purely pily frightened from her heart. "My sister," was checked by the sudden and crushing flower in my hand, I threw it towards her, and left her to wander home alone.

There is, (said Lord Chatham) one plain maxim to which I have invariably adhered through life; that, in every question in which my liberty or my property was concerned, I should consult, and be determined by, the dictates of common sense. I continued, that I am apt to mistrust the refinement of learning, because I have seen the ablest and most learned men equally liable to deceive themselves and misled by the inflation of human nature would be lamentable indeed, if nothing less than the greatest learning and talents, which fail to the share of so small a number of men, were sufficient to affect our judgment and our conduct. But Providence has taken better care of our happiness, and given us, in the simplicity of common sense, a rule for our direction by which we shall never be misled.

The most uncompromising thing we can imagine, is the memory; to one who is deeply stained with guilt.
A smoother curse gnawed on the lips of the rangers, as they bent grimly forward in the direction of the commandant, and one of them, whose blood was sprinkled on the rank grass; and a human hand—the hand of a white man—lay upon the bloody log?

There was not a word spoken, but every countenance worked with terrible emotion. Had the rangers followed their own desperate inclination, they would have hurried recklessly onward to the work of vengeance; but the example of their leader, and recog-

ized his usual calmness and self-command, prepared them for a less speedy, but more cer-
tain triumph. Cautiously passing over the fearful obstacle, and closely followed by his companions, he advanced stealthily and cautiously to the light, hiding himself and his party, as much as possible, behind the thick trees. In a few moments, they obtained a full view of the objects of their search. Stretched at their length around a huge fire, but at a convenient distance from it, lay the painted and half-naked forms of two savages. It was evident from their appearance, that they had passed the day in one of their horrid revels: and that they were now suffering under the effects of intoxica-
tion. Occasionally a grim warrior among them started half upright, grasping his tomah-
aw, as if it were some vision of his ordered brain, but unable to shake off the stupefy from his senses, uniformly fell back in-
to his former position.

The rangers crept nearer. As
they followed by his companions, he advanced
the rangers' group tightened
on his rifle. All knew the peril of the midnight adventurers.

A gloomy glare from the adjacent shores—the rustling
noes gradually approached the suspected spot.

Emotion to catch the well known sounds,
earnestness to catch the well known sounds,

As when one tender kiss I stole,
As when one tender kiss I stole,

Nightly I rapp'd—no voice did hear—
Nightly I rapp'd—no voice did hear—

Alas! 'twas but a dream!
Alas! 'twas but a dream!

The rangers sprang forward with their
drapped muskets and hunting knives; but
their work was done. The red men had gone
to their last buffet before the Great Spirit; and
no sound was heard among them, save the
sharp voice of thirty rifles thrilled through the
heart of the forest. There was a
groan—a smoother cry—a wild convulsive
movement among the sleeping Indians, and
all again was silent.

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CHILLING SARCASM.

A friend of ours who shall at present be nameless, met with a reply not long since which he says is too good to be lost. It so happened that he called upon a young lady three or four days successively. "You will compare me to the fever and ague," said he, "since I come every day." "Oh dear," said she, "the fever and ague only come every other day."
THE GEM: A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL

ACCIDENT.

Two children fell from the Aqueduct yesterday. Their skulls were fractured, and their lives are in jeopardy. It is to be hoped that measures may, without further delay, be adopted, for securing the foot-path on the south side of the Aqueduct. The facility it offers for our citizens in crossing the river, certainly warrants the expenditure for a rein.

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Margaret Flint, was lately found dead in the streets at Albany. Verdict of the Jury.

B. D. Baker, of the town of Onondaga, committed suicide by hanging himself with his handkerchief in the adjoining wood.

HISTORY OF GENUS AND TASTE: AN ALLEGORY.

Founded in the history of Ancient Literature.

[CONCLUDED.]

In the mean time, our Hero enjoyed continuous leisure for the gathering of knowledge, and was enabled with that strength of intuition, which he inherited from his paternal stock, he saw things in their relations and consequences.

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them far above the habitations of Mortals; and particularly, their marriage was not to result in offspring, a constitution adapted to remain unmodified. The connexion of Euphrosyne and Heliodorus had been more refined and noble. She was a stranger to the instinctive desires of sexual pleasures. Their loves were pure and elevated, the loves of the deities, and they regarded all as their children, as the gods themselves. They had progressed in knowledge and virtue raised them to that degree of elevation above the rest of mankind, that they were seen only in the pride and splendor of their country. To every mind susceptible of their ethereal inspirations, they felt and evinced all the ardor of parental love; and under the influence of such a constitution, she had become numerous, and their family widely dispersed over the fertile hills and vales of Greece.

Their influence was more constant and immediate; more general and far more effectual, than even that of the Muses. Every art and science, every pursuit and enterprise, seemed to be conducted according to their sacred rules. Their inspirations could "make the marble speak, and the brook murmur down the painted landscape." Their progress was marked by every species of beauty, and their stay was protracted, it seemed doubtful whether the beauties of Nature or Art would excite most surprise and admiration. In this hope she answered an unwavering invitation, which had been addressed to her, that Genius had forsaken Parnassus, and she had been seduced into the place of his abode, and invite her to the place of his chief residence, in some country where he might find a habitation.

In this she answered an unwavering invitation, which had been addressed to her, and which had been repeated that Genius was possessed of superior powers, yet his alliance and co-operation with her were no less conclusive of his own personal happiness than his extended and permanent reputation.

Her expectations and hopes were soon realized. Genius, upon a little reflection, perceived the nature of his task, and discerned the true character of the alarms and apprehensions with which he had been subjected, to the sense that, either pitying her frailty, or convinced of the innocence of her intentions, he would not fail to communicate to her the pleasure which he had in her company, in some country where he might find a habitation.

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WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE GARNET.

Saw a fair child in her happiest day,
Wreathing a chaplet of flowers;
The rose-bud was there in its manliness gay,
The snow-drop and lily in sparkling array,
Gather'd in sunniest hours—
She wept as she twisted that wreath in her hair,
For the bright buds had faded away—
"Oh!" she murmur'd, "the evergreen's blooming on below; he therefore, with nothing but his short linen, while on, shly crept from his nest to a large aperture in the loft floor, some of the planks having been removed, (the whole floor consisted of short planks, extending from one end of the room to the other,) and in this position he seemed with great satisfaction to reconnoitre the party, contrary to the admonitions of the companions,—who insisted that he should not be so rash as to "sin's or awim, I'll see what they are about; Oh! but damme, see how they prance!" His curiosity still increasing, he drew himself up on his forefeet, and endeavoured to see those who were in the farthest part of the house from him, when the plank upon which he was leaning happened to give way, and he fell about ten feet over the margin of it, so that the weight of Jonathan's upper parts upon the end, in straining to see all that was going on below, sent the other end, and down went Jonathan, somerset fashion, upon a small bed that stood in one corner of the ball room, and having it up under him, he was the projectile portion of his broad shoulders, with his heels pointing towards his late residence, he paused for a moment in breathless anxiety. The surprise, the consternation, the feelings of strength, which the sudden exertions of strength, that characterise the feats of a, lard, whilst a volley of billingsgate and loud acclamations filled the as- 

CURIOSITY GRATIFIED.

Several years prior to the introduction of steamboat navigation into the western country, three robust boatmen (foot passengers) returning from Negro runs to settlements of Kentucky, arrived in the evening at a cabin in the Ohio, and called for supper and night's lodging. Their host welcomed them, and as an earnest of it, the fried ham, the fried eggs, gravy and corn bread were promptly prepared and adjusted upon the table, where the child lay sleeping.

She was crush'd, like the chaplet she twin'd in her

THE GARNET.

Oh! how calmly she slept,

She was crush'd, like the chaplet she twin'd in her

The GEM: A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

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THE GEM: A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL.

Rochester, Saturday, May 15, 1830.

IT'S our agents in different quarters, who have not yet sent us, will please do, with as little delay as possible.

Literary.—We have received the first number of the fourth Vol. of the Philadelphia Amm. accompanied with a beautiful engraving of the village of Aurora. The work is very much improved, and recommends itself to every lover of literature. Persons wishing to subscribe for the Ariel, can see it by calling at our office. (Price Annual $1.50).

The Rural Repository, at Hudson, will be continued in its present form the coming year, but will be improved in style, and embellished quarterly with an elegant engraving. The publisher offers generous premiums to those who will act as agents.

The next volume commences in June. This work may also be seen at our office, and will forward the names of subscribers free of expense.

Fire.—Our village was visited with a destructive fire, which burned down some of the buildings known as Marchant's block, all of which were destroyed, together with another building owned by H. Montgomery, and occupied by Mr. J. W. Seymour as a boarding-house, and the corner building owned by Mr. J. Marchant, and occupied above, for the office of the Anti-Masonic Epistle. Considerable loss was sustained in the sudden removal of furniture and printing materials.

There was an insurance of the buildings.

IMPOSITION AND BLASPHEMY!!—MONEY-DIGGERS, &c.

Some weeks ago a noise was made among the credulous of the earth, respecting a wonderful production said to have been found as follows. An ignamagist of the world, who had found some "Gold Plates," as he is pleased to call them, upon which is said to be engraved characters of marvellous and incomprehensible import, which he, but no other mortal could divine.

These characters he has translated into the English language, and lo! they prove to be no other than the mysticism of an unrevealed Bible! A person more credulous, or more cunning, than him who found the plates, ordered the translation thereof, mortgaged his farm, sold all he had, and appropriated it to the printing and binding of several thousand copies of this pest. The whole populace before the publick under the general title of the "Book of Mormon," arranged under different heads, something as follows. The book of Mormon, containing the books of Nephi, Jimshi, Pakel, and Buckingham—contains some four or five hundred pages. It comes out weekly in advance. No extra price will be charged. Our terms will remain as they were, 83.50 per annum.

Another Rail-Road.—A man by the name of Gravely in this state, has been recently jacked and feathered, and then rode on a rail, for cruelty to his wife.

A gun gone off!—A Southern paper advertises a runaway, and in describing his person, dress, and a number of articles stolen, says:—"he also took on his shoulder an old firelock of ancient make."

FRIENDSHIP

Is a flower that the devastating hand of Time cannot crush, nor the lightnings scathe. It rears its beautiful head in the morning of life's career, expands, until blooms, and casts its pantomimical colour on the fleeting heart; and when the night of adversity sets in, and its chilling, withering dews, fall upon it, it flexibly meets the opposed load, but, like the marvelous rose, raising itself, with a glare of gems, to kiss the Orient's beams.

Impossibly, demanded the stone, and ground it to powder on a rock near by—he then departed promising the family further notice.

The result was the Smiths were missing—the enemy did not land—the money-diggers joined in the general execution, and declared that they had had their labour for their pains—and all turned out to be a plot. Now with reference to the two stories, "put to that," and they are "a noble pair of brothers."

Unanswerable carelessness.—There are some persons in town who indulge themselves in bowling, who ought to be admonished of their extreme carelessness in firing guns. A few days since a friend of ours, with two or three companions, were visiting the bank of the river a little way below the falls, when they sat down upon a log to admire the scenery, and take a view of the surrounding objects. They had sat there but a moment, when the sharp crack of a rifle was heard opposite, and the ball perforated the log upon which they sat within 14 inches of where one was sitting. The scene was expected—this produced a general alarm. —We have received the first number of The Geneesee Falls, at Rochester, and the saloon from which the unfortunate Patch made his "last leap," as advertised in vol. 1st. No extra price will be charged.

ENGRAVINGS—We have made arrangements for three or four Copperplate Engravings for this volume of the Gem. One of them will be a view of the Genesee Falls, at Rochester, and the saloon from which the unfortunate Patch made his "last leap," as advertised in vol. 1st.

DIGGERS, &c.-A man by the name of Gravely in this state, has been recently jacked and feathered, and then rode on a rail, for cruelty to his wife.
A DISSERTATION ON THE AMBIGUITY OF NOTHING.

Nothing!—thou negative of anything, reverse of everything, and eternal opposite to something: thou art, and yet thou art not; thou art nominally something, and really nothing; thou art self-existent, and self-dependent; and yet thou dost not exist or depend at all.

Thou didst originate from thyself, and thyself originated from thee; and yet thou hadst origin to every thing, be good or evil, and yet thou never didst exist, not even in idea, till thou wast before anything; and yet thou hast nothing; yet if thou shouldst obtain, thou must cease for want of an opposite. Thou hast nothing to hope, nor nothing to fear, and yet thou art no deity; nor art thou without expectation, and without demand.—Thou hast nothing to pay, nor nothing to receive, and without expectation, and without demand. Therefore thou art self-indebted, and the several nothings mount to an infinite amount, nor will be demanded. Therefore thou art self-indebted, and the several nothings amount to an infinite amount, nor will be demanded.

A writer in a Ulrice paper contends that the husband has a right to chastise his wife. He ought to be married to a woman who can teach him there are serpents "to give, as well as to take."

A note for one penny, issued by the "Bank of North America," in 1788, with all the formality of a bill for $10,000, was presented to the same bank in 1829, and was paid in specie.

WITCHCRAFT.

The year 1692 has been rendered memorable in the annals of our country, by the great excitement and distress occasioned by imputed witchcraft. It was an awful time for New England. Supposed to be abroad in her dark and mysterious power, scourging the land with the judgment of God. No one but trembled before the blasphemous terrors of the invisible Destroyer, for no one was safe. It seemed as if a legion of the spirits of darkness had been set free from their prison-houses, with power to inflict the judgment of the rulers, and to sport in their wanant malice, with the happiness and the lives of the people. The stories of necromancy in the darkest ages of the world—the tales of the eastern gentils, the imaginary delineations of the poet and the romancer—were palpable in the eyes of beings as far short of the terrible realities that were performed in the open day, of New England. The pestilent blast that passes over a lane, and causes its victims, as they inhale it, to fall silently, one by one, without warning—seems but a shadow of the desolation which passed through the principal towns in Essex. The body of a woman, her broken heart and fragments of her bosom—were burned on the gallows. The mother at midnight pressed her unconscious children to her bosom—and the next day she was standing before a court of men, with her life suspended upon the breath of imagination—or barred within the walls of a prison, guarded by an armed man, as if she were about to be feared, or swinging in the gentle breeze between earth and sky—modest and defenseless woman, with thousands of faces gazng on her, and with commingling expressions of pity and imprecaions.

The father, too, returned from his work at evening, to his peaceful household—and in the morning he was lying extended on a plank, with a heavy weight pressed on his breast, till his tongue was cut from his mouth, and his soul returned to him who gave it; and all that he might be made to confess an imaginary crime. The alarm of witchcraft commenced in February, in what is called the first parish of Danvers, and extended through several of the neighboring towns. Within six months, thirteen women and six men were hung, and one man pressed to death. More than an hundred others were imprisoned.

Thou cannot be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence, and then break it. The writer has made "much ado about nothing," and as he has proved nothing, he must suffer the reproach of being the author of nothing. From the London Literary Souvenir.

AGATHA LANZI.

When I was at Florence, I was one day lounging in the gallery of Uffizi, and my eye happened to fall on a picture called "Lanzi," different the Medicean Venus was from my idea of female beauty; when, in one of the less frequented rooms, and in a situation entirely concealed, he appeared to look upon a picture, which at once riveted its gaze, and on which it—I may say—feasted for several weeks after. The picture consisted of a single figure, the portrait of a young lady of apparently from 19 to 21 years of age. She was dressed in a low gown, without cap or mantilla, and seated in the gallery apparently with the purpose of copying the face, but who keeps his picture carefully concealed. The picture was immensely favorable to the Anglo—American visitor, who had no business to be there, and who had not the slightest idea of the present collected.
about to pierce the heart of the sleeper. The artist had taken great pains with the female figure, and had succeeded far beyond my ex-

expectations. Agatha was represented in a loose night-dress of plain white. Her beautiful hair streamed down her back, confined only by a number of richly woven ribbons. Her foot, as she knelt upon the bed, was nacked; the slipper having fallen off. The position of the uplifted arm had caused the "..."
The eastern hills, was shining faintly. Then
16

Went onward, and at ev'ry step some spirit seem'd

Of one I lov'd; and scenes long since gone by

Farewell to earth!—But cease complaining thus,

And slowly—The voice of man and low

Of graves, where silence reigns, I enter'd soft

The ringlets of her hair
Reclining o'er

Of all things earthly—I approached

While here, so now in Heaven.

And with all the ransom'd saying, '• worthy

I trust e'en now she's bowing with the angels,

\[\text{Sheet, and lay me down beside thee, bidding}

To whisper " softly tread this sacred ground."']

I know not what the fields and groves.

Onward, and at ev'ry step some spirit seem'd

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celebrated a personage. He was then in the very prime of youthful manhood; and it is not some apology for his indiscretions, that he was courted and flattered by the young and beautiful. But then his wife,—why was her so ill? What be rejoiced the public ear? She speaks of her accomplished, miserable, and faithful; but then, too, there are reports that she was not all this, and many are willing to justify her separation.

With all other well-judging men, Byron disliked bigotry, and above all, religious hypocrisy; and it is the too open expression of such feelings that has stamped his name with the character of Deist and irreligionist. Byron was here much to blame; for however virtuous may have been his real feelings, it was neither prudent nor politic to give vent to them. Society has not yet arrived at that state of purity and religious humility, that it can bear to have its errors pointed out, and receive rebuke from an individual no better than themselves, and in such pointed, sarcastic terms. An ancient philosopher has said, "it is not always right to speak the truth," and it would perhaps have been better if Byron had remembered it, and followed the advice it contained. He loved his country and his fellow men as well as any one; on one occasion he said, "It is not I who hates the world—the world hates me, and so it puts the blame from its own shoulders upon mine." At one time he felt himself as an outcast from his country, and he thought, and perhaps with some justice, that she had used him ill; is it then unnatural that his affection should diminish? When he ridicules Wellington it is not his country, it is the individual. He holds in contempt the honors which were heaped upon him, who is considered by uninterested judges not to merit one half of what he had acquired. Wellington never was a great general, and when the blind enthusiasm of his countrymen raises him so high as to place him in the scale with Buonaparte, he sneers at the idea. These thoughts, it is said, he should have repressed, for the sake of his country's fame; but in his purer, and more elevated conception, he did not think that the glory of his country should rest upon such false foundations as these. It has been thought that the Gaiour, Corsair, Don Juan and Childe Harold, were the mirrors of his own character. This he expressly denies; notwithstanding which, the impartial reader cannot but discover much of that dark, deep mystery about these characters which hangs about his own. His was a proud and high-toned spirit, and it may be that he looked with too severe an eye upon the infirmities of human nature, and that hence he was more alone in "the gay hall of dance," than when roaming alone among the wild beauties of Nature. If it were so, it was brought on by domestic afflictions, and the want of some congenial spirit who could feel and see things as he did.

He thirsted after a literary fame, one of the noblest emotions of the soul, and looked forward to the hour with eagerness and honorable ambition, when he should be able to add another laurel to the already rich wreath of his country's literature. But upon his first appearance as an author into the world, he was encountered with contempt and derision. His high spirit was touched to the quick, and then came forth that bitter satire, "The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." This severe poem opened the eyes of the Critics, and set the field of fame suddenly cleared before him. In my opinion, Byron is not entitled to all the praise which this satire has acquired for him. There was too much raillery in it; and it was keener than the provocation seemed to demand. But in this he exhibited that full flow and copiousness of ideas which has always characterized his succeeding poems. He also displayed a great facility in rhyming and command of language, though we might well wish that these had been displayed on some fitter subject. In the possession of a powerful person, satire becomes a very effective offensive weapon, and although this style of writing cannot well come under the appellation of poetry, yet Horace, Butler, Byron, and an hundred others, are principally indebted to their satirical poems for their poetical fame. To Byron, satire but cleared the field which his succeeding writings cultivated.

The real quality of Byron's poetry has never yet been properly estimated; and it requires that one or two generations should pass away, that the more minute and trifling circumstances of his life may have faded into oblivion, and his name become gradually en rolled on the page of historical literary fame, before any thing like a correct standard of his poetry can be formed; such is the influence of the character of the individual upon the character of his poetry. There are some who, struck with the fine passages which appear in his works, are anxious to curl him topmost on the list of fame; while others equally extreme, will rank him among the common scribblers of the day. As yet, a medium seems never to have been thought of. He has been the author of the best and the worst of poetry. Who could believe that he who wrote Lara and Childe Harold, would write two such lines as these in the Seige of Corinth:

"Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,
Strewed the earth like broken glass."

It has been said by the friends and admirers of Byron, that the shackles of rhyme.
were no impediment to him, but here we have a lamentable case to the contrary, and oh, how many a stanza has he ruined, how many a line has he pressed into his poems, at the risk of sense and beauty, for want of sufficient attention to this point, which now stand out as rank and nauseous weeds among the beautiful flowers which grow up around them.

How negligent he was of the mechanical part of his poems, is but too evident from first to last; he seems to have depended upon the force of his Genius to gloss over all other defects. Of sense and beauty, for want of sufficient attention to this point, which now stand out as rank and nauseous weeds among the beautiful flowers which grow up around them.

It is said he never looked at Don Juan a second time, until it came from the press. I do not think he was quite so negligent as all this, for there are many lines and verses which seem to have cost him considerable trouble. At which he has labored hard to give full expression to his ideas, and even then have failed. But let it be remembered that Genius is a wayward and untractable child, and not to be forced at any desired moment, to accomplish what its possessors wish.

When we are reading Byron's poems, we find passages which seem to have been given out with the same ease as though he had been inditing a familiar epistle to some intimate friend. Generally speaking, the rhyme runs on so easily, that we scarcely notice it only as it beautifies the poem in one part more than another; and when he has fallen into a train of thought, new ideas come rushing in upon him in volumes, and then he becomes animated and sublime. In Childe Har- old's, this is more particularly obvious, when the scenes he has witnessed and wandered through so delightfully, come thronging up upon his ardent imagination, and then, too, his vigor, energy and power seem to be multiplied a hundredfold.

Observe him as he enters St. Peters at Rome. How simply he begins—the way he proceeds, his ideas swell into magnificence the moment, to accomplish what its possessor could be procured. But though in his earlier youth he seemed to value the classics but little, yet in after times classic lore and classic ground seem to have been his idols. He spent much of his time in Greece, which he seems to have adopted as his own country. He speaks of her and seems to recall her days of glory with the weariness of an enthusiast, de- flights to dwell upon the monuments of her former greatness, and laments her present fallen condition. In his contemplation of Marathon, his soul seems wrapped in melancholy, or rather by a little power of the imagination, we may easily fancy him to be one of the conquerors on that glorious field, who has returned to earth to indulge himself in lamentations over his country's fallen splendor.

—He seems to live the hour over again:—

When Marathon became a magic word,
Which uttered, to appeared,
When Marathon became a magic word,
When Marathon became a magic word
—He seems to live the hour over again:—

And when he lays the staff to rest,
When he lays the staff to rest,
—He seems to live the hour over again:—

And when he lays the staff to rest,
When he lays the staff to rest,
and his contemporaries, how marred their volumes. Need I speak of Swift and Sterne, Doctors of Divinity? Does not Byron better merit his fame than these?

*Lorenzo Grey.*

*Continued from our last.*

Weeks had elapsed and no tidings of Lorenzo had reached Isora. Rumour, with her thousand tongues, supplanted one of the chiefest sources. The first one, who had been suddenly carried back to the University, and Isora's ear was powdered with tales of falsehood and calumny, and nothing heard but what she could but doubt. The Count was ever intruding upon her solitude, and his dark and calumnious whispers served, but too well, to add a new alive the doubt she would have banished. Her mother too, who never loved her, rejoiced to see her weep; and well she knew the hidden fountain of her female pride. She swooned with rage; with her dark insinuations some tale of treachery, of treachery; and a cloud as fair as noon yet false as night. Its application was too plain, and the sensitive Isora felt her heart withering in her bosom like a flower that is blighted by the wind. The Count, sustained by the world, would break into her tears and proffer a hand stained with the blood of her idol. Although it had been purged and unstained with guilt, yet a kind of instinctive tuition warned her to fear, and her hand seemed more hated than ever.

"Isora," said he, "why not take this hand!"

"Tis hateful!" she answered, wearied by his importunity. "I am his captive, and will cherish thee--"

"No never, never!"

"Tis as fair as his, and has no other mistress."

"Isora," said her mother, "the Count has but one foot for you, and a second sighing in another's lap. I shall leave you with a man who loves as I have loved; and she closed the door behind her.

The Count would have taken Isora's hand, but she withdrew it and rose to leave the room.

"Stay, proud girl!" said he as he caught her, "I shall leave you with a man who loves as I have loved, and will cherish thee--"

"Have you a heart?" she shrieked, "as you have a heart, I have no more!"

"Tis taken!" said he as he rustled pressed it to his unhallowed lips, "and mine. Lorenzo's dead!" and he, too, followed her mother.

It needed but this to deter the Count, which had for weeks terrorized almost to its fall. When her mind, at length, awoke from its dark sleep of oblivion, and as yet but a flitting ray of light dawned upon the past, the Count, perceiving the depth of her training soul would have died. "Oh God!" she cried, as she clamped her burning brain, "aake, take this life!"

When to the Count returned to his own aparment, but he could not wait his return, "big news!" The Count had been stirring up the Baron's followers to revolt, and had so worked up a discretion that many would be learnt. Vanity to his name. The time and circumstance were peculiarly favourable. The Baron, who was a weak old man, had so brooded over the supposed misconduct of his only and favourite son, that his mind was totally unhinged for any exertion. Lorenzo was gone, and the Count had so blackened the just laurels he had lately obtained, that a Scotcartan, even to the foot of his chief's honor, could not conscientiously bear his name. Tills were abroad, too, that their young Chief, ye, dead, for blood had been seen in the grove, yet not in Lorenzo's, he ordered his death upon the Count. Malcombe had been heard repeating the truth as he did, could easily divert its course. Every thing operated favourably for its design. The Baron of Renwick, still smarting from his former defeat, was eager to join the Count and exterminate every trace of the Baron of Plinyharm. Isora, unfurled, and the command of the clan was all the Count had to shew the Baron. Lorenzo, iron and Chase, were the lawful prey to an instinctive horde. Malcombe had now come to inform his master of their prospects. A few days and the needled and brand were to be applied, and Comanche assumed the long coveted name of Chief. Even the blood and carnage by which the title was to be obtained were smiled over in sweet anticipation.

Let us again look upon the sorrowing Isora. Andrew Monteith, one of the Count's privy servants, and the same who assisted in secreting the body of Lorenzo, was her friend. His cottage was now her constant home, for Alice would talk of Lorenzo, and there she could escape theimportunity of the Count. Three days hence the Baron of Renwick will again attack the castle. He expects my assistance, and shall have it accompanied with something of the Baron's men. The life of the Baron, who has ever been a more powerful in affection, than father to you, depends upon your word. Nay, start not; that arm is now too fast to be withdrawn. Break the news to the Count, and the Baron always loved you--"

"How can I save him?" shrieked the terrified girl in a voice of entreaty, as fear for the life of her benefactor overcame, for a moment, her sense of the Count's designs.

"Be my wife!" said the calm tormentor.

"Isora shrank back, as if the name was death."

"Look there!" resumed the Count, as they approached the very spot where Lorenzo fell. "See, 'tis Lorenzo's blood! Believe you now, he's dead?" he continued, as he stirred up the leaves with his foot; but Isora heard him not. Her quick eye had caught the stain. A shriek like death burst from her heart and she knew no more. She was borne to the Cottage, in a frenzy of despair. She was too young to have met death. But nature struggles not in vain, though long. Her eyes were opened, and gave nature the victory in a little while. She knew she was in the cottage of the Count, and she lay there, in a brain, and the ringing sky said, "winner is over and gone."

"As we roamed, on a holiday, over the wide pastoral moors, to smile in the lochs and pools, unless the day were very cloudy, the song of some lark or other was still warbling aloft, and made part of our happiness. The creature could not be seen, only heard. It sustained her, for she was on the green earth. We, too, had our wings, and flew through our holiday.

**SUPERIOR VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE**

It is a trite, but certainly a true maxim, "knowledge is power." Search among your acquaintances, and discover which families have succeeded best; those bred in ignorance, and left heirs to fortunes, or those well educated, and intelligent, but poor. While the former have been despised and neglected, have not the latter risen to superior stations? The kind of possession is the tie which binds the life of his young possessor. No longer compelled to rely upon his own exertions, he makes no effort to improve his mind, or qualify himself to business; he does not understand the world, lack knowledge of passions; he listens to the screech of a song; he would drink deep of the intoxicating bow; he has because he needs it to afford it.

**REQUIRED LOVE**

What words can be more delightful to the human ear, than the unexpected effusions of affection from a benevolent woman. A gentle woman, with a heart as great as a lady whom he had long courted, and told her circumstances were so reduced, that he was actually in want of five guineas. "I am glad," she said, "to relieve you for me!" he replied in a tone of despondence, "why are you glad?" "Because," answered she, "if you want five guineas, I can give you five thousand!"

**March of Intellect—The Perfection of Imputation.**—A beggar, with an instrument as offensive to the ear as were the bag-pipes to the immortal Shakespeare, commenced his song, as he sat smoking in a house in London where a party had just sat down to dinner. Disgusted with the horrid discord, they sent a half pensee to the valet with a haint that "he might go on."—The answer was exquisite—"I never goes on under dependant! For this brilliant witticism, the beggar had a shining.

Vile and obscene expressions are the marks of an abject and groveling mind, and the corrupt overflows of a vicious heart.

Common swearing argues in a man a perverted standard of his own reputation, and is an acknowledgment of a he thinks, his bare word unworthy of credit.

Sincerity of heart and integrity of mind the great and indispensable ornaments man nature.
WRITTEN FOR THE GEN.

SONG.

Bring me, oh bring me the low-drooping
Till joy after joy, has been blighted and perish'd,
Talk not of hope, to a spirit that's breaking,
Breathe not of peace, to a soul that is waking

To have you thrown away the lives of your men? I proceeded to inquire.

Because they chose, like brave fellows, to die in hot blood, rather than be slaughtered like sheep. I only wish that I had shared their fate.

You seem to be a fellow of some mettle; what say you to becoming one of us? I replied, I should be justified in pretending to become one of you and watching my opportunity to blow you up. But I had rather die this instant than spend another hour in such society. You are the off-scout—of all creation—the vilest miscreants that I have ever beheld. The most consummate scoundrels—

We have a spirit in some of these Yankees. This fellow, for instance, possessed courage, he might have rivalled myself, but for the absurd prejudices in which he was brought up. Pity it is, thought I, that such noble spirits should perish in the merchant service!

A GREEK MARRIAGE.

Greek marriages are generally celebrated in the night. I attended one at nine o'clock in the evening, not at the church, but at the house of the bridegroom. In the front of a sofa, on which places were assigned for the bride and bridegroom, there was a kind of altar. The bride was brought from her dwelling by the friends of the bridegroom, and on her arrival was placed on the sofa; but was soon conducted by females to an adjoining room, from whence she was led back by her intended husband. They took their places on one side of the table, which I had called the altar, and the priests on the other side.

There were wax lights on the table, and the priest had two young boys as his attendants, to assist him in chanting or singing the service. There were five men, who stood round the table with lighted candles in their hands, and a female stood by the side of the bride.

When the priest put the rings on the fingers of the pair, (for there were two rings used,) the five men in turn changed them twice.

THE GEM: A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL.

THE GREEK CAPTAIN.

By a British Officer.

Three days after we left the American frigate, we fell in with a merchantman, whose captain had the insolence to decline surrendering, and actually fired upon us with a misdirected volley. As he was under a press of sail, with a heavy sea going, the shot did not do much damage; but determined me to continue the pursuit.

After a chase of three hours, we came alongside, and let the gentleman have a broadside, which appeared to occasion some confusion on his deck, as we had charged our guns with grape shot and musket balls. The obstinate Yankee refused to surrender, and returned our fire with three guns loaded also with grape; which killed one of our men, and wounded three more. I then gave orders for grappling and boarding, and, as is my usual practice, led the boarders myself.

On reaching the deck, I was astonished to find only five men standing; the rest of the crew being all killed or wounded, and lying scattered about the deck, their glazed eyes turned towards the heavens, and their stiffening hands still clenching their weapons.

I had little leisure, however, at this moment, for observing these matters, for the survivors met us resolutely, and two of my fellows were knocked on the head with hand-spikes in the act of boarding.

I encountered the captain hand to hand, sword to cutlass. He attacked me with the greatest fury, and manifested a full determination to sell his life dearly. Never did my skill in fencing stand me in better stead. Iwards his desperate thrusts till he was fairly out of breath, and then struck the cutlass out of his hand. At the same instant, some men having disposed of the remainder of the crew, were hastening to my assistance. A man named Captain's head. I struck it away—being desirous to learn the motives of his unusual behaviour. Two men, by my order, held him by the arms, while I questioned him.

"Why did you not surrender, sir?" inquired I.

"Because I knew that I was about to fall into the hands of a set of merciless ruffians, and was determined to full fighting," replied he, throwing off at the same instant, one of the men who held him, and endeavoring to snatch a machete from the other. He was seized again, and I had some difficulty in preventing the men from despatching him instantaneously.

He was thrown upon the deck in the scuffle which ensued, and four men held him in a prostrate condition, each man firmly grasping a limb.

"Why have you thrown away the lives of your men?" I proceeded to inquire.

"Because they chose, like brave fellows, to die in hot blood, rather than be slaughtered like sheep. I only wish that I had shared their fate.

"You seem to be a fellow of some mettle; what say you to becoming one of us?" he replied, I should be justified in pretending to become one of you and watching my opportunity to blow you up. But I had rather die this instant than spend another hour in such society. You are the off-scout—of all creation—the vilest miscreants that I have ever beheld. The most consummate scoundrels—

We have a spirit in some of these Yankees. This fellow, for instance, possessed courage, he might have rivalled myself, but for the absurd prejudices in which he was brought up. Pity it is, thought I, that such noble spirits should perish in the merchant service!

The buoyant, tho' sparkling, was mingled with hope's golden chain now is sever'd and gone;

For his blood was mingled with the tears of my heart—

In this dark hour of bitterness—

And to eternity's deep wave I tell me not of earthly bliss,

In my dark spirit's wanderings.

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Then a kind of wreath or crown, was put on each of their heads. The five persons changed them twice; and it is thought an ill omen if they should happen to fall to the ground in changing them. The priest cut some bread. The bride ate one of it, but the bridegroom twice, to shew superiority, I suppose. A glass of wine was poured out. The bride drank once; and the bridegroom twice. The remainder was handed back to some young men in the company, who drank it. After much chanting or singing, a kind of shawl or scarf was thrown over the heads of the married pair, hanging down the left side of the bride, and on the right side of the bridegroom: the two being led by the priest, they walked around the table three times, followed by the five men with candles. At this time they sang in a more lively manner, and with this the ceremony concluded. The relations and friends then embraced the wedded pair; and the company, which was very numerous, began to disperse. Before the ceremony, beverages, cakes, with sweetmeats, were given to the company.

NOCTURNAL FIGHT WITH A LION.

From Hardy's Travels in Mexico.

A number of lions are met with among the hills of California, and they are said to be very ferocious. A former commandant of this province, in the year 1821, was travelling near the gulf of Molaxe, the western side of which passes the road from San Diego, whence he had come; and finding it impossible, from the lateness of the hour, to reach his lodgings before morning; he resolved upon sleeping in one of the valleys near the shore. His two sons, youths of sixteen and eighteen, accompanied him. The father, being apprehensive of lions, which he knew to be plentiful among the mountains, slept with a son on either side of him, characterly supposing, that if one of these animals should approach the party during the night, he would certainly attack the person on the outside. About midnight a wandering lion found out the retreat of the trio, and without his approach being perceived, he leaped upon the father, in whose body he inserted his teeth and claws, and with mane and tail erect, proceeded therewith to devour him. The two boys, moved by the cries and sufferings of their father, grappled the lion manfully, who, finding his prize contested, became furious. The combat was most bloody. After being dreadfully lacerated, the two brothers were set upon by the enemy, but unhappily for them, not soon enough to save their father; and the afflicted boys were left to lament his death and their own severe wounds. They both, with difficulty, survived; and are, I understand, still living in California, although dreadfully looking objects—the features of one of them being nearly obliterated.

He who, in passion of right, virtue, or duty, sets himself above all ridicule, is truly great, and shall laugh in the end with truer mirth than ever he was laughed at.

Be sure that every knave is a fop or a coward, yet honest men plant a stake over against him.
ENGRAVINGS.

We have made arrangements for three or four Copperplate Engravings for this volume of the Gem. One of them will be a view of the Genesee Falls, at Rochester, and the scaffold from which the unfortunate Patch made his "last leap," as advertised in vol. 1st. No extra price will be charged. Our terms will remain as they were, $1.50 per annum.

Mr. James G. Brooks, formerly editor of the New-York Morning Courier, is now associated with Mr. Robert Vives, and will be the editorial organizer of the Craftsman. Mr. Brooks is known for some time, before the public, and his talents are universally acknowledged to have placed him among the first of our literary mistresses. Mr. Brooks, too, we suppose, as "Northernboy," will support the literary columns of that paper.

Mr. Henry O'Reilly, who has been the editor of the Daily Advertiser since its commencement in this village, has retired from the editorial chair, and we understand, that he contemplates withdrawing entirely, from political life. Mr. O'R. will carry with him the best wishes of this community, whom he has served with fidelity and zeal for several years.

Mr. Hester Stevens of this village, has become editor and joint proprietor with Mr. Tucker, in the publication of the Advertiser and Republican. Mr. S. is a man of talents—and is second to the late editor, only in editorial experience.

FROM THE CRAFTSMAN.

"Erie," or what is Erie, and where is Erie? inquires one of our correspondents. We know the beautiful flower decorated our pages but once, and it is hardly more than a bud that had blown away, and bloomed in another soil without its name.

The following description of Havana in the island of Cuba, will be read with interest.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are happy to hear again from the pen of "W. H. W." He has our thanks for his present valuable communication, and hope that his pen will not lie idle. Will he not again awake his muse?

"A Reminiscence" of "Z." are beauties. We accept his kind offer. His favour will repay us in our next. The partial favour of "Honeysuckle," in our last, the writer in that notice evidences of genius. We hope he will preserve them.

"To a friend in his village," says, "he is good about 19 if fit for god." His article is too long for the subject. He must try again.

The notice of "Aurelia," is entirely destitute of poetry, and the notices of "E. Dou" are not up to the mark. What he asks is "Pium," a visible spur of greatness.

Our correspondent "Theresa," has a visible spur of greatness. Are we never to hear again from "Laura," "Anna," nor "Elizabeth S."

Central Library of Rochester and Monroe County - Historic Serials Collection

The future greatness of the American empire no prescience can foretell. Prophecy is impotent in tracing out its greatness; and should no unforeseen, no unanticipated event befal it, the American banner must proudly float from the shores of the Pacific, over ten thousand cities, and its only barrier be ocean's everlastings waves. The kingdoms and empires of Europe, dislodged by the gorgeousness of the American sun, will crumble to atoms by the side of this great Republic.

迢他们的日长了：在我们之间，无路可走；
It's history will terminate only when time shall cease, and its fame will be told in eternity.

The Natchez Galaxy gives to a correspondent a very pleasant effect.

"The part you stole I like the best."

Go on, don’t fear, and steal the rest."

Drunk.—Rarely drink but when thou art dry—sweeten the head and the cooler the blood, which are great benefits in temper and business—

The advantages of a straightforward course.

The Gem will be published every other Saturday, in quarto form, and paid for binding. It will be accompanied with no index and will be sold per copy, 

One of the quizzical students, in order to avoid the usual salutation, said—"Please to take a chair, Mr. Professor.

The time in advance, behind him hides his wings, and seems to creep, decrepit with his age: but his harp, for all to see, is there in the leading corner for every human woe.—Hannah Moore.

The hand that swept shall sweep no more,

But it was again in garments newly dress’d.

In former days there was a professor in one of our New-England colleges, who was re-markable for moderation in all that he said or did. One of the quizzical students, in order to caricature this character, so far as words can caricature, told the following story.

The story is such—he was driving his oxen during a thunder-storm, when the lightning struck the hemlock, and running round the trap, which was very winding, found its way to the ground. "But said he, that bow fell all, and reached the ground six feet high!"

On hearing this, the other averred that he had no doubt of the truth of the story. For, said he, I cut the same tree for the owner, and split it into rails: but they were so winding and crooked that they could not lie still—

As quick as lightning.—There used to be a man in Durham, who often boasted that his oxen had been maimed by lightning. The story is this—he was driving his oxen in a thunder-storm, when the lightning attracted the ring and staple, struck them to the ground, and the bows fell out, and the oxen, being separated, and terribly frightened, scampered away, believing like mad.

ON SPENDING TIME.

Time, in advance, hides his wings, and seems to creep, decrepit with his age: but his harp, for all to see, is there in the leading corner for every human woe.—Hannah Moore.

The hand that swept shall sweep no more,

BREVITY OF LIFE.

A few more days be sung and o’er,


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LIST OF AGENTS.

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ROCHESTER, JUNE 12, 1830.

VOL. II.

NO. 4.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

WHERE SHALL THE BROKEN-HEARTED Flee?
Bright world, thou art not now the stay
Unto the crush'd in soul;
Though gathering hope from day to day,
They never reach the goal—
Where shall the broken spirit seek
To thee, fair world—no, not to thee.
Where shall the troubled spirit seek
In thee a place of rest—
Thy shining beauties only speak
A fleeting thing at best.
We must not turn, if hope we'd see,
To thee, fair world—no, not to thee.
But, there is, to the crush'd in soul,
And to the broken heart,
And to the bow'd spirit, now, a goal.
Far better than thou art.
Bright Inez, thou art the boon—and we
Should turn to thee—to thee—

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

INEZ.
It was sunset at Venice—there soft, voluptuous
hour, which in Italy seems more like an
evening in paradise, than that which is earth-
y'; and every thing was silent and repos-
ing—each fluttering flower was quiet, and
the breathing of the wind was hushed, as if
a sound or stir in this most hallowed hour,
was sacrilege. Inez sat alone, in an apartment
fitted up with almost regal splendour, yet
was sacrilege. Inez sat alone, in an apartment
fitted up with almost regal splendour, yet
was hallowed, by a supernatural being, denominated
hand, and been
members of having heard that the animal
all bowed on Christmas night at the dead
hour of 12—or recollects the thousand stories
of ghosts, witches, and things that imparted a
mysterious horror to the imagination. There
is in the memory of every person living, who
has arrived to maturity, a dark spot, around
which plays all the spectre-imagery of child-
ish superstition—and which, when reverted
to, will present the mind with the figures,
or horrid, or beautiful, as perfect as when
first formed. Some of these superstitions fol-
low men to their graves—and it is not un-
frequent at this day, to hear men calculating
from signs, or attempting to effect causes, or
predict evil or good by authority of some tra-
dition which has crept into belief from their
forefathers, and which has its foundation in
mystery and error.

In Durham, in the year 17—there were many
families that lived peaceably and quietly,
and had not received as truth, the thou-
sand superstitious notions, that creep into
the mind, in the absence, or for want of some-
thing better. Many were the nights on which
some of the neighbors would assemble; and
never would they break up without a dish of
the marvellous and horrid. The comet that
plained each night in the heavens, was the
harbinger of woe, of blood and carnage.
Witches were believed in, woe to all the
wonder appertaining to their power. The mind
untought is strongest in the things of error,
particularly if those errors be clothed in a su-
pernatural garb. But our good friends of D
did not many of them fall below mediocrity,
and, at least, there is the wonder more that
they should have been led to believe in
"strange dreams."

Harry Daniel was a superannuated old ped-
er. He had, in his life-time, to use his own
words, "travelled over all creation, this side
of Europe," and had peddled off more "wood-
en nutmegs," "horn gun-flints," and "bass-
wood cucumber seeds" than a whole life of
his stories were generally
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WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LEGENDS OF OLD TIME.
Every body knows something about old
times—some superstitious belief has been
fastened upon the memory by those who watched
over his own blood, or those who were his com-
panions in youth, that clings to him with all
the faithfulness of a reality. Who is there
now living, but recollects when he believes
that his stocking was filled on a Christmas
eve, by a supernatural being, denominated
Santacruis or St. Nicholas;—who but re-

Central Library of Rochester and Monroe County · Historic Serials Collection
and that he might count his ill-gotten gold, and continue to be a welcome guest among the inhabitants, was the very end for which he cared to live. But his routine of unheard-of stories, served but to plant an error in the minds of the inhabitants of D. The progress of error in the mind is never stationary; and therefore the minds of the people of D. had ere long become ripe for the reception of the foulest bugbear that ever haunted the disordered brain of folly and fanaticism.

A ghost was at length announced as having been heard to pour forth its nocturnal howlings from a morass near the village. It flew on the wind, until almost every house was wondering what it could mean. Harry Daniel, was, at this peculiar crisis, a very welcome visitor. He had heard his ghostship, and he verily believed that it was the spirit of some mortal who fell by the hand of the infernal Kidd. Night after night the ghost held his court of complaint, and hurried the night-breeze with his undying moans! A reward was finally offered to any one who would enter the morass, and persuade the evil spirit to reck his vengeance upon a community more offending and more impious. What an idea! to think of sending a ghost among a community not fortified by any trust in a higher power against a spirit which they acknowledged awed the soul of the just! Harry Daniel heard of the reward and forthwith prepared himself for an interview with the Ghost.

It was night—a dark cloud hung near the horizon, where the sun just set, and it portended a frightful storm. On that night Harry Daniel was nearest the morass. The night closed in, and the thick darkness was not more general than the unbroken silence thro' cut all Durham. The wail of the spirit was again heard, and Harry entered the morass.

A thunderstorm scarce less terrible than that which shall rend and sever the earth at last, accompanied with an earthquake, that night passed over the land. Harry Daniel never returned! The scattered remains of his hut were found the next day, and the hat and shoes which he wore were found thrown into the open space in the gable-end.

Here ends a tradition that has been handed down from family to family, for more than one hundred and fifty years—and is yet told as a perfect recollection of the past. She knew not what, and Alice, as if to prompt her, whispered some tallisman in her ear.

"Merciful God!" shrieked the fainting girl, as she fell upon the cold marble before her.

She faced pressed, for a moment, that holy altar, but the Count, overcoming an avve he never knew before, raised the lifeless girl in his arms, and would have pressed her lips, but they were too cold for even his embrace.

They moved, but not a sound escaped, and Alice thought the dead was whispering to its guardian angel. The Count urged the ceremony and would have promised for her, but the monk was gone!

"True," said the Baron of Plinlimmon.

"Renwick is a fool. So soon after being beaten—he must have a peculiar love of fighting. See that the men are all in readiness."

"They are waiting upon their arms," said Count Blaint, as he withdrew. He had barely closed the door when, at another, a servant entered.

"My Lord!" said he, "Blaint is your enemy!"

"How so?"

"He is a traitor!"

"'Tis false, scoundrel!"

"Look here, my lord!" and he presented a letter. It was addressed to Renwick, and in these words—

"Plinlimmon suspects nothing. Half his men will revolt with me. Preserve our plans and all is safe."

"Blaint!"

"Call back the traitor!" said the Baron—but the Count was gone.

"Renwick is here!" said the servant again bursting into the room.

"Then this hand must wield its weapon," said the Baron as he left the room to marshal his men. Indignation seemed to have taken away the last ten years of his life, as he appeared before his men. The Count had drawn them up, but for himself there was no more to be seen. Plinlimmon's voice was firm, and it was his orders, calm. Renwick was in sight, and his clan moved on all the sure of victory.
Already were they half drunk with their anticipated victor. Plinlimmon at the head of his men, firmly awaited their approach.

They were drawn up in front of the Castle, and each seemed, at least, ready to defend it. Renwick at the head of his men led the attack. The onset was furious, but manfully resisted, and Renwick with his clasp was giving way, when Blaint appeared at his side.—A blast from his horn, which was the preconcerted signal, sounded through the air and was echoed by Malcomb. In an instant that part of Plinlimmon's men who formed the left wing, with Malcomb at their head, threw down their arms and fled. Renwick, who had almost despaired of the Count's assistance, now received new vigour and shouted to his men. He had engaged the Baron of Plinlimmon, while the Count was urging on his men. Plinlimmon's strength was not the vigour of youth, and his weak arms refused their aid. His men were retreating to the Castle, when their progress was arrested by the monk, whose cowl and mantle had been thrown aside, madly hastening to their assistance and wielding the bright brand of war.

"Lorenzo lives!" shouted the monk, whose cowl and mantle had been thrown aside, madly hastening to their assistance and wielding the bright brand of war.

"Does he live?" asked Alice entering with the frantic Isora upon her arm.

"He does!" again shouted Andrew, "see his eyes are opened!

Isora met his sickly glance—he knew the look—he lived!

**LOTHAIR**

**DON'T BE DISCOURAGED**

If in the outset of life, things should not go on smoothly, do not despair. The hopes we cherish of the future are realized. The path of life in the prospect, appears smooth and level enough, but when we come to travel it, we find it rough. The journey is a laborious one, and whether poor or rich, high or low, we shall find it to our disappointment. We have but one passion to endure cheerfully what must be, and elbow our way as easily as we can, hoping for little, yet striving for much, for an uncertain plan. But if occasionally you should slip by the way, and your neighbours turn over you a little, or in other words don't let a failure or accident happen when you are going through smooth and level enough, things will sometimes be made; things often turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be surprised to find that fortune is like the skies in April, sometimes clouded, and sometimes clear and favorable, and it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun because to-day is stormy, so it will be equally unsafe to sink into despondency, when for tomorrow, as in the common course of things, she may surely be expected to smile again.

**WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.**

**NATURAL WORKS.**

When we undertake to contemplate the vast realities of unexplored Nature, and turn our thoughts towards the immensities existing within immensity, we are overwhelmed, not struck with a kind of intellectual awe.

The magnifying inventions of inquisitive men inform us there yet exists beyond the reach of human knowledge, multitudes of living beings all existing, which are the source of all our knowledge, and the subject of which we know nothing. The magnifying inventions of inquisitive men inform us that the invention is impossible and that all our knowledge is confined to the inhabited region of the "outer sphere of life." The fur on the surface of the fig contains in reality, myriads of interesting and full of life beings, but nothing more than living wholes of these reptiles. The inside of a hedgehog, contains serpents, apparently two feet long, and is a labyrinth of life, and the whole of these reptiles, The inside of a human hair is the abode of a singular race of animals, as full of life and vigor as those outside. The egg, contains serpents, apparently two feet long, and is a labyrinth of life, and the whole of these reptiles, The inside of a human hair is the abode of a singular race of animals, as full of life and vigor as those outside.

**WRITTEN FOR THE GEM**

**THE CRY OF "LORENZO LIVES!"**

The cry of "Lorenzo lives!" reached the interior of the Castle where Isora had been conveyed, and started from its depths. Isora, half dazed, raised her head and looked in the direction from which the cry came. Suddenly she saw Lorenzo, and her quick eye was first to find him. She still lay motionless upon the Count's dead body—her hand feebly grasping the dagger which still pierced the young heart—blood oozed from his bosom, and she saw no more. Andrew caught her falling form to her knees. Lorenzo raised the sword which his son, and bore it to the Castle. All were weeping over the bloodstained body, when Andrew shouted "he lives! he lives! his lip just moved. See," pointing to Lorenzo's breast, "it is his first wound broke forth afresh. Twas here the Count struck him, but the dagger failed. I drew it out, conveyed him to my cot, and saved his life. A monk's habit has, till now, concealed him."

"Does he live?" asked Alice entering with the frantic Isora upon her arm.

"He does!" again shouted Andrew, "see his eyes are opened!

Isora met his sickly glance—he knew the look—he lived!

**LOTHAIR.**

** permutations.** The Academy of Sciences at Paris has voted that they will have nothing to do with pretended discoveries of perpetual motion; they have decided that the invention is impossible, and that all attempts at discovery are mere waste of time.
A young merchant whom we shall call Morton, was united, a few years since, to a most amiable girl, whom he sincerely loved, and who returned his affections with all the warmth and ardor his many virtues deserved.

At the time of their nuptials, Mr. M.'s business was lucrative and apparently increasing, so that he could indulge in reasonable anticipations not only of eventual independence, but also of attaining that desirable end without denying himself and family the fashionable gratifications of the day.

Accordingly, he furnished his house in a style of considerable elegance, kept several servants, and in other respects conducted his family arrangements on a liberal scale, and which his forefathers would perhaps, have deemed idle extravagance. His wife, too, having nothing to do credit to her husband, and her affections to her children, and the scales mounted heavily upon his spirits.

The Lyre, upon life's pathway hung,
By nature's inspiration strung;
The Lyre, upon life's pathway hung,
By nature's inspiration strung.

HORACE.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE.

There was a time too, when such a general prosperity pervaded this country, that prudence seemed almost to justify extravagance. But these times have gone by, and on those countenances where formerly beams of hope and independence, now sat disappointment and despair. No longer could the merchant engage in schemes of enterprise, for he saw that the more extensive was his business, the more extensive were his losses. No longer could he place reliance on the stability of his neighbors, for experience taught him to daily employ his capital, not to gratefully acknowledge the favor of others, but rather make it the occasion of increasing his fortune, and, if possible, to gratify his taste, than to regard extra-avenging. But still the storm howled only without the dwelling of domestic peace—it had not yet wounded the merchant in his tenderest concerns. Soon, however, Mrs. M. saw the gloom that misfortune was gathering on her husband's brow, and which neither her own affectionate solicitude, nor his children's portive playfulness could chase away. Day after day passed, and she sighed in silence. At length she extorted from him the cause of his dejection, and learned that his business had declined, and that he had sustained multiplied losses, which had deprived him of nearly all his earnings. There are women, and those whom the world calls women of sense too, who would have contented themselves with sympathizing with their husbands and supposing that by affectionately sharing his regrets, that they discharged their duty; not such a woman was Mrs. M.

She then dined with her husband's misfortunes; but that feeling was an active principle, which prompted her to do what she had in her power to do, to relieve him, and to commence a system of reform, retained only a single servant, her table was not as before loaded with luxuries, and the wine was banished from the side-board. Her two children were neatly but simply dressed, and she gazed upon them with more heartfelt delight than when covered with ribbons, and expensive useless finery. She applied herself to domestic avocations with unabated diligence, and carried economy into every department of her household.

All this was not done, however, without the opposition, and in some instances, the sneers of her acquaintances, but happily the suggestions of pride and indolence fell harmless on the ears of Mrs. M.; for she weighed them against her duty to her husband, and her affection to her children, and the scales mounted high in the air. Her husband in the mean time, although he would have perished rather than have proscribed such a conduct, saw her thus employed, with a new delight springing from his heart; and in his approbation she found once a reward for past exertion, and an additional incitement for new. From the much decreased expenses of his family, he was encouraged still to struggle against misfortune, and his business began to revive; and although he cannot as before anticipate speedy wealth, yet from the prudent care of his wife, and his own industry and application, brighter prospects are daily opening to his view. To his partner he is now attached by a new and tender tie of affection, for he has seen that she can share and alleviate the distress of adversity, as well as adorn and dignify the most prosperous station. Happy, happy M., who has such a wife, and thrice happy and thrice noble, when covered with ribbons, and expensive useless finery. She then dined with her husband's face, when, by a sudden toss of her head, she threw the plum cake on the ground; and if it fall forward, it is an omen that the next harvest will be good; if backward, that it will be unfavorable. This is the ceremony at the commencement of the rural feast, which is generally prolonged till the following morning.

The vanity of young men, in loving fine clothes and new fashions, and valuing themselves by them is one of the most childlike pieces of folly that can be, and the occasion of great profusion and undoing of young men. Avoid curiosity, and too much expensesiveness in your apparel; be comely, plain, decent, cleanly, not curios, nor costly; it is the sign of a weak head-piece to be sick for every new fashion, or to think himself the better in it, or the worse without it.—Sir Matthew Hale.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

In the time of the cel court, the faces of the Parisian ladies were spotted with patches, and plastered with rouge. Lord Chesterfield, when he was at Paris, was asked by Voltaire, if he did not think some French ladies, then in company, whose cheeks were fashionably tinted, very beautiful; "Excuse me," said Lord Chesterfield, "from giving my opinion, for I have no judge of paintings."
WRITING FOR THE GEM.

REMINISCENCES.

Winter’s stern hands were broken—his crimson blasts
Long headed pass’d off, while gentle Spring
Again resumes her station, and dexterous
Soft nature with a genial blossoming.

Hail to thy dolorous balmy breeze,
While the full-blooming apple, peach and pear,
Shed dores sweet, fresh mingling with the air
To thy ‘busy hum!’ The warbling throng,
Four forth their lays to thee in merry song
And man no less the woody work of God,
Feals a foamy spirit’s food
His mental faculties. Here then let’s cliame,
A song of social, sentimental rhyme.

I love to sol’s forth in the morn,
When nature’s works look shene;
When the morning sun shines on a
And the forest trees are green—
When the violet blue, with its tincture hue,
Sparkles more while the dew is on;
And the wealke sky is ting’d on high;
From the rays of the sun shine.
When the morning breeze does blow,
When a warmer clime comes on;
’Tis of times like this, and of scenes like these,
That my memory hangs upon.

And I love to ramble through the wood,
Indulging a thought in pleasant mood.
On a bright and sunny day;
When dewdrops which have winter’s blasts with
Passed the day in May—
They surrounded the humble abode without
And gave words in explanation of
The grave, and who has
And, the gates of heaven;

The Anchoret:
A Legend of the Old French War.

It was midnight—not a breath of air ruf
The calm waters of Lake George,
On whose calm bosom the stars shone like
Ocean-diamonds, when a small skiff, guid
By one man, slowly approached the rocky
Shore where the British army lay encamped.
The Surgeon—one of the soldiers—--and another
Who were stationed at a short distance from the beach, and they both simultaneously exclaimed in a low tone, “The anchoret! there some anchoret!”

The anchoret! there some anchoret!”
And no other answer was given to the soldiers—then the anchoret was seen to start off, and the soldiers were scattered in all directions, and the anchoret was seen to start off, and the soldiers were scattered in all directions.

The anchoret! there some anchoret!”

And the anchoret was seen to start off, and the soldiers were scattered in all directions.

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And the anchoret was seen to start off, and the soldiers were scattered in all directions.
In looking over our communications the following, from our general, we have a request that it should be published soon. It was undoubtedly written on the loss of a friend, and we hope no injury is done by the delay in its appearance.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

RETROSPECTION.

Oh! where are the friends of my childhood’s gay hours?
Who wond’r’d with me ‘mong the spring’s verdant bowers—
Oh! where are the smiles that delighted me there?
The young and the sprightly, the fond and the fair?
Where is that enchantment which could beguile
A dull tedious hour—that liv’d in the spring?
On fair ADEL’s cheek—and the sparkling blue eye,
Oh! where are the smiles that delighted me there?

There are many situations in life that men are placed in, which will bring forth talent, strength, courage, and industry, which himself and others deemed totally at variance with his nature. I am one whose life has been a scene of peace and quietness. No quarrel, no dispute ever rendered it necessary for me to call forth moral and physical strength, both of which now Ipossess, at least the quest that it should be published soon. It was un

similar feelings have been mine ere you arrived, from what cause I cannot imagine.

The evening passed delightfully away;
my young hostess was intelligent and lovely;
the hours passed so quickly, that on looking at my watch, I was surprised to find it was six o’clock.
This was the signal for retiring, and by twelve every inmate of the house was probably asleep, save myself. I could not sleep; strange visions floated across my brain, and I lay turning and twisting on the bed, in all the agony of sleepless suspense.
The clock struck one—it’s last vibrating sound had scarcely died away, when the opening of a shutter, and the raising of a storm in one of the lower apartments, convinced me some one was entering the house.
A noise followed as of a person jumping from the window sill to the floor, and then followed the light and almost noiseless step of one ascending the stairway. I slept in the room the one occupied by the lady; mine was next the staircase; the step came along the gallery slow and catious. I had seized my pistol, and slipped on part of my clothes, determined to watch or listen to movements seemingly mysterious or suspicious; the sound of the step stopped at my door, then followed one as of the applying the ear to the key hole, and a low breathing convinced me the villain was listening, I stood motionless, the pistol firmly grasped. Not a muscle seemed to move, nor a vessel was that particular sound heard. I started, and, thus, gave the repetition—it came not—till the very repetition of the sound was heard.

As I made a step forward, I found the door of my chamber: I now went to the bed, and seemed an angel of the white cloud?

From the Mechanics’ Free Press.

AN ADVENTURE.

BY JETER SINGLE.

There are many situations in life that men are placed in, which will bring forth talent, strength, courage, and industry, which himself and others deemed totally at variance

An undisturbed scene of peace and quietness?
The clock struck one—its last vibrating sound caused him to effect its purpose. The servant slow

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THE GEM: A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL.

offer any violence. They were seventy strong, and well armed; and when they arrived at the Prairie, they were joined by thirty Menonimies, and then proceeded down the river in pursuit of the Foxes, who lay below. This morning they all returned, and reported that they had killed 10 of the Foxes, and two Squaws. I saw all the scalps, and other trophies which they had taken; such as canoes, tomahawks, knives, guns, war clubs, spears, &c. A paddle was raised by them in the air, on which was strung the band of a squaw and the scalp of a chief. They killed the Chief of the Fox nation, and took from them all the treaties which the nation had made since 1815. I saw them, and read such as I wished. One Sioux killed and three wounded, was all the loss of the Northern party. The women were joined with the Sioux and Menonimies, and the Potawatomies joined with the Sucks and Foxes. We shall have a great battle in a day or so. —* N. Y. Spectator.

At Lisbon, a letter of March 13th, an executi-o worthy of the hottest days of the Inquisition took place here on Monday last, inflicted on five unfortunate men convicted of sacrilege committed in Madeira. They were sentenced to be burned, and the body crucified into the sea; and this was performed on the quay of Sodre. Three of them were drawn thither sowed in a bull's hide; and all the refinements of cruelty were exerted in their execution, which lasted five hours. It is asserted that this auto-da-fe is intended to open the way to the restoration of the Inquisition, which is incessantly demanded by the apostatical party.

**Beauties of Imprisonment for Debt.—** Saturday last, being return day, upwards of twenty persons were committed to jail in this town for debt, on executions. This is the residuum of the shocks of 1839. Among the debtors are many of our most worthy fellow citizens. One of them, Capt. Samuel Godfrey, is now eighty-six years of age, with the loss of hearing and nearly bent double by infirmities. He is committed too, not for a debt of his own, but for having been an en- dorser. We bow in the feelings of a creditor who thus exacts the pound of flesh, at an age too when the sources of life are so dried up that he might venture to cut it out without the risk of drawing a drop of blood.—* Providence Daily Advertiser.*

Ohio window Glass in England.—The Commercial Advertiser of Cincinnati says that a letter recently received in that City from a merchant in Liverpool, states the remarkable fact, that he has in his warehouse in Liverpool, one hundred boxes of 8 by 10 window Glass, made on the banks of the Ohio!

It is stated in the town of China Genesee county, where, a short time ago, there were three distilleries, there are now none; that no grocer or merchant of that place will sell spirits; that two of the tavernkeepers will not furnish it at the bar, and that 350 of the inhabitants are members of a temperance society.—* Rochester Daily Advertiser.*

John Newton, though so dry in alge- bra and rote learning, could not readily make out the meaning of a skipper's vocabulary; but when he was made master of the Mint, he found it easy to get somebody to make out his account for him.

What slyly thought can feed that carried bird of pride, which roosts during the night, and time of ignorance in the ungenerate heart of man.—*Rowland Hill's Village Dialogues.*

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**Rochester, Saturday, June 12, 1830.**

Engravings.—Our next number will contain an Engraving.

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We have sent our draft of the Falls &c. to Philadelphia for the purpose of having it engraved. It will not, probably, be finished until near the middle of the second quarter.

If we conclude "Lorenzo Grey" in this number. It is a tale of the first cast, and our readers would do well to take it up from the beginning. We rec- ognize that it could not have been published entire in one number, but unavoidable circumstances prevent the author from furnishing it at once.

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**Foul Play.**—A son of Mr. — near this village, a few days since, amused himself by tying strings around the necks of some geese, and tossing them on the canal, by means of which some of them were drowned.

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The Ariel.—Our friends will recollect that we are agents for the above paper. A specimen of the work can be seen by calling on us.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Theresa," and "Anna," are again welcome to our columns. Their admissions will soon find a place in our columns.

The budget from "Z.* is received, and will go en- tire.

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From the Philadelphia Album.

**PASSION.**

Nothing, perhaps, is more revolting to a sensitive individual, than to behold a woman in a passion. Habituated, as we are to think the gentle being who shall soothe the firmities. He is committed too, not for a debt of his own, but for having been an en- dorser. We envy not the feelings of a cred-

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From the Boston Recorder.

**LOSS OF THE PACKET SHIP BOS- TON.**

This fine ship, belonging to the Boston and Liverpool line of packets, commanded by Capt. H.C. Mackay, was struck by lightning, on the night of the 25th ult. while on her pas- sage from Charleston to Liverpool, and burnt, with her cargo, which consisted of Cotton. The passengers and crew saved themselves in the ship's boats, and with the exception of a lady who died from the injuries she received, were taken up two days after, and arrived at this port yesterday. A- mong the passengers were Admiral Sir Isaac Coflin, and Dr. William Coats.

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From the Boston Gazette.

**A Solid Compliment.**—We understand last evening that Admiral Sir Isaac Coflin, after landing from the brig Camilla yesterday, auth- orised his agent in this city to present Capt. Newton with a check for five hundred dol- lar.

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West Point Temperance Society.—*A Tem- perance Society has been formed at West Point, consisting of thirty-four members, embrac- ing almost all the detachment of the United States Troops stationed at that place, and most of the mechanics and laborers. —ib.*

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Genesee Bank.—There is a prospect that this Bank will go into opera-
THE PLAGUE.

And they passed, and they passed, seven all in a row.

Then, after the death, and children, and all, who were infected.

One grave all meats—all, a grave in the snow.

And the blast blew still, and the drift did drive.

After the account of the manner in which the great plague, in the time of Edward the Third, was introduced into England, the Crescent, in his narrative of the public transactions and of the story of the burial, to the ravages of that extraordinary pestilence.

In its malignancy, he says, "it engrossed the ill of all other maladies, and made doctors despicable. Of a potency equal to the public transactions and of the story of burial.

The touch, yea, the very death, it possessed itself of all his armour—his mortals. The touch, yea, the very death, it possessed itself of all his armour—his mortals.

In happiness at their meals, have seen the. The wagon is filling and waiting nigh.

Wild places were wild places, and built their nests in the mute belfries: silence was universal, even in the streets of London. Where silence, and every person in the street for a moment stood still; and London was as dumb as a churchyard.

Again the sound of a hallow'd bell was heard, for it was that sound, so long remembered, which arrested the fugitive multitude, and caused their silence. At the third toll, a universal roar arose, as when the herald proclaims the tidings of a great battle won, and then there was a second silence.

The people fell on their knees, and with their hands together, cried, 'The sound of that tolling death-bell; for it was a signal of the plague being so abated that men might again mourn for their friends, and throw their hallow'd remains with the solemnities of burial.

The following lines from the London Morning Chronicle, by J. R. Prior, were suggested by reading the chapter containing the above-mentioned description.

From the London Morning Chronicle.

Suggested by reading Col's: "Rothman's."

BY J. R. PRIOR.

"Bring out your dead!"—'tis the pitman's cry—

"Canst not pity, or mercy, or love prevail?"

Nay, "bring out your dead!"

And the Plague will not listen to Sympathy's tale.

"Bring out your dead!"—'tis a fruitless sigh—

The babe and the aged together lie:

They were dead in their nest, they were precious and true:

And the Plague, lovely woman, is calling thee too.

The wagon is stopping—we hurry away!

The Plague does not care who shall live or die.

The Plague does not care who shall live or die.

To the charnel below:——

The Plague does not care who shall live or die.

Bring me your dead!—both the Friar and Clerk,

And the Pitmen, together, are buried at last!

Bring me your dead!—both the Friar and Clerk,

Bring me your dead!—both the Friar and Clerk,

Bring me your dead!—both the Friar and Clerk.

To the charnel below:——

The Plague does not care who shall live or die.

The wagon is stopping—we hurry away!

All the orders are gone,

And the Plague, lovely woman, is calling thee too.

The wagon is stopping—we hurry away!

All the orders are gone,

And the Plague, lovely woman, is calling thee too.

Strap the gold and the jewels, the purchaser's dead:

To the mountain of flesh by mortality fed.

The streets are in darkness, and silent, and drear;

And it matters not, living, who hector'd or smiled.

'Tis a thousand to one

If you run from your death:

'Bring out your dead!—both the Friar and Clerk,

And the Pitmen, together, are buried at last!

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And the Pitmen, together, are buried at last!

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And the Pitmen, together, are buried at last!

'Bring out your dead!—both the Friar and Clerk,

And the Pitmen, together, are buried at last!

'Tis infection's ground;

Both the rich and the poor

Have been brought to the door,

And the coldness of the grown-up world.

'Bring out your dead!—both the Friar and Clerk,

And the Pitmen, together, are buried at last!

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MANGAHLA, THE THUNDERER—
A Story of Olden Times.

According to the tradition of the Aborigines, they have inhabited this country more than three thousand years. They found their way into America across the Isthmus which separates it from Asia. But from what nations on the Eastern Continent they have their origin, there are many different opinions; and it is wholly left to absolute conjecture. They scattered to and fro upon this vast continent, some tribes, collecting together, formed at length, numerous and powerful half-civilized nations, while others, and a very considerable portion, too, have ever retained their wonted love for the forest and the chase. The shores of the Atlantic, and of the Great Northern Lakes, have once teemed with a busy population of half-civilized red-men. Indeed, the numerous antiquities and curiosities, everywhere to be found throughout our land, indicate, that a people, much more advanced in the arts and civilization than the present suffering and fallen race, have once proudly claimed this land, now owned by the less proud and haughty white man. Among these tribes was a very mighty people; and though they left no monuments of sculpture, painting, and poetry, yet great were they in their fall, and sorrowful is the story of their wrongs.

About 1500 years ago, there were on the cast bank of the Niagara, (then Niarrh,) and a little distance on Lake Tuncoo, (Ontario,) a small, but valiant, ambitious, and enterprising tribe of Indians. While living in quietness, and at peace with all the world, there suddenly arose among them, a man of extraordinary endowments, and of formidable appearance. He soon rose to the first in rank among their Warrior Chiefs; and in contrast to their custom, from time immemorial, at the yearly assemblage, or “Great Talk” of their Nobles, Uncush, their weak and irresolute king, was deposed and banished, and the “Great Mangahla” was chosen in his stead. He afterwards became quite as celebrated among the heroic warriors of the Western World, as Alexander or Buonaparte in the Eastern. The country was, by unanimous consent, called after him, and continued to be, for the period of four or five hundred years; when began the reign of that barbarious principle of extermination, which has long and triumphantly ruled the heart of the Indian, and which, assisted by the white man, since he has come among them, has well nigh ruined the once extensive and powerful empires of America.

Mangahla now began to make preparations for the establishment of a permanent and formidable army, to satiate his unconquerable ambition. Having collected a great force, he called together the Chief men of the nation, at Niarrh, the capital, situate between the falls and Tuncoo Lake, and after consulting with them with regard to his destination, he mounted his charger, and addressed them...

“Brothers!” said he, “we leave you only for a little time; correct all abuses, and act wisely.

The first glimmering light of another day found him addressing his anxious warriors, and informing them whence he intended to proceed.

“Warriors! We go to fight the Wau-boosh. They have plundered and massacred many of our people, and have insulted the majesty of the nation. They are our declared enemies.”

One of the most formidable of his enemies, inhabited the region, now called Upper Canada. Though, the Winnipoes were vastly their superiors in strength, they were not so learned in war as was Mangahla. The terror of his name had reached the utmost border of Lalalahana’s empire, and had dried them to attempt the destruction of the rival nation.—They had committed many depredations on the Mangahelian border, which now extended a day’s journey west of the Niarrh river, and this was sufficient to justify making war upon the Winnipoes. Accordingly, the king marched with his army into their territory, determined on their overthrow. Far more extensive were the preparations made by Lalalahana, for he soon was able to bring in the field twenty or thirty thousand warriors; whereas, after crossing the Niarrh, Mangahla had but ten or twelve thousand men, but they were under the strictest discipline, and knew full well their duty. On the morning of the day on which he expected to meet his mighty foe, he summoned his Chiefs around him, and standing on a little eminence, he thus harangued them:

“Warriors! This day we fight the Winnipoes. They have made themselves our enemies. When we meet, you will sound your war-blasts to inspire your men with courage. Let us conquer, or let us die.”

They came to battle, and it lasted long, and ended with a dreadful slaughter. The Mangahelians were for the first time obliged to fall back. They retreated several miles, and encamped on an advantageous ground. The enemy arrived, and having gained considerable ascensions since the battle, had determined on the massacre of the Winnipoes, and then to overrun and ravage their country, playing and burning all within their reach. But their anticipations were destined to end before another day.

Mangahla, learning that some of his Chiefs had declared themselves for retreating, afraids again to come to battle, summoned them before his presence.

Let us now return to the Mangahelian capital, and see how affairs stood at this critical moment. The chief men, immediately after the departure of Mangahla, learned that Bordalahna, surrounded the Vallent, king of Yenisaw a great nation, away to the eastward, had collected together an immense force, which was designed to reduce the Mangahelian empire to subjection. An army, amounting to about one third of that of the Yenisaws, was raised, and Leonilda, the Queen, was charged with the command.—It was not, indeed, unusual in those days, for a queen to accompany her king to battle; and therefore, Leonilda had early learned the art of war. She set out, and marched...
as far east as the Suskani, (Susquehannah;) several small tribes, paying tribute to Bordahan, were reduced to subjection by her conquering arm. But Faie had determined to change the scale. The two unequal forces came together near the river Suskani, and Leonilda, being unable to cope with such vast superiority of strength, was taken prisoner, after an obstinate conflict of several hours, and carried to the imperial residence, on the island, at the mouth of the Canahach, now Hudson. When this disastrous intelligence reached Niaraah, messengers were immediately despatched to the king. They arrived at the encampment of his army shortly after he had summoned his chiefs together.—Mangahla had just finished his harangue.

"Brother Warriors!" said he, "who among you, at this time, can be so unsoldierly as to induce your men to desert us, and ruin our country? Let us hear your answer."

This was enough; Wabadamno, a great favorite of the king, arose, and in a firm voice, said:

"O King Mangahla! Can we conquer?—Let us fight! Let the king do as seemeth to him best."

At this moment, (it being near midnight,) they were thunder-struck by a noise as of the trampling of horses, which seemed to be near the tent. The messengers alighted, and entered. The chiefs had grasped their arms, and were demanding who they were. When Onooka, one of them, mounted a seat, and called out:

"Chiefs! We have come from Niaraah. We bring you the news that the Queen has been taken prisoner by the Yenisaws, away to the going down of the sun. They were coming with many warriors, to desolate our country. The Great Men sent Leonilda to save us from destruction. Her warriors were too few, and she fell into their hands."

Mangahla arose, and with his usual coolness and moderation, answered Onooka:

"Is all else quiet? When did you leave the capital?"

"All else is quiet. We left in the new moon, six days ago."

"Be seated;" answered the king. "You will return soon. By to-morrow's mid-day we will tread your tracks with Lallahaham captive, and his empire added to our own."

The three messengers soon mounted their noble nags, and pursued their way back. The king then ordered the chiefstains to return to their posts; "For," said he, "Lallahaham is ours."

They fell upon the unconscious Winniopoies in the still darkness of the night, and carried destruction throughout their ranks. The arrow, and the spear did its work—for ere the fight had ended, one half of the Winniopoies lay dead and dying on the field. The first glances of the morn saw them still fierce in the fight had ended, one half of the Winniopoies lay dead and dying on the field. The first glances of the morn saw them still fierce. The second glance was the last, and in a little time, were on their march. He passed victoriously onward, into Bordahan's territory, marching on the great route, through now, our own beloved land, until he arrived at the place of the misfortune of his queen, near the Suskani river. Bordahan, with an overwhelming force, had by this time, proceeded a considerable way towards his encroaching enemies, and Mangahla, aware of it, considered it prudent to proceed no farther. He ordered his men to work throwing breast-works, and before the enemy appeared, they had completed them. Bordahan's army halted scarcely two bow-shot distant; and from an eminence in the centre of the fortifications, could be distinctly seen their every movement. Night came on, and Mangahla ordered spics to be sent into the enemy's camp, and allege that they had deserted. One of them was Onooka, who was one of the only two who escaped. When he arrived at the tent, he was surprised to find it contained two distinguished females. One of them was Eruca, the Queen, as we saw in the king's tent. The other was lying asleep in one corner; and he soon saw that she was bound, hand and foot. On enquiry, he ascertained she was the queen of Mangahla, and on the morrow, she was to be taken out in front of the army, and be burnt before the eyes of Mangahla and his forces. Onooka contrived to escape, by offering to show a secret entrance into the fortifications of their enemies. Accordingly, a disarmed warrior was sent to accompany him thither; arrived there, the cunning spy, dexterously snatched the spear from out his hand, and instantly despatched him. He then repaired to the camp of Mangahla with his joyful intelligence. The king immediately gave orders that a small party of resolute men should accompany the spy and himself to a little rising ground near a bow-shot distant from the enemy. The hour came, and they stood upon the hill. The spy looked, and hesitated, as if in doubt. They could distinctly observe some warriors in one direction, slowly walking about, as if collecting fuel for their fires. In a few moments, he put his finger to the lips of the king and whispered, "Follow me—Be silent." The king now whispered to the Chief of the party, "Look sharply. If you see us in danger, come to our assistance."

They approached the royal tent. Onooka was at the opening, with one hand on the shoulder of the king, and the other pointing in the door. The bright fires illumined all around, and the moon on the hill could perceive all that passed. The lurking enemies at a distance, had discovered them; they were approaching, silently, but swiftly. It was an awful moment! Our heroes were in the tent. The guards, had thought it time to be on the move; they came up, and met their enemies. The spy had pointed out the queen, and stood ready to defend his royal master. Mangahla raised one foot over the giant body of Bordahan himself, and was upraising with his beloved Leonilda, when his foot slipped, and the queen, upon him, already half awakew. By a super-human effort, he arose, with the queen in one arm, and with the other hand, snatched the spear from Onooka, and nailed the great Bordahan to the earth! All this was the work of an instant; the next, and the whole tent was in arms. The guards were at the door, in bloody contact with their enemies. Onooka called out to them to make way for the imperial pair, and demanded assistance. He released himself from the deadly grasp of the giant Bordahan, dashed out to defend again his heroic king. He saw him, struggling with his foes, with the queen in his arms. Onooka came up, and two of them fell. He fled at the other, and bade the king depart. He sprang forward, and in an instant, they were both out of danger. They reached the eminence, and looked back. The yell of alarm had become so general, that thousands of the Yenisaws were wildly running about in search of foes. Now, the whole camp was in confusion. Friend fell upon friend, for there was no fight for two sides. Blood and thousands fell in consequence. They imagined both parties to be the same; the Mangahelians had found to the contrary. They had now begun to assist their enemies in 'worrying each other.'

Imagination can easily picture to itself the feelings of the Queen on finding herself in the arms of her deliverer instead of her destroyer, and he her own husband. The battle continued until near mid-day, when the Yenisaws were completely routed, after losing one half of their numbers slain. From Juni, Mangahla ruled the Yenisaws.—His empire now extended over a great territory, and ere the 9th year of his reign commenced, his subjects were scattered over the whole land from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, as far south as Unesk, (Potomac,) and the Big, or Ohio river; but here the particulars of the tradition are lost in impenetrable obscurity.

I

A shoemaker was the other day fitting a customer with a pair of boots, when the buyer observed that he had but one object to him, which was, that the soles were a little too thick. "If this is all," replied Crispin, "put on the boots, and this objection will gradually wear away."
A DAY IN THE OBSERVATORY.

Having a leisure day—a day to spend in idleness, I arose earlier than I was wont; the time being about—but that's no matter. I took my spy-glass and ascended to the Observatory, on the Arcade; there to see the goings in and out of men for one short day. The sun had just risen above the horizon, and I was fain to gaze upon his golden burning orb, for the want of something else to fix my attention. The sleeping populace lacerated their employments in the embrace of Morpheus, dreaming out phantasties never to be realised, and building the frail frost-woof of fancy, which reality's bright sun must soon dissolve to tears. For a long time I was never more alone or undisturbed. Not a voice, nor the first roll of a wheel as yet broke upon my ear.

At length the grumbling venders of cabbages first made their appearance in the depopulated streets, and the milk-man's cart rolled over the pavement. Soon there was an heterogeneous mass of men, all wending their way to the market. These were soon met or overtaken by merchants, mechanics, grocers, etc. making the best of their way to their stores and other places of business. About seven, the various buildings sent forth their representatives to breakfast. Then could be seen the fast slumbering clerks reclining upon the boxes outside the doors, or stretched at full length on the counters during the absence of their employers. About ten, the streets were thronged with that respectable class of men known as farmers and loads of table-corn, oats, apples, potatoes, butter, cheese, and every thing that we poor cits could not live without, (and yet more than half of our money was spent that way) might be seen with its inhabitants. About one, the merchants and gentlemen of office, after looking at the drawn numbers; and returning calls, till twelve. Their faces I mention, all huddled as it were in one common mass, kept alive the streets. About five, the farmers and others of the country began to leave, and on the faces of some I could legibly read "taken in," while on others content to have assumed her dwelling. School children, too, were released from their tasks at this hour, and came bounding along the streets, true as young birds let loose from their cage. At six all again bent their way on the same goody pond which called them forth at mid-day, namely, to replenish and dispense the viands of the finish housewife.

Having by this time become weary of my view, I prepared to descend to the bustling scene of life. And here I might moralize, perhaps, with propriety, but time forbids.

I had nearly descended, when of a sudden, I experienced a most peculiar sensation—a sort of insensible spring, a kind of inspiration, which made me believe that there was an air or the Masses, the constancy which these have bid themselves in some secret corner here. The atmosphere itself seemed made of poetry, and I was obliged to pay tribute to its influence. I penned, almost spontaneously, some six or eight verses, which I would call "The Springs," wishing to have him come again, and I stored it up. Not long since a person was sentenced to the State Prison for stealing a shirt from a drunken man's back. Some people thought it a hard way to the market was marvellously fond of having "sparks," wishing to have him come again, and I stored it up. Not long since a person was sentenced to the State Prison for stealing a shirt from a drunken man's back. Some people thought it a hard way to the market.
John Quincy Adams, L. L. D. sixth President of the United States, was born at Braintree, Mass., July 11, 1767. At the age of eleven years, he accompanied his father to Europe, and before he had attained the age of 18, he had acquired most of her principal languages, and had resided in most of her celebrated capitals. In '94, he was appointed by Washington minister to the Netherlands.—From this period, till 1801, he was successively employed as a public minister, to Holland, England, and Prussia. In 1801, he returned to the United States, and the next year was chosen a member of the Senate of Mass., and in 1803, of the Senate of the United States. In 1809, he was appointed by Madison minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Russia. In 1814, he was sent, jointly with Messrs. Gallatin and Bayard, to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain, at Ghent. Immediately afterwards, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary, and envoy extraordinary to the Court of Great Britain. In 1817, he was recalled by President Monroe, to fill the office of Secretary of State. In 1819, he was chosen to preside over the Union, in which office he was succeeded by Gen. Andrew Jackson, in 1829. To talents of the first order, Mr. Adams united unceasing industry and perseverance, and an uncommon facility in the execution of business. He now resides at his seat in Quincy, Mass.

Thomas Adams, a distinguished member of Congress, and a signer of the "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union," was born at Braintree, Mass., July 11, 1767. At the age of eleven years, he accompanied his father to Europe, and before he had attained the age of 18, he had acquired most of her principal languages, and had resided in most of her celebrated capitals. In '94, he was appointed by Washington minister to the Netherlands.—From this period, till 1801, he was successively employed as a public minister, to Holland, England, and Prussia. In 1801, he returned to the United States, and the next year was chosen a member of the Senate of Mass., and in 1803, of the Senate of the United States. In 1809, he was appointed by Madison minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Russia. In 1814, he was sent, jointly with Messrs. Gallatin and Bayard, to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain, at Ghent. Immediately afterwards, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary, and envoy extraordinary to the Court of Great Britain. In 1817, he was recalled by President Monroe, to fill the office of Secretary of State. In 1819, he was chosen to preside over the Union, in which office he was succeeded by Gen. Andrew Jackson, in 1829. To talents of the first order, Mr. Adams united unceasing industry and perseverance, and an uncommon facility in the execution of business. He now resides at his seat in Quincy, Mass.
inquired if I was the legal representative of
Mr. -, late deceased; to which I repli-
cued my hand, and was informed that
there was no note or charge against him,
it in the great day of reckoning and retribution.
rather cancelled it there, but that was no abso-
lution from the obligation of justice and hon-
our. Neither was the obligation in
any the less because that neither Mr. -

laid upon his mind and con-
science, from which they now have. And
ought to be reclaimed from the path of
ruin and destruction. It was now
necessary to pass the gates, which were strict-
ly guarded. To accomplish this, he dressed
himself in some of his old clothes, covered
with a cloak, and at an early hour set out
for the country with his protege behind him. On
arriving at the gates, where he*
was known, he said, in a hurried tone, that he
had been sent for to see a sick person in the
country, who was dying. He pretended to
have just left his merchant's house, where he
was shown into a very elegant apartment, where
he found a beautiful wife and two fine healthy
children; but he could scarcely suppress his
feelings of Junker.

Two years after, Junker, having occasion
to go to Amsterdam, was accosted on
the street by a man, who was one of the first appearances, who, he had been infor-
mated, was one of the most respectable mer-
chants of that city. The merchant, in a po-
lite manner, inquired whether he was

Story of Professor Junker, of the University of
Berlin, Germany.

Being professor of Anatomy, he once pro-
curred for dissection, the bodies of two crimi-
s, which had been taken into the dissecting
room not being immediately at hand when they were brought to him, he or-
ded them to be laid down in an apartment
which he opened in his bedroom. The
next morning, he proceeded to resume his
literary labors before he retired to rest. It was
now near midnight, and all his family were fast
asleep, when he heard a rumbling noise in
his closet. Thinking that some mistake
had been made, he arose, and went to the
middle of the room, feeling for what had
happened. But what he now saw filled
him with a shudder, and turned him out of
doors, was to ex-
cept from a family with whom, he thought
he was entirely unacquainted.

After dinner, the merchant, taking him in his
private room, said to him, "Do you rec-
ject me?" "Not at all." "But I well reco-
ned you, and never shall your features be effaced
from my remembrance. You are my benefi-
ciary, and I am at your service. Come into
your closet, and to whom you paid so much
attention. On parting from you, I took
the road to Holland. I wrote a good hand,
was in a hurry, and was full of business and
solicitude. This may appear somewhat interesting, and I soon obtained
employment as a merchant's clerk. My
good conduct, and my zeal for the interests of my
patron, procured me his confidence, and Ins
rienced all these enjoyments
sense of the wrong in the least mitigated. Al
from a trifling pecuniary loss, was the princi-
ple which he paid to his guest with an old night gown, and having
secreted, and turn him out of doors, was to ex-
cept from a family with whom, he thought
he was entirely unacquainted.

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good conduct, and my zeal for the interests of my
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THE CHEROKEES.

It will be seen by the following Editorial article from the Cherokee Phoenix that the Cherokees are not to be frightened by the threats of Georgia, to quit their country and the homes of their fathers, but await with firmness and cool deliberation, the arrival of the day (now past) which is to extend over them the laws of their oppressors. — We like their spirit, and every American, every one worthy of the name, must feel a deep solicitude for the result.

The best part of our paper shall be issued, the first day of June, the day set apart by Georgia, for the extension of her assumed jurisdiction over the Cherokees, and the execution of her laws touching the In-Indians, will have arrived. The day is now at hand—the Cherokees have looked to it deliberately—they have anticipated its approach, and every American, every one worthy of the name, must feel a deep solicitude for the result.

The Congress of the United States, and the late decision of the Supreme Court, find the Cherokees in a deplorable condition: the following description of letters which purport to have contained money, is given by the postmaster at Al-abama.

A letter from Northeast, N. Y. to Clyde, Seneca co. written by Jonas Hopkins, and directed to Jonathan Vincent; said to contain 34 dollars.

A letter from Flemington N. J. to Jack-sonville, N. Y. to contain certain dollars; written by Randolph Hunt, and directed to Enoch Hunt.

A letter from Waldsbow, Maine, to Centre, N. Y. by James Herbert; to Thomas Her-ber; said to contain $10.

A letter from Windsor, Ct. to Lockport N. Y. by Theodore Still, to Charles S. Still; said to contain $10.

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Robbery of the Mail.—The Mail was cut from the boot of the stage on Tuesday the 15th inst. between Albany and Schenectady. It has been in the hands of the robbers a deplorable condition: the following description of letters which purport to have contained money, is given by the postmaster at Al-abama.

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Full licence to our oppressors, and every avenue of justice closed against us. Yes, this is the bitter cup prepared for us by a repulsive and indolent government—we shall drink it to the very dregs.

The lessons of history are recent and plain. The history of the treatment of aboriginals by the whites is a history of robbery, of cruelties, of theft, and of murder. The whites have now become so hand in hand with the Government, that the Cherokees are not to be frightened by these threats. —A fragment of a letter to Mrs. Philip Philip, dated May 20th, written by Jonas Hopkins, and directed to Jonathan Vincent; said to contain 34 dollars.

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Robin Hood and in attempting to prevent them from catching the horse, was knocked down by the other man with a gun. She fell senseless to the ground. Hog ran into the horselot, and by driving off the horses, and giving the alarm, prevented these robbers from accomplishing their design. The woman lay for some time apparently dead, but finally came to herself. We understand she is better, and is likely to recover.

Comment is unnecessary. We earnestly request the public to implore you, to pass over the above facts, and reflect upon the effects of civilized legislation over poor savages. The laws which are the result of this legislation, are framed expressly against us, and not a clause in our favor. We cannot of a party or a witness in any of the courts where a whiteman is a party. Here is the secret. Full licence to our oppressors, and every avenue of justice closed against us. Yes, this is the bitter cup prepared for us by a repulsive and indolent government—we shall drink it to the very dregs.

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Ijis wife as he was going out the other morn-
gg fur his personal neatness, was overhauled by neighbouring tributaries cannot be pointed oui with
carelessness of manner, *quite peculiar, than _ .

"By gosh," says Tie, "I did'nt think the
Jonathan, came into our office, for the pur-
pose of a clever fellow,

BilVs constitution is unable to redeem its notes. In-

try his skill at handling types. Jonathan ac-
tes of a pointing establishmenX he must needs
pose, a£ he said, of "seeing ul.make papers."

dental drowning, on the ,night of the 13th, in

a pumpkin-headed "Ichappiiprane" sort of

and they may build a fire in t'other room."

The old lady, supposing he fieant his son

We can sav, however, tt»t

est old lady for the purpose of collecting a

each man seems alone in the world, with the

titude, but of immensity. It does not divide

of

the canal,

Canada, all notes whatever, payable to

lect that by a law of the Lower Province of this week, a series of numbers under the above

formation of a similar tenor, is said to have,

never set-up

—A day ortvvo sincq

—We commence publishing

THE GEM: A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL. 39

THE GEM.

Rochester, Saturday, June 26, 1830.

Our Plan.—We have to apologize to our readers

for the failure of our present number of the Gem. We can account for its non-arrival in

or other way, but by the failure of the canal.

Sketches of Biography.—We commence publishing

this week, a series of numbers under the above

head, from which will come a multitude of interesting, probably, through the remaining part of

the year. These sketches are valuable to all classes, and particularly to the young: and when published, will always be a true book of reference. This, we

should think, would be a double inducement to sub-

scribe to preserve their papers, that they may a.


Persons subscribing for the present volume of the Gem, can be supplied from the commencement.

The River.—From our window we have an unin-
terrupted view of the mighty current of the Gene-

see, swollen as it now is, from the late rains, foaming

and rolling onward toward the Ocean, as resis-
tless as the tide of time. Now passes upon its

banks the trunk of some old tree, wrung from its

fastness in the earth by the fierce tempest, and

buried into the foaming tide—now shoots by, the

smooth, strait and bank mill-log that has broken

its fastening of vitreous from the incessant heaving

of the land—and now the rubbish of whole series

of woodland, with all their scraggy appearances, lash-

ing the unseen bottom, swept along. "The sight is

grand and impressive—it presents a subject for ad-

miration and reflection—here we see, in the

rushing of the waters, an emblem of the flight of

time, and in the various passengers that are carried

to the sea, an emblem of the heedless uncon-

sciousness of man. The log that so swiftly rushes
to on yonder precipice, is, comparatively, not

less unconscious of destruction than man, rushing as he
to, to the descent of death. We are, indeed, the creators of a day—a world of beings lashed by the

elements of destruction, and fast hastening to the broad ocean of eternity. What a beautiful, and true

description of human life is contained in the follow-
ing stanza from Byron :

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,

Twist night and morn, upon the horizon's verge,

How little do we know that which we are!

How less that which we may be!

The eternal surge

of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar

Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,

Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge!

A gentleman called at the house of an hon-
est old lady for the purpose of collecting a

small debt: and not recollecting the amount, he promised to send his bill that evening.

The old lady, supposing he meant his son

William, replied, "Oh, is, our Stock is

with any body yet, but Bill's a clever fellow, and

they may build a fire in t'other room."

An Editor's Complaint.—A day or two since a

pumpkin-headed "Ichappiiprane" sort of

Jonathan, came into our office, for the pur-
pose of a clever fellow,

editarouslyUaid his pg-apw upon a short arti-

cle put in type for insertion, and down tums

his head, and mutters, "By goodness!"

"By goodness!" says he, "I didn't think the

farnal things would squish down so darnd' easy."

Economy and Comfort.—A gentleman of
our acquaintance, most remarkable for his

rareness of manner, quite peculiar, than

for his personal neatness, was overhauled by

his wife as he was going out the other morn-

ning, with "husband! husband! do pick that

have suffered considerable damage. Wheat, in par-

ticularly, is badly beat down and lodged by the wind

and rain. Gardens have been so plentifully water-

ed, that we actually saw, during the showers, six or

seven inches of water running over the cucumber

leaves in the Hudson, around a bed of onions. One of

our neighbors came into the office the other evening,

drenched with rain, and apparently much fatigued.—

We asked the cause. "Why said he, "the rain has washed away every thing I had but's few hills of

tomatoes, and I have been tying them to the wood-

house, so that I could find them in the morning."

New Agents.—P. S. Rawson, of Lockport, and

Edward Wheeler 2d, of Seneca Falls, are agents for

the Gem.

BREAK IN THE CANAL.

The greatest break that ever happened to the

western section of the Erie Canal, occurred on

Tuesday. We copy the particulars from the Roch-

ester Observer:—

Great Break in the Canal.—In consequence of

the very heavy rain which commenced on Monday, and

continued without interruption until afterward.

We were taken by a swim on Sunday morning, a

break 15 rods beyond the east end of the Great

Locks, near Stillwater. This is probably one of the

largest breaks that has ever taken place in the western

part of the canal. The bank on the tow-path side is

carried away for about 10 rods, and the bed of the canal

about 40 rods to the length of ten feet. The tor-

rent of water, with this great mass of earth, swept

through a field of wheat a distance of 60 rods, forming

a channel with perpendicular banks, ten feet high, and

nine rods wide. This torrent was discharged into a

swamp, where it deposited such a quantity of earth

about 7000 feet of dry land and will ultimately be

formed by it. On a thirsty young orchard the

earth has been deposited to the depth of some feet

east of Fairport and at other places east, but we have not a

ble to learn to what extent. Four hundred hands are

now employed in repairing the great breach, and it is

expected that the canal will again be navigable in about

10 days. The streams have not been as high since

1809 at the present time.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Anna's" communications are received, and we

thank the writer for her favours.

Several poetical communications from "Werner," are received, but we have not had leisure to perus-

ite them at length. We can say, however, that some

of them are acceptable.

"Z.,” and "Horne", are on file for insertion.

The communication from "George," this toler-

ably written, lacks in interest.

"Lena," will find that her muse has only swoon-

ed—she cannot die while he lives.

"Pitt," in our next.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Understanding that reports are propagated

that the Small Fox has been, or now is, in Roch-

ester, it is a duty due equally to the citi-

zens and to our country friends, to state

that all such rumors are wholly unfounded.

Neither small fox nor varioloid now exists in this

village, or its immediate vicinity; and none

of varioloid has occurred here for

several months past.

Signed by the Trustees of the Corporation

J. MEBBERRY, President.

WM. PEASE, A. GREEN, WM. CHLED. H. BISSON.

Editors would confer a favor by op-

posing the above.
THE DEAF BOY.

Ah! little rock'd that that din of fear
Was the last sound to fill up my ear:
Ah! little thought I that this soul must be
In silent classes to eternity.

They point to me the lightning's vivid shroud,
Then start to hear the thunders echoing loud,
I hear it not, though loud, and deep, and wild—
Unheard it passes o'er the stricken child.

Lost is the thunder's crash, the cannon's roar,
The cataract's rush, all that was dear before—
Now pass unheeded o'er the deafen'd boy.
And oftentimes when sleep is o'er me now,
Like some dark cloud when all around was day,
She will not strike a note for others gladness
But hark! if thou wouldst to match Genevieve's grandeur,
They may seem alike sincere;
O, there is nought so gladd'ning to the soul
That again the feelings of the past are felt.

Lost is the thunder's crash, the cannon's roar,
The cataract's rush, all that was dear before—
Now pass unheeded o'er the deafen'd boy.
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That again the feelings of the past are felt.

LARA.

ADDRESS TO THE OWASCO FALLS.

Dash down thy fierce waters—the gush of thy mountain
Is full in its strength, and as lasting as time—
Dash down thy fierce waters—thou'rt never to be waned again.
Thou mayst be compared with that torrent, thou'rt but a small streamlet—
And dash in mountains 'gainst the rocky shore;
And spread thy downy wand—
The voice of its thunders would drown thy faint murmurs—
And dear to my heart it must ever remain;
And cherish the hope that thou wilt never be waned.
Ye friends of the true and kind, and dear to my heart,
And cherish the hope that thou wilt never be waned.
In silence lay and deep madness
And oftentimes when sleep is o'er me now,
Like some dark cloud when all around was day,

SUNSET.

WrITTING FOR THE GEM.

To E. Weed.

Low't thou to room at break of day,
Qer the expanding lawn?
When Sol's invigorating ray
Preliminary of the morning dawn!
Low'st thou to rise in nature's bow's,
When she doth there display
A smiling face, and blooming flowers,
Wash'd by the showers of May?

Low'st thou in room at break of day,
Qer the expanding lawn?
When Sol's invigorating ray
Preliminary of the morning dawn!
Low'st thou to rise in nature's bow's,
When she doth there display
A smiling face, and blooming flowers,
Wash'd by the showers of May?

KISSING.

And if they were not a dainty thing,
That ladies would not kiss;
And if they were not a pleasant thing,
The poor girls could not have it.

In a late number of the Camden Journal, the following couplet is used to fill out a page.

To THE LADIES. A Printer in the prime of life,
Greatly needs a handsome wife.

LIST OF AGENTS.

The following persons are appointed Agents for the Gem, and will forward subscriptions:
Auburn, Henry Chalmers.
Buffalo, A. W. Wilkins.
Black Rock, Rollin German.
Batavia, N'. M. A. Seaver.
Batavia, B. H. Parkinson.
Burlington, P. R. G. Stone.
Canandaigua, N. Y. John Ackley.
Clark, C. Clark.
Cortland, J. J. Billson.
Churchville, Dr. J. J. Scott.
Calodonia, J. R. Clark.
East Cayuga, Wm. Foot.
East Bloomfield, A. Gunn.
East Avon, A. A. Bennett.
Geneva, H. J. Daniels.
Havana, David Hill.
Jordon, F. Bennett.
Le Roy, A. F. Bartow.
Lyons, J. A. Hadley.
Lockport, N. Leonard.
Little Falls, Edward M. Griffig.
Murray, A. Clark, jr.
Manchester, Geo. Goodrich.
Oriskany, Dr. J. Fuller.
Palmyra, E. B. Grandin.
Plymouth, M. T. H. B. Holbrook.
Portville, M. T. Wesley Barnum.
Riga, O. L. Alexander.
Syracuse, A. A. Damus, & Co.
Sackets, A. H. Scoville.
Syracuse, Hamilton Lathrop.
Utica, T. M. Ladd.
Watertown, Charles Sentell.
Wedgeport, E. Weed.
York, D. H. All.

ENGRAVINGS.

We have made arrangements for four elegant Copperplate Engravings for this volume of the Gem. One of them was selected by a view of the Genesee Falls, at Rochester, and the scaffold from which the unfortunate Patish made his "last leap," as advertised in vol. Ist. No extra price will be charged. Our terms will remain as they were, $1,50 per annum in advance.

THE Gem,

To VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS.

The Gem will be published every other Saturday, in quarto form, and paper binding. It will be accompanied with an Index and Title page at the end of the year. TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, payable in advance.

All letters and communications must be addressed to the subscriber, by EDWIN SCRANTON.

Officd in the Globe Building.
HOME SWEET HOME.

By J. H. PAYNE.

Mid pleasures and palace, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with else.

Home, home—sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lonely thatched cottage again,
Where the birds sing gaily, that come at my call.
Give me these— with the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, home—sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

THE RIVALS.

A CONTRAST.

"The germ of love—the opening bloom of joy,
Just born, alas! when adverse blasts destroy."

"What a delightful evening! come my dear cousin,
Let us take a walk and enjoy the beauty of the moonlight scenery.
"Nay! throw off that look of sadness and melancholy,
Which seems to weigh thee down; sit down, take my arm,
And I will introduce you to our once lov'd bower again,
Which oft hath called to mind in "by-gone days,"
Remembrance of thee in thy travels abroad.
Oh! it was a pleasure which animated my whole soul,
Raised my then drooping spirits, and dispelled all doubting shades of gloom.
Here is the sweet and beautiful little arbour,
In which I have spent so many sweet hours.
Is it not lovely? let us sit down and relate
To you some pleasing adventure of "love-sick swain,"
Some interesting tale of days that are past.

"Nay, now, my dear Ann, do not tease me so;
you know I have no talent to relate with
Interest any adventure which would be entertaining to my would-be-hearer; but if you
will promise to be contented for the present
With a tale of THE RIVALS, which I accidentally
Overheard in the town of—-
I will gratify you by an account of it.

Undoubtedly, I shall be highly gratified,
And well contented for the present, as you say,
But not forever.

In the sequestered vale of—
Where I entered it in the summer of 18—,
There was sought to be heard of that continual bustle and business parade,
Which now so strikingly characterizes the more populous settlements of our country.
A few dwelling houses, whose chief beauty was their neatness and simplicity,
A solitary church, a district school house,
And one or two mechanick shops,
Composed the village which was situated in this lovely vale.
The reign of Nature had been
But little disturbed by the intrusive hand of art,
And there was nothing to show, for more
Than the distance of a mile from its location,
That a village existed thereabouts. It was
Indeed, in the poetical signification of the word,
A lovely evening in June, when I arrived and put up at the village hotel.
A sultry day had just closed and the mild and gradual
Approach of twilight was casting over the place a sort of gloomy shade, alike forbidding
To feelings of hilarity, and welcome to
Thoughts of pensive mood.
A few of the idle school-boys were seen loitering on the road
Towards home, and the village school teacher,
Having left his little hall of science, was vending
His way silently towards his transitory boarding-house.
The last sound of the hammer upon the anvil
Of the village smith, had found its way through the small and coal-coloured building in which this sober and industrious man had been blowing away his days for many years, and was faintly echoing through the town.
And the sound of the distant evening bell, belonging to a neighboring more populous settlement, came floating upon the air with a sort of dying melody:
Alas solemn and sweet.
I could not but be much pleased, when I ascertained that the village master was engaged in boarding out the tavern-keeper's share;
It being the custom in villages like this for each family to afford the "master" the good things they possessed, by way of board and lodging, in exact proportion to the number of children they might have placed under his teaching;
And my joy at this event, will not be wondered at by those who are acquainted with the manners and customs of places like this, where next to the clergyman himself, the teacher is the most consequential personage in the village.

My landlord soon gave me an introduction to this distinguished individual, with an awkward grace which indicated a sense of the honor his residence conferred upon him.
"A stranger in a strange land," it required no great length of time for me to cultivate an acquaintance with this gentleman of the rule.
A minute description of my new acquaintance, would be rather foreign to the subject, even were it not the case that this class of community are the same throughout our country.
About six feet in height, rather ungainly, though thin favoured, solemn countenance, and swinging or rather dragging a lengthy pair of lower limbs.
Suspended at the end of a chain ingeniously carved out of wood, he wore a pair of heavy brass seals,
And the eager bands of matrimony.
For the time which he contemplated not far off, when he should be united to her in the holy bands of matrimony.

Though most of the former admirers of Miss Fitz Aikin had ceased their attentions,
When they ascertained that her heart was another's, there was still one, who, trusting to his superior fortune, address, and personal qualifications, flattered himself that he was a very formidable rival of the apparently successful De Myers.
Miss Fitz Aikin received this young nobleman in a manner due his rank,
Though she never cherished towards him a feeling of love.
There was, it is true,
But very little time to convince me to the contrary.
At his suggestion, we took a walk early the next morning towards the farther end of the vale.
Nature never smiled more delightfully than on that morning.
Everything looked cheerful around, and every step we took was accompanied by music of the moving songsters.
We had arrived at one of the most spacious buildings which the little village afforded, situated and rather secluded from the buildings around.
On the east extended a beautiful meadow.
On the west a more beautiful garden, and in the rear nothing could be seen but the thickening forest.
And here my companion stopped and addressed me, as near as I can recall in the following words.
"There is an occurrence connected with this house and its former owner, which seldom fails to present itself to my memory when I pass."
Further preface was unnecessary,
And I asked him to proceed, which he did as follows;
"The name of the builder and first occupier of this house, who was grandfather to the present occupant, was De Myers.
He was a native of the county of Devonshire, England, although of French descent.
When at the age of twenty, (start not, said he, for fear of a love story,) he knew that he loved and was beloved by one of the most amiable and fair-minded maidens of his county.
Rich and beautiful,
She had not failed to attract the admiration of numberless, not only of her own neighborhood, but of the more distant metropolis.
Henry De Myers possessed a disposition so amiable, a heart so noble, and a manly spirit so far above his years, that the usual reservedness of the lovely Clara Fitz Aikin appeared instinctively to have taken flight at the first advances of his suit, and, as a matter of course, his addresses were received by her in a manner so different from that of her other admirers, that he at once was confident of success.
To say that De Myers loved, would be saying but little,
For all his earthly affections appeared to be centered in that one object.
Excepting an only brother, he was without a relative in the world;
Yet beloved by the girl of his heart, he waited impatiently for the time which he contemplated not far off, when he should be united to her in the holy bands of matrimony.
Ijers laid wait for and attacked him. Resist-lessly being, at the idea of having for an&d-leaving the insensible Lawrence. He dis-
charged one of his pistols, and without effect, and immediately commenced examining the condition of the strange^ in the act of doing which, he found himself grasped by one of the two men, whom he discovered to be the ser-
vants of his rival, who that moment had come to the assistance of their master. He was taken by them for the robber, bound, and
carried, together with the still senseless Lawrence, to the highest dwelling. At first he was at a loss to account for this singular turn of affairs; but upon a second thought all the circumstances of his case were explained. He saw too clearly his fate, his inevitable fate, and although his very heart appeared to melt within him, and his whole soul sickened, he resolved to bear it with the courage of an in-
nocent man. Proof was next to positive. De Myers was found upon the spot where the robbery was committed, and with a brace of pistols, one of which bore evident marks of having been recently discharged, and its cal-
iber exactly corresponded with the size of the ball which passed through the shoulder of the unfortunate Lawrence, and lodged in an adjoining tree. The evidence of Lawrence was, that he had no doubt that he was the person from whom he received the wound in his shoulder. Stronger circumstantial evidence could not have been given of De Myers being the robber, and he was committed to jail to await his trial at the coming assizes.

In the mean time the public mind had become apparently well convinced of the guilt of the accused, and De Myers was looked upon by all as a murderer. "Ah, did I say? Ah! there was one whose misery was now complete. Clara Fitz Aikin would not give one moment's credit to the story of Henry's guilt, and looked upon herself as the indirect cause of all his troubles. From him she received the simple story of truth in relation to the robbery, and that which was looked upon by others as the cunningly devised story of a villain, weighed more in her mind, than would oaths of positive testimony of his guilt. Every exertion was made by the friends of De Myers, but an impartial jury decided that De Myers united to the lovely Clara Fitz Aikin had long been prowling about the forests of Devonshire and the neighboring counties, whose depredations were frequent, and sometimes attended with most aggravating cir-
cumstances. Though their chief object was plunder, the sacrifice of the life of their victim, was but a small consideration, when their object could not be otherwise attained. A few of this gang were, at the time to which this part of my history relates, in the immediate neighborhood of Devon. At a time when Lawrence was pursuing his way home from the residence of Miss Fitz Aikin, on one of the most gloomy nights in the month, he was attracted by his rich dress, two of the robbers behind him and for and attacked him. Resistance being made by Lawrence, a slight scuffle ensued between him and one of the robbers with swords. Here Lawrence, who was an excellent swordsman, would soon have overpoweredit, but he received a ball from the pistol of the second robber in his left shoulder, which instantly brought him from his horse. In this condition he was rifled and left. De Myers, whose residence was but a short distance from the scene of action, had heard the report of the robber's pistol, and being naturally of a generous and courageous disposition, started for the spot from whence the sound proceeded, with a brace of loaded
shall find they originate more from his own wild designs, than from unknown and injurious propensities. The natural propensity of human nature seems to incline to be its safeguard in the various schemes which he forms for renown, and against the seductions of flattery to which he is subject. However sacred may have been the obligations to which he submits, however pure and uncontaminated his morals; the least encroachment on private interest, the least violation of the right of self, opens the deep channels of iniquity, and deprives him of his natural reason.

This is the usual and dangerous course in which we see mankind when contending about the uncertainties of the past, the altering prospects of the present, and the gloomy forebodings of the future. To-day he rises with the sun to his labour, and pushing forward with confidence, attains the summit of his wishes, where he pauses to examine and enjoy the blessings for which we toiled. When his avidity becomes disappointed, and his spirit fails, and his resolution relaxes, he either sinks into a state of apathy, or gives an unrestrained scope to his passions, which grow more formidable when opposed by disappointment or met by opposition. The state of being retarded in one single instance arouses the maddening bilows of his breast; creates a sea of anger whose waves are hurl-ed against all the surrounding obstacles, with that animosity which approaches to desperation, with that indifference that recognizes no former attachments; but prostitutes with the most diabolical cruelty, all the charms of former friendship, all the sacred ties of circu-mstan-cy.

After the first rage of passion becomes ex-hausted, and calm reason again interposes his authority, then sober reflection warns him of the danger of such expositions, and it is like a poison upon the heart. What rational being can view the contents of mortals, without that disgust and indifference common to a man, who has a mind to relish, or an understanding to consult the objects for which he was formed.

Let every man contribute to aid the cause of charity and benevolence; let all stretch forth their united strength to the assistance of each other, and society; let all the members of the human race be united in their efforts for happiness; let them avoid the course which has caused the destruction of millions of human beings, by the indulgence of improper excesses, and the gratification of improper desires; and society will rise in the scale of moral excellence. Examine, rectify, and profit from observation. It is the folly of man which works his destruction; it is his wisdom that must save him. There are those who analyze, who scrutinize the conduct, the greatest lessons present themselves to our view: Leisure gives man an opportunity for reflection, and in the walk of solitude he becomes acquainted with the frailties of his own heart; and when reposing in reflection under the shade of his own trees, conscious of protection, he acknowledges with heartfelt gratitude, the bounties conferred on him by his supreme benefactor.

The individual progress of society, requires the united harmony of its members, by which however, they can exceed them in immortality in the memories of men, or armies when the word reigns in its ranks; or disaffection in the bosom of its chiefs. Are the lessons of history lost on man? Does he no longer remember the fall of nations, and the perfect dissolution of all its parts? Are the present inhabitants to wander in the same paths hereafter trod by our ancestors, whose rise and downfall fill the human mind with the utmost astonishment, and seem to warn mankind against their vile depredations, and murderous greediness? How he destroys the earth, stripped it of the productions of nature—under whose industry it has produced the commodities of commercial exchange, and the ample requisites of human life?

The grand obstacle to the improvement of the human race, is the ignorance of man, and his own false notions of stability. He should learn from his experience to avoid the miscarriages of the past, and not continually be engaged in pro-creating the same kinds of destruction. His waves are waves of blood,” whose inhabitants are ferocious monsters, wandering thro’ the deep caverns of despair for victims; whose scene of life is one continued element of wars and exterminations.

Upon surveying the whole order of man, and after carefully weighing their opportuni-ties, the mind becomes at once bewildered and lost amid the various measures advanced for the welfare of individuals and communi-ties. The generally weak and irresolute man, soon resigns this transient evidence to inherit the promised reward, without having accomplis hed one single project of the thousands which it formed. Cast the eye over the whole habitable globe; among all classes of community, civilized and savage, the same mutability is still predominant. In the high classes of society, where the royal pageant of fiction of kings and princes, we can see the same insta-bile thirst for empire, that racks the brain of humbler individuals for wealth and superficial show. When will man realize the object of his being, and shape his course for the intended landmarks of his life? Will he ever open his mind to the insinuations of truth and reason? or will he ever tread the paths of folly, of error, and of ignorance?

Bloomfield, M. T., June, 1800.

**BOSTONIAN BOYS.**

The British troops which were sent to Bos-ton, to keep the peace in order, were every where received with the most unequivocal marks of anger and detestation. During their stay, "the very air seemed filled with the suppressed belongings of indignation.

"The insolence and indiscretion of some subaltern officers, increased the ill will of the citizens, and vexations and quarrels multiplied daily. At this period of public excitement, the British troops, from the mere love of tantalizing, destroyed all their labours. They complained of the injury, and industriously set about recovering.

However, when some of them were dismissed from the town, they found the snow hills again levelled.

Several of them now waited on the British captain, to inform him of the miscon-tent of his soldiers. No notice was taken of their complaint, and they gave every day more provokingly insolent.

"At last they resolved to call a meeting of the largest body of young men in the town, upon General Gage, the commander-in-chief of the British forces. When shown into his presence, he asked with some surprise, why so many children had called on us, sir. "We come, sir," said the foremost, "to claim the re-wards of grievances." "What have your fathers been teaching you, rebellion, and sent you to join in this, you rascal?" answered the British captain, "we know better than you, sir," and his dark eye flashed; "we have never injured or insulted your troops; but they have turned down our snow hills, and now the ice on our skating ground. We complained, and they called us young rebels, and told us to help ourselves if we could. We are hungry children, and we used our works were a third time destroyed, and now we will bear it no longer." General Gage looked at them with undisguised admiration, and turning to an officer who stood near him, he exclaimed, "Good Heavens! the very children draw in the love of the air, and the very children who are added, "you may go, my brave boys, and I assure you that if any of my troops hereafter molest you, they shall be severely punished."

**ANECDOTE.**

An American drummer, having strolled to the camp, some soldiers approached the English lines, and before he was aware, was seized by the picquet, and carried before the commander, on suspicion of being a spy, disguised in a drummer’s uniform. On being questioned, he honestly told the truth, and declared who and what he was. This not gaining credit, and he was desired to beat a couple of marches, which he readily performed, and thus removed the commander’s suspicion of his as sociation. "A retreat?" replied he, earnestly, "why there ain’t any such thing beat in our service!"

**ORIGIN OF ‘UNCLE SAM.’**

The New York Gazette has traced the application of the phrase of ‘Uncle Sam’ to a joke which originated during the last war, with a facetious fellow in the employment of Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson*, of Troy, (the latter of whom is commonly called Uncle Sam Wilson,) who were supplying Mr. Elbert Anderson, U. S. Contract-procurements, by marking “E. A.—U. S.” excites an enquir-y as to the meaning of these letters; "I don’t know—it referred this fellow—unless that he meant ‘Uncle Sam Wilson.’ While the joke took, and passed quite currently, and soon was cognized in every part of the country.

**DR. FRANKLIN’S LEGACY.**

Dr Franklin, in his will, gave 4,000 sterling to the inhabitants of the town of Boston, to be let out at interest of five per cent to young mechanics, under the age of 25 years, who had served an apprenticeship in said town, and faithfully filled their duties, and of good moral character. The present value of the fund is $17,720, 64 cents, giving an increase of $8,179, 41 cents, at simple interest, of about 81/4 per cent per annum.

**Pig’s Willow.**

The first weeping willow in England was planted by the poet, the poet. He received a present of figs from Turkey, and observed a twig in the basket, ready to bud; he planted it in his garden, and it is said, all the weeping willows of England and America originated.

A boy in New-York during the late celebration, put out a lady’s eye with a fire-works.
A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

THE GEM: No. X.

Compiling a brief History of some of the most distinguished Characters of America, since its first discovery: arranged in alphabetical order: A.

John Andre, an Adjutant general in the army of the revolution, who surrendered the fortress of West Point to the British—for committing ravages on the country and inhabitants; died 1777.

Sir Samuel Auchmuty, son of the above, was born in New-York, and took sides against his countrymen in the revolution, and held various honourable stations under the British government.

From the Philadelphia Almanac.

DIGNITY.

I have frequently regretted the want of dignity in manner, which few females possess, and which to those who do possess it, imparts such a delightful zest of character. Above all things, I detest affectation and prudishness, especially in a young female. A diffident reserve is perhaps commendable, but an amiable quality of manner is still more so. The timid, shrinking girl, or even the forbidding, yet blushing boy, can frequently win unconscious and lasting admiration. The mind of female character best adapted to please all ranks of society, is the woman who blends sufficient dignity in her manner to awe impertinence and presumption, whilst at the same time, encourages and whilst she, at the same time, encourages diffidence, and is more than ordinarily vivacious with a novel gay life.

There are of the male sex, many coldhearted and impertinent fellows, whose aim and business, when mingling with females, seem to be the commission of gross indecencies! If they can steal a kiss without severe admonition, they chuckle at their own powers, and boast to their acquaintance of the familiarity which exists between such a female and themselves. Women, especially the young and beautiful, should guard against the impertinence of these "bold faced" gallants, and whilst they teach them the proper mode of conduct which should be exercised in reference to themselves, they should also endeavour, in every possible way, to exalt the female character.

Mr. Wesley has given us a pretty epigram, alluding to a well known text of scripture on the setting up a monument in Westminster Abbey, to the memory of the ingenious Mr. Butler, author of Hudibras.

While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him when starved to death, and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown:
He ask'd for Bread, and he receiv'd a Stone.

Mr. Newby has given us a pretty epigram, alluding to a well known text of scripture on the setting up a monument in Westminster Abbey, to the memory of the ingenious Mr. Butler, author of Hudibras.
WHITTIER'S "THE GEM." LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

In how many coloured persons have you? Why, there's nobody but Diana the black girl, Poll parrot, and my daughter Sue. Is that any thing to you? Mind your own business if you please. In. Certainly—I did but speak.

T. I'm very sorry indeed I can't please you. You have just found it out, have you? You do all you can to anger me. It's true, but I didn't mean the hens.

In. How many between thirty and forty? T. None.

In. How many between forty and fifty? T. None.

In. How many between fifty and sixty? T. None.

In. How many between sixty and seventy? T. None.

In. How many between seventy and eighty? T. None.

In. How many between eighty and ninety? T. None.

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In. How many above one hundred? T. None.
THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

Ancient Writers.  

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<th>Author</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Varro</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>1790</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucian</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>1686</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epicurus</td>
<td>63</td>
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<td>ThaIes</td>
<td>[by a violent death]</td>
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<td>Livy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pliny, the elder</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>1686</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>1686</td>
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<td>Ovid</td>
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<td>113</td>
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<tr>
<td>Horace</td>
<td>77</td>
<td>1686</td>
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<tr>
<td>Virgil</td>
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Modern Authors on the Continent of Europe.  

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Greek Authors.  

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Age.  

| Above 90 | 3  |
| Ditto 70  | 7  |
| Ditto 50  | 12 |

That country is esteemed very healthy, in which fifteen persons to an hundred born, arrived to 75 years of age. Among the eminent Greek authors, 17 of 30 arrived to that age. The fact is almost incredible. But the climate and modes of living by the practiced Greek philosophers, will bring the fact within the compass of belief.  

The ages of the Roman writers indicate a less rigorous climate, or more luxurious habitats of life, or both.  

The ages of the modern writers far surpass the due proportion. Of 31 authors on the continent,-9 reached the age of almost half—but whereas the usual proportion is not more than an eighth, or a seventh at most.  

Of the English authors, 17, or more than half, died above 70.  

These results do not justify the opinion that intense application abridges human life. It is true, however, that the unusual proportion of learned men who live to a great age, may be in part ascribed to their temperate habits of life—and to an original firmness of constitution. Their great intellectual acquisitions, and their old age, may not probably be the effect of a common cause—the original organization of the body.

JEFFERSON'S SAYINGS.  

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-morrow.  

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.  

Never spend your money before you have earned it.  

Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.  

Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.  

We never repeat of having eaten too little.  

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.  

How much pain have costs in the evils which have never happened?  

Take things away by their smooth handle.  

When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

KOSCIUSKO.  

The hero of Poland once wished to send a few bottles of wine to a clergyman at Solothurn; and as he hesitated to trust them by his servant, lest he should smuggle a part, he gave the commission to a young man of the name of Zeltner, and desired him to take the horse which he himself usually rode. On his return, young Zeltner said that he never would ride his horse again, unless he give his purse at the same time. Kosciusko, inquiring what he meant, he answered, "As soon as a poor man on the road, takes off his hat and asks charity, the horse immediately stands still, and will not stir till something is given to the petitioner; and as I had no money about me, I was obliged to refrain giving something in order to satisfy the horse!"

Origin of the word Lady.  In ancient times it was the custom for the rich to reside the greatest part of the year at their mansions in the country, and during a week, or oftener, the mistress distributed to her poor neighbours, with her own hand, a certain quantity of bread, and she was called by them lady, lord, or master. The word was, in the course of time, corrupted into Lady.  

The Fair Sex.  

When Eve brought to all mankind, an Old Adam called her woman; but when she needed with love kindness, he then pronounced it woman; but now with folly and with pride, their husband's pockets pudding.

The ladies are so full of whim; That people call them women.  

Seduction.  

Shall beauty, bigotry, an hour, Find joy within her broken power? No, gayer insects fluttering By nature's dower: No, dear answer, To every biding her own, And every vapid tear can claim Excep an earring sister's shame...
Rochester, Saturday, July 10, 1830.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.---The subscribers have taken into a copathership in the publication of THE GEM, under the firm of Edwin Scranomo & Co., and will also be able in a few days to execute all orders in the line of Plain and Fancy Job and Book PRINTING, on entire new materials.

The office in the room formerly occupied by Tuttle & Sherman, 3 doors north of the Canal, Exchange-street.

Rochester, July 14, 1830.

Mr. Sickness, combined with the trouble of a removal, made it necessary to delay our paper a week.

We have now, as will be seen by the advertisement above, procured an office for the Gem, from whence we intend it shall be sent regularly to subscribers, and in good time. We hope for a continuance of the support which has ever been extended to our paper, and invite our friends, particularly those who have never subscribed, to drop in at our office.

TRACK NUMBERS.

We have been repeatedly called upon of late, to know if we could supply subscribers from the beginning—and we reply, that we are now engaged in reprinting the first of the many numbers which we have run out, and that we shall soon be able to supply all calls. Announcements of back-number subscriptions will be re-printed and forwarded, before the issuing of the next regular number.

Life on the Canal.—Sitting in our window a few minutes since, looking out upon the busy world, and reflecting upon the doings of the vast multitude that are weekly passing, to fill up the forests of a mark on you and sweat it out of you with the West, from the intelligent and affluent, down to the poorest of the poor—Mr. 

"Mr. Sickness," continues our friend.

"It seemed as if the very stones upon the roadway were crying, 'Go West! The boat 'Young Lion,' of the 'Merry-Dias Line,' goes west in fifteen minutes, and will carry you any distance for one and a quarter cents.

"Going East, sir?" was the quick question that met our ear.

We replied that at this time we were going West.

"West—The boat 'Young Lion,' of the 'Merrymakers Line,' goes west in fifteen minutes, and will carry you any distance for one and a quarter cents per mile," continued our friend.

We informed the gentleman that as we were going only a few rods, it could be no object to the merchant's Line to avail themselves of our fare at that rate—and the gentleman left our elbow as abruptly as he took it; so much so, that the last of our reply did not fall upon his ear.

By the time we had arrived at the spot we started for, there were seemingly a thousand persons collected, of all kinds, descriptions, colours and nations. It seemed as if the very stones upon the bank had risen up, people, but of the difficulty we did not inquir.

Our little red-faced gentleman was there, however, eager to fill the boat 'Young Lion.' When his eye met our own, it glanced, and we passed.

There is no world about our Canal; all appear to be busy, yet many evidently have little or no employment. The 'Kent bugler,' is busy picking up his job of 'blowing a boat out,' or going to 'blow a boat in,' and thus lives.

The 'runner,' is picking up passengers, running from face to face with a quick and anxious inquiry; selling facts that he has never heard—'that the boat will go so fast, will arrive at such a time, and that there's no mistake' in the line, &c.; and thus he lives.

The ice man, goes from boat to boat, offering his 'cold comfort,' and tempting the ladies from themselves by his blandishments. You will see him retailing his winter weather by the pound—bears praise its cooling quality, and thus he lives.

Then comes the bread and crackle pedlar, the rascal, or the vegetable merchant—the former seeks for his living, and the latter by his living. But the cream is in the living picture. You see there the produce of our country winding its way to market, or the importations from our cities, finding their destination to the remotest parts of the state—or, perhaps, over-reaching our boundaries, to be lodged in Ohio, Pennsylvania, or Michigan.

All is, too, in safety—You see no want squandering of the public property—on the contrary, all is protection and care. You see too, the hundred families that are weekly passing, to fill up the forests of a mark on you and sweat it out of you with the West, from the intelligent and affluent, down to the poorest of the poor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An "Anti-Bachelor," though full of wit and keen satire, cannot be published in the columns of the Gem, for reasons that will suggest themselves to the writer.

"Werner," in our next.

"Z," of Lockport, in our next. As we have one writer under that signature, we shall alter the signa-

MARRIED.

In Saybrook, Conn., Mr. Lemuel Butler, of this village, to Mrs. Olive P. Rockwell.

On Thursday morning, 15th inst., by the Rev. Wm. James, W. B. Sawyer, of New York, to Miss Margaret, daughter of Mr. John Caldwell of this village.

DIED.

Mr. Charles D. Elwell, at the residence of his father, Mr. Ann Frink, of Oswego, on the 5th inst. Mr. Edmund Bishop, of this village.

THE FARMER.

It does one's heart good to see a merry, hard-faced, hearty farmer—so merry, and yet so free from vanity and pride—so rich, and yet so industrious—so patient, and so noble traits that light upon his character.

He is generally hospitable—and he wont appear a mark on you and sweat it out of you with the West, from the intelligent and affluent, down to the poorest of the poor—Mr.

"Mr. Sickness," continues our friend.

"It seemed as if the very stones upon the roadway were crying, 'Go West! The boat 'Young Lion,' of the 'Merrymakers Line,' goes west in fifteen minutes, and will carry you any distance for one and a quarter cents.

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There is no world about our Canal; all appear to—
THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO THE MOON

"Can it be,
That in yon spheres, translated spirits dwell?"
How many Burds pour forth their lays,
To praise the Queen of Night,
And high in Heaven their anthems raise,
To thy translucid light
O moon! Here then permit a weight
To tune his simple lyre in pensive tone,
And touch the string by bipeds rarely done.

Alone I sat, in silent night,
With thought tow'r'd Heav'n upward rais'd,
And on the minion orbs of light
My spell-bound vision caus'd;
The big full moon, with its brilliant rays
Resplendent shone, as thro' the vaulted sky
It onward moved; the work of Deity.

And as I look'd I thought of this—
(Since such it does appear,)—
Why not that place of future bliss,
Of which we oft*—&
Not in its surface now th' abiding-place
Of Saints, who found in God a pard'ning grace?

If Heaven be high above this world,
As we in scripture read,
Where there are rays of light unfurl'd,
Such is the moon indeed;
And 'tis by that good book decreed,
That those whose faith secures a Heav'nly prize,
Shall soar to 'realsms eternal in the skies.

Then why not this same round moon
That Heavenly land of love,
Since we are here compelled to own
That Heav'n's a land above?
Why need we entertain vagrant thoughts then rove
To some unknown abode? Why are we given
To picture out in fancy, where is Heaven?

When that bless'd Patriarch of old,
Whom Earth could not defile,
Was free from ev'ry guile—
When he was call'd to leave this wild,
And soar high up to Heav'n at mid-day noon,
Upon whose brow the gleam
Th' abiding-place of which we oft* &
I leave the subject here;—may be
In this sad world of sorrow,
Our praises are our wages,—
Shafts,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that;
Our praises are our wages,—

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LOVE.

"'Tis but a dream—'tis but a dream!"
'Tis not a dream! 'tis not a dream!
That only brightens in the brain,
And like the gliding meteor's gleam,
Now here, and now look'd for in vain.

'Tis not a spell, which pears its ray
But o'er the guilty of youth,
Ere morn has ripen'd unto day,
Nor is it like the glittering gem
Of which we oft*—&
Not in its surface now th' abiding-place
Of Saints, who found in God a pard'ning grace?

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WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE DYING MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

Peace, peace, now my nestling, why, why dost thou weep,
Oh! come to these arms, and I'll hush thee to sleep.
Come! come to this bosom,—here sweetly thou'll rest,
I will pillow thy cheek on this ageniz'd breast.

'Neath thy long, silken lash, now there trembles a tear,
Oh! weep not, my boy, for thy mother is here.
Thou year'st for thy mother, though dying and wild,
Thou year'st for thy mother, my withering child.
Ah! thou dost inherit thy mother's decay,
I know, my pale boy, thou art pining away.
Yes, thou art drooping, thy low-wailing sry
Falls sad on this ear, as the spigil's last sigh.

I own such the'rems are uncouth,
Some wight, more wise, in truth,
Would find an early grave.
When thatbless'd Patriarch of old,
Whom Earth could not defile,
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WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

To Anna.

Yes, I do love the silv'ry moon,
Caring out in heaven,
And the bright sun, at joyous noon,
And the pale stars at eve.

And oh! I love earth's lowliest flower,
The lily, and the rose;
And crushed, and broken in an hour,
And blight its leaves o'er-shading.

And every thing is dear to me,
In this sad world of sorrow,
Although I know, 'twill only be
A name, a wreck, to-morrow.

'Tis thus with ev'ry thing that's bright;
Dark spots decay betoken—
Joy's fairest wreath soon finds a blight,
Hope's silver chain is broken.

And oh! I love earth's lowliest flower,
The lily, and the rose;
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The GEM,
A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.
BE OURS THE PLEASURE—GIVE THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG GENIUS INTO LIFE.

NO. 7.
ROCHESTER, JULY 31, 1830.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

HARRY SOMERSET;
A MORAL TALE.

"Not hell, with all its powers to damn,
Can add one blot to the foul thing I am."

No. 2.

"Put out the light! No! I cannotbrook
the terror of darkness!" said Harry, as he turned from side to side upon his couch, where he was confined by a fever.

"Why are you so terrified at the darkness?" asked his friend, who had like a vigiil angel, never left side during his confinement.

"I cannot tell thee, Bryant," replied Harry, "but I will tell thee this, that the darkness is no friend to one who cannot
"Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that pestilent stuff
That weighs upon the heart."

 Darkness is favorable to thought; oh! I have seen the time when I could, in the dead stillness of the night, reflect upon the past, which flitted before me like the remembrance of a pleasant dream. But—

Harry sunk down upon his face, and giving a convulsed groan, was silent. His friend approached him, and found he had swooned.

Harry Somerset, and Bryant Wyndorse were friends in early youth. They were the children of two wealthy merchants of Durham, and had grown up together in perfect harmony. At proper ages, they embarked into the world in search of fortune, and from that time they were separated until brought together to separate forever. At that time, the above conversation took place; but of this the reader will be informed in the sequel.

How an error will at last ensnare the mind! How it will dry up the fountain of reason, and with its blight and mildew scathe the soul! 'Tis
"Like the dread Sirocco, whose pestiferous breath,
To taste is poison—but to inhale is death."

In the days of their youth, the friends we have mentioned displayed dispositions that were, in the main, happy; but there was, in the composition of Harry, one trait which at last, stunned him; that brought him to a stand, not only as regarded his present life, but which gave fearful auguries, that he died despairing of the future. While Bryant was a sedate, thinking young man, his companion was one of those precipitant beings, who, naturally volatile, never calculate the expense of any thing until it is past.

There are a kind of beings among mankind, who seem expressly suited to all exigencies—who are continually driven from one extremity to another, and who are the very shut-tle-cocks of wantonness, misery and love. These are those who falsely pursue pleasure to the brink of ruin, always imagining that they shall find it at the next false step, yet at every step sinking more in the quicksands of despair. They are seemingly a merry crew, while they keep in motion, but they are like the miller allured to the candle's blaze, they finally plunge into the consuming fire, and are overwhelmed.

With this class of beings was the unfortunate Harry Somerset finally found. His fall was like that of the drunkard; he never dreamed that he should be thus fallen, but it was an error that he falsely clung to which brought him there.

Harry Somerset established himself in business, and he would have prospered, but not one delusion clung to him with all the tenacity of a nursery tale to the mind. But his own was not the only ruin that that delusion was destined to work; it carried with it to the grave another pearl as brilliant as the halo of virtue.

Rosamond H. was a beautiful girl. She was one of those pure-thoughted beings who seemed beyond the power of the world's blight; but alas, she could not resist the power of Love, and that power, when it was destroyed, left the heart to the scathe of despair. They are seemingly a merry crew, while they keep in motion, but they are like the miller allured to the candle's flame, fire, and are overwhelmed.

In early life, Harry and Bryant had each become attached to his particular girl. They were all school-mates, and the attachment seemed to be one that was peculiarly interwoven with the beautiful imagery of their youthful gambols. Bryant in due time, led his Emily to the altar, and years rolling over on their heads, found them the patterns of piety and beloved and respected by all. Not so with Harry; though he was settled in business, yet he was not ready to settle for life, until at last, through continual neglect, and an abuse of confidence, his hopeful hopes grew dubious, and he fell under a loss of confidence, and a wreck of property. Now it was, that desperation seized his mind. A knowledge of what he might have been, flashed upon his distracted brain, and he turned amidst the waning of hope to those companions who draw the strings of conscience and the disappointments of the past, by banishing reason, and thus, for a season, overpowering the mind. His mind was peculiarly fitted for the haunts of the vile, for all along through life he had nursed an infidel belief, until, at last, and before he was aware of it, the error had become so interwoven with his pride and his walk, that it could not be given up. His friends had warned him of its pernicious tendency, and of its awful consequences. He remembered it, but what he had pertinaciously held to for years in despite of the advice of friends, he could not now, when its awful reality was upon him, surrender.

He fled—and the history of ten years of his life lies only in the keeping of Him who now knows his destiny.

It was in the Autumn of the year, ten years after, that Bryant Wyndorse was travelling far from his family on a tour to the West, and then in the state of Ohio. The day had been remarkably fine, and he had enjoyed that day's ride in a peculiar manner. Finding evening approaching, he stopped at a small, pleasantly situated village, to put up for the night. When the tea table was set aside, he got into conversation with his host, and was much pleased to find him a man of good sense, and strictly pious. In the course of the evening, the traveller discovered by the movements, that some person was sick in the house, and on enquiry, his host gave him the following short narrative—

"The person we have in the house, sick, is a man who has seen better days. He has been well educated, but he has fallen a victim to some unknown disappointment, and that, together with intemperance, have completely wrecked his mind. He has lived with me for the last four years; and my only excuse for keeping him is, that he may not, if possible, grow any worse, and end his life in the broad road of crime. I cannot tell you any name for him, but Henry; he has, at times, pretended to tell his real name, but not in terms to warrant a belief in what he said. He is evidently near his end, and his mind is now, I think, clearer than ever it was since I knew him. He seems to deeply regret some act of his life, but what act that may be he has never disclosed, and any further than to say, it was not accepting good advice."

"I should like to see him," I replied, breaking in upon his narrative.

"You can do so," said my host, rising—and I followed him to the apartment—and there, Gracious Heavens! I saw stretched on a neat cot, my unfortunate fellow—my youthful friend, Harry Somerset! He glanced his eyes upon me, and then immediately closed them. I thought he did not know me, and taking the host by the arm, I led him away into an adjoining room, where I made strict inquiry respecting him, and then told him the whole history of that unfortunate.

I returned to the room, his eyes were yet closed. I spoke to him and asked him if he knew my voice.

"Oh God!" shrieked he, "I thought I saw you just now, Bryant, and I closed my eyes—I looked again, and you were gone, and then I was glad, for I thought it was only your spirit before my disordered imagination."

His voice was clear, yet I saw that it faltered a little. "I am calm on seeing you," he continued, do not mourn over my fall and degradation,
and you will save my heart from bursting.

My feelings were too much wrought upon to speak at that moment, and I bit my lip in silence. When I did speak, however, I found the unfortunate had lost his reason. I sat down and wrote a letter to my friends, and the friends of Harry that night, and took up my lodging there until the sick should recover, or die. But he never was restored to reason, or to life. Eight days found him lower, and then he talked much about me, and about his friends. Whenever he mentioned the name of the ill-fated Eliza, he always whispered, as though he waspouring his soul into her listening ear. Once during this time of incessant talking, I thought he knew me, and asked him if I should put out the light. He replied in the manner in which this tale begins. On the tenth morning after my arrival, he died. I attended him to his last earthly abode, and when I departed the host gave into my keeping a small box tightly locked, which belonged to him. I performed my journey, and when I arrived home, I broke open the box in the presence of his friends. All it contained was a sealed letter with a superscription to his mother, and written upon, "not to be opened until I am dead." I broke the seal, and read as follows:

"To my dear parents, and friends,

I die an unfortunate, deluded and lost man. In my early life I had line upon line, and precept upon precept, placed before me for my own good, but I madly disregarded them all. I threw off all religious restraint, contemned the bible, and offended God—and for my own good, but I madly disregarded it, and adhering to it against the voice of its miserable tenement of clay! I hang only to live, but who, like thou—nowover, and adhering to it against the voice of reason, and original grace! The infidel seldom has his infidelity only to answer for. Added to it is not uncommonly deep and alarming crimes. Though I have never become a felon, yet have I murdered myself, and brought with me to ruin and to death, one of the fairest flowers that ever saw the sun. Let no one give way to small errors, or hope to indulge in error and shake it off at some convenient season—and let the young beware, for unless they have some settled moral principle, they will land upon the brink of ruin, ere their sun has reached its meridian, and die in irremediable despair.

"—HARRY SOMERSET."

"—Ohio, 1839."

The moral contained in the above writer, hopes will not be without its effect. If there are important truths contained in the history above narrated, connected as it is with sacred things, let them sink deep upon the memory of the reader. ADRIAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

POETRY.

The New-York Courier and Enquirer, some weeks since contained a paragraph in which, among other things, it stated that "Poetry is on the decline." A correspondent of the Catskill Recorder, in order to prove that the assertion was prematurely made, forwarded the lucubrations of some "son of song," of which the following is a fair specimen:

"Death tis a melancholy thing
Tis from eternity been on the wing
Strikes terror to the heart of the king
Twil to the dust every one of them bring.

"Eternity thou should'st dread the thought
Unless thou hast the battle of faith fought
Tis awful to think thy body must turn to clay
But oh: the thought of the Judgment day.

The editor of the Recorder subjoins another proof (in the shape of poetry,) of the wretchedness of the New-York "son of song." It is a narrative of an awful catastrophe which befel three men. The poet gives the following description, in bold relief, of the sad result.

"It happened in New-Baltimore
In the year twenty-five
When three smart and sprightly men
All lost their precious lives.

They were landed here
From off the Olive Branch,
When in less than half an hour
They in eternity was launched.

Speaking of two of the subjects of the melancholy tale, the poet in a happy manner, says:

"He left a young and loving wife
To mourn and to lament
But she has your deliverers
She could not herself content.

"The other was John Chamberlain
A poor man they say
He has left a wife and 8 children
To mourn, lament and pray."

It gives me much pleasure to add to the above another proof that poetry is not "on the decline," and though it cannot boast of great length, yet I am confident that it will not be doomed, by a literary public, to go down to oblivion,

"Wasting its sweetness on the desert air."

The melancholy accident which our poet deemed it his duty, as a faithful historian, to record, is said to have happened somewhere in the western part of this state. It commences and ends in the four following lines:

"There was a man he built a mill
And then he built a dam
A saw-mill—log rolled over the dam
And killed him up!"

There is a vast deal of sound sense and originality in this verse. A volume might with ease be written upon it; the very reading of it creates imaginations which even sober reality cannot efface. Our hero was undoubtedly an emigrant from some quiet town in the "Universal Yankee Nation." We may picture him leaving the delightful home of his childhood—bidding adieu to all which to him seemed dear—and steering his course towards the western wilds. His adventurous spirit could no longer bear to be confined to the changeless routine of an old settlement—and though it was to him "home— however, yet he desired to try fortune, as his ancestors had done before him, in making the wilderness "bad and blossom like the rose." Anon we can see the sturdy trees, which for years had defied the whirlwind’s blast, disappear, and see growing in their stead the green corn and the luxuriant wheat. We can picture to our imagination, the humble cottage and its cheerful inmates—the well filled barn, and the grazing herds, and forget that on this sublimary earth, misfortunes, sorrows and ills, hold close communion with happiness. In an evil hour our hero became possessed of the idea that a mill would greatly add to his wealth and happiness; and according to our historian he erected one. But alas! after having groaned and laboured and strove against the adversities incidental to man, his early career is ended in a manner far from consonant with the feelings of human nature. "Sic transit gloria mundi!"—a log rolls over the dam and crushes him to death in its fall. "Hic jacet" is now inscribed over the mortal remains of him whose life was so replete with usefulness.

Such thoughts penetrates themselves to the imagination, when reflecting upon the history of the verse in question. We doubt very much whether its equal is often met with. Who its author is, we are not informed. Posterity will be much indebted to him, whoever he may be, for having, perhaps unknowingly, sided in repelling the gross libel upon the fame of our modern poets, that "Poetry is on the decline." Z. of L.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

Wearied stranger, rest thee here,
In the cool and shady bower;
Where rising vapours bright appear,
As the mild dew-drops on the flower.

"There was a man he built a mill
And then he built a dam
A saw-mill—log rolled over the dam
And killed him up!"

There is a vast deal of sound sense and originality in this verse. A volume might with ease be written upon it; the very reading of it creates imaginations which even sober reality cannot efface. Our hero was undoubtedly an emigrant from some quiet town in the "Universal Yankee Nation." We may picture him leaving the delightful home of his childhood—bidding adieu to all which to him seemed dear—and steering his course towards the western wilds. His adventurous spirit could no longer bear to be confined to the changeless routine of an old settlement—and though it was to him "home—however, yet he desired to try fortune, as his ancestors had done before him, in making the wilderness "bad and blossom like the rose." Anon we can see the sturdy trees, which for years had defied the whirlwind’s blast, disappear, and see growing in their stead the green corn and the luxuriant wheat. We can picture to our imagination, the humble cottage and its cheerful inmates—the well filled barn, and the grazing herds, and forget that on this sublimary earth, misfortunes, sorrows and ills, hold close communion with happiness. In an evil hour our hero became possessed of the idea that a mill would greatly add to his wealth and happiness; and according to our historian he erected one. But alas! after having groaned and laboured and strove against the adversities incidental to man, his early career is ended in a manner far from consonant with the feelings of human nature. "Sic transit gloria mundi!"—a log rolls over the dam and crushes him to death in its fall. "Hic jacet" is now inscribed over the mortal remains of him whose life was so replete with usefulness.

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WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.
her days she would listen to the soft breeze
that murmured in sweet tones among the sur-
rounding trees, which overshadowed her fa-
vourite retreat. While in the participation of
such pleasures, her restless mind would steal
from its weary situation, and darting across
the wide Atlantic, rest in its vacant pinions in
the gladness where the plights of early love
first possessed the rich treasures of her youn-
gest heart. Many were the hours which
she spent in silent meditation: and ever and
anon, at intervals of passionate excitement,
she would heave a sigh of stifled regret for
having left the object of her unchangeable af-
fection, to accompany her generous parents
over the tempestuous ocean. Yet he was not
beyond the reach of fanciful imagina-
tion—her dreamy mind would rove unrigoed
over the boundless ocean, and enter the dwell-
ing where he rested. But the participation
in those realities were vanished; they were
veiled by separation. One evening, as the
charming Maria sat deliberately musing on
the picturesque scenery of nature, and eager-
ly watching the declension of the setting sun,
as it painted the dark blue waters of the At-
lantic in a glow of indescribable beauty, her
mind was wrested from those contemplative
reflections by the appearance of a man clad
in a black cloak, proceeding with slow and
solemn steps towards her solitary reclus-
e. She knew not to what to impute this sud-
den and singular phenomenon. At one time she
would suffer it to pass away as a creature of
the imagination, and at another she would
suppose it to be the wandering form of Henry
Melville.

While such reflections haunted her, the
most distant spectator might easily observe
the crimsoned flashes of joy enliven her beau-
tiful brow. It is in vain to paint the subject
so as to give the reader the slightest descrip-
tion of her feelings. She passed the night in
restlessness, and the following day in intense
anxiety, until the twilight again tinged the
aerial brow of heaven, and told the forthcom-
ing of evening. Then she darted with a quick
step towards the new broken turf, she dis-
covered that an urn had been erected over
its golden robes, when she again set forward
its remaining part of her existence. "The ear
of Diogenes in Syracuse, is no less a monu-
ment of the insignificances of the cruelty
of that tyrant. It is a huge cavern cut out of
the hard rock, in the form of a human ear. The
perpendicular of its opening is about 30 feet.
"The ear" said to be so contrived, that every sound
made in it was collected to the same point, so
as to form a focus; this was called the tympanum.
It had a small hole where the voice was to
be heard in it. He applied his own ear to this hole, and is said to
have heard distinctly every word that was said
in the cavern below. This apartment was no sooner finished, and a proof of
it made, than he put to death all the workmen
that had been employed about it. 'I am con-
vinced all that he suspected were his enemies,
and by overhearing their conversation, judg-
ed of their guilt, and condemned and acquit-
ted accordingly.'—Byron.

Queen Semiramis, having caused her own
sepulchre to be made, gave orders that this
sepulchre, could meet with neither silver nor gold
there; but instead thereof, he lighted up upon
it a huge cavern cut out of the hard rock, in the
English language which admits
monument of the ingenuity and magnificence,
and by overhearing their conversation, judge-
ed of their guilt, and condemned and acquit-
ted accordingly. —Byron.

"What king soever hath need of money, let
him demolish this monument, and he shall
find within it treasure as much as he desireth.
"If thou hast not been a wicked man and of insatia-
able avarice, thou wouldst never have stirred
and disquieted the graves and monuments of the
dead."—Plutarch.

A poet was noticing how sometimes the
most trivial and unforeseen accidents over-
turn an author's hopes. "A thing" said he,
"once happened to me, which was eno'jgh
wise to give the reader the slightest descrip-
tion of her feelings. She passed the night in
restlessness, and the following day in intense
anxiety, until the twilight again tinged the
aerial brow of heaven, and told the forthcom-
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monument of the ingenuity and magnificence,
SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY:
Comprising a brief History of some of the most distinguished Characters of America, since its first discovery: arranged in Alphabetical order.

B.
Nathaniel Bacon, came to America in 1600, and caused an injurious rebellion in Va., in Gov. Berkley's time.

Wm. Blount, first Captain in the American Navy, was born in Ireland, 1745; he made several successful cruises in the brig Lexington, the first continental vessel. In the winter of '76-7, he became a volunteer aid to the intrep. id gen. Cadwallader, stationed near Philadelphia. In May, 1781, he took command of the Alliance frigate, and in a few days captured the British brigs Atalanta and Trepassee. Bold, brave, and enterprising, as at the same time humane and justly esteemed by all who knew him. His person was above the ordinary size, graceful and commanding; his deportment dignified, and his countenance expressive. He died in Philadelphia, 1803.

Josiah Bartlett, a native of New Hamp. shire; a member of the first Continental Congress from that state, a signer of the Decl. of Ind., and afterwards governor of N. H.; he died 1795.

David Barton, a distinguished citizen of Missouri; was president of the convention which framed the constitution of the state, and has, with dignity, filled many important stations.

James A. Bayard, a native of Delaware; was a representative, and afterwards a senator in congress. He was appointed one of the ministers to negotiate the treaty with G. Britain at Ghent, in 1813; subsequent to which he was sent as a minister, to the Court of St. Petersburg. He returned to the U. S. and died in 1815.

Joshua Barney, a brave captain in the American Navy during the late war.

— Banm, a German officer in the Royal army; was despatched by Burgoyne, with about 200 men, to seize the military stores at Bennington, Vt., and was totally defeated by an inferior force under general Stark, and his whole army were either slain or taken prisoners, Aug. 16, 1777.

John Bayard, was a conspicuous member of the Old Congress, 1783, and a long time speaker of the House of Assembly, of Maryland; he died 1797.

Wm. Berkleley, was governor of the colony of New York, in the year 1700.

Jonathan Belcher, was governor of Masachusetts and New Hampshire, in 1730; afterwards governor of New Jersey; died 1757.

Richard, Earl of Bellamont, was governor of New York, Massachusetts and New-Hampshire in 1698-9. During his administration the celebrated pirate, Kid, was sent to England, tried, condemned, and executed.

David Bearly, a native of New Jersey, a distinguished advocate of American rights, during the revolution; a member of the Old Congress, of New Jersey, delegate to the convention which framed the constitution of the United States, in '78.

Jeremy Belknap, a distinguished divine of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, was author of a History of New Hampshire and of an American Biography. He was one of the founders of the Massachusetts Historical Society; died in '85.

Wm. Berkley, royal governor of Virginia near 40 years; he died in Eng. 1678.

Sir Wm. Berkley, governor of Virginia about 1660-70; he wrote an account of the country, and died in London 1677.

Richard Benett, succeeded Sir Wm. Berkley as governor of the colony of Virginia, and retained the place until 1654, when he was appointed agent of the colony to Eng.

Baron Nyburne Berkley, royal governor of Virginia, and patron of William and Mary College; he died in 1770.

Dr. John Bunkenhout, distinguished in the literary world for his productions in various sciences. In his youth, he was a captain in both the Prussian and English service; he came with the Commissioners to America, in '78, and was imprisoned by congress; on which account he afterwards enjoyed a pension; he died in '91, aged 60.

Francis Bernard, royal gov. of New Jersey, afterwards of Massachutes. His zeal for the crown contributed to hasten the revolution. He emigrated, and died in '76.

Wm. Bentley, an eminent citizen of Mas- sachusetts, was distinguished as a scholar, philosopher, and politician; he edited the "Essex Register," near 20 years, and died in 1819.

John Bertram, a farmer of Pennsylvania, who by intense application, rose to great eminence as a Botanist; Linnaeus pronounced him "the greatest natural Botanist in the world!"; he died in '77.

Johnson Blakely, a captain in the Ameri- can Navy during the late war; June 28, 1814, the Wasp, capt. B., took the Reildner; Sept. 1, the Avon.

Wm. W. Bibb, a native of Georgia; after representing his native state in both branches of the national congress, he was chosen the first governor of Alabama, by the people, in 1819, and died the following year.

Benj. Bourne, L. L. D., a native of Rhode Island, conspicuous for his talents, was a member of Congress, and a judge of the Circuit Court of the United States; he died 1808.

James Biddle, a captain in the United States navy during the late war.

Timothy Bigelow, an eminent counsellor and statesman of Massachusetts; was for more than 20 years a representative or senator in the legislature, and for eleven years speaker of the house of representatives, over which he presided with dignity and ability; he died 1821.

James Blair, M. A., a celebrated divine, born in Scotland, came to Virginia in 1685; erected a college, (William and Mary's,) and was its first president for nearly 50 years; he was also president of the council of Virginia, and died in 1743.

Joseph Blake, governor of the province of South Carolina, in 1694. He contributed much to the prosperity of the colony, by the wisdom of his administration.

Richard Bland, a political writer of Virginia, and principal member of the house of burgesses in the year 1770.

Wm. Blount, was governor of the territory south of the Ohio, and a member of the United States' senate, from which he was expelled in 1797; he died at Knoxville, in 1810.

Wm. Brewster, a distinguished citizen of Plymouth colony, one of the first who emigrated; died 1644.

Jacob Brown, a native of New York, and a major general in the American army during the late war; he commanded at the taking of Fort Erie, July 3, 1814; at the battle of Chippewa, July 5, loss, Am. 300, Br. 500; July 25, at Bridgewater, U. C., loss, Am. 890, Br. 880.

Francis Bright, the first minister of Charlestown, Mass., 1629.

John Brock, an eminent divine of Reading, Mass.; died 1688.

Edward Broomfield, a young man of uncommon mechanical genius, of Boston; about 1745-45.

Joseph Brown, professor of Mathematics, of Brown University, Providence; was distinguished as a man of profound mathematical and philosophical attainments; died in '85.

John Bulkeley, of Conn., was chosen by Dr. Chauncey one of the three most eminent for strength of genius in New England; died 1731.

Wm. Bull, of Conn., the first American who received a degree in medicine; died 1790.

Aaron Burr, the father of the celebrated Aaron Burr, was president of Princeton college in 1748, and was distinguished as a man of learning, and integrity; he died 1757.
is equally deserving our attention; from be-
of variety. Each tree is of itself a grove,
they are continually increasing, and, contra-
ductions, seem to be exempted from decay;
out its own roots, at first in small, tender fi-
ting forth roots, to form other trunks, and be-
ly effected, if an indifferent person call upon
weaken it, and over-shadowing benifi-
sual time, swept away a very considerable
large trees; which, according to the accounts
sary for them to separate the fore legs to a
however, are not by any means so high. It
muscular, and menacing, and even beating
ble of all animals frequently measures from
fifteen to eighteen feet in height, from the top
however, most usually feed on the leaves of any dispute happens to arise among them,
ly of wit, as tho noon-day sun is to the mo-
animals.' By the ancients, they had the name
improperly called Pagodas; and in those
boggy, and over-shadowing benificence, as emblems of the Deity, and almost
home in profusion the light garments fitted
and in that humiliating posture, collect money

HINDOOS.

The Hindoos are peculiarly fond of this tree; they have a long, elongated, its out-
shooting arms, and over-shadowing benifi-
and almost perfectly concealed. The Brahms,
find a fane in every sacred grove, "

MAMMAL OF AFRICA.

When seen in the direct light, the most remark-
able of all animals frequently measures from
fifteen to eighteen feet in height, from the top
of its head to the ground. The hinder parts
are however, so high, so big, and so strong,
is found only in the plains of Ethiopia, and
some of the southern parts of Africa. In its
general manners and disposition, it is one of
the mild, the quiet; at least if the mild, but
being under the eyes of persons advanced
to maturity, they become pensive and serious
even in infancy.

These animals, as we have before said,
duration of its existence, and the measure of its
fore shortens its life, for it is the most
precious of all intoxications."

HINDOOS.

The Hindoos imagine the exipiation of
their own sins, and sometimes those of others,
consists in the most rigorous penances and
in self-mortification. Such being their solemn
vow to continue for life in the same
unvaried posture; others undertake to carry
some heavy load, or drag a heavy chain; some
creep on their hands and knees for years,
avert a vast empire; and others roll on
their bodies on the earth, from the Indus to
the Ganges, from two to five hundred miles,
and in that humiliating posture, collect money
to enable them either to build a temple, to dig
a well, to make an irrigation, to work as a
farm during their whole life, in this
terrific clime, before a slow fire; others sus-
pend themselves, with their heads downwards,
by their arms, from the ground, and

HINDOOS.

I have seen a man who had made a vow
to hold up his arms in a perpendicular man-
ner, and never to suspend them; at length,
to increase his travelling in the interior of
India, he was one of the Gymnosophists, who
wear no kind of covering, and seemed more
like a wild beast than a man; his arms, from
completely withered, and dried up; while his
outstretched fingers, with long nails of twenty
years' growth, gave them the appearance of
an extraordinary horn; his hair, full of dirt,
and live animals, and never combed, hung
over him in a savage manner; and, except his
right hand, in which he always made some
man about him. This man was wandering
over all Hindostan, and, being unable to help
herself, went about from one temple to another,
and was always giving this holy person where-
ever he appeared.

Such are the inhabitants of a country
which seems to abound with pleasure and
choicest gift. Under a pure sky, and brilliant
sun, the soil produces the most exquisite fruits,
which nature seems to have taken pleasure
in furnishing to this earth. Under a pure sky,
and brilliant sun, the soil produces the most
exquisite fruits, which nature seems to have
taken pleasure in furnishing to this earth.

THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

No two things, says M. de Chataubriand,
can differ more than the education of the
Africans from that of Europeans. The former
appeared nothing but a child; the latter,
appears to be still undetermined when or by
what means they were formed. They are
appears to be still undetermined when or by
what means they were formed. They are
appears to be still undetermined when or by
what means they were formed. They are
appears to be still undetermined when or by
what means they were formed. They are
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what means they were formed. They are
THE JEW OF HAHAM.

Once upon a time there lived in Haham a certain Turk, called Mustapha, who had accumulated a fortune by a trade in goats' hair, determined to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. His family consisted of himself, his wife, and a slave; and as the lady insisted on not being left behind, Mustapha resolved to sell his stock of goats' hair, to take all his household with him, and to shut up his house in the same way as a Jewish merchant. The only doubt that presented itself, was what to do with his money. He did not like to run the risk of being robbed of it in his journey thro' the desert, and neither like to pass through an empty house, and there were not any of his friends to whom he wished to trust the secret of his wealth. After much deliberation he placed it in separate parings walking about the five earthen jars, which he then filled up with butter, and on his departure, sent them to the house of his neighbor, a Jew, named Mousa, to keep till his return, telling him of their content, that he might be taken for a rich man, and that he had left them at the bottom of his house at Haham, shut it up in a room, to which he would not give any other person to see him; the animal practised upon him; but as the jars were so small, he could not convince the Jew of the quantity of money contained in them. Mustapha, however, from the weight of his own conscience, and the circumstance of having expected a large sum of money, went to visit his ape; and he always carried with him when he went, a handful of gold pieces, which he placed in separate parcels at the bottom of his house, by the promise of some hugging and caressing him as he entered the room. At this instant a servant who was waiting for me, I will serve you. I have no animal friends. What is it? Not the fair feature, the smooth, lustrous skin, with the warm blood which animates all these, the spirit, the immortal essence of another and a better world, sensualist turn away with a sneer—the liber-
THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

Rochester, Saturday, July 23, 1830.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.—The subscribers have entered into a co-partnership in the publication of THE GEM, under the firm of Erastus Raiding & Co., and will also be able in a few days, to execute all orders in the line of Plain and Fancy Job and Book PRINTING, on entire new materials.

EDWIN SCHEEL.
PETER CHERY.

Rochester, July 14, 1830.

Protracted sickness in our family has prevented our No. 2 from being re-printed, though a part of it is in type. We therefore ask a little indulgence.

To agents and subscribers.

Our increased expenses, and the increasing demand for our paper, renders it necessary that we should call for the nearer fulfillment of our terms.

There are, however, some subscribers who have not yet had all of the first numbers of such we shall not expect payment until all the numbers are supplied. We shall expect, at least, that all subscriptions will be closed on or before the closing of the half year. The amount considerable due for vol. first, this must be forwarded to us without delay.

EXCHANGE-STREET.

This is a beautiful street, and teeming with business, said one sitting under our window the other day.

"Aye," we reply—but hark you a moment—we can tell you a tale of Exchange-street, worth a dozen such encomiums.

We can remember when we chased the bounding deer over Exchange-street, barefoot, and perhaps bareheaded—when our shrill voice sounded along the uncultivated road, it appeared to our ears.

We can remember as the thought of the yesterday, of tearing the timid partridge—of picking the wildest clustering grape, and clambering up a steep ledge of some 8 or 10 feet in height, (where the fox, and the green and gilded serpent had their dens) on Exchange-street.

We can remember of sitting near the dairy camp of the Indians; of decoying the rabbit into the fatal trap—of hunting for the accommodation of visiters.

A steep ledge of some 8 or 10 feet in height, (where the fox, and the green and gilded serpent had their dens) on Exchange-street.

When from the high and hollow beech, the ascending smoke of the Indian wigwam, rising a-

No Sulphur Spring.—An extensive Sulphur Spring has lately discovered about five miles east of this village. Its waters are said to be rich in medicinal qualities than any place, as with a wand, has thrown back the pall of nature, and placed her indelible seal upon the face of the wilderness. Our spires are now towering upward, as if to point the wanderer here towards heaven.

Our streets team with the bustle and buzz of a city—our river runs its ten thousand wheels, the great inland river of the state, extends its facilities far to the east, west, north and south. A mighty people destined to the possession of unbounded wealth and the benefits of education are springing up, and the mind seems with pleasing anticipations, while looking back, at the future, or contrasting the present with the past.

Green Corn and Cucumbers, have been selling in market nearly all the past week. One editor last year, in noticing the arrival of a load of Cucumbers, very appropriately headed the article with "A load of Cholera Morbus." We think it would not be a bad plan for those who peddle these articles in this extreme hot weather, to have a chest of medicines for sale in the same wagon, thus balancing it, by supplying the poison not only, but the antidote.

Hot Weather.—An abundance of this article has crowded the market for several days past. There is no way of escaping it. Pull off your cap, coat, and every thing, and it is all to no purpose. Neither iced, ice-cream nor beer will allay it, and if one fans himself right steadily, he is in a rank perspiration at once from the exertion; and then goes away hot, and sears down his collar and ruffles dangling about him like the sails of a ship. We have heard of one man who went into a well to escape it—but he "jumped out of the pan into the fire," poor fellow, for the rhabdium attached him while there in every joint.

Value of Newspapers.—The Marshall of the district comprising Pittsburgh, Pa., says that he discovers a great difference in families where a newspaper is taken, and those who take none. Where a paper is not kept the family gear—and doubtless it will puzzle the ladies more to follow this fashion than to buy Navarino at 6 cents.

Hostilities are said to have recommenced betwixt the Greeks and Turks in the Isle of Syra, with more obstinacy than ever.

The New Constitution of Virginia has been ratified by a majority of 10,492 votes.

France is greatly convulsed by the preparations for the approaching elections, and whatever their result may be, great danger is apprehended to the tranquility of the kingdom.

MARRIED.

On the 23rd inst, by the Rev. Wm. James, Mr. Edward Rogers, of the firm of Roggen & Wood, of Albany, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Richard Van Kleeck, of this place.

DIED.

On Monday the 10th inst, at this village, Mr. Samuel Moon, Butcher. Mr. M. was a native of England and one of our best citizens.

On Tuesday evening, William Barton, infant son of Mr. Levi A. Ward.

On Saturday the 17th inst., Ruby, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Koss, aged 5 days.

On board a circular boat near Schemecoy, on the 8th instant, to his way to his residence at Eastman's, an old resident of this town.

In Easton, Mr. Edmund P. Banks, Esq., late editor of the Delaware Apollo, in an afflicting accident entitled "The last paragraph," he took leave of his readers some months since.

Inriend, Mr. Thomas Russell, a soldier of the Revolution, 77.

In Dedden, Mr. Maj. John Polakernny, a native of Poland, and an officer of the fort, aged 83.
WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead I would repose
Beneath some shady Cypress tree;
Forget not my joys and woes—
Thus darkly let them be.

I'd rest upon the salt sea shore,
When I am dead I would repose
And listen to the thundering roar,
My spirit, in fantastic forms.

When I am dead I would repose
And listen to the thundering roar,
My spirit, in fantastic forms.

Brief was thy pure and sunny day,
Spiritless, spiritless clay.

Beautiful, beautiful dust.
Bright star among the hallowed just,
Fair maiden, now life's flow'ry path
Delusive hopes still lure thee on.

Not so with me—they say I'm sad;
That I have loved, too fondly loved.

One day the Just will claim thee jfor his own—
That glowing look, and laughing eye,
And the light of hope is on thy brow,
Those who now love thee, will have passed forever.

There was a sound came o'er the flood,
That piere'd the evening's pall,
For oft you captivate my heart,
A deep and hallowed zest.

The lightning's scath is on his corse!
That feeble bark is safe on shore,
The youth who doth forget.
And shakes the mighty deep.

Shines brightly on thy brow;
The lightning's scath is on his corse!
That feeble bark is safe on shore,
The youth who doth forget.

The youth who doth forget.
And shakes the mighty deep.

The lightning's scath is on his corse!
That feeble bark is safe on shore,
The youth who doth forget.
And shakes the mighty deep.

The lightning's scath is on his corse!
That feeble bark is safe on shore,
The youth who doth forget.
And shakes the mighty deep.
The Blind Girl.

Though hid from was the world’s silvery sheen, tier, of Mark Braidfoot. The house stood in a of the manse. A bright, babbling brook mentered at a short distance from this Elysium.

The poet described the hair of the lovely Pf as a "cloud of silver and gold," indicating its fineness and elegance. The flowers of all descriptions decorated the hair, adding to the beauty and grace of the beloved girl. The poet observed that her life was "full of life, and joy, and hope. Flowers of all descriptions decorated the hair of the lovely Pf." Her hair was a symbol of her beauty and her connection to the natural world.

The poet also noted that she was "sturdy youth lent a helping hand in the sweet hereafter, and her plump and robust body seemed to be filled with strength to withstand whatever came her way."

The poet concluded by stating that "though hid from was the world’s silvery sheen, tier, was destroying her but took there was one who seemed a thing apart; love was cast from group to group. But;" and then he expressed a deep longing for her, saying, "I entered the field, I was the gayest of the gay thing seemed full of, every thing seemed full of, and I made my way to her." The poet’s longing suggests a deep affection and desire for the beloved girl, and his desire to be with her even though she was hidden from the world.

The poet’s emotions were reflected in the natural world around him, as he observed that "Gayety seemed to preside , the green trees seemed infected, and their bright leaves danced to and fro in every gladsomeness. The trees seemed infected, and their bright leaves danced to and fro in every gladsomeness."

The poet’s longing for the beloved girl was paralleled by his longing for a better world. He expressed this desire in his writing, stating, "I shall not be long after the leaves fall, and the flowers are faded, in this sad world." The poet’s longing for a better world and a return to innocence and purity is a recurring theme throughout the poem.

The poet’s description of the beloved girl and his longing for her are depicted in the natural world around him, as he observed the "white hand in hers, and with the other she hung it on each side with curious organs." The poet describes the beloved girl as "an angel," a symbol of purity and beauty, and his longing for her is evident in his writing.

The poet concluded by stating, "Sincerity and truth form the basis of every virtue." This statement emphasizes the importance of sincerity and truth in life, and suggests that these qualities are essential for a fulfilling and meaningful existence.

The poem "The Blind Girl" is a beautiful expression of the poet’s longing for a lost love, and his desire for a better world. The natural world around him is depicted as a symbol of his longing, and his emotions are reflected in his writing.

The poet, Charles Bukowski, was a prolific writer who produced over 400 books of poetry and prose, including the novel "Cannibal." His work is characterized by a dark and gritty realism, and he is known for his use of humor and irony to explore themes of love, loss, and the human condition.
Henry St. Clair—How at the mention of that name, a flood had rushed to my heart, and I felt as if the early and beautiful associations which linger like invisible spirits around us, to be called into view only by the memory, were present at the head of a stern and final scrutiny. How does the glance of retrospection go back to the dim ages of the past; from the childhood of the manly rivalship—friends from the earliest days of manhood; and a more ingenuous and simple enjoyment of manhood; and of the early and beautiful associations which linger like invisible spirits around us, to be called into view only by the memory, were present at the head of a stern and final scrutiny. 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Grief, misery, and pain, upon many a countenance. Few 'mum.' We saw none but smiled; though some nodded for pay, and some drank 'mum,' and he replied in a

"Marked down," some brought forth "tickets," the following morning, imagining ourselves still at the fountain.

"What is this?" he was asked. We have just risen from a hasty perusal of the first number of the above work, and must add our little to the tide of eulogium which is going forth in its favour. It is certainly a valuable periodical, and ought to be introduced generally into good society. We unite the following sentiment from the conditions of 'This work is issued in numbers, on the first of every month, comprising fifty-six large octavo pages; with parched tongues, and shining foreheads, were found to be present by a sick family, we shall endeavor to re-print our back numbers. Our friends and correspondents likewise will receive hereafter, better attention from us.

An evening at the Soda Fountain. — One day last week, when the thermometer had been ranging in the neighbourhood of 100, and we had been sweating over our daily task, we concluded to spend the evening in some cool retreat, and for the purpose of 'seeing the ways of the world,' & "cooling off," we took our seat behind the screen in rear of a delicious soda fountain in Exchange-street. The votaries that crowded to the cooling waters with parched tongues, and shining foreheads, were innumerable, and the fountain quenched forth its sparkling waters in one almost unbroken current. We saw so many coming and going, of all descriptions, that we really enjoyed the scene; and alternately found ourselves moralizing upon the diversity of mankind, admiring some trait of female beauty, or strutting away their brief hour. An explosion of anxiety produced by a sick family, we shall endeavor to re-print our back numbers. Our friends and correspondents likewise will receive hereafter, better attention from us.

"Are we rejoiced that the fashion of paying the printer generally has become generally prevalent amongst us?" we will add that we are very much grieved that no such excellent fashion prevails among us in this quarter. There are a certain few who are right in the fashion — but the great bulk of those who deal with the printers, do not know any thing of the baubles of that fashion.

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The Lady's Book. — Monthly — w. t. a. COOK, & CO. — Philadelphia. We have just risen from a hasty perusal of the first number of the above work, and must add our little to the tide of eulogium which is going forth in its favour. It is certainly a valuable periodical, and ought to be introduced generally into good society. We unite the following sentiment from the conditions of 'This work is issued in numbers, on the first of every month, comprising fifty-six large octavo pages; with parched tongues, and shining foreheads, were found to be present by a sick family, we shall endeavor to re-print our back numbers. Our friends and correspondents likewise will receive hereafter, better attention from us.

The prices is Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance; half-yearly, semi-annually, will be added to all subscriptions from the regular account, and the work discontinued to those who neglect to settle up their

"The Lady's Book may be seen at our office, and we will forward subscriptions and money to the editor free of expense.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

A dreadful riot had broken out at Limerick, Ireland. All the shops and ware-houses containing provisions and liquors, were broken open and pillaged of their contents. The military were called out to suppress it; a number of persons were wounded, and several killed.

Hon. Isaac Parker, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, died suddenly on the morning of the 25th ult. He was an ornament to the Bar and Bench—an accomplished gentleman—respected both in his private and official character.

The New-York and Philadelphia papers record numerous instances of death by drinking cold water in the late hot weather.

Mr. Prentice, the editor of the New-England Review, is engaged in writing a biography of Henry Clay.

Canina Tastas. — The French expedition to Afghin, fearing that the Algerines or Arabs may resort to the expedient of poisoning the wells along the coast, have taken six hundred dogs along with them as a preventative.

The following arithmetical toast was given at the great dinner at Boston:

"Political Arithmeticists. — Massachusetts gueses, and Virginia es, that whoever undertakes to calculate the value of the Union, will find a hard sum, a harder one in practice, and very likely a figure in both.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Are we to hear no more from our fair correspondent "Tierec?"

"Oren," in our next.

"Anna," will have an early insertion.

Our new correspondent "W. W." is respectfully requested to continue his contributions.

"Z." will find a note for him in box No. 88, post-office.

W. H. W. " will please remember his promise.

Died.

At his residence in Castleton, Vt. Hon. Chauncey Langdon, aged 64 for many years a respectable member of the Bar of that state, and enjoying in an eminent degree the confidence of his fellow-citizens.
There came a time—a time when we must part;
Like the morning of life, when ardent emotion
Though our heaven be clouded, and the storm be in
And the waters are bright with the sun's glancing
How pale, yet ting'd with a fleeting blush
These cheeks that once vir'd with the blooming rose.
When on his death-bed, I was by his side,
He sank upon his pillow, and expired!
Time rolls along, and still his form remains
Stamp'd on my memory—lovely as it were
I am not happy now.

Oh! put not off thy simple dress,
Nor bind thy open brow;
Let it in ringlets float;
As it was wont in beauty there,
Thou'llt find thy page of womanhood,
And let thy step be light, and free,
But louder and stronger those strains were re-
And as I came up

The Rose of health that play'd upon his cheek
And oh, how alter'd since I saw him last.
When on his death-bed, I was by his side,
He spoke no more—but with a heavenly smile
He call'd me to him—with a voice as low
And heard him whisper out his last farewell.
He sank upon his pillow, and expired!

Mr. and Mrs. Crowder's Vaudeville Company.
Their magnificent new musical entertainment, in the Old Town Theatre, New York.
View of Fort Niagara on Lake Ontario from the Light House on the British Side.
THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TO A VERY YOUNG GIRL.
Nay, bind not up that auburn hair,
Let it in ringlets float;
As it was wont in beauty there,
Around thy snowy throat.

Oh! put not off thy simple dress,
Nor bind thy open brow;
Retain thy lovely childishness,
If thou'dst be happy now.

And let thy step be light, and free,
As it has always been;
Live on, a child, and thou shalt be
A happy creature then.

Thou'lt find thy page of womanhood,
Fill'd up with hopes and fears,
And though thou'rt fair, and pure, and good,
Thou'lt be a thing of tears.

I was a child, and all below,
Seem'd bright as thy fair brow,
But bitter hours have come, and Oh!
I am not happy now.

Then be a child and do not waste,
Thy hours of young delight;
Then be a child while yet thou may'st,
Oh, beautiful and bright.

ROSAMOND.

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And he tore the frail covering off from his breast,
"Strike here with young'nderbolts fearful sting,
"And send a poor sufferer home to his rest!
"Strike here!" and he smote with his hand his bare bosom.

And a loud voice did seem'd to mark such a prayer—
"Oh! my children," he explain'd "would that death could unloose 'em"—
while he look'd on the lightning's red

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

MORNING.
The night-breeze is hush'd—and on morning's young brow,
The zephyr is planting a kiss of delight;
All nature is shining so beautifully now,
It seems to rejoice in the sunbeams of light.
The lark has gone upward, and she pours forth her lay,
The air is resounding with music and mirth;
And the waters are bright with the sun's glancing ray,
And gladness illumines the face of the earth.

Like the morning of life, when ardent emotion
Thrills in the bosom, and quickens the soul:
When manhood is tracing his path on life's ocean,
Still memory is true as the magnet to pole.

Though our heaven be clouded, and the storm be in motion,
And sorrow should darken the prospect with pain;
Let the bright sun of love but light up that ocean,
And rapture and beauty come quickly again.

Oh, how often and fondly, in youth's passing hour,
I drank in morn's freshness, its fragrance and bloom!
Then life wore the hue of an opening flower,
And no day-dream of bliss was mingled with gloom.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

A SKETCH.

We rov'd together in our earliest years,
Through the green meadows, and the shady groves,
By the soft-murmuring stream that winds along
'Through the low valley—on the mountain side—
Heedless what course we took: calling the flow'rs,
And basking—till the shades of night approaching warned us to our home.
There came a time—a time when we must part;
And why was not that separation final?
A remarkable view of the Fortifications of Niagara is presented with the present number of the Gem, as taken from the Light House on the British side. The situation of the Fort is one of great natural strength, and during the late war was a most important frontier post, and was once heavily bombarded from Fort George, on the opposite side of the Niagara river. The cannonade was returned by the Americans for the battery. This battery was commanded by Captain M'Keon, and the guns were manned with great ability, as the result abundantly proved. The enemy commenced the attack by throwing shells, and as there was no defence against these, Captain Leonard, the commandant at Fort Niagara, ordered a retreat from the garrison. The bursting of a two-pounder, by which two men were killed, deprived the Fort of its best battery. The retreat, however, had scarcely been ordered, when the enemy were observed re-inforcing their numbers, and embarking troops to capture the Fort, upon which Captain M'Keon returned with a guard of twenty men, and kept possession of the Fort. This occurred in December, 1813. On the 19th of the same month, the British attacked and captured the Fort, in the absence of Captain Leonard, and put the whole garrison to death. Many supposed that the object of the attack was to destroy the clergyman, squire, and justice, every Michaelmas, when they customarily met at the Bell and Crown, to settle matters touching church and state; and to discuss the question whether the county member did his duty or not. Certainly Blanche's wit was the most original; but her audacity were seldom particular as to that. The maiden's spirits, when she was about 17, (that is, the age of sentiment and insipidity, when the girl is dominoing the world) has not made up her mind whether she will at once become stately and artificial, or remain joyous and natural!) that at critical age such were her spirits, that everybody set her down as a confirmed mad-cap; when, suddenly, or as old people say, "in less than no time," matters changed, and she became serious and reserved, her check even that blooming cheek faded; and her bright blue eyes were filled with tears; then "everybody" wondered what could be the matter, some talked of bearing was that of a scholar and a gentle

From the art and picturesque side, the GEM OF BROOKLYN. E://
BY MRS. F. C. HALL.
"Farewell, farewell, you flowers will glad
The bird, and feed the bee;
And charm ten thousand hearts, although
No more they'll gladden me!"

A jovous and a happy girl was Blanche Seabright, the beauty and favourite of Brooklyn, a lonely and pastoral village in Devon. She was the only daughter of a gentleman of small, but independent fortune; and her mother died in giving birth; and her father had remained unmarried. Blanche was exactly what old maids and bachelors call "spoil'd child," before she entered her teens—Nor was this much to be wondered at—her extreme beauty would have rendered her an object of admiration even in crowded cities, were female loveliness so frequently seen; moreover, she had precisely the qualifications that are valuable in country society; she danced and sang to perfection, played on the lute, and possessed more wit than any one in the village; excepting, perhaps, old Admiral Granby, a hale veteran of seventy-six, who told all the stock jokes of the navy for the last fifty years or so; some, which astonished the clergyman, squire, and justice, every Michaelmas, when they customarily met at the Bell and Crown, to settle matters touching church and state; and to discuss the question whether the county member did his duty or not. Certainly Blanche's wit was the most original; but her audacity were seldom particular as to that. The maiden's spirits, when she was about 17, (that is, the age of sentiment and insipidity, when the girl is dominoing the world) has not made up her mind whether she will at once become stately and artificial, or remain joyous and natural!) that at critical age such were her spirits, that everybody set her down as a confirmed mad-cap; when, suddenly, or as old people say, "in less than no time," matters changed, and she became serious and reserved, her check even that blooming cheek faded; and her bright blue eyes were filled with tears; then "everybody" wondered what could be the matter, some talked of bearing was that of a scholar and a gentle

A young man who was witness in a case of theft, recited the following speech in the New York Court of Sessions: "May it please his Honor the Recorder, the Honorable Members of the Common Council, you gentlemen of the Jury, and the gentlemen of the Bar: here present, I stand here to certify that I know of this man—I saw him with the shoes on!"

All errors usually have small beginnings.
continued the noble, musingly. "Make an at-
erner—a style in short; which fashionable soci-
in the world to achieve in polished society—a
boy's to bad—not to De ToTgive
Might I to

ting of Blanche and Eversham is of little
had he seen it.
Arid after the necessary inquiries, which every
Eve'rsham was received by Mr. Seabright a
His power in town was on the decline;
ber, and the wise ones w

it on- itsdlj wonders at its

I uger^te thoughtless, light-Jrearted maid*.

If an old crone, known by the name of Madge'sorbing happy devotion of perfect love. I am
fancy had been an object of terror to Blanche.

Her figure was short aud square—her fingers
fell back, and her large and twisted features
stood in strong relief from the bright blue sky.

"I do not want to harm ye—but I must look
upon this palm—there, I knew ye'd wed a
frend beauty for a plain gentleman—

"The course of true love never did run
smooth." Lord Dunmende discovered the

and he dared a look of defiance
at the noble, which must have ameliorated
had he seen it.

The when and the where of the next
meeting of Blanche and Eversham is of little
consequence. An aged oak—a shady dell—
or nothing more, but the leading brook, have been the
fors' land-marls time out of mind; and
through their first, second, perhaps even their
third recurrences were of course accidental.
Eversham was too honorable—Blanche too
candid—to carry on clandestine courting.

And after the necessary inquiries, which every
parent finds it right to make, when the hap-
iness of a beloved child is concerned, Mr.
Seabright was received by Mr. Seabright as
his only son.

"Your father wishes to extend his walk to the

accompany him. "Blanche can remain in

village milliner.

in the long lu-ibage for hor. \\

were, taming baek

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Biyou his wife, we all think that it would be
veruaol's family are anxious to have prevented this, but sl^Mould not.
the scourge of adversity, <M
generously offered to free me from ray diffi- _
whether or noTyoli
struggling with poverty, and
child. Blanche, will you render your father
faced a purse into the witch's Iwd. JJefore
ded man: my credit gone, my hopes blasted.
fatherly affection, and permitted you to make
former times; poor Blanche suffered from an the natural romance of character, which cir-
lather that his cause was loa|| the old man

"Blanche," he exclaimed, taking her
hand, "pause a moment ere you decide. I
tell you another week will find me a degra-

Blanche ascended from her carriage, Madge Withis stood in the church porch; a cold
shudder thrilled through her frame, and, he-
less of ceremony, she withdrew her hand as
indefatigable agent, and insinuating if his
dead pap had been as little as ugly as his new one. Blanche, to the eye, bore it all
astonishingly—even the fulsome and disgust-
ing attentions of her intended lord. Oh, ab-

As Blanche descended from her carriage,

USEFUL RECIPES.
Cure for the Hooping-cough.—One teaspoonfull
of castor oil mixed with a teaspoonfull of no-
asses—one or two teaspoonfulls of this mix-
ture to give every third day to the patient, coughs,
or other af the case requires.

Chapped Lips.—Melt a lump of beeswax
in a small quantity of sweet oil, over a candle.
Let it cool, and it is ready for use. Rubbing
it warmly on the lips, two or three times, will
effect a complete cure.

Sting of a Wasp.—Apply an onion, cut, to
the part affected, and immediate relief will
follow.

Ringworm.—A paste made of hard soap
(called by some, rosin soap) and ginger, seg-
red in tongsworms, will cure them.
in a plain blue frock. When they had approached nearly within sword’s length, they relined up, and halted. I then named the gentleman, and Gen. Burgoyne, raising his hat most graciously, said, “The fortune of war, Gen. Gates, has made me your prisoner,” in which the emperor, returning a courtly salute, replied, “I shall always be ready to believe testimony that it has not been through any fault of your Excellency.” Burgoyne died in Eng. Aug. 4, 1792.

Wm. Burnett, son of the celebrated Bishop Burnett, was appointed governor of New York and New Jersey in 1730; of Mass. and N. Hampshire in 1732; died 1729.

James Barrill, a speaker of the H. of Rep. of Mass. and member of the council; died in 1729.


The Bethel Flag.

O’er the green mountain peak, Where the pine-trees seem to press; Where the rushing streams weep, And the waving grasses lift their heads, and the winds howl through the pines.

The wind is howling through the pines, And the waves are lapping on the shore, And the sun is setting in the west, And the stars are shining in the sky.


THE BETHEL FLAG.

F.D. FOR THE.

Wm. Burnett, son of the celebrated Bishop Burnett, was appointed governor of New York and New Jersey in 1730; of Mass. and N. Hampshire in 1732; died 1729.
THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

Laws of Georgia in relation to the Cherokee.

In an article on the "Removal of the Indians" in the North American Review for January, Governor Cass asks, What has a Cherokee to fear from the operation of the laws of Georgia? Cass believes that the laws have no purpose, however, for which they were established and are enforcing. What Indian was ever injured by the laws of Georgia? He so fearlessly asks in January. The cattle to Georgia, and a return was made to fear from the operation of the laws of Georgia. Again and again were the human beings have established and are enforcing facts of panegyric died away. But facts may be now little fear of the answer. The government, or would scarcely have the hardihood ask the same questions in August which he was the proper owner; the attachment which each individual feels for his native place. With what resistless, tender, and soul-subduing influence does the world is pursued with unrelenting activity and perseverance from Monday morning to Saturday night. When Sunday comes, the weary heart rests; the laborer of every kind ceases from his toil, and goes up to the house of God, not to ruminate upon the affairs of the preceding week, or to lay new plans for the coming one; but to yield up his whole soul to the current of joyful contemplations, which the scene and the service are fitted to inspire, to feel the ravishing influence of sacred song, to indulge the devout aspirations that lift the humble spirit in holy triumph to the footstool of the Almighty.

HOME!

"Of first, best, country, is at home." There is no truth more common on our native mountains more.

EXTRACT.

From the 60th number of the North American Review.

The object of all this toil and trouble; these stains, these lacerations, and these hard and desperate enterprises; it is over all the acquisitions of the meanest subsistence: meat, clothes and fire; nothing more. But this though a legitimate object of pursuit in life, is far from being the only one. It belongs entirely to our lower and animal nature. The intellectual and moral principle; the God within the mind; what is the noblest and nobler portion of our being, by which we hold affinity with the sublime spirit that created and informs the universe; this, too, has its claims, and they are of a far more urgent and momentous character than those of the other. But how soon do we justly, if our thoughts are forever absorbed, without the interruption of a day, a moment in the routine of business, into a practical and moral nature is real, exclusive, solitary musing, or instructive reflection on elevated subjects; by the instruction of the goodness of the Creator, as shown forth in the majesty, harmony and beauty of his works. If we mean to rise in scale of being above the toils we work with, or the brute animals that we eat; we do not for their remembrance are unembellished and delightful pursuits. The merchant must not forever to his counter, like a bad singing, and the lawyer should remember that there is one Supreme Court in which his precedents will lose their authority, and his special pleas their importance, that there is one great test of his own which he must finally argue in the eye of the law. Let it be enough that the business of the world is pursued with unrelenting activity and perseverance from Monday morning to Saturday night. When Sunday comes, the weary heart rests; the laborer of every kind ceases from his toil, and goes up to the house of God, not to ruminate upon the affairs of the preceding week, or to lay new plans for the coming one; but to yield up his whole soul to the current of joyful contemplations, which the scene and the service are fitted to inspire, to feel the ravishing influence of sacred song, to indulge the devout aspirations that lift the humble spirit in holy triumph to the footstool of the Almighty.

SLANDER.

"There are people," continued the corporal "who can't even breathe without slandering a neighbour." "You judge too severely," replied my aunt Prudy, "no one is slandered who does not deserve it." "That may be," retorted the corporal, "but I have heard very lousy things said of me." The face of my aunt grew red with anger. "My!" she exclaimed, "what can any body say of me!" "They say," answered the corporal, gravely, and drawing his words to a close, "I slight things of no moment in the routine of business."

CENTRAL LIBRARY OF ROCHESTER AND MONROE COUNTY - HISTORIC SERIALS COLLECTION

Slander.
the horrid agonies of suffocation play round his mouth and mount up in his face; the deep, dreadful, indigestible pang of the poor helpless body, the gasping in vain for breath the strong but ineffectual efforts of the hands to reach the fatal rope and mitigate its killing horrors, the dropping of the same impotent convulsion of the body violently robbed of its now lasted only a few moments Ioniner it was

A hoax was practised upon an advertiser for an advertisement as is usual, detailed the good qualities of the Candidate for connubial happiness, with the life of the convict. His answer was transmitted, stating that the writer knew she was 22 years of age, and the signature was that she was 22 years of age, and, having black eyes and hair, sung well, &c. and, having black eyes and hair, sung well, &c. and, Haines Bayley, the answer was transmitted, stating that the writer

when betakes them to be, two references at disposal for $500 to 1000. An answer was transmitted, stating that the writer

had black eyes and hair, sung well, &c. and, Haines Bayley, the answer was transmitted, stating that the writer

would meet him at Mr. Thomas' 3 Francis St. Tottenham Court Road. After a short correspondence, the advertisement ran:—The following beautiful little ballad has lately been set to music, and published by Bourne, the publisher in New York. It is from the pen of T. Haines Bayley, and one of the best he has produced for some time.

SONG.

She never blamed him, never!
But she never blamed him, never!
But her sweet voice only falter'd
When she spoke when he pressed her
And her heart only falter'd
When she spoke when he pressed her
She sighed when he caress'd her,
And she sighed when he caress'd her,
She sighed when he caress'd her,
For she knew that they must part—
She spoke not when he pressed her
To the cold world's cruel scorn:
She knew that she was dying
To the cold world's cruel scorn:
She knew that she was dying
And her soul was carried away
As brother the other as
Time

Mountain Slides. — The Kenneville Herald gives the following account of several slides which took place in Keene, in the county of Essex, New Hampshire during the late storm of April. Certain.

"These slides were 4 in number. The first occurred about four miles west of Grave's Iron Works, and from the top or commencement of the avalanche, descended about one and a half mile, until it met the base of another mountain, covering the road for about a quarter of a mile. The second and third were somewhat similar, but more destructive in their effects, the former, or most westerly, having completely covered the farm of Mr. Wallace, and compelled him to abandon the idea of attempting again its cultivation; the latter, having uncovered a considerable depth, about 50 acres of fine meadow land, belonging to Mr. Benjamin Baxter.

The 4th took place at no great distance from the iron works above named, and covered about 3 miles with a degree of violence and fury destructive in its effects. In width it varied from 8 to 20 rods, bearing on its surface the most tremendous rocks, trees, &c. and carrying desolation and death in its passage. This, as well as those already mentioned, was very destructive to effectual these slides. The bottom, burying many acres of valuable meadow land several feet under the rubbish and earth of which it was composed. This however, was trifling when compared with the fatal event I am about to record. During the evening of Monday, (28th ult.) Mr. William Walton, and his wife, who had been on a visit to his brother, prepared to return home. The latter proposed accompanying them a short distance and, as the state was still raging with violence, to see them safely across a bridge at no great distance from his house. While crossing this bridge they were overtaken by the descending mass. Mr. Oliver Walton escaped, with a few bruises. The female was carried down the stream a few rods, and thrown without the path of the slide stripped of all her apparel, her leg broken, one foot crushed in pieces, and her body covered with bruises, in which state she crawled in the direction of the house till near enough, when the storm abated, to render her cries audible to the whole family. Mr. William Walton was buried in the rubbish about twenty rods below, where he was found on Sunday following, and his remains committed to the tomb.

The wildness of the scenery in the vicinity of these destructive avalanches, has long been a matter of remark to travellers in this region, but I am told that the present view is descriptively grand and terrific. Mountains laid bare for two or three miles in extent, presenting chasms of vast size—rocks, some of which are estimated to weigh on an hundred tons, torn from their beds—trees, some doubtless for ages, and transported from two to three miles, and trees of all dimensions splintered into atoms, and forming huge chaotic masses, altogether appears sufficient to overwhelm the senses of the beholder. Washington, John Adams, and Andrew Jackson, made their appearance in the criminal box at the same time! — Th.
OF all pursuits of human invention, The Ploughman is the most beloved, His calling's good, his profit's high, and on his labours all rely—
Mechanic's all by him are fed, His hands give most to every thing, Upon his stage we go.
The milk and honey, corn and wheat, Are by his labours made; Our clothes from him must first arise, To deck the floor or dress the wise: We then by vote may justly state, The Ploughman ranks among the great, More independent than all else, That dwell upon this earthly hell.
All hail ye farmers, young and old! Push on your plough with courage bold. Your wealth arises from your toil, Your independence from your soil. If then the plough supports the crown, And men of rank in every station, Let kings to farmers make a bow, And men procure a plough.

EDWIN D. SCAMMONT.
The bravest of your clairvoyant, to face the vile invader's ranks,

To leave this world all bright with flowers,

The summer sun, so wildly light,

'Oh, let me—let me go—

The gem: a literary and miscellaneous journal.
A sample of an honest and upright yeoman known to falsify his word, or shrink a tittle as human nature can exhibit. Never was he fit helpmate for such a man. They had lived er heard of their barbarities. He na(

...Hugh McDonald was, perhaps, as perfect a man of his kind as nature could produce. He was known to the freemen of the country as a man of unimpeachable integrity. He had lived through many trials and tribulations, and his character was as solid as a rock.

Hugh McDonald was the son of a Scotch settler who had come to America in search of a better life. He had inherited his father's love for the land and a deep respect for the rights of every individual. His education had been limited, but his common sense and practical wisdom made up for any lack of formal learning.

When Hugh McDonald first took up his abode in the wilderness of the West, the forest was filled with our native Indians. They were friendly yet, and Hugh knew that instinctive dread of their name that a New Englander would have felt some few years since, and some may feel even now, for he had never heard of their barbarities.

Hugh knew not an Indian's hatred, or an Indian's revenge, and rested the more securely in their very bosom on account of his ignorance. Donald was permitted to roam with them wherever he pleased, and Flora, too, for she was yet young and knew no pleasure but in breathing the pure air of America's freedom.

Hugh McDonald was the son of their principal Chief. From about his own age, and whom he soon learned was the son of their principal Chief. From this singular mark of friendship, an intimacy grew between them, and the Pale Cheek, and, being almost half-civilized, had also learned to read the books which Flora had given him. But the Pale Cheek was not, at heart, a savage, for at times the most kindly glow of feeling would beam upon his countenance, and his eye dart rays of intelligence which an European monarch might have envied.

Years have passed, and the forest has gradually receded, till fields of ripening grain, woods of towering trees interpose between its friendly shade and the mansion of Hugh McDonald. The prowling wolf no longer sends forth his dismal howl within hearing, and the neighboring watch dog's friendly bay is heard in its stead. All is peace and plenty. The goddess of pleasure seems to have taken up her abode in the midst, and dispensed her cheerfulness over the features of all.

Donald was much attached to hunting, and of late had become so extremely fond of his hounds, that he frequently spent whole days in the forest with no companion but his dogs. The Pale Cheek, too, was a hunter. Often had he disputed the claim of the "best shot" with Donald, and almost as often he verified his title to the claim. They had been absent now near two weeks, and the last hour of their promised return had already flown; and others had intervened and they, too, were gone, yet still the young hunters came not.

Flora sat at her window, cherishing the tear which she cannot restrain? No, she is not cheerful, for she weeps.

The story of Donald and Flora's journeying through several of the United States, pleased with each, and finally settled upon the fertile banks of the Ohio...
were not like Donald. Even the Pale Cheek was not just like him; but then the difference was not a fault, and I am not at all sure that his little peculiarities were not the more pleasing for being thus different. Often had she walked her room to and fro within the last few hours, pausing as she passed the window to gaze once again, until at length wearied and half frightened at the dark visions her fancy would picture, she sat down by her window and wept. True, she had felt alone the first day of their departure, for both were not usually absent, but hope, picturing their meeting, had cheered her solitude till the promised hour of return had been long past. But even hope was now pictured o'er with gloom, for her impatient soul thought theirs must be impatient too, and she knew that she would have returned even before she was expected. She feared, she knew not what, and wept at her own imaginings.

The sun had set and twilight began to steal as reign, when the report of a gun was heard. Flora felt, she knew it must be Donald and hurried out to meet him. He had passed his hand and bared it to her lips; while her eyes wandered in search of his companion. She saw and sprang to greet him, but a shriek told it was not him she had sought. The disappointed girl stepped back and gazed upon her brother's face in silent, bashful inquisitiveness. The joyous blood which had mantled o'er her cheek when she ran to meet them, rushed back again as if the knell of death had tolled upon her ear. She could not ask, suspense was too deadening to be supported. Darkness seized upon her brain and she knew not what, and wept at her lonely heart, for she thought of the stranger. Another thought, and she started from his bosom, for she heard his head down, and the incensed gentle

 Extracts from the Paris Courrier of Fashions.

... The Spanish Ambassador's Ball has left upon us so many elegant impressions, that the description of the Dresses which have been seen, are the subject of more than one conversation. The Russian Princess was the most striking, by the prodigal display of her diamonds, and will be a long time remembered from her sumptuous appearance. Her head-dress was composed of a bandeau of diamonds, and of a diadem of pearls, surmounted by brilliants: her hair was dressed in the Greek fashion. The brilliants which composed her necklace, her ear-rings, her belt, bracelets, clasps, &c., were of great beauty, and of dazzling appearance.

The dress of her Royal Highness, was of unequalled splendour. Her robe was of white crape, trimmed above the hem with a garland of roses and thorns of silver. The belt of diamonds came to a point at the bust, and the clasps which held the draperies on the shoulders, as well as on the end of the sleeves, and round the bust, were all diamonds. The necklace was formed with three rows of ornamented brilliants. Her bracelets, ear-rings, bandeau, diadem, and bracelets, were all in perfect harmony. Really her dress was one of the most royal richness.

The appearance of the Lady of the Spanish Ambassdorship, was more elegant than rich, her head-dress was composed with great taste. It was made by M. Normandin, who distinguished himself by many other of the beautiful dresses in the ball-room.

Nothing could be more ingeniously disposed than the stores of M. Delisle at the disposal of the most elegant, and the most beautiful ladies. We publish again a list of our agents, which will be sure to commend it to those who have not the most ready a God to trust in. — Sheridan.

Temperance indeed, is a bridge of gold: and he who uses it rightly, is more like a god than a man; but the English, who are most skilled in its use, are the most liberal and excellent feeders. — Burton.

If we did not take great pains, and were not at great expense to corrupt our nature, our nature would never corrupt us. — Clarendon.

One would think that the larger the company are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started into discourse, but instead of this we find that conversation is never so much stroke and confined, as in numerous assemblages. — Addison.

He who always gives himself airs of importance, exhibits the credentials of imposture. — Pope.
SUMMARY

From the Journal of Commerce.

Kean the actor, is about to revisit this country. It might be well for the morals of our youth if he would stay where he is.

Sects in the new Parliament have been sold for £1,500 per session, which is thought a better bargain than giving the market price, namely, 5,000 guineas for the whole Parliament.

A Liverpool paper of the 17th says, "Accounts from the North of Scotland are filled with melancholy details of dreadful inundations. The rivers have burst their banks, and the crops in several places were utterly destroyed.

Distress in Ireland.—Subscriptions have been opened in Liverpool for the relief of the distressed poor in Ireland. A Circular issued by Rev. Dennis Collins, Secretary of the Kantuck Relief Committee, says,—

"Accounts from the North of Scotland are filled with melancholy details of dreadful inundations. The rivers have burst their banks, and the crops in several places were utterly destroyed."

"The situation and neighborhood particularly to be deplored; for out of a population of 2,800 persons, of which the town alone consists, not less than 1,200 are to be found as paupers on the books of the Committee, and applications to the same effect are constantly increasing on them."
COMPILED FOR THE GEM.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY:

Comprising a brief history of some of the most distinguished characters of America, since its first discovery: arranged in alphabetical order.

C:

John Cabot, a native of the city of Venice, sailed from England, 1491, on a voyage of discovery. On the 24th June, 1495, he discovered the continent north of the St. Lawrence, which he called America, and crossed the southern point of Florida. It is said that he was the discoverer of the mainland; that he made the land June 1, O. S., and that Columbus did not until Aug. 1, same year.—

Sebastian Cabot, son of the preceding, sailed from England 1498, and discovered the northwest passage to India, penetrated as far as Brazil, 1516.

Columbus did not until Aug. 1, same year.

The President of the American Army; this zealous and inflexible character was a member of the U.S. sea service from Mass., and his name was rendered conspicuous, as displaying important services to the southern army.

John Cadwallader, a brigadier-general in the American Army, was removed from office, and after the American revolution, who, as Quartermaster-General, was twice present at the solemn parting scene.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was governor of Maryland from 1776, and governor of North-Carolina, from 1776, accompanying Lord Howe in his expedition against the colonies, and down to the time of his death in 1824, was a zealous and able advocate of the American cause.

Edward Carrington, an active officer during the American revolution, who, as Quartermaster-General under Gen. Green, rendered important services to the southern army.

He was afterwards a representative in Congress from Virginia, his native state. He died 1810.

Sir Philip Carteret, a proprietor and governor of New-Cresaria, now New-Jersey, 1665, and 70; died 1682.

James Carter, a Frenchman, sailed from France on a voyage of discovery, in 1584; entered the St. Lawrence, with a view to find a north-west passage to India, penetrated as far as Montreal, where he built a fort, and spent the winter. In the spring he returned, and in 1540, he, in connexion with the Baron de Roberval, brought 200 men and women to America, and began a settlement in Acadia, now Nova Scotia.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was born in Annapolis, Maryland, 1737, a sincere friend of the American Revolution, and an ardent patriot; one of the 54 signers of the "Declaration of Independence," and at present the only survivor—he was twice elected to Congress, once in the U.S. senate, and four times in the senate of his native state.

Daniel Carroll, a relative of the preceding, held many important offices during the revolution, a delegate to Congress from Maryland, and a signer of the "Declaration of Independence," and at present the only survivor—he was twice elected to Congress, once in the U.S. senate, and four times in the senate of his native state.

John Cartwright, commander major, distinguished himself while young, as a lieutenant in the British Navy; espoused the cause of America, 1774, in several works of talent, in 1776, accompanying Lord Howe in his expedition against the colonies, and down to the time of his death in 1824, was a zealous and able advocate of the American Revolution.

His works are numerous, tho' almost entirely political.

John Carver, first governor of Plymouth Colony, 1621, and distinguished for prudence, integrity, and firmness.

Jonathan Carver, born in Connecticut, a celebrated traveller; he penetrated the most interior parts of America, and died in 1780, in want of the necessities of life.

Samuel de Champlain, a Frenchman, sailed from France on a voyage of discovery, by Henry IV. in 1602. He discovered the Lake which bears his name.

Charles Chauncey, president of Harvard College about 1800-70.
everlasting life. With these views many rest satisfied with themselves, while they seem to have transformed the will of God. They feel no sense of guilt in not performing what they have been taught was entirely beyond their power. This is true, in many instances, of those who are anxious for their welfare, that if they can do nothing they have nothing to do, and hence they continue in a course of stupid dissipation.

If religion be a mysterious, unintelligible subject; some undeniable good which only a few can obtain; a price so high that very few are willing to pay the strangest that the sentiment of the senses are not to live it.

The constitution of our nature impels us to acquiesce in the heavens, when the themes of the same; and the reason is, that we are partially and entirely without a will.

The organist, whose name is Seele, was in Harlem, nor described by those who, performing what they have UpSJjL

The organist afterwards took the charm of woman, of the beauties of the

From the New-York Mirror.

THE ANGEL OF TIME.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

The angel of time being commissioned by the Supreme Governor of the world, made proclamation that he had a hundred thousand years of additional life to bestow on the innumerable inhabitants of the earth. His trumpet, which had been made far and wide, penetrating the cities, the valleys, the mountains, and reaching the utmost extremes of the universe. The people flocking eagerly from all points of the compass, to prefer their claims to a portion of the benefaction for which they had long been hopelessly timorous, watched the approach of the angel with a near inspection.

The children were enjoying their youthful sports, and paid no attention to the proclamation; the youths and maidens were wandering in the labyrinths of love; and the men and women of middle age were too much engaged in their particular occupations to notice the approach of the angel. The trumpet of the angel was heard, the people passed along his path, and the angel granted him still a few years more.

The third who approached the footstool of the angel was a decrepit female, almost bent to the earth, and trembling with palsy. Her teeth were gone—her eyes buried deep in her dark blue socks—her cheek hollow and fleshless—and she could scarcely prefer her request, for an incessant cough, which drowned her voice, and almost choked her.

"I came," said she, "to beg a score of years, that I may enjoy the pleasure of seeing the cypress trees I have planted over the graves of my husband, my sons, and the rest of my dear relations, spring up before me. I am bereft of all that were near and dear to me; I stand alone in the world, with no one to speak for me; and it is the request of my husband, my sons, and my grandchildren, and the rest of my dear relatives, spring up before me. I am bereft of all that were near and dear to me; I stand alone in the world, with no one to speak for me; and it is the request of my husband, my sons, and the rest of my dear relatives, spring up before me."

"Thou art then in possession of wealth and honors?"

"Alas, no! I have lost my good name and am miserably poor. Yet I wish to live till I am an hundred, and enjoy life a little longer."

"Thou art then in possession of wealth and honors?"

"Thou art then in possession of wealth and honors?"

"I understand. Thou art enamoured of the charms of woman, of the beauties of the earth, the waters, and the skies, wishet thou to behold them yet a few years more?"

"I am blind these ten years," said the old man.

"Thou art delighted with the music of the birds, the murmuring of waters, the echoes of the mountains, and all the harmony of the universe, and wishet thou to hear them a little longer?"

"I am deaf, and scarcely heard the sound of the thine own trumpet."

"Thou art fond of all the delicacies of food!"

"Alas, my feeble health will not permit of such indulgences. I have lived on milk and crusts of bread these seven years past, and more. I am a miserably sick old man."

"And still thou wishest to lengthen thy existence. What pleasure dost thou enjoy in this life?"

"The pleasure of living," said the old man, and the angel granted him still a few years more.

He has fought the good fight—he has finished his course and henceforth we hope there is a crown of glory in store for him.—N Y Spectator, Aug. 29.
The deaths of the Kings of England.—Wil. the Conqueror died on his road to Scotland of a natural sickness.

Henry I. was barbaramously murdered by vengeance apparent to be employed by his own mother and her paramour Mortimer.

Edward III. expired in a state of complete dotage.

Edward IV. is attributed to his irregularities.

Edward V. perished in the tower; it is supposed through the means of his uncle Richard 3d.

Richard III. was slain at the battle of Bosworth Field.

Henry VII. wasted away in a decline, as befitted a miser.

Henry VIII. died of fat and fury.

Edward VI. died in exile, probably of vexatious obstacles during a march.

We forget the death of Henry III, the most insignificant of the British Princes.

The death of Edward IV. is attributed to his irregularities.

Edward V. perished in the tower; it is supposed through the means of his uncle Richard 3d.

Elizabeth, not without suspicion of the same disease, caused by the death of Essex. She had been heard in the floor going to bed; and for a long time would not speak.

Charles II. was beheaded.

Charles II. was cut off by apoplexy.

Henry IV. died of consumption.

Mary of a broken heart.

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THE WEST. In the rich and wondrous valley of the west, grandeur is stamped upon the mountains, and boasted Tiber and Aro, the Illyrian and Euxina, to a stream navigable to three thousand and four miles, and rolling, long before it meets the ocean, through a channel of sixty fathoms. But what grooves are the vaulted caves or catacombs of Europe, to the mighty caverns of the west, caverns that extend beneath districts wider than German principalities, and under rivers larger than the Thames. Ye sun-burnt travellers whose caravans have resounded the cataracts of the Danube, while you marveled at the circuit of its limbs—come to the Ohio and see a tree that will shelter a troop of horses in the cavity of its trunk.

Constructive Crime. At the close of a short essay in the first number of the Philadelphia Law Journal, the following is given as an illustration of constructive crime.

"If a man obtain a horse from a keeper of a livery stable, under the pretext of hiring him for a day, but at the time he hands over the bit he intends immediately to have it returned, and proceeds at once to the nearest stable to hire another horse, his offense is constructive; when he had already proceeded some distance with the horse, and then, upon being alarmed by the sound of footsteps following her, she turned, and by her hand rested it with his foot. And Donald was there, and she knew he was dead! Then Rawley came upon the scene, and the unconscious, toward the wood, and her hand rested it with his foot. And Donald was there, and she knew he was dead! Then Rawley came upon the scene, and the unconscious, toward the wood, and

THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS LEASURE—OURS THE STRIFE—TO WING YOUNG.

ROCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 25. 1848.

then them—that they were lost. The surprise that he did accompany Donna, and that afterwards he did forget his miss, thory.

But where is the Pale Check now? A walks alone, and seems to follow the acme of Rawley. Yet why? His own soul will die. Of late he loves to where and summon to himself a seal, what a mass of incongruities is man. He is like the ship in the midst of a tempestuous ocean, without helm or rudder—a thing of fate.

The Philadelphia papers announce the death of Stephen Collins Carpenter, well known as the writer of several political works, and the editor of several periodicals in this country.

Law College.—The full term of this institution, will open on the tenth of September, which being a few days earlier than usual, printers will probably oblige the public by giving this notice an insertion in their papers.

A King's Twain. The following high minded and lofty sentiment was given at a public dinner in Brussels in 1837, by the Duke of Clarence, the present King of England William IV. We quote: "If we seed a man honestly, a clean shirt, and a guinea in our pockets, there is the dignity of a King for you. I look upon the British monarch as the most sublime being that God has placed on the throne of the universe, and blends his own localities, admirations and curses all together—now kissing the hand of man, and one almost is constrained to think, when he is engaged in his solemn mockery, that he is a sacred and solemnized officious of Heaven.

Paris Couriers of Fashions.—We are indebted to Messrs. Ives & Brooks, fancy milliner, and dry-goods Merchants, for the above work, which they receive from Paris, via New-York. The Courier of Fashions, there is published once in five days, and is almost entirely devoted to the promotion of the "Paris Modes," being accompanied by a plate of the different costumes of Morning, Evening, and Riding Gowns, &c. On solicitation, a friend of ours has undertaken to translate the most important articles that may appear in the above from time to time, for the Gem. We hope, and presume, they will be acceptable to a great majority of our readers.

IGERS IS FALLEN—FRANCE REVOLUTIONIZED?

Accounts from Europe are of the most important and cheering nature. We have scarcely arose from reading the account of the fall of Algiers, and its surrender to the French, before we were greeted with the welcome intelligence, of a complete Restoration in France! The oppressive measures of Charles X. have received a just reward—the people declared for Liberty, and headed by La Fayette, have succeeded in driving the Monarch from his throne, wth his Ministry has fled to England. This is the third revolution in which La Fayette has been successfully engaged. Our limits do not admit of a full detail of the affair, and we must therefore refer our readers to the political papers of the day.

HOLBROOK'S MILITARY TACTICS.

The person who has the copy of the above work, belonging to us, will do us a favour by returning it. It has been out of our hands for a length of time, and we believe it is the only copy in town.

Military.—The Rifle Regiment, which paraded yesterday, for general inspection and review, was splendid beyond what we had ever imagined. The officers in uniform presented an unusually rich and imposing appearance—and the manoeuvring showed a concert of action which can only be performed through much drilling.

The "Rochester Volunteers," have presented their late Commandant, Lieutenant Colonel J. A. Sprague, with an elegant sword.

Our friend who wants the Theatre puf- fied, is informed that we are neither "theatre-going" nor theatre-puffing characters, but we are willing the Thracutrics should be judged by their merits.

Our readers will, doubtless, recollect that in No. 7 of our paper we published an article on Poetry, signed "Z. of L." in which our friend "Z." as we then thought, clearly established that Poetry is not on the decline. One of our correspondents, or perhaps we should say a writer, seems not to have weighed the arguments, or sufficiently scanned the evidence of contrariety. The final sentence that we furnished by "Z." for he is still unconvincing. Oren appears to view the "go down" of poetry very sensibly, and we have not the least doubt but that the mere thought of its decline has sadly preyed upon his poetical soul. But let us hear the wailing of Oren's muse.

Written for the GEM.

Mr. Editor Sir: As I read your paper while noticing something of the go down of poetry in the esteem of some of our contemporaries, I am told that the Farmer will be acceptable to a great majority of our readers. I say thus because old Pope is gone.

Let western poets scorn it still To say they've lost some skill Must we because old Pope is gone We'll some perhaps that rite as long Lay down our pens let die our skill

With shame let eastern poets say That poets skill doth die away A western idiot void of skill I say their living poets still

O R E D.

The plan adopted by a number of the New York Free l立通ers, title an hand raised up the dump cold features of Henry, and she knew he was dead! Then Rawley came and as she clung to the dead body, she spurned it with his foot. And Donald was there, and her father all in that dark deep place. Then came a horde of ruthless indians and bore on the dead body; god Rawley and Don-ald helped unshackle hands. She woke in an agony too terrible to be endured and then she knew, if she could form

The vision had vanished, but the drifter was still there; too powerful and too bitter to be overcome by sleep. She arose and left her apartment. A narrow pathway led her, unconsciously, toward the woods, and she had already proceeded some distance, when she was alarmed by the sound of footsteps following her. She turned, and by the dim light of the stars, beheld the Pale Check.
GEORGE III. of a complication

and forgot to shut the gate."

"Sure now, and I slept last night in the field through for you. Mrs. Mahon!" was the reply."

Lov'd one of my heart! young life's gayest mom,

The radiant smile of pleasure, sweetly beams

Glo's resplendent upon thy uplifted brow,

The dawn which dimm'd the rapturous, lucid flow

Of pleasures nigh—and dreaded sorrows gone,

And dim the thoughts of utter wretchedness.

Silently o'er the heart—and now reveals

It steals along the landscape. Its fresh balm

Blushes in its embrace, with its bright leaf

Joyous of the sweet freshness which it yields,

The bosom feels its renovating power,

And calm, angelick peace should reign within

And sway man's ruthless passions, like the breeze

Freed from the baleful touch of worldly lust,

And pour'd his soul out there.

To heaven that fearful cry ;

Then bowed him down to die !

And pray as he has prayed;

And sin's

Oh, go not where the temples shine,

Trust not in words sent up on high,

A broken heart, and tearful eye

No seulptur'd mosque, nor pillar'd dome

On the cold earth he knelt alone,

He meekly drank the bitter cup,

Let thy proud heart in suppliance melt,

Thy broken spirit shall be heal'd,

And Mercy's voice shall be thy shield,

And sin's cold chains be riven—

And Mercy's voice shall be thy shield,

And thou shall be forgiven.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

PENITENCE.

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"But Donald," said Rawley, "for they were already well acquainted, "you did disappoint that unmannerly beast. A fine dinner he was preparing to make of this beautiful body of mine."

"I think you narrowly escaped a hug."

"Aye, and such a loving one too; I could read it in his eye."

"Perhaps I did wrong in interrupting so sweet an embrace!"

"Not at all, I assure you, for I had made up my mind to die in the arms of his bear-skirt."

But seriously though, I do think the sound of your rifle was the more welcome smack, for yet, (but she did not then know him,) when you saw him walk with Flora, and saw her

"Yes," said he, "I knew, when I first saw Flora, that the Pale Cheek might now return to his tribe, or roam, alone, through the wood. I knew that a paler cheek, and whiter brow, and milder eyes would be preferred. And yet, (but she did not then know him,) when we met in the edge of the wood on our return, when she first saw him, she looked on me, she called me 'Henry' softer than she ever did; and she lay in my arms, and hid her cheek in my bosom, like the faintly wakened under the neck of its dam. But, how soon she started, and sprang away as if she was angry that an Indian had held her. Then she thought of him, first of the white man, and her neck and cheek burned like the rising sun. Her eye fell not on me, &. And so did I—but...

But you did not hit it. Well we'll not quarrel about that; but I saw where you hit him and thought the interference of a third person might become necessary. You saw where he looked, just as he had assumed his most imposing attitude!"

"It was imposing! but I think he must be troubled with an affection at the heart, for it certainly failed him."

"A bullet is different from an arrow."

"And more affecting."

Thus did these two young hunters talk of an occurrence that had nearly proved fatal to one of them.

Rawley possessed a bold and reckless yet generous disposition, and seemed to search for danger merely that he might laugh at its terror when 'twas past. He had left his parents, who reside in one of our larger cities, for the express purpose of hunting alone, in the western wilderness. Nor man nor dog was his companion, except that, at times, he would hunt in company with some solitary savage for a few hours. Rumour (for the tale afterwards came) said he had loved; and he, himself, had acknowledged to Donald that when he left his friends he told one he should die in the wilderness. He had, however, not been long a misanthrope when Donald rescued him from the embrace they spoke of. It was with some difficulty that Rawley was persuaded to accompany him home, for he had resolved to hate all, and wished to shun them, yet, when Donald spoke kindly, he felt that he could not. He had known friends, and had now been just long enough alone to know that he had formed them—that they were lost. Is it then matter of surprise that he did accompany Donald, and that afterwards he did forget his misanthropy?

But where is the Pale Cheek now? He walks alone, and seems to shun the acquaintance of Rawley. Yet why? His own soliloquy will answer best. Of late he loves to be alone and murmur to himself.

When Flora awoke from the deep death which came over her, the Pale Cheek stood before her as calm and unmoved as if nothing had happened. He cast an look upon her pale features, pulled the flower from his bosom laid it upon her hand, and, saying, "the white man loves!" departed.

'Tis midnight, and Flora dreams. She sees the flower hang o'er the cliff, but the Pale Cheek is at her side and she regards it with unconcern. She turns to speak to him, but he is gone, and she is there alone. The rock moves—she sees Henry on its top. She hears the crash and sees him swing over the deep, deep gulf, hanging by the treetop. It bends—cracks—is broken! No shriek escaped his lips, but she caught his eye, and its dark wandering told of death. O God! that look! She sprung to save him, and she, too, swung o'er the deep abyss and fell down, down the dark passage, and her hand rested upon the damp cold features of Henry, and she knew he was dead! Then Rawley came and as she clung to the dead body, he spurned it with his foot. And Donald was there, and her father—all in that dark deep place.

Then came a horde of ruthless indians and bore of the dead body; and Rawley and Donald tore helplessly—as they passed by. She woke in an agony too terrible to be endured and then closed her eyes again as if she could forget. The vision had vanished, but its remembrance was still there; too powerful and too bitter to be overcome by sleep. She arose from her apartment. A narrow pathway led her, unconscious, toward the wood, and she had already proceeded some distance, when she was clubbed by the sound of footsteps following her. She turned, and by the dim light of the stars, beheld the Pale Cheek.
The day had just begun to show its first faint signs of being, when I awoke my companion. Being attired, we proceeded on our morning's walk, and soon found ourselves on the little island at the verge of the upper falls. The river rolled in grandeur over the rocks, and fell down the precipice in nature's own imitable solemnity. Oh! had we been poets, it was a scene to have filled our most ample muse; but alas! we were merely readers, enjoying an early ramble for its novelty.

Another reason (for, craving my companion's pardon, I must tell it,) why we rose thus early, and possibly it was the principal one, was that some ladles were to have been there—not, I would have you understand, not fairies, nor yet were they the river nymphs, but real, bona fide, downright good girls. Well, we were there, and to our extreme mortification, alone. I need not say how often we looked this way, and that, and gazed intently to catch the first far glimpse of their coming, nor need I say that as often as we gazed, so often, we saw not the fair figures we awaited, but—just nothing at all.

The sun had now risen, laughing in all its splendor at the sorry figures we cut. For their tinged cheeks almost instantly, the laughter exclaimed, "There they are!" I had just completed the name and word that expressed by Mr. Schoolcraft, but as he had seen no instance of a young scion expanding itself so largely, in so short a time, he very wisely concludes, that Mr. Schoolcraft was either endeavouring to improve upon the credulity of the people, or that the course of time had ashered him forward some century or more—that the poor man was mistaken, or that he could not have been in his right mind when he gave his views to the world. And more, he finds a hundred grammatical errors, and as many words misspelt, all of which may be found in Webster's Spelling-Book, or the New Testament.

I shall not attempt to vindicate his fame from the gross imputation thus cast upon it. But alas for poor Zebadee! the light that was to guide him on to fame and distinction only threw him farther back in the shade of obscurity. He read and re-read the article which was the rock, where his fond hopes had been shipwrecked, and wept till all the colouring was drained from his cotton kerchief. True it was that he mourned over faded hopes—for it was all he had; and thus it caused his countenance to be shaded, for in applying to it he had left the stains of red and blue, upon his immortal phiz, and one would have surmised from the flood of tears that he shed on the occasion, that the head, that great reservoir of all human greatness, contained but little else than a pool of water. There appeared now but one course left for him, and like a wise man he adopted it. He retired further into the wilderness, let himself for six dollars a month, took a school, and was pronounced an adept in teaching, the "young idea how to shoot," and a prodigy in learning. In illustration, it was said that, in the short time of three months, he convinced as many of his most promising pupils, that two and two are four, and that live deducted from nine, is four. He still lives up to the principles advanced in his pamphlet, pursues his own mode of teaching, and maintains most strenuously that you cannot make a Marble statue out of a block of Wood.

A change came o'er the spirit of his dream. He was suddenly borne upon the winds and storms to the oceans of an eternal winter. He fell stunned and unconscious upon the cold and sluggish waves. Slowly and heavily they rose over him as he sank; then came the lengthened and suffocating torture of that drowning death—the impotent & conclusive contest with the closing water—the struggle, the choking, the bursting of the pant breath—the flutter of the heart, its agony and its stillness! He recovered. He was a thousand fathoms beneath the sea, chained to a rock round which the heavy waters rose as he was washed. He felt his own flesh rot and decay, perishing from his limbs piece by piece; and he saw the coral banks, which it requires a thousand ages to form, rise slowly from their slimy bed, and spread, atom by atom, till they became a shelter for the leviathan; their growth was only a record of eternity; and ever and ever, round and above him, came vast and misshapen things—the wonders of the secret deeps; and the sea serpent, the huge chimera of the north, made its resting place by his side, glaring upon him with a livid and Death-like eye, wan, yet burning as an expiring sun. But over all in every change, in every moment of that immortality, there was present one pale and motionless countenance, never turning from his own. The halls of hell, the monsters of the hidden ocean, had no horror so awful as the human face of the dead whom he had loved.

Mrs. Sigourney.—The ladies of this country may justly put in their claims for distinction, in every path of literature, and particularly in poetry. It is considered among the eleia most illustrious of the age and a great number who possess the talent, prove that this is a land of pure ethereal fancy, and correct taste. Mrs. Sigourney was known as a well accomplished lady, but she has not with the cares of her family, as is often the case with female musicians, or poets, neglected her devotions to the muse; but has given the world other effusions since, marked with more strength and beauty than those one century or more—that the poor man was mistaken, or that he could not have been in his right mind when he gave his views to the world. And more, he finds a hundred grammatical errors, and as many words misspelt, all of which may be found in Webster's Spelling-Book, or the New Testament.

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bours bloom, and her harp be in tune, until nature fail to recall that philosophy contemplates with composure, and religion with visions of hope and transport.—Sketches of Public Character.

HINTS TO MECHANICS AND WORKINGMEN.

If you would avoid the diseases which your particular trades and work are liable to produce, take the following hints.

Keep if possible, regular hours. Never suppose that you have done extra work, when you set up till midnight, and do not rise till eight in the morning.

Abstain from ardent spirits, cordials, and malt liquors. Let your drink be, like that of Franklin when he was a printer, pure water. Never take tobacco in any form, whether smoking or snuffing, you spend money which would help to clothe you, or enable you to secure future comfort.

If you use any of them, you ought not to marry, to buy your wife a frock, or get books for your children. You also, by any of these filthy practises, injure your health, bringing on diseases that attack the liver, and fill the blood with poison, spirits, trembling of the limbs, and, at times, sleeplessness.

In order to preserve your skin clean, by regularly washing your hands, and face, and mouth, before each meal, and your whole body at least once a week; and by combing and brushing your hair daily.

Always have fresh air in the room in which you work, but so that you shall not be in a draft.

Take a short time in morning, if possible, and always in the evening, or towards sunset, for placing your body in a natural posture, by standing erect, and exercising your feet and limbs by a walk where the air is pure.

If confused in doors, let your food consist in a large proportion, of milk and bread, and well-cooked vegetables. Meat and fish ought to be used sparingly, and only at dinner. You are better without coffee, tea, or chocolate.

A military officer being at sea, in a dreadful storm, his lady, who was sitting near him and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she drew out, "My dear are you not disturbed? Is it possible you can be calm in such a storm?" He arose from a chair lashed to the deck, and supporting himself by a pole, in a bed place, he drew his sword and pointing it to the breast of his wife exclaimed, "Are you not afraid!? She instantly replied, "No, certainly not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined his lady, "I know the sword is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me." Then, said he remember I know in whom I trust, and that He holds the winds in his hand, and the waters in the hollow of his hand.

Manhood, is but a skeleton, and attraction but food for worms. Thus forever will it be with man? Like a fair ship he must go down, and the waves hide him. Love with kindred delights is but a dream—life but a thing which to-day is and to-morrow is not! But when I see the moon beam rest upon the graves of those loved by me in youth, I think of other times, of the other disappointments, will pass like a summer cloud away, and fruition take the place of mockery.

A man may be a hypocrite all his life long before the public; but no man ever was before his own family. His true disposition is that which they see, however it may appear abroad.

From the Nashville Republican, Sept. 1

THE INDIANS.—Information from Franklin which may be relied on, gives assurance that there is every prospect of the conclusion of a treaty with the Chickasaw nation, a delegation from which has been at Franklin since the 20th ult. On Friday evening last the President left them, having confided the negotiation and arrangement of the treaty to the Secretary of War and Gen. Coffee. The President, we understand, will depart for Washington this week. He informed the Agent, that his Chickasaw friends desired to see and bid him farewell previous to his departure. In half an hour after, he met them at the Masonick Hall, where being surrounded by the Chiefs, a most interesting interview took place amidst a crowd of persons who were present to witness it.

The President, with the Secretary of War and Gen. Coffee, having arrived, took their position within the centre of a square occupied by the Chiefs. Having shaken hands with him, one of them handed a paper to Major Eaton, which they requested him to read to their great Father. It was as follows:

Franklin, Ten. Aug. 27, 1830.

To our Great Father the President.

Your red children, the Chiefs and head men of the Chickasaws, have had under consideration the talk of our Father, and also the talk delivered to us by the commissioners, Major Eaton and Gen. Coffee.

The subject submitted for our consideration is to us of great importance. On the decision of which we are about to set out for Washington City, before we shake our Father's hand, perhaps with many of us for the last time, we have requested this meeting, to tell you that after sleeping upon the talk you sent us, and the talk delivered to us by our brothers, Major Eaton and Gen. Coffee, we have entered into a treaty based upon the principles communicated to us by Major Eaton and Gen. Coffee.

Your friends and brothers.

(Signed, &c.)

The President promptly replied: he told them of the great pleasure and satisfaction he had enjoyed in seeing them. Some of them had been long known to him, and he assured them that their long continued friendship had not been, and would not be, interrupted. He was about, he said, to separate from them to return to his publick duties at Washington, and might meet them no more; but his earnest hope was that the Great Spirit would take care of, bless, and preserve them. He then rose and bade them an affectionate farewell. One of the principal Chiefs rushed forward, and grasping both hands, exclaimed, "God bless you, my great Father," and overcome by his feelings turned away. The President and Chiefs were much affected, and the whole house manifested a sensible and lively emotion at the interesting interview and separation of this distinguished man from our red brothers. It was indeed a scene of the deepest interest. We see these hardy—untutored sons of the forest—about to separate from a man so long known to them, and by them so much beloved; under circumstances too, which brought to their minds that they were about to leave the land of their youth, where the homes of their fathers reposed. The conflicting emotions, brought upon them by their attachment to home, and a recollection, on the other hand, that the laws of the white men could not be contested and contented, and clearly visible, did not fail to inspire a generous sensibility in every bosom. These incidents, however, prove that nothing of compulsion, or even resembling it, has been on this occasion resorted to. The result has been a voluntary determination, by the Indians, under existing circumstances, to remain under the laws of the state which claims jurisdiction over them.

DOYLESTOWN, Sept. 13.

COUNTERFEITING.—About 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, Major Eaton, of very genteel appearance, carrying a valise, stopped at the sign of the bear, on the old road leading from Trenton to Lambertville, and called for a room. This being shown them, they took possession of it, and appeared so secretly concealed during the whole afternoon and evening, that suspicions were entertained by the family that their intentions were of no good. There was no person about the inn except females, and about 9 in the evening, the daughter of the landlord, and another young lady of the house, resolved to watch their movements, in order to discover what could be the object of such clandestine proceedings.—They accordingly went to the door of the room, and peeping through a crevice, in it, observed one of the strangers sitting at a table, writing, and, as they supposed, signing counterfeit money. They immediately rushed in, and accused him with the act, when he quickly commenced gathering up various implements of his business, concealing a bundle of notes with his hat, and was preparing to make his escape. Major Eaton and Gen. Coffee were now ready to enter into a treaty based upon the principles communicated to us by Major Eaton and Gen. Coffee.

Your friends and brothers.

(Signed, &c.)

Manhood, is but a skeleton, and attraction but food for worms. Thus forever will it be with man? Like a fair ship he must go down, and the waves hide him. Love with kindred delights is but a dream—life but a thing which to-day is and to-morrow is not! But when I see the moon beam rest upon the graves of those loved by me in youth, I think of other times, of the other disappointments, will pass like a summer cloud away, and fruition take the place of mockery.

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SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

No. VIII.

comprising a brief History of some of the most distin-
guished Characters of America, since its first discov-
erly: arranged in Alphabetical order.

Charles Chauncey, L. L. D. was secretary of State, and afterwards a judge of the Su-

preme Court of the state of Connecticut, and died 1822.

John Chester, a colonel in the American Army, distinguished himself at the battle of

Bunker's Hill; died 1809.

Benjamin Chew, a native of Maryland, was chief judge of the Supreme Court of Penn.

and afterwards a judge of the high court of Appeals of that State. He died in 1810.

Thomas Chittenden, first governor of Ver-

mont and president of the convention which

formed the constitution of that State. He was a

native of Connecticut and an illustrious man

but yet he possessed great natural talents and

great private virtue. He died in 1797.

Benjamin Church was distinguished for his

exploits in the Indian Wars, in New-England,

and commanded the party that killed the

famous Philip. He died in 1742.

William Charles Clithorne was governor of

the State of Louisiana and the Mississippi

Territory; afterwards elected to the Senate

of the United States. He died in 1810.

Thomas Clapp was President of Yale Col-

lege, and one of the most profound scholars

of his age. He published a history of Yale

and one of the most profound scholars

of his age. He published a history of Yale

College, and conjectures upon meteors, and

of the United States. He died in 1803.

James Clinton was a Major General in the

American army; distinguished himself as a

brave and indefatigable officer in the wars of

the French and Indians, and in the revolution

was with Gen. Sullivan on his expedition to

Canada, and was some time commander of the

Northern Section of the

Union, stationed at Albany, and was after-

wards at the siege of Yorktown. He closed

his military career by bidding an affectionate

farewell to Washington at New-York, and

taking to private life. He died in 1812.

George Clinton was brother to James and

an eminent Lawyer and member of Congress

from New-Jersey, before and after the adop-
tion of the Federal Constitution, and a signa-
t of the United States Senate.

He died in 1803.

Henry Clinton, a Brittish General in the war

of the revolution; was grand-son of the Earl

of George Clinton; died in 1773.

John Clarke, one of the first founders of

Rhode-Island, with he was obliged to live on

account of his religious sentiments, which

[being a Baptist] were at variance with those

which prevailed in Massachusetts. He died in 1769.

John Clarke, a governor of the State of Del-

aware: died at Smyrna in 1821.

Abraham Clarke, a member of Congress from New-Jersey, before and after the adop-
tion of the Federal Constitution, and a signer

t of the Declaration of Independence. He died in

1784.

Jonathan Clarke, President of the Colony of

Rhode Island; died in 1648.

Walter Clarke, was governor of Rhode Isl.

and for several years, and died in 1700.

George Clarke, was governor of New-York

in 1727. He returned to England; died 1763.

Mathew Clarkson, of New-York, born in 1758; he was a Major General in the revolu-
tionary army, and particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Bridge-water. He sub-

sequently held various public offices. His

name is associated with those who fought and

bled for American Independence, and in pri-

vate life, with the most devoted virtues.

Josiah Clayton, was a governor of Dela-

ware, and a member of the United States Sen-

ate. He died in 1796.

Henry Clinton, a British General in the war

of the revolution: was grand-son of the Earl

of Lincoln, and became captain of the Guards

in 1738. In 1778 he was appointed comman-
der in chief in America; evacuated Phila-

delphia the same year; took Charleston 1780

and returned to England in 1782. In 1795 he

was made governor of Gibraltar, and died soon

after.

Charles Clinton, a native of Ireland, emi-
grated early to New-York, where he main-
tained a high character for usefulness and

expectability. He was the father of James

and George Clinton; died in 1773.

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The Gem: A Literary and Miscellaneous Journal

**DANCE AND MOSQUITOES.**

*The course of true love never did run smooth.*

Good night! dear Emma, and may all your rosy cheeks be brightened by the luminary of your heart, for which our western world is unrivered, and which is a secret of sweet delight to him who is the object of your affection.

But the hour for separation had arrived, and the room alive with the enemy. They were speaking. The day preceding this memorable night had been intensely hot; the fiery sun went down in his glory, tinging with a warm red the plume of the setting sun, and casting a beautiful tinge on the face of the moon, and killing mosquitoes. At last, upon the retire of Emma, our hero, who was twirling and pulling to pieces a smallmosquito net, came forward, and instantly bent upon dislodging her enemy. She was a true friend, and as it came in contact with the air, the enemy was dislodged, and the room alive with the odoriferous and nauseating mixture became more and more intense.

The flames, she feared, were endangering the house—the smoke was making her deadly sick. She seized the bowl, and poured water over the surface of the liquid, sending up a wreath of odorous and nauseating smoke. By and by the flame rose high, and the burning mixture became more and more intense. She placed the bowl upon her wash-stand, and touched the elegantly minuscule with her fingers. She was not doing so by accident, but to verify the fact that the enemy was swallowed up by the embers of the fire.

The fire was now in its last stage, and the enemy was about to be completely exterminated. She placed the bowl upon the wash-stand, and touched the elegantly minuscule with her fingers. She was not doing so by accident, but to verify the fact that the enemy was swallowed up by the embers of the fire.

Thus stood matters at the time of which we write. We got on board, and the surgeon gave the poor fellow some weak tepid grog. He was dead—[Blackwood's Magazine].

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He saw it is true, the fiery sheet, as it emerged from the window but masking it for the "purple light of love," he "stood stock still," and watched the red flames, as they danced in the brush. One wild How of agony was sent quavering on the tranquil air, as our blazing hero, fiercely pursued by the old watch dog, shot like meteor thru the bean-poles and cub-bages. Here it wakened in his wake, a lamentable streak of flame.

Emma, alarmed for a moment at the cry of distress, stood gazing at the apparition, but as she advanced to the window, the flames were extinguished by the sudden opening of the shutters of her window, and, braving the musquettes, placed her lovely cheek upon the pillow.

Next morning, the sensorial apparition is one of our fashionable barbers, passed to the Cincinnati Eye Infirmary, in Third street, for the purpose of having the fiery particles extracted from his nasal and reddened organ. From that hour to this, our unfortunate lover has not been seen in this city. Whether he has migrated to other climes, whether the "purple light of love" burns less intensely, or, is this the result of the removal of his matchless whiskers, he remains incognito among us are matters upon which we decline to adventure an opinion.

[From the Albany Daily Advertiser.]

FRENCH EXILES IN AMERICA.

Facts which daily occur, demonstrate that the people of the United States enjoy the greatest freedom of any nation on the globe. Free men, free from restraint and thought. This is the most beautiful feature in our social system; and this distinguishes us from the older governments. As we have said, the gallant mountaineers of Switzerland are welcomed among us; and so the exiled King, if he please, will be protected by our benign laws. No distinction prevails here, except between vice and virtue, and there the line is broad and deep.

The asylum for the oppressed, the home of the mountaineers of Switzerland are welcomed a thousandfold by the people of the United States. Free men, free from restraint and thought, America became the haven of theituand conqueror, and every victory he achieved was but a record of their misfortune. The fortune of war soon changed the aspect of affairs, and destiny put a limit to his career.

The whirlwind and the storm abated, and the doves descended and returned with the olive branch. The friendless exiles hastened to address France, and a second revolution placed the Bourbons on the throne. A series of events of the most stupendous character succeeded, and the Bonaparte dynasty escaped with their lives. This vicissitude in human affairs again produced a reaction, and a second emigration to America took place.

An ex-King of Spain, a King of Naples, and King of Holland, Field Marshals, Dukes and Counts arrived in quick succession, and the wings of the eagle sheltered them in exile.

Had the inscrutable decrees of Providence directed otherwise, this day we might have had a citizen in the person of the Ex-Emperor. We know he admired America, the land of Washington.

FROM COLOMBIA.

We have been permitted to make the following translations from several letters, received by the brig Medina. They are, as most of our letters from Cartagena are, from natives of the country.—Y. D. Advertiser.

"Panama, 30th July. — You will have heard that we have sworn to the Constitution, to the gratification of some and the discontent of others. The latter, however, have done nothing more than obey in silence."

"Cartagena, 13th August. — The liberator remains at La Popa, as the English Consul has offered him a house he owns in that region. It appears that he has not fixed the time for his departure; and as this depends entirely on his being well, it is not known whether it will speedily take place."

"Cartagena, 14th August. — The paper which I send you will give you an idea of what is going on here. You will see that the liberal party have recovered the use of speech; but still Cartagena is oppressed by a set of men, who, having declared in favor of monarchy, think only of disenfranchising the government, seeking for causes of complaint, to avail themselves of these means. Whatever a favourable hour shall arrive, to disorganize every thing, and proclaim Bolivar the Redeemer of Colombia, foolish men! They expect to be able to represent the comedy of 1826 at this period. Gen. Bolivar, although he has received a plain intimation from the government that he ought to go, still remains in this city. He said that he should go without fail; but the American papers are of to-day, and the English to-morrow, and Bolivar remains. They do not say now that he is sick, this tale is too old; for we have all seen that while he was giving out this excuse for remaining, he was getting on his horse, taking his wheel, &c., like a man in perfect health.

What is designed here, is to oppose the government; and from the tone of the Cartagena Gazette, you will perceive that this is the object. They are delayed by the small size of the party they possess, and the want of confidence which prevails among themselves. Oh that they would make the attempt, and then the government would be able to discover who are their friends, and who are not, and not be obliged to show kindness with the hope of consolidating. There is no consolidating tyrants. It seems strange that the opinion of this place having been declared our side, should be represented as meaning something else; but this is owing to the fact that Montilla has the bayonets on his side, and the Prefect is only his creature; so that these two, and various other persons, including the "Hero of the Empire," and Gen. O'Leary, are directors of operations, sustained by force. All this, however, avail nothing, so long as they find no support from abroad, which appears to me impossible. General Esparza writes to Montilla, saying: "My friend—Argote and Arosemena have a party here which gives me no room to breathe. The fathomaa would sooner declare for anything than for Mr. Simon."

From the Boston Commercial Gazette.

FIRE AT GLOUCESTER.—We learn from Salem, that an express arrived at that place about ten o'clock this forenoon from Gloucester, for assistance to subdue a fire which broke out this morning in a stable back of Fore-street—that the person who brought the express stated that all of one side of Fore-street was consumed;—that the fire had crossed the street and was still raging when he left, and fears were entertained that a great part of the town would be destroyed.

We are informed by a gentleman from Marblehead, that as soon as intelligence of the fire at Gloucester reached that town yesterday, about noon, three engines were put on board the sloop Polly, and in less than twenty minutes she was under way. She had on board between 150 and 200 volunteers, who, it is hoped, reached Gloucester in season to afford assistance to their suffering neighbors.

The following is an extract from a gentleman in Gloucester to the Postmaster at Salem.

Gated Sept. 16:

"I have just time to say that a distressing fire commenced at this place about 4 o'clock, and now, half past ten, we have just got it under. I have strong hopes we shall stop it about 20 to 30 buildings are destroyed. It commenced in Samuel Gilbert's store, and it is supposed originated by spontaneous combustion. The post office is safe, although everything is removed from it; the letters are in such a situation that they cannot be got at. I shall, as soon as possible, despatch the mail—we are in a very distressed situation. The course of the fire is on Front st."

MAXIMS.

"I can't do it," never accomplished anything. "I'll try," has done wonders.

Of two evils, choose the least. Once well done, twice done.

A listening ear is preferable to a writing tongue. There should be no delaying matters of deep importance.
Conugal affection.—We announced a few days since that M. ——, comptroller of the Mint, had shot himself. This dreadful act was committed in the presence of his wife, who had been for several years dumb and deprived of the use of her limbs by a severe paralysis; the shock she received by viewing this horrible scene, instantly restored not only her power of speech, but all her other faculties. — Pestis hib.

THE GEM.

Rochester, September, Saturday, 25th, 1830.

Back Numbers.—Our patrons are informed that we are now engaged in re-printing No. 1 of our paper, which will be sent to those to whom it is due immediately. All other our lacking numbers will be re-printed soon.

Large Cabbages.—We were presented with a head of beautiful cabbage last week, which weighed 14 pounds. Notwithstanding its immense size, it was of a delicious flavour, and as hard as any that we ever saw. A mate to this was bought by the captain of the packet boat Philadelphia, which were raised, with a large number like them, by Mr. Joel P. Davis of this village, who, in raising fine vegetables, and particularly cabbages, "beats the Dutch all hollow."

Rochester Band.—This company of musicians, (ourselves among the number,) took an excursion last week on the canal, as near as Buffalo. We took passage in the packet boat Philadelphia captain Cheshire, where we found everything in excellent order, and the table abounded with all the various luxuries of the season, and served up in most excellent style. We stopped at the several villages that line the canal, and gave the inhabitants a turn, a tune, and arrived in Buffalo in the morning, after a day and a night's ride, and took lodgings at the Eagle Tavern now kept by Mr. Harrington. The host fully sustained, and more, in our opinion, the high character which has been so long, and so justly attached to that establishment. His table was loaded with the very best, and taking into consideration the attention that he paid the company, his ample provision, and low bills, the corps could not but express their entire satisfaction and gratification. The Band gave a Concert at the Eagle to a numerous and fashionable audience; and if we can judge from actions, all present were highly gratified. It is announced a few friends there, whom we saw in imagination, placing his name beside our own; our eyes were dim with vacancy, when the shrill bugle single met our ears, echoing through the fading forest. The spell was broken, and we joined the company.

"The Star."—This is the name of a paper printed in Harrisburgh, Pa., of very small dimensions, yet of no mean origin. It is published and edited by a very young lad, who, it is said, picked up his type work from under the floor of an old printing-office, and, with all practical knowledge, made out and printed the paper in question. It has its foreign news, 'editorial,' 'tales,' 'poetry,' 'politics,' &c. It has lately been enlarged from its first size, and is now about equal to 4 pages of Webster's spelling-book. Such perseverance as its young conductor evinces will not go unrewarded. We should not be surprised if the "Star," should at some future day twinkle as brightly as any of the newspaper constellation of its native state. We wish it success, and will exchange with it.

"Our absence is the excuse we offer for the late appearance of the Gem.

"Wrote Locke and Sidney living in our day," says the Scotsman, "they would regard the American Government as a beautiful and successful experiment which had solved the difficulties that had perplexed the wisest of men from the beginning of time, and unfolded truth of incalculable value to mankind."

Sir Robert Peel lately remarked in the House of Commons, when speaking of the Jews, that "The upper classes are eminent for charity and sympathy with the suffering of their fellow-men; and the lower classes are not wanting to mark and admire what is common amongst persons in that rank of life.

FRIDAY.—It has been a prevailing notion among sailors and some other classes of people, that Friday is an unlucky day of the week, and it has puzzled many persons, in what common amongst persons in that rank of life.

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ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

The infant sleeps; let not a passing sigh
And yet 'tis vain, for see, its violet eye,
To blight our hopes, prostrate our castles built,
Its griev'd lip seems parted there to speak,
In sweetest pathos rapturously,
And was each thought there truly drawn
E'en now my soul is lit with pleasure's light,
And ev'ry way ward thought is freed
From motives pure, unfeign'd?
And make our path of heated barren sands;—
From soul sincere I fondly deem'd,
And lead a life devoid of fear,
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And ev'ry way ward thought is freed
From motives pure, unfeign'd?
And make our path of heated barren sands;—
And ev'ry way ward thought is freed
From motives pure, unfeign'd?

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

The infant sleeps; let not a passing sigh
And yet 'tis vain, for see, its violet eye,
To blight our hopes, prostrate our castles built,
Its griev'd lip seems parted there to speak,
In sweetest pathos rapturously,
And was each thought there truly drawn
E'en now my soul is lit with pleasure's light,
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I need not tell of the reconciliation that took place between the Pale Cheek and Flora, for each now knew that they loved, and only lived for each other. All their doubts, and loved, there took place between the Pale Cheek and Flora, and each wondered that the other hours before, were banished by the mere re-

change, but it grieved him, for he knew she had put them there, and that Flora, his only and beloved daughter, would ever be but an Indian's bride!

He went to her apartment, grieved yet firm and resolute in his purpose. He loved her— idolized her, and knew that the Pale Cheek was but a stranger there. Her father, too, saw the bride!

Her manner had told the fatal truth her father had withdrawn to cool the usurious fever, for the idea then lingering in her heart that he was an Indian.
The Pale Cheek uttered one long, long yell of horror, and plunged his knife to the hilt in the bosom of Rawley. He sprang to his red comrades, and seizing the bleeding body from their arms and exclaming,

"Now art thou the Indian's Rake!" buried the knife in his own heart, and pressed his dead lips to hers, and fell upon the threshold, bleeding and lifeless as the corpse he embraced:

LOTHAIR.

Written for the Gem.

A DREAM.

I had a dream. Methought I was seated in a wild and romantic part of the globe—the prospect was most beautiful and sublime. Above me rose a lofty mountain, whose bleak and desolate top was shrouded in a canopy of mist, impervious to mortal eyes. Below me reared a wild and awful cataract. The spray leaped from rock to rock, like a coursier bounding o'er the plain; and then, with a long and silent plunge, it sank into a deep and gloomy cavern below. The sun was declining in the west. Its parting rays yet shone upon the mountain which rose so majestically above me; and the gentle breeze of a summer eve lightly flitted around my brow. The feathered songsters were carolling their farewell notes to the King of day, and all nature was relapsing into that delicious coolness which is so congenial for repose and contemplation.

Methought I was seated upon the trunk of a fallen oak which time, with its decaying influence, had nearly crumbled to dust, and was clothed in the habiliments of the skies.—A majestic calmness was visible in his countenance, and all betokened the most beautiful and sublime. Above that ever shed its beingnant rays over the scenes of life, were, by the restless tongue of slander, immolated upon the altar of envy.

This had probably an influence over my vis...
fields in his way to Chalk Farm; and on both occasions had he the good fortune to kill his man. The first was Major O'Blaze, a Second
regiment cavalry officer, whom he met during the reduction of the Baronet's mistress; the other, a
Mr. Hardacre, a plain country squire, who liis only claims to that title. In a single night a
Lackbrain, a tryo in those matters, at hazard
reduced the Baronet's mistress; the other, a
the navy, it seemed a matter of some disli-
ference to the forms of civilized society; nay,
the very consideration of what was due from
many thousands, for the reason that I have no th-
selves to squander? No, no; thank my stars
have too much courage to submit to that,
were the terms of what was the nature of the remedy intended to be employed by this "rational being," for
the many ills which this "man of courage" had too often thought and was too often
settled the question entirely to his own satis-
ction, he, upon his way home, suddenly
put his handkerchief to his cheek went in-
side an apothecary's shop, complained of
a packing tooth-ache, and purchased a pill of
lardanum.
Courage and rationality! How differently
may the qualities implied by these terms be
understood! Had Sir Harry presumed to
rush uninvited into the presence of the Prince
Regent, his couraged would have been stig-
matized, and his independence of
rationality as sheer insanity. But
would not have done that; he was too
well bred a man; his consciousness of the res-
dence of the family to which he belonged had
vexation he pursued must inevitably lead to
the utter destruction of his fortune. The re-
sult of one of these remonstrances was an in-
duction to the patron to whom he owed "nothing,
thing, than by endeavouring, to the utmost of
his power, to save his son from ruin," would
sometimes take the liberty to make for evi-
dence of my reasoning faculties, could I ever per-
thought to any purpose, he would have thought
up a plan of business, "if I
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sometimes take the liberty to make for evi-
den...
that, considering the terms on which they
stood for some time past, all this was very
strange.

Sir Harry deferred to the drawing-room to
fi requires as many pins as the frock of a boar-
till coming to that in which the Baronet
ceivirig that the letter on the top of the
roof of his only family home, to whom he had of-
neath to himself! In addition to these were let-
ters addressed to his agent, to his solicitor, and
to his aunt Lady Mary, whom he had of-
search. "Good God.—Ward—" have no far-
announced that dinner was served.

home for something he
move." A nnock at once announced the re-
return of Mr
red.

faults at other times and in other places, (and
faultless at the head of his own table. Never
moment is a thousand times prelerable to the
inal sin." he used to say, "has entailed a curse
h the. heard of his own, he entertained a mortal a-
version for your mere story-teller. " The orig-
*he best ready made story that was ever told."
gentlemen put into his hands certain papers left for inspection with him by one of his clients. They were documents connected with a transaction of some part of Sir Harry's property to a person from whom he had long been in the habit of purchasing it. Maxwell presently perceived, what his solicitor intended he should be informed of, that, in that transaction, an obvious fraud had been committed, but the direction of his attention was precisely the same appearance as the more mischievous one he had removed. He then returned to—street, walked leisurely up stairs into the dressing-room, placed the mixture where he knew it would be sought for, directed his servant to remove it, and then proceeded to the same afternoon. It was needless to restate all that passed upon this occasion. Surface, that, having explained to Sir Harry the circumstances of recovering for him a large portion of his property, Maxwell found no difficulty whatever in persuading him to withdraw immediately from London, and to retire into his country seat near the town, in Wales, till, by the exercise of a rigid economy, he might be able to relieve himself from his embarrassments. That he, a gay man, should so readily have adopted a suggestion which seemed to imply the entire abandonment of the habits of his whole former life, will appear the less extraordinary when it is considered that he has been heard to declare, that he would endure starvation, beggary, misery in any shape, rather than again venture the horrid situations of that last carouse.

FIVE MINUTES ADVICE TO A YOUNG TRADESMAN.

1. Whatever your trade may be, never be ashamed of it, or above it.

2. Do not pretend to keep company with people of your own class; but rather court their acquaintance, the conversation of men of trade brings trade—men first talk together then deal together.

3. Without diligence and application no trade can be successfully or honorably carried on.

4. Never trade beyond your stock, or give an over large credit. Better slip a bargain now and then, than buy a greater quantity of goods than you can possibly dispose of.

5. Should your affairs go wrong, in spite of all care and diligence, break in time. You can pay ten shillings, do not affect to remain whole until you cannot pay ten pence.

6. The cruelty of creditors is always in proportion to the dishonesty of debtors.

7. A well sorted and well chosen collection of goods is preferable to a shop entirely spent in the luxuries of life.

8. The retail tradesman, and tradesman in general, must lay in a very great stock of patience,—they must conquer their passions, and endeavor to weather the storm of impatience.

9. Pleasures and diversions, when frequent are grea.tly fatal to young trade men; especially those that are deemed innocent, such as horses, dogs, and races.

10. For the first five or six years of business, a tradesman ought to consider himself as worth nothing, or as having no money which can be taken out of the business and spent in the luxuries of life.

11. Possession in expenses, living like your neighbors, and minimizing the manners of high life, are paths which lead directly to bankruptcy.

12. In the employment of the holidays, be sure the expense is your object. He who rides ten miles, and drinks two bottles of wine will not find himself greatly improved.

13. Beware of engaging to be security for any sum, which you cannot pay without injuring yourself, business, or credit.

14. If you marry, let it be one who is not above being the wife of a tradesman, it may be necessary, therefore, to avoid one who has a boarding school education.

15. Trust as little to servants as possible, and this caution may be observed without depriving them of a just and proper degree of confidence.

16. Idle servants are rarely honest ones.

17. Trust nothing to speculators, and avoid all money schemes to deceive the public and uphold a false credit.

18. In general avoid partnership, at all times avoid them if you are not perfectly acquainted with the temper, disposition and character of your partner.

19. If you discover that your partner is a schemer, or gambler in the funds, lottery, or otherwise, dissolve partnership directly.

20. Be firm and determined in your prices; fix a moderate price, and never depart from it.

21. Exposed as you often must be to improper questions, rather positively refuse to answer them than tell such lies as are common on the occasion.

22. Acquire a neatness and dispatch in every thing you do, yet avoid the affected air, cringing smile, and vulgarity of some tradesmen.

23. Talk to your customers like a man of business and sense, and not like a mountebank.

24. Be not very anxious to make a great fortune, nor set your heart upon a countryhouse and retirement.

25. In a word be strictly honest, assiduously diligent, and frugal. Never break your word or shufie, but trach your brother tradesman like yourself.

THE FARMS.

He who is lord of the soil on which he feeds, and can turn to his houses and barns—his fields to make money, and to enjoy with those all the fruits of the earth—has a right to do it; and a man who would not do it would be better employed in some other walk of life.

A letter from Penobscot of the 12th ult., states the failure of the only vessel of the fleet, on board of which much sickness prevailed. I am sorry to say that two of her officers, Lieutenants Bond and a midshipman, died yesterday at the hospital. This ill-fated ship has lost since the first appearance of fever on board, six officers and seven men. Her whole crew of 150,
THE GEM : A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

REVIVAL IN ROCHESTER.

We have already intimated to our readers, that perhaps Mr. Finney, whose labors in every Christian town, and who has been for some time past the subject of much discussion among many honest people, are left without their dues. "Report says he owes a dollar to a man, $50 to his tailor, and numerous smaller bills to other people, not even excepting the friend of whom he borrowed money. All are left sufferers by him.

From the Rochester Observer.

THE IGNIS FATUA.

The following has been communicated to the editor of the Salem Gazette, by a respectable ship-master of that town:

"After several days of stormy weather, one evening about 8 P. M., during a light shower, which had been preceded by a loud wind, a lantern was seen on the mast-top, a small head, and an intelligent person was sent up to examine it. He found it formed by a circle of lights round the mast-head, 8 or 10 in number, and about two inches apart. Each flame was about 1 inch in circumference, where it joined the mast-head about the size of a knitting-needle, and the extremity larger than the flame of a candle, and nearly as bright, of a pale blue color, each making a noise similar to steam out of a water-vessel, while burning. The wind was very violent, and on striking it with the hand the lights were extinguished, and small sparks adhered to the hand for a moment, then disappeared. In a few seconds, the lights again began to burn, and after several blows they entirely disappeared."

Elmira, N. Y., January 25th, 1828.

The above description was written at the time, and may be relied on as accurate.

Account of David Wilson.—This singular individual was one of the earliest emigrants to Kentucky. From the time of his settlement in the country, till within a few years past, he resided a few miles south of Port William at the mouth of Kentucky river, on the waters of Mill creek. The place of his abode, and his style of living are not more remarkable, than the Christian character of the man himself; and all I could learn of and concerning him, is perfect harmony and good fellowship. The habitations of the town by so many happy days, was composed of round poles and Kentucky mud. It consisted of two apartments, simply, with no out-house or cellar. During his residence in this singular place of abode, he became the husband of five wives, and the father of forty-six children. According to his own account of himself, he was born in New Jersey, in the year 1728. He is in height about five feet six inches. His muscular frame and strength of constitution, have enabled him to defy the hardships and buffaloes of a backwoods life. The scientific and curious have examined the formation of this singular being, as far as possible, and this work is not unlike that of his fellow mortals, separate and distinct, but as united together, forming one of the most interesting objects that the vital part is safely deposited in a "strong box,"defying all attacks of foes from without.

At the age of 60, he was in the enjoyment of health; his bones, like those of his fellow mortals, separate and distinct, but as united together, forming one of the most interesting objects. Such a revival, is at Walmer Castle; I passed him, in a great degree, cheerful and unassuming. At that advanced age, he could perform more labor than ordinary men could in prime of life. His neighbors mention it as a proof and only of his good constitution, but of his undiminished activity, that at his advanced age, he would leap from the ground, and crack his feet together, with the agility of a boy of sixteen.

Some five or six years since, he removed to Indiana, there to build himself a new habitation, plant a new colony, and become the father of a new race. He is now living near Versailles, Ripeley county, Indiana, with his family of four sons and five daughters."

—Balt. Farmer.

A PORTRAIT.—The Duke of Wellington is at Walmer Castle; I passed him, walking, yesterday, with a very pretty woman. He was dressed in a gaudy costume, Russia ducks trowsers, too short for him, an old hat, old boots, and a half open umbrella—'Voila ma tete de Mousieu le due !' He has a yacht off the coast, at his command if required.—Extract of a Letter from Deal.

COWLES in his excellent History of Plants, notes the virtues of hemp thus laconically—"By this cordage, ships are defied, and rogues are kept in awe."
FOUR APOLOGY.

Reader, we suppose you have looked for this number of the Gem, and been disappointed—aye, perhaps you have scolded about us, and accused us of neglect. Now we plead guilty to the charge of being behind the time in issuing this number of our paper—and who is there who can always be up to the letter of his promise?

Can any one who reads this article say he has always fulfilled his engagements to the very tittle? Reader, did you never give your measure for a pair of boots and call for them on a third promise? Or have you never been put off in receiving a garment—or, indeed, has not some remiss creditor occasionally broken his promises to you—or have you broken your promises to your neighbour or friend? We imagine we hear you say yea. Now we do not profess to be better than others, and hence we have broken our promise. We therefore will call the matter between us as even, and try to do better for the future.

TEMPERANCE ALMANAC.—Messrs. E. Peck & Co. have issued the above Almanac from their press, the contents of which closely adhear to its title. We have perused it, and do most heartily recommend it to the consideration of all Temperance Societies as a fit pamphlet to further the laudable purposes in which they are engaged. Every family too where there are children growing up, ought to have a Temperance Almanac in their houses. The following article will add strong inducements to purchase the abovementioned.

HOPEFUL.—The following furnishes a specimen of the degradation of a man when he gives himself up to the destroying influence of ardent spirits:

There is a drunkard about this village, who has a family of 4 youngsters, and who in one of the moments of most glorious and miserable victims of Intemperance that is, perhaps, now in existence. He drags a surgeon for thirty seven and a half cents, which sum he would have to have a Temperance Almanac in their houses.

A correspondent has furnished us the following.

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THE CROSS.

The dreams of love, and pride, and power
I, like a blasted cypress bough,
Was driven to in getting out our paper, many articles described, but will add force to the humanizing lessons.

DUNLAP'S PAINTING—CHRIST'S BEARING THE CROSS.

This splendid painting is now exhibiting for a few days at the Clinton-House in this village. To those who have never seen it, we would say, by all means go and see it—and to those who have, we can say from experience, that it amply repays a second visit. A correspondent has furnished us the following.

Mr. Editor.—When I first looked upon this magnificent picture, I could not help the frequent recurrence of the thought "what could induce any man to undertake, and persevere, in such a gigantic labour?" Admiration of the work; interest in the subject; love for the sufferer; sympathy with the lovely females and other friends of the Saviour, each occupied my mind by turns; still recurrent the thought—"What labour has been bestowed upon this canvas!" What motive could have supported the Artist in the moments of study and exertion necessary to its accomplishment?"

Not the hope of gain.—We all know that the vilest portrait painter who ever belied the human face, can make more money in one year, than the painter of such an epic composition as the Bearing of the Cross can hope to realize in a life. It must be the love of the art, united to a desire for fame, and the consciousness of exerting talent for the purpose of improving his fellow-creatures. If so, "verify, he has his reward."

The person who can look upon the scene depicted in this splendid work of art, and not feel that he has an opportunity of becoming a wiser and a better man, must be more worldily blinded than I can realize. The touching pathos of the countenance and attitude of the willing sacrifice, must alone lead to heart-rending reflections; and not one character of the many so skilfully arranged and contrasted, but will add force to the humanizing lessons.

A LOVE OF THE FINE ARTS

In consequence of the great hurry we have been driven to in getting out our paper, many articles designed for this No. were put over to No. 13.

DIED.—At Mr. Mead's hotel, in this village, on Thursday morning last, of the mortal disease rheumatism, Lieut. HENRY CLARK, of the U. S. Infantry and son of the late John Clark, Esq. of New-Haven, Conn. aged 28 years.

Lieut. Clark had been stationed, as a Recruiting Officer in this place, only about two months before Thursday morning last, of the inflammatory rheumatism which he was probably brought on at this time by an exposure, a few days previous, to an inclemence atmosphere. Although a stranger he gained, during his short stay in our village, many cordial friends.

He was buried, with military honors, by the universal sympathy. Divine service was performed by the Rev. Dr. Comstock.

METROPOLITAN MELODIES.

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Our next number will appear in two weeks from the date of the present.

From the Courier and Enquirer.

THE BODDING SPRING-DREAMS OF MY LIFE.

My dawn of bliss—has fled,
And hope's young flowers that blossomed then,
Lies blighted, wither'd, and decay'd.

Alas, when come those years again,
My first-born joys to bring—

The faded flower shall have its gloom—
Life has no second spring.

My ardent Summer's sunny days,
That brightly round me shone—
The dreams of love, of pride, and power
Are past for aye, and gone;

I, like a blasted cypress bough,
To fire pretty well,
Without mistake his creed.

Be civil to a bard,
Without a soar face,
They've filled the measure full.

I've heard an Irish gentleman
Who brought back change again.

I've seen a belle that wasn't proud,

I've known a Sunday-school boy at play at
On which it didn't rain.

I've known a man that wouldn't steal
Umbrellas in a rain.

They've filled the measure full.

I've seen a belle that wasn't proud,

I've known a child that wouldn't about
When goaded by a pin,

I've heard a savage little man
I've heard a Sunday-school boy at play at

I saw a drunkard that would stand,
Who brought back change again.

I've known a Sunday-school boy at play at
On which it didn't rain.

I've heard an Irish gentleman
Whose busby brows were knit—

I've heard the measure full.

I've known a Sunday-school boy at play at
Who brought back change again.

I've heard a savage little man
To fire pretty well,
Without a soar face,

I've known a bel

I've known a Sunday-school boy at play at
On which it didn't rain.

I've heard an Irish gentleman

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To fire pretty well,
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O Rosamond.

THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

THE MANUAL LABOR ACADEMY, of West Mendon, will commence its first quarter on the 3d Tuesday in February. The Board of Directors will proceed under the direction of a young gentleman from the University of Vermont. The Institution will furnish its members with the same instruction as is afforded in the best Academies in our country, and it will be required of each student to spend an average of four hours each day in manual labor, and the sum which any individual may earn will be applied towards the payment of his board and other expenses.

Young men wishing to become members, are requested to make application to Horace Wheeler, Fyc. Prin. Village.

By order of the Committee,

GEORGE G. BILL

West Mendon, Oct. 11, 1830.

FRANCE AND TRIPTOL.

The mission to Tripoli has been successful, without resort to arms. The Bey has signed all the conditions before imposed on him, and has ratified them by the treaty which was concluded with him on the 11th of August. A letter from Tunis states the following as the principal articles—1. Henceforward full and entire liberty is to be enjoyed by the commerce of all nations, and the Bey will cease to levy the monopoly which he exercised formerly. 2. The cession of the island of Tabarka to France. 3. No tribute to be paid hereafter. 4. The Turks now employed in missionary work are to be sent back to their country. 5. If a vessel belonging to any nation be shipwrecked on the coast of Tunis, if a sailor or passenger be assassinated or ill treated, the Bey will be obliged to pay the value of the vessel and its cargo. 6. Piracy is prohibited, and in case of war with any power, the Tunisians will have no right to attack merchants. 7. The slaves to be restored to liberty. —N. Y. Spec.

SUMMARY.

The stand which Mr. Drayton has taken against the nullifiers, has made him very popular in all parts of the Union. —The New York Evening Post.

Wanted is a candidate for the office of President of the United States at the next election, one who will act will not be surprised, and that is to see William Drayton, of South Carolina, the next Vice President, like him, has independence enough to resist the delusion of the times, is alone fit for office. —The Hon. George Poinsette has been temporarily appointed by Governor Brown of Alabama, a senator in Congress in the place of Robert H. Adams, deceased, until the next meeting of the Legislature.

MARRIED.

In Framingham, Mass., by Rev. Geo. Thrall, Dr. William W. Field, of this village, to Miss Eliza Mann. Mr. and Mrs. David Walker, at the New South Church of this Village, both of the same.

In London, England, on the 9th inst., Mr. Levi Hollock to Miss Mary, daughter of Israel Hollock, Esq., of this village. On the 11th inst, by the Rev. Mr. James, Great Britain, and cousin, to Mary M. daughter of Henry Fisk, Esq., of this village. On the 7th inst, by the Rev. Wm. James, Mr. Philip B. Brown of New Orleans, to Miss Martha Smith of the same place, and formerly of Rochester.

In Connecticut, S.C., on the 18th inst., Mrs. Mary Rebecca McDaniel, conress of the Hon. Geo. McDuffie, and daughter of Mr. Robert McDaniel, Esq., of this village. In Allegheny, Va., Hon. Geo. Hay, United States Judge of the Western Circuit, to Miss Susan Jackman, late President of the United States. He married his second wife by coming to this country from Germany, by being there for three years. He was engaged in the British and American service, and then proceeded to Virginia, presented a bill of health, and as a legislator and statesman in the Legislature.

EDWIN SCRANTOM.
Three years ago this fall I visited the family of Mr. Munson, a man whom I had known for several years. He was one of those who had seen better times, but now, in extremity, came to me for assistance. I could not refuse, and so I gave him all that I could, and he was able to leave his paternal mansion, as he felt, forever and for the present.

The morning on which I arrived Mr. Munson was fixed for his departure. He was to remove to a small farm in the vicinity of the town of M——, on the Connecticut River, which a friend of mine had procured for him. I saw him turn to take a last look of that home, which had descended from sire to son for three generations—I saw his arm drawn across his face, perceiving to wipe away a tear; but there was one who stood beside him, who, for the last twenty years, had been his companion. His joy and his sorrows. She was meek, humble, and resigned—a true, ardent, and devoted Christian. She repined not; and if a thresher passed her lips, she knelt to heaven, arose, and was forgiven. But, if misfortune had wrestled their all from them, they felt that they had yet one treasure—left—a daughter, who would be a comfort and solace to them in their declining years.

She was their only child, and might mightily took upon her as the guardian spirit of their old age, for she was a lovely girl. She had been nurtured with all a parent's tenderness—all the love of a mother for an only child, was her's, and she seemed to realize the blessing for she gave them in return all they could wish, or anything that was to be the cause of their grief. I passed a long conjecture presented a variety of causes, but none seemed to suit me. I met my friend, He asked me if I had been successful in finding the house. I replied, "Yes." I immediately inquired for Maria.

"Yes," says he, "I thought that would be your next question, and I think it must be of every one, who had ever seen and known her. Go to your enclosure, and you will there see a small neat stone bearing her name."

Good heavens! I exclaimed, is it possible, and are my worst fears true. I went; I found that they were; it was even as he had said. Some one had traced on the stone a beautiful rose in full bloom, and underneath were the words: "Maria once came upon my lips, but 1 refused it utterance. I could not ask for her, for by this time my heart had forborne the worst—promising them another visit I left the house, determined to seek my friend and learn from him the cause of the grief."

The same degree of neatness pervaded within and without as in times past on the "Old Farm," as they used to term it. I saw he looked depressed, but thougt my presence revived old recollections, and inquired not the cause. He left the room for a moment—he shortly returned leading in his wife. Oh! shall I ever forget the grasp she then gave me! Never: she spake not a word, and the tears began to roll down her withered cheeks. I discovered that the white ribbon on her plain muslin cap, and the white muslin kerchief had been removed for black, that emblem of grief. I then felt that some cause other than my appearance had called on me to visit Maria; she merely whispered "farewell." I left them.

Business called me abroad, and I heard not from them again in a twelvemonth. When I returned, I wrote it my first business to seek my friend, and inquire of him the place of their abode. He directed me to the house of Mr. McLvens. I met the old man at the door, for now he indeed seemed old. After the usual greetings, we passed into the house.

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A TALE OF THE GENESEE.

Temporary retirement is the fertile soil of knowledge. I do not mean that retirement which shuts out the whole world from the senses, but I mean that wherein, separated from the noisy bustle of the conflicting passions of man, we may undisturbedly view nature in all the variety of forms, and cull the rich harvest which she so lavishly spoils before us. I have found, while rambling among the wild and beautiful scenes of nature, that my mind seemed to expand and my feelings to meliorate, in proportion as the beautiful, the grand, and the sublime were glittering around me. There is a sweet estuary of soul produced in these spiritual revellings. There is a sweet ecstasy of plodding, money-getting population, for they would laugh and sneer at him who could set for hours and watch the rolling of some mighty cataract, or view with pleasure that gentle waving of the dew spread trees on a moonlight summer’s evening; but I am willing to be one of those romantic fools, who have time to seek out the deep woods, and study the volume she holds forth, for natural instruction. The sparkling rivulet winding its way with a murmuring noise from the pure sweet spring in the mountain, and the loud, wildly plunging torrent, are to me subjects replete with amusement and instruction.

It was this love for the wild and beautiful of nature, that led me one sweet evening in summer, to wander along the high romantic hills of the Genesee river towards the great falls of Carthage. The pale lamp of night was glittering midway in the heavens above, I reached the edge of the precipice which presented a magnificent view of the above named falls in all their splendor. The is a grandeur and sublimity of scenery hanging around this spot, which few have ever given themselves the trouble to examine minutely.

It was late, and I was particularly struck with the extreme solitude which reigned around. Excepting the unceasing roar of the waters beneath me, all was tranquil as the grave; even this roar of waters came up to the summit above me, I distinctly perceived a human form. The light which enabled me to distinguish that this was no ordinary individual. My first thought was that it might be some congenial soul, who, inspired by the beauty of the night had wandered forth to enjoy its wondrous charm. Upon closer inspection, I found him to be one of those wild sons of the forest, whom we are just driving away from the land of their inheritance.

Apparently it was some time before he perceived me, so that I had sufficient time to examine him. His face, as near as I could discern seemed overspread with a melancholy sadness, while its natural serenity seemed melted by the deep emotions of his soul. An eagle’s pinion was fastened in his head, a red scarf was bound round his waist; his nose, ears and knees were hung and bound with the glittering bangle, which savage tribes are so fond of beading themselves. Retreading my dark and dangerous path, towards the summit of the hill, I approached him.

There was something strange in the appearance of an Indian at this place, and at this time; so, with the romantic enthusiasm of youth, I hastened to the spot. He evinced not the least surprise, but with Indian calmness and dignity, he turned towards me. I perceived that old time had marked his manly face and left upon it the wrinkles of age, but the lustre of his keen black eye, still shown with the fire of unadulterated youth. When I addressed him, he resumed the natural sternness of his character, and his language indicated the warrior of his tribe.

There is always something particularly striking in the appearance of an old Indian warrior, his form and countenance have a show of natural nobility, the remnants of former wisdom and bravery seem hanging around him, and we cannot but respect him. Though he be but one of nature’s most untamable.

"Youth," said he, "this was the land of my forefathers and here lie their bones! The white man came among us with a white tongue and an open hand, he showed us the power and use of these great waters, and then he drove us from them!" He paused; but memory was busy at his heart, and a crowd of recollections of the past seemed thronging upon him.

I know not whether it was the peculiarity of the time and circumstances which affected me, but my heart seemed to melt when I saw this relic of grandeur so cast down. He had come to take a last look at the scenes of his youth, the home of his fathers; and as the vision of former days silently fitted before him he wept. "Here," continued he, "were we once as free to roam as the wild deer, and now the red man is but as a stranger, upon the land of his fathers! Our paths have been o’er the mountain tops and desert plain; to far distant lands have we roamed and among strange tribes have we sojourned; but our hearts have ever been here! And now, rocks of my native valley—my natural hills—face me!" He turned and silently went away, nor could I give utterance to the word of sympathy, my heart was so choked with emotions; but as the big tear rolled down my cheek, I thought well it be for many a more civilized being, did he feel within him one half the virtue and nobility of one of this poor Indian of the Genesee. I resumed my path homeward, with a melancholy, thoughtful spirit, mortifying up the nature of mankind, endeavoring to form some plan to allay the avarice which seems so much to be a part of our nature. The whole adventure has left an impression upon my mind which I think time will never totally obliterate.

W. W.

SIEGE OF LISLE. The Duke of Burgundy, having under him Vendome, commanded, in 1708, the army destined to raise the siege of Lisle. He found a dispatch of the utmost importance which wished to convey into the place. He despaired of being able to effect it, when a captain in the regiment of Beaucorps, of the name of Dubois, offered himself for the service, as difficult as it was essential. Dubois was an excellent swimmer, and it was to his skill in this respect, that he trusted for the accomplishment of the undertaking. Seven canals had to be traversed before he could reach the point.

The whole of these he swam in succession, keeping always under water when there was any chance of being observed; but succeeded in entering Lisle without having been seen or heard by any of the guards posted along the banks. As soon as this intrepid man had acquitted himself of his commission, he took refuge at Bouillers, who commanded in the place, and remained the camp in the same manner, and with as much success as he entered the town. This daring officer's name is sometimes given to, and Prince Eugene himself, who conducted the siege, spoke of him to his officers as an example of courage, zeal and experience.

Answer Conundrum.—Attractive beauty plunging in the water is like a mechanical invention, because she is a dy ing belle.
"Come hither, 'tis thy father, boy!"

Though I was but a little child,
"Oh mother! mother! do not jest
I used to listen to his voice
And how I love, these tears of shame
I might perhaps have smiled to see
But, from their station hurl'd.
Weighs heavy on my heart."

Terribly plased with ship Matilda, flying at Bonny, on the Coast of Africa, exploded on the 13th of May. How the accident happened never can be known, for every one of the ship's company, with upwards of one hundred blacks who were on board, lost their lives, the Matilda being riven into atoms.

The press house of the powder mills, near Newburg, belonging to Mr. Daniel Rogers, blew up on Thursday morning of last week, a little after 10 o'clock. Six men who were in at the time, were killed, —none were wounded. Mr. Rogers was in the house when the explosion took place, and was injured slightly. The package was entirely destroyed, and two or three mills near it slightly injured. The loss of property is small not exceeding probably $200.

The installation of Rev. Joel Parker as pastor of the Free Presbyterian Church, in the First Ward of the City of New York, took place, by order of the New York Presbytery, on Wednesday evening, 27th Oct. at the Hall in Thames-street.

James Turner has been committed to gaol in Lancaster County, Ohio, for the murder of his brother, Samuel Turner, on the night of the 26th ult. in an affray which resulted from drinking.

John Quincy Adams has been nominated by a convention of National Republicans, for Representative to Congress from Plymouth district.

Col. Dwight, member from Congress from Berkshire district, in Mass., declines being a candidate for re-election. Mr. D. it will be recollected, was the member from Mass. who voted in favor of the Indian Bill.

Fifteen hundred and seventy dollars have been collected in Charleston, S. C. for the relief of the inhabitants of Ireland.

A Grammatical Pupil.—A country school master in the neighborhood of Churdney, the other day, after giving one of his pupils a sound drubbing had sent him to the other end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak with him, and at the same time promised to repeat the dose if he was unwilling to come.
too the absence of all that renders life tolerable, the winds, ever shifting in joy or sorrow, it still beams in weal scenes there is one star seen to brighten. In dispensing its blessed light at all times and third heaven. It stands out in peerless beauty that knows more than he is willing to admit enly direction, still it seems to twinkle near gun to preach a crasft against the religious the blazing orb that burns when prosperity rules the destiny of the hour. This is the • to be opposed by the mad woman of the west. Whether the editor of that paper be really the daughters of John Bull.*' Miss Jonathan will find few converts among pears, then, that the wise men of the east are "A young lady "A young lady of A-ers, named Miss Francis Wright, has be- gun to preach a creed against the religious and social institutions of society, particularly of the Democratic party, and ex- pects my experiments as a summer evenings and again storms and tempests chequer its even surface, dark- ening every prospect, and rendering scenes once smiling and gay, at this moment, when it is forgotten, and we steer wide of its heavy enly direction, still it seems to twinkle near the blazing orb that burns when prosperity may any of the hour. This is the Star of Bethlehem.

Female Philosopher.—"A young lady of America, named Miss Francis Wright, has begun to preach a creed against the religious and social institutions of society, particularly the Democratic party, and expects my experiments as a summer evenings and again storms and tempests chequer its even surface, darkening every prospect, and rendering scenes once smiling and gay, at this moment, when it is forgotten, and we steer wide of its heavy enly direction, still it seems to twinkle near the blazing orb that burns when prosperity may any of the hour. This is the Star of Bethlehem.

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How to Hang a Scythe.—While Mr. Webster was in College, he and his brother being on a visit to their father, the old gentleman gave each of them a Scythe, and set them to mow the fields. Mr. Webster took a few sweeps, and stopped to consider the matter, while he wiped the sweat from his brow. "What's the matter Dan," says the old man, "My scythe doesn't hang right," he answered. His father tinkered it for him and he tried again; but again made what he sometimes makes during a speech in Congress, an "emphatic pause"—when the father getting a little flurried, told him "You must hang your Scythe yourself." Whereupon the inquisitive Senator very gravely hung it on a tree, and told his father it hung perfectly to his mind there.

Franklin's Toast.—Long after Washington's victories over the French and English, had made his name familiar over all Europe, Dr. Franklin chanced to dine with the English and French Ambassadors when as nearly as I can recollect the words, the following toasts were drank:—By the British Ambassador—"Health to the Sun and Moon!"—By the French Ambassador—"The meteor of the ocean air!" Shall we sweep the clouds no more?—Her deck once red with hero's blood, And waves were white below, No more shall the competitor's tread, The harpies of the shore shall pluck The eagle of the sea! Oh better that her shattered hull Should sink beneath the wave; Her deck was once the delight of all nations; consoling them in darkness, and 'making their dreams real' beau

The Greatest man in the world.—Who is he? A friend at our elbow points to Lafayette, the hero of three revolutions, and says, "Thou art the greatest man, who, besides Charles the tenth, will dispute it?"
jumped on the forecastle, and levelled his guns, but whenever a shot told amongst the rigging, the injury was repaired as if by magic. It was evident we had repeatedly hulled her, from the glimmering white streaks along her counter and across her stern, occasioned by the splintering on the timber, but it seemed to produce no effect.

At length we drew well up on her quarter. She continued all black hull and white sail, not a soul to be seen on deck, except a dark object, which we took for the man at the helm. "What schooner's that?" No answer. "Heave to, or I'll sink you." Still all silent. "Sergeant Armstrong, do you think you could pick off that chap at the wheel?" The marine jumped on the forecastle, and levelled his piece, when a musket-shot from the schooner crushed through his skull, and he fell dead. The old skipper's blood was up. "Forecastle there! Mr. Nipper, clap a canister of grape over the round shot, into the boat gun. We made all sail in chase, blazing away to our bow. The shot missed, and as it was madness to remain to be peppered, probably winged, whilst every one of ours fell short, we reluctantly kept away on our course, having the gratification of hearing a clear well-blown bugle on board the schooner play up to "Yankee Doodle." As the brig fell off, our long gun was run out to have a parrying crack at her. When the third and last shot from the schooner struck the sill of the midship port, and made the white splinters fly from the solid oak like bright silver sparks in the moonlight. A sharp cracking rose in the air—my soul identified that deathshriek with the voice that I heard, and I saw the man who was standing with the lanyard of the lock in his hand, drop heavily across the breach, and discharge the gun in his fall. Thereupon a blood-red glare shot up into the cold blue sky, as if a volcano had burst from beneath the mighty deep, followed by a roar, and a shattering crack, and a mingling of unearthly cries and groans, and a concussion of the air and of the water, as if our whole broadside had been fired at once. Then a solitary splash here, and a dip there, and sharp yells, and low chocking bubbling moans, as the hissing fragments of the noble vessel we had been into the sea, and the last of her gallant crew vanished for ever, beneath that pale broad moon. We were alone, and once more all was dark, and wild, and stormy.

Fearfully had that bull sped, fired by a dead man's hand. But what is it that clings black and double across that fatal cannon, dripping and heavy, and choking the scuppers with blood, and making the white splinters fly from the solid oak like bright silver sparks in the moonlight?

DREAMS.—To dream and to remember your dream is for evermore. To wake, not very sound asleep, when you dreamt.

To tell your dreams, prognosticates that you might be better employed.

For a young lady to dream very particularly of any certain young gentleman, foretells that she purchased her last hat to attract his notice.
The Gem: A Literary and Miscellaneous Journal

THE GEM.

Rochester, Saturday, Oct. 20, 1832.

TE TO OUR PATRONS.

The present number of the Gem completes the half year of the second volume. It will be remembered that we stated some time since, that in the middle of the present volume, we should expect payment in full for the year. We now renew that expectation, and call upon all who have not paid, to do so immediately. It is an act of justice for those who have paid nothing to trust to the remaining half of the year. There are many who have paid in full, and to those we tender our sincere thanks. Our agents will please collect their dues and forward us.

Flying Reports.—One of our young bloods being in the Arcade about the time of receiving news of the French Revolution, and seeing, posted upon the bulletin, several long pieces of paper, dangling in the breeze, that contained the account of the revolution, stepped up to read it. At this moment a man from out of town, who does not understand all the French words of the newspapers, asked the young reader "what things are meant there, all swinging in the wind." "Meath," said the other, "why they are flying reports of the French Revolution.

Smoaky Atmosphere.—It was so smoky on Friday the 22d inst. that it was with difficulty we could handle our types, or do any business without candles. The atmosphere presented a yellowish hue, for 4 years. Tell me not of palaces, of retinues, of assurances he is so anxious we should enjoy. There is no place like HOME. So I found it, when I first became general, it was common to trim the many, many other striking characters, whom the Scriptures represent as being present on that memorable occasion; are so delineated, that it requires no great strain of the fancy, to believe, that the passion and the suffering of the Saviour of 'the World; is destined, as the «fixation and ken the sensibilities of our nature; and the mind, by the introduction of a theme so dear to the countenance as this." The present number of the Gem completes the half year of the second volume. It will be remembered that we stated some time since, that in the middle of the present volume, we should expect payment in full for the year. We now renew that expectation, and call upon all who have not paid, to do so immediately. It is an act of justice for those who have paid nothing to trust to the remaining half of the year. There are many who have paid in full, and to those we tender our sincere thanks. Our agents will please collect their dues and forward us.

DUNLAP’S PAINTING.

This splendid production of American genius is still in our village; those who have seen it, speak of its execution and beauty and boldness of design, without having their motives subjected to the imputation of selfishness, or fulsom adulation.

It has been the lot of any of the inhabitants of Rochester, to meet with so fine a repast, as is furnished by this engaging specimen of native talent and ingenuity. The subject selected by the artist, is an affecting one, best calculated to awaken the sensibilities of our nature; and the intense interest that is ever excited in the mind, by the introduction of a theme so replete with vital importance, to the future destinies of man, is in perfect keeping with the thick gloom of Autumn.

On Thursday forenoon, the 5th, the atmosphere was again similar to that of the 22d. We had confidently relied on receiving our plate of the Geneese Flaps for the present number of our paper, but are again disappointed. The plate is engraven in epitaph style, and will be a gauntly copy of it. We look for its arrival daily.

"Rochester, a setting &c."—A few weeks since we noticed, in an extract, a little Book with the above title. We have since then, read it, or rather we began it and read till we were disgusted. It is "a satire," not upon "Rochester" alone, but upon the art of Book-making, and gathers so laurels for him who made its best traits, if any it has, are merely some of the faults of verse, whose poetry this an. (has) is an ingrate of art that, as they drop upon the ear, more than realize the dearing epithets of father, mother, brother, and sister embraces of fond cherished friendship; human joy and state whether they will find a place in our columns or not.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are glad to hear from our good friend Horace. If he will be good enough to send more of this article, the commencement of which we have already received, we will think it a duty to part with fifty cents for so vile a thing.

"W. H. W." is thrice welcome. "Alex," will please forward the remainder of his communication. "Z." will please be patient—we laid out one of his effusions for No. 13, but the space was filled ere we got to it.

Are we to hear no more from "Theresa?" If any correspondents seem to be neglected we say no thing to them that we have so many communications accumulating upon us that it is impossible to publish all immediately after they are received. We will endeavour, however, hereafter to acknowledge the receipt of all communications and state whether we will find a place in our columns or not.

MARRIED.

In Framingham, Mass., by the Rev George Trush, D.D., William W. Reid of this village, to Miss Eliza Monroe, daughter of Mr. James Monroe, of Vassar, N.Y., on the 18th inst. The Rev. Mr. James Gilman to Miss Sarah Ann Andrews, of Framingham, Oct. 29th, 1830, at the Clinton House, Rochester. The ceremony was performed by Lafayette Collins Esq.

DIED.

On Wednesday morning last in this village Mrs. Sophia Houston, aged 59, wife of Mr. John Houston, and daughter of Dea. Greene.
COME BRING THE FLOWERS.

Come, bring the flowers from memory’s vase,
And fling them round me now,
And let them find a resting place
Upon my aching brow.
Aye, call the fairest flowers of all,
From memory’s spongy heath;
Let not one bitter drop of gall
Pollute the shining wreathe.

Deep from the soul’s rich treasures bring
The brightest things in store,
And round the chaplet wildly fling
All that was bright before:
Go back to childhood’s sunny day,
When innocence and mirth
Were spread along the glittering way,
And, Oh! are these thy only gains—
But for each flower there came a blight,
Aye, childhood’s sunny hours were bright,
And, Oh! would inhale each fragrance there,
With those that bloom thus senselessly and cold.

And, like the angel with the sinner’s prayer,
I’d breathe a balmy sweet, a rich perfume;
And the mind wrapt in gloom is repining;
And on some barren waste of mind, I’d shed
Its secret charm, its life-awakening bloom;
Upon its father’s head!

Oh! let me ask but to forget
My humble lines to thee,
For worlds of crysolite—
Their wreaths of glory round the lucent throne
Of the silvery moon—oh, ’twas a witchery
Whose bosom it could hirm.

To one in galling chains—
Aspen Tree.

Written for the Gem.

Sons.

The quiet of the evening hour
Was hid on every summer leaf;
That purple shade was on each flower,
At once so beautiful, so brief.
Then speak not now of youthful hours;
The brightest wreathe of bliss
Was form’d of crash’d and withering flowers:
These dews of bitterness!

Oh! let me ask but to forget
The wild and wayward dream,
Then speak not now of youthful hours;
And the feelings of a friend
Go, read it to the end.

On hope’s delicious gloam.

Written for the Gem.

TO ANNA.

Asp— and didst thou think
My humble lines to thee,
Were strows from the bow
Of some soul’s enemy?
If so, I tell thee say.
The feelings of a friend
Belong to that lay—
Go, read it to the end.
I would not blight thy peace,
For worlds of crysolite—
Nor would I bring disease:
Upn thy spirit’s flight—
Nay, I would help the on,
In raising up thy name,
I would that thou hadst won
A bright, unyielding fame.

Cheer up this vale of tears—
There songs shall never end.
And thus from other trees around,
Waves—return and calm my bosom’s commotions.

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The subscription price is FIFTY CENTS per annum, post-paid. All letters and communications must be addressed to the subscriber, post-paid.

Office in Exchange Street, 3 doors north of the Canal.

The islands opposite the seat of Geneseo, Moscow and Mount Morris, which now crown the declivities of their surrounding uplands, and contrasting their smooth verdure with the shaggy hills that bound the horizon, and their occasional clumps of spreading trees, with the tall and naked relics of the forest, nothing can strike with a more agreeable sensation the eye long accustomed to the uninterrupted prospect of a level and wooded country. Had the Indians, who first gave this name to the valley, now enliven its landscape, and the busy towns with spires overlooking it from the neighbouring hills, the hosts transporting its superabundant wealth down its winding stream, and the scenes of intellectual and moral felicity to which it con

A dandy of the olden days—Says the author of Sabyris, a Greek exquisite, sailed about in his own galley, with a host of cooks, fishermen, and bird-catchers. It was the person who could not sleep because a rose leaf doubled under him as he lay on his couch, complained that the sight of a laborer, making great exertions, gave him the stomach ache.

The expectation of future happiness is the best relief of anxious thought, the most per

This is a region of Ripon, near a good quality.

A sad young man, ordered to proceed against persons whom they named, to seize one Leon, a man of rank and fortune, whom they determined to put out of the way, that they might enjoy his estate. This commission Socrates positively refused.

"I will not willingly," said he, "assist in an unjust act." Chericles sharply replied, "Doest thou think, Socrates, to talk in this high tone and not to suffer?" "Far from it," replied he, "I expect to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as to do unjust."
THE GEM, 
A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING, &c.

The village of Rochester, is situated on the Genesee River, seven miles south from Lake Ontario. This village, which, for population and business, may soon rank among our cities, was not settled until about the close of the last war; its progress was not very rapid until about the year 1830, from which period it has rapidly improved until the present day. It now contains a population of over 11,000 inhabitants. The first census of the village was taken in December 1815, and the number of inhabitants then was three hundred and thirty-one.

The Aqueduct, which takes the Erie Canal across the river, forms a prominent object of interest to all travellers. It is of hewn stone containing eleven arches of fifty feet span, its length eight hundred feet; but a considerable portion of each end is hid from view by mills erected since its construction.

The village of Rochester, being from the Indian name, for Pleasant Valley, which is very descriptive of the river and its vicinity.

The Genesee River, the principal natural feature in this district, rises on the Grand Flatts; or table-land of Western Pennsylvania, interlocking with the head waters of the Allegheny and Susquehanna streams, around which, a tract of six miles square, might be so located as to embrace their several waters, which flow into the Atlantic Ocean, through the bays of St. Lawrence, Mexico and Chesapeake, and are probably elevated one thousand and seven hundred feet above the tide waters of the Atlantic.

The Genesee Flats, (to which probably the sign was taken) are distant from the river five miles, and might easily be seen by persons on the river, four miles below where he made his fatal leap. It had passed over the two falls of 150 feet combined, but was not much injured. The black, abrading and dashing waters, foaming and rushing from the great waterfall, were prophetic of the fate that awaited him. The scaffold was erected, twenty-five feet in height, and in about an hour after the time advertised, he was upon it. A large multitude had collected to witness the feat—his voice was the loudest in the region, its signal was the only one that could be heard at the distance, rises the dome of the First Presbyterian Church—near to it, the dome of the Court-House is seen, and then the steeple of St. Luke's (Episcopal) Church. The islands with their trees, fill up the extreme right. On the left side of the sheet of water is seen a rainbow, which was there at the time the design was taken.

The Exchange Buildings next appear, with the Market, which is partly hid by two sydenmore trees. Next the eye falls upon the broad roof of the mammoth mill, owned by Messrs. Beech & Kemshall, and yet a little to the right, is seen that beautiful and stately building the Arcade, built and owned by A. Benjamin, Esq. The next prominent figure in the picture is the towering steeple of the First Presbyterian Church, near to it, the dome of the Court-House is seen, and then the steeple of St. Luke's (Episcopal) Church. The islands with their trees, fill up the extreme right. On the left side of the sheet of water is seen a rainbow, which was there at the time the design was taken.

Of Sam Patch little can be said, which will be new to the reader. A view of the scaffold from which he made his "last jump," will probably explain what was said to the island which separates the main stream from that produced by the waste water from the mill-race. At the time that the unfortunate jumper ended his career, the river was low, and the falls near him on either side were bare. The undaunted courage manifested in the leaps of Patch, Andrews—saw-mills, and Black Eadies, can be made familiar to the mind by a steady progressive course of practice.

At the Falls of Niagara, he made two leaps, one safety—one of eighty, and the other of one hundred and thirty feet, into a vast gulf of deep waters, foaming and rushing from the commotion produced by a fall of near two hundred feet! In November 1829, which came to Rochester, to astonish the eye by a leap from the Falls. His first attempt was successful, and in the presence of thousands, he leaped from the point to which we have already directed the reader, a distance of hundred feet, into the abyss. It is a union of all the water, and the last jump," (meaning his last jump that season.) The words that headed his bill, "Sam's last jump," were prophetic of the fate that awaited him. The scaffold was erected, twenty-five feet in height, and in about an hour after the time advertised, he was upon it. A large multitude had collected to witness the feat—the day was unusually cold, and Sam was intoxicated. He, however, threw himself off, and the waters received him into their cold embrace. The tide bubbled as the life left the body, and then the stillness of death, indeed, sat upon the bosom of the waters! His body was found the past spring at the mouth of the river, seven miles below where he made his fatal leap. It had passed over the two falls of 150 feet combined, yet was not much injured. The black, abrading and dashing waters, foaming and rushing from the great waterfall, were prophetic of the fate that awaited him. The scaffold was erected, twenty-five feet in height, and in about an hour after the time advertised, he was upon it. A large multitude had collected to witness the feat—the day was unusually cold, and Sam was intoxicated. He, however, threw himself off, and the waters received him into their cold embrace. The tide bubbled as the life left the body, and then the stillness of death, indeed, sat upon the bosom of the waters! His body was found the past spring at the mouth of the river, seven miles below where he made his fatal leap. It had passed over the two falls of 150 feet combined, yet was not much injured. The black, abrading and dashing waters, foaming and rushing from the great waterfall, were prophetic of the fate that awaited him. The scaffold was erected, twenty-five feet in height, and in about an hour after the time advertised, he was upon it. A large multitude had collected to witness the feat—the day was unusually cold, and Sam was intoxicated. He, however, threw himself off, and the waters received him into their cold embrace. The tide bubbled as the life left the body, and then the stillness of death, indeed, sat upon the bosom of the waters! His body was found the past spring at the mouth of the river, seven miles below where he made his fatal leap. It had passed over the two falls of 150 feet combined, yet was not much injured. The black, abrading and dashing waters, foaming and rushing from the great waterfall, were prophetic of the fate that awaited him. The scaffold was erected, twenty-five feet in height, and in about an hour after the time advertised, he was upon it. A large multitude had collected to witness the feat—the day was unusually cold, and Sam was intoxicated. He, however, threw himself off, and the waters received him into their cold embrace. The tide bubbled as the life left the body, and then the stillness of death, indeed, sat upon the bosom of the waters! His body was found the past spring at the mouth of the river, seven miles below where he made his fatal leap. It had passed over the two falls of 150 feet combined, yet was not much injured. The black, abrading and dashing waters, foaming and rushing from the great waterfall, were prophetic of the fate that awaited him. The scaffold was erected, twenty-five feet in height, and in about an hour after the time advertised, he was upon it. A large multitude had collected to witness the feat—
THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

ADDRESS TO A MINISTER, ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM A CHRISTIAN LAND—BY MONTGOMARY.

Go, take the wings of morning, and ight to the distant sea, 
Thou shalt not feel thyself forlorn; 
Thy God is still with thee; 
And his Spirit, here, dwells, 
There, and there only, thou art well.

Forsake thy father-land, 
Kindred, and friends, and pleasant home. 
O'er many a rude barbarian strand, 
Direct all thine aims to God.
Walk there with God, and thou shalt find 
Double for all thy pain resign'd.

Launch boldly on the surge, 
And in a light and fragrant bark 
Thy path through flower and tempest urge. 
Like Noah in the ark—

Those from whose eyes the orb retires 
Till coral reefs 'midst desert seas 
Who turn'd thy darkness into light. 

Till warriors fling their arms aside, 
Mercy and healing on his wings. 
O'er many a rude barbarian strand, 
Train them by patient toil, 
Enrich themselves with Nature's spoil, 
Nor thou disdain to teach 
Ennobling arts to youth;

Enthusiasm for the church, 
And zeal for righteousness, yet 
In faith, and hope, and purpose yet, 
That will not let thee go:
With harvest trophies crown'd; 

In faith, and hope, and purpose yet, 
That will not let thee go: 
With harvest trophies crown'd; 

Left over, and earth to blaze: 
Ere long o'er heaven and earth to blaze: 

Jehovah's temple and his rest; 
Leave in a light and fragrant bark 
Thy path through flower and tempest urge. 
Like Noah in the ark—

In faith, and hope, and purpose yet, 
That will not let thee go: 
With harvest trophies crown'd; 

What is it then, but the language addressed by every past age 
Of New-England to all future ages, is this: 

The Ship of heav'n—the patriarch's Dover 
Forbid thee to forget 
Gaz'd on the glories of the woodlands on such days as these? what sentiments at the inevitable advance 

The heavens are without a cloud, but a thin film of death. Nothing is valuable to us which we do not spend June in lamentations, because ere it关闭s summer passes away—I would give a week to those hours—how softly and like dreams from the nearest hills, and spreads its mantle of

The Indian Summer.

One of the most prominent and distinctive features of an American season, and one in which our own country differs from all others, is that delightful fragment of the year significantly termed the Indian Summer. The fervid heat of summer has passed away, but the chill November wind is not yet come—the beautiful scarlet flowers have faded, and the green leaves have changed, yet, so bright is their elevation; and like the hues of the dying dolphin, or the clouds that gather their glory from the setting sun, the colours of the woodland's leafy robe grow more brilliant, even while the gales are freshening that shall strew them in all their changeable beauty over flood and field. There are some who prefer the spring of the year to autumn, who connect gloomy ideas with each withered flower and sigh over each falling leaf. But why is this?—is it wise—is it like a philosopher or christian? Change is not necessarily painful; death is not necessarily gloomy; change, not destruction, is the plan of nature, and in the varying seasons there is ceaseless cause for pleasure and gratitude. I know no time more beautiful, no hours more grateful, than those that belong to the Indian Summer. It is the time when the worlds begin to give each other's happiness—when the fairies of autumn are abroad, and all the wonders of the world are in the hands of the new-born infant. It is the time when the world is in its fairest beauty; when the world is in its fairest beauty; when the world is in its fairest beauty; when the world is in its fairest beauty.

The Graces of Cyrus and Alexander.—It is remarkable that both the tombs of Cyrus and Alexander, each sumptuous, the great, were broken into, and the bodies of those who had reigned over the world, were never fully enjoyed, if they do not purify our feelings, and lift the affections to that glorious Being who created, and bestowed them all.

W. G.

W. G.
PHILOSOPHY.

Going into a Bookstore the other day, I accidentally took up a new publication called "The Frugal Housewife." Turning over the leaves, my attention was caught by the following story, which I thought was worth the shillings, the price of the book; accordingly I bought it, and now send the extract for a publication.

"Philosophy is rarely found. The most perfect sample I ever met, was an old woman, who was apparently the poorest and most forlorn of the human species; so true is the maxim which all profess to believe, and nearly concealed as a woman's declension in a thousand native cottages, which never had any reference to the Gentlemen of the Peace, but that being a station which the different parts would be united by

Here was true philosophy! I learned a lesson of that poor woman, which I shall not forget.

THE FASHIONS.

From the Lady's Book.

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS: FOR OCTOBER.

A frock of changeable green, the body plain behind and full in front, worn occasionally with a pelerine of the same; the frill of which is very deep and full at the shoulders becoming gradually narrower and plainer as it descends to the belt. The skirt of this dress is made extremely wide, and is set on the body with five plaits only, one in front, one on each side, and two behind; these plaits are, of course, very large. The bottom of the skirt is finished with a thick cord sewed in the hem. The sleeves are very wide till they reach the elbow, and fit tightly to the lower part of the arm. The ruffle round the neck and hands is of plain bonbonnet quilting.

Bonnet of Dunstable straw, trimmed with a band, and strings of broad pink and satin ribbon.

A large scarlet shawl of embroidered Canton crepe.

From La Belle Assemblée.

LONDON FASHIONS: FOR AUGUST.

EVENING DRESS.—A gown composed of green de Indes, the colour a new and beautiful shade between lilac and lavender. Corselet back, nearly concealed as a woman's declension, was a sort of white blond net, disposed over the loin crape. The ruffle round the upper part, so as to come nearly, but not quite, to the throat, and the fullness is gathered into a row of blond letting-in lace. Sleeve à la Marie de Medicis, with blond lace mantlet. Head dress, a cape hat, trimmed on the inside of the brim with gauze ribbon; the crown is ornamented with bows of ribbon, disposed en papillon, with a bouquet of white roses placed in the centre. The fan is composed of white feathers; the sticks form a small mirror.

PHILADELPHIA WATER-WORKS.—These pumps discharge into the Reservoirs five and a half millions of gallons of water every twenty-four hours, and the iron pipes now laid, measure sixty miles in length.

GRAMMATICAL AGE OF WOMAN.—"Why," said our facetious friend Rogers, a few evenings since at Holland-house, "is Lady J—like a young Greekian?" because in the words of Tom Moore,

She is just in that season at present
When woman's declension begins."
The following article gives a lively picture of the French character, and the freaks which ladies in high life sometimes act out among the less informed and less wealthy gallants who may happen to be dazzled by their charms.

From the Paris Courrier of Fashions.

TRANSLATED FOR THE GEM.

A SUPPER AT VERRY’S.

Some years since, when I was very young, and about the time that I began to assume my rights as a man, I was one evening musing, and suddenly I took a great distaste to Justinian and his code. I put on my best coat, and called on one of my friends to entice him to leave the quarter of St. James, and to take a walk round the right bank of the Seine.

When we arrived at the Theatre they were performing Moliere’s Comedy of the Miller. We entered, and according to custom the saloon was deserted—it required all the resolution and enthusiasm of twenty years to impose the affecitive innovation to which, for the most part of the time they had abandoned the best work of Moliere. When a man first enters such a place, he takes a general survey of the audience. I observed in one of the boxes, two or three chambermaids; in the pit some noisy smotherers. I immediately turned my eyes towards the stage, when by chance, I discovered two pretty females who were at the back part of a dark box, dressed with more than common elegance. I observed they were but little occupied with the performance, but were talking busily together.

I remarked to my friend that they were alone, and with an assurance which sometimes attends one in going to perform some great exploit, we went and placed ourselves behind them. During the first act a perfect silence was observed, just like two contending armies before a battle. Between the acts a few visitors were thrown out, and were answered, and soon the conversation was engaging. In a little time they felt a new confidence, and their observations were very smart. We had to contend with two very sensible women, full of vivacity and coquetry; to such a pitch had we arrived, that by half after five it was time to think of retiring.

The greatest novice in love affairs could not have declined the conversation at the point at which we had arrived. I then proposed to our two beautiful innocents to go and take a supper at Verry’s. A most formal refusal was given to my first proposition. I insisted when one of them put her head close to the ear of her friend, and whispered a few words which we did not understand. They then smiled, and blushingly consented. From the theatre to Verry’s is a short distance, and my friend and myself taking their arms, we found ourselves there ere we were aware we had really set out.

“Waver!” said I quickly, “a select box with four covers.”

Whilst we were travelling along the nar-
at Argos, 694 years before the Christian era.

Writings and Sculpture.—About that time, scales and measures were invented by Phidias, and a short time previous thereto, the art of sculpture in marble was discovered.

Eclipses.—The first recorded eclipse of the moon was 730 years before Christ.

Maps and Globes.—Were invented by Anaximander 2130 years ago.

Tragedy.—Eschylus, a Greek poet, obtained the first prize for writing a tragedy, 468 years before the Christian era.

Barkers.—Were introduced into Rome from Sicily, 285 years before the Christian era.

SUN-DIALS.—The first was made by Papirius Cursor, 285 years, before the birth of Christ.

The Septuagint.—Ptolemy Philadelphia, king of Egypt, employed 72 learned men to translate the Old Testament into Greek, 285 years before the Christian era.

FEMALE STRATAGEM.

Of all the stratagems resorted to by female ingenuity to obtain a suitable husband, none so extraordinary as that of a French lady, who gave out that her head resembled a "Death's Head." Among the numerous lovers, who, in consequence of the immense wealth she was reputed to possess, aspired to the honor of her hand, in spite of the terrors of her face, there was reckoned no less than 519 reform'd rakes, and 200 ruined gamblers. She shewed to a person who was in her confidence, twenty five or thirty letters which she had received from Belgium written by certain well known characters, who said that they would never revolt though she should prove to be the most hideous object in the world. They were covered with flatter, caress, and with the pledge itself, so they could procure abundance of gold.

All the letters she left unanswered, but to a few she was generous enough to order her secretary to turn thanks. Her friends were permitted to take a copy of the following:

"Madam—Report has doubtless painted you less handsome than you are, but none at least will refuse to admit that your physiognomy is expressive. I should have had the honor of presenting myself before you, and declaring my passions, had not pitiless countenance, whose mind had been well cultivated. He had a fortune which placed him above interested view. The young man on his part was so much charmed with the graces and delicate sentiments the young lady with invisible features displayed in her conversation, that he at length declared all his happiness depended on a union. She did not deny the impression he had made on her heart, nor conceal the pleasure she would feel in acceding to his proposal, but expressed to him, at the same time, the horror, that he would behold in her face which she described to be that of death in its most terrific form. She begged him to beware of rashness, and consider well whether he could bear the disappointment he might incur.

"Well, well," said the young man, accept my hand and unmask but to the eye of your husband. 'I consent,' replied she: 'I shall not fail to keep the appointment he might incur, I will not shrink from the proof; it is your heart, and not your figure, that I love. In eight days said the lady you shall be satisfied.' They prepared for the marriage, and notwithstanding the refusal of the generous young man to accept a million in bank bills she settled all her property on him. If you have not courage enough to suffer, said she, for your companion, I shall at least be consoled by the reflection that I have enriched him whom I love and he will perhaps drop a tear to my memory. Returning from the altar she threw herself on her knees before her spouse and placed her hand on her mask. What a situation for a husband!

"His heart palpitated, his face turned pale, the mask fell, and he beheld an angel of beauty! She then exclaimedomba! have you not deserved deformity—you merit the love of beauty! The happy couple left Paris the next day for Livonia, where the great property of the lady was situated.

Jack Moustache, a dandy of the first dimensions, having one day very significantly said to Miss Aurelia Plumb, the great helpless, that he never loved but one in the whole course of his life occasioned the following by a young gentleman who does not wish his name to be known to any body but public:

Jack makes his brags of his constancy; He never loved but one, not he. Jack speaks the truth the honest elf. And that one was his own dear self

The following lines were handed about in manuscript, author unknown. They were charitably applied to a worthy man, who was very liberal in giving away a part of what he had cheated other people out of.

FOLLEVILL.

P. S.—Be as good as to request the gra-

FOLLEVILL.

What is the reason, said the lovely, lively Delia Delice, one day, to the same young fellow, What is the reason there is nothing said in the Bible about a certain woman, as well as a certain man? He answered the lady in the following extraportion:

"A certain man's" a phrase in scripture common But nothing's said about "a certain woman," The reason all may see that are not blind— A woman's never certain of her mind.

Whereupon the lady, in imitation of the Duty of Algiers, who was not afraid of his cars, gave him a great blow with her fan which would have annihilated him, had it not been for his corrects.

What is marriage like? was the question at a game of "What is it like?" at Ballston one evening. The young gentleman, who don't wish his name to be mentioned, when it come to his turn, answered in the following extempore:

Marriage is like a flaring candle, Placed in a window on a summer night, Attracting all the insects on the table. To come and singe their pretty winglets there; Those that are out, butt heads against the pane, And those within, butt to get out again.

A club of jolly members of an intemperance society, being determined to apply with the proper spirit to their undertaking used to meet three times a week to drink champagne, and make epigrams on each other. Only two of them looked out of which we took a copy. The first was made on Lawyer Bred, an honest fellow, who has the habit of exposing himself by the business of his profession, and who sometimes fell asleep at or under the table:

Here lies a lawyer and an honest man, Heaven works a wonder for us now and then. Let us hope a similar one may be upon Sam Scapegrace who one night took a rash oath that he would never drink again while he breathed the breath of life:

Sam Scapegrace once to me devoutly swore, That while he breathed he'd drink no more nor.

But Sam meant nothing more, as I am thinking, than that he would not breathe while he drank.

The following lines got into circulation at Saratoga, but as may be imagined, the author was too wise to own them. A young man in spectacles, thick-soled shoes, and an antediluvian coat, was suspected:

I'll never weep but for a price, Young, rich and beautiful, and good and wise; Not fond of dress, yet always trim and neat; Never perform'd, yet like a rose-bud sweet. Well bred, as she in town had pass'd her life Yet modest, frugal, as a country wife. You'll die a bachelor my friend, I said, Or must bespeak her—there's none ready made.

Le Brun.—He possessed, in a great degree, that warm imagination & enthusiasm which stimulate the effort and increase the raptures of an artist. Some one said in his presence of that well known picture the Magdalen "that the contrite beautiful virgin was really weeping." "That," said he, "is all perhaps that you can perceive; I hear her sigh.

A Successor to Redjacket.—The Six Nations have elected Susannah, known among the whites by the name of Jimmy Johnson of the Wolf family, a pagan as their chief.
There is a story going the rounds of the periodicals, that a Miss G. of respectable family, young and very beautiful, attended Lord Byron for nearly a year in the habit of a Page. Love, desperate and all-engrossing, seems to have been the cause of her singular conduct. Neglected at last by the man for whom she had forsaken all that woman holds dear, she resolved upon self-destruction, and provided herself with poison. Her designs were discovered by Lord B. who charmed the poison for a sleeping potion. Miss G. with that delicate feeling of affection which ever distinguished her intercourse with Lord Byron, stole privately away to the funeral vault of the Byrons, and fastened the entrance, resolving to spare her lover the dreadful knowledge of her fate. She then swallowed the supposed poison—and probably died of starvation! She was found dead soon after. Lord Byron never adverted to this subject without a thrill of horror. The following, from his private journal, may perhaps have someconnexion with it:

"I awoke from a dream—well! and have not others dreamed? Such a dream! I wish the dead would rest, however. Ugh! how my blood chilled—and I could not awake—and"

"Shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than could the substance of ten thousand men
Armed all in proof."

"I do not like this dream—I hate its foregone conclusion. And am I to be shaken by shadows? Aye, when they remind us of—but no matter. But if I dream again, I'll try whether all sleep has the like visions."

She came to me last night—
The floor gave back no tread;
She stood by me in the wan moonlight,
In the white robes of the dead.
Pale—pale, and very mournfully,
Its dark eye rested on my own,
And fearfully and dimly
As to the victims on the rack,
Something which told of other days
Yet in their fixed, unchanging gaze,
Rayless and cold as eyes of stone—
I heard no sound—I felt no breath
Yet those dark eyes were fixed on me
And therefore those more distant orbs, to
which I allude, cannot be supposed to be
involved in the physical evils which the fall of
change or catastrophe that may befall the
universe, would still exist, and continue
to illuminate the voids of creation with undiminished splendour.

"HAVE I COME TO THIS?"
How painful must be the reflexion of a young man, who has enjoyed the privileges of society, moral instruction, and faithful admonition, to find himself arrested in his wicked career by the arm of justice, and about to receive the penalty of the law for his crimes, while comparing his past advantages with his present circumstances. Indeed he may say, "Have I come to this?"

This is not altogether an imaginary case,—It so happened that the writer of this was present when several convicts arrived at one of our Penitentiaries. Among the number, was a young man of about the age of twenty-four years, of good appearance, and well dressed. On going into the prison he involuntarily exclaimed, "Have I come to this?" Also I too late to avoid the punishment just due him for his crimes. Within is such a scene, and such language are calculated to afford the youth.

A half-witted callan, John, who lived near Glasgow, was sent to the Laird of Crossmy-loof, with a present of some game, from the Laird Maxwell, of Breidland, near Glasgow. The handily being in the kitchen, asked him to step in, and ordered the servants to give him bread and milk. As soon as the Laird heard of his arrival, he came to inquire what news the messenger brought of his friend's family. During the conversation, the Laird perceived a fly in the milk, and told John to take it out. "Never mind," said the simpleton, "it's no sae deep; it can wade out." The master took the hint, and ordered more milk. "Dimna trouble yourself!" rejoined the lad, "I've as muckle milk, as I hae bread for." The second hint produced the desired effect.

A toper's eye is like the moon, shining in borrowed radiance from his nose.

When I see a man sport work because he has three or four hired men to oversee, I guess he will have to go to jail to pay them.

When I see a man suffer a simple wife to run in debt in a store for whatever she fancied, I guess he will soon wish he never had been married.

When I see a lady possess a large portion of pride and affection, I guess she lacks delicacy and sense.

[From the New-England Review.]
Great Fire.

At half past 2 o'clock on Wednesday morning last, the extensive Tannery of Mr. Jacob Graves, on water-st. a few rods north of the bridge on main-st. was discovered to be on fire. Every effort was made to save the building, but it was too late. A considerable quantity of leather and hides (although but a small part of the great quantity in the building) was saved. This is altogether the greatest loss ever sustained by a fire in Rochester. That our readers may have some idea of the amount of business done in this establishment, its value and consequent loss, we quote from our city officers the following facts:—The building was of stone, 100 by 50 ft. seven stories high. There was in the upper story 100 sides sole leather, 200 harness, 150 large kip, 50 calf skins, 100 Spanish hides. There were in one of the stories 450 bar karts. There were 50 bar karts, nearly all of which were filled with hides. At the time of writing this, the immense mass of burning cork covers these vats to the depth of a number of feet;—whether any part of the hides will be saved cannot be known for some 3 or 4 days—of course the amount of the loss cannot now be ascertained, but if nothing is saved from them, Mr. G.'s loss will be from $57,000 to $30,000—7,500 dollars of which only is covered by insurance.

Few men have, by their industry, enterprise, and honorable dealing, secured to themselves a larger share of public confidence than Mr. Graves.

The fire was communicated to conjecture. It was not attributed to design.

All the hides in these vats are saved, and the vats themselves have sustained but trifling injury, owing to their having been covered with boards.—Ed. Gem.

The time of the burning of the Tannery on Wednesday night, and before the flames burst forth through the front windows, the column of smoke that rose like a tremendous cloud above, and coursed its way up, and hung over St. Paul's Church steeple, was grand and majestic, beyond anything we ever witnessed. It rolled forth in the form of a screw, and the flashes of light that occasionally stuck thro' its dark folds, served only to show their figure and the impetus with which they rose. There were also, two large gulls that hovered for a long time, at a great height in the air, over the scene of ruin. These things may have attracted the notice of but few, but for ourselves we must say that they had peculiar attractions.

Dreadful!—A few evenings ago, a boy of about 6 years of age, was so badly burnt in consequence of his clothes taking fire, that he died in a very few hours after. He was the son of a poor family living on the corner of Buffalo and Sophia streets, and his parents were both educated while the sufferer was burning to death, that neither were able to give him any assistance! The suffering that this child went through while he lived, are past all description. The skin from his knees to his neck, was literally burnt off!—and his cries, until he became hoarse and exhausted, were shrill and heart-rending beyond measure. An attempt was made to find out at what place the little wretch was that the clock of it might be invited to view his victim, but in vain. The house of this miserable, deluded people, is destitute of a chair or a bed; of any cooking utensils except a broken kettle, and of any thing to cook or eat!—and it was while the little unfortunate was endeavoring to scald some sour milk to satisfy his hunger, that his rags took fire and consumed him! Let every man ask himself if there is not yet something to do in the cause of Temperance.

We may expect Cooper's new novel, "The Skimmer of the Seas," sometime in December or January next; from the press of Carey & Lea, Philadelphia.

The Execution.

On Friday last, James Gray was executed in this village, for the murder of Samuel Davie. He was taken from the jail a little after 12 o'clock, and walked the distance of about half a mile, to the gallows. He appeared strong and resolute, and walking the most perfect time with the music, which was playing his death march. On arriving at the gallows, he ascended the stairs with a firm step, and without any assistance. A sermon was preached on the scaffold by the Rev. Mr. Fillmore of Rochester, and prayers were made by several of the gentlemen present. At fifteen minutes before two, he was informed by the Sheriff that his time had arrived. He immediately sprung upon his feet, and stood, unassisted by any one, while the halter was tied around his neck. He then shook hands with the Sheriff, and the clergymen who had attended him—the cap was drawn over his face, and he absolutely stepped upon the drop—the Sheriff cut the rope, and he was launched into eternity!

The concourse of people that assembled to witness the execution was immense—not less than 20,000. No accident occurred during the day.—Batavia Times and Press.

Men are guided less by conscience than by love of fame; and yet the shortest way to a fame's pinnacle, is to be guided by the dictates of conscience.

Census.—We received the Marshall's report on Saturday last of the number of inhabitants in our village, and also of the number of inhabitants in the county of Monroe, together with the amount of increase and decrease in the respective towns since the census of 1825. Within our village and suburbs as included in the census of 1827 there are now 10,885 being a slight increase since that time. The increase of inhabitants who have a fixed residence here, and who consider themselves as permanently located here, has been as rapid as was anticipated by our citizens generally.

In 1827 there was a large floating population in this place gathered from the four quarters of the globe, attracted here in pursuit of adventure, which has mostly left us, and might now be looked for in great part on the canals which are constructing in other states and in Canada, and in the villages springing up in the "far west." Thus while the amount of population has not varied materially, it has undergone a very considerable change in character, those of a migratory disposition having left us and given place to Mechanics, Artizans, Merchants, &c. of industrious habits, reputable, and stationary.

In the country there has been a large increase since 1825, every town having added to its number with one exception, that of Perrinton which is reported as having decreased seventy.

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Gates 7772 increase 3379
Greece 2564 1017
Parma 2638 728
Clarkson 3821 631
Ogden 2401 479
Chill 2010 183
Wheatland 2242 514
Riga 1908 166
Sweden 2958 611
Penfield 4668 361
Brighton 6180 1815
Pittsford 1798 40
Henrietta 2324 179
Mendon 3083 305
Rush 2104 175
Perrinton 2120 10703
Total inc. 10703
Total 48S10 do decrease 70

I love to gaze on a breaking wave. It is only thing in nature, which looks the most beautiful in the moment of dissolution.

MARRIED.

In Riga, by the Rev. Mr. Mead, on the 3d inst. Mr. Oliver L. Arbogast, to Miss Eunice B. Thomson, both of Riga.

In Le Roy, Genesee co., on the 27th ult. by Rev. G. Crawford, John B. Skinner, Esq. of Middlebury, to Miss Catherine Stoddard, only daughter of the late Richard H. Stoddard, Esqu.
THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

THE CROSS.

"Upon her breast a sparkling cross she bore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore."

I found thee glittering 'neath the dew-drops
Down among the wild young flowers, fallen
From the bosom of a drooping girl, as
She knelt down and breathed her morning
Thou hadst life and tongue, then mightst thou listen
Orisons. Bright, sparkling gem; oh, would that
As thou liest on thy fair resting place,
Heart. I would be thy auditor and list
To thy low whisperings, until thou'dst
Her throbbing heart; a cold unconscious
Trembler when her soul waifs of music,
Most sparkling gem-
Enviable jewel, thou'st been press'd to
Now, or this most holy hour would pass but
Bell—I must return thee to thy owner
Form, thou glittering thing, not thy fair
Snowy pearls that purely sparkle out upon
Died. 'Tis this that makes thee dear almost to
Adoration, to that devoted maid.

"Upon her breast a sparkling cross she bore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore."

Therefore will I make thee to the
Most sparkling gem-
Enviable jewel, thou'st been press'd to
Now, or this most holy hour would pass but
Bell—I must return thee to thy owner
Form, thou glittering thing, not thy fair
Snowy pearls that purely sparkle out upon
Died. 'Tis this that makes thee dear almost to
Adoration, to that devoted maid.

THE GEM.

There is a Gem whose fervent glow
Can mitigate the pangs of woe,
And on the sad, fond smiles bestow,
Forgot we ever had a wrong.
Thy soul, when in distress, may
t's then we see the tender vine,
Twining round its leafless arms:
Around the stump the tendrils twice,
And lend their aid, and all their charms.

When man is verging to the grave,
And death's cold damps are on his brow
And life is flattering like the wave
That bears us onward to our goal.
'Tis then we see the tender vine,
Twining round its leafless arms:
Around the stump the tendrils twice,
And lend their aid, and all their charms.

THE BRIDE.

Suggested on attending a Wedding at St. Peter's Church,
on the everting of Oct. 27th, 1830.

I knew her in her youthful hours,
When joy was in its infancy,
When her young path was strewn with flowers,
Which bloom'd the while the most joyously
I knew her ere the blushing cinct
Of joyless care, bedim'd her brow,
Borne on despair's deep blacken'd wing,
To bright her joys, in their young glow.
I knew her when bright peace had stamp'd
His signet on her sunlit brow.
And hopes were hers, which ne'er were lamp'd
With thoughts of turbulence and woe—
Earth's pleasures to her swelling heart—
They pass'd—and they return'd no more.
I saw her too when she was chang'd
From youth to full maturity:
And her young pleasures were estrang'd,
Bur'd neath the weight of life's care:
The joys which in her youth were free,
Were swallow'd by the tide of time;
Her thoughts were on futurity,
With all its joys, and hopes sublime.

Years but a few had pass'd away—
I save her at the altar's side,
In all her glowing loveliness,
The gay, the young, and smiling Bride—
And by her side, stood him she lov'd;
Mild as the glowing stars of eve;
To him she plighted her young vows,
And they were register'd in heaven.


2d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS.

TERMS, &c.

The Gem will be published every other Saturday, in quarto form, and pag'd for binding. It will be accompanied with an Index and Title-page at the end of the year. TERMS—one DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS per annum, payable in advance.

All letters and communications must be addressed to the subscribers postpaid. EDWIN SCARFFON.

Office in Exchange Street, 3 doors north of the Canal.

Editors with whom we exchange, will please give the above a few insertions in their papers.
On the evening of December 12, 1804, I was slowly and painfully approaching the village of Broomville, on the borders of Ohio. The day was in a peculiar manner disagreeable; a mixture of snow and rain, with a fitful but violent north-west wind, beat the tempest on the faces of myself and companion. This partner in the toils and chilly evils we had to encounter, had only joined me on the morning before. We had lodged at the same village, and setting out at the same moment, found, by a few inquiries, that we were journeying towards the same place, tacitly agreed to advance together. If we had either felt inclined to converse, the howling winds thro' the deep forest would have prevented much social conversation; but as to myself, my feelings corresponded with the forbidding aspect of the elements, and my fellow-traveller seemed still more absorbed and silent. Thus passed the day, until the opening of Broomville and the closing twilight presented dimly a Red Lion, frowning welcome to the comforts of an inn. A few moments introduced our jaded nags to the stable, and ourselves to the comforts of a blazing wood fire in the sitting room of the landlord.

During our day's ride, I had eyed my fellow-traveller with as much attention as our relative situation would admit. His frame was in a very marked degree muscular; his limbs and features, though rough, were finely proportioned. Though the wrinkles of his face and his already bloomed head bespoke a man of fifty years, his vigor of motion, and the fire of his strongly speaking eye, evinced a healthy and unimpaired constitution. Seated at the tavern fire, as on the way, he retired within himself. Though civil and even polite when addressed, it was apparent that he avoided, as far as he decently could, all conversation. A similar remark might have been made by any other observer, respecting myself. A call to supper, however, roused us both, and brought us into a mixed company of about twenty persons.

"You are going to the vendue on Monday next, Mr. Jamieson," observed a spruce-looking dandy-looking young man, directly above their means; don't you, Mr. Flimsey?

"It is her own fault," observed Mr. Jamieson; "if her pride can have opened the conversation. But here both I have loved her from our infancy; she is to me like a sister, but now I almost adore her. She has chosen to meet the chastisements of Providence rather than unite herself with her. She has chosen to meet the chastisements of Providence rather than unite herself with

"About a year after her forced widowhood, Mrs. Swansey," said Mr. McFrame with a sigh, "has been the undeserving child of misery from her youth. I knew her parents well, James and Ellen Wallace; we all were children together. Maria Wallace was their only daughter; who, with two sons, composed their family. We were all natives of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, and bred, if not in wealth, in a decent competence. Maria Wallace herself, according to the opinion of Mr. Jamieson and of Mr. Flimsey, was educated above the means of her parents.

"And you also, I suppose," replied a middle-dressed dandy-looking young man, directly about twenty persons.

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"And you also, I suppose," replied a middle-dressed dandy-looking young man, directly
her parents and myself and family, made part of
a large company who removed to this
place and vicinity. Mr. Wallace entered the
woods with his family, and commenced the
very farm which is, in a few days to be given
up to strangers. The residue of this heart-
breaking story may be completed in a few
words. Among the number, and the only one
who was wealthy, was Jasper Trimming. —
This man lent money to most of his fellow em-
giants; and as far as he could muster inde-
pendence of mind to the aid of his heart, was
moderate and even generous; but his wife,
and now his son, are the reverse. Old Trim-
ing died suddenly, and the grave was not
planned to cover his grave when his bonds
were in suit, and execution followed judgment
with great rapidity, unless stayed by pay-
ment. One of their debtors was Mr. Wal-
lace, who, with his wife, are beyond the reach
of human charity or cupidity. The two
young Wallaces, many years past, left Ohio
for Louisiana and have not either returned or
been heard of. Every thing that woman
could do to cultivate the minds of her child-
en and to save their home, Mrs. Swansey
had done. But alas! ruin was now over her
head like a rotten thread— not only her
farm, but every thing she possesses is
under the sheriff's hand.

During this brief recital, my new friend
seemed affected to the very heart. His arm
rested on the table, while his whole soul was
moved. Struggling with his feelings, and lis-
tening as we all did with deep attention, ex-
cpt Messrs. Jamieson and F glass, who had
closed in the interim. "How far does Mrs.
Swansey live from this village?" demanded
my friend. "About ten miles," replied the
landlord, as the company rose from the table.
During the night the storm had abated, the
te clouds were dispersed, and never did it
behold a lovelier winter morning. The
air was cold, but pure and bracing. When I
entered the sitting-room I found my fellow
traveller seated, melancholy and self-retired,
as the evening before; but with I thought less
of gloom or wretchedness of expression. To
my demand of "Do you proceed this morn-
ing?" he replied, "I believe not. I am one
of those adventurers who have sought this
region to find a home and a grave, and have
thought of remaining here a few days, and
giving that picture of benevolence, Mr. Ja-
emieson, a companion to Mrs. Swansey's on
Monday night. If there is to be purchase
made, why may I not have the advantages as
well as another?" "I can see no objection,"
I replied; "and as I am exactly in the same
situation, and in a similar mind, suppose we
go together, and outbid each other and Mr.
Jamieson, until the poor widow may receive
the value of her property."

The gaiety of my manner in some measure
softened his features, and lightened something
like a smile on the weatherbeaten brow be-
fore me. "It is then settled that we proceed
together to assist in fleecing the fatherly
Mark Bancroft appeared on the clerk's book.
A few very deep and witty young gentlemen,
it appeared, finding my disposition to pur-
chase so keen, agreed to have some fun at
my expense. Their wit escaped my obser-
vation, but my more sagacious friend per-
ceived the plan, and turned it most effectually
engage ved the plan, and turned it most effectually
Should I receive; but as it could not easily be avoi-
ded, was coldly accepted; and together we
attended this sale, for reasons evident to both of us, that we attend this sale,
every disadvantage, appeared to have been
traversed each other's designs. For reasons
which I should feel bound to give you in the
sequel, I wish to become the purchaser of all
this property, and am determined to be so, or
compel whoever opposes me to pay its value.
If that blood-sucker before me, or any of his
brute, obtains the widow's farm, he or they
shall not have much cause to exult in the
cheapness of their purchase. I would con-
clude it a very great obligation if you would
take the lead in bidding, and permit me to bid
when I find the price near the value. Should
any part be knocked down to you, I engage
not to take it off your hands. I pledge you my
word, and if that does not satisfy you, here is
money to pay more than all can ever reach." As
I really had no wish to damage his com-
petitor, and had full confidence in his honour,
I readily assented to the arrangement.
Mr. Wallace, during the day, though keenly cold, was clear and sen-
scere; a crowd had collected on our arrival.—
As we rode up to the gate of the front yard, the first object which
entered the sitting-room I found my fellow
traveler reading, and to save their home, Mrs. Swansey has
the value of her property.
trilling exceptions, become mine; or, rather, I became the trustee of Mr. Graham. The amount of sales falling far below the debts and costs, the land was next put up. "A fine farm, one of the best in the county; three hundred and twenty acres, highly improved; fifty acres of meadow: a fine orchard; an elegant house as you may see. Who bids? A noble chance for an estate—who bids? "Free hundred dollars," exclaimed a voice from the crowd. "A thousand dollars," exclaimed another. "Do you are determined to have this farm by some means or other," shrewdly exclaimed the first bidder.—"Mr. Trimming is a persevering young man," echoed from one of the voices. The very name was enough for Mr. Graham, who wrote fifteen hundred and held it in the palm of his hand.—"fifteen hundred was repeated by me; and almost at the same moment, "Two thousand" came from the lips of Trimming. Six thousand was written by Graham and proclaimed by me. "Eight thousand, Trimming! Eight thousand and the land is yours," joyously observed a young man. But Trimming began to feel something apprehensive of having his name placed on the same list with the purchaser of the farm,—had his fan, and finally, "thousand and five hundred. At this crisis Graham decided the contest, by pronouncing ten thousand; when the hand of the sheriff fell, and Simon Graham was recorded, and closed the sale.

The crowd now began to disperse. I could perceive that a few of the most respectable of the company were very much gratified at the result, when the sheriff read thirteen thousand seven hundred and sixty-four dollars, as the amount of the purchase.

I became the trustee of Mr. Graham. The sheriff and the stern look of Graham, made the solemnity of the occasion effective. Next day, at ten in the morning, and at the house, or rather store, of Mr. Trimming, it was arranged that the business should be closed, and Trimming departed. "That is a truly successful family, that of Trimming's," said the sheriff. "Riches have brought wealth; " their wealth in a state of calamity and retribution may arrive before they are prepared to encounter its changes; and, turning to me, observed, that the advancement of evening rendered it prudent to think of lodging; and smiling for the first time since we had met. "Mr. Bancroft and the sheriff if they can put up with my fare, will do me a favor by being my guests to-night;" as this gentleman, seizing the hand of the protector of Mrs. Swansey, "must have many guests as it is probable he can well accommodate." The sheriff, and I believe myself, looked something foolish; but our surprise was soon over, as the cook at the Red Lion now appeared, with a small close cart; and, so well were his preparations made, that, in a short time, a very comfortable repast was ready. "I anticipated," said Mr. Graham, "that something of this kind might be necessary; and left a note with Mr. McFrame, who has performed his part."

We found every thing necessary for our accommodation in and about the house, as we four set down, for our old friend was detained. "Thank God," said Graham, as he placed himself at table, "I once more sit down in my own house, and with my neighbors. This gentleman's name I am sorry not to know." "A thousand poundous Mr. Graham," said the sheriff; "Solomon Overton—his name to be ashamed of." "You are now," said Graham, "Mr. Overton, at a table where you have no doubt many a time before, and where, my dear friend,—for you are that in heart and soul—you shall ever find your welcome with me. You have this day done an act which secures you an ample reward. The engagement is made with a party who falls in none of its contracts. Go home to your family, and cheer the heart of the widow and the orphan, and lay your head on your pillow in peace. I am much mistaken if Mrs. Trimming or her son will sleep to-morrow night as soundly." To be continued.

A notorius toper used to morn about not having a regular pair of eyes: one being black and the other light hazel:—"It is very lucky for you," replied a friend; "for if your eyes had been matched your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

AN ILLEGAL VOTER.—We have been told that a man during the recent election, presented himself at one of the polls in this city, and demanded the right of suffrage. The managers had no objection to him, but a bystander who was on the opposite side of the question, objected to his voting because he had crossed eyes! A third person asked him why he questioned a person's vote before he could see straight ahead! "Why?"

answered the other, "because we must naturalize him before he can vote."—Bell. Minerva.

"A facetious person, by the name of New, had this child christened Something, as this title Nothing. Now—When his second child was born it was christened Nothing, or this was Nothing "Wag."

THE FASHIONS.

From the Couriers of Fashion,—translated for the Gem.

PARIS FASHIONS—For October.

MANTLES.—This article has, for the most part embroidered designs, forming rows of columns round the mantle. On brown grounds, solitaire, Lord Byron, are green and blue designs: on blue and green grounds are brown designs. We also observe squares of different kinds, diversified in shades alternate-red and black. These last are traversed with black lines which cross the square. The most elegant mantles are those with plain grounds fringed all round, and imprinted in relief, in opposite colours to those of the mantle. They have large collars or capes, descending very low, in points in front, and terminated by an acorn. To these collars are attached a small round pelerine, which descends low down the shoulders, to obviate the inconvenience of plaits, which always confine the figure. On these pelisses full back black velvet collars, extended and cut in points—some have the points trimmed round with small gilt cord.

PELISSES.—These are of a silk tissue that has the richness of velvet, and brings to our recollection the gros de Tourn which were worn by our ancestors. They have a brown ground with large scarlet or crimson stripes. These Pelisses are made with a very large collar, trimmed round with a deep fringe.

FANCY DRESSES.—Of this kind we find a variety, and the most becoming. A transparent satin—also, a supple and light gauze, which deserves to be most distinguished, diversified in pink and blue, and strewed with little stars, embroidered on a brilliant white silk.

Pitcairn's Island.—The Asiatic Journal for October mentions the death of John Adams, Governor of Pitcairn's Island. He was the last of the mutineers of the English ship Bounty, and had resided on the Island 40 years. His character appears to have undergone a remarkable change during the early part of his residence there, since which time he is represented to have been a pattern of all the virtues which adorn society. Under his influence the colony long since assumed a character of order, morality, and even piety, which has astonished even the most sanguine. In the words of one who has had an opportunity to behold it.

At an exhibition of wax figures at Sandby Hill, N. Y. nearly 100 persons, among whom were the magistrates, assembled in a chamber in Doty's tavern, when the floor gave way and the whole concern tumbled into the room beneath: no bones broken.
From the Museum.

SONG.

"She died in beauty—like a rose
Blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty—like a pearl
Dropped'd from some diadem.
She died in beauty—like a lay
Along a moonlit lake.
She died in beauty—like the song
Of birds amid the brack.
She died in beauty—like the snow
On flowers dissolved away;
She died in beauty—like a star
Lost on the brow of day.
She lives in glory—like the sun
Set round the silver moon;
She lives in glory—like the sun
Amid the bloom of June!"

The following editorial article is from the Western Pioneer conducted by Rev. J. M. Peck.

ALLEGORICAL PREACHING.

We have thought it expedient, for the purpose of setting in a proper light the allegorical method of interpreting the scriptures which has been followed by so many good men to relate the following anecdotes. We assure our readers they are authentic and form a small portion of that description of sermons which have come within our knowledge.

We do not intend by any means to cast reproach upon our illustre brethren for their blunders, for learned men have done nearly as bad. If they are not like Cowper's pastor, of whom it is said, 

"Thine art teach, and will not learn,
We hope they will see the folly and guilt of thus handling the word of God.

The Oyster Catcher.—Near the Chesapeake bay in Maryland, a few years since, a preacher of this description, who could not spell well, and whose sight was dim, addressed his audience one day from Luke xix: 21. "For I feared thee, because thou art an austere man; thou takest up that thou laidst not down, and thou requist that thou didst not sow."

These words were spoken by a wicked and slothful servant to his master as an excuse for his negligence. The people who composed this man's congregation got their living chiefly by catching oysters. And as is usual in oyster beds, they tossed the shells that contained on their surfaces the embryos of oysters, and in a few years with their tongs or rake, and boat, they would gather the proceeds. Each man, and company of men, have their bed, and no one without trespass, can gather up where he has not laid down the shells. Our preacher, mistaking the meaning of the word "oyster," read it "oyster man," and upon this singular and whimsical mistake, built his whole discourse.

Jesus Christ was represented to be the oyster man. Sinners were the oysters,—there being singular and from it preach a long sermon on church discipline, by showing how the church rules in judgement.

To say nothing about one who described the state of the church as a "log" in a garden of cucumbers, which would keep the vines from spreading, having mistaken the word "lodge," a temporary residence for the gardener, and another, who, while setting forth the hard bondage of the Levitical laws, from which Christians had been delivered, as was evident from the fact that they killed and skinned "beggars" to cover the tabernacle, whereas they were now provided for by the poor laws, which he misconstrued for "badger skins." We shall only notice two more cases.

Henry's Feet.—A man in New Jersey, having taken the last verse of the prophecy of Habakkuk, for "Hind's feet," read his texts over, and entered largely into a comparison of the children of God to hen's feet by showing how they would fly upon the branches of faith, cling to the twigs, and pick the fruit of salvation, or plunge into the dirt to scratch for worms and seeds.

Gamaliel Hill.—A preacher in the western country, who, attempting to show that God chose illiterate men to propagate the gospel, gave Paul as an example, saying that when young he was brought up at the foot of "Gamaliel Hill." (Gamaliel.) This he represented to be a poor rough, broken tract of country, destitute of schools, and seminaries, and, ergo, Paul must have known nothing only as the Lord had taught him, as his parents were poor people and could give him no education.

But enough! If we can save one brother from running into these wild regions of fancy, and make him feel that when a man is handling the word of God, he has hold of a sharp edged sword with which, by unskilful management, he may do incalculable mischief, our end will be gained.

Many portions of scripture ought not to be attempted for texts by those who have not had an opportunity and means of a careful and vigilant investigation. Such are the songs of Solomon—most of the book of Revelation—all the prophetic writings, and all the passages that allude to ancient eastern customs. In both the old and new testament there are continual allusions to these customs, and without knowledge of them, many passages cannot be understood.

There is enough in the scriptures that is plain and easy, for all who have not had the opportunity of drinking deep in these wells of salvation. These preachers may exhort their fellow men to repent and believe the gospel, they may urge upon their brethren the duties of practical religion, they may describe the influence of the word and spirit of God upon the heart; but to expound scripture, or illustrate and defend the abstruse doctrines of Christianity they cannot, and ought to let these
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Extracts from the diary of a Physician.

THE DUEL.

I had been invited by young Lord,—the nobleman mentioned in my former chapter to spend the latter part of my last college vacation with his lordship at his shooting-box in—shire. As his destined profession was the army, he had already a tolerably numerous retinue of military friends, several of whom were engaged to join us on our arrival at—; so that we anticipated a very gay and jovial season. Our expectations were not disappointed. What with shooting, fishing, and riding abroad—billiards, songs, and long talks—seemed life to glide as merrily away as fun and frolick could make them. One of the many schemes of amusement devised by our party was giving a sort of military subscription ball at the small town of—, from which we were distant not more than four or five miles. All my Lord’s party of course were to be there, as well as several others of his friends, scattered at a little distance from him in the region.

There was one girl there—the daughter of a reputable retired tradesman—of singular beauty, and known in the neighbourhood by the name of "the blue bell of—." Of course, she was the object of universal admiration and literally besieged the whole evening with applications for the honor of her hand; I do not exaggerate when I say that in my opinion, this young woman was perfectly beautiful. Her complexion was of dazzling purity and transparency; her round, moon-like eyes, resembling "blue water lilies, when the breeze Makes the clear waters round them tremble," which it was almost madness to look upon. Then her light auburn hair, which hung in loose and easy curls, and settled on each cheek like a soft golden cloud flitting past the moon.

I observed one of our party, a dashing young captain in the Guards, highly connected, and of handsome, and possessing manners, and a gentleman of nearly equal personal pretensions, who had been invited from—. Hull, his father's seat, to exceed every one present in their attentions to "sweet Mary*;" and as she occasionally smiled on one or the other of the rivals, I saw the countenance of either alternately clouded with displeasure. Captain— was soliciting her hand for the last set—a country dance—when his rival, [whom, for distinction's sake, I shall call Trevor, though that of course is very far from his real name,] stepping up to her, seized her hand, and said, in a rather sharp and quick tone, "Captain—, she has promised me the last set, I beg therefore, you will resign her—I am right Miss—!" she enquired of the girl, who blushingly replied, "I think I did promise Mr. Trevor; but yet I would dance with both if I could. Captain, you are not angry with me; are you?" she smiled appealingly.

"Certainly not, madam," he replied with a peculiar emphasis; and after directing an eye, which kindled like a star to his more successful rival, retired haughtily a few paces, and soon afterwards left the room. A strong conviction seized me, that even this small and trifling incident would be attended with misfortune between those two haughty and undisciplined spirits; for I occasionally saw Mr. Trevor turn a moment from his beautiful partner, and cast a stern enquiring glance around the room, as if in search of Captain—. I saw he had noticed the haughty frown with which the Captain had retired.

Most of the gentlemen who had accompanied Lord— to this ball, were engaged with him the next Sunday evening. Mr. Trevor and the Captain (who I think I mentioned, was staying a few days with his lordship) would meet at this party, and I determined to watch their demeanor. Captain— was at the window, when Mr. Trevor, on horseback, attended by his groom, alighted at the door; and on seeing who it was, walked away to another part of the room, with an air of assumed indifference; but I caught his quick and restless glance invariably directed at the door through which Mr. Trevor would enter. They saluted each other with civility; but I thought—but there was nothing particularly marked in the manner of either. About twenty sat down to dinner— All promised to go off well—for the cooking was admirable—the wines first rate, and the schemes of amusement devised by our party were distant not more than four or five miles. All my Lord’s party of course had the health of Mary—; lass to his mouth.

The late ball, of course, was a prominent topic of conversation and after a few of the usual bachelor toasts had been drunk with noisy enthusiasm, and we all felt the elevating influence of the wine we had been drinking, Lord—stood up and said—"Now, my dear fellows—I have a toast in my eye that I think the beautiful Blue Bell of—! is mine—mine alone! I believe I can have any pretensions to her favor." The noiselessness of the party was now subsiding—and nobody knew why an air of blank embarrassment seemed to pervade all present.

"Upon my honor, gentlemen, this is a vastly silly affair, altogether, and quite unworthy such a stir as it has excited," said Mr. Trevor; "but as so much notice has been taken of it, I cannot help saying, though it is monstrously absurd perhaps, that I think the Beautiful Blue Bell of— is mine—mine alone! I believe I have good ground for saying I am the sole military competitor," continued Mr. Trevor, turning to Captain—, "with a grin air which was very foreign to his real feelings, though his bright eyes—his debonair demeanor—that fascinating je ne sais quoi of his.

"Trevor! don’t be insolent! exclaimed the Captain, sternly, reddening with passion.

"Insolent! Captain!—What the deuce do you mean? I’m sure you don’t want to quarrel with me—oh, it’s impossible! If I have said what was offensive, by—I do not mean it—and, as you are Ruggy, indicent man—and there’s end of it. And for my smart little Blue Bell, I know—no perfectly certain—oh, spite of the Captain’s dark looks—that I am the happy man. So gentlemen, de jure and de facto—for her, I return you thanks." He sat down. There was so much kindness in his manner, and he had so handsonomely disavowed any intentions of hurting
the Captain's feelings, that I hoped the young Hotspur beside me was quieted. Not so, however.

"Trevor," said he, in a hurried tone, 'you are mistaken—you are by—I don't know what passed between Mary and myself, that evening. On my word and honor, she told me she wished she could be off her engagement with you.'

'Nonsense! nonsense! She must have said it to amuse you, Captain,—she could have had no other intention. The very next morning she told me—'

'The very next morning!' shouted Captain V., 'Why, what the——-could you have meant with Mary——the next morning?'

'That is my affair, Captain—not yours. And you will have it so. I tell you, for your consolation, that Mary and I have met every day since! said Mr. Trevor, loudly and very vehemently. He was getting a little flustered, as the phrase is, with wine, which he was pouring down, glass after glass, or, of course, he could never have made such an absurd—such an unusual disclosure.

'Trevor, I must say you act very meanly in telling us—if it really is so,' said the Captain, with an intensely charged and mortified air; and—if you intend to ruin that sweet and innocent creature—I shall take leave to say that you are a—a—-curse on it, it will out, and siss£ you shall be good enough to bring the pistols? You will find them in his Lordship's shooting gallery—we had better abjourn there by the way, eh? enquired the Captain, coolly—he had seen many of these affairs! Then, bring them—bring them, by all means. In God's name let this quarrel be settled on the spot!' exclaimed——and—'

'We will know they fight—that's as clear as the sun—to the sooner the better!' exclaimed the Honorable Mr.——a hot headed cousin of Lord's——

'Eternal curses on the silly slut!' groaned his Lordship; 'there will be bloodshed for her; my dear Trevor?' said he, hurrying to that gentleman, who with seven or eight people crowded round him, was conversing on the affairs, with perfect composure; do, I implore—I beg—I supplicate, that you will leave my house! Oh! don't let it be said I ask people here to kill one another! Why may not these business be made up?—By——it shall be done, said he, vehemently; and, putting his arm into that of Mr. Trevor, he endeavored to draw him towards the spot where Captain——was standing.

'Your Lordship is very good, but it's useless,' replied Mr. Trevor, struggling to disengage his arm from that of Lord's——

'Then, bring them—bring them, by all means.' Somebody present told him that the Captain was one of the best shots in England——could hit a sixpence at ten yards distance. 'Can he, by——?' said he, with a smile, without the slightest symptoms of trepidation. 'Why, then, I may as well make my will; I am as blind as a mole—Ha! I have it.' He walked ed out from among those who were standing round him, and strode up to Captain V., who was conversing earnestly with one or two of his brother officers.

'Captain——,' said Mr. Trevor, firmly extending his right hand, with his glove half drawn on: The Captain turned suddenly towards him with a furious scowl, 'I am told you are a dead shot—eh,'

'Well, Sir, and what of that?' enquired the Captain, haughtily, and with some curiosity in his countenance.

"You know I am short-sighted, blind as a beetle, and not very well used in shooting matters—Every one started, and looked with surprise and disapproval at the speaker; and one muttered in my ear—Oh——Trevor showing the white feather! I am astonished!'

'Why, what do you mean by all this, sir?' enquired the Captain, with a sneer.

'Oh, merely that we ought not to fight on unequal terms. Do you think my good sir, I stand to be shot at without having a chance of returning the favor? And since this quarrel is of your own seeking, and your folly only has brought it about, I insist on fighting breast to breast; muzzle to muzzle; and across a table. Yes, he continued loudly, we will go down to hell together, if we go at; that is some consolation!'

'Infernal!' 'monstrous!' was echoed from all present. They would not, they said, stand to see such butchery! Eight or ten left the room abruptly. Captain made no reply to Trevor, but was conversing anxiously with his friends.

'Now, sir, who is the coward?' enquired Trevor, sarcastically.

'A few moments will show,' replied the captain. 'I accept your terms; I don't expect me to apologize for this!' thumping his glass, wine and all, at the Captain's head. Part of the wine fell on me, but the glass in his hand, which, however, was not Lordship knows the business must be settled, Trevor's intention. A mist seemed to cover my eyes, as I saw every one present rising from his chair. The room was of course in an uproar. The two who had quarrelled were the only calm persons present. Mr. Trevor remained standing on the same spot, with his arms folded on his breast; while Captain calmly wiped off the stains of wine from his shirt-ruffles and white waistcoat, walked up to Lord——who was at but
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But a servant was mounted on the fleetest horse in Lord—’s stable, and despatched for the surgeon, who resided at not more than half a mile’s distance, with a note, requesting him to come furnished with the necessary instruments for a gunshot wound. As the principal were impatient, and the seconds, as well as the others present, were in the secret of the blank charge of the pistols; the pistols were in the hands of each, in dead silence, and the two parties, with their respective friends, retired to a little distance from each other.

‘Are you prepared, Mr. Trevor?’ inquired one of Capt. —’s party; and being answered in the affirmative, in a moment after, the two principals, pistols in hand, approached one another. My eyes were riveted on their every movement. There was something solemn and impressive in their demeanour. The stepping to certain death, as they supposed, there was not the slightest symptoms of terror or agitation visible—no swaggering—no fear. There was not the slightest symptoms of terror or agitation visible—no swaggering—no fear. There was not the slightest symptoms of terror or agitation visible—no swaggering—no fear. There was not the slightest symptoms of terror or agitation visible—no swaggering—no fear.

‘Who is to give us the word?’ asked the captain, in a whisper, ‘for in this sort of affair, if one fires a second before the other, he is a murderer.’ At that moment there was a noise heard; it was the surgeon, who had arrived. ‘Step out and give the word at once,’ said Mr. Trevor, impatiently. Both now shook hands with their friends with a melanchooly smile, and then retrenched their places.

The gentleman who was to give the signal then stepped towards them, and closing his eyes with his hands, said, in a tremulous tone, ‘Captain—’s life, and drove Mr. — to his death. Each put himself in a position, when my mind’s eye suddenly looks back through the vista of years, the scene seems rather the gloomy representation—of picture—of some occurrence, which I cannot persuade myself that I actually witnessed. To this hour, when I advert to it, I am not free from fits of incredulity. The affair created a great ferment at the time. The unhappy survivor (who in this narrative has assumed the name of Trevor) instantly left England, and lived in the south of France about five years afterwards, in truth, broken hearted. In a word, since that day, I have never seen men entering into discussion, and warming with wine, and approaching never so slowly towards the confines of formality, without reverting, with a shudder, to the futility, the utter insignificance, the emptiness of life and the hot passions of youth kindled into the fatal brawl which cost poor Captain— life, and drove Mr. —— a broad to die a broken hearted exile.

Rochester, Saturday, November 27, 1830.

‘Boy, bring me my overcoat for the fall—wine, and the flowing mud, demand an extra defense,’ said a witty man, as he looked out upon the street a few days since. And indeed the Autumn has come with falling leaves and rains—with its angry sky and its falling leaves and rains—with its angry sky and its falling leaves and rains.

The fall and winter, is a good time for reflection; and if it is dissipated for an instant, we lose all this. Why not contemplate the pictures and hold them up to Hope; and we can re-

DIED.

At his residence in Gates, on Saturday the 20th inst. Horace Stevens, in the 30th year of his age.

In Angelica on Monday the 10th inst. Mrs. Sarah Dwight, wife of Samuel S. Dwight. Esq. in the 54th year of her age.
THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Lonely trembling one!
Last of summer’s race, wither’d and scar’d,
And shivering—wherefore art thou lingering here?
Thou work is done.
Thou hast seen all
The summer flowers reposing in their tomb,
And the green leaves that knew thee in their bloom,
Wither and fall!
Why dost thou cling
So fondly to the rough and sophs tree? 
Hath the existence ought like charms for thee,
Thou failed thing!
The voice of Spring,
Which woke thee into being no more again
Will greet thee, nor the gentle summer’s rain
New verdure bring.
The sap’ry breath
No more will waste for thee its melody
But the lone sighing of the blast shall be
The hymn of death.
Yet a few days,
A few faint struggles with the Autumn storm,
And the strained eye to catch thy trembling form,
In vain may gaze.
Pale Autumn leaf
Thou art an emblem of mortality;
The broken heart once, young and fresh like thee,
Wither’d by grief—
Whose hopes are died,
Whose loved ones all have drooped and died away,
Still clings to life—and lingering loves to stay
Above the dead!
But list e’en now
I hear the gathering of the Autumn blast,
It comes—thy frail form trembles—it is past!
And thou art low!

Even the Harrisburgh Pa. Star.

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

Thy hero born on the sea—boat deck,
When the heavy rolling surge
Thou’dst fiercely round that spirit’s wreck,
Its long, eternal dirge.
No tinsel’d coffin held his form,
Nor wreath in sheet, or shroud;
But he lay as where ‘mid life’s last storm,
His lingering spirit bow’d.
And they laid the corpse on the vessel’s side,
To o’er life’s barrenness.
And leaves us nought to bless—
But kneel, and mourn his hand as pure as light.
And list in earth, and air, and sky,
His native soil awhile she treads,
Charming a transient rest again—
And bear the ransoiti’d soul away.
Why weep ye then? she is not dead,
But on her precious Saviour’s breast,
Has gently laid, her weary head,
Till in the islands of the sea
Thou faded thing—
The voice of Deity.
To o’er life’s barrenness.

The martyr in the realms of day,
With love, and innocence and truth,
Departed,
Bade her return Home, and friends
And the strained eye to catch thy trembling form,
In vain may gaze.
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The martyr in the realms of day,
From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

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NO. 16.
ROCHESTER, DECEMBER 11, 1830.

THE VENUE.
A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

Continued.

It was now I first had it in my power to observe the countenance of Mr. Overton. To a common observer, and on any ordinary occasion, his face would have indicated nothing within, above the common country farmer; but to my eye, and under the circumstances, which led to our acquaintance, benevolence of an exalted kind beam'd from his eye, and I still sincerely believe from his heart. His conduct, which had so deeply interested me in his favor, had a still stronger effect on Mr. Graham. Similar services to himself could not have secured a more marked gratitude; and as he rose to depart, his host again pressed the old man's hand, and earnestly requested him to meet him next evening. "I am going in the morning," Mr. Overton, said Graham, "to Mrs. Trimming's, to arrange my affairs with the sheriff, and hope to see you again in the evening, together with these gentlemen." We bowed our obligation to our host, and with the esteem of us all, Mr. Overton departed towards his own house.

The evening was spent by the sheriff, a very intelligent man, giving us the general outline of the most respectable inhabitants of the neighborhood; of which I found he ranked, as most wealthy, Mrs. Trimming. "That woman," observed Mr. Graham, "in my opinion stands in need of a small reverse, in order to teach her humanity."

"Her heart is not the most tender," replied the sheriff; "and her son is in every respect the child of her mother. I am afraid that good man, whose roof covers Mrs. Swansey and her children, will soon feel their vengeance, as I am convinced that his friendly interference in favor of their victims will not be forgiven." "They may themselves plead in vain for mercy they have denied, before it is in their power to house another family," said Graham, with eyes fixed on fire. He instantly felt the impropriety of this indulgence of feeling, and checked himself; and propos'd retiring to bed. To the bed we did go—but sleep, I believe, was a stranger to our eyes; the events of the day were too important to be so easily forgotten.

Next day, at the appointed hour, we met at our place of meeting. The transfer of the land and personal estate was made, in form, to Mr. Graham, and witnessed by Mr. Trimming, & Mr. Jamieson, who were found there as the friend and counsellor of the Trimmings, and myself. Thus far all was well, and advanced smoothly; but as Mr. Graham drove forth his pocket-book, apparently to pay the purchase money, he observed to the sheriff, "If I am rightly informed, the only claim against the estate of James Wallace is in favor of the estate of Jasper Trimming; you would do me a favor by informing me of the amount." This was done. The execution was produced, cost summed, and $503 50 appeared to foot the account. "This young gentleman was very impatient yesterday to intrude himself on Mr. Trimming," said Graham, with great bitterness. "I am now ready to relieve his anxiety," handing a paper to the sheriff. "A dead and very painful silence followed. The countenance of Trimming fell; his skin became pale; dreading, he knew not what, he sat the picture of terror. The lip of the sheriff curled with a secret gratification, whilst his expression of feature was that of extreme surprise.

"I presume, young man, you have heard of the house of Ford, Williamson and Graham, of Philadelphia," said Mr. Graham to young Trimming, as he again received the packet from the sheriff. "I have," faintly replied Trimming. "No doubt you have; and shall again," said Graham, with unutterable contempt and severity. Bowing very low, "I have the honor to introduce to your acquaintance Mr. Simon Graham; and to convince you I am no impostor, here is your father's signature to a mortgage on this very house and land, and here is still more demands which I hope you are in a condition to meet." Unfeeling and worthless as he was, his wretchedness was too great not to excite pity. His lips were sealed; and whilst the sheriff and myself regarded him with commiseration, the crest-fallen Trimming writhed under the terrible scowl of the terrible Graham.

"Return and comfort your charitable mother; you have it now in your power to sympathise with Mrs. Swansey and her children. This money I shall put into the hands of the sheriff, if he thinks it necessary." "I see no reason why you should pay me your own money, Mr. Graham," observed the sheriff; "if Mr. Trimming acknowledges your claims, the business must be between yourselves." His claims are just," said Trimming, secretly, no doubt, wishing to soften his judge; but his judge appeared in no very melting mood. "I shall be here again on next Monday; when I wish to see the state of your accounts; as it is my wish to settle in this county, it is my intention to take my affairs into my own hands; so be ready, young man," said Graham, as he rose to depart. During the whole of this scene Mr. Jamieson sat silent; and very unceremoniously departed, as we did, but in a different direction. "That scoundrel," observed Graham, "has made a discovery. He finds poverty where he sought wealth. I admire his prudence in leaving this domicil; and, if he takes advice from me, he will never return. And this kind hearted mother and son, their evening enjoyments during this week are benefactions from Heaven—may they be grateful for the boon. It is not really my intention to crush them; the memory of the departed husband and father will protect them from ruin. If I find him capable, and I think he is so, it is my intention to retain him as my clerk, but I must hold the rod over his head." I believe both his hearers were of accord, in admiration of this extraordinary being, and both felt relieved when his magnanimous intentions were announced. The conversation turned, however, on other and in indifferent subjects, as we slowly returned to Mr. Graham's house; where, on our arrival, we found Mr. Overton and one of his daughters, who had come to aid in again putting the house in order.

By desire of Mr. Graham, the transactions at Trimming's and his resolution respecting that family, were kept to ourselves. "It is, however," exclaimed our host, an empty pretence; their friend Jamieson will make their misfortunes amply known." How carefully he comprehended the man, appeared in less than two days. That the proud and unrelenting Mrs. Trimming and her insolent son were actually turned out of house and home, by a great merchant, and had been refused even the honor of remaining in their house one week, was the gratefully swallowed report of the day.

We found a substantial repast ready, and the disorder incident to the sale remedied. The house had again assumed the appearance of being the residence of decent inhabitants. Mr. Overton, delivered the grateful acknowledgments of Mrs. Swansey and her children; but I could not clearly comprehend why young Swansey had not himself appeared. The absence of the females was natural; but Mr. Overton, in a few words, accounted for the conduct of all. "You must have the kindness to excuse young Mr. Swansey, and his mother and sister, from paying their respects here. The shock is too recent," continued Mr. Overton; "James Swansey could disregard the loss of his home, but I am afraid his courage would be unequal to meeting in this house its new owner, and remember, as he must, that in it he could never again see his beloved parent and sister. Pardon me, sir, but I advised him against the attempt.

"Perhaps their repugnance to return may be removed," said Mr. Graham. "I have a plan in my head which, if it meets the views of Mrs. Swansey, may restore her to her home without any violent shock to her delicacy. Here is nearly eight thousand dollars, which I moment pay into the sheriff's hand for the use. If Mrs. Swansey will consent to take this farm on easy rent, it is her home again—and who knows but she may be again
its mistress? I have other property in the neighborhood, and will most willingly see
this family restored to their fireside.'

Suflf' to say, this proposal was acceded to next day by Mrs. Swansey and her son,
and communicated to Graham. "I do these things in my own way," said that gentleman,
"and as the new year is now at hand, suppose that we have a house-warming, and cel-
brate the season and the occasion together. I am told Miss Swansey sings tolerably, and
I should like to put this piece of furniture under the care of one who knew its value," he
continued. "It is some time since I have indulged in festivities of any kind, and I may
now be excused to relax a little."

New-Year day, 1803, was therefore agreed upon as the day of restoration, and for the
introduction of the Swanseys to their earthly preserver. The day arrived—I was with my
friend on the morn. His whole demeanor exhibited at once anxiety and restless impa-
tience, for which I could not account. He wandered from apartment to apartment, as
the hour of meeting approached. His conversation was loose and incoherent. The
announcement that the expected family had arrived, restored him to himself in a moment.
He received them with a dignity & politeness which at once dissipated the sense of obliga-
tion which, on the part of his guests, would have marred their unexpected happiness—
The embarrassment of manner was transferred to Mrs. Swansey. The tones of his voice
were at once enunciation and undefined. Her mind, she knew not whither,
from impending ruin itself and children were restored to com-petency. She was again
at the head of the house bequeathed to her by her father. Yet she became distant, distrac-
ted, and unhappy. Not so her son and daughter—accompained by Mr. Graham, Mr. Swan-
sey was traversed from cellar to gar-" Mr. Other
guests were left at the carriage and Mr. Overton.
The announcement of Miss McFrame only made confusion worse, as joy seemed to ren-
der all sedateness out of question. The con-
duct of Graham continued, however, to my
comprehension inexplicable; a total change
had taken place. He laughed and played
with the light-heartedness of youth. His
most expressive eye beamed with pleasure
utterable, as he led Jane Swansey and her
brother from room to room. Summons to
Dinner for a moment restored some powers of
memory; and, in point of age, the father of the
history of my life, the causes which led me
from home, from this ever-remembered and
beloved family, and the train of events which
had conspired to restore us, assembled in the
hall of the Swanseys, to each other—"This
was indeed a welcome proposal; and, with
deep attention, we heard the history of the
Wanderings of William Swansey.

The Wanderings of William Swansey.

We have already witnessed the return and
restoration to his wife and children of the
long lost William Swansey, and we left him
seated among the almost distracted group of
his family and friends. Of these friends, I
may now inform the reader, some were his
school fellows, the companions of his youth.
Such were Solomon Overton, the protector
of Mrs. Swansey and her children; Mrs.
Overton, a most interesting person, infor-
mation that a farmer's wife should be, and if not
still young, yet smiling in health and peace of
mind; and, in point of age, the father of the
little ensemble, the white headed Thomas Mc-
Frame, reaching, but not trembling, on the
verge of seventy years.

Every eye was turned on William Swansey,
or Simon Graham, as the restored father and
husband sat reading the history of his long
absence and happy return. "You may
remember, my dear Maria," said Graham—
but here the sound of a carriage rapidly reach-
ing and sweeping through the gate, interrupt-
 ed the speaker. "Is Simon Graham
here?" said a strong voice from the carriage.
"He is," replied Graham, rushing towards the
new speaker, as the latter sprung to the
ground. "Why, Captain, you are a prompt
sailor, by sea or land," smilingly observed Graham, as he seized the stranger's hand, and
both turning to the carriage, assisted out a
very lovely woman, a still more lovely boy,
about four years old, and a very gentle, mid-
gle aged, but very sable man.
"Mr. McFrame and Mr. Overton," said
Graham, as he supported them towards the
invalid, "you cannot have forgotten our old
acquaintance, Henry Holcombe?" "Henry
Holcombe!" ejaculated the whole company
with mingled joy and regret; "is this Henry
Holcombe!" crowding round him, as they
all rather tumultuously entered the house.

This is our still gentle Henry," continued
Graham; something the worse in his timber,
it is true;—this is Mrs. Holcombe, and this,
seizing the eager boy in his arms, and holding
him towards Mrs. Swansey, "is Charles Hol-
combe.

"And who am I?" exclaimed the newly
arrived Captain, with a most good natured
laugh. Here all eyes were turned on the Cap-
tain; and before them stood a man about
forty five years of age, in height rather above
the middle size, with a frame between that of
a Hercules and an Apollo. His dress and
language evinced his profession, and his ap-
pearance exhibited a most advantageous rep-
resentation of the American sailor.

"My friends," replied Graham, most im-
pressively, "this is the man who has, under
Heaven, restored us to each other"—but rather
abruptly checking himself, addressed the
Captuin, saying, "this is my long-lost wife,
this my son, and here my daughter. This
is the now venerable Thomas McFrame, that
daughter. Here let me make you acquain-
ted with Mr. Solomon Overton and Mrs.
Overton, and their son and two daughters."

And thus the various members of the party
passed in review before the intent counte-
nance of the swelling crowd. If they sought some particular face, but with evident pain and uncertainty.

"Come," said Graham, "as you and your
company must need some rest and refresh-
ment, let us compose ourselves. I was just
opening a little history of the wanderings of
William Swansey, alias, your friend Simon
Graham, when you arrived; if you are not
too much fatigued to hear a long story, it
shall be resumed as soon as you have taken
some restoratives." In about an hour, all
were again reseating themselves to hear the
promised tale; but as they were sitting down,
the sailor anxiously whispered Graham,
"Which is her?" "Poth!" replied Graham,
"Captain you were always a little too impa-
tient for time!"—and the Captain with smiling
resignation, seated himself beside Mr.
McFrame and Mrs. Overton.

"You may remember, my dear Maria," re-
suesed the sailor, "that when we were chil-
dren my impatience and violence of temper
made me a troublesome playmate; and as age
advanced, these defects became more in-
veterate. Losing my mother in infancy, and
having neither mother nor sister, Maria Wal-
lace seemed to me the latter. Left almost
unnoticed by my father, little Maria was re-
ally my most effective moral instructor. I
well remember, when a mere boy, my heart
voluntarily asked me—how will Maria be-
have should I do so?" or, what will Maria
say when she knows what I have done? But,
also, I was often met with on my own, and
myself to a country school. Years passed away,
during which I only occasionally saw my sis-
ter, as I fondly called and considered my con-
spicuous. Amongst many others, I formed three
acquaintances, which I now mention from
the influence they had on my future state.
All of these Mr. McFrame and Mr. Overton
knew. Henry Holcombe was slender in
frame, firm, but mild, and younger than my-
self. Thomas Sharpe, was one or two years
my senior, and in person and temper the veri-
reverse of Henry Holcombe. Dark, gloomy, and yet fierce, with the most undaunted courage, and very uncommon personal strength. Sharpe seemed created for the tyrant and Holcombe for the victim, and such soon became the relation between them. The sufferings of the one, and the inflictions of the other, however, soon met a check. Of all the young men I ever knew, Benjamin Walters, of our school, most completely set his parents, his teachers, and Lavater at defiance."

"Ben Walters as I have already observed," continued Mr. Graham, "set teachers and Lavater at defiance. Wild as the winter, yet collected in all circumstances, beyond any other example I ever knew; apparently thoughtless, I never knew him, in word or deed, give the very slightest unprovoked pain. Active and powerful, his own wrongs were utterly disregarded, and the first time I remember to have seen anger in his eye, was when our poor friend Holcombe was struck down by Sharpe. The blow was given pretentiously in play, but really in maliace Ben turned his eye from the writhing victim, to his persecutor, and coolly observed, "Sharpe, I wish you had struck me in place of Henry.""

"I can do so yet," grinned Sharpe. But he was too late; fire flashed from Ben's eyes, and Sharpe lay rolling in the dust.

What a blow! what a blow! How much has it cost Thomas Sharpe, Henry Holcombe, Benjamin Walters and Simon Graham.

Sharpe rose slowly, made no attempt to resent the chastisement, but we could ever perceive a deadly hatred ranking in his brow—a hatred which neither Ben or myself feared. Our protection preserved Henry from immediate effects, and in due time we were separated, each to find his own way in the world.

My Maria had not yet returned from Bethlem, when in an excursion into New Jersey, I met with, flirted with, and was in the end runed, in mind and reputation, by a woman whose name I cannot repeat. I saw my own folly when too late. My mind was in a chaos; the only prudent act I had done on this fatal expedition was one of mere omission. I had not mentioned my place of residence to—, and tore myself away, and returned home. At home I found more than sister, Maria Wallace—The wound in my heart festered; I became gloomy, and neglectful of business; offended my uncle and aunt; was pitied, and loved, and married to my steady friend, my Maria.

The anger of her parents was severe but evanescent; we were restored to our natural haven, but peace of mind to me was gone. I every day dreaded to hear from or see the demon from New Jersey. Thus brooding over rashness and folly, my time passed, until my Maria was soon expected a second nestly into the face of Mrs. Overton, that this Benjamin Walters is not the same with a mad master of a vessel I was once acquainted with. A thunderstorm, which regarded a northwester as little as he did a voyage round the earth. Many a scrape have I carried him out of, many a brawl has he involved me in; if it is him, madam you are weeping for, dry your tears, and rejoice that he has gone to the bottom. The last time that I saw him, he told me he was a native of Bucks county, in Pennsylvania; that his parents were dead and that all the near relatives he left behind him was a sister, a good girl enough, but hardly worth returning to see.

During this incomprehensible narrative, the mingled emotions of Mrs. Overton were overpowering; her tears were dried; indeed her really sweet visage assumed a severity which, to be felt, must be seen; but which her tormentor regarded with no other indication than a most provoking curl of the lip, as much above description as her wrath.

"It is in vain," continued the sailer, "to blubber about drowned men, if as I was the friend of your brother, you would forget him, and call me your own Benny."

Here Mrs. Overton raised her fine blue eyes upon the manly visage before her. He had risen to his feet; his lip quivered; his whole demeanor was changed, his sun embrowned cheeks were wet. It was indeed a moment of agony. "My Benny!" at length burst from the now enraptured sister, as she flew into the arms of her restored brother.

Captain Walters was himself the first of the company to regain command of feeling, and whilst gently removing his sister from his breast, and resuming her, laughingly observed, "This is like sailing in one hour from the north pole to the tropics, but all in good time; my beloved Susan, with your leave, I shall now find a birth in you, and let Mr. Graham finish his log book."

Strong as he was, he would have found it no easy matter to separate himself from Mrs. Overton, who, as I firmly believe, heard no other part of Mr. Graham's tale, except where the name of Ben Walters roused her recollection.
THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

OLD JOE'S SECOND THOUGHTS.

He thinks, that when an 'idle fellow is running to the store for credit, he is setting a trap for himself and putting his fingers in too; and that it will most surely spring one of these days, and take him unawares.

He thinks, when he sees an obstinate churl running needlessly into law-suits, and expending dollars after dollars to cheat a neighbor, instead of settling the matter peaceably at home; that he is preparing a trap for himself, that will spring before he thinks of it.

He thinks, when he sees a young man about to get married who has no means of supporting a wife and family—calculating to live on the rest of his life; that he is setting a trap that will spring sharper on him than he imagines, if he don't keep a bright look out.

He thinks, when he hears a man talking of moving to the new countries, or to the gold mines who is tolerably well fixed here, that he had better keep his fingers out of such a trap.

He thinks, when he sees poor souls idling away their time, in hopes of getting an office, or drawing a prize in the lottery, or of being left a legacy, or of times growing better, or of making money by speculation, or in hopes of any such thing—that it is all folly, and that they'll find themselves caught in a trap even as they expect it.

He thinks, that people ought not to rely upon professions of friendship, they are, more rare, and more valuable, than some people would believe; but they would doubt the sincerity of every man, when they know he has a motive or receiving.

He thinks, there is no man liveth to himself, therefore, never trouble yourself about buying small articles for your family; it is much better to borrow them. This will make a neighborhood sociable.

He thinks, when you find your neighbors offering you ought to get as many favors of them as possible; one good turn deserves another.

He thinks, that nothing is so pleasant to kind-hearted people, as to oblige their neighbors by lending to them, therefore, when you borrow anything never return it. Consequently the pleasure of the lender will be continued, nobody can tell how long.

He thinks, that if your neighbors speak ill of you, you have nothing to do but to speak ill of them; thus your accounts will be soon balanced, and you will experience the truth and good sense of the old maxim—short reckoning make long friends.

He thinks, that you should never be selfish; therefore, mind every body's business rather more than your own; thus you'll expand your mind—open your heart—and qualify yourself to become a 'ruler over many.'

He thinks, that it becomes everyone to maintain there independence as firmly as possible; therefore, never pay your debts as long as you can avoid it.

He thinks, that if you have a very bad breath you ought to whisper to all of your acquaintance. You will interest them particularly by this method.

He thinks, that young gentlemen, in dancing, should cut the pigeon-wing as often as possible particularly if the room be crowded you will then soon have space enough for action.

He thinks, that if you are very ignorant, you must be sure to take the lead in conversation and be positive—it will show your good breeding.

He thinks, that when you go a hunting, you should always keep your gun cocked, and the muzzle near your companion's head—it will keep him wide awake.

He thinks, when that two or three persons are conversing together, you should march up to them, and ask them what they are talking about. For should not every man know as much as he can.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES, &c.

Cure for Whooping Cough.—One teaspoonful of castor oil mixed with a teaspoonful of molasses—one or two teaspoonsful of this mixture to be given whenever the patient coughs, or as often as the case requires.

Chapped Lips—Dissolve a lump of beeswax in a small quantity of sweet oil, over a candle. Let it cool, and it is ready for use. Rubbing it warm on lips two or three times will effect a complete cure.

Substitute for Yeast—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a half salt, in two gallons of water, for one hour. While milk-warm, bottle it, and cork it close; it will be fit for use in twenty-four hours. One pint of this will make 10 lbs. of bread.

Sting of a Wasp.—Apply an onion, cut, to the part affected, and immediate relief will follow.

Horawness.—One drachm of fresh scraped horseradish infused with four ounces of water, in a close vessel, for two hours, and made into a syrup with double its weight of sugar, is an improved remedy for hoarseness. A teaspoonful of this has often proved suddenly effectual.

Cranberries.—This excellent fruit may be preserved several years, by merely drying it a little in the sun, and then stopping close in dry bottles.

Skippers, Bugs, &c.—Elder juice will destroy skippers in cheese, bacon, &c; and it will soon become soft and capable of action.

Musquetoes.—Apply an onion, cut, to the part affected, and immediate relief will follow.

Ginger Beer.—One gallon of fresh water, two pounds of best sugar; two lemons sliced; two ounces of cream tartar. Simmer (no boil) for half an hour; then add a table spoonful of yeast. Ferment in the usual way, and bottle for use.

Cough.—Take a lump of slum of the size of a hen's egg; put it into a quart of good molasses, and simmer it over the fire in an earthen vessel till the slum is dissolved. When cool, take a spoonful as often as you feel the cough coming on, and in a short time you will get relief.

Vinegar.—To ten gallons of rain water add one gallon of molasses and one of brandy; mix them well together, and place the cask in a garret or some dry place. Shake it occasionally, and in a few months it will be fit for use.

Bite of a Snake.—Boil the common poke root until it comes quite soft; then mash it up in the water which remains, and apply it as a poultice to the wound. This will counteract the poison of even the rattlesnake.

Sisend for Potty.—To move old panes of glass from ashes, spread with a small brush a little nitric or muriatic acid over the putty, and it will soon become soft and can be removed without injury.

Twist of Tomatoes.—Take a pint of tomatoes, add a pound of fine sugar; reduce it in the same way as a jam; add the juice of a lemon. This makes a very good taw.

Cologne Water.—To 1 pint of alcohol add 60 drops lavender, 60 do. bergamot, 60 do. essence of lemon, 60 do. orange water.

Nerve Ointment.—Take half a pint of neat's foot oil, one gill brandy, one gill spirits of turpentine, and simmer them together fifteen minutes. Excellent for sprains, swellings, and rheumatism.

Bed Bugs.—A strong decoction of ripe red pepper is said to be as efficacious an antidote to bed bugs as can be selected from the multitudinous recipes for the same purpose.

Dysentery.—Take the yolk of three eggs, two ounces of loaf sugar, one gill of brandy, one nutmeg, grated. Incorporate the whole together. A teaspoonful every two or three hours, is a dose for a grown person. A proportionally less quantity is to be given to children.

Corrosive Sublimate.—Persons who have accidentally taken the above poison, in the absence of physicians, should immediately take solutions of potash, lime-water, or any other alkali. If these cannot be obtained readily, sweet oil, whites of eggs, or warm water should be freely administered.

Remedies.—For the gout, toast and water; for bile, exercise; for corns, easy shoes; for rheumatism, new flannel and patience; for the toothache iron; and for love, matrimony.

A fever of a highly malignant type has prevailed in Hawkins County, (TEN.) and has already in its progress a large number of useful citizens. The sickness was confined to the space of a mile on each side of the river, in which 400 persons have been sick.

The Pittsburgh Statesman mentions that Mr. Wright, who was in the habit of entering the cage of the lion and tigers, was lastly killed by a lioness, during an exhibition at Cincinnati.

It appears by a statement in Silliman's Journal, that one thousand and five hundred persons have been destroyed in this country, by explosions of fuses.

Count of Ontario County.—The complete returns from this county have been published. In 1825, the total was 37,422. The gain in five years has been 2,748, which is something less than seven per cent.
A ROLLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

An Englishman of true John Bull dimension, that is, weighing some eighteen or twenty stone, had occasion to travel in a stage coach from Oxford to London. The stage coach comprised six inside, and our hero engaged the last place; but the consideration of his size, he commonly did (for himself). The other four seats were taken by Oxford students.

These youths, being lighter than our modern Lambert, arrived at the stage before him, and each snugly possessed himself of a corner seat, leaving a centre seat on each side vacant. The round, good tempered face of John Bull soon appeared at the carriage door, and peering into the vehicle and observing the local arrangements that had been made, he said with a smile, "you see I am of a pretty comfortable size, gentlemen, so I have taken two seats. I will be obliged, one of you will move into the opposite seat so that I may be able to enter."

"My good sir," said a port young lawyer, "possession is nine-tenths of the law. You engaged two seats. They there are, on each side. We engaged one each, came first, entered regularly into possession, and one claims to the seats we occupy are indisputable."

"I do not wish to dispute your claims," said the other, "but I trust to your politeness, seeing how the case stands, to enable me to pursue my journey."

"Oh, hang politeness!" said a hopeful young scion of some noble house, "I have a horror of a middle seat, and would not take one to oblige my grandmother. One sits so ungracefully; and besides, one loses all chance of looking at the pretty girls along the road. Good old gentleman, arrange your concerns as you please; I stick to my corner—and he leaned back, yawned, and settled himself with hopeless composure, in his place.

Our corpulent friend, though a man not easily discomposed, was somewhat put out by his unmannoured obstinacy. He turned to a smart looking youth, with a simper on his face,—a clerical student, who had hitherto sat in reverie, dreaming perhaps of some fat benneries. The other four seats were taken by Oxford students.

"Some temporal affairs, no doubt," said the graceless youth, with an air of mock gravity, "some speculation after filthy lucre. Good father at your age, your thoughts should be turned heavenly, instead of being confined to the dull, heavy tabernacle of clay that enclosed six inside; and our hereditary claims to the seats we occupy are indisputable."

"Aye do, Tom," said his young lordship to the person addressed; "there's something in the way of your profession, quite a physiologic curiosity. You ought to accommodate him."

"May I be poisoned if I do," replied the student of medicine; "in a dissecting room he would make an excellent subject; but in a stage coach and this warm weather! Old men such a trick again."

The students cast rueful glances at each other, and then crept warily into their respective corners. As the hostler shut the door, he found it impossible to compose his lap; but the hostler nimbly evaded the blow.

"Soot is perfectly wholesome, my young sir, gave her a hearty smack on the cheek; but he checked the feeling in a moment and said with much composure to the fourth, "are you also determined to confine our thoughts to earthly concerns, but in taking the charge of your own disorderly conduct, in a stage coach, the young doctor violated for once the rules of hygiene by taking a middle seat; and all journeyed on together, without further quarrel or grumbling, except from coachee, who declared that to be delayed a minute and a half at one stage, and within a few seconds of three minutes at the next, was enough to try the patience of a saint, that it was."

At those words, coachee, who had stood grinning behind, actually cheated into forgetting all of time by the excellence of the joke, came forward. "Gentlemen, you have lost one minute already. I must drive on without ye, if so be you don't like your company."

The students cast rueful glances at each other, and then crept warily into their respective corners. As the hostler shut the door, he found it impossible to compose his. "I'll give you something to change your place, you grinning rascal," said the future churchman, stretching out of the window; but the hostler nimly evaded the blow. "My white pantaloons!" cried the lord. "My beautiful drab surcoat!" said the lawyer expectant. "The filthy rascals!"

The noise of the carriage wheels and the restrained laughter of the spectators drowned the sequel of their lamentations.

At the next stage a bargain was struck. The sweeps were liberated, the seats shaked and brushed, the worthy sons of the universitie made up among themselves the expense of the post chaise, the young doctor violated for once the rules of hygiene by taking a middle seat; and all journeyed on together, without further quarrel or grumbling, except from coachee, who declared that to be delayed a minute and a half at one stage, and within a few seconds of three minutes at the next, was enough to try the patience of a saint, that it was."

When Dr. Franklin was first presented to the Queen of France, she was in company, with several other distinguished foreigners, who, according to etiquette, knelt before her majesty, and kissed her hand. When the Doctor's turn came, he walked boldly up, and suddenly putting his arm around her majesty's neck, gave her a hearty smack on the cheek, at the same time exclaiming, "that's the Yankee fashion." It is said the Queen was highly pleased with the salute, although so different from what she had been accustomed to receive from foreign ministers.

When wealth becomes scarce in one country, and subsistence precarious, to another—the world is large enough.
THE TEMPLE IN THE VALLEY.

From the Rochester Observer.

The storm had ceased; the last peal of thunder had died away; the setting sun just appeared for a moment, as if to bid the world adieu, and all nature in her loveliness, was smiling through her tears, as I ascended a hill which overlooks the valley of ________, in the county of ________, N. Y.

This is one of the most beautiful vales in all our country. A gentle stream, meanders through the whole length of the valley, on either side of which, are many highly cultivated fields, extending from the banks of the stream, to the high hills which bound the prospect on the east and west. These hills, crowned with woods to their very summits, appear as, if solitude and silence had selected them for their favorite retreats. At the time of which I am speaking, a dense mist was resting upon the valley, entirely shutting out from my view, the rich and beautiful country, which might otherwise have been seen toward the north; so that it seemed to be excluded from the world, and cut off from intercourse with my fellow-creatures. But I knew there was a lovely scene beyond the mist. I knew, that there were the abodes of men, cultivated fields, the hum of voices, and the treading of busy feet. And I knew that there was a house of God, and a place where his people meet to keep holy day. And such, I reflected, is this world and the next. We stand on an eminence, and look upon the vale of years; we trace all the meanderings of the stream of life, till it enters a deep mist, and is lost to our view. But Faith knows what is beyond. She knows, that beyond the mist, are the fields, and the trees of paradise,—the river of life,—the dwellings of the righteous and a house not made with hands. She hears the songs of the just made perfect, and participates in the triumphs of those who have conquered and more than conquered through Him who hath loved them.

She hopes, that "soon the mediate clouds shall be dispelled, "The sun be face to face beheld;" and that a full fruition of joy, an eternal weight of glory, shall be given.

But while I was indulging in these agreeable reflections, my reverie was broken by the sound of many voices, which seemed to issue from some place immediately beneath me. Soon the wind dissipated the mist a little, and I discovered an ancient edifice, which, from certain indications, I concluded must be a temple, dedicated to the Deity, who presided over the valley. On the side of the building next to me, were huge folding doors, into which was pressing a crowd of people, some aged, some in middle life, and some in youth. Curious to know what might be within, which excited them to press forward so eagerly, I mingled in the crowd and was permitted to enter. As soon as I entered the door, I was met by an elderly man, of a pleasant countenance, who conducted me into what I afterward found was the banqueting room. In one corner of this room was a recess, "fenced off and walled," within which, stood a man, who seemed to be fully employed in presenting to one and another, decanters filled with a sparkling fluid, and receiving small pieces of silver in return. I noticed that most of those who approached this recess trembled very much, but after having bowed themselves at the grate, & received a portion of the fluid, their trembling ceased, their tongues were loosened, and they immediately commenced eloquent and spirited harangues. Their whole force of argument seemed to be directed against certain associations, which appeared to be common in the land, and called Bible, Missionary, Temperance, and Education Societies. They averred, were dangerous and useless combinations, and insufferable in a republican country. But there was one society, which, above all others they could not hear; nay, it was absolutely intolerable. This was called a Temperance Society. The very mention of this, filled the whole house with uproar, every heart with madness, and every mouth with cursing. At length, growing weary, they all rose, and bowing again at the grate, received another potation, and departed, swearing that they did not belong to a cold water society. I then, much wondering at what I had seen, approached a person of a grave and severe countenance, who like myself had been a silent spectator. What deify, said I, is worshipped in this temple? "This, replied he, is the temple of Bacchus; those just departed are his votaries, and he presides over the vale. At either end of the valley he has a shrine, and both are placed side by side of the "temple built for God." Morning, noon, and night, his votaries come here to worship, and often spend whole days in his service. This temple was erected many years ago, by one who professed the same be the disciple of Jesus Christ, and till his death, he officiated as Priest of Bacchus. And his works do follow him. Several of his children are now the worshippers of the god, and daily attend at this place. Long has there been a contest between the God of Heaven and this Moloch, and a Priest of the former has just fled from the valley in despair. Vice, poverty, and guilt reign among the inhabitants of the vale; and this, which might be called, "The happy valley," is now the "valley of drunkenness, and the shadow of death." I now departed, and casting my eyes once more at the temple, I saw what I had not before noticed, an inscription over the door—"The gate of death, and the way to Hell." T. 29th Nov. 1830.

The following satire on the 'go down of poetry,' is perhaps a merited rebuke to certain doggerel tipsmen who might be better employed in earning bread than finding faults in the writings of the gem.

Champ De Mura, Nov. 14, 1830.

Mr. Panter—I have read in the Gem, an article or two respecting the go down of poetry—but, sir, I am yet not satisfied that there is any go down to poetry. The learned sciences are certainly as deeply taught as anciently, and the fine arts are generally patronized by Americans, as well as Europeans. The various scenes that give rise to poetical allusions are as numerous and diversified as exist, and intellects are as bright as formerly; then why this whining about the go down of poetry. I almost doubt whether the writer is acquainted with poets or poetry. I live in retirement, but will just hint to him some few facts relative to the subject. No country affords a greater variety of objects for the poet than ours—he is a satirist, he has plenty to pun or ridicule—is he grave, there are as many of heaven's blessings here, as in any other part of the globe—he is fond of native scenes, where are greater wonders than in America. For he has as well supplied with eloquence, and legal learning. Our medical faculty is as learned and philosophical, and can boast of as much in their department as those of France or Britain. We have as much ignorance and fanaticism, as many political factions, as many lords and ladies, as many fashions and worthless ceremonies, as many liars and tattlers, horse jockeys and quacks: in fine, take the poet comites, and it well compares with other countries, and is not behind any; and indeed, for office-hunters and political jugglers, we are far ahead.

So if poets can, let them sing; and if ever they could sing, now is the most propitious time that can happen.

When the little world is all in confusion and ridicule—is he fond of native scenes, or objects of beauty, or virtuous heroism.

This we do know from the case of Old France. The Frenchmen are as learned and philosophical, and can boast of as much in their department as those of France or Britain. We have as much ignorance and fanaticism, as many political factions, as many lords and ladies, as many fashions and worthless ceremonies, as many liars and tattlers, horse jockeys and quacks: in fine, take the poet comites, and it well compares with other countries, and is not behind any; and indeed, for office-hunters and political jugglers, we are far ahead.

When the little world is all in confusion and ridicule—is he fond of native scenes, or objects of beauty, or virtuous heroism.
THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

It is stated in the Boston Gazette, that as the Rev. Dr. Griffin, President of Williams College, was returning from Troy, N. Y. with his family on Wednesday evening the 3d ult., the carriage in which they were seated was unfortunately overturned, and the collar bone of Mrs. G. broken. The accident happened in Pawtucket, R. I.

Dr. Louis Marshall, (a brother of the Chief Justice,) has accepted the Presidency of Washington College, at Lexington, Va. and will enter immediately on the duties of his office.

Salem Murder.—The last of these trials took place on Friday last, when George Crownsbird was a second time brought to the bar, but instead of finding him guilty as they had determined him to be in prison of felony, the verdict of a prisoner of felony was rendered in his favor.

The verdict of a prisoner of felony was rendered in favor of George Crownsbird, who was a second time brought to the bar, but instead of finding him guilty as they had determined him to be in prison of felony, was rendered in favor of the prisoner.

Saturday, December 13th 1830.

The Office of The Gem is removed to the Globe Building, East end of the Bridge.

The paper, hereafter, will be issued regularly.

Anecdote.—Messrs. P Smith & Co. of this village, after hearing the address of Mr. Yale on intemperance, a few days since, went home, and rolling out their casks, knocked in the heads, and let the soul-deestroying poison upon the ground. If others would go and do likewise, the ragged, destitute train of idlers and drunkards would return from their wallowing to the ranks of industry and decency.

Northern Lights.—On Sunday evening the 11th inst. the North was apparently in a full blaze. The Aurora Borealis, extended round the horizon from the northeast to the southwest, and ever and anon streamling upwards, presented the most beautiful translucent spectacle we ever witnessed. At times sparkling rays would shoot up, and spreading, break away into darkness, until about 9 in the evening, when these vivid coruscations flashed across the sky, and illuminating the night. The extent of this phenomenon rest with Him who directs it, and man can only look on and wonder.

Two days in the country.—We took Captain Bristol's "Plough-Boy," last week, and turned our backs upon home for two days. We found ourselves on starting, among a company of over twenty-five persons, and occupying about all the conveniences of the boat. The conversation was various, comprehending religious, political, historical, and nonsensical. Of the latter we should not have mentioned it, had not some three or four on board employed themselves principally in narrating their own exploits, and lauding their knowledge of the game of chequers. We arrived at Brockport about half past 8, and took lodging at Wales Caffe-House, which by the way, is a very respectable inn. Brockport has grown out of our knowledge. This now thickly settled, business place, with its spires pointing to heaven was, but a few years since a farm. Finishing our business, we passed thence to Clarkson and awaited the passing stage for our departure home. At the tavern we could not help noticing one or two women who idle away most of the time at the tavern, and fearfully evidencing that they are no benefit to themselves or their friends. They sit and toast their shins all day before a bar-room fire, indulge in a few glasses, talk to all travellers about bad roads, quick passages, &c., &c., a great deal of importance, live like fools in trouble and in rags, and when they go down to the grave, leave every body who knew them glad. Yet there are a great many now in this path; in fact, there is scarce a tavern in the country, but has just such a set of miserable, misguided victims. These roads at this season are very rough, and our lodging house was an emblematical of human life, as any thing else to which we can compare it. The stage however, kept its equilibrum, and at 6 o'clock we reached our own domicil.

A Blacksmith's study.—What would the reader say to an invitation to visit the study of a journeyman blacksmith? Ladies and Gentlemen, walk in—don't be frightened—blacksmiths were in fashion before dancing masters, and steel was used for many purposes previous to the invention of corsets. In one of our editorial peregrinations, we took some pains to call on a subscriber and correspondent, whose zeal in the cause had procured us a number of subscribers, and whose pithy productions in our columns, had drawn the attention of the conductors of some of the first literary periodicals. On arriving at the village inn, we inquired for Mr. A. B. and was directed to a blacksmith's shop, where we found our friend busily engaged in his usual occupation. Without useless apologies or ceremo- nies, he politely introduced us to his residence and into his study. It was a comfortable and snug upper chamber, neatly plastered, and provided with a fire stove, a large writing desk, a book case & shelves with other corresponding conveniences—his library consisted of upwards of a hundred well selected volumes, comprising some standard works on history, civil government, science, law, theology, and general literature. It must have been in such retreats that Benjamin Franklin and Roger Sherman of a former age conceived and planned the movements which resulted in the establishment of our free institutions. And it will be in such retreats that the plans of general reform will be perfected which are to save our country, if it is saved, from corruption and despotism.—Gen. Ten.

We understand that Engineer Bates has completed the survey of the contemplated railroad between this village and Geneva, and that the result, including the estimated cost of its construction, will be given to the public in a week or two. The route we learn is favorable.—Ont. Rep.
With the glowing future hopes that are bright and
Laugh on, now, in thine hour of joyous glee,
Joys the breast with deep emotions thrilling—
With sunny smiles, which gives the soul delight—
Laugh on, most joyously while pleasure is bright.
The bosom with sweet affections filling."
Glowing smiles in thy pathway shed—seeming
Joys which pleasure gave sorrowfully declining;
Laugh on in smiles, ere sorrows blenching hand
Ere affecting pleasure's voice is stilling—
Has faded ere life's day has reached its close;
Look at that pallid cheek, whose youthful rose
Can laurels ever bloom around that brow,
Of all that's passing here.

So, fair flowers, your petals wear
The dark spots of decay?
All that was bright and blooming there
Is withering away.
'Twas but yeastreen I say a flower
Most beautiful and bright—
'Twas but the nursing of an hour,
To-day 'tis perished quite.
And summer suns on autumn's wings—
They too have passed away,
Just like a wreck of earthly things
That leaves us not a ray.
And autumn winds are rushing by,
So comfortless and drear—
A breathing out reality
Of all that's passing here.
Dark winter, too, in wild array,
Will soon be whitening here,
Destroying, in its freezing sway,
The beauties of the year.
For man, too, there's a wane,
As doleful and cold,
And fearful in its destiny—
The winter of the soul.

SONNET.
To S. O. S.
Laugh on, now, in thine hour of joyous glee,
While, with rapture high, thy heart is beaming
With the glowing future hopes that are bright and free;

"Defensive hope," of which thou'rt fondly dreaming.
Laugh on, most joyously while pleasure is bright
With sunny smiles, which gives the soul delight—
Glowing smiles in thy pathway—seeming
Joys which pleasure gave sorrowfully declining;
Laugh on in smiles, ere sorrows blenching hand
Ere affecting pleasure's voice is stilling—
Has faded ere life's day has reached its close;
Look at that pallid cheek, whose youthful rose
Can laurels ever bloom around that brow,
Of all that's passing here.

THE STUDENT.
Look at that pallid cheek, whose youthful rose
Has faded ere life's day has reached its close;
Can laurels ever bloom around that brow,
That seems as firmly fixed as marble now?
They may, for now the mind steers on its course,
Through all the objects that arrest its force;
Holding high converse with the mighty dead.
Or to the shores of living genius wild;
Soaring far in airy flight sublime,
Ruling victories in un sehen time,
Surpassing far the meaner joys of earth,
The bank-note lever, or the pride of birth.
Away, ye hovering brood of hopes and fears!
Approach, ye mysteries of by-gone years!
They come, they come—he views the ancient tow'r's
In bright perspective rise Rome's classic bow'r's,
Music floats on from Greece's sunny elme,
From genius' home, the favored land of rhyms
Of ancient fame, where all the world's alloy
In fancy's eye he sees from earth to heaven.
Through all the paths of human mazes driven.
He turns him back to earth—his laurel'd brow
Is painful, for the spell is broken now.

THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

STANZAS.
Breathe not those strains of a spirit that's broken,
Of joys that are blighted, and hopes that are faded;
Tell not, in accents thus mournfully spoken,
That life's sweetest pleasures with darkness is shaded.
Born to tread the chequer'd path
Of this fleeting vain world through;
Life hath pleasures, joys it hath,
And it hath its "bitter" too!
Tune not thy harp to such notes of ripening,
Wake not thy muse to such tones of dejection;
Let not despair be thy life undermining,
Nor wasting it 'neath the sad thoughts of reflection.
Hope then cherish, it is good!
Points one to a happier goal;
'Tis by far the choicest food,
To retrieve the drooping soul.
Banish, oh! banish those boding's of sadness,
And light up life's lamp with a holier feeling;
Of bright anticipations joys. Z.

A SIGH.
O say, is there a spot on earth
Where hearts, in peace, may lie?
Go, seek it through the haunts of mirth—
Thou'rt answered with a sigh.
Go, seek it in the woodland home,
Midst rustic toil and care,
Where laughing girls o'er greenwood roam;
A sigh will greet thee there.
Then seek it in the city's throng,
Where thousands meet the eye—
Hark! to the murmurs low and strong;
'Tis there we hear the sigh.
Go, seek it in the gorgeous halls,
Thou'lt find it in the city's throng—
Sweet music of the harp's soft tone
Blends there with woman's song—
Each pause between, some bosom, lope,
A sigh breathes, sad and long.
Now wander in the greenest bowers,
When Probus leaves the sky,
And his last beam rests on the flowers;
Then hear the fair one sigh.
Or by where'er the willows wave
Around the marble's gloom,
And mark a friend's or lover's groan;
A sigh breathes o'er the tomb.
Then ask of the wild tempest's howl
If there be rest here for the soul;
Which through the dark shades of dejection are
Pointing one to a happier goal.

A PORTRAIT.
She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew
As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
And kept her heart serene within its zone.
There was new in the beamage which she drew;
Her spirit seemed as seated on a throne
Apart from the surrounding world, and strong.
In its own strength—most strange in one so young!

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS C. * * * * * R.
Fair as the lily, her tender form rose,
Chaste as the dew-drop just fall'n from heaven;
Fare was her heart as the zephyr that blows,
Delightsome in noon, enchanting at even.
But beauty, and genius, and youth, are in vain,
Lozingly reflected, she calls me to mourn;
That our warmest, best hopes, are but sources of pain,
And the mantle of death clouds the sunshine of morn.
The twilight has faded and dark is the gloom,
And dark are the clouds that envelope the sky.
But darker and colder the night of the tomb,
Where ages have gone, where the living shall lie.
While mourning her charms that can never return,
Her mother in anguish and agony weeps,
The tears of affection embalm the cold urn,
Where lonely she lies where sweetly she slept.
Oh! heard ye the groan from that bosom of woe?
'Twas anguish maternal extorted the sound.
Oh! see ye those tears! in streams they flow—
For sorrow so poignant, what balm can be found?
Look to Jesus! thou mourner, oh! in the balm,
That ever disperses death's dreary gloom.
Look to Jesus! thou mourner, oh! he is the lamb
The day-star eternal, that shines on the tomb.
Thy daughter, too lovely on this earth to rove,
Awhile for thy comfort and solace was given;
Then call'd to the mansion of glory above,
To weep thee from earth and attach thee to heaven.
Then oft as fond memory dwells on her charms,
Consider 'twas mercy compelled thee to part;
And thy daughter, thy child, was drawn from thy arms,
That Jesus might live, and reign in thy heart.
Rochester, Oct. 1830.

WHIMS.
I do not love a man that's tall,
A man that's little is worse than all;
I much abhor a man that's fair—
A man that's black I cannot bear.
I do not like a man that's fair—
A man that's black I cannot bear.
A man of sense I cannot rule,
And from my heart I hate a fool.
A sober man I will not take—
A drunken man my heart would break.
All these I do sincerely hate,
And yet I love the married state.

THE GEM,

To contain 4 Engravings.

The proprietors of this publication, from the liberal patronage bestowed upon it, have concluded to present the 3d 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 TERMS, &c.

The Gem will be published every other Saturday in quartto form, and payed for binding. It will be accompanied with an Index and Title page at the end of the year. The subscription price is $1.00 and Fifty Cents per annum, payable in advance.

All letters and communications must be addressed to the subscriber, post-paid.

EDWIN SCRANTON,
Office in the Globe Building, East End of the Bridge.
The affair of the house prospered, and I became rich, far above my hopes. Though absent I was not unkindly of those I had deserted. I kept a will duly drawn in their favor. It was for many years my annual resolution to return; but delay followed delay, until a severe and protracted illness admonished me that my days were fleeting.

While merely convalescent, and whilst arranging my affairs for my return, one of our ships came to port, under the command of Henry Holcombe. The name revived friendly recollections, and on going on board, I found my old school-fellow, his wife, and my little sailor. I need not say I took a passage with them, and our voyage progressed pleasantly;—though, from the prevalence of murk and tempest, we were washed into a more southern latitude than we could have desired. We were, nevertheless, borne towards our port on the wings of the winds, when at once our hopes were blasted. We were chased and captured by a pirate,—an armed schooner. I was still weak, but my own hardships were soon forgotten in concern for those of my friends. Amongst his fellow prisoners, a merchant from Marietta, having some business to transact with us, accidentally met my heart to life and sweetened its enjoyment.

Three, whom Ben swore were cowards, were admitted to assist in navigating the Lally in to port. These malefactors now avowing the decision of the offended laws of their country.

On my arrival in Philadelphia, I learned the state of affairs on the Muskingum, and pur chased on my own account the demands of the house against the estate of Jasper Trimming, which I soon found involved to great amount. The son and mother have yet to account for their unfeeling conduct. They were not pressed by the house, nor would we have known how matters stood, but a gentleman, a merchant from Marietta, vowing to conduct business with us, accidentally learned that we were the creditors of Trimming, and stated the circumstances of the affair. He was a pirate.
A little but very snug farm being for sale
situated on the opposite shore of the Susquehanna, to that of Mr. Overton, I came to the purchase.

The original owner of one of those
ringleaders in the destitution of western woods ardent and jeems, created a fine residence; but, is a fit of restless, cold that residence, and by another fit, that of repentence, regretted the step. The effects of his rashness was repaired, as he very easy terms became my tenant, and so remains.

I created a couple of nice rooms adjoining the
manor, took my boarding with the family, and, for twenty-five years, I have travelled with our final home, with the senior members of the Swansey and Overton families, and have seen with, I may safely say, a parent's delight, and a parent's anxiety, a third generation rising to honor their names.

During the lapse of a quarter century, the
life of our little circle was, and continues to
be, the noble minded Captain Ben Walters. A bachelor, like myself, and now far advanced into the vale of years, every faculty of this generous seaman continues unimpaired. His history, though never intruded on even his friends, it was evident, from the fine
phrenzy of his eye, Ben delighted to delate;
for it was evident, from the fine
face and in the countenance of my commander. Neither
saw there was something of anxiety unusual
in the face of accident to me, the whole of our little
property would devolve. But to announce to
that sister my change of life, became a more
serious task as the hours passed. Between
seeing her personally or writing to her, a pre-
dference was given to the latter; and the last
act of my life in my uncle's house was the
composition of a letter, that displeased my*
father. I was not opposed. Unsociable as they were,
and in the cabin of the Polly, I soon was;
and in a few hours, poor Ben Walters was,
from a plough-boy, turned into a fresh water
sailor.

Next morning I returned to my uncle, disclo-
sed my intention, which though under age
was not opposed. Unsociable as they were,
and in the cabin of the Polly, I soon was;
and had seen with, I may safely say, a pa-
mother would devolve. But to announce to
that sister my change of life, became a more
serious task as the hours passed. Between
seeing her personally or writing to her, a pre-
dherence was given to the latter; and the last
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sailor.

"My sister Susan and myself were, when
not much more than children, left alone, or-
phans, and with a little, and but a little,
to procure support and education. It would be
necessary to say I loved my sister—who ever
knew her, who did not? I would very gladly
have thrived in the field to obtain means of
education, for her and my beloved charge, but that was
not demanded; we had sufficient, and my
companionship was fixed at Bethlehem, with Ma-
ria Wallace. It was the first instance when
had ever been parted for more than one
two days at a time, and I well remember the
gloomy winter afternoon I travelled home to
my uncle's house, after having taken leave of
Susan. I arrived at the only place I could
call my home, and there my fate was fixed.
My uncle and aunt were old, they were well
inclined people, but they were cold, and often
morose. To change the smile of a sister for
the hard features of age, rendered repulsive
composition of a letter, that displeased my*
father. I was not opposed. Unsociable as they were,
and in the cabin of the Polly, I soon was;
and in a few hours, poor Ben Walters was,
from a plough-boy, turned into a fresh water
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sed my intention, which though under age
was not opposed. Unsociable as they were,
and in the cabin of the Polly, I soon was;
and in a few hours, poor Ben Walters was,
from a plough-boy, turned into a fresh water
sailor.

"This is, Ben, my thirteenth voyage from
the Delaware to the Seine," laughingly said
Captain Walling, on a rather boisterous day; now early spring, and peculiarly mild; on a
fews weeks, on the friendly island, a passage
from Lisbon, from whence I hoped to find means
of return to America; but again, my fate, or
the designs of Providence, changed my every
prospect. Our voyage was prosperous until
within sight of the Portuguese shore. It was
now early spring, and peculiarly mild; on a
sudden, however, the wind shifted and became
excessively violent, though not such as to
threaten great danger, nor did any danger
believe, reach any of the crew but myself.
I was accidentally knocked overboard. By
every exertion was made for my safety. I was
an excellent swimmer, and kept myself from
drowning until I seized a large spar, purpose-
fully thrown into the ocean in a moment after
the accident. Before the frigate could be
brought round, and a boat launched, I was
out of sight on those on board, and the howl-
ing winds prevented my voice reaching my
generous friends. Night came on; a dead
calm succeeded; the waves were still; and
I still seem to think myself viewing the starry
heavens during this awful stillness. My sis-
ter, my country, and that love of life which
nothing but madness can stifle, and depend-
dance on Him who stayed the storm, carried
me through a night far less distressing than
many I have since passed when no danger
threatened. Day began to dawn, when a
dark heavy body became more and more
distinct. A light breeze had preceded the
dawn, and 1 soon descried a very large ship. My
cries were heard, and as the sun rose I found
myself once more in safety, on the deck of an
English East Indiaman of the largest class.
Dry clothing and refreshments were provided.
and I soon descried a very large ship. My
cries were heard, and as the sun rose I found
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English East Indiaman of the largest class.
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myself once more in safety, on the deck of an
English East Indiaman of the largest class.
Dry clothing and refreshments were provided.
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cries were heard, and as the sun rose I found
myself once more in safety, on the deck of an
English East Indiaman of the largest class.
Dry clothing and refreshments were provided.
closed, observed, "Young man, you have made use of the term accident; in my opinion, there cannot occur an accident. You are on board my ship, so far on your destined voyage and it is for you and me to do our duty."

What idea the noble sailor intended to express by the term duty I know not; but he became a father to me, and in a rare voyage, of between four and five months, his frequent remarks reconciled me to an unexpected voyage to Calcutta. Towards the close of our voyage the English captain took me into his cabin, and dismissing other hearers, very seriously observed, "Benjamin Waldegrove, was put into undeclared execution. That vessel is, a pirate or a privateer," observed Capt. Waldegrove, with a will in favor of Susan Walters, annually remitted my gains to London, congratulating me, that of the eldest Miss Overton, and a son of Mr. Swansey, Captain Holcombe was taken, my very heart felt as frozen. Prudence told me that any interference on my part must produce my own, and certain destruction to the prisoners. On the faces of these wretched prisoners I dare not look. Under any other circumstances I must have recalled one or both, Swansey or Holcombe; the cut-throat captain was too well disguised to be recognized, and until the last dread scene, already told you, the incident of Capt. Waldegrove, that three of my schoolfellows were in such a fearful manner before my face. The soul-piercing scream, and the more soul-harrowing taunt of the monster to his victim, flashed the truth on my mind. At this instant William Swansey rushed on deck, the issue of all you have learned.

After the punishment of a demon, and the security of his abominable assistants, Mr. Swansey and Mr. Holcombe requested me to manage things, which I did, and we arrived safe. The pirates did not only wish to insult, but full sail to their destined port. On my arrival in Philadelphia, I learned the marriage and removal of my sister to Ohio, and as Mr. Swansey desired to hasten his journey, I undertook to remove his effects to this place. As my sister, to attach you, in any high degree, to your native country. Hear me, Benjamin—a man whom any nation might boast, and the man under 4to whom to whom I and mine are most indebted. Can I feel grateful for the peace and comforts of old age, and indulge a national hatred to the country of Waldegrove? "Poor sunken Portugal," said Ben, the other day, with the starting tear, "it is gone in the rank of nations, but it is the country of Fabian da Vullo; it is a country where beats many a brave and feeling heart."

"By thousands," replied Mr. Swansey, with emphasis; "and Spain, calamitous and mangled Spain, contains souls as elevated as ever breathed the air of heaven, or groaned under the hand of oppression."

Thus these fathers of our little colony, instilled into the young heart the rich sentiments of liberal thinking. The storms of life have beat long, severely, and profitably on the heads of Walters and Swansey. Surrounded by affection, enjoying as much of wealth as they desire, these men, so like in mind and manners, and in the incidents decisive of their fortunes, turn their eyes toward the turbulent ocean they have escaped, and smile upon the past. Their mellow eye, chastened by experience: their tempers tempered by their own and their country's sufferings, give to their conversation a charm beyond description; and they have imparted a coloring to our intercourse, which, to be felt, must be seen. With us, the image of God is never undervalued from its cast or shade. At Swansey place, or the Overton farm, no traveller goes hungry away: and few visitors can leave these haunts of our ocean and lake heroes."

A village politician, in France, told his wife, that the Netherlands had risen, "That is very fine," says Ben, "if we could have no broken hearts on shore; but mothers, wives, and sisters, are jewels of more value than any pearls of the ocean."

These expressions of the old mariner were not either mere words or expressions of dislike to nautical life. In the last war, and even since its close, Ben Walters is the only man I have ever heard read with any adequate effect the naval triumphs of the United States. His mind so calm, so placid, and naturally so humane, would be blown into a tempest by a disparaging breath against the names of our ocean and lake heroes."

"After all," says Ben, "the British sailors are men worth meeting, either as friends or foes. May I go to the bottom the moment I forget that Captain Waldegrove was a British seaman—a man whom any nation might boast, and the man under whom to whom I and mine are most indebted. Can I feel grateful for the peace and comforts of old age, and indulge a national hatred to the country of Waldegrove? "Poor sunken Portugal," said Ben, the other day, with the starting tear, "it is gone in the rank of nations, but it is the country of Fabian da Vullo; it is a country where beats many a brave and feeling heart."

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MARK BANCROFT.
From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE QUENCHING OF THE TORCH.

"Look out for sea, quarter-master!—Mind your starboard helm!—Ease her, man, ease her!"

On it came, rolling as high as the foreyard, and tumbling in over the bows, green, clear, and unbroken. It filled the deep waist of the Torch in an instant, and as I rose half smothered in the jungle of men, pigs, hencoops and spars, I had nearly lost an eye by a floating boarding-pike that was lanced at me by the jungle of the water. As for the boats on the booms, they had all gone to sea separately, and were bobbing at us in a squadron to leeward, the launch acting as commodore, with the crew of a dozen sheep, whose bleating as she rose on the crest of a wave, came back upon us, faintly blending with the hoarse laughter of the men confident in the qualities of the ship, worked with glee, shak ing their feathers, and quizzing each other—

But anon a sudden and appalling change came over sea and sky, that made the stoutest among us quail and draw his breath thick.

The firmament darkened—the sea became black as ink—the wind fell to a dead calm—the teeming clouds descended and filled the murky arch of heaven with their whirling masses, until they appeared to touch our mastheads, but there was neither lightning nor rain.

The weather had come to a level plain of foaming water and sky, that made the stoutest man of our men bareheaded, in an open shirt, half naked and bear-headed, in an open shirt, and with tremendous and ghastly glances, and colorless hitching bands, where help was impossible; when I felt a sharp bite on the neck, and breathed again. My Newfound land dog, Sneezer, had snatched at me, and dragged me out of the eddy of the sinking vessel.

"Peace—be still!"

During this death-like pause, infinitely more awful than the heaviest gale, every sound on board, the voices of the men, even the cracking of the bulk-heads, was heard with startling distinctness; and the water logged brig, having no wind to steady her, labored so heavily in the trough of the sea, that we expected her mast to go overboard every moment.

"Do you see and hear that, sir?" said Lieutenant Treenail to the Captain. We all looked eagerly forth in the direction indicated.

There was a white line in fearful contrast with the clouds and the rest of the ocean, gleaming on the extreme verge of the horizon—it grew broad—a low increasing growl was heard—a thick blinding mist came driving up a stern of us, whose small drops pierced into the skin like sharp hail—"Is it rain?" "No, no—sail, salt." And now the fierce Spirit of the Hurricane himself, the sea Azrael, in storm and in darkness, came thundering on in stunning violence, tearing off the snowy caps of the tortured billows, and with tremendous and sheer force, crushing down beneath his chariot wheels their mountains and howling ridges into one level plain of foaming water. Our chainplates, strong fastenings, and clenched bolts, drew like plant wires, broadband stays were torn away like the summer gossamer, and our masts and spars, cracking before his fury like dry reeds in autumn, were blown clean out of the ship, over her bows into the sea.

Had he shown a shred of the strongest sail in the vessel, it would have been blown out of the bolt rope in an instant; we had, therefore, to get her before the wind, by crossing a spar on the stump of the foremast, with four men at the wheel, one watch at the pumps, and the other clearing the wreck. But our spirits were soon dashed, when the old carpenter, one of the coolest and bravest men in the ship, rose through the forecastle, pale as a ghost, with his white hairs streaming straight out in the wind. He did not speak to any of us, but clambered aft, towards the capstan, to which the captain had lashed himself—

"The water is rushing in forward like a mill stream, sir; we have either started a but, or the wreck of the foremast has gone through her bows, for she is fast settling down by the head."

"Get the boat-swan to father a sail then, man, and try it over the leak, but don't alarm the people, Mr. Kelson." The brig was, indeed, rapidly losing her buoyancy, and when the next heavy sea rose ahead of us, we gave a drunken sickening lurch, and pitched right into it, groaning and trembling in every plank, like a guilty and condemned thing in the prospect of impending punishment.

"Stand by, to heave the guns overboard! Too late, too late—Oh, God, that cry!—I was stunned and drowning, a chaos of wreck was beneath me, and around me, and above me, and blue, agonzied, gasping faces, and struggling arms, and colorless wailing hands, and despairing yells for help;—where help was impossible; when I felt a sharp bite on the neck, and breathed again. My Newfoundland dog, Sneezer, had snatched at me, and dragged me out of the eddy of the sinking vessel.

For life, for dear life, nearly suffocated amidst the hissing spray, we reached the cutter, the dog and his helpless master.

"For three miserable days I had been exposed, half naked and bear-headed, in an open boat, without water, or food, or shade. The third fierce, cloudless, West India noon was long passed, and once more the dry burning sun sunk in the west, like a red hot shield of iron. In my horrible extremity, I implored the wrath of heaven on my defenceless head, and shaking my clenched hands against the braveness of the Almighty, I called aloud on the Great Spirit, and shrieked it with all the power of my voice. "Oh, let me never see him rise again!"

As the Lieutenant spoke, Sneezer seemed to think his watch was up, and drew off towards the fire. Clung and famished, the poor brute could no longer resist the temptation, bolted through the door with it, hotly pursued by the . . .

"Drop the leg of mutton, Sneezer," roared the Lieutenant, "drop it, sir, drop it!"
Female Beauty.—From an essay in a late number of Mrs. Hale's Ladies' Magazine, on Beauty.

To sum up the whole, the charms that are really indispensable to being beloved, may be possessed by every one who is not personally, or mentally, or morally deformed. Let us enumeratem them.

Firstly—an eye, whether black, blue, or grey, that has the spirit of kindness in its expression.

Secondly—a mouth that is able to say a good deal, and all sincerely. Its teeth kept as clean as possible, must be an argument of good deal, and all sincerely. Us teeth kept living, and the table, and ostentation.

Thirdly—a figure which shall preserve itself, not by neglecting any of its duties, but by good taste, exercise, and the dislike of gross living. A woman may be fond of almost any his only remaining mare and colt. He was seized, but meeting a man on the road, he sent back the tail of the colt, buffetted the angry waves much to the dissatisfaction of the "era."

Fourthly—the art of being happy at home, and making that home the abode of peace and making that home the abode of peace.

Who shall have the Prize?—There was once to be a meeting of the flowers, and the judge was to award a prize to the one pronounced the most beautiful.

"Who shall have the prize?" said the rose, stalkling forth in all the consciousness of beauty. "Who shall have the prize?" said the other flowers, advancing, each with conscious pride, and each imagining it would be herself. "I will take a peep at these beauties," thought the violet as she lay in her humble bed, not presuming to attend the meeting. "I will see them as they pass." But as she raised her lowly head to peep out of her hiding place, she found the culprit; "it is no time now to jointsmen, to talk about swampy horses."

Could each hoghead of rum which a Christian sells, come back, and as he enters his closet, whisper in his ear, and tell him of the wives which it had made widows, and the children which it had made orphans, he would start back from the traffic as from the pit of perdition. It is the testimony of Judges and Jurists throughout the land that probably three-fourths of the crimes prosecuted in our courts are connected with intemperance. It is well known that ardent spirits are very offensive to animals, especially to horses. Of this fact, a traveller recently passing through one of the villages of Vermont was reminded in the following manner:

"Let your horse be judge and jury."

A professor lecturing upon heat, observed that true religion consists more of love and affection, than of proud demonstration or haughty argument. The construction of the female heart is turned towards the gentlest affections. Female Piety—Why is it that woman is more pious in her behavior and actions, than that sex who arrogate to themselves the title of lord and Master. Of the fact that she is so, there are ample proofs. In the churches of every city, we find that the greater proportion of the devout worshippers consist of the female sex. The enterprise of woman has erected houses of worship when the hand of man was biased toward the deed. Her persuasive voice and interesting demeanor have prevailed upon worldly minded husbands to the purposes of salvation. The truth of it is that true religion consists more of love and affection, than of proud demonstration or haughty argument. The construction of the female heart is turned towards the gentlest affections; and when that object is presented to her, she principally consults that faithful minister to good, generous, and pious deeds—a woman's breast.

Anecdote.—It is well known that ardent spirits are extremely offensive to animals, especially to horses. Of this fact, a traveller recently passing through one of the villages of Vermont was reminded in the following manner:

"I wish you'd tell me how to do it!"

Ex-President Adams has arrived at New York on his way to Washington to spend the winter.
THE MISSIONARIES—A TALE.

On a fine morning in May, 18—two of those large boats in which families emigrating to the west descend our rivers, were seen slowly floating down the Ohio. Built of rough hewn timber, and intended to move on land whenever the waves of the tide permitted, they lay silent and motionless on the wave that bore them gently towards their destination.

At a small village—or rather at a spot intended to be occupied as such—the boats were bro't to the shore and moored, and the passengers began to mingle with a few people whom curiosity had drawn to the landing place. The missionary family, proceeding to its station among the Osage Indians, that halted thus in the wilderness, to receive a foretaste of the scenes that awaited them in the distant forest.

The place at which they had stopped, was a plain of rich alluvion, from which the timber had been cleared for the space of a mile along the river, and nearly that depth into the forest. A cluster of cabins, recently built, of rough logs, where the voices of the Pilgrims first began to mingle with the people whom curiosity had drawn to the landing place.

The ground nearly cleared, was thickly set with stumps, and covered with a rank growth of weeds. The frail and unsightly cabins, nely built, of rough logs, of c

\* recent—the messenger of fate could reach its victim.

spot appeared, to those who had been accustomed to dwell with the savages of civil society; to dwell with the missionary family, proceeding to its station among the Osage Indians, that halted thus in the wilderness, to receive a foretaste of the scenes that awaited them in the distant forest.

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From the Illinois Monthly Magazine.
he thanked the people of the village for their kindness, and committed the remains of his wife to their protection. He begged them to mark and remember the place of interment, in order that “if hereafter a stranger in passing through their village would ask them for the grave of Maria,” they could lead him to the spot.

MAMMOTH—WHAT?
The largest skeleton ever yet found, was discovered recently at Big-Bone, Ky., by a Mr. Finney, who resides near the lick.

There are ten or twelve sets of tusks, from four to twelve feet long—the claws are four feet long and three broad: the tusks are arranged in a circular order, as if by the hands of man—within the circle the bones were deposited, which, when placed together, showed the animal to have been at least 35 feet high, and 60 feet long. The skull bone alone weighed 400 pounds.” This relic of an age gone by, was found about 11 feet below the surface of the earth.—Xenia (O.) Backwoods-man.

INDIAN BARBARITY.

We learn from a Southern paper, that during the month of October last, a number of Indians belonging to various tribes, collected in the village of Alexandria, La., where they had a ball play. On the night succeeding the play, in a drunken frolic, one of them was killed in the streets. The perpetuator of the act, [an Indian], surrendered himself to the relations of the deceased. The following morning was fixed upon for his execution—A number of persons repaid to the spot where Indian justice was to be administered, and a considerable sum of money was offered for the pardon of the condemned. No one would be listened to, the surviving brother declaring that no money could purchase his redemption. Finding a gun could not be procured, and the victim being impatient of the delay, the brother advanced, and with a spade knocked him down and—

ELEGANT EXTRACT.
The glory of the summer has gone by; the beautiful greenness has become withered and dead. Were this all; were there no association of moral desolation; of faded hopes of withering in the bosoms of the living; connected with the decaying scenery around us, we would not indulge in a moment’s melancholy. The season of flowers will come again; the streams will flow gracefully and lightly as before, the trees will toss their cumbrous load of greenness to the sunlight; and by mossy stone and winding rivulet, the young blossoms will start up, as at the bidding of their fairy guardians. But the human heart has no change like that of nature. It has no second spring time. Once blighted in hour of its freshness, it wears forever the mark of the spoiler. The dew of affection may fall, and the gentle rain of sympathy be lavished upon it; but the sore root of blasted feeling will never again wake to life, nor the crushed flowers of hope blossom with their wonted beauty.

From the Rochester Republican.

We received the following lines from a friend of Col. B’s in New York, who solicited their insertion in our paper, a solicitation with which we comply with much pleasure.

What I live—On going abroad.

I leave my country—river, lake,
City, hamlet, forest, field—
I leave my country—not forsake—
And to depart, resisting, yield.

I leave hereafter, temple, home,
Academic places;
Her halls of wisdom, and her homes—
Her virtues and her graces.

I leave my friends, devoted, true,
I loved in affection’s night—
Beloved the more, because but few,
And precious as the light.

The selfish, cold, I leave alone—
Whose breath is like December;
My enemies—oh no—I’ve none—
At heart, that I remember.

I leave the mansion, where still lives
The cherished parent pair—
And the dear group of relatives
Still wont to gather there.

My daughter—child of my lone heart!
’Tis bitter leaving thee,
Though motherless! yet I must part—
Keep her, oh God! for me,
And ye, good angels! to your trust
The consecrated dead.
Of my beloved dead?


THE GEM.
Saturday, December 22nd, 1830.

Full sets of the Gem, from the commencement of the present volume, can be furnished to subscribers.

The Lady’s Book.—The December number of this valuable periodical, is accompanied by a handsome engraved title-page, and filled with choice and interesting matter. A new volume commences with the January number, and we recommend to those who wish to patronize one of the first literary works in our country, to call on the agent, Mr. L. B. Swan, and subscribe for this work. Price of subscription $3, in advance.*

Book of Mormon.—In the 2d number of the Gem, we gave a full length portrait of this book, which is filled with choice and interesting matter. A new volume commences with the January number, and we recommend to those who wish to patronize one of the first literary works in our country, to call on the agent, Mr. L. B. Swan, and subscribe for this work. Price of subscription $3, in advance.*

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MARRIED.

In Greece, on the 18th inst. by Elisah, Hught, Esq. Mr. JOHN O'DALL, to Miss ELIZA CLOSE, all of Greece.

To Correspondents.—We had intended to have inserted the communication from Roxamond, and likewise one from W. one from Runner, Malvina, and Arias, in the present number. But we were so situated that we could not do justice to them, and therefore they are omitted till our next.

The last communication from Anna, we have not yet found time to peruse. Z. will find a note in 84.

DIED.

In this village, on the 22d inst. Mrs. Lovinia, wife of Samuel Hamilton, aged 20 years.
At Henrietta, Nov. 21st, Mrs. Anna, wife of Den. Wm. Ellis, aged 60 years. She died of an illness of several years standing, who bore her with apparently Christian patience and resignation.

At New London, Conn. on the 4th inst. at the house of Capt. G. W. Rogers, her son-in-law; Mrs. Sarah Alexander Perry, in the 62d year of her age, only of the late Christopher Perry, Esq. of the Navy, and mother of Col. Henry Perry, her remains were moved to the house of her son Capt. M. Perry, in Newport R. Island on Saturday, after the following day were interred by the side of her husband and son.
THE ARAB'S FAREWELL.

The cannon's roar, below the tower,
Resonates with hoarse and answer'd war,
As, o'er the deep and oval bow'r,
_The baleful bugle_ chimes a dirge for _Our_ hero.

The desperate Father, in his tears,
Shakes the bed, and from his breast he drew's
An orison against the dread, and swears,
'Twill, ere the sun's farewell appears,
_The traitor's heart_ shall end in_ the sword's_ sphere.

And as he prays—_the dirge_ is heard,
_The guilty man_ looks up, and _sheds a tear_.

The_ Arab_ standeth thus, and with his sword,
Fell upon_ the traitor, and _the guilt was_ blotted._

Oh, pray for peace, and pity, pray for peace,
At sight of_ the traitor's_ agony, and_ the victor's_ pride.

But the revengeful_ Arab_ but turns to grieve,
And weeps to see_ the victor_ of the fight._

A dirge, a dirge, a dirge is heard,
As the snows of_ the_ winter_ fall upon the earth._

The_ Arab_ stands his ground, and he looks at_ the victor's_ sword,
And weeps to see_ the victor_ of the fight._

And_ the victor_ of the fight smites with his sword,
And weeps to see_ the victor_ of the fight._

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ibndest wishes had ever dared to hope. His
she seems better—and that fearful hectic is
ftetheled on his becoming a man, all that their
gone, and she has no fever. She is paler, to
thoughtless wife, “I would not go to the par-
and indulgent parents. He was their idol,—
thus unceremoniously ushered before them. —
be sure,”-but I trust better. So now Harry,
sations, for I have seen her within an hour, and
Hafry, you need be under no apprehen-
speech, that sister Gertrude was going to die;
ity to-night, for poor Gertrude is very ill,
was so much of gentleness in her quiet unas-
dered leisurely to the house of Mrs.
was hushed and
of innocence, and the stars looked out as if in
nant Clara. The next evening Melville saun-
was a lovely evening , calm as the quietness
were far sifierior to many who had
there was that evening in thev breast of Mel-
and refinement, but oh, those strains of mu-
the drawing-room door, it was not Gertrude
or he believed one of the most bewitch-
and give up that foolish love o-f being admir-
and give the reader some idea of the characters whom we have
Harry Melville was the only son of wealthy
and was naturally of a very different tempe-
there was that evening in thev breast of Mel-
affin jtion, and then those thrilling notes were
and there was a still flow of gladness in his
heart which he had seldom known before.—
He entered the house, saw no one, but heard
music, deep thrilling music; he stepped to
the drawing-room door, it was not Gertrude
at the instrument, it must be her fascinating
sister, for he beheld one of the most bewitch-
ing creatures he had ever seen. Her figure
was perfect, and her dark eye, and darker
hair, formed a most beautiful contrast to the
dazzling clearness of her complexion. Her
fingers seemed scarcely to touch the keys,
yet that thrilling melody, such touching
pathos he had never heard; he was com-
pletely enchanted; and when she turned, and the
full blaze of her overpowering beauty burst
upon him, he thought the picture had not been
overdrawn by Gertrude. He was introduced
by Gertrude to the lovely Clara: the evening
passed on like enchantment to the enraptured
Harry. He found added to her beauty, wit
and refinement, but oh, those strains of mu-
sie hang around him like a spell. In vain on
his return he tried to think of Gertrude; the
form of Clara was sure to come up in his
imagination, and then those thrilling notes were
weeping past on every breath of wa-
and Melville was not the calm undisturbed
being that he was on going that evening to the
house of Mrs. L.

It may be necessary here to give the reader
some insight into the character of Clara L. She
was two years younger than Gertrude, and
was naturally of a very different tempera-
ment. She had none of that meekness
which characterized Gertrude; she was wild,
gay, and thoughtless. She was a decided fa-
vorite with her mother, who was a gay,
howy woman. Clara had been educated in
every thing which could make her fascinating
—she had been the magnet of attraction for
the last winter in Philadelphia, had been cour-
tered and admired, and had naturally imbibed
a love of admiration. This seemed to be the
object nearest her heart. She had never felt
one pang of love, although she had encour-
gaged the attentions of many, merely for the
sake of rejecting them, and this seemed to be
her greatest fault, Clara had many redeeming-
qualities. She loved her mother and sister
JANUARY S, 1831.

A MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

THE GEM,
A MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

NO. 18.

ROCHESTER, JANUARY 8, 1831.

VOL. II.

A SKETCH.

The true deeps on the wretched brow,
In the night's dim vials fell,
As the worn bosom faintly lived,
With a sorrow mournful, yet still—M. E. Bracly.

The heart is like that cup,
If thou taste the love's rose there,
And the like of the gem—
Where the sweet sound is reader—
Gently, oh! gently touch the chord,
So soon, so soon, so far—Mrs. Hemans.

“Nay do not go to-night,” said young Har-
ry Melville to his beautiful though giddy
and thoughtless wife, “I would not go to the par-
ty to-night, for poor Gertrude is very ill,
and,” he continued, I fear me we are not a-
ware how deep the disease has taken root—
I fear that the beautiful blossom will soonvi-
ther away.”

Clara interrupted him by exclaiming whys
Harry you are getting sentimental. I should
think by your long face, and that feeling
speech, that sister Gertrude was going to die;
but, Harry, you need be under no apprehen-
sions, for I have seen her within an hour, and
she seems better—and that fearful hectic is
gone, and she has no fever. She is paler, to
thoughtless wife, “I would not go to the par-

Harry, sister Clara is to be here to-morrow,
and give up that foolish love of being admir-

We will now return, and give the reader

was so witchingly beautiful, that to see and not admire her was impossible—and yet she seemed wholly unconscious of it; for she had schooled her lip, and eye, and all her features, so that when her heart was exulting in conquest, her look belied it, and she assumed the most perfect indifference, or absolute coldness: such was Clara. Oh, how unlike the retiring unsausaging Gertrude. She would rather have died than to have caused one pang to any one, and she used to renounce, with that beloved girl, but she could not persuade her to amend. Clara saw the accomplished and elegant Melville with feelings of exultation. She thought she had another to conquer, another to sue for her love, another that he should tear the clinging tendril from his heart and blight her young affection. Had he once recurred to these sweet words, he would have cherished that young creature's first love with a guardian angel's care.

And Gertrude knew her deep wretchedness that night. She felt lonely and forsaken, for she suspected it. She rallied her, and told her her last away, glistened upon her cheek.—Their memory made the sky seem all to be a melancholy eye. Check'd on her lips the flow of song, which fain would there have linger'd, dash'd her cheek to pain if met by sudden glance; and gave a tone Of sorrow as for something lovely gone, even to the spring's glad voice. Her own was lisp'd and plaintive—Oh there lie such depths of voice in a young blighted spirit. Manhood rears a haughty brow, and awe has done with tears; but youth bow down to mercy in amaze. At the dark cloud o'ermantling its fresh days. And thus it was with her. Old the brow above to pale and pure—so form for holy love, to gaze upon in silence—but she felt that love was not for her, tho' her heart would melt Where'er the thorns of reverence mutely given.

The next evening Harry found himself unconsciously wandering towards the residence of Clara and Gertrude. He was more charm'd if possible, this evening than before, and poor Gertrude soon looked sad, and he tried to cheer her, but all in vain. She said she had not forgiven him, and that Clara claimed all that was once hers, his love, his heart—and she knew he would some day offer her his hand. And the fair coquette, wond'rer why her heart trembled when Harry Melville stood behind her chair and turned her music for her; and she could not tell why, but if his lips were silent after she had performed his favorite piece, she was dejected and dissatisfied, and used to ask herself if he too would be rejected were he to offer his heart and hand. She always laughed and sighed—Oh yes, to be sure, I should not be so foolish as to get in love, I know. Clara was perfectly ignorant how affairs stood between Gertrude and Harry, or she would have rejected all his avowals with coldness, for she loved her sister too dearly to injure her. Gertrude saw that she was beloved no longer—and she was silent, and let concealment like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek. Soon Harry told Gertrude that she was dear to him no longer, and that Clara filled her whole heart. Gertrude begged of her sister to accept him when he offered himself, and not treat him with the coldness she usually had herlovers. This was needless, for the proud Clara had learned to love deeply and sincerely, and when Melville declared himself, she blushingly accepted his hand. One year after this, they were married, and resided in Washington City. Clara was the same, thoughtless, giddy thing; she loved her husband it's true, but she caused him many a pang. She was the belle of every party; the magnet of every hall, the theme of every tongue, the coquette, a husband's heart. She was herself dissatisfied with "the round of dissipation" she led, but the love of admiration clung to her in spite of domestic happiness, and she was never so happy as when in a crowded room receiving the adulation of the multitude. It is true Clara had shed some tears of penitence, but they glittered on her long dark lashes like the dew-drops on the bright leaves, which one ray of the sun melts forever—one look of adoration, and her tears fared away.

Gertrude had received frequent invitations to spend some time with Clara, but could never be prevailed upon to accept them. At last, at the urgent request of both, and the pressing entreaties of her mother, she accepted once to spend the winter in Washington. She arrived there, but on, how altered now!—She had brooded over the deep, deep sorrows gone by.

"In her youth to beseech of Him, who giveth, and upbraideth not,
In her age to be a watchful eye,
To a husband's heart. She musements. She thought that Gertrude was better, and she went.

At twelve, said the watching Harry, she was asleep, said Clara, but I will gently draw aside the curtains and see if she is paler than when I left her. She drew the curtains; Gertrude was there, but a pure white lace was over her sweet features. Clara tore it away. She was indeed paler and colder than when she left her, and a bright tear wrung from her in her last agony, glistered upon her cheek. Her lip looked as though grieved at her deep loneliness, and her tears fled away.

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amination of the books of the store-keepers, this assertion was found correct. The farm was worth about five thousand dollars.

PASSION IN RELIGION.

People are apt to mistake human passion for religious zeal. "See my zeal for the Lord," said one of the eastern kings, who turned out to be a most flagitious character. "Shall we not call down fire from heaven and consume them?" said some of the unthinking disciples of the meek and lowly Saviour, when enraged at the treatment of certain people among whom they had come. This was as the effect of human passion, and not of divine impulse. Had the disciple been on improving the moral condition of their enemies, instead of being carried away by a desire of revenge, they would not have named so unlikely a project as that of consuming them.

It is so exceedingly unfortunate for religion, that so much of human passion is mingled with it, and passed off for correct coin; even good men have done inculcable injury by mistaking their own angry feelings for impulses of the Divinity. Thus Paul, in a spirit very different from that of the mildness of Christianity, wrote to one of the churches, in the case of certain obstinate sinners, to "deliver them over to Satan that they might learn not to blaspheme." A very strange mode truly of preventing blasphemy, by placing them under the tuition of one whose business is to make them blaspheme! But well had it been for mankind if this angry injudicious action of an active and energetic apostle had been considered in its true light, for then it would not have been taken as it is, for the ebulition of passion rather than the effects of divine inspiration. But taking it without discrimination, as animating from the Divinity, religious zealots have found upon it the right to persecute, burn, and despatch to the regions of voo, all such as happen to differ from them in a few of the essentials of faith.

And so, in all ages, and among all sects of religion, human passion has been mistaken for Divine impulse; and all denominations have been and are ready to persecute other denominations, whenever they have the power.

It is not owing to the peculiar doctrines of that sect, but is entirely the effect of the unenlightened passions which mingle with and over power the better feelings of the heart. All sects are meek and humble while their numbers are few and their strength feeble; all are apt to be proud and persecuting as soon as their power and their numbers will permit.

Such is the fierce and uncharitable zeal of certain persons in all denominations, that they are ready to say to every one who differs from them in religious faith—"If you won't go to heaven my way, you shall not go at all." "We saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbade him"—wherefore? "Because he followeth not us." There was the rub. These narrow-minded disciples were not willing that any body should do even a good action, unless he was one of their number.

The gentle spirit of Christianity is thus restrained in its efforts to do good, by being linked to the demon of human passion. The hot-headed professor mistakes anger for religious zeal, the fury of revenge for piety, and a persecuting spirit for the spirit of Christianity.—Constellation.

Thibetians in America. The following sentence occurs in a letter, the object of which is, to show the want of well educated clergymen:

"The Temperance cause at the West and South is comparatively inefficient and languishing, and is in danger of suffering reaction, simply because we have not men speedily to roll forward the blessed impulse which is now given to the work from one end of our land to the other."

It is said that the inhabitants of Thibet make use of labor saving machinery in their prayers. They will write, for instance, a large number of short prayers upon a flag, and display it to be agitated by the wind. Each prayer is offered, they think, every time it is moved. Thus they can attend to their ordinary concerns, and yet pray much more rapidly than they could possibly do by uttering the words.

Americans have not reached quite so great a degree of refinement in the matter. Our prayers are living and tangible things. We hire them—under the name of Ministers, Agents, &c.—to discharge for us the duty of doing good unto all men as we have opportunity and think we make our light shine, if we can only get them to blaze away in the candlestick! We take it for granted that a clergyman can discharge the duty of at least one whole parish, so far as doing good is concerned; and wrap ourselves up at ease in the very pleasant range of self-complacency, if we can only raise money enough to keep him hard at work. Would it not be sin imitating this mode?—for we are determined to expend all our energies upon the salvation of the soul, and that if any settlements of life; for doing good, and diffusing the consolations of religion. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.—Howard.

The following remarkable account of a death caused by intemperance, is furnished by a correspondent well acquainted with the facts.

"On Saturday last the body of Mr. Henry Folsom, aged 44, of Jefferson was found partly covered with snow, within six rods of his own house. On Monday preceeding he went from home to perform several days labor in Washington, and his family supposing him engaged in his work felt no alarm at his absence thro the week. But one of those abominations a grog shop brought him up—and as it grew dark he attempted to return to his house half a mile distant much intoxicated. A severe storm commenced an hour or two afterwards. He was found as above, after lying five days within six rods of his house, within ten feet of the spring to which some of his family went many times a day for water, and within six feet of a trodden path leading from his house to the main road and the near neighbors, which was traveled by several of the family every day. A Coroner's inquest was held on the body, and a verdict given that he came to his death by intoxication, and by the inclemency of the weather."—P. D. Courier.

New Year's Day.

This is a time for new resolutions, for amendment of life; for doing good, and diffusing the bounties of providence. It is made a day for dissipation, excess, riot, and all manner of wickedness. Let Christians see to it that they appear on the Lord's side, giving no countenance to extravagance, intemperance, or frivolity. Let them pray earnestly this day, give free indulgence to their benevolent emotions, and commence the new year with solemn vows of living for others and for Christ, as stewards of God, and probationers for eternity.

INNOCENT RIGHTS.

Mr. Jefferson, in a letter to Gen. Knox, Secretary of War, dated Philadelphia, Aug. 10, 1791, declares—

"The Thibetians have a right to the occupation of their lands, independent of the States within the charter lines, and that such rights are not owing to the peculiar doctrines of this nation, simply because we have not men speedily to roll forward the blessed impulse which is now given to the work from one end of our land to the other."—Jefferson, 3d col. p. 120. Should not all Jefferson Republicans maintain these doctrines?"
that he came to his death by falling into the mud with his face downwards and their suffocated in a state of intoxication.—Pen. Yn. Dem.

Another Dumbard gone—Peter Deal a man about forty years of age, and a gardener by occupation died in this village last evening in a state of intoxication.—Pen. Yn. Dem.

AN IRISH COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

In the midst of his noisy musing Pat Sullivan, wielding his birch as if it had been a sceptre, while his little subjects were ranged around on benches formed of sods, that you may still see along the wall. The fire, when any was required, was made in the centre of the apartment, the fuel being furnished by each scholar bringing a turf daily with him. The door was formed of stakes, interlaced with wattles, a loop of which, thrown over a crooked harp, served the purpose of a lock, and a rude table which the master sat at was the only desk in the school. As they came in at the door, the archways were obliged to make their best bow by drawing back the left leg, catching the tuft of hair that hung over the forehead, and bringing their stiff necks to the precise mathematical curve that constitutes politeness, while Phil kept sometimes talking English, sometimes Irish, to suit himself to the comprehension of his pupils. Of the manner in which he accompanied this, the following is a specimen:

"Come up here, Pat Greenhill, say he to a red-headed boy, dressed in a grey frieze coat, which came down to his heels, and a pair of old leather breeches that only reached half way down his thighs, "come, stand here on the table, and let boys hear how well you can say your letters." Pat mounted with great confidence; but when his phiz, being raised into the light, became more distinctly discerned,—"Ubbaboo, tear!" exclaimed Phil, "where hab be head! tou don't know what it is; small apple!" Pat hesitated again. "What do you call the big fly that makes the honey, Pat?" said the priest. "A-razor apple? Because one outs sharpest."

Pat said, "It is a word of the heart, said they, ever since the poet had said with reverence and love—Our Father!"

Another Jew entered a Parsee Temple, and beheld the sacred fire; What! said he to the priest, do ye worship the fire? Not the fire, answered the priest it is to us an emblem of the sun, and his genial heat. Do you then worship the sun as your God? asked the Jew, know ye not this luminary also is but a work of the Almighty Creator?

We know it, replied the Priest; but the uncultivated man requires a sensible sign in order to form a conception of the Most High.

And is not the sun, the incomprehensible source of light, an image of that invisible being who blesses and preserves all things?

The Israelite thereupon rejoined; Do your people, then, distinguish the type from the original! They call the sun their God, and descending, even from this to a baser object, they knelt before an earthly flame! Ye plunge the outward, but blind the inward eye, and while ye hold to the earthly, ye withdraw from them the heavenly light. Thou shalt not make unto thee any image of any likeness.

How then do you designate the Supreme Being? asked the Parsee.

We call him Jehovah Adonia, that is, the Lord who is, who was, and who will be, answered the Jew.

Your application is grand and sublime, said the Parsee, but it is awful too!

A Christian then drew near and said, We call him Parnasa.

The Pagan and the Jew looked at each other and said—Here is at once an image and reality; it is a word of the heart, said they, Therefore they raised their eyes to heaven, and sang with reverence and love—Our Father! And they took each other by the hand, and all three called one another brothers!}

COMPARISON.—Why are a blunt and sharp razor alike? Because one cuts thoroughly, and the other cuts, too roughly.
THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

DECEMBER.

1p. up and be doing, for winter is near us, December is on, with her cold thrilling blast; Up, haste, break ye ready, that her coming may cheer us.

When her snowy-white mantle shall o'er us be
The wild forest trees are of beauty divested,
And the bee from his toil, for a season now ceases,
And the ant's little hill no longer increases,
The cow has returned to the herdsman's safekeeping,
And the innocent lambkins again to the fold;
And the hounds for the chase are now anxiously waiting,
While the fox sallies forth from the mountain for food;
The young village lads o'er the river are skating
And the sound of the axe-man is heard in the wood.

Then up, Muses up, for your moments are fleeting,
December is passing, will soon disappear;
And the innocent lasses again to the fold;
And the young village lads o'er the river are skating
And the sound of the axe-man is heard in the wood.

To enter into the details of a history of the poetry of the English Colonies is difficult, if not impossible at this day, owing to the absence of a minute contemporary history of the subject. A few only of the productions of the earlier parts are in existence, and these are scattered over all parts of the country. Some of them are to be found in private libraries, while others, mutilated and defaced, have been thrown aside as useless relics of former times. Were we, after the lapse of two hundred years, to attempt the selection of those poets who were most worthy of the celebrity they obtained with their contemporaries, we should be compelled to infer the excellence of their genius rather from the indications which a few occasional efforts have given, than the specimens of genius which they have actually transmitted to us. To compose poetry at that period was merely the amusement of an hour snatched from the usual occupations of business. The train of thought thus hastily put in motion could not be expected to extend itself in grasping those "airy speculations," which fit before the poet's eye and sink to his productions the impress of genius.

The metaphysical dress in which the American poetry of the seventeenth, and the former part of the eighteenth centuries appeared, together with the ignorance of the graces of verse which then prevailed, detract from the interest of the productions, and lead us perforce far afield from their value. We find it often difficult to ascertain the author's meaning, his allusions are so remotely connected with his subject. This is an error from which our modern poets are by no means exempt; but with us it generally arises from our vague ideas of the human passions, while the poets of former days mystified their subjects by their unnatural comparisons of natural objects: they arrayed every topic in gorgeous drapery, and concealed matters of fact by the artificial diamonds, which they made to cluster around them.

Perhaps the most striking distinction between the ancient and modern orders of poetry consists in the attention devoted to harmony. It was inconsistent with the plain and

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ANCIENT AMERICAN POETRY.

Mr. Editor:—The author of the following remarks, has occasionally devoted a leisure moment to reflection upon the poetry of our ancestors, and although a barren subject, it has been sufficiently interesting to him to form the theme for a few desultory speculations which he has embodied for your paper.

The literature of a nation has an intimate connection with its wealth, its manners and customs, and its arts and sciences. It is only when the necessities of life can be supplied with little effort: when theory and system have been introduced into those occupations, which are useful in procuring or preparing the means of human subsistence in short, when the luxuries and refinements of an enlightened era pervade society: that leisure and talents are found to portray the finer qualities of the mind; to follow the flights of fancy, or to look into the mysteries of nature in search of the beautiful and sublime.

In the same proportion as our country has hitherto been destitute of those requisites, has its progress in poetry been obstructed. From the literary intercourse, which has existed and will continue to exist, between the United States and the enlightened nations of the other continent, as well as the constantly increasing resources of the American people, these obstacles are gradually disappearing; and if we may judge from the appearances, which are presented on every side, the period is not distant when the descendants of the Colonists will exhibit a spirit of rivalry, which will display itself in literature and the fine arts, as it has already done in public enterprise and national power. That will be the period when "an American book" will no longer be deemed unfit to grace an English library.

When our ancestors made their abode in the wilds of America, they brought with them little of science, wealth, or refinement. But they were not entirely deprived of these benefits, for some of them were owners of the noble families of England; many cherished an adherence to British oppression, because their extensive knowledge enabled them to view the subject in all its relations; and all of them were placed in a condition so peculiar with respect to each other, as to awaken their sensibilities, and create a fondness for whatever might recall the recollections of their former situation, or encourage them in the prosecution of the object, to which they had pledged their services, and on which hung the destinies of the western world. Although their manners were rude and their pecuniary resources small, yet from other sources they obtained many of the essentials of a refined national taste. There was an air of romance and poetry in their undertaking. Self-banished from the pleasures and pains of their ancestors, memory must often have reverted to the scenes of their childhood, and while fancy would seem to strike out of existence the humble huts and forests which arose on every side, she must have borne to the spot of their earliest and tenderest sympathies.

The author should have commenced this in season. In the former part of the eighteenth centuries appeared, together with the ignorance of the graces of verse which then prevailed, detract from the interest of the productions, and lead us perforce far afield from their value. We find it often difficult to ascertain the author's meaning, his allusions are so remotely connected with his subject. This is an error from which our modern poets are by no means exempt; but with us it generally arises from our vague ideas of the human passions, while the poets of former days mystified their subjects by their unnatural comparisons of natural objects: they arrayed every topic in gorgeous drapery, and concealed matters of fact by the artificial diamonds, which they made to cluster around them.

Perhaps the most striking distinction between the ancient and modern orders of poetry consists in the attention devoted to harmony. It was inconsistent with the plain and
substantial character of our ancestors to hold high estimation in art, which is remarkable for attaining to a perfection only among an effeminate people; but when music is blended with poetry we can hardly conceive how they could fail to perceive the connexion which Nature seems to have established between them. Their taste however, in the fine arts had not then become refined, and the amateurs of that day were doubtless deficient in knowledge of music to apply it successfully to poetry. Occasionally their pieces were so low as to be poetical abilities, does not hesitate to perpetrate an execrable pun on the name:

"Her breast was a brave pallace; a broad street,
Where all heroic ample thoughts did meet.
There nature such a tenement had t'en
That other souls to her dwelt in a lane."

The above remarks are intended to apply to American poetry as it was previous to about the middle of the eighteenth century, when it underwent a great change: the metaphysical style of writing was succeeded by the plain, stately manner, which at this day, is termed the old style of writing: poetry was no longer confined to a few persons principally clergymen; satire, eloogy, parody, and dissertation were no longer considered as the only departments in poetry: the public taste had become too much refined to be gratified with namby-pamby verses strung together without order or connexion, and with an utter disregard for the true beauties of poetic composition. Those who preceded them had been chained down by the peculiarities of the great English and French Masters whose dicta acquired the force of authority in every part of the literary world, by the absence of that mental cultivation, which is so necessary in the formation of a correct sense of the beauties and deformities of works of art, and by the sober, rigid habits of those for whom they wrote, and it would have been "passing strange," had they transmitted to us evidences of a pure taste and unaffected sentiment.

He must be a fool to think that any event can exert itself, or produce itself, before it had any existence.

He must be a fool, to suppose the world, or any thing else, can be moved without a mover, or some power imparted by some being who is able to impart it.

He must be a great fool indeed, to believe that matter can move itself.

He must be a fool who does not see, in all the works of creation, the marks of intelligence and design which prove an intelligent being designed and made it. And if some cannot yet go quite so far as to deny the being of a God,—they must be great fools to believe in a God who makes no distinction between virtue and vice, and will neither reward the one nor punish the other.

None but vicious men, whose lives have been corrupt, could believe in, and love such a God—a God who has power to punish crimes, and yet who will not do it.

Such men have not so much sense and honesty as a wise heathen, who had never heard of the Bible—yet be exclaimed:

"If there is a God above, and that there is all nature cries aloud, he must delight in virtue, and that which he delights in must be happy."—(Converse.)—"He must hate vice, and that which he hates must be miserable."

Where can there be greater folly than to suppose that a set of wicked men and impostors, living in different ages, during fifteen hundred years, would write a book (the Bible) which commands strict and perfect holiness, and forbids all kinds of sin? The fool who should believe this, would believe anything.

Every principle which denies a state of future rewards and punishments, whether it is Universalism, Socinianism, or is known by another name, is no better than Atheism. For what importance is it to believe in a God who has no moral character, who does not hate sin, and will never punish it?

And so it has always been, that all kinds of infidels, and all kinds of heretics who pretend to take the scriptures for their guide have always had the same object, and have always united against its precious truths. They are all Atheists in practice, and if there be any difference, the practical Atheist is the worst.

This single fact, if there were no other, is sufficient of itself to establish the Bible upon a rock of adamant, and that is, wicked men have always hated it, and good men have always loved it. All the good, and wise, and prudent—friends of good order, and friends of liberty and the happiness of mankind, have always loved the Bible; while all the most corrupt and wicked part of society—all in the state prisons, and all villains out of them—murderers, robbers, pirates, thieves, swindlers, gamblers, drunkards, swearers, Sabbath breakers, and persons of loose morals, &c. &c.—mean persons, and all who associate with them, and support them—are on the same side, and would be glad if there were no God, no Bible, no day of judgement. And what a most egregious fool that person must be, to expect that such a party of wretches ever could love the Bible.

But the greatest exhibition of folly, is that self-conceived fanatics, who are thinking they shall be able to overturn the Bible and its doctrines—when all the learning, and subtlety, and malice, of Voltaire, and Diderot, and Rousseau, and Hume, and Shaftesbury, and Bellin-broke, and a host of others, with Paine at the head, could never do it, when there was not a tenth part of the moral power to withstand their attacks. Shall such a puny, hair-brained youth as R. D. O., aided by a public system of infamous character, give the least alarm? There is such a mighty impetus given to the cause of truth, since the days of Voltaire and Paine, that he might as well undertake to stop the cataract of Niagara with a feather, or overturn the rock of Gibraltar by shooting straws against it.

The Coshocton Spy gives the following, communicated to that paper as the report of a law case before the Court of Common Pleas:

**WALLACE v. GAMBLE.**

Messrs. Wallace and Gamble, about corn have a scramble, one of many unfortunate jobs, for when the Zanesville story was, shall be paid for their journeys, the parties may pocket the cobs.

**Hanging the Advantage.**—Tom Hobs, was a queen fellow in his day, and lived in a place called Squam, somewhere on Cape Ann. Tom would drink like a fish, and when he had taken fifth glass of a morning, no man possessed more shrewdness. When in this condition and in his happiest mood, Tom, one morning, met a gentleman on horseback, whom he had never put eyes on before. As the customary in the country, Tom immediately accosted him.

"Ay! you are here are you, my good fellow, how do you do? Upon my honor, it does my heart good to see you once more. Hows your family, and the old woman, we havent seen her this long time; when is she coming down to see my wife?"

"I am quite well, I thank you," said the gentleman, "and support me, and for the Zanesville story, shall be paid for their journeys, the parties may pocket the cobs.

"Advantage! my good fellow, what advantage?" inquired Tom.

"Why, really sir, I beg your pardon," replied the gentleman, "but I do not know you!"

"Know me!" exclaimed Tom, "well I don't know you — where the deuce is the advantage?"

The Christian's Hope.——That was a Christian expression of one of the martyrs to his persecutors——You take a life from me that I cannot keep, and bestow a life upon me that I cannot lose—which is as if you should rob me of counters, and furnish me with gold.
We were forcibly struck with the wonderful and magic change that the region once called the "Genesee Country," has undergone in the brief space of thirty years—brief space but many of our readers can look back to that length of time as yesterday, and see in the mirror of memory events shadowed forth with more palpable boldness and reality than even the events of yesterday. We say we were forcibly affected by the wonderful change of thirty years—thirty years—a work published by the Messrs. T. & J. Sword in 1799, entitled, "A Series of Letters from a Gentleman to his Friend, describing the Genesee Country." Its says, "in 1799, all that part of the State, lying west of the above mentioned line to lake Ontario, including the Genesee country, was erected into a county by the name of Ontario; it is bounded on the north by lake Ontario, on the west by Niagara river, and lake Erie; on the south by Pennsylvania, and on the east by the counties of Tioga and Onondaga." In 1796, a printing office was established in the town of Batavia, entitled the "Batavia Gazette." Another paper is also printed in Batavia entitled the "Ontario Gazette." The same year a sloop of forty tons was built and launched on the Genesee lake.

"Quere? Where was the "Optic Gazette" printed, and where is the "Genesee lake"?

"That portion of country once called the "Genesee Country," although its exact boundaries are vague and uncertain probably now contains some twenty hundred towns with more than 200,000 inhabitants, with cities and villages at every four corners, and newspapers as thick as blackberries. The Genesee Gazette, like the "Columbia," was a sort of "Optic Gazette." But it was a direct lie, for it contained the article not only, but the recommendation, directions of using, and specimens of "blacking" produced; and all this in four lines. Again our scans above his genius who wishes to sell out his "blue ruin," and breaks his decanters.

A shoemaker, who did not choose to tell absolute falsehoods, contrived as well as he could to evade such as his profession occasionally compelled him to use. When he had cut out the leather for a pair of shoes, he laid it down upon the floor and walked once or twice round it. If then asked by his customer whether he had done the shoes, he could truly answer, "No, but I have been about them."—Salem Register.

[The moral offence is the same, because though it was not a direct lie, it was a circumspect one.—Boston Cent.]

"Not "Comfortable."—When I first came to settle about forty years ago," says a venerable farmer, "I told my wife I meant to be rich—all she wanted was enough to make her comfortable. I went to work and cleaned up my land. I've worked ever since and got rich—as rich as I want to be. Most of my children have settled about me, and they have all good farms—but my wife ain't "comfortable" yet.

The Rochester, January 8, 1831.

Our agents are again reminded that we are expecting remittances from them.

"Full sets of the Gem, from the commencement of the present volume must be had if required.

Species of Wit and Genius.—As our country becomes older, and our citizens become more and more enlightened, it is gratifying to the philanthropist to see Genius proclaiming her independence, and holding up her bright torch to a hitherto darkened world. The trans-atlantic Parnassus, so long famed as the residence of the Muses, has lost its train; for the "tuneful nine" have taken up a residence in a country of more liberty—and all the brilliant train of gods have established a pantheon in a region where their influence will strike from the mind the chains of error and superstition, and let the prisoners go free.

We were led to these thoughts by the striking specimens of native genius displayed in a late paper, where some of the advertisers break forth into poetry, in "strains sublime," while putting to paper the articles they offer for sale. One comes forth thus:

If I understand your proposition
To buy all senators, on condition
The seller from selling will return—
Their taps cut off, or to draw again—
Come buy my stock, ye prosperous land,
I'll sell it all and quit this present land,
While you will stand a chosen sample,
Hang the worthies, for good example.

It is impossible that the most stupid should not here discover the benevolence of Genius when well laid on the course of Liberty. Some fastidious carpers may, perhaps, quarrel with the grammar or the poetical diction of the above. But let any one who should think to do so, know, that poets have a licence to walk over every barrier that the language has put up, with impunity. How can the airy flights of poet's imagination be chained to the hooked yellow dog's of Walker and Marray?

And again, another, who sells blacking, shows off the polishing qualities of the article, by talking over the shoulders of a man by name of Burns;—though he utters, as every body can see, by far, the brilliance of his humble prototype. It runs thus:

His blacking is made a little better
Than the byking used with water,
And gives such a dazzling glitter
When well put on,
And polishes too as good as none.
As two to one.

Such strains as these bring to our mind the ancient geniuses who stand out upon the pages of history bright and shining lights amid the gloom of the 18th century, of whom wrote the celebrated lines commencing thus:

"There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise—"

But we have not time for further extracts: suffice it to say that the scintillations of wit and genius are seen all around us, and that they all tend to high excellence in literature. In the language of an unprinted poet lately sent to us, 'This is a restless creature, around the world we rove,

We range the fields of nature and sea and shore above—

and we have high hopes of the future greatness of our country!'"
NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS.

To the Patrons of the Gem.

Another year has gone! roll'd back to greet
Those that have gone before it; and 'tis meet
That it should have its tribute. Then fare-well!
Thy brightness;
Is not alone: the beautiful and bright
Have perish'd with thee, dead year that is
Past and gone.

Upon the wings of time forever flown!
Aye, and the good leave with'der, and the fair
They've laid them down in chilly silence there.
Deep in the earth's cold bosom, where no ray
Of joy or hope breaks up death's powerful sway.
And not one sound of Mercy passing by,
To break the worm's most fearful reverie,
Bright beings! whom once we lov'd to cherish—
One by one, at times, we've seen them perish,
What fearful things have pass'd with thee,
Year of the dead one's destiny!

But brighter things have flourish'd here,
Upon thy bosom, by-gone year;
And some have seen the mirthful vow,
While Hope sat smiling on their brow.
Life, to those, seem'd form'd of flowers—
Lightly and swiftly flew their hours.
Their wo, dead year, was not with thee;
Their bitterness is yet to be.
And some have bow'd at fame's bright shrine,
To gain a name to live and shine.
Laurels have rested on their brow,
But tell me, are they happy now?
No, soon 'twill be their bitter lot,
Like thee, to be forgot—

'Tis friendship's voice, that like the breeze which blows along in spring,
That on its wings from western skies a balmy load doth bring—
It kindly whispers in our ear that we will never part
'Till death's cold paralyzing hand shall bid us feel his smart.
And, too, it says, when we shall bid this idle world farewell,
Our friends shall lay us, side by side, and there a while we'll dwell;
'Till the trumpet sounds to tell the world the last great day has come—
"Arise ye spirits from the grave—arise, receive your doom!"
It always seems as though a friend was all that could enable
The humble path in which we walk, while we are wondering here;
Oh! we love to think that those who've gone into the silent grave,
And o'er whose tombs the roses sweet and lilies bright do wave,
Are looking down from their bright homes to see those friends on earth,
With whom, within this lower world, they've spent their day of mirth—
Are not these pleasant thoughts—for they never fade away
Like the mists before the sun, or like night before the day.
And oh! I love to cherish them, as the miser doth his gold,
For their sweetness and their loneliness, it never can be told.

THE NEGLECTED FLUTE.
My flute forlorn, neglected lies,
Its sweetest sounds are o'er:
Those notes that cheer'd this lonely vale
Shall wake, shall wake no more.
No, dark and faint my heart has grown—
Alas! a dismal cloud
Hangs o'er my heart in deepest gloom,
Like midnight's sable shroud.

Ah, why should I regale my soul
On scenes of earthly bliss,
Or cast one lingering look behind
Upon a world like this?

Yet mourn I not for faded bliss—
'Twas all a fleeting show;
I disregard its transient date,
For I am wed to woe.

The joys of life alas how few,
But oh how loth to part—
Time was her smiles could warm—but now
Her frowns have chilled my heart.

Then fare you well ye mirthful scenes,
I think no more on you;
No love can warm this heart again—
Adieu, dear world, adieu!—

THE GEM,

3d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN A ENGRAVING?

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

LOVE.
'Tis every thing that's bright and glad,
And every thing that's sweet;
Sometimes our dark path lighting,
Sometimes 'tis passing sad.

'Tis often like the morning
When the dew is sparkling there:
No fears of ouch of warning,
But every thing looks fair.

'Tis oftener like the weeping
Of clouds up in the sky—
With all our young hearts sleeping;
Then all that's bright goes by.

Sometimes a song of sadness
Will linger on its lyre;
Then a gust of gladness
Will sweep along the wire.

'Twill twine a wreath of flowers
All bright, and sparkling too;
And then, in darker hours,
'Twill mix a bud of rue.

'Tis every thing in season,
Both beautiful and sad;
Yet 'tis not always mad.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

FRIENDSHIP.

Oh! friendship—friendship, 'tis a theme in which we all delight,
It glows before fancy's eye, like a meteor in the night—
Oh! when we think that there is one who'll take us to his arms,
And shield us when misfortune frowns, from all the world's alarms,
Our bosoms do with rapture beat, the tear stands in our eye,
We grasp his hand, and kiss his cheek—not 'can you tell me why?
When darkness has cover'd earth, and night doth hang around,
And the sun is set, and all is still—can't you hear a sound?
'Tis friendship's voice, that like the breeze which blows along in spring.
That on its wings from western skies a balmy load doth bring—
It kindly whispers in our ear that we will never part
'Till death's cold paralyzing hand shall bid us feel his smart.
And, too, it says, when we shall bid this idle world farewell,
Our friends shall lay us, side by side, and there a while we'll dwell;
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WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

ROSEMARY.

THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

2d VOLUME—TO CONTAIN A ENGRAVING?

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

TERMS, &c.

The Gem will be published every other Saturday, in quarto form, and signed for binding. It will be accompanied with an Index and Title page at the end of the year. TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, payable in advance.

All letters and communications must be addressed to the subscriber, post-paid.

EDWIN SCRANTON.
The Jewess—a Turkish Tale.

Where are they not; that seateth, hated race? Where should Israel find a resting-place?

The moon was up, the sun his mark had set
And turban'd heads, and crescents, waving
On dome, and lower, and gilded minaret:
Told that the hour of death was drawing nigh.
The Grecian fleet, in anxious silence lay,
To hear the signal for the approaching fray:
No farful gathering to the dead.

A canopy of silvery light
Sent out its halo, pure and bright:
Rich incense o'er the room was flung,
And round his supra'ted senses clung:
And fretted roof, and cushion rare—
All that was bright was gather'd there.
The enrap'tur'd listener was beguill'd
With music, rich, and deep, and wild:
And crouching slaves, in distance dim,
Waiting the waking hours of him;
Watching the heavings of his breath,
Whose very look was life, or death.

There slept alike the oppressor and the slave
And turban'd heads lay floating on the wave;
Or waking from a fearful sleep,
He cried, in accents wild and deep,
"Bring me the Jew, who in his might
Fought nobly now, at yester's fight!
But fate hath plac'd him in our power,
He would have cast upon his name.
She knew not of the burning shame
And knew not what the Sultan said:
It was so calmly, purely pale.

There was a gentler thing,
Yet firm and strong his step appears.
Yet oh! there was a gentler thing,
As though an angel's sigh
But sunk in anguish on the floor.
There was a gentler thing,
As though the zephyr's breath
It was as though the zephyr's breath
And left its echo on the wire.
As meekly there she knelt to speak.
She pour'd out notes so soft and thrilling,
She pour'd out notes so soft and thrilling.

Thy Harem's star! thou said'st, and I
Must live to see't! the maid shall die!
Whisper'd the old man in his heart,
Then rose and motion'd to depart.

When there alone the father laid
His hand upon her angel head,
And blest her o'er and o'er again,
And pray'd for peace, but pray'd in vain:
And anguish'd thoughts, in torrents roll,
And pierce like iron to his soul.

Go, Zillah, bring thy harp and try
To cheer me by thy minstrelsy.
She brought the Lyre, and, gently kneeling,
She pour'd out notes so soft and thrilling.

A holy calm: he sat and wept,
And gaz'd upon that face so meek,
Then stoop'd to kiss her lily cheek;
And as she there in silence knelt,
He drew a dagger from his belt—
"Zillah!" he said; she rais'd her eye
And then she knew that she must die.
She pour'd out notes so soft and thrilling.

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And gaz'd upon that face so meek,
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THE GENI: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

DEATH AT THE TOILET*

*From the Diary of a late London Physician

"That no use talking to me, mother, I will go to Miss —'s party to-night, if I do so — that's flat! You know as well as I do, that Lieutenant — is to be there, and he's to go to town to-morrow so up I go to dress."}

"Charlotte, why will you be so obstinate? You know how your party you've been all the week, and Dr. — says late hours are the worst things in the world for you."}

"Fawh, mother: nonsense, nonsense."

"Be persuaded for once, now, I beg! Oh dear, dear, what a night too—it pours with rain, and blows a perfect hurricane. You'll wet and catch cold, rely on it. Come now, won't you stop and keep me company to-night?—That's a good girl!"

"Some other night will do as well for that I know; for now I'll go to Mrs. F——'s if it rains cats and dogs. So up—up—up I go!" singing jauntily.

Such were, very nearly, the words, and such the manner in which Miss J—— expressed her determination to act in defiance of her mother's wishes and entreaties. She was the only child of her widowed mother, and had, but a few weeks before, completed her twenty-sixth year, with yet no other prospects in life than those of her mother's abode. Oh! these were happy hours. Then were our hearts buoyant with hope and gladness. They knew not the sorrow of age, for then profligate fancy seemed to draw aside the curtain of mystic futurity, and to disclose to us a bright ideal world to come. The path of man would be dark indeed, did we now indulge the "anchored" to pursue "glories" from the past what the future would be, a complete digest of exist- ence would possess the bosom of every one. But I am wandering. The name of this early friend was JAMES P——. He seemed born to fill a proud station in the world. His mind was noble and firm, and he seemed to possess all the qualifications for being one of the brightest ornaments of his country. His fond mother doated on him. At the age of 12, he was sent to a distant Seminary for the pur- pose of acquiring a classical education. He was heard frequently at home, but all my letters were silent as it regarded this one. I was absent for many years ere I returned to the home of my fathers. In that time truly "change came o'er the spirit of my dream." The companions of my boyish hours were scattered far away upon the world's wide, their faces greeted me from every dwelling. My father's cottage now lay in ruins, and near it I beheld a stupendous man- ropes far away upon the world's wide, their faces greeted me from every dwelling. My father's cottage now lay in ruins, and near it I beheld a stupendous man-
young Lieutenant N. is to be there. Well, I was sitting thoughtfully in the chair; "Oh! it is because Charlotte—how!" she exclaimed. "I have not heard you moving for the last three quarters of an hour! I'll call the maid and ask—She rang the bell, and her servant appeared.

"Betty, Miss J—Is not gone yet, is she?"

"La, no, ma'am," replied the girl. "I took up the curling irons only about a quarter of an hour ago, as she had put up her curl; but had she should be ready.—She's crept her new muslin dress behind, and that has put her into a way, ma'am."

"Go up to her room, then, Betty, and see if she wants any thing; and tell her it's half past nine."

She rang the bell, and her servant appeared.

"Arm chair was drawn to this table and in it eat Miss J or at play; he who is asleep, is receiving the palsying touch of death could wholly obliterate—horror by the spectacle I was doomed to witness."

"Why, la, ma'am!" commenced Betty in a petulant tone; "here have I been knocking for those five minutes and—Betty staggered horror struck to the bed, anduttering a loud shriek, alarmed Mrs. J who instantly tottered up stairs, almost palsied with fright. Miss J was dead!"

"Go up to her room, then, Betty, and see if she could soon be ready.—She's burst her new muslin, was the man's own

"Waking. He who is awake, may be at work with a composition consisting of wood, ashes, &c. be cold or hot.

"Why I met misfortune, and been 'biuged with a composition consisting of wood, ashes, &c. be cold or hot.

"Open the door, Cuff."

"Oh, Missa, I berry sorry I can't admit your honor."

"Cant, why not?"

"Why I met misfortune, and been 'biuged with a composition consisting of wood, ashes, &c. be cold or hot."

"Good mornin', Massa."

"Well, make up your minds, and give us the plain Dan. Webster, brethren of the noble city, leave off that honor. Give us the plain Dan. Webster, brethren of the noble city, leave off that honor."

"Here's one Massa"

"Hand along the other"

"Oh no, Massa, I only pays dibedend of fifty cent on de dollar."—Bus. Eve. Post

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THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL

The following affecting incident, made doubly so by the work of savages, we extract from the "History of the Indian Wars."

The case of Miss M'Cren, in 1777, excites sentiments of universal commiseration for her fate, as well as of detestation for those monsters who contributed to the catastrophe.

This young lady, distinguished not less for her amiable qualities than for her beauty, resided at Fort Edward, 50 miles north of Albany. A young British officer, Mr. Jones, had paid attention to her with sentiments which neither length of time, nor distance of place could erase from his mind. Before the consummation of vows of mutual attachment and fidelity could be effected, the service of his country called him into Canada, at the commencement of the revolutionary war.

When General Burgoyne with his army made his appearance within the United States, which proved fatal to his hopes and fears, he halted within 3 miles of Fort Edward, on which an assualt was now meditated. The attack of an army like that, composed of a thousand discordant elements, not only made up of Hessians and Canadians, but also of numerous frightful savages, might prove fatal alike to all within reach of their arms. All communication with the provinces was forbidden and partook of the nature of treason. The lover was too near the place which contained the richest treasure of his heart not to be affected by the vestiges of his former flame, or to retain unconcerned for her safety. Amidst all the dangers of arrests, love, which is fruitful in expediencies, had found means to convey into the fort a letter, which assured her of safety, advised her not to retire, noticed that his interest would procure protection for the family, and that the surrender of the place would only hasten the welcome hour of a legitimate union for life.

The families in the fort, which had no such assurance of favor, nor could contribute to defence, were now retiring in every direction for shelter and safety. The family of the young lady could use no argument cogent enough to persuade her to go with them.

With a servant girl, she waited for the moment when her lover should come to convey her away to some peaceful asylum, where the marriage ceremony might be performed. She was dressed for the wedding, and looking every moment to see the young gentleman appear, to whom she had long since given her heart.

In the mean time, the anxious lover could find no means himself of approaching the fort of an enemy without imputation of a traitorous correspondence. In this dilemma, he hired an Indian chief to go and bring her away on a horse sent for the purpose. The Indian came to the fort, and held up a letter for Miss M'Crea from her lover before the window, which explained what had happened, and gave new assurance of their meeting. Her maid uttered nothing but shrieks and cries. The sight of the terrible savage, but the young lady's safety was as strong as her love. She sent out without the least hesitation.

They had three miles to go, in order to reach the place of destination. One half of this distance was passed over in perfect safety. The most pleasant anticipations began to take place of anxious feelings, now almost within sight of the expected paradise, to which she deemed herself hastening. Here they were met by another Indian Chief, who had heard of the price offered for bringing safely to the raptured lover. A dispute now arose, which, conveying her there, should possess the reward. A violent contention arose between the savages, and neither would yield in favor of the other. Seeing no end to the dispute, one of the chiefs sunk a hatchet into the head of Miss M'Crea, which brought her to the ground from her horse and the savages laid the bleeding scalp of this beautiful lady at the feet of her expecting lover.

For a time, delirium seized the senses of the young officer, and general Burgoyne hurried away the guilt of punishment.

Foreign Extracts.

The Packet Ship John Jay, Capt. Holdridge, from Liverpool, has arrived. By this conveyance the editors of the Commercial Advertiser have received their regular supplies of English newspapers, embracing London of the evening of Dec. 7th, and Liverpool of the 8th.

The European papers are like thermometers. Their tone is varied by every passing circumstance, as the mercury sinks or rises ever change in the temperature of the air that sweeps it. At the date of our last advices, all was despondency and gloom. The Russian Bear was taking the attitude silent, and the Black Eagles of Prussia, were leaving the royal eves, and screaming for the prey. A single week has passed, and the bears are quietly in their dens, and the eagles have flown. Otherwise the general aspect of the intelligence by this arrival is altogether pacific. The intelligent reader will perceive, however, that no real, substantial change could have been wrought among the Cabinets of Europe, and the facts ascertained, within that period. We thougl ourselves, and so infatuated, that the war excitement disclosed by the papers last week, was much higher than the circumstances giving rise to it warranted. We are therefore not disappointed by the altered tone of the advices before us, our forebodings as to the future, are unchanged. — N. Y. Spec.

PORTUGAL.

It appears that Don Miguel had a narrow escape from assassination on the 15th of Oct. A well dressed man contrived to enter the Palace of Ajuda, unobserved, ostensibly to present a petition. On being suspected by one of the valets, he was seized and examined. A cached poniard was found in the sleeve of his coat. He had made no reply to the examinations, and the government took precautions to conceal the affair.

Singular Instances of Reform.—The London Christian Observer, while remarking at length on the present aspect of Europe, says—

"It is somewhat remarkable, that as one of the first acts of the Paris populace was to put down gambling, which the old government had encouraged; so one of the first acts of the Brussels provisional government has been to abolish lotteries, as an immoral institution. One lesson we may learn from this; that those who ought to reform what is wrong will not do it, they may from themselves set aside, and the work done by others."

A look into the Almshouse.—Into the Almshouse at Baltimore there were admitted from May 1829 to May 1830, 1,136 persons, viz.:—

- temperate adults 15—children of temperate parents 11—adults whose habits are not known, 22—children the habits of whose parents are not known, 685—temperatures, 108—total, 965.

Central Library of Rochester and Monroe County · Historic Serials Collection

Historical Scrap.

Julius Caesar fought 90 pitched battles, and killed one million and a half of men. For whose good?

Manlius, who threw down the Gauls from the Capitol had received twenty three wounds and taken two spoils, before he was 17 years of age.

Deytuus fought 139 battles, and was 30 times victorious in single combat, and received 45 wounds, in front.

Cato pleaded four hundred cases, and gained them all.

Julius Caesar wrote, read, dictated, and listened to the conversation of his friend, at the same time.

A philosopher is mentioned by Pliny, who being struck by a stone, forgot his alphabet.

A man being reputed for his stupidity, fell, and broke the skull of a person who was standing near him.

Julius Caesar wrote, read, dictated, and listened to the conversation of his friend, at the same time.

The great orator, Carvinius, forged his own name.

Mithridates spoke to the ambassador of twenty-two different nations without an interpreter.

An Ox's Gall will set any color—silk, cotton or woollen. I have seen the colors of calcis which faded at one washing, fixed by it. Where one lives near a slaughter house, it is worth while to buy cheap fading goods and set them in this way. The gall can be bought for a few cents. Get it all the liquid and cork it up in a large phial. One large spoonful of this in a gallon of warm water is sufficient. This is likewise excellent for taking out spots from bombazine, bonnet, &c.
AWFUL RAVAGES OF THE CHOLERA MORBUS AT ASTRAKHAN.

The following particulars of the dreadful ravages of the cholera morbus, at Astrachan, on the Volga, in the south of Russia, are from the letters of the Rev. William Glen, a missionary in that city, to the Rev. Mr. Knill of St. Peterburgh. Mr. G. says:

In the beginning of August, 1830, it was reported that the cholera morbus had made its appearance in the suburbs. Immediately the authorities met, and held a consultation as to the best means to prevent its entrance into the city, or if it came, what should be done to stop its ravages.

Papers were printed and circulated among the inhabitants, informing them of the names and residence of all the physicians; showing them at the same time what precautions ought to be used, and what might be considered symptoms of the disease. If any poor people were attacked with it, who had not servants to send for a doctor, they were informed to inform the watchmen, who stand night and day at the watch-houses, and who had received orders to report such cases instantly to the medical attendants. Indeed, every thing was done that promptitude, vigilance, energy, and medical skill could perform: but, alas! it was unavailing—the disease soon entered the city, and it came upon us like a mountain torrent, bearing everything before it. The shock which it gave the inhabitants was dreadful.

About the sixth day of the disease it entered the mission-house. I was transcribing a letter when my wife came into my study, and informed me that Mr. Becker, our excellent young German friend, was attacked. He had been with me just before, conversing about a sermon of Dr. Stennett's, which had afforded him peculiar delight, and he took the book with him to translate the sermon into the German language, hoping that other poor sinners might derive as much advantage from its study as he had done. But, oh! in a moment he was laid on the bed of suffering, and all his labors were at an end. I went down stairs to see him, and found him convulsed in a most alarming manner. His groans and screams pierced my heart; but his agony was quickly over—in a few hours after he expired!—Dear young man! he was much beloved by us for his zealous endeavors to do good, having exerted himself most laudably for the spiritual benefit of the German population, who have been for years destitute of a pastor and minister. Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!—Such a time was never before seen in Astrachan.

On the roads leading to the burial grounds, which are out of the city, scarcely anything was to be seen from morning to night but funeral processions. During its progress more than sixty officers, from the Governor, the Admiral of the Fleet, the Rector of the University, and downwards, fell victims to it; and the number of the dead of all descriptions, in the city alone (the resident population being not more than 40,000), is calculated at 6,000, besides 1,000, or, as some say, 2,000 of those from the interior of Russia, who were passing the summer there, and who fled to the towns and villages up the Volga, in hopes of escaping it. Of these, forty were found on the road-side unburied, on the first three stages, until notice was given of the circumstance to the commanding officer of the district; but the greater part of the fugitives who fell victims to the disease, met their fate on the Volga. Nearly 10,000 left the city, it is said, in great confusion; and being ill provided with food and other necessaries, were reduced to insupportable hardships on their passage up the river, as the Cahlmucks on its banks would have no intercourse with them. It is said, that in one or more of these boats the people all perished from the cholera, and having none left to man them, they were at last carried down the stream with the residue of the dead on board. In other cases the ravages on board these boats were dreadful.

With such scenes before their eyes, or reported on credible authority, it was almost impossible for the most thoughtful to be altogether unconcerned at the time; yet, alas! it is lamentable to see, that now the danger here is considered as past, many are returning to their vicious practices, like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.

From the above it appears that about a sixth or seventh of our whole population have been cut off. It is supposed that half the adults have been affected by it. Some children have died, but comparatively few. Through the tender mercies of our God, I have been preserved without the least injury, and have been enabled to attend to the sick in the house, and also to render some assistance to our neighbors. Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!

Anecdote. A little girl, deaf and dumb, between 11 and 12 years of age, on receiving a description of the blind asylum in London, wrote with eagerness on her slate—"I hope God will let them see in heaven."

Another of the same age, lately, on being asked why she wished to go to Heaven immediately answered—"Because in heaven no cross—no cry—friends never die—see God always!"—Cottager's Vis.

INDIAN BATTLE.

ARKANSAS, December 8.

The Osages and Pawnees.—A gentleman who arrived here a few days ago, direct from Cantonment Gibson, informs us, that, just before he left, intelligence reached there of a bloody fight having taken place, a few days previously, high up the Arkansas, between two parties of Osages and Pawnees, in which the former were victorious, having killed 15 of their enemies and bore off their scalps in triumph. The Pawnees made an attack, in the first place, on a small party who were in advance of the main body of the Osages, and compelled them to retreat. They, however, soon rallied, pursued and overtook their enemies, whom they vanquished and compelled to retreat, after a short but bloody contest, before the main party of the Osages came up. It is said to have been one of the most desperate and hard contested engagements that has ever been fought by these two tribes, and that it has left a deep impression on the minds of all who were present.

The Osages fought with guns and the Pawnees with spears and battle-axes. The loss of the Osages was 2 killed and 8 wounded.

No prisoners were taken on either side.
Emperor of Russia.—The present Emperor of Russia is a man of great courage, and doubtless, great abilities; his days are spent in attending to the public concerns, but not always to the public benefit; he is undoubtedly the first gentleman in his dominion, and no man can detract from his private character. He is a fond and attentive husband, a kind and most excellent father, and a sincere and steady friend. His private character will bear the closest scrutiny, nor have I heard the breath of scandal ever sour his fair fame. It is needless to mention the beautiful daughter of the king of Prussia, the present Empress; suffice it to say that she has all of the good disposition to follow the example of the late Empress Mother; she is virtuous, kind and affable;—a very fit woman to shame the ladies of the profligate nobility, to correct their loose morals, and to improve the general state of society. It is rather to be regretted that they live in such a state of retirement, for in a country like Russia, the nobles require the benefit of good examples constantly before their eyes.—Anecdotes of Russia.

Lander, the enterprising British traveller in Africa, has set out on another expedition. He was landed on Bedagry on the 33d of March, by the Clinker, Lt. Matson, and it is ascertained that he had gone safely through the Bedagry dominions, a journey into the interior of about seven days. Lander was the bearer of a present to the King of Your Majesty's dominions, a journey into the interior of about seven days. Lander was the bearer of a present to the King of Yours, who was known to be in possession of Mungo Park's papers; after obtaining which, Lander intended to proceed to Lake Tehad, and narrowly survey the whole coast.

STRIKING SITUATION.

I was one of a crowd of skirmishers who were enabling the French to carry the news of their own defeat through a thick wood, at an infantry camp, when I found myself at once within a few yards of one of their regiments in line, which opened such a fire that had I not hid behind a fir-tree, my name would unquestionably have been transferred to posterity by that night's Gazette. But however opposed it may be to the usual system of drill, I will maintain, from that day's experience, that the cleverest method to teach a recruit to stand attention, is to place him behind a tree and fire balls at him. When had our late worthy disciplinarian, Sir David Dundas, America, of the Royal Army, whose name is now so justly celebrated as having been transferred to posterity by that night's Gazette, was not only a man of great abilities, but also a man of great virtue, he was never known to say one word of less than a fair man; but that he would not do, to appear vicious? He loves nothing better than to exhibit the strange things you have told me, because I looked upon you as a sober, fair man; but now I am sure you lie.

Obstinacy and Perseverance.—Obstinacy and perseverance, though often confounded, are two very different things; a man be very obstinate, and yet not perseverance in his opinion ten minutes. Obstinacy is resistance to truth; perseverance is a continuance in truth or error.

LACONICS.

Our affections and our pleasures resemble none fabulous trees described by St. Oder, the fruits of which he brings forth are not sooner ripened into maturity than they are transformed into birds, and fly away. By examining the tongue of the patient, physicians find out the diseases of the body, and philosophers the diseases of the mind.

There is nothing that a vicious man will not do, to appear vicious? He loves nothing so much as his mask. I have known persons who in four weeks have not changed their shirts; but who nevertheless put on a clean collar daily, that they may appear clean. He whose mind possesses nothing more than he can express by words, is in truth very poor.

A man of an open character, naturally discovers his faults more than his virtues—the former are not easily forgiven, because the latter are not seen. An invincible fidelity, good honor, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of fine lace, and make the decays of it invisible.

Cato the elder was wont to say,—that the Romans were like sheep—a man were better to drive a flock of them, than one of them.

The Great Wall of China.—This stupendous monument of human art and industry exceeds every thing we read of in ancient or modern history. The pyramids of Egypt are little more than a wall which is conducted over high mountains, so that they rise to the height of five thousand two hundred and twenty-five feet; across the deepest valleys, over wide rivers by means of arches; and in many parts is double or trebled, to command important passes; at the distance of almost every hundred yards is a tower or masny bastion. The extent is computed at 1500 miles, and the surface of such enormous thickness that six horses may ride abreast upon it.

Sir George Staunton, who accompanied Lord Macartney in his embassy to China, considers this great barrier to have been erected at least 2000 years.—Du Halde also says "this prodigious wall was constructed 215 years before the birth of Christ, by the order of the first emperor of the family of Tsin, to protect three large provinces from the irruptions of the Tartars." One third part of the able-bodied men in China were employed in constructing this wall, and the workmen were ordered, under pain of death, to place the materials of which it is composed, so closely, that the least entrance might not be left, for any instruction must have been immense, as the materials must have been carried over a desert country to eminences inaccessible to horses or carriages. This "wonder of the world" was completed in the short space of five years, and it is reported that the laborers stood so close for many miles, that they could hand the materials from one to another.

AURORA BOREALIS.

Dr. L. Thiemann, who spent the winter of 1820 and 1821, in Iceland, made numerous observations on the polar lights. He states the following as some of the general results of his observations:

1. The polar lights are situated in the lightest and highest clouds of our atmosphere.
2. They are not confined to the winter season but to the night, but are present, in favorable circumstances, at other times, but are only distinctly visible during the absence of the solar ray.
3. The polar lights have no determinate connexion with the earth.
4. He never heard any noise proceed from them.
5. Their common form, in Iceland, is the arch, and in the direction from N. E. and W. and N.
6. Their motions are various, but always within the limits of the cloud containing them.

A Case of Emergency.—An Irishman, who made an honest penny by swapping horses, and taking something to boot, once attempted to carry a herd during a high freshet, with his only remaining mare and colt. He was washed from the back of the former, and seizing the tail of the colt, buffeted the angry waves as much to the dissatisfaction of the "crater." His friends on the banks of the river, seeing his perilous situation, and his frail support, called out to him to leave the colt to the mare. "Oh! botheration to ye," exclaimed Pat, in all his tribulation, "it's no time now, jentlemen, to talk about swapping horses."
THE TWO MAIDENS.

One came with light and laughing air,
And cheek like opening blossom;
Bright gems were twined amid her hair,
And glittered on her bosom.
And on her arm was a bracelet deck
Her round white arms and lovelock.

Like summer’s sky, with stars bedight,
And dazzling as the noontide light,
Yet there no grief of earth we trace,
But that deep, and holy feeling,
Which makes the dutiful heart ever strain
From the pure fount of truth away.

Around her brow, a snow drop fair,
The glossy cresst cluster;
Nor pearl nor ornament was there,
Save the mere spirit, imploiting charity.
And faith and hope beamed from her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.

Rochester, Saturday January 26, 1831.

* * * * * * *

THE GESENA FARMER—We omitted to mention this publication in our last. The Publisher is by Messers. Tucker & Stevens, weekly, at $2 per annum in advance. It is devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, &c. The editors remark, ‘that while practical improvements have flowed like streams from the press, agriculturists and horticulturists have been comparatively speaking, neglected and forgotten.’ This is true, & we hope to see greater attention paid to these branches hereafter—and as such a publication as the Farmer well conducted, will be a powerful auxiliary to the cause, we cannot but hope that it may be successful.

Ladies’ Mirror.—A paper of this title, published at Southbridge, Mass, has reached us. It is a hand some semi-monthly sheet, and appears to be well conducted. Price $1 per annum. in advance.

Bicknell’s Counterfeit Detector.—Philadelphia. This is a useful publication, and should be generally patronized. It contains a list of all broken banks, counterfeit notes, rates of discount, prices current, &c. A number may be seen at our office. Price $5 per annum.

WE return our thanks to the persons who presented us with the accompanying plate, and aided us in drawing up the description.

We had intended to review another poetic advertisement of a blacking seller, whose blacking he says, “polishes so much quicker, as two to one,” but it having disappeared from public print, we could not lay our hand upon’t—and so (much against our wishes) let it pass.

Scientific Expedition.—The Eina, capt. Belcher, has sailed upon her voyage to survey the western coast of Africa, from lat. 10, deg. to 30 deg. N.

An event may be seen in a clear morning, from 6 to 6 o’clock. It rises about 3, in an E. by S. direction. Many Argus.

There is no jewel more precious than charity.
TO A SNOW-BIRD; WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.
ON SEEING IT LIGHT IN MY WINDOW.

Trembling warbler! why linger here?
A summer's sky cheers not their hours,
Winter's cold blast is on the rills,
Nature's bowers are enwrapt in gloom,
The trees are robb'd of their sweet bloom,
Mourn, yield to envy, 'tis your fate,
Mark ye yon playful, warbling throng.
To milder climes, where blooming trees
And robs thee of thy rest,
But stay, I would not have
Injunct, sweetest numbers flow
Where the flower-breath's playful breeze
And with thy mildest, tuneful lay,
Greet now thy trembling form;
And vainer sophists madly try
Let vain philosopher's decry,
Nay, proudly make the stoic's boast,
And pier'd with keenest gales, that blow
When cold adversity assails.

Great mark ye on thy happy flight,
Sweet snow-breath whispers calm:
With winter's chains opprest.
Mark ye yon playful, warbling throng.
To milder climes, where blooming trees
And robs thee of thy rest,
But stay, I would not have
Injunct, sweetest numbers flow
Where the flower-breath's playful breeze
And with thy mildest, tuneful lay,
Greet now thy trembling form;
And vainer sophists madly try
Let vain philosopher's decry,
Nay, proudly make the stoic's boast,
And pier'd with keenest gales, that blow
When cold adversity assails.

STANZAS.

To mark prosperity's decay,
And life's earthen works did away,
Without one friend to weep our fall,
Deplor'd by none—but shunn'd by all—
This is envy's bitter curse,
Nor heights of spirit can form a worse;
And with what heart can meet the blow,
And feel insensible of wo.
'Tis only Grace Divine can heal
When Fortune's frowns we deeply feel—
For greatest friendships men pretend,
Like Nathan's parable will end,
When made by mystic fate's decree,
A mark for ever's sport we be,
And pier'd with keenest gales, that blow
From adverse fortune's ceaseless snow.

If sought bespeaks a heart-rend'ing,
If sought adorns a noble mind,
If sought is the Angel of despair,
'Tis pity's tear—and charity.
From highest source of purest worth,
Those heavenly treats receive'd their birth—
And with a lustre sacred shine,
And shed on earth a ray divine.
Let vain philosopher's despair,
And valiant sophists madly try
To bar their stubborn hearts with steel,
And vainer sophists madly try
Let vain philosopher's decry,
Nay, proudly make the stoic's boast,
And pier'd with keenest gales, that blow
When cold adversity assails.

Mr. Bloodgood, the Mayor of Albany commenced his official duties on New Year's Day, by throwing open the doors of the Debtors' prison, and letting the inmates go free! The Mayor himself paid the debts for which the inmates were imprisoned. The Closing Scene, by J. Knap, Jr., was executed at Salem on Friday morning, at about nine o'clock. His deportment was much like that of his brother. He was calm and collected. The parting with his young wife took place on the preceding evening. He slept several hours during the night—read in the Bible, and exhibited some symptoms of penitence. The parting with his wife and father were both affecting scenes. His wife was borne from the cell.—N. Y. Spectator.

The population of the Territory of Arkansas is ascertained to be $3,000, an increase of more than 100 per cent, since the census of 1820.

An application is to be made to the Legislature of this state, for an act authorising the erection of a bridge across the Hudson river, opposite the city of Albany.

Orders have been given for the immediate equipment of the frigate Porpoise, now lying at the Navy Yard, Wapping, so soon as destiny is destined, it is said, to relieve the Guerriere in the Pacific.

Sudden Death.—On Monday morning, about half past 6 o'clock, Capt. Charles Chipp, the Keeper of the Public Stores, left his residence in John-street, for the stores in Nassau-street, and in a few minutes afterwards he was found seated on the side-walk, on the corner of Nassau and John-streets, apparently suffering extreme pain. He was immediately taken to his residence, where he expired before he could be placed on a bed: the cause of his death is believed to be the rupture of a blood vessel. The deceased was known to a large circle, and we believe few men were more esteemed, and few who will be more regretted.

Distress in Ireland.—Ten or eleven thousand persons are represented as being in a state of starvation, in St. John's Parish, Limerick, and over 14,000 in St. Mary's in the same city. The number of the utter destitute is computed by the Limerick Post to amount to over 30,000.

Gold.—Upwards of $300,000 in gold is said to have been coined in Georgia the present season, in $2 50, $5 00, and $10 pieces. On one side is "Templeton Reed, Assayer;" and on the other "Georgia Gold."

E X T I N C T T H E P O P E.—A letter from Rome, of the 26th November, states that the Pope, Pius VIII, is at the last extremity; that the gout had ascended to his stomach, the lungs were attacked, and the symptoms were becoming more unfavorable every hour. The Pontiff had been put in commission. The Holy Father was not expected to live, many hours with this courier left.

THE GERMAN LITERARY JOURNAL.

The following are the production of the widows of Joel Lace, who was murdered in 1812, in Hubbardton, Rutland co. Vt. by a banditti who were engaged in running and dealing in contraband goods. The authoresses by an affliction of Providence has been some years blind. We would here say, that any productions suitable for our paper from her, will find a place.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

24 VOLUME—TO CONTAIN A ENGRAVINGS:


TERMS, &c.

The Gem will be published every Saturday, in quarto form, and pages for binding. It will be accompanied with an Index and The Table of Contents at the end of the year. TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, payable in advance.

No All letters and communications must be addressed to the subscriber, EDWIN SCRANTOM.

Office in the Globe Building, East end of the Business.

Sons of the present volume complete, from the commencement, can be furnished.

Editors with whom we exchange, will please to give the above a few insertions.
While gazing on yonder hill Which rises to the east of your good city,
You might insert, as "written for the Gem."

"Which rises to the east of your good city,
You might insert, as "written for the Gem."

The wind has, on the summit of this hill,
Which gapes and trembles in the stormy battle!
Swift as an arrow, to eternity!

Its builder was but how my heart revolts I—
I would e'en tell you how 'twas wreck'd thns, but
But this old building—this deserted hut,
Thig house was once a kind of a retreat,
And a poor wretch, all black and scar'd with crime,
And oh! how quick there came a fearful blight.

Of those vile death-potations which of late
Was seal'd in his own house. He had drank deep
But this is quite too sad—I'll e'en dismiss
Thattf I've time, anon, I'll take up thfs
And silence reign'd there at the evening close,
And sat portentous on the eloud-capt bill,
All who are acquainted with the yankees, know what an
Thus situated, uncle Jerry, with vest gravity, me."

"Why, aunt Dorothy is dead; she can't
"Money! money! you young spendthrift!" said
"The wind has, on the summit of this hill,
"Which rises to the east of your good city,
"Which gapes and trembles in the stormy battle!
"Its builder was but how my heart revolts I—
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"Why, aunt Dorothy is dead; she can't
we had once when I like to have got my head cracked, I'll tell you. We lived here when the war first began. Well it was all wood I was exposed to the attacks of the wild beast you know. On that side of the house, there was a prodigious thickf couldn't see through it and the Indians, a suddenly from behind the stump to see how it went.—

Dorothy was boiling a whopping great kettle broken, out, and I began to feel a little skittish and scalding and biting themselves like mad cats. So when they were out of sight and the Indians, and Dorothy, all at once—

"Why, Dorothy," says I, "we shall all be killed here, as sure as a gun." She began to look, tarnation cross.—"Why," says I, an't you afraid of the Indians?" "Pish that for the whole posse of em," said Dorothy flourishing the soap ladle. "Oh! oh! bless me, Dorothy you've thrown some soap, and down I set on a log, and says Dorothy was boiling a whopping great kettle and against her will. During that night she was thus treated; and one instinctive idea of all the country around), she uttered a piercing shriek, snatched up her infants in her arms, and, calling this after the troop, repelled the forest.

Father Gomez was at length weary, and as the only means of securing the three, he took measures to separate the mother from glazed with terror when, instead of him she so fondly expected, she beheld the attendants of Father Gomez, creeping stealthily along the side of the thicket towards her cabin.—

Threateningly aware of her danger (for the nature and object of these incursions were the dread of all the country around), she uttered a piercing shriek, snatched up her infants in her arms, and, calling this after the troop, repelled the forest. As she had considerably the start of her pursuers, she would probably have escaped, and have hidden herself effectually in its tangled depths, if her precious burthen had not impeded her flight; but thus encumbered, she was easily overtaken. Her eldest child, fleet of foot and wily as the young jaguar, escaped, to carry to the wretched father the news of his bereavement, and neither father nor child was ever more beheld in their fornt habits.

Meantime, the Indians seized upon Guahiba—bound her, tied her two children together and dragged them down to the river, where Father Gomez was sitting in his canoe, waiting the issue of the expedition. At the sight of the captives his eyes sparkled with a cruel triumph; he thanked his patron saint that three more souls were added to his commu-

We extract the tender and affecting recital of Father Gomez, creeping stealthily along the side of the thicket towards her cabin.—

Among the passions and vices which Father Gomez had brought from his cell in the convent of Angostura, to spread contamination and oppression through his new domain, were pride and avarice; and both were interested in increasing the number of his converts, or rather, of his slaves. In spite of the wise and humane law of Charles Third, prohibiting the conversion of the Indian natives by force, Gomez, like others of his brethren in the more distant missions, often accomplished his purpose by direct violence. He was accustomed to go, with a party of his people, and lie in wait near the borders of unreclaimed Indians; when the men were absent he would forcibly seize on the women and children and bring them out in triumph to his own village. There, being baptized, and taught to make the sign of the cross, they were called Christians, but in reality were slaves. In general, the women thus detained, pined away and died; but the children became accustomed to their new mode of life, forgot their woods, and paid to their Christian master a willing and blind obedience; thus, in time they became the oppressors of their own people.

FATHER GOMEZ called these incursions, la conquista e spiritual—the conquest of souls.

One day he set off on an expedition of this nature, attended by twelve armed Indians, and after rowing some leagues up the river, Guaviare, which flows into the Orinoco, they perceived, through an opening in the trees, and at a little distance from the shore, an Indian hut. It is the custom of these people to live isolated in families; and so strong is their passion for solitude, that when collected into villages they frequently build themselves a little cabin at a distance from their usual residence, and retire to it, at certain seasons, for days together. The cabin of which I speak was one of these solitary villas—if I may so apply the word. Within this hut a young woman [whom I shall call Guahiba, from the name of her tribe] was lodged in making the caxicuan root, and preparing the family meal, against the return of her husband, who was fishing at some distance up the river; her eldest child, about five or six years old, assisted her from time to time, while she thus employed, the mother turned her eyes, brightening with fond affection, upon the playful gambols of two little infants, who, being just able to crawl alone, were rolling to-gether on the ground, laughing and crowing with all their might.

Their food being nearly prepared, the Indian woman looked towards the river, impatient for the return of her husband. But her bright dark eyes swimming with eagerness and affectionate solicitude, became fixed and
her children, and resolved to convey Guahiba to a distant mission, where she should never find her way back either to them or to her home. In pursuance of this plan, poor Guahiba, with her hands tied behind her, was placed in the bow of a canoe. Father Gomez seated himself at the helm, and they bowed away.

The unhappy Guahiba sat first perfectly unmoved, and apparently amazed and stunned by her situation; she did not comprehend what they were going to do with her; but after a while she looked upwards, turned then down upon the stream, and perceiving by the direction of the one and the course of the other, that every stroke of the oar carried her further and farther from her beloved and helpless children, her husband and her native home, her countenance was seen to change and assume a fearful expression. As the possibility of escape, in her present situation, had never once occurred to her captors, she had been very slightly and carelessly bound. She watched her opportunity, burst the withes on her arms, with a sudden effort flung herself overboard, and dived under the waves; but in another moment she rose again at a considerable distance, and swam to the shore.

The current, being rapid and strong, carried her down to the base of a dark granite rock which projected into the stream; she climbed it with fearless agility, stood for an instant on its summit, looking down upon her tyrants, then plunged into the forest, and was lost to sight.

Father Gomez, beholding his victim thus unexpectedly escape him, sat mute and thundring in his mind. His companions were already slumbering under the underwood, separated these missions;—a savage and awful solitude, which probably, since the beginning of the world, had never been trodden by human foot. All communication was carried on by the river; and there lived not a man, whether Indian or European bold enough to have attempted the route a long the shore. It was the commencement of the rainy season. The sky, obscured by clouds, seldom revealed the sun by day; and neither moon nor gleam of twinkling star by night. The rivers had overflowed, and the lowlands were inundated. There was no visible object to direct the traveller; no shelter, no defence, no aid, no guide. Was it Providence—was it the strong instinct of maternal love, which led this courageous woman thro' the depths of the bush?—how here rivulets, swollen to torrents, there barriers, even the musquitoes hung in clouds;—where the jaguar and alligators devoured the canoe;—where the rattle snakes and the water serpent lay coiled up in the damp grass, ready for spring at her; where she had no food to support her exhausted frame, but a few berries, and the large black ants which build their nests on the trees?—How deserted—how sustained—cannot be told: the poor woman herself could not tell. All that can be known with any certainty is, that the fourth rising sun beheld her at San Fernando; a wild, and wasted, and fearful object; her feet swelled and bleeding—her hands torn,—her body covered with wounds, and emaciated with famine and fatigue,—but once more near her children!

For several hours she hovered round the hut in which she had left them, gazing on it from a distance with longing eyes and a sick heart, without daring to advance: at length she perceived that all the inhabitants had quit their cottages to attend vespers; then she stole from the thicket and approached, with faint and timid steps, the spot which contained her heart's treasures. She entered, and found her infants left alone, and playing together on the grass. She listened for some time with fear; but the objects which blessed her eyes. She knew her tender voice and stretched out their little arms towards her. In that moment the mother forgot all that she had endured—all her anguish, all her fears, every thing on earth but the objects which blessed her eyes. She sat down between her children; she took them on her knees; she clasped them in an agony of fondness to her bosom; she covered them with kisses; she shed torrents of tears on their little heads, as she hugged (Continued on page 158.)
Moral and Religious.

We comply with the request of the Lady who desired the following inserted.

If a pestilence was raging in the land, and was destroying its thousands, and the disease was increasing and threatening not a temporary evil, was sweeping off the older class of community, and exposing the rising generation to all its ravages; the cry would be, "Something must be done to eradicate it, or at least inquire if there is no way of putting an end to the unhappy state of affairs." Can it be supposed that multitudes, striving to outdo one another, excusing over it, telling of the mortifications and trials which have been experienced, would not feel that they are a curse to us; destroying health, consuming property, and occupying a large portion of the time and attention. Especially are females to be censured. While the men are preparing luxuries to pamper and feed the beast, sometimes laying aside, and after the ice, and after the table, and beginning to appreciate the pleasure of seeing the rising, genera- tions, in the place of sickness; and have been encountered, and the accidents of the disordered, distracted mind, and in some cases the cause of insanity, and how many have been called suddenly into eternity from some violent attack of disease, their bodies being holy and in an approved state to receive medical aid. Can an enlightened public any longer remain silent. Will not Christian parents and heads of families be restrained from this folly, and induce our children to adopt the virtuous habits of our land are at stake. Surely next to intemperate drink this is one of the most threatening evils we are suffering from some violent attack of disease, their bodies being holy and in an approved state to receive medical aid. Can an enlightened public any longer remain silent. Will not Christian parents and heads of families be restrained from this folly, and induce our children to adopt the virtuous habits of our land are at stake. Surely next to intemperate drink this is one of the most threatening evils we are suffering. 

This foolish course of indulgence leads to a disorderly, distracted mind, and in some cases the cause of insanity, and how many have been called suddenly into eternity from some violent attack of disease, their bodies being holy and in an approved state to receive medical aid. Can an enlightened public any longer remain silent. Will not Christian parents and heads of families be restrained from this folly, and induce our children to adopt the virtuous habits of our land are at stake. Surely next to intemperate drink this is one of the most threatening evils we are suffering. 

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Filial Piety Exemplified.

"An officer, having remained some time at Kingston, in Surrey, for the purpose of raising recruits, received orders to join his regiment. On the evening before his departure, a young man of the most engaging aspect, made his appearance, and desired to be enrolled into his company. His air at once indicated a well cultivated mind, and commanded respect. He betrayed, however, evident marks of perturbation, and was greatly embarrassed. The officer asked the cause of his distress. "I tremble," said he, "lest you should deny my request. While he was speaking, the tears rolled down his cheeks. "No," answered the officer, "I accept your offer most heartily; but why should you imagine a refusal?" Because, the bountiful which I expect may perhaps be too high." "How much then, do you demand," said the officer. "It is a worthy motive, but an urgent claim compels me to ask ten guineas, and I shall be the most miserable of mankind if you refuse me." "Ten guineas!" said the officer, "that is very high; but I am pleased with you: I trust to your honor for the discharge of your duty, and will strike the bargain at once. Here are ten guineas; to-morrow we depart."

The young man, overwhelmed with joy, begged permission, to return home, to perform a sacred duty, and promised to be back within an hour. The officer impressed by the honesty of his countenance, yielded to his desire; but observing something mysterious in his manner, he was induced by curiosity, in order to follow him at some distance. He saw him hastening towards the town prison, where he knocked and was admitted. The officer quickened his pace; and when he came other door of the prison, he overheard the young man to say to the jailor: "Here is the money for which my father is imprisoned; I put it into your hands, and I request you will conduct me to him immediately, that I may release him from his misery." The jailor did as he requested.

The officer delayed a few minutes, that the young man might have an opportunity of being alone with his father. He then followed him. What a scene! He saw the son in the arms of a venerable aged father, who, without uttering a word, pressed him to his heart and bedewed him with tears. A few minutes passed before he observed the officer, who, deeply affected, approached them, and said to the old man, "Compose yourself; I will not deprive you of so worthy a son. Permit me to restore him to you, that I may not regret the money he has employed in so virtuous a manner."

The father and son fell upon their knees at his feet. The young man refused, at first, to accept of his offered freedom; but the worthy officer insisted that he should remain with his father. He accompanied them both from the prison, and took his leave with the pleasing reflection of having contributed to the happiness of a worthy son and an unfortunate father.—Bruce's Juvenile Anecdotes.

The Red Sea, so called, not from any redness either of water or weeds, &c. as some have supposed, but because anciently styled, the sea of Edom, it being partly on the coast of Edom. The Greeks, knowing that Edom signified red; called it by mistake, the Erythraean or Red Sea.

Slave in Kentucky.—We notice with pleasure that the Legislature of Kentucky have before them two bills designed to afford relief, in some degree, to the slave population—
THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

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One of them has been ordered to a third rend-
ning in the Senate, (23 to 11.) It prohibits
jailers from receiving slaves into jail, unless
certified by due process of law, under pain of
being removed and fined $50, the object be-
ing to prevent slave traders from using the
country jails to facilitate their operations.

The other document that none shall be slaves in
Kentucky, except those who may be
such on the first of June next and their de-
scendants or those who may be intrade for
other purposes than those of merchan-
dise, or who shall fall to citizens of the State
by descent, devise, or marriage, together with
the descent of each. Slaves belonging to
travellers passing through the State are also
excepted from the operation of the bill.

An attempt was made to postpone to the last of
June next, in order to reject it, but failed by a vote
of 49 to 49. Should the bill pass, the effect
may be felt by any slave who can show that he
has been brought into the State by contract
or demand, sue for, and obtain his freedom, as
one whom the law will not recognize as a
slave.—N. Y. Jour. Com.

Humorous.

A NAUTICAL SERMON.—When Whitefield
preached before the seamen at New York,
he had the following bold apostrophe.

"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and
are making fine headway over a smooth sea,
before light breeze, and we shall soon lose
sight of land. But what means this sudden
lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud
arising from the west?—Hark! Don't you hear
distant thunder?—Don't you see those flashes of lightning?

There is a storm gathering! Every man to
his duty! How the waters rise and dash a-

ative Anagram.—The

y with a good deal of naiveté, every body
knows that G. Sharp is A ifat.

Ingenious Anagram.—The following ana-
gram on the well known biographer, Wil-
liam Oldys, may claim a place among the first
productions of his class. It was by Oldys
himself, and was found by his executors in
one of his MISS.

In word and WILL I AM a friend to you,
And one friend OLD is worth an hundred new.

Characteristic of a Sailor.—At the time of
the last great earthquake in Callao,—we be-
lieve it was in 1828,—an American brig which
for some time had been lying in the harbour,
was, to use the sea term, "thrown out," or
in other words was caved in on one side for
the purpose of being repaired. Among other
hulls which had been borrowed from the U.
slip of Warrens, then at anchor, there
was a hammer, which just before the
first shock, was by accident lost overboard.
The captain of the brig, who was leaning
over the quarter where he was unperceived
by the sailors, overheard the following con-
versation between them, respecting the loss
of the hammer.

'Bloody nouns and pronouns! there goes
the United States' hammer overboard, Jack!'—

'Well, what do I care!' said Jack, 'I didn't
lose it overboard.'

'No did'nt I,' muttered the first knight of
the marlingspike.

In the midst of this dispute the sea was seen
to retire, whilst the inhabitants of the deep,
shaken with the unusual turmoil of the wa-
ter, rose in myriads to the surface. On shore
the spire of the church within the castle of
Callao, tottered and fell, and thick volumes
of dust rose over the city and its suburbs.

'No did'nt I,' muttered the first knight of
the marlingspike.

As another, if he be-

A Son of Erin, mourning over the fate that
doomed him to be an exile from his country
and his home, said, 'If he ever lived to die,
but God only knew whether he would or not
he hoped to see sweet Ireland before he left
Philadelphia.'

High Proof Powder.—A countryman lately
purchased a cask of gunpowder for the up-
country market. In retailing it, on his re-
turn home, he gave it the following recom-
mendation, as to its quality. "After I'd
bought it," said he, 'Sal stuck a candle into
it, and when it had burnt down, the powder
caught fire and was half burnt out, before I
could fetch a bucket of water to throw up-
on it."

A musical definition.—A gentleman whose
real name was George Sharp, but in gen-
erally went by the appellation amongst his
musical friends of G. Sharp, on entering
the company, and looking rather dull, a common
friend observed that Mr. G. Sharp was ra-
ther on low key that evening. O, replied a
lady with a good deal of mirth, every body
knows that G. Sharp is A flat.

"Indeed! I guess you came from a slavehol-
'fin state, didn't you, if I may take the liberty
to ask?"

"Ay, you black dog—and what if I did?—
You take too much liberty, I can tell you.'

"Why I was sure you must have come from
the slave states, otherwise you wouldn't treat
gentlemen in this superciliously manner, just
because his skin isn't of the same color of
your own.'

"Shut up your thick lips, or I'll stick my
fist down your throat."

"We don't have any gag laws in this state.'

"Well, you ought to have, to stop the mouths
of such saucy black rascals as you are. I
wish I had you in Kentucky once.'

"I spose you'd gouge me then. But thank
heaven, I'm not in Kentucky, and not a
slave neither. And what's more, I undertake
to tell you, Mr. Impotence, that there's no gou-
ging nor gagging in this free state, and one
man is as much inspected as another, if he be-

es as well, although he is a black man, or
a Nig, as you call him.—Behavior makes the
man, sir. For my part I should be ashamed
to show my face 'mong other gentlemen, if I
'dressed a man in the same rag you did me.'

Having finished his

colored beau raised his

dear, glass to the

eye, and giving his antagonist a look of impen-

idable disdain, walked on; while the Kentuckian
almost doubting his senses, wondered what
sort of republican principle that must be which
gives a black man as much liberty as a white
one.—N. Y. Const.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening, 19th inst. by the
Rev. Charles G. Finney, Rev. Charles Ed-
win Furman, of Clarkson, to Miss Harriet
Emeline June, daughter of Joseph Johnson,

In Lockport, Mr. Fowler Baldwin, mer-
chant of Brockport, to Miss Almira Kingsbury.

In Rochester, Rev. Mr. Penney, Mr. George A. Avery,

Rome.

Mr. Hiram Cowless, Merchant

In Lakeville, Mr. Samuel R. Doty, to Miss

In Avon, Mr. Joseph T. Pitney, of Auburn,

to Miss Sally Knapp.

In Caledonia, Andrew Simpson to Catheri-

In Clarence, Samuel R. Doty, to Miss

In Brockport, Mr. Fowler Baldwin, mer-
chant of Holly, to Miss Sarah J. Sharroli, of

On Tuesday morning, 25th inst. by the
Rev. Mr. Penney, Mr. George A. Avery, to
Miss Frances M. Stanton.
beneath her. At this moment an Indian, who
not relinquish, her limbs trembled, and sank
terrors seized her; she rose up hastily, and,
She tried to reach the woods, but too feeble
most blind with the loss of blood an inanition.
was watching the public oven, perceived her.
people rushed forth, gathering around Guahi-
He gave the alarm by ringing a bell, and the
from her, Father Gomez, who had just landed
willing to seize her, or to take her children
Guahiba clasped her children closer to her breast,
and terrified at his voice, tore the children of
He wondered the monk, "will ye
suffer thfe JfeaNi^ntal two precious souls
ed to approach them, there is no salvation for
she uttered nor word nor cry, but sunk in a
and fame; and when the pyramids, those
exhaustion and torpor during the voyage;
ly
all nourishment, thus she died.—
MOTHER. He points i
JfcOCK OF
The consequences of its attack are by no
means unfrequently fatal; indeed, it would
seem, that probably with the solitary excep-
tion of the rattle-snake, there is no animal.
whose venom is so virulent as that of the
scorpion-spider.

While they hesitated, and none seemed
willing to seize her, or to take her children
from her, Father Gomez, who had just landed
on his return from Javitá approached in haste,
and commanded them to be separated. Guahi-
ba clasped her children closer to her breast,
and the

While in this state, Father Gomez, with a
cruel mercy, ordered her wounds to be care-
fully dressed: her arms and legs were swath-
ed with cotton bandages; she was then plac-
ed in a canoe, and conveyed to a mission,
far off, on the river Caumaca, beyond the
Upper Orinoco. She continued in a state of

While in this state, Father Gomez, with a

A Connecticut sea-captain—Shortly after the
late revolution in France, there arrived at the
little island of Key West a Connecticut sloop,
laden with a cargo of notions to be disposed of
among its inhabitants. The latter howev-
were far more anxious to obtain the news,
than to purchase the commodities of the Yan
kee captain. No sooner had he reached the
shore, than a thousand questions were asked
him, as to the truth of the different reports
which were in circulation.

"Is the king dethroned?" inquired one.

"Have the ministers fled?" asked another.

"Are the people in arms?" interrogated a
third.

These and many other inquiries of a sim-
ilar import, saluted the ears of our captain,
who hoisting his wide spread s journals—
an operation, of which from the want of sus-
penders, there was frequent necessity—and
squeaking out a mouthful of tobacco juice, thus
replied:

"Yes, tis a fact—a right down fact—
true as a sarmunt, every bit on't. The king
has abscended and they've advertised him
in the York papers for a runway, and general
lackeyhood made the presbytery the scene of
guns. As to the other combustions of France
I don't know so much about'em—cause why
dye see? I a'nt none of your speculating char-
eracters, and dont trouble myself about the con-

The Indians, accustomo to his ascendency
and terrified at his voice, tore the children of
Guahiba once more from her feeble arms:

When the captain said, "he guessed he wouldn't
fire a second at the first shot," the crew are
forbiden to approach him; the vessel, however,
ran alongside his ship, and at a distance of
three hundred feet, let out a volley, after
which the Indians were permitted to come
aboard.

Young's peculiar misfortunes, with which
perhaps all our readers are not acquainted.

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and terrified at his voice, tore the children of
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ran alongside his ship, and at a distance of
three hundred feet, let out a volley, after
which the Indians were permitted to come
aboard.
On a morning, the Persian throne
Was hoisted up to the sky,
When in fancied chains would groan,
And rise a king by day.

Calid, his slave, in bondage held,
From friends and country torn,
All night the regal staff would wield,
And make poor Calid cry.

This half with joy the rising morn,
That saw its beams and grieved;
Night to the one restored the crown,
That saw its beams and grieved;
And made poor Calid cry;
And rise a king by day.

That has this day been given;
And wake a slave at morn.

All night the regal staff would wield,
And make poor Calid cry;
And while thy neighbor's wealth had ceased,
Doth thine augment the more?

Then let the poor, the wretched share
But give in faith, and give in prayer,
Two mites are all she calls her own,
And taught that deeds by men despised,
And can that weak and shrivelled hand,
That saw its beams and grieved;
And made poor Calid cry;
And raise the slave on high.

Answer quick I crave;—
Then let the poor, the wretched share
But give in faith, and give in prayer,
Two mites are all she calls her own,
And taught that deeds by men despised,
And can that weak and shrivelled hand,
That saw its beams and grieved;
And made poor Calid cry;
And raise the slave on high.

The varied gifts they brought,
While crowds the temple sought,
Comes, bent with years and woes;
Has long with anguish striven;
A fraction here let fall;
And how those griefs have turned.

In consequence of the appearance of a mad dog in Zanesville, Ohio, and on the 2nd inst. which bit many dogs before it was discovered—the Town Council passed a law for killing any dog which should be found running at large in the street.—Many were slain.

The end of the Drankard.—We are informed by a gentleman from Brunswick, that a man in that county, by the name of Bishop, murdered his wife on Tuesday the 28th ult. by shooting her! He then put an end to his own life, by cutting the large blood vessel in his left arm, and bleeding himself to death.

He received a handsome property by his wife, which he had squandered for strong drink. He has left four children to want—and to lament the wretched end of their parents.

Show a preference to such conversation remarks, persons, discussions, and occupations as may tend to essential good.

RATTLE ROYAL IN THE LONDON TOWER.

On Friday morning, as the man whose duty it is to clean the cages of the wildbeasts at the Tower was in the execution of that office, he inadvertently raised a door in the upper tier of cells, which separated the den of a huge lion from one in which there was a Bengal royal tiger and tigress. At sight of each other the eyes of the animals sparkled with rage. The lion instantly erected his mane,
I'VE LOOK'D FOR THEE.
I've look'd for thee, when beauty bright
The festive hall was lining;
Each eye there sparkled with delight,
And hope's bright wreath is twining.
But thou earnest not in that joyous hour,
Thou wert far away from thy native bower
I'VE LOOK'D FOR THEE.
But come again to thy glittering bower,
I'll seek no other glance than thine,
"Goofy morning Mr. Fees," said he,
"You're not as fat as formerly?"
"I saw him when his suit came on,
And hope's bright wreath is twining,
And thou from the dreams of fancy wake,
Should sorrow come, and thy charm be broken,
Remember the hard and heeds his token.
Buffalo, 1830. ROUSSEAU.

That a vow once spoken, or an obligation in any sort religious, taken in any moment of excitement; designing have ever enslaved the mind of man. Adams, which has recently received a thorough.

And its echoes fell on my trembling ear
Like the knell of joys to my heart once dear.
Then passed a nymph all lovely and gay,
And follow'd, a belamne whisper'd and gray;
And then to the dance in the brid'lar hall
A sexton pass'd with a 'bala sack.'
And mought of beauty or joy could come,
But follow'd spectres of living gloom—
And the humble violet deck'd in turn,
The flowery lawn, and a maiden's turn.
Then maiden, pause, nor seal thy vow,
Pass this token, nor heed it now—
For I would not that a cloud should rise
To darken thy youthful paradise.
But when the spell of thy youth shall break,
And thou from the dreams of fancy wake,
"Goofy morning Mr. Fees," said he,
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To darken thy youthful paradise.
But when the spell of thy youth shall break,
And thou from the dreams of fancy wake,
A SKETCH.

One evening in October last, as the sun was setting amid the rich splendours of an autumnal sky, and Lake Erie, apparently burning with the elements of light mingling in her bosom, and reflecting upon half the celestial hemisphere the parting glories of the king of day, I wandered from the busy, bustling scenes of the village to an elevation covered with forest trees at its eastern extremity. I sat down to watch the 'balm of meditation,' when the contending passions and emotions excited in the world of conflicting scenes, should yield to the mystic power of silence, and the inspirations which nature brings from nature's God. On one side the woods were towering in native majesty, and standing motionless in the pause of contending elements. On the other side was the village which I had left, that wide waste of waters Lake Erie, uniting with the far off sky and the wilds of Canada, and above me was that vision of visions, and earth with earth, her children, and the invisible, and the regions of eternal cold; and upon the frailty and short life of man, and of every thing, even the most senseless thing with which he is connected, or in which he seems to have any interest here. I returned, and found the village silent. A few solitary lamps were burning; and probably six thousand human beings were sleeping; but I do not know that a Post-Office is so well attended as the Church Yard of the village; for the gates were closed. I had seen the flowers upon whose grave dust and curfew and the tears of kin, I remember. I cared not to enter the sacred enclosure, but I gazed upon the silence reigning there.

There was no show, no solemnity in the very aspect of the place. The moonlight discovered to my view the little mound of earth, which covered the dead and the moments of which affection had vainly attempted to distinguish them. Nearest to where I stood was a grave without a stone, or any other mark of distinction. It reminded me that they were strangers' graves. Yes, I remembered the spot. One had seen the flowers upon whose grave the tears of kin, I remember. I cared not to enter the sacred enclosure, but I gazed upon the silence reigning there. There was no show, no solemnity in the very aspect of the place. The moonlight discovered to my view the little mound of earth, which covered the dead and the moments of which affection had vainly attempted to distinguish them. Nearest to where I stood was a grave without a stone, or any other mark of distinction. It reminded me that they were strangers' graves.
placed there—he was alone unfriended, damned. He came a stranger to ot, and was alone unfriended! He had dreamed of health and exerted himself by that kind of mysterious energy which the mind sometimes gives to the body, and the reputable master of his affairs intrusted to him, nor did there, to superficial observers, appear anything in his conduct, whilst so engaged, that could argue vacillation of intellect or depression of mind. His outward symptoms of malady argued no acute, or alarming disease. But slowness of pulse, absence of appetite, difficulty of digestion, and constant depression of spirits, seemed to draw their origin from some hidden cause, which the patient was determined to conceal. The deep gloom of the unfortunate gentleman,—the embarrassment which he could not conceal from his friendly physician, the briefness and obvious restraint with which he answered the interrogatories of his medical adviser, induced my friend to take other methods for prosecuting his inquiries. He applied to the sufferer's family, to learn, if possible, the cause of that secret grief which was gnawing the heart and sucking the life-blood of his unfortunate patient.

"The family being unable to state or conjecture any circumstances which could throw light on the mystery, the medical adviser resolved to try serious argument with his patient, and at length elicited the following confession:

"You cannot, my dear friend, be more conscious than I, that I am in the course of dying, under the oppression of the fatal disease which is consuming my vital power; but neither can you understand the nature of my complaint."—He however proceeded:—"You remember, doubtless, the disease of which, in the novel of Le Sage, the Duke d'Olivarez is stated to have died?"—"Of the idea," answered the medical gentleman, "that he was haunted by an apparition, to the actual existence of which he gave no credit, but died nevertheless, because he was overcome and heart-broken by its imaginary presence."—"I, my dear doctor," said the sick man, "am in that very case; and so painful and abhorrent is the present hideousness to combat that it affects my morbid imagination, and I am sensible that I am dying; a wasted victim to an imaginary disease.

"My visions commenced two or three years since, and were not at first of a terrible or very disagreeable character. I found myself oppressed by the presence of a large cat, which came and disappeared I could not exactly tell how, till the truth was finally forced upon me, and I was compelled to regard it as a domestic household cat, but as a bubble of the elements, which had no existence, save in my delirious visual organs, or depraved imagination. Still I had not a positive objection to the animal. On the contrary, I am rather a friend to cats, and endured with so much equanimity the presence of my imaginary attendant, that it had become almost indifferent to me, when, within the course of a few months, it gave place to, and was succeeded by, a spectre of a more important sort, or which at least had a more imposing appearance. This was no other than the apparition of a gentleman I had dressed as it to wait on a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a Lord High Commissioner of the Kirk, or any other, who bears on his brow the rank and stamp of delegated sovereignty.

"This personage, arrayed in a court dress, with bag and sword, tambour waistcoat, and chapuau-brast, glide beside me like the ghost of Beau Nash; and whether in my own house, or in another, ascended the stairs before me, as if to announce me in the drawing-room; and sometimes appeared to mingle in the company, though it was sufficiently evident that they were not aware of my presence, and that I alone was sensible of the visionary honours which this imaginary being seemed desirous to render me. But the modification of my disease also had its appointed duration. After a few months, the phantom of the gentleman-usher was seen no more, but was succeeded by one, horrid to the sight and distressing to the imagination, being none other than the image of death itself—the apparition of a skeleton. Alone, or in company, said the wretched invalid, "the presence of this last phantom never quits me. I vitally tell myself, a hundred times over, that it is reality, but an image summoned up by the morbid acuteness of my own excited imagination and deranged organs of sight. But what avail such reflections, while the eye at once and the presage of mortality is before my eyes, and while I feel myself, though in fancy only, the companion of a phantom representing a ghastly inhabitant of the grave, whilst I yet breathe on earth!—Science, philosophy, even religion, has no cure for such a disorder, and I feel too surely that I shall die the victim."—

"The physician then endeavored to dispel the illusion thus. The patient, then lying in bed, was asked, in what part of the chamber he conceived it to appear. "Immediately at the foot of my bed, where the curtains are left a little open," was the reply. "The skeleton, to my thinking, fills the vacant space." The doctor then rose from his chair, and placing himself between the two half-drawn curtains of the foot of the bed, asked if the spectacle was still visible. "Not now, because your person is placed between ihm and me, but I observe his skull peering above your shoulder!

"It is added, that the patient sunk into deep er and deepest depression, and died in the same distress of mind in which he had spent the latter months of his life."

Some men are like certain stuffs, beautiful on one side, hideous on the other.
And they who took the disease died suddenly; and immediately their bodies became covered with spots, and they were hurried to the grave without delay. And the man who bore the corpse, as they went to their work, cried with a loud voice:—'Room for the dead!'—and whoever heard the cry fled from the sound thereof with fear and trembling.

'Those are the accounts of the Jews, just recorded in the book; to which they replied, they did, say—'O bury him not yet!'

'The mother knelt beside the grave, and prayed to see her son.'

'Two a purpose to stop—'but by her prayers the wretched boon was won. And they raised the coffin from the pit, and after the men who bore the corpse, as they heaped the earth up, 'Room for the dead!' a cry went forth—'Room for the dead!' And the body was laid within the pit, and laid therein the dead child, and prayed to see her son.

And when the Jews had retired, they, after consulting among themselves as to how to ward off the blow, came to the resolution of raising a large sum of money, with which, on the day appointed, they waited on the governor, and told him, that since the time their forefathers had borrowed those things of the Egyptians, their nation had undergone various revolutions, their temple had been burnt, and their records destroyed, so that it was impossible for them now to tell whether or not the Egyptians had ever received satisfaction for their jewels; and presenting him with the money, added, that they hoped he would not make them, who were but few, accountable for what the whole nation did so many thousand years ago.

This being all the governor wanted, he took their money, for which he gave them (in the name of the Egyptians,) a receipt in part payment for the borrowed jewels, and so left the same door for any of his successors who may think proper to take the same steps to grind that poor unfortunate people.

Interesting Discovery.—From a paper read before the Geographical Society of England on the twenty-second of November, it appears that a Danish expedition has been in search of an old colony of Icelanders, supposed to have accompanied Eric Randa, a Norwegian, about the close of the tenth century, to the eastern coast of Greenland. It was said that down to the beginning of the fifteenth century regular accounts were received of the colony, but that since then nothing had been heard of it.

In order to ascertain the truth of the matter, the King of Denmark sent an expedition under a Captain Grash, which commenced operations in 1829, but returned without success. In April of the present year the search was renewed, but the result is not known. It seems, however, that the imagined situation of the supposed colony, was passed over by Capt. Grash on his first visit, without any traces presenting themselves, and therefore it is presumed that its history is fabulous.

The above is from a London paper. We learn from the Paris Archives du Christianisme, of a later date, that the expedition which left Copenhagen in May last, did penetrate to the place where the long lost colony is located, and that it found there the descendants of the first colonists. They profess, says the Archives, 'the Christian religion which their ancestors bore with them, and their language is that of the Norwegians of the tenth century. We expect further details of this interesting discovery.—N.Y. Obs.

Another Royal Anecdote.—The Ex-King of Saxony, when his late brother was on his death-bed, was told by his Confessornta if he would vow to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, his brother should die and he should ascend the throne. He made the vow his brother died and he reigned. But when the time arrived for fulfilling his pledge, he found that his duties and infirmities rendered it impossible. After much discussion among his ghostly fathers, he compromised the matter by agreeing to scramble on his bare knees, up and down the great gallery in his palace, for a certain time every day, until he should have gone over a certain space equal to the distance between Jerusalem and Dresden. His Majesty had performed a great part of his feat when interrupted by his rebellious subjects.—Literary Gazette.

Behind hand.—An idle fellow the other day complaining of his hard lot, said he was born on the last day of the year, and the last day of the month, and the last day of the week, and as an old Japaner, he had always been behind hand. He believed it would have been fifty dollars in his pocket if he had not been born at all!

This man belonged to the same school of wits, no doubt, with him who hired himself out to labour for life, at eight dollars a month, half down, and the rest when his time was out!

Up and down.—A gentleman going home one night, rather late, saw a man on the ground with another on him, beating him violently. Upon this he demonstrated with the upper man, telling him his conduct was unfair, and that he ought to let his opponent get a chance with him. The fellow looked the gentleman in the face and dily replied, "Faith, sir, if you had been at as much trouble to get him down as I have, you would not be for letting him up so readily."

A Man of sense.—A gentleman in Pittsfield, being one day in a brown study, fell into a very earnest conversation with himself. His wife in the other room hearing him, and having a female curiosity to know whom her other half was talking with, carefully opened the door, and finding him alone, exclaimed, "My dear, why do you talk to yourself?"

"Because, he replied, I like to talk to a man of sense."

The following Enigma is said to have been written over the door of an ancient Welsh Church, and that it remained nearly half a century unexplained.

PRSVRYPRFTCMN.
VRKPTHSROPTSTN.

By the aid of a single vowel, two lines of poetry are formed.
THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL

THE BANCROFT FAMILY.
A Tale of real Life.

CHAPTER I.

And this our life, except from public blame,
Finds Seagulls in trees, books in the running brooks,
Serious in sinstes, and good in every thing—shick.

"Youth is an ever restless sea,
Where passions reign with wild compassion;
Age is the clear unruffled stream,
Replenished with the sun's last beam."

"I will drink no more—I am determined on that," said George Bancroft, as he paced his room.

"Oh! heaven be praised," said his heart-broken mother, bursting into the room.

"For what?" asked George, angrily.

"I did not hear you say, my son," continued Mrs. Bancroft, in a soothing tone, "I will...

"I will drink no more," replied George, reeling a moment unutterably wild, and from that time nothing was known of him. It was destitute of place or date, and ran as a missive into the wilderness. He fled with a hurried pace towards the forest, when, rising a little hillock, and turning his face towards his native village, he there knelt down, and looking up towards something as the fruits of this resolution—never to look upon my native village again—was carried to the cold earth forever. I am ruined. I cannot disgrace the earth that shall cover you, my son, I give myself up to fate. Farewell—forever! George Bancroft."

"I cannot dwell upon the effects that this letter produced. Suffice it to say, that upon the mother and daughter, they were dreadfully, and nearly cost them their lives. But Time, that soother of afflictions, at length blunted the keen edge of their bereavement, and they partially recovered from the shock. Edward Bancroft, the father of George, when a young man, was one of those high souls who always dash right into every excess of riot, and on that account, cost his friends and himself many a pang. He was the only son of a widow mother, who, having been separated from his dear father when George was but a lad, in the deep desolation of her heart, promised herself no other union, but lived alone and cherished the memory of the departed. Now Edward was the very image of the beautiful dust of his father's first love—of him whom she loved and adored, and to whom she had pledged her vows of eternal constancy, in the deep devo-tude of her heart, when youth and hope were glowing. How could she but worship her little Edward, when she locked upon him as the counterpart of his departed father when she saw as he grew up, the father as it were, shine out through that son from the midnight of the tomb! Oh! she could not—she was there gazing on that image—and the son—was a "spoil'd child."

"I have already said that Edward was a reck-less—young man; But at the age of 21 he married Phoebe Worthifigton, a beautiful and an amiable girl, with whom he was deeply in love, and whom he really adored. Phoebe had nothing to recommend herself but her personal accomplishments blended with a richness of mind; and although the lack of this world's gear and distinction might have had some weight with Mrs. B., yet nothing of this came to the world. This union reformed Edward Bancroft completely. It is seldom when a man becomes addicted to the soul-destroying vices of the gamester, the debaucheuse, and the libertine, that he can turn, and break off so effectually as not to dash inutter ruin; but Edward was an exception: he was among the very few in this world who stand as beacons upon the tops of high mountains at a great distance from each other to warn the young how fearful is their case—how they indulge in vice and wickedness, and how rare a chance they stand of being reclaimed.

Immediately on his marriage, his mother placed him in business, and for 3 years, he was a prosperous merchant of Durham. During this period his widowed mother had been gathered to the dust. She had suffered affliction in the loss of her beloved daughter, and in the waywardness of her son—The latter had been healed, and she had given her son the remaining portion of her money, which was a large amount, and had died in peace. But a circumstance of an extraordinary and unaccountable nature followed her decease, which threw consternation and mystery into the Bancroft family. The accumulated wrath of years, seemed, as it were, to have gathered into a cloud over them. It burst—Edward Bancroft reeled a moment under its mighty thunders, and as from that time no traces of him were known.

"I wonder where Edward Bancroft has gone to?" said Thomas Mellen one morning at his breakfast table, directing his speech to an elderly maiden sister of his wife, who was an inmate of his family, and who, as the story went, had once had a promise of a delicate nature with the very person who was the subject of enquiry. Electa blushed, and raised her head with a flirt, when all eyes at table were fastened upon her. Her countenance indicated a deep feeling of disgust, mingled with contempt. As to the reason of the non-performance of the said promise, I have nothing to do. Electa was once younger than she was now, and prettier of course."

"I do not think it would be hard to guess," replied Electa, and mumbling something in a sarcastic manner, to Electa.

"I don't understand all your insinuations," said Mrs. Mellen, in a tone half jealousy, half anger.

"Nor I either," said a gossipping daughter at the breakfast table, darting her speech to an elderly maiden sister of his wife, who was an inmate of his family, and who, as the story went, had once had a promise of a delicate nature with the very person who was the subject of enquiry. Electa blushed, and raised her head with a flirt, when all eyes at table were fastened upon her. Her countenance indicated a deep feeling of disgust, mingled with contempt. As to the reason of the non-performance of the said promise, I have nothing to do. Electa was once younger than she was now, and prettier of course."

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"I do not think it would be hard to guess," replied Electa, and mumbling something in a sarcastic manner, to Electa.
I that it did seem as if her heart would break. She was at times, desolate—and so lonely, (that hung upon her with all the blackness of knowing, any more than that she found it in the post-office, and without post mark or confessed friends villified her character, and heaped perfidy. Time rolled on, and once during ten but on the contrary, many of her former property, but as regarded her former friends, not that she experienced the benign influences of dwelling in the outskirts of devoted herself to her children, and it was here that the occurrence took place which commences my story.

From the Illinois Monthly Magazine

ADVENTURE OF A RANGER. We do not know that we can fill a few pages more profitably, than by relating an adventure of our neighbour and friend, Mr. Thomas Higgins; as we have heard it from his own mouth. He resides within a few miles of Vandalia, and receives a pension from the United States, for his services. The following statement may be relied upon, as Mr. Higgins is a man of truth and veracity; his companions have corroborated his narrative, and his wounds afford ample proof of his courage and sufferings.

Tom Higgins, as he is usually called, is a native of Kentucky; and is one of the best examples extant of the genuine backwoodsman. During the last war, at the age of 18, he enlisted in the rangers, a corps of mounted men, raised expressly for the protection of the western frontiers. On the 30th of Aug., 1814, he was one of a party of twelve men, under the command of Lieut. Journey, who were posted at Hill's station, a small stockade, about 8 miles south from the present village of Greenville and something more than twenty miles from Vandalia. These towns were not then in existence; and the surrounding country was one vast wilderness. No one sympathized with her, and her friends had escaped, supposing all who were under the command of this cloud of smoke rose partially from before him, disclosing to his view a number of Indians, none of whom discovered him. One of them stood within a few paces, loading his gun, and at him Higgins took a deliberate aim, and fired, and the Indian fell. Mr. Higgins,=User:CamphorHill

"I can't come," replied Burgess, "my leg is smashed all to pieces.

Higgins sprung from his saddle and picking up his comrade, whose ankle bone was broken, in his arms, he proceeded to lift him on his horse, telling him to fly, and that he would make his own way on foot. But the horse taking fright at this instant, darted off, leaving Higgins, with his wounded friend on foot. Still the coolness of the former recipient of his cruelty, and setting Burgess down gently, he told him, "now my good fellow, you must hop off on your three legs, while I stay between you and the Indians, and keep them off"—instructing him at the same time to get into the highest grass and crawl as close to the ground as possible.

Burgess followed his advice, and escaped unnoticed. History does not relate a more disinterested act of heroism than this of Higgins, who, having in his hands the certain means of escape from such imminent peril, voluntarily gave them up by offering his horse to a wounded comrade. Who, when that generous intention was defected, and his own retreat was still practicable, remained a hazard of his life, to protect his companions.

The cloud of smoke which had partially obscured before him, as he faced the enemy, still lay thick behind him, and as he plunged thro' this, he left it, together with the ridge and the hazel thicket, between him and the main body of the Indians, and was retreating unobserved by them. Under these circumstances, it is probable that if he had retreated in a direct line towards the station, he might very easily have effected his escape; but Burgess was slowly crawling away in that direction, and the gallant Higgins, who coolly surveyed the whole ground, foresaw that if he pursued the same track, and should be discovered, his friend would be endangered. He therefore took the heorick resolution of diverging from the true course so far, as that any of the enemy who should follow him would not fall in with Burgess. With this intention, he moved stealthily along through the smoke and bushes, intending when he emerged to retreat at full speed. But as he left the ridge he beheld a large Indian near him and two others on the other side in the direction of the fort. Tom coolly surveyed his foes, and began to chalk out his track; for although in the confidence of his own activity and courage he felt undismissed at such odds, yet he found it necessary to act the genie.
emy upon each flank he determined to separate them and fight them singly. Making for a ravine which was not far off, he bounded away, but soon found that one of his limbs failed him, having received a ball in the first fire, which until now, he had scarcely noticed.—

The largest Indian was following him closely. Higgins turned several times to fire, but the Indian would dance about to prevent him from taking aim; and Tom knew that he could not afford to fire at random. The others were two now closing on him and he found that unless he could dispose of the first one he must be overcome. He therefore halted to resolve to receive a second fire from the Indian, but a few paces distant raised his rifle; Higgins watched his adversary's eye and just as he thought his finger pressed the trigger, he suddenly threw his side to his left. It is probable that this motion saved his life; for the bullet entered his thigh which would have pierced his body. Tom fell, but rose again, and ran, and the largest Indian, certain of his prey, loaded again, and then with the other pursued. They soon came near. Higgins had again fallen, and as he rose they all three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell but Tom continued to run. The Indians throwing away their guns advanced on him with swords and knives. They frequently charged upon him, but on his presenting a gun at one of them, the others fell back. At last, the largest one, thinking probably Tom's reserving his fire so long that his gun was empty, charged boldly up to him; and Higgins, with a steady aim, shot him dead.---

With four bullets in his body, with an empty gun, two Indians before him and a whole tribe but a few rods off almost any other man would have despaired. But Tom Higgins had no such fear. The Indian whom he last slained was the most dangerous of them all, and he felt little fear of the others. He had been near enough to see their eyes, and he knew human nature sufficiently to discover that he was their superior in courage. He therefore faced them and began to load his rifle. They raised a yell and rushed on him. "They kept their distance as long as the rifle was loaded," said he, "but now when they knew it was empty they were better soldiers." A fierce and bloody conflict ensued. The Indians rushed upon Tom, stabbed him in many places; but it happened fortunately, that the shafts of their spears were thin poles rigged hastily for this occasion, which bent whenever the point struck a instant; and it was a powerful chance for a man to take notice of what was going on around him. After being carried into the fort he remained insensible for some days, and his life was preserved with difficulty by his friends, who extracted all the bullets but two which remained in his thigh. Mrs. Purley, who, when she saw Higgins rush down towards him with savage yells, turned her head, and determined upon a cheaper plan. When she reached home he requested his wife to hand him a razor. The exercise of holding a weapon, the part of the ball, which usually was not discoverable to the town could he felt. With the assistance of his belt, he very deliberately laid open his thigh, until the edge of the razor touched the bullet and inserted his two thumbs into the gash, "dirted it out." As he assuredly, he had "without costing a cent." The other ball laymen in his limb, yet, gives him no trouble, except when he uses violent exercises.

He is now one of the most successful hunters in the country, and it still takes the best kind of a man to handle him.---

WOOD. This article sold in our market on Monday and Tuesday at the rate of ten and twelve dollars a cord, and charcoal at fifty cents a bushel. Yesterday it was sold at eight dollars, and as the travelling improves, it will resume the old prices. "How much for that load of wood," inquired one of our citizens yesterday. "I guess about eight dollars," was the reply. "You'll have to burn up your chimney," said the other. "Well, you'll have to burn up your chimney too," said the first. "I won't!" said the other. "I'll burn my old houses first!"---

Cure for Lady's Rheumatism. A warm double Scotch shawl, and apply a warm double Scotch shawl, and apply in cold weather. A warm double Scotch shawl, and apply in cold weather.

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Patriot.
THE GEM,
A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

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VOL. II.

THE BANCROFT FAMILY.
A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

"And even as the sun, and even as the moon, that riseth new every morning; so shall thy strength be! And lights flash upon the hour, To wake but shadows there!"

In the village of Corydon, about fifty miles distant from Durham, bordering on the seashore, the inhabitants were very much annoyed by a clan of robbers in the shape of fishermen, who were prowling about the country with impunity, committing depredations, and eluding the arm of justice. So long, and so successfully had this clan roved at large, that the country had inherited an universal dread of them. The Chief of them, who was called the Fighting Devil, was a large athletic man, apparently about thirty years old, and was of such a terrible form, that his very appearance had frequently put to flight those who had lain in wait to secure him. Every depredation was charged to the account of the Fighting Devil and his crew; and many a sleepless night did these lawless wanderers cause the good people about Corydon to be seen. The length they journeyed towards Durham, as from frequent indications, could plainly be seen. The good citizens of the village, examined and made strong their bars and bolts, lest these prowlers should fall upon them in an unguarded hour. At length the spoiler did come. The clan entered Durham in the stilly hour of night, and, as if fate had marked out its victim, the very first sacrifice was that of the unfortunate Mrs. Bancroft. The villains robbed her of a considerable amount of money, but what was remarkable in all their depredations, they did not commit any violence upon the persons of their victims, or the property they left. They also robbed a rich foreigner, who lived in Durham, who followed them a great distance, but who finally gave up the chase, being unable to enlist men in his service who dared penetrate into the wilderness.

In the neighborhood of Corydon, were many dark and dangerous places bordering on the sea; and amidst the numerous islands that cluster about the mouth of Bloody Creek there are some which have subterraneous passes, and which look like massy rocks piled up, the cliffs of which overhang the sea in awful grandeur. There are but few fishermen who frequent these places, for so dark and dismal, and horrid are they, that these fishermen, though used to every thing that is rough and dangerous, cannot break the dread that falls upon them in those haunts of fiends and scorpions. Here, it was supposed, the Fighting Devil and his clan stored their treasure, and resorted when they had committed an outrage, until the excitement should have blown over. But we must dismiss all other parts of our tale, to introduce another prominent limb, which as yet, has not been brought forward.

The principal family in Durham, as regarded wealth and influence, was that of the Bloomfields. William Bloomfield was a Scot from his birth, and emigrated from his native country with a young family, and an immense fortune. Like a great many other men, who do not remember that though it is well to have a giant’s strength, it is base to use it as a giant,” he accommodated himself to no man, but set up a standard to which all must bow, or meet his displeasure. But his habits and practices were such among the community and particularly among his tenants and those dependant upon him, that there was a deep feeling of hatred and disgust entertained by very many against him, but which, from the circumstance of his fortune and power, must necessarily be smothered in the bosoms where it dwelt. If the poor man, who was dependent upon him for the farm that he cultivated, dared to lie that he was a har-1 master, his hopes were blasted in a moment; and no matter what it was, if he dared to speak, what the community knew to be true about William Bloomfield, he must prepare himself for his vengeance. And while, indeed, he was at the head of all the principal operations which were being carried on in the town, (for nothing could flourish without his consent,) he was very far from being borne up and sustained there, by the deep and heartfelt love of the people. What a morbid appetite that must be, that can feed upon the hatred of mankind—the very hanks and offals of the heart.

The Bloomfield family had many members and all of the parts took in a greater or less degree of the spirit of the tyrannical head. It was a fact not a little remarkable that among three sons, there was not one but what was so near like his father in his dispositions and desires, that the four—father and sons—would all quarrel together very frequently about their own matters. How could it be otherwise—all were perfectly selfish, and all wished to rule. I should here remark, that the eldest son, having become greatly dissatisfied with the Bancroft family, became a firm friend of the persecuted, and of course, laid himself open to the violent assaults and vindictive wrath of the Bloomfields. What was peculiar in this case, was the fact, that the Fleming and Bloomfield families were on terms of the closest intimacy—so that while he had to breake the shock of malice on one hand, he had to share his heart against the arts of persuasion and entreaty on the other. Edward Bancroft had now been gone from his home near twenty-years—and the memory of his former life, as he natural, had become nearly buried in oblivion. But the sudden flight of George Bancroft, his only son, seemed to call up afresh, among those of the community who knew him, the lamentable event of the disappearance of the father. It was this, indeed, that seemed to have called down upon this devoted family, the renewed curse of Win. Bloomfield. "Cairne has deserted us!" said Bark as he entered the room of the Fighting-Devil, one morning at their fastness.

"Cairne left!—how so!" he replied.

"He was missing yesterday morning on our return from Flambeau," said Bark. "Do you suspect him of treachery?"

"No, my lord!"

"Let him go then."

The village of Flambeau was a small place about 160 miles from Durham, near the sea-shore, and was principally peopled by mechanics, who manufactured articles for a foreign market, and unitedly made periodical sales of their work. They were therefore, twice a year in possession of considerable
money. This the robbers knew, and it was in view of this fact that they had lately paid a visit to that place, and taken from a number of the citizens their hard earnings. The people had become incensed highly, and were about raising a company under the direction of a young man by the name of George Buckingham, to scour the country in search of the villains, when an old man, apparently about forty appeared, and desired that he might have the direction of the band. Although a stranger, his very looks commanded him to the whole assemblage, and he was unanimously chosen their leader. About fifty persons armed themselves, and taking provisions with them, proceeded through the woods towards the mouth of Bloody Creek. After entering the woods, the stranger ordered a halt, and thus addressed them.

"My Friends—I will disclose to you the reasons of my anxiety to head this party. I have suffered from this lawless banditti more than any other individual, for they have captured by me, and for six months past have been one of them provoking about the country. Last week fortune favoured me, and I escaped from the crew. But, my friends, you must prepare for a bloody contest, for the robbers will fight desperately. I am about to lead you immediately to the fastness of the robbers; the place where they live, and where they are now in rendezvous. There is but one pass to their retreat, and that pass they can guard against the assault of an army. Everything, therefore, must be managed with caution—When they find they are betrayed by me, they will be more desperate. They will undoubtedly seek to take my life first, but I will hazard it with you, if you will resolutely proceed against them.

The counsels of some of the company fell, and a doubt seemed to rest upon the mind of the stranger as he cast his eyes about from one to the other, whether the enterprise would not fail. At this moment young Buckingham stepped forward. His eyes flashed as he gazed upon the counsels of his companions.

"Friends and Neighbors!" said he, "I am determined to follow our leader to the haunt of the Fighting-Devil! Let him who covets the honor of a coward's name, return. The man who would enjoy his fireside in peace, will not flinch at this hour. Let our commander give the word, and we shall then see who will not follow!"

"Forward!" said the resolute chief—and every man proved true. They arrived at dark, at the village of Corbydon, where they were joined by nearly the same number of persons, and at two o'clock of the following day, the whole force were within half a mile of the Lion's Den, a deep and awful gulf about a mile in length, which intervenes between the main land and the Sphinx. The Sphinx is a huge promontory of massive rocks, hanging out over the sea, and covered a little back, with bushes and craggy oaks, which fill up all the surface. It is in the form of an island, being cut off from the main land by the Lion's Den already spoken of—and but for a single strand of rock that joined in one spot only to the main land, there could have been no gaining of the summit of the promontory. Upon the Sphinx was the fastness of the robbers.

"We are pursued!" said Burk, who had been out upon a watch, and had returned in great perturbation to give the alarm.

"By whom?" said the Fighting-Devil.

"By more than one hundred armed citizens!"

"Who is their leader?"

"Cairne!"

"Cairne at their head!—Call Breakwater!"

In a moment the band had all collected around their chief.

"Make ready immediately to repair to the pass!" said the chief: "if they get in before us all is lost! Be quick!—away!"

Each flew for his war-dress and weapons, and in a few moments all were ready.

"Follow!" said the Chief; rushing towards the pass—and when they had proceeded but a few rods, they were met by Burk, who had again been out beyond the pass.

"For God's sake, rush on! or all is lost!" said Burk, in great agitation. "They must be very near the pass at this moment!"

The villains rushed forward with a bound, but they had not yet reached the pass before they heard the voice of Cairne ring through the woods, "Fire!" and the blaze of musketry followed, that immediately arrested the progress of the robbers. Two of them fell, and the remainder discharged their fire-arms towards the citizens; but there was too little deliberation in the act to produce any deadly effect. Another round from the citizens under Cairne, did its work, and the Fighting-Devil, with the portion of his men not killed or wounded, threw down their arms, and yielded themselves up. The contest was short, but bloody on the part of the robbers. Four of their faces had bit the dust, and their spirits were in eternity—while some others were bleeding under their wounds.

The robbers, with their notorious Chief, were stripped of their arms and escorted to the prison at New-Haven, where a multitude collected to witness them. A bat was circumvented, and a handsome sum raised to present the leader of the band that captured the robbers; but when they looked for him to present it to him, he was missing, and could no where be found.

To be continued.

The contrived Female.—A nobleman solicited a young country girl to abandon her rustic state, and reside in a populous city, she replied, "Oh! my Lord, the farther were move from ourselves the greater is our distance from happiness! They who leave their homes, uncalled by providence, in search of happiness, generally fine they are farther from it!"

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air: "Well, honest fellow, till your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." "I'm very likely you may, for I am sowing hem!"

From the Lonsburgh (2d s.)

A SAPPHIC ODE ON THE UNIVERSE.

Rise, contemplations, mount the starry region: View the grand parade, display your banners; gazing on the wondrous! far beyond conception.

What vast aspect splendid! the noble strata: What mighty power fills the lofty fabric: Where the strong pillars, that support the building: Grand and majestic.

Come, on of science, taste the feast of wisdom: Bring forth thy glasses, view the starry beauties, Ponder and wonder—read inspired hymns Of the creation.

See the beneficent winds through the depths of ether: Sparkling, like diamonds, on the face of midnight— Worlds without number, with amazing rotation: Rolling round them:

What hard spirit framed thee shining wonder? 
Brave souls emotions from the womb of nothing: 
Hast thou stupendous framing? 
Regions of darkness.

Where, ancient nothing, are thy gloomy regions? 
Wherefore the sods of a thousand extremity: Where the vast circle, that surrounds creation, 
Wide and stupendous?

Angelic senses, strong in operation, 
Princes of lesser, potent auxiliaries, 
Brightness and sagacity, traversing the heavens 
Bluster than dusky.

Have ye completed the amazing circuit? 
Have ye discovered nature?
In your researches through revolving ages 
Success to the creation!

Know ye Jehovah's universal reign? 
Hast ye, fruites, midst oriental acres, 
Sow'd the grand problem, while attendant angels 
Blow'd the celestial aperture?

How the celestial fixed with admiration, 
Struck with astonishment at the frame of nature, 
Raise hallelujahs to the great, eternal, 
Mighty Creator:

Children of Adam, join the bright immortals; 
Pour acclamations to the King of Glory; 
Whose mighty hand raised the vast creation, 
Perils in beauty.

Who is this dread Prince? 
Who this King of Glory? 
He on the cross hung; 
bound for human rebels; 
He conquered death's pow'r, broke the tyrant's sceptre— 
Rise from the dark半个
time, 
He, mighty Victor, triumphed over Satan. 
He abhorred all the powers of darkness; 
Then those apostates felt his awful vengeance. 
Shaming around them.

When he ascended to the blissful regions, 
Danced he attended bright and flowing streamers, 
Trust this the God who on a throne of glory, 
Rule all worlds!

Come then, ye mortals, join with lofty exemplars, 
Sing hallelujahs to the King Eternal. 
Raise loud hosannas to the mighty Saviour, 
Hail the Ruler!

Boundless compassion! Love surpassing knowledge— 
Language is lost in such amazing wonders! 
Calm, meditative—come in sacred streets; 
More then his praise.

Economy is generally despised as a low virtue, tending to make people ungenerous, and selfish. This is true of avarice, but not so of economy. The permanent power of being useful and generous. He who thoughtlessly gives away ten dollars, when he owes a hundred more than he can pay, deserves no praise—he obeys a sudden impulse more like a cowards.

To Wash Calico without Fading—Put a tablespoonful of common salt into the sufls, and the colors will remain as bright as before washing.
The Gem: A Literary and Miscellaneous Journal

The following, from the Liverpool Mercury, we intended to have inserted long ago, but it got mislaid, and we could not place our hand upon it.

**EPISTILP**

To Miss——, who, having a drop too much, was killed, by leaping down the Falls of Genesee, a height of 125 feet.

Beneath this r mate of earth treasures, They tax me, who say he’d his match. Ye k x, he surpassed you all, Who vs. 5 times plung’d down this fall, A height of six score feet, or more; Who ever saw such fate before? Twas bravely, some say with a sneer, Brought Sam to his untimely hour; But why, with drunkards is the class’d! He stuck to water to the last.

Oh, Rocky with his Jenny here, At this sad fall shall drop a tear— She’ll cry "Ais, poor Patch!", While he cries Jenny, look at Gene-see— Each passing gchs and passing belle, In these sad strains his fate shall tell: Poor Patch here lies so low—for why? Because he rashly jump’d so high! There’s none alive will ever match him— Ah, cruel Death, thus to cut—PA ICH him!"

**WOMAN—A HOME**

It is said that the character of a woman may be known by the internal appearance of her house, and the dress and manners of her children. If the furniture of her apartments exhibit an air of extravagance and show, rather than comfort, we may infer that she is a vain woman; and that her mind, and her dress, are equally fantastical. If the ornaments of her house, however splendid they may be, are badly arranged, or incongruously assort ed with those that are mean or common, and more especially if the drapery of Arachne is suffered to hang about the walls or cornices, it is a 'proof as strong as holy writ,' that she is deficient both in taste and neatness. Such a woman would as likely as not wear black stockings with a white dress—roses in her brea—mind.

**THE RIVER.**—At the present time the Gene see is foaming and throwing down its falls in awful grandeur. The freshet produced by the sudden disappearance of the snow, is as great, if not greater at this time, than it has been for many years past. When the ice departed, a scene was presented at once beautiful and sublime. It resembled contending armies, bent on destruction, rushing upon each other in the madness of desperation, and the roar produced was not unlike the dis disturbance of the mighty river. This river, and all things else, are the works of Him who loses no strength in moving the vast machinery, or sustaining the natural, and not unlike the drunkard who imbibing practice intemperance about him and around him, and especially if the drapery of Arachne is suffered to hang about the walls or cornices, it is a 'proof as strong as holy writ,' that she is deficient both in taste and neatness. Such a woman would as likely as not wear black stockings with a white dress—roses in her breast, and a cap to save her the trouble of combing her hair.

If her children, notwithstanding the fashion or richness of their clothes, are dirty, are carelessly dressed—if their minds are uncultivated, and their manners rude, their mother will most generally prove to be both ignorant and Indolent, or which is worse, wholly indifferent to the well being of her children. The opposite of all these may be ascribed to the woman whose house is neat in every part, as far as she is able to render it so. It matters not whether she dwells in a palace or a cot tage, order and neatness are conspicuous in all her ways. For the best POEM, not less than 100 lines in length Ten Dollars.

**THE SISTERS.**

Both were young artless, and lovely. Aurelia was eldest, yet her eighteenth year had not been passed away. We had lived out of the world's flowers, yet 1 know that Nature could not always claim them for her own.

But three years had passed during my absence, yet I would not have believed an age could have worked a change so great. Aurelia was woman's fairest form, and fashion's fondest votary. Elizabeth was like the young and timeworn, or, perhaps more like the retiring violet blossuing at its own beauty.

Both warmly welcomed my return, but yet there was a something so different, so widely dissimilar in the manner with which each welcomed me, as she gave me her hand, while I could but mark it, for they were both so like before. Aurelia was all life, all joy, and recounted, almost within a breath, the different balls and parties she had attended within the last month, and wished I had been her partner, while her sister merely gave me her hand in silence. Yet a pure joy flowed upon her cheek, and a warmer welcome burst from her speaking eyes than all Aus

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This Literary publication grows in worth and usefulness. and bids fair to become one among the permanent publications of the kind which are now in circulation. The price per annum is $1. The work can be examined at our office. The editor offers the following very liberal premiums:

**LITERARY PREMIUMS.**

From the extensive patronage already received, and a desire to make the work still more interesting, the Publisher of the LADIES MIRROR, (Southbridge, Mass,) is induced to offer the following premiums, viz:

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than two pages of the Mirror) $10, or a medal to that value, with appropriate inscriptions thereon.

For the best PROSE, 50 lines in length Ten Dollars.

For the best POEM, not less than 100 lines in length Ten Dollars.

For the first essay, a set of Byron's poetical works.

For the second essay, a volume of the Mirror.

For the third essay, a volume of the Mirror.

For the first essay, an essay on FAMILY GOVERNMENT, $5.

For the second essay, a volume of the Mirror.

For the third essay, an essay on FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

The meritorious communications offered, will be decided by a committee of three literary gentlemen.

All communications intended for the prizes, must be directed to the Publisher (post paid) previous to the 4th of July next—each containing an envelope with the name and residence of the writer, which will not be opened until the essay is decided upon.

GEORGE W. H. FISK.

Written for the Gem.

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relia's words could possibly have expressed.

"To-night you will go to Miss L--'s hall?" said Aurelia enquiringly. "You will there meet all your old friends."

"No Aurelia," said her sister "you must not urge him to-night, for, you know, he has but this moment returned." But the gay girl would bear no excuse, and I promised to go.

Surely I thought, before evening was half was the dying mother of the child. I stepped in at the door, and the first glance told me that I was in the abode of extremity. The scattered garments which I rummaged before the broken window to keep the damp air from the invalid, shut out the light and rendered the room quite dark I heard a groan from the bed and immediately approached, but heavens! what was my surprise when I beheld the dying mother resting her pale, dead cheek upon the lap of Elizabeth Munson! Both dying arms were clasped around her neck, and the affectionate Elizabeth was weeping over the last moments of the wretched mother. She gave me one look through her tears, when a faint groan, a quavering, and trembling told that the poor woman at rest.

"She's dead!" whispered, and the little daughter buried her face in her mother's dead bosom, and wept as if her little heart would break. My tears could not be controlled, and they burst forth from an agonized brain. Moments passed, and nothing disturbed the chilly silence save the sobs of our hearts.

At length I raised my eyes, and saw Elizabeth kiss the cold brow, and unclasp the dead arms from her neck as she arose from the alabaster pall on which she was seated.

We became composed, and after making due arrangements for the deceased, Elizabeth took the little girl to her home and I accompanied them. I learned the history of the deceased. She was a widow, with an only daughter—had been unfortunate, and was ex- cluded from her own hearts, I will only say that Elizabeth Munson! The youngest had left a wife, who was a faithful member of Mr. --'s church; she had received much good advice from her and others, which he said, if he had followed, would have kept him from his chains and that disgrace. Said he; two years ago I was a respectable citizen of --, and had been accustomed to attend religious meetings; but that since that time I have deserted the place of worship, and spent my Sabbaths in riding and dissipation; and here I am. Sabbath-breaking led me to gambling and had company, and now it is leading me from my family to the prison. I had known him when he was in- justicious and respectable, though he was unacquainted with the fact, and I doubt not he told me the truth.

As I said, when he wept and wept again. Memory, O memory! how deathless woe of the guilty soul. Had I a history of all the convicts of our prisons, these would be only a few cases among many thousands. The man who contemplates the Sabbath in the highway to ruin.—Ct. Observer.

Temperance.—Some pains were taken in the year 1829, to ascertain the number of vessels which sailed from Boston in that year, with no ardent spirits on board for "the use of the crews, and the names of forty-five were published in the last Annual Report. The inquiry has been continued, and no less than two hundred and fifty-nine of this description have been entered in within this space of time; in the other classes of the community.

From the Rochester Observer.

Mr. Chipman: Will you, or some of your many correspondents, be kind enough to answer the following questions, and obliges?

1. Have apprentices and clerks, immortal souls?

2. Are their masters, or employers, being professed Christians, to be considered as having charge of these souls?

3. Is prayer, and especially family prayer, one of the means of grace?

4. Are those masters or employers, being professed of religion, doing their duty, who keep their apprentices or clerks in the shop, or store, during the time of family worship, when those apprentices or clerks reside in, and are members of the family?

5. These apprentices and clerks being excluded from family prayers, is there not reason to fear that they are also forgotten in secret devotion?

6. Not these questions furnish one reason, why there are so many ungodly apprentices and clerks in our country?

7. Would any Christian wish his child to be an inmate of a family, in which he must be excluded from family worship?

8. What will the feeling of such excluding masters or employers be, when they come to judgment, and find their apprentices or clerks on the left hand?

To Agents and Subscribers—When four numbers more of the Gem shall have been published in the index and title-page, the present volume will be complete: we therefore call on all for the amount due us immediately. This call is earnest, and we hope will be attended to.

Midnight!—Oh! what equals the solemnity of the midnight hour? When the moon is shedding her tresses upon a drowsy world, and the stars gleam in heaven twinkle amid the solemn silence. Everything is hushed, and all seems as if creation was in her grave! Now then, and some sound breaks forth amid the solitude, and rolls along with a fearfulness, not less solemn, than impressive; and like the voice of wailing nightingale amid the ruins of a fallen temple, seems more dreadful, because at such an hour! And how deeply solemn is midnight o'er the fearful cut-a-ract. The rushing waters, as they dash down the descent, send their murmurs upon the ear of the listener, much like the voice of desolation and as its awful thunders pierce the deep silence, one can imagine he hears the voice mingling amid that ceaseless roar, when he approaches the awful brink, and casts his eyes down into the depths, amid the clangory rocks that peer out through the thick gloom, he may imagine the dashed white foam to be the shroud for spirits that walk abroad thus on the very threshold of destruction!

When night is in her deep, deep noon, and all is solitude, and silence—then air, Spirits walk abroad in darkness, and nameless! Yet bearing every shape, and every name, That can allight the soul!

The Stack.—When in the round of human life, one is called away from home, and is obliged to rise at the tolling of the midnight hour, and make preparations for his departure, he anxiously falls upon his ear the least sound. The very rustling of the passing wind, seems to call him away, and the distant rumbling of the heavy wheels that urge him hence, is heard through the air, as it approaches, with a kind of unwelcome feeling. When, at length, the vehicle stands waiting for him, and he hurries on his covering, he feels as if his heart were home, there is a feeling of solemnity and pleasure pervades over the mind as the door closes. The possibility that he may never return, flits across the mind, and then it contemplates the journey; and while there is something sorrowful in the idea of separation, there is something pleasing in that of change. We are all creatures of change, and the world is

To Correspondents.—The articles signed 'Washington,' and 'Ignatius,' are well enough written, but are destitute of plot; 'Sleight-Hiding,' by the same, being now out of season, is filed for next winter.

We thank Horace for his last favor. Our good friend Z., shall have a place in our next.


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To which the world owes less than he the world,
Well nigh to bursting with involuted ideas
Of novel forms of matter, frames of speech
That nature when she made the world o'erlook'd
And man himself has never thought of since.
Now note the birth of genius—mark it well—
Hear! he soiloquizes,—"Let me see!"
Expressive! Who but him!—

It comes to light!
And, to the latest fashion! See it fly
From head to head electric through the crowd,
While men give heed to it more eagerly
Than to the words of life—All undergoes
A revolution; bulkiness contracts,
The narrow is expanded, and the low
Exults suddenly, and—vice versa.
Green becomes blue, white, pink and scarlet, brown;
What grace'd the head now ornament the heeb;
And what was beautiful is now abhor'd;
Abhorred for what? Why, fops, all starch and stays,
Presume it "out of fashion," whereas
We must fly away at once and purchase new
Now let the man who sees "no harm in this,"
Trace consequences; the immortal mind
Forgot, nay, trampled in debasing slavery,
To what end shall he leave food for worms,
She decked herself at each returning spring?
Mast fling away at once and purchase new
And what was beautiful is now abhor'd;
Abhorred for what? All, all the trades and stays,
Presume it "out of fashion," whereas we
Must range where now imagination cannot.

Love and poetry.—Should there be in this enlightened age,
Any incredulous person who still denies that love is poetry,
And that of the sweetest kind, let him read
And ponder upon the following tribute of a
Dumfries lover, to the charms of his fair one:
"Oh honey it is very sweet,
And my love as far excels sugar,
Gang about his business!"

Love.—Every poet that ever had an existence
Has written of it—every mustrel has sung of it—and every maid has dreamed of it;
But we must doubt (we must own, however,
That our own actual knowledge on this point is very superficial), whether all that has been written, sung, and dreamed, comprises more than is compressed into the following stanza:

"O, love! love! love!
Love's like a diamond;
It wanna let a pure hold
Gang about his business!"

The mind.—The mind is but a barren soil:
A soil which is soon exhausted, and will produce no crop, or only one, unless it be continuously fertilized and enriched with foreign matter.

The Ladies' Museum.

The publisher of the "Rural Repository" desiring of presenting his patrons with original matter worthy the extensive patronage hitherto received, of encouraging literary talent and of exciting a spirit of emulation among his old correspondents, and others who are in the habit of writing for the various periodicals of the day, is induced to offer the following premiums, which, if the contests and essays are举行, will be awarded to the composers of the best pieces, who shall be selected from the manuscripts submitted in answer to the following announcement.

Improvements are made in the distinguished artists who give occasional engravings, and are on wood. Should the publishers meet with sufficient encouragement in publishing the third volume, on an extra fine sheet, with one page of music, as often as twice in each number, they will meet with sufficient encouragement to proceed with the fourth volume, which will contain a series of engravings, and cuts on wood. Should the publishers meet with sufficient encouragement in publishing the third volume, they will proceed with the fourth volume, which will contain a series of engravings, and cuts on wood. Should the publishers meet with sufficient encouragement in publishing the third volume, they will proceed with the fourth volume, which will contain a series of engravings, and cuts on wood.

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TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM, payable in advance.

175 All letters and communications must be addressed to the editor.

EDWIN SCRANTON,

Rochester, N. Y., 1831.

Full set of the present volume can be had on application to

CHAPTER III.

... He, who can tell thy own—

To-morrow do the worst, for I have lived to-day;

To be fair, or fairer, or, alas!—

The Jews have preserved, in verse and prose mine.

Not heaven itself if on the past has power;

He, whose calm day his own—

The trial now proceeded—the prisoners all pleaded "not guilty," and counsel was provided in their behalf. Many witnesses had given in their testimony, when the name of that gallant youth who gave such a spur to the courage of the band who first turned to pursue the robbers, George Burkingham, was called, and he came forward to be sworn.—

As the oath was being administered, another disturbance took place, by a woman fainting; which was done with as little delay as possible. When order was again restored, the witness, who had been sitting down, arose, and with a fainting voice desired the judge would return thePhiladelphia Courant, 05 Dec 1823.

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By the way, Leander Fleming, who was now introduced, was a tall, well built man, about forty, and a thousand eyes were upon him. He heaved with powerful emotions. Such a voice—

"My fellow-citizens—I perceive that my Father has swooned! I would that he might be well taken care of!"

Thus saying, he sat down, while his bosom heaved with powerful emotions. Such a speech, bearing such a confession, was like an electric shock to the vast assemblage in the court-room, and the confusion was great beyond measure. At length they succeeded in removing Wm. Bloomfield, and restoring order. But order was not restored within that heaving bosom. There was a tempest in the robber's breast, that defied all his powers, and as his feelings rose higher and higher by reflecting upon the sight he had just witnessed, at length the amadantine walls around his heart gave way, and his tears flowed as if his head had been an exhaustless fountain of waters; and even pity entered many a breast!—

"I will not leave the court!" said he in the depth of his agony: "I have a deep interest at stake here!"—and then swooning away, he fell into the arms of those who were near him. It was Wm. Bloomfield!

Immediately on this taking place, the Fighting-Devil arose slowly, and looked earnestly towards the scope of confusion. All was still, as he articulated in a clear and beautiful voice—

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wasted therefore called up and sworn. Such a trembling and paleness as seized upon him as he was called to the stand, was almost sufficient to bring him to the floor. The witness appeared like a dying man, and a cold sweat in great drops stood upon his brow. After a long pause, and making several violent efforts he gave in his testimony.

Witness testified that he was a native of Old Guilford, was 25 years of age: that he had respectable connexions in the country.—

Said that a patrimony had been left him, and that he became reduced, and was thrown upon the verge of ruin by habits of intemperance and gambling, when one of his companions in iniquity, Radcliffe Bloomfield, proposed to him in filling up a party of robbers. Being in a high state of excitement under the lash of a severe lecture from his brother, that still sounded in his ears, he accepted; the names were changed, and all the preliminaries of a party of robbers agreed upon during that night. The next week, all things being settled, the party made their departure by robbing a bachelor, a leather dealer in Stanwix. The principal robbery they wished to effect, however, was that of the father of the Chief. Witness said the chief had a peculiar grudge against his father's family; always expressed a desire to break that family up; discovered great bitterness and vengeance: it was the agreement of the clan that no personal violence should be permitted.—

Witness said they had been three times to Durham to rob the house of the Bloomfields; twice they found the family visited by sickness, and the last time a large party was gathered there. Witness said that they had been very successful; had money secreted now.—

They had robbed ten houses, and two travelers on the highway; had been two years in the characters of fishermen and robbers, but had mingled much among the community as private citizens, to hear what was said about them.

Here the testimony against the prisoners rested. Some of the friends of the Bloomfields attempted to find witnesses to prove that the Fighting-Devil was not the son of the Bloomfields. But this failed; and after several speeches from the lawyers, the case was committed to the jury who found a verdict of Guilt.

Already they had arrived at their very door, and Mrs. Bancroft was alighting, when Cora, seeing them, came out. But what was her surprise to find her dear brother of the number. She fell on his neck and bathed it with her tears, while she bestowed such a round of kisses upon him, as convinced him that her love, instead of diminishing by absence, had only gathered new strength and ardor. Affliction serves either to soften or harden the heart; if we remember in affliction that our Heavenly Father chastens us for our own good—our own good—but if we become dissatisfied, curse our fate, and seem to think we deserve a better lot, then the heart hardens, and we disappointed our Maker. I will mention nothing that passed in the bosoms of Leander and Cora at that meeting. All their actions must, of course, be formality and coldness in presence of the family, though I will not vouch that they did not read a language in each others eyes, which spoke audible to the heart.

Mr. Bancroft and the Bloomfield family were comparatively happy. George Bancroft was known, and as he had reformed and become again entitled to the confidence of his friends, he was assisted into business in Durham, & succeeded in gaining old friends and new, and in due time, under the instruction of a kind and devoted mother, he embraced that religion which had been the solace of his mother in the severest hour of peril. But I again revert to the Bloomfields. The eldest son of that family was under sentence of death! This brought down the haughtiness of that tyrannical family, and hung upon their spirits with the weight of an incubus. Every hour strewed seeds of misery, and when they contemplated the future, a shudder was presented to their burdened minds. With very unceasing meetings, many rejoiced at their sorrow. But she who had the most reason to do so—she who had been haunted and villified by that unfeeling, haughty family, rejoiced not. Her soul was sorry, and she prayed that her enemies might be brought to a knowledge of the truth and be forgiven, as she most freely forgave. But the hand of chastening lay heavy upon the Bloomfields—destruction with her awful feet, rolled her dark cloud along their path, and this family with all their possessions, were not able to avert the blow, or hide the tale from the world. The fatal day of the execution of the Fighting-Devil came. It was big with interest to the Bloomfield family. An attempt to get the condemned chief pardoned had proved fruitless. The gallows was erected—the hour arrived—and Radcliffe Bloomfield expired his crimes by an ignominious death on a public scaffold! His accomplices spent the remainder of their days in Newgate. I must leave the Bloomfield family for the present deeply bowed under their afflictions—and I would gladly give them a final dismissal, but had calamities more overwhelming befallen them.

It was late at night, in the month of May, that a dark complexioned stranger, rapped at the door of a low and miserable log hut about two miles from Durham. The woman was alone, with the exception of a child of three years of age, and did not immediately obey the call of the stranger. Again he rapped, and said, "I am a stranger, and I crave adittance to your lodgings; whoever abides here may depend upon my honesty." When he had thus spoken, the door opened into the hut, and a miserable looking woman, badly clad, and bowed with grief, pointed the stranger to a bench near the fire. She had been in bed, and her fire had gone down, but she soon resuscitated it again; and from her crying splinters which threw a light about the room, the stranger saw what an abode of misery he was in. The bed was upon the floor, a miserable pallet of straw and rags, and a fine healthy looking little boy was sleeping as sweetly upon it as if it had been the softest of down beneath him, and, as if festivities of richness and beauty hung above; and he doubtless enjoyed sleep as well as if plenty crowned the habitation where he had lain over a night. To him the place was as interesting as would have been the gilded hall, or the fretted roof; but misery—deep and desolating misery, stamped every thing else. The female was about forty years of age, and her face showed more the furrows of grief, than the ravages of time.

"I am a poor, desolate creature, sir, as you see," said the woman; "and I can give you no place to rest yourself but the floor. Yet in my poverty I feel rich; I put my trust in nothing here. Though poverty and blight mark my path here, I will rejoice in the God of my salvation, and submit to his chastening in peace."

"Have you long been so destitute?" inquired the stranger.

"Not long," she replied. "My husband, from once respectable, is now a worthless drunkard, and two months since, being stripped of his all for debt, I followed him to this abode of wretchedness; not for any love that I bore him, for that he had destroyed long since by his cruelty and treachery; not for any hope of reforming him, for he had long been possessed of that day of grace, and therefore his eternal destiny, was sealed up; but it was for the sake of the little sleeper upon that poor pallet of straw. That I might be instrumental in guiding him, through the blessing of heaven, in the way he should go, I reside here. My husband has been here but once to see me. He then came under the influence of spirits, with words of deceit and flattery. I pointed him to the poverty and wretchedness that surrounded me, and asked him if he thought to change the skin of the leopard by his sycophantic flattery. He was touched to the heart; his eyes streamed; he left me, and has not since been heard of."

"I once was an inhabitant of these parts," said the stranger. "Pray tell me who is your husband?"

"Morris Williams," sighed the woman. "Morris Williams!—Morris Williams!" exclaimed the stranger, "is it possible that my old, my once bosom friend Williams has thus fallen?"

"It is even so," said the woman; "and I
would inquire whom I have the honor to address!"

"You will excuse me for the present," said the stranger, "I will only say that Morris Williams, Edward Bancroft, and myself were intimate together."

"Edward Bancroft," sighed the woman, "was once fond of, and I have always cherished for him a lively, affectionate remembrance. But he, like my husband, has deserted his family, who still reside in Durham, and he himself has gone unknown to wretchedness and ruin."

"I would inquire your maiden name," said the stranger.

"It was Electa R.," said she. "I was married at my sister's, the wife of Thomas Mellen."

"Electa R.," exclaimed the stranger, "I am glad to hear that the whole family had accepted my invitation."

"I cannot enter into preliminaries. The hour at length arrived and the couple entered the room with their utmost ardor. Cora Bancroft was an enchanting creature, and that evening she appeared doubly so. — She was the adored of all present. The Bloomfields, our once particular friends, were in attendance. The returned Edward Bancroft, with his family, was greatly outweighed by the advantages offered to the character of the Scriptures. Many persons accounted it honorable to devote themselves to preaching and commenting on the sacred volume. They were more particularly occupied in explaining the analogies of Luther's doctrine to the precepts of Scripture, and the latter was received with great joy by the people. In the zeal of the age, all methods of disseminating religious knowledge appear to have been embraced. Persons who had a poetical turn composed hymns and sacred ballads, to be put into the hands of poor people, who made a livelihood by singing them through the country. One cannot well imagine a more effectual method of rendering Scripture history familiar to the minds of the lower orders. Among the persons who exerted themselves in turning such subjects into verse, was Paul Sprettet, a man of rank from Suabia, who was indefatigable in forwarding the Lutheran cause in Prussia. On one of the occasions on which he had turned into verse the subject of his discourse, it is related, that the poor man who received the printed copies of the rhymes, repaired to Wittensberg, and in the course of his progress through the town, sung them under Luther's window. The attention of the Reformers was caught by the subject; he listened with pleasure to the song, and, on inquiry, he learned the name of its author. He is said to have burst into tears, and rendered thanks to God for making such humble expedients conducive to the propagation of sacred truth. — Bowser's Life of Luther."

**BALLAD SINGING.**

Urged by his ministers to oppose the progress of the Reformation, Henry VIII. came forward, and declared it improper to bring the Scriptures within reach of the common people. He exerted himself accordingly to prevent the diffusion of Luther's translation, and addressed letters to that effect to the elector Frederick, to his brother John, and to George, Duke of Saxony. George, who was exceedingly eager to suppress the circulation of the translation of the Bible, returned a very cordial answer, and lamented that Luther was not within his jurisdiction. Frederick and his brother, between whom the utmost cordiality always subsisted, replied in the same evangelical style as they had adopted on former occasions. They attempted to soothe the violent Henry, and were not altogether unsuccessful, though they were a good deal offended at the freedom taken by the English ambassador in publishing Henry's letter in Saxony before they had received a copy of it.

But the injury to the cause of the Reformation from the opposition of particular cabinets, was greatly outweighed by the advantages offered on the general circulation of the Scriptures. The truths contained in the very tend to redouble the zeal of the advocates of translations of Scripture. Many persons accounted it honorable to devote themselves to preaching and commenting on the sacred volume. They were more particularly occupied in explaining the analogies of Luther's doctrine to the precepts of Scripture, and the latter was received with great joy by the people. In the zeal of the age, all methods of disseminating religious knowledge appear to have been embraced. Persons who had a poetical turn composed hymns and sacred ballads, to be put into the hands of poor people, who made a livelihood by singing them through the country. One cannot well imagine a more effectual method of rendering Scripture history familiar to the minds of the lower orders. Among the persons who exerted themselves in turning such subjects into verse, was Paul Sprettet, a man of rank from Suabia, who was indefatigable in forwarding the Lutheran cause in Prussia. On one of the occasions on which he had turned into verse the subject of his discourse, it is related, that the poor man who received the printed copies of the rhymes, repaired to Wittensberg, and in the course of his progress through the town, sung them under Luther's window. The attention of the Reformers was caught by the subject; he listened with pleasure to the song, and, on inquiry, he learned the name of its author. He is said to have burst into tears, and, rendered thanks to God for making such humble expedients conducive to the propagation of sacred truth. — Bowser's Life of Luther.**
THE CATACOMBS OF PALERMO.

The following account of the Catacombs of Palermo is from the Journal of M. P. E. Botti, a young traveller, who lately visited Egypt with baron Taylor, and who remained some time in Sicily.

"Before I conclude with Palermo, I wish to give an account of a most strange sight which is to be witnessed there; I mean the sepulchral vaults of a convent of canyphagi, situated about a mile from the city. They have been dug in a hill which possesses the remarkable property of drying, and preserving from decay, the corpses which are placed there. I am not aware whether the preservation merely arises from the drying qualities of the soil, or whether the bodies undergo a previous process, for here they make a mystery of every thing, and it is hardly possible to consider this subject in any other than a picturesque point of view. Be this as it may, this property does not belong exclusively to this vault, for the bone-house of the Cordeliers, in Toulouse, and that of the Jacobins of Grenoble were formerly celebrated for the same curious effect. It was there that the preservation among other corpses that of the beautiful Paula; and the curious have sought among these disfigured remains of to obtain a place there. It is not, as I am assured, curiosity alone, nor a desire to render extraordinary accounts of which it is difficult to the last sad duties to their friends, which freethese catacombs, according to the quaintly directs their steps thither. They oftstatement of travellers, are more curious than others of Sicily, for it is said that the inclosure of one part of the walls possessed the property of preserving bodies, whilst the opposite part did not possess that faculty.

"The subterranean parts of the Capuchin Convent at Palermo are divided into a great number of galleries in the walls of which so long a journey, it is impossible to be too many inches have been cut, as if it had at first been intended to place statues there; but now there are ranges of monuments, which are niches formed, and come from time to time to much more expressive of human stature. These if they are of the proper size, frequently are statues of statues. Monks and nobles, priests suggesting alterations and improvements. Laymen, are there to be seen standing in the Some of them carry the joke still farther; and costume of their rank or profession. Each of the better to serve their apprenticeship to eternally human nature, it was only natural to suppose that they resembled dumb and motionless. Figure to yourself a collection of mummies, similar to those of Sicily, for it is said that the inclosure of a physician, who, in traversing these galleries, suddenly encountered two sparkling eyes peeping from one of these niches.

"This abode of melancholy, however has been differently treated with the corpi defuncti of Palermo. Its fete day, the jour des morts. Upon that last quarter seemed to have preserved their solemn occasion, the darkness is dispelled by the lusture of the illuminations, and the accents of some clerics even pretended that they have tomed stillness is replaced by the clamor of the multitude of spectators. The dead are as, with the exception of their clothing, these corpses are not at all confined, and their number is not in the least restrained, they are in no case subject to other influences than the curiosity of nothing. They have been dug up in a state of reposed, the members are distorted as if they were sufferer
and none of my desires should suffer from re-

boand'ess wealth than he

I would be happy." All this he might; but

appointment. The poorest child who had

shilling, than the wealthy man in expending

will in some huld<*

a.re. They are s. Tearful that their fortune jects, original and selected Poetry—Tales—

mischief and ruin. They have vessels at sea,

ward, he saw men too penurious in laying up

stockholders in bridges and the freshets may

carry them away. In these and a thousand

les shall cease.

pieces all spoiled. It was a lesson to him

dreams are haunted with spectres of dismay

for a rainy day he told the story of the barrel

and remit the money, I will give the following, i he

GEM, can have the 2d volume bound and lettered for

agent in this state, it shall be forwarded to sucha-

to the readers of the Congregational Magazine,

will here furnish them with a literal transla-

tion of it, and then add the interpretation,

as given by P. N. Loberecht, Leipsic, 1731.

The hymn itself is found in Sepher Haggaddah,
fol. 23.

1. A kid, a kid, my father bought,

For two pieces of money:

A kid, a kid, a kid, a kid.

2. Then came the cat, and ate the kid,

That bit the cat,

That ate the kid,

That my father bought,

For two pieces of money:

A kid, a kid, a kid, a kid.

3. Then came the dog, and bit the cat,

That ate the kid,

That ate the kid,

That my father bought,

For two pieces of money:

A kid, a kid, a kid, a kid.

4. Then came the staff, and beat the dog,

That bit the cat,

That ate the kid,

That ate the kid,

That my father bought,

For two pieces of money:

A kid, a kid, a kid, a kid.

5. Then came the fire, and burned the staff,

That bit the cat,

That ate the kid,

That ate the kid,

That my father bought,

For two pieces of money:

A kid, a kid, a kid, a kid.

6. Then came the water, and quenched the fire,

That burned the staff,

That bit the dog,

That ate the cat,

That ate the kid,

That my father bought,

For two pieces of money:

A kid, a kid, a kid, a kid.

7. Then came the ox, and drank the water,

That quenched the fire,

That burned the staff,

That bit the dog,

That ate the cat,

That ate the kid,

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THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

10. Then came the Holy One, blessed be He! And killed the angel of death, that killed the butcher, that slew the ox, that drank the water, that quenched the fire, that burned the staff, that bit the cat, that ate the kid, that my father bought, for two pieces of money: A kid, a kid. 

5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire, under Alexander the Great. 

6. The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whose dominion the Jews were subjected. 

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the yoke of the barbary chaliphate. 

8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the Crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens. 

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long expected Messiah. 

But man was the conqueror at last; but the savages, scared by the spear and thinned in their numbers, made a rush in one body towards the ravine, overthrew everything in their way, and burst from the valley awakening the desert for many a league with their roar. 

The whole thicket was instantly alive; the earth was a sad vibratory mass, and the roars of the lions, the howling of the hounds, and the roar of the sea, united to form a scene of mad confusion, which the mind could not endure to think of, let alone to witness. 

And killing the ox, a symbol of the Saracens who had been subdued, to which it is said that God will take vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long expected Messiah. 

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and cried out, "My dear, have you killed yourself?" "Go into the house, woman," said he, "what do you know about war!"

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

From the Rochester Republican.

LETTER I.

Packet Ship Sally—sailed Dec. 26th, 1830.

My dear—

The monotony of a sea voyage, with only the usual complement of calm and tempest, must not be expected to furnish matter for a letter of much length or interest. In traversing, as we have already done, nearly three thousand miles of waste waters, we seem to have had the ocean to ourselves. Only one solitary ship has appeared within our horizon, and, on the very verge of it, just where the heavens went down to meet the water, looked scarcely more real than a phantom.

The very inhabitants of the deep seem to have abandoned their home and element to us, for on one tempestuous day, a few miserable porpoises gamboled about our ship, for half an hour, as if to say, that what was peril to us was only sport to them.

There is something singularly depressing in the solitariness of such a condition. The largest ship becomes an insignificant object, when seen day after day, and week after week, very exactly poised in the centre of an extended plane, on which the sky shuts down on every side, forming apparently, a wide circular world for her single self, and from which, no matter what her direction or her speed, it seems impossible for her to escape. There she seems, in the same centre of the same everlasting circle, with nothing better for her, for the greater portion of time, but a blank for ever. It matters not how well her decks or her cabin may be peopled—these form but little, after all, who hears it for the first time. These mutations of the ocean are sometimes exceedingly rapid, and are constantly recurring, and with some deep internal cause of unquiet—America, and I desire to look upon the face of Freedom is one of enthusiastic interest with me, as it is with all in Europe. I am this day twenty-one years old, and in the month of December. I have oft produced me to tear myself away from objects of beauty, sublimity and terror, so as not to forget to wonder or to fear.

Besides these changes in the ocean, there are the usual variety of phenomena, which I have certainly witnessed with great interest, but which it would be worse than useless for me to dwell upon. You may find them all described, in any book, or letter, which has been written on, or concerning the sea, for centuries. There is however one fact which I cannot omit stating, because I do not recollect having either seen or heard it noted; and that is, the very remarkable difference between a dark night at sea, and a dark night on land.

The nights at sea, in the same state of the atmosphere and the heavens, are decidedly the lighter of the two. This is evidently owing to the phosphorescence of ocean. I have distinctly witnessed its effect in the darkest night and during a storm, enabling me to observe the mountainous tops of the waves at a great distance, and very visibly and steadily casting light on the deck and rigging of the ship. On my mentioning this subject to our intelligent captain, he informed me that in tropical regions it has often served the sailors of his ship illumined, to a degree of brightness, with the effect of this phosphoric light from the water.

I have run on in this letter, to more length than I thought of, when I sat down, and there yet remain some things unsaid which I do not like, altogether, to omit. I want to tell you something of life at sea, and give you some account of the discipline and police of a ship, if possible, before making the land, I will do this in another letter.

I hope the condition of my health will enable me to furnish you the brief sketches which you made me promise to give you, during my absence. You know the reasons which induced me to tear myself away from objects of the tenderest interest at home, to spend a few months in a foreign climate, and confer the relief I seek, must be determined by the event. In the mean time, I have much to see and hear, and I should not fail to make the busiest use of my time. The cause of Freedom is one of enthusiastic interest with me, as it is with all in America, and I desire to look upon the face of Europe, either in actual convulsion, or before the effects of her convulsive throes have pass-ed off.

Ever yours, B.
There are hopes yet remaining which fondly I cherish.

Our hearths stones cold,—our casements drawn,
And all our race like shadows flown.

Amid your mirth, your festive songs,
Will no remorseless image lower?
No memory of Industry wrongs.
Rise darkly, o'er your musing hour
Fill a crush'd nation's deep despair,
You broken faith, our tears wet
The baby's appeal, the chieftain's prayer
Find no memorial with our God!

Hartford, Feb. 14, 1841.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

From the extensive patronage already received, and a desire to make the work still more interesting, the Publisher of the RHETORICIAN, (in Brown's Bridge, Mass.), is induced to offer the following premiums, viz.:

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than two pages of the Mirror) $10, or a medal of that value, with approbate inscriptions thereon.

For the second best, a set of Shakespeare's works.

For the third best, a volume of the Mirror.

For the best POEM, not less than 100 lines in length Ten Dollars.

For the second best, a set of Byron's poetical works.

For the 5d do a volume of the Mirror.

For the best original on FAMILY GOVERNMENT. $5.

For the second best, a volume of the Mirror.

The merits of the communications offered, will be decided by a committee of the editors, literary gentlemen.

All communications intended for the prizes, must be directed to the Publisher (post paid) previous to the first of July next—each containing an envelope with the name and residence of the writer, which will not be opened until the essay is decided upon.

GEORGE W. H. FISK.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the RHETORICAL REPOSITORY declares of presenting his patrons with original works, a prize to the extensive patronage thereto received, of encouraging literary talent, and of exciting a spirit of emulation among his old correspondents, and others who are in the habit of writing for the various periodicals of the day, is induced to offer the following premiums, which he flatters himself they will consider deserving of their notice.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than three pages) to occupy the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the second best, the Tokens for 1830 and 31.

For the second best, a volume of the Mirror.

For the best POEM, not less than forty nor over a hundred lines, $5.

For the second best, the Atlantic Souvenir for 1830, and the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of the Repository, handsomely bound.

For the best, the Tokens for 1830 and 31.

For the best, the Tokens for 1830 and 31.

For the third best, a volume of the Mirror.

Communications intended for the prizes must be directed to the Publisher (post paid) William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. printed previous to the first of July next—each containing an sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer, which will not be opened, except attached to a piece entitled to one of the prizes. The merits of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose.

THE GEM; A Semi-Monthly Literary Journal. 24 VOLUME—TO CONTAIN 4 ENGRAVINGS.

TERMS.

The Gem will be published every other Saturday in quarto form, and mailed for binding. It will be accompanied with the Mirror and the Atlantic Souvenir, at the price of One Dollar per annum.

$7 All letters and communications must be addressed to the subscriber, post paid.

E. C. CRANTZON, Rochester, N. Y. 1839.

No part of the above may be reprinted without the permission of the editors, who order all such to desist immediately.

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FASHION.

We have always had a kindly feeling for the Turks. Not because we have been robbed by Greeks or cheated by Russians, or because of any particular hatred to the holy Alliance. We have above such small prejudices. But we love the "turban'd, and malignant Turk," because, since the "banner of Mahomet," was first unfurled, he has worn the same cut to his breeches and made no innovation on his beard! His women cover their faces still, and have no square-toed caprice upon their sandals, and he does as his father did before him, and cares not a pill of opinion for Shuker or Cantelo—Bond-street loungers, or Paris milliners—he is fashion-free!

Now we have no objection to a new coat—we rather prefer a square-toed boot, and we can shut our eyes in peace while Dubley trims our mustache—these are innocent and unobtrusive changes, and we submit—but hate men-stays Jackson card and gigots—big bonnets and tight knee'd pantaloons—hoops and Spanish dances. They touch our comfort—they spoil our temper.

Our cousin Kate is a round, plump, bungling girl of sixteen, just 'come out.' We attempted to take a lesson from her the other evening in waltzing (shade of our deaf grand-mother, lie still!) for which we confess the temptation to take a lesson from her the other evening in waltzing was unusually short, and the circulation of the wine gave a new zest to the life and good feelings that already pervaded the whole company. The Bancroft family now occupied an enviable situation. Providence had restored them all again to each other, and the history of past grievances and sufferings were all forgotten in this bright and happy hour. The evening passed off, and each bore his part in the hilarity. At length a call was made for the story of Edward Bancroft, and the history of my own wanderings.
storm without a ray of comfort, or a sunbeam of joy. The fierce tempest of fate has lashed my devoted form, until hope has frequently expired—and sought in this wide world could have preserved me amidst the elements, but Him in whose hand we are all. The third day after departure from Liverpool, we encountered one of the most overwhelming storms that ever swept destruction over the bosom of the ocean. I cannot describe it for it was as much past description as are the ways of Him who displayed there his terrible majesty and power. The sea rolled and heaved as if it would disgorge itself completely from its bed: and it did seem as if its height was no less than the very sky, and its depth that of the great globe itself. Our vessel, reduced to only ten men out of fifty souls, soon became a waterlogged hulk, mastless and sailless, and driving before the wind over the piled mountains of water, unmanaged and unmanageable.

The third day after the wreck, only three of us clung to the almost disinterred hulk, and soon after, the whole going entirely to pieces. I clung to some of the remaining timbers, and was providentially taken up some hours after thoughts were of my family—my family—and I clung to some of the remaining timbers, and as the sea, God only knows. Oh! what scenes of the sea, God only knows. Oh! what, to:Ere the daylight had streaked the mountain-top, I was on my journey towards Durham. Passing from Corydon through the dense swamps that lie about Quonopog and Ono Ponds, my journey was suddenly arrested by the appearance of six men, all armed, making towards me. They demanded I should follow them, and promised me to use no violence in case I did so peaceably. I was obliged to obey the mandate, and followed them towards the sea. In a short time, they entered the woods, and about sunset of that day, after hard day's travel were arrived at the Lion's Den, and passed over Cranberry bill, that narrow, dangerous pass that leads on to the Sphynx, an island bordering on the sea near the mouth of Bloody-Creek; and on the one side of which is a most fearfully majestic fastness, to escape. This I did by knocking down Burk, one of the robbers, and being anxious that there should be no mistake in finding their strong hold, I proceeded to Flambeau and offered myself as leader of the band. Of the success of that expedition and capture and punishment of the Fighting Devil and his lawless companions, you are all of you acquainted. Then, after a six month's apprenticeship in the school of robbery, I graduated—had, not a finished scholar, but a young wagner, and being anxious that there should be no mistake in finding their strong hold, I proceeded to Flambeau and offered myself as leader of the band. Of the success of that expedition and capture of the Fighting Devil and his lawless companions, you are all of you acquainted. Then, after a six month's apprenticeship in the school of robbery, I graduated—not a finished scholar, but a young wagner, and being anxious that there should be no mistake in finding their strong hold, I proceeded to Flambeau and offered myself as leader of the band. Of the success of that expedition and capture of the Fighting Devil and his lawless companions, you are all of you acquainted. Then, after a six month's apprenticeship in the school of robbery, I graduated—not a finished scholar, but a young wagner, and being anxious that there should be no mistake in finding their strong hold, I proceeded to Flambeau and offered myself as leader of the band. Of the success of that expedition and capture of the Fighting Devil and his lawless companions, you are all of you acquainted. Then, after a six month's apprenticeship in the school of robbery, I graduated—not a finished scholar, but a young wagner, and being anxious that there should be no mistake in finding their strong hold, I proceeded to Flambeau and offered myself as leader of the band. Of the success of that expedition and capture of the Fighting Devil and his lawless companions, you are all of you acquainted. Then, after a six month's apprenticeship in the school of robbery, I graduated—not a finished scholar, but a young wagner, and being anxious that there should be no mistake in finding their strong hold, I proceeded to Flambeau and offered myself as leader of the band. Of the success of that expedition and capture of the Fighting Devil and his lawless companions, you are all of you acquainted. Then, after a six month's apprenticeship in the school of robbery, I graduated—not a finished scholar, but a young wagner, and being anxious that there should be no mistake in finding their strong hold, I proceeded to Flambeau and offered myself as leader of the band. Of the success of that expedition and capture of the Fighting Devil and his lawless companions, you are all of you acquainted. Then, after a six month's apprenticeship in the school of robbery, I graduated—not a finished scholar, but a young wagner, and being anxious that there should be no mistake in finding their strong hold, I proceeded to Flambeau and offered myself as leader of the band. Of the success of that expedition and capture of the Fighting Devil and his lawless companions, you are all of you acquainted.
But I left the cottage of Electa Williams and her child very abruptly, and would return a moment to that wretched hovel. After the departure of the stranger, poor Mrs. Williams sat down in a strange frame of mind. Who the guest could be, and how or where he should have known her in her youth, was a mystery. She wondered, walked her room, and looked out into darkness. She listened for the sound of footsteps, and after she had imagined she heard the approach of some one, a dozen times, and sat down, and was many times disappointed, she lay down on her pallet, and lost herself in sleep. Waking in the morning, she found the sun had led upon his daily course many hours. She arose hastily, and opening the door, she discovered a letter which had been pushed underneath it. Eagerly seizing and opening it she found it contained a fifty dollar note, with the following:—

"Mrs. W—I commiserate your situation, and without inquiry enclose you the within. Should I find you worthy, want shall not be your portion. E. Bancroft."

A few hours afterwards a carriage was sent for her, and a note desiring her company at the cottage. She consented, and joined the happy family, brightening their joy by an exhibition of her gratitude, and ever after, she found an unfading friend in Edward Bancroft.

William Bloomfield had already learned that Edward Bancroft had returned, and that family was happy in being all again united. He learned, too, that the man whom he had sworn to ruin, had now the rod in his hands; and when he thought of all this, and the disturbed state of his own family, he could hardly persuade himself that his power had so far departed. But the dissolution of the Bloomfield family was at hand. The tyrannical head was called to the grave amidst all his transgressions—and left this world and all its concerns, with the deepest regret and sorrow. Bloomfield's family dissolved. The three sons went different ways upon the world's wide stage, unnoticed. If any remember one who once moved in the first circles in Rochester, who for years bore an unblemished character, but who, at last wronged his truest friend, and decamped, leaving a character as dark as the midnight of hell—he may set to the account of this pernicious young man. If one is collected who fell from a high station, became a curse to himself, dishonored his friends, and at last fell a victim to that monster intemperance—indeed if one who is now hopeless and friendless upon the wide world, a victim to gambling and intoxication, be remembered; or if a beautiful girl, long since in the tomb, whose tale of grief and brokenheartedness might wring any soul with agony not allious to all feeling, I say if any, or all these characters come fresh to the memory of any person here, they may trace back to the son of William Bloomfield the cause of it all....

But he too is gone now, to reader up a most melancholy and dark account—and when his spirit fluttered upon the verge of dissolution, and life flew from side to side of its clay tenure, as if unwilling to depart and seal the destiny of such a wretch, with all his guilt fresh upon that soul, and unrepented of; how fear and horror fell upon that soul, and how, like a maniac he ravished himself out of this world, cursing his own existence, and blaspheming his Maker! But I will leave all reader, with you. In the preceding there will be found some chaff, and some wheat. I would that you should cull the latter. You can see by this to what ends unprincipled men will arrive at last, and how the thirst of his bosom; yet following the emblem of tranquility into after life, we see him exposed to every climate—contending with every obstacle—exulted by every passion; and under these various circumstances how different is the power and degree of the heart's action, which has not only to beat, but to "beat time," through every moment of a long and troubled life.

Discretion of Judges.—The discretionary power of judges is very often little better than the caprice of a tyrant.

How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night, Like softest music to attending ears! Anachronism.—Egyptian, in his great travels through Egypt and the Holy Land, says that a monk of the monastery of Mount Sinai told him there was in one of their cellars a cannon deposited in the time of the Emperor Justinian.

ON MATRIBIONT
LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

From the Rochester Republican.

LETTER V

Paris, January 4th, 1831.

My dear Friend—When I arrived at the city it had just passed through a scene of appalling danger. The officious intermeddling of those who arrested the Ministers of Charles, had well nigh cost the country its quiet, if not its liberty. These men, at whose escape the Government would have rejoiced, having been arrested and brought back to Paris, the people became clamorous for their blood. The victims of the Three Days cried aloud for vengeance from the very essence of their graves. Their surviving friends and relations, cherishing in the mind most peculiar to the French, the memory of the dead, demanded to offer this sacrifice to their names. The Government was embarrassed. Merely to send the ex-Ministers into exile, would be perhaps to banish them to the enjoyments of a free and happy country than their own; and to send them to the guillotine, probably be to set in operation a machine which seems to have within itself the power of perpetual propulsion, and which might not be checked till much of the best blood of France had been spilled. In the mean time, the formal trial of the obnoxious Ministers proceeded in the Chamber of Peers. They did not stop to reflect, nor perhaps would it have been prudent, or possible, to have done so, that, since the last remedy of an injured people had been resorted to, and an entire new order of things had been established on the ruins of the old, the right of this Government to go back to the exercise of a mere constitution was at least doubtful. Whatever the opinion they might have entertained on this subject, there was behind them, in public sentiment and feeling, an irresistible power propelling them forward. While the Peers were going through the formalities of a hearing, with as much prudence as possible, public indignation was daily gathering intensity. This was cherished and aggravated in a variety of ways. The fresh grapes of the slay, several of which are still seen in the most public places, in the heart of the capital, near where they fell, decorated with tri-coloured flags and hung with innumerable wreaths of evergreen, were visited and wept over by continual crowds, and many of the most striking and bloody scenes of the conflict and carnage of the revolution already transferred to canvass, were publicly exhibited to the senses of a people who are peculiarly alive to sympathetic impressions. Some of the public journals and the Theatres, did not fail to lend their aid to the work. During all this time, nobody doubted the conviction of the Ministers. They were convicted before they were put to the bar. The point of embarrassment and doubt was how they were to be disposed of.

From the delay of the Peers in coming to a decision on a matter which seemed to the multitude too clear for deliberation, the people, at last became satisfied that it was the intention of the Government to save the lives of the unhappy prisoners. The indignation of the mob then rose to the highest pitch, and without defining their own object, further than to enjoy, at all hazards, the spectacle of the death of the Ministers, they began to assemble in dense and portentous masses around the gates and gardens of Luxembourg. The Court of the Peers was then in session at the Palace. It was a fearful moment for Paris and for France. The whole city was thrown into alarm, and nothing was looked for but a fresh devastation as follows: the letting loose of the worst passions of the human heart. At this trying hour, the National Guard was appealed to, and happily not in vain. Though the hearts of very many of them, from their condition in life and the personal interest which they had in passing scenes, were with the agitators; yet, in defiance of order and peace, they hastened to the point of danger and attack as one man, and placing themselves fearlessly between the infuriated mob and the objects of their indignation, by their interposity and coolness, saved the nation. The result of the deliberations of the Peers was pronounced by the President, in the absence of the accused. They were condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and measures were instantly taken for their immediate removal to Vincennes. This was a task of difficult execution, for the multitude was still besiegling the Luxembourg. Fortunately, at the moment, a rumour was spread among the people that Polignac, at least, was determined to death. The ministers were hastened into a carriage of one of the Peers, towards whom the rumor just mentioned had softened the mob, and under a light guard, passed them unperceived, and by a circuitous route reached Vincennes in safety. This was at six o'clock in the evening. At seven, the truth of the decree was known, but the crisis seemed to be past. The force of the insurgents had become broken, and in a few hours all was quiet.

The friends of humanity and of good order must rejoice that France was spared the disgrace, either of the death of the Ministers, or of a popular commotion because they were saved. Much of the credit is due to the good Lafayette. His immense popularity was galvanised into action. With his usual reserve, he did not doubt that they were to be led to instant execution. Polignac took the first opportunity afterwards to acknowledge that he owed his life to Lafayette. This is not the first time that gallantry has made a narrow escape. He was engaged in the infamous plot of the infernal machine, to destroy the life of Bonaparte for which he was condemned to death. He was saved by a woman of whose devotion he could not have been worthy. Of great personal beauty, in a condition of peculiar interest, and overwhelmed with grief, she forced her way into the presence of the First Consul, threw herself at his feet, and begged the life of her husband. His instantaneous reply, in his usual rapid manner, "lavez vous," assured her of success. It is not uncharitable to say that the baseness of Polignac's attempt on the life of Napoleon, and the uniform hatred to his family, by which he was distinguished, was his prime recommendation to Charles X. It is a little singular, that having once been saved by the generosity of the man he attempted to murder, his unworthy life should have been a second time yielded back to him through the voluntary efforts of one individual whom he must have equally hated for his liberal principles.

Ever yours,

A. S. A SLAVE MARKET.

The following affecting sketch of a Slave Market, extracted from the Rochester Republican, is calculated to make a deep impression upon the minds of our juvenile readers. The place where the great slave mart is held, is a long winding street called Vailonga, which runs from the sea at the north extremity of the city. Almost every house in this place is a large wareroom, where the slaves are deposited, and customers go to purchase. These warerooms stand at each side of the street, and the poor creatures are exposed for sale like any other commodity. When a customer in, they are turned up before the purchaser in different parts, exactly as I have seen butchers feeling a calf; and the whole examination is the mere animal capability, without the remotest inquiry as to the moral quality, which a man no more thinks of, than if he was buying a dog or a mule. I have frequently seen Brazilian ladies at these sales. They go dressed, sit down, handle and examine the goods, and bring them away with the most perfect indifference. I sometimes saw groups of well-dressed females here, shopping for slaves, exactly as I have seen English ladies amusing themselves at our bazaars.

There was no circumstance which struck me with more melancholy reflections than this market, which I felt as a kind of morbid curiosity in seeing, as a man looks at objects which excite his strongest interests, while they obscure his best feelings. The warerooms are spacious apartments, where sometimes three or four hundred slaves, of all ages, and both sexes, are exhibited together. Round the room are benches on which the elder generally sit, and the middle is occupied by the younger, particularly females, who squat on the ground stowed close together, with their hands and chins resting on their knees. Their only covering is a small girdle of cross-barred cloth, tied around the waist.

The first time I passed through the street, I stood at the bars of the window looking through, when a cigno came and pressed me to enter. I was instantly attracted by a group of children, one of whom, a young girl, had something very pensive and engaging in her countenance. The cigno, observing me look at her, whipped her up with a
long rod, and bade her with rough voice to come forward. It was quite affecting to see the poor timid shrinking child, standing before me, in a state the most helpless and forlorn, that ever a being, ended, like myself, with reasonable mind and an immortal soul, could be reduced to. Some of these girls have remarkably sweet and engaging countenances. Notwithstanding their dusky hue they look so modest, gentle and sensible, that you could not for a moment hesitate to acknowledge, that they are endowed with a like feeling and a common nature with your own daughters. The slave was about to put the child into all the attitudes, and display her person in the same way as he would to a man; but I could not for a moment hesitate to acknowledge, that they are endowed with a like feeling and a common nature with your own daughters.

The men were generally less interesting objects than the women; their countenances and hues were very varied according to the part of the African coast from which they came; some were soot black, having a certain ferocity of aspect that indicated strength and fierce passion, like men who were darkly brooding over some deep felt wrongs, and meditating revenge. When any one was ordered, he came forward with a sullen indifference, threw his arms over his head, stamped with his feet, shouted to show the soundness of his lungs, ran up and down the room, and was treated exactly like a horse put through his paces at a repository; and when done, he was whipped to his stall.

The heads of the slaves, both male and female, were generally half shaved; the hair lay long on the forehead. A few of the females had cotton handkerchiefs tied round their heads, which, with some little ornaments of native seeds and shells, gave them a very engaging appearance. A number, particular, by the males, were affected with eruptions of a white scurf, which had a loathsome appearance, like a leprosy. It was considered, however, a wholesome effect of nature to throw off the effects of the salt provision used during the voyage; and, in fact, it resembled exactly a saline concretion.

Many of them were lying stretched on the floor, their eyes closed, and their arms folded crosswise on the forehead. When the water was poured on their heads, it ran down their faces, and they looked so thankfully, and distributed them so generously, that I could not help thinking that God had compensated their dusky hue, by a more than usual human portion of amiable qualities.

A great number of those who arrived at Rio sent all the country, and we every day met collins, such as Vungo Park describes in Africa, winding through the woods, as they travelled from place to place in the interior. They formed long processions, following one another in a file; the slave merchant, distinguishing his large felt hat and pouch, bringing up the rear, with a long whip in his hand. It was another subject of pity to see groups of these poor creatures covering together at night in the open ran chos, drenched with cold rain, in a climate so much more frightful than their own.

From Hood's Comic Annual

**FRANCE AND ENGLISH.**

"Good heavens! why do the little children in France speak French." Amonut.

Never go to France,
Unless you know the lingo;
If you do, like me,
You will repent, by jingo!
Staring like a fool,
And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone—
A nation with a dummy.

Chaises stand for chairs;
They christen letters billets;
They call their mothers mares,
And all their sisters fillies;
Strange it was to hear,
They call her hair leather,
And half their shoes are wooden.

Signs I had to make
For every little notion,
Limbs all going like—
A telegraph in motion:—

For wine, I reel'd about,
To show my meaning fully;
And made a pair of horns,
To ask for beef and bolly,

Moo! I cried for milk,
I got my sweet things snuggar—
When I kiss'd Jeanette,
'Twas understood for sugar,

If you do, like me,
You will repent, by jingo!

I'll tell you what's a good'un;
They christen letters billets;
They call their mothers mares,
And all their sisters fillies;
Strange it was to hear,
They call her hair leather,
And half their shoes are wooden.

Signs I had to make
For every little notion,
Limbs all going like—
A telegraph in motion:—

For wine, I reel'd about,
To show my meaning fully;
And made a pair of horns,
To ask for beef and bolly,

Moo! I cried for milk,
I got my sweet things snuggar—
When I kiss'd Jeanette,
'Twas understood for sugar,

If you do, like me,
You will repent, by jingo!

I made believe to trot it.

The ignorant is not a man, and the learned without virtue is not learned.

The great men who have reached the perfection you may have, do not boast of them, for you will not be believed upon your word.

Old men have no need of any greater maturity, than old age.
RECOLLECTIONS OF PALESTINE.

The Hebrew Moses has been called the denizen of nature; with equal propriety may she be termed the denizen of history. She draws much of her sublimest inspiration from the instructive record of God's dealings with his people. Even the Psalms are full of the most copious in its sublime and beautiful allusions. The history of the Jews in its spirit is all poetry; their poetry is almost a history, but of the past and the future. For the Prophets, what could be more appropriate, in exercise of their functions as the messengers of God, than to paint their warnings with an unceasing and energetic appeal to the well known experience of the nation! Such an appeal was not addressed to a people ignorant of their own history. It was the pride of a Jew, well instructed, could almost repeat other tricks, and subsequently that he was arrested, tried on three separate indictments, and afterwards found guilty upon each.

The Hebrew misle has been called the drudgery of the Jews, and it was the sacred and mysterious burial-place of Moses. If they passed near Gilgal, there the sun and moon stood still at the command of Joshua. If they rode on the mountains of Gilboa, there the glory of Israel was slain upon their high places. Such thrilling recollections must have met them at every step, besides being often mingled in the memory with some vivid burst of poetry. An event, like that of the passage of the Red Sea, commemorated in a song such as that of Moses, was a treasure in the annals of the nation, whose worth in the formation of the national spirit we cannot adequately appreciate. Nor can we conceive the depth of emotion, which must have dilated the frame of a devout Jew, patriotism, every time he remembered the sublime composition. North American Review.

Our readers will readily recollect that a chap named Jackson, succeeded in obtaining money from Gen. Bogardus, of New York, on forged checks—that he played off a variety of other tricks, and subsequently that he was arrested, tried on three separate indictments, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the state prison at Sing-Sing. The following, from the New York Evening Post, exhibits another c. spirit of his skill.—FowH, Telegraph and Obs.

A scene at Sing-Sing.—A few months since, a tall and rather good looking man, in the garb of a sailor, was noticed sauntering about the place where the prisoners at Sing-Sing were pursuing their avocations. He was dressed in a rough round-about jacket, loose trousers and tarpaulin hat; and as the sentinels walked to and fro on their posts, they now and then cast a sidelong glance at the stranger, to see that he held no communication with the convicts over whom it was their duty to keep a vigilant guard. The stranger seemed little disposed to enter into conversation with the compulsory lapidaries, but walked deliberately around from one part of the grounds to another, with the air of one who merely desired to gratify his curiosity in the details of the far-famed discipline of Sing-Sing.

While thus engaged, a sloop which had been lying at a wharf not far off, shoved out into the stream, its gib and mainsail were run up, and swallowed out by the breeze and waves. The seaman, who had been detained at the dock, apparently waiting for some one, seemed on the point of leaving it, and pushing off to the sloop. At this moment the stranger turned, and seeing at a repetition of the dose compelled him to seek shelter in flight. The white captives were carried off by the savages, stated he, up the river, to see the old ones, before me to pass. I have just returned from an Indian voyage, and am taking a bit of a round trip up the river, to see the old ones, before I am off to sea again. Pray let me pass."

"It is contrary to orders," said the soldier, but he was musked to a horizontal position, and bidding the sailor stand off. "You must go out yonder where you came in. No one is allowed to pass here!"

The stranger thus repulsed, tuned and walked hastily to another part of the ground, where he met with an equaly prompt refusal from another sentinel. In this dilemma nothing was left for him, but to turn, and pass through the usual place of egress and entrance. As he approached this place, one of the deputy keepers who accidentally happened to be on the spot, was noticed cast sandy doubts upon him as he drew near, and was darting rapidly through he called out—

"Here—stop—stay, my friend—who are you, and where are you going?"

"For heaven's sake don't stop me," cried the seaman, "the sloop's off, and if I don't bear a hand I shall fall astern of the lighter."

The keeper supposing him really a sailor, who had been passing the time that the sloop had been detained at the wharf in examining the prison and the surrounding works, was about to let him proceed, when another glance seemed to awake fresh suspicions.

"Hold friend," said he, laying his hand on the sailor's collar, "all may be fair and above board, but I must look a little closer into this." As he said this, he raised the tarpaulin hat from the stranger's head, and casting a searching and scrutinizing glance upon his face, suddenly exclaimed, "By Jove, it is the villain Jackson!"

How Jackson possessed himself of the sailor's suit is not known. It is supposed that he made it of his bed covering. His hat, it is thought, he blackened with materials secreted while he was employed in one of the shops connected with the prison. His change of dress was effectually brought about by an Indian, who sheltered him from observation for a few moments, in which place his prison dress was afterwards found.

INDIAN ANECDOTE.—The following anecdote has often been related to us, and of the truth of it we are entirely satisfied. In 1708 the Indians made a descent upon Haverhill, Mass. A severe and bloody struggle took place between them and the villagers, in which thirty or forty were killed on both sides. During the early part of the attack, an Indian entered the house, occupied only by a elderly lady, who was busily engaged in making soap. The savage burst open the door and sprung forward with his tomahawk uplifted, when the old lady saluted him full in the face, with a ladle full of the boiling liquid. The Indian yelled with agony, and a repetition of the dose compelled him to seek safety in flight. The white captives who were carried off by the savages, stated on their return, that the poor Indian died of his scalding, after enduring for a few days the gibes of his companions, for being defeated by an "Englishman's squaw."
THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL

Crossing of Proverbs.

Proverb—The more the merrier.

Crot—Not so; one hand is enough for a nurse.

P.—Re that runs fastest, gets most ground.

C.—Not so; for then the footman would get more ground than their masters.

P.—He runs far that never turns.

C.—Not so; he may break his neck in a short course.

P.—No man can call again yesterday.

C.—Yes; he may call till his heart aches, though it never come.

P.—He that goes softly, goes safely.

C.—Not among thieves.

P.—Nothing hurts the stomach so much as curfetting.

C.—Yes, lack of meat.

P.—Nothing is hard to a willing mind.

C.—Yes; to get money.

P.—None so blind as they that will not see.

C.—Yes; they that cannot.

P.—Nothing but good for something.

C.—Not so; nothing is good for any thing.

P.—Every thing hath an end.

C.—Not so; a ring hath no end, for it is round.

P.—Money is a great comfort.

C.—Not when it brings a thief to the gallows.

P.—The world is a long journey.

C.—Not so; the sun goes over it every day.

P.—It is a great way to the bottom of the sea.

C.—Not so; it is but a stone's cast.

P.—A friend is best found in adversity.

C.—Not so; for then there's none to be found.

P.—The pride of the rich makes the labours of the poor.

C.—Not so; the labours of the poor make the pride of the rich.

P.—Virtue is a jewel of great price.

C.—Not so; for then the poor could not buy it.

Oriental Maxims.—Attachment to the world is the origin of all vice.

However many friends you have, do not neglect yourself; though you have a thousand, and not one of them loves you so much as you ought to love yourself.

Have no intercourse with an envious person, with one who has no regard for you, with a fool, an ungrateful man, with an igno- rant man, with a miser, with a liar, or a calumniator.

The only way of not being bored in good company is to say witty things yourself, or still and listen to the witty things of other people.

The crown will become white before the man who seeks for knowledge without application will become learned.

The world is an inn; in which the traveler sleeps to day and leaves to-morrow.

A man without money is like a bird without wings, or a ship without sails.

Do not shut your gate against those who wish to enter, and do not refuse your bread to those who wish to eat.

Take warning from the misfortunes of others, that others may not take warning by your own.

Except.—We ought to accustom ourselves in the world to see fools pass for men of abilities, cowards for brave, and bad for good; to feel and to be vexed at this, is being a novice.

THE GEM.

Our third Volume.—The readers of the Gem are assured that the 3d Volume will be more interesting than the past vol. has been. He struggle and difficulty consequent on establishing a paper of any kind, we have lived through, and we trust printed our paper on a permanent foundation. As we grew older, we attract the attention of literary men, and we are led to be able to say that new friends who are greatly endowed with talents, have lately risen up to our aid, and given us the most kind and concluding assurances. We shall make improvements in the manner as well as the matter of our paper hereafter, and shall always endeavor to keep pace with the punctuality and liberal support of our patrons.

We owe our unmingled thanks to our editorial brethren for the notices they have taken, and still continue to take, of our humble sheet. It is gratifying to us to receive such tokens of good will—to say nothing of the great benefit these notices afford us in a pecuniary point of view.

Mr. Elija A. Webster is our authorized agent to obtain subscriptions, and collect money for the Gem. We shall expect our subscribers on whom we may call, will be prompt to pay over the amount of our bills.

A narrow chance.—On the 4th inst. a laborer accidentally pitched head first through the railing of our bridge, into the Genesee, when the water was very high. He was luckily seized a few yards below, by a man's plunging into the river; brought to shore, and saved. How near such an accident brings a man to eternity! This man's destiny hung upon the result of one moment.

Z. Z. will find a note for him in $8. We shall answer "Horace," soon.

Barber's Pole.

Many mistakes have been made on the origin of a barber's pole, which is vulgarly supposed to be indicative of the poll or head of his customers; this is a far-fetched although a popular conceit, the various colored staffs being no more than a sign that its master—shave the tendency of one to drag into the public view the follies of private life, and of the other to assert actions to motives the most consistent with the general character.

Moore's Byron—3d volume.—We commend these letters to the perusal of the friends and enemies of Byron; to his friends, for we see no one who so fairly unravels the mysteries of Byron's character; to his enemies, for we think here is a complete vindication from the charge of malignity. Galt found great difficulty in recoiling the anomalies of Byron's character, and his attempt to metamorphose him into a copyist of Scobie in the extreme. But Moore has penetrated the very heart of his noble friend, and developed trait after trait, and finally blended all of them in a harmonious whole. We refer our readers to the history of the last visit to Greece, as given by both biogra-

Polar Seas and Regions.—This work is most ably written, particularly the essays on the climate, and productions of the arctic regions, which form an introduction to an account of the voyages. The history of the whale fishery in those regions is graphic and masterly; besides there is an extent of research displayed, which is seldom applied to the study of the day. It is an interesting book, and a very useful one. It belongs to that class of works which only will enroll whose prime object is instruction. It contains a fund of information upon the subjects it treats, and we trust it has already proved highly acceptable to the intellectual palates of many of our readers. After what we have said, it would be superfluous to recommend it to others.

France, by Lady Morgan.—We had much rather read this book than attempt a criticism on it. It is a reading book, and made solely with that view. We learn that it is severely reviewed in the late number of the North American which has not found its way yet to this side of the Atlantic. It is a book of fashions, amusements and episodes, made up of the sage reflections of Mesli. It is a tangible work, and bad the time, we would mark the parts of it which impress peculiarly forcibly—but it is not intended for the general reader. La Fayette has returned thanks to the fair author for her account of the events of the Three Days. The work is dedicated to La Fayette.

Poor Rates.—Money given without charity, and received without gratitude.

A Blockhead.—A fellow who has not sagacity enough to sound the depth of his own mind and detect its shallowness.
ODE TO SPRING.

'Tis Columbia alone that can boast of the soil,
Let GaHa rejoice in her olives and vineb,
Sweet season, lain we welcome thee,
On Erie's wave so sunny now,
No blight shall meet the on thy way,
Which desolation's ruthless hand
Then hie thee on, another land
Oh, that some secret power like thine
And shed a smile on Amazon,
Thou'lt bless the raptures and the loves
Our selfish hearts would not detain
While other buds, in gloom remain
For with thee joy and gladness come,
And the seeds of true freedom are now rooting there.

The TERRI OF SPRING.

For the first best, a set of Byron's poetical works—
For the second best, a set of Shakspear's works—
For the third best, a volume of the GEM—
For the fourth best, the Letters of Junius.

THE GEM--3rd Vol. improved:

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

...
•ease in question.—

Editor Gem*

•portable daring the shaking part of the ague and fever.

Consign our spirits to that <&nr&! night

shake,*

but not through any fear or dread,

The very Jife-strings—when the pulse was flying—

We seem to see in life no parting link,

I've thought, before now, when I've seen the dying

Life is a school, and sickness but a part

And if my body had been somewhat stronger,

In days of sickness how we seem to think

How better 'twould be, when that bitter sighing

Our souls arouse! we camuitmeet the doom!

That places bim beyond what man can know.

Of that poor one should have the final blow.

With what a most unconquerable power

We dare not venture to the sifent tomb 1

Then when we gaze on Death with all its blight

We make her weave, is but a brilliant crown—

^Reference is here made to Dr. J. S. Ware's Anti-

3VO. 25. ROCHESTER, APRIL 10, 1831.

Might have a tendency to help, and heal.

Of threatening danger, and how strange the vein!

We'd prize the blessing, if once rais'd again—

That intervenes before Eternity!

And magnify the

web,

into a

chain I

Should be reliev'd by death—and when the state

th^tmlverae

mssCrfeMeooslKi

Will jwflg"
THE GEM: A LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

he has lost sight of his own thoughtless years.

The old gentleman directed his law agent to leave the room. He then slowly yet nervously answered thus:

'Have not forgotten my own thoughtless days. I have not forgotten that I once had a wife as amiable and noble minded as yourself; and I have not forgotten that your husband was her favorite child. An old man hides his sorrows; but let not the world, therefore, think he feels as well that as he taught him to do so. The distress I have this moment caused was premeditated on my part. It has had its full effect. A mortal

Five years had now passed without the least tidings from Adelaide. I was resolved to return, and accordingly did. But alas! She had passed from this vain world! In an isolated part of my native village all that was mortal of that bright being whom I had left, was surrounded with a marble slab containing the inscription:

ADELAIDE MONTVILLE,
Æt. 21.

I bared my brow and kissed the cold marble. Blessed be her memory! Nora.

A GOOD SHOT.—One of the best shots I ever heard of, was made with a percussion gun. About ten or twelve years ago, an Eastern vessel was frozen up in this river, and her provisions exhausted, the Captain went on shore to see "how the land lay"; in other words to make a reconnoissance of hen roosts. Old Mrs.,—who was celebrated for the murder of her domestic fowls, could not bargain with the Captain for any of his "assorted cargo" at all. He agreed to give silver dollar for a shot among the poulter, & agreed to shoot a gun without flint,—this was accepted by the old lady, provided she loaded the gun, which she stipulated to do fairly. Captain Bobstay, who was up to a thing of that sort, went on board, took down Old Blue Trigger, [just altered to the percussion principle] a large silver sighted, trumpet muzzle gun, imported before the revolution, to shoot swans on the Potomac, put in six fingers clear of the wads, then cut off the ramrod lever, and turned on shore, reinforced by his mate and cook. The old lady, after trying the ramrod, very delicately took of a small thimble, which she used as a charger, and having loaded with a thimble full of powder, and an equal quantity of shot, delivered the gun to Captain Bobstay, who then placed six fence rails in two rows, at a foot distance, and baiting with corn between them; as soon as the poulter mounted the rails and began to feed, with their heads between the rows, Bobstay took a position so as to enflade the whole deliliee slap, bang, went Old Blue Trigger, with a most horrid explosion. Huzza, for Old Blue Trigger, shouted the Captain,—huzza, shouted the mate,—huzza, shouted the cook,—"God have mercy on me," said the old lady,—"his mercy, His grace, and his love;"—goose, gobble, gobble went the turkeys—quack, quack, quack, went the ducks. Seventeen turkeys, nine geese, five ducks, thirteen chickens, and the house pig, were the fruits of Captain Bobstay's exploit.

A few days since, a colored man in one of the wards of this village, lost a child. His wife, a decent woman, and I think a Christian, died a short time before she was removed from home during her sickness to avoid the brutality of a drunken husband. When the child lay dead in the house, two girls who were left to watch the corpse, procured some rum by pawn ing a towel at a grocery that they took from the house. They became intoxicated, fell to beating each other, and in the quarrel, knocked the child from the table where it lay, stepped on it, broke its hip, besides doing much other injury.—Both Ola.

An example worthy of imitation.—About five o'clock, on one of the most beautiful spring mornings of this season, just as the sun's first rays were tipping with gold the distant pines, contrasting the deep green of the woods, with its brilliant hues in fine relief, we saw a venerable man aged 86 years, with all the buoyancy of youth, "wending his way" to the margin of the river, alighting. His clothes were the fruits of Captain Bobstay's exploit. His clothes were the fruits of Captain Bobstay's exploit. We had the curiosity to enquire what could have called him out so early an hour.—The old gentleman replied, "For sixty years, it has been my constant practice. The view of the river, and the contemplation of nature, had put me in a good humor. I first visited this spring and then all along the margin was a dreary wilderness."—This is truly an example worthy of all imitation.

Writing for the Gem.

ADELAIDE MONTVILLE.

A SKETCH.

I knew Adelaide well. We had been intimate and enduring companions from infancy, and our happy, halcyon days were passed together. Near seventeen years had winged their flight over our heads, and we still possessed in an unbounded degree each other's mutual confidence and esteem. She was a gay and artless girl. Her bright beams, sunny countenance, were not that same star which we so often beheld, on the contrary united with it that pleasing variability which sets weariness at defiance. Her exquisitely captivating exterior and insinuating address, invariably stole upon the affections of every one, and when arrayed in her loose flowing garb of azure hue, she seemed to be of an angelic—rather than an earthly nature.

Brandy.—"Doctor," said a gentleman who had recently joined a Temperance Society, to his family physician, "I have been in the habit of taking brandy at dinner for a number of years; but I lately took the advice of my neighbors, and by way of example, have quit it altogether, suddenly, and I am afraid it will injure my health. What do you think of it?" "Sir," said the doctor, "I never saw you look better than you do now. I am not sick exactly; but I feel an unkindess in my stomach, something like the dispepsia. Then would I advise you to take an emetic," said the physician. "Sir! I am not sick exactly; for that, but I was thinking it was that of a drunkard or gin;" the young officer said, "I stopped it all to stop." "Indeed, Sir?" said the uncomplying physician, "I cannot give you this advice. For having made so many drunkards in the former part of my practice, I have determined never to advise ardent spirits as a medicine so long as I live.

The Bar.—The bar is emphatically the school of eloquence, says a distinguished novelist. Let us present to you a few anecdotes:

"How do you do, Cuff?" said a colored man to one of the "One-shot," "Why you no come see me a fellow? If I lib so long I give you as you do to me. I come to see you ever day.

"Sir," said another, "a man who could do..."
that sir, must have a heart sir, gen’l men o’ the jury—as black, sir—as black, sir—[by stander saw his distress, and thrust out his hot towards him]—as black, sir—as your hat, gen’l men o’ the jury."

"She was youthful as love," said a third.

"Beautiful as an angel, sir,"—(it was on petition for a divorce) "and as virtuous, sir;—as virtuous—as—as could be expected.

The World.—When we stand upon the sea shore, we mark the gathering waters rise into a wave; we see it increase in size, and roll with violence towards the shore; of a sudden it sinks, and the particles of which it was composed disperse and form parts of other masses equally short-lived and unsubstantial. Just such are the events of human life. A novelty occurs; conversation is engrossed; the newspapers are filled; for a few days you would imagine its duration would be forever; but whilst you speak, another shadow has risen in its place, that which was before the all-important; is lost; is forgotten. This brief history comprehends nearly all the occurrences in the world; a new play, a debate, a drawing-room, or a sermon; a birth or a death. Yes, even a death; the loss of one with whom we had conversed perhaps only a few days before; one whose voice yet lingers in our ears, whose image has scarcely passed from our eyes, the loss of such an one is for the most part merely the wonder of a moment. We drop a tear in his grave, and then pass on and forget; or if we do not entirely forget, it is because memory will, in spite of ourselves, retain some scattered fragments of the past.

Matrimonial anecdote.—The Rev. Mr. O——, a respectable clergyman in the interior of the state, relates the following anecdote. A couple came to him to be married; and after the knot was tied, the bridegroom addressed him—

"How much do you ask, Mister?"

"Why," replied the clergyman, "I generally take whatever is offered me. Sometimes more, sometimes less. I leave it to the bridegroom."

"Yes; but how much do you ask?" repeated the happy man.

"I have just said," returned the clergyman, "that I left it to the decision of the bridegroom. Some give me ten dollars; some five; some three; some two; some one, and some only a quarter of a one."

"A quarter, ha? said the bridegroom; 'well, that's as reasonable as a body could ask. Let me see if I've got the money." He took out his pocket-book, there was no money there; he fumbled in all his pockets, but not a sixpence could he find. "Dang it," said he, "I thought I had some money with me; and I recollect now," twas in my other trousers pocket. Hetty, have you got sich a thing as two shillings about ye?"

"Me!" said the bride, with a mixture of shame and indignation—"I'm astonished at ye, to come here to be married without a cent of money to pay for it! If I'd known it before, I wouldn't come a step with ye; you might have gone alone to be married for all me."

"Yes, but consider, Hetty," said the bridegroom in a soothing tone; "we were married now and it can't be helped—if you have got sich a thing as a couple of shillings."

"Here take em," interrupted the angry bride, who during this speech had been searching in her work-bag; "and don't you, said she, with a significant motion of her finger—"don't you never serve me another such a trick."

N. Y. Constellation.

COWEY STAKES.

The public have lately been informed thru the medium of the Newspapers, of the recent discovery of the Cowey Stakes; it may not be uninteresting to lay before our readers some account of these celebrated relics of antiquity.

When Caesar landed in Britain, his progress was vigorously opposed by a combination of the native Princes, who chose for their leader Cassivelaun, under whom they fought several battles; but, as Caesar relates, defeated in all of them. Want of success produced disunion; the auxiliaries deserted their leader, who being thus disabled, retired to his own dominions, and prepared to defend them against the advancing Romans. "On the south, the territories of Cassivelaun were defended by the River Thames; and the same," says Caesar, "being only fordable at one place, the Britons, to prevent Caesar's passing there, had not only fortified the adverse bank, but likewise the bottom of the river with sharp stakes, with intent to dispute the passage." Caesar, however, resolved to attack them, and at last got safely over. The stakes thus driven into the river, are the same which have always been known as the Cowey Stakes.

Some persons have imagined that the ford in the Thames at which Caesar crossed, were not at Cowey, but nearer the sea; and Maitland, the author of the History of London, took the trouble to sound the Thames, in order to discover at what parts it was sufficiently shallow for Caesar to have forded, not imagining that the lapse of 1700 years could have made any difference in the bed of the river. The general opinion, however, has always been, that the ford was just above Walton, at a place called Cowey, and some of the stakes have been frequently got up. They are of oak; and although they have been so long immersed in the water, are of extreme hardness, and as black as jet. A hundred years ago, knife handles used to be made of them at Shepperton. As the second invasion of Caesar was in the 54th year before Christ, they have consequently been in the water one thousand, eight hundred and eighty years.

Old Maids.—We never could, for the life of us, perceive why old maids should manifest such a mortal antipathy to old bachelors. There is no reason in their wrath. It is spiteful, and uncalled for—the trampling on a reed already broken. It is abusing a man for the fault of his destiny. It is like flogging a cripple with his own crutches because he is lame. Few men are bachelors of their own free will. Go to the veriest misanthrope among them, and ask of him his history, and he will tell you of the unforgotten hours of his early affection: and his eye will light up again with its wonted energy, as he relates the story of his love for one who had perhaps proved faithless, or whose affections were repressed by the rude hand or arbitrary authority, or who had gone down to the sleeping of the church-yard—a beautiful bud plucked from the tree of Being, to open and expand in a brighter and holier sunshine where no worm could gnaw at its bosom, and no blighting descend upon it.

Talk not to us of the sorrows of old maids! They are light as air in comparison to those of bachelors—the pattering of the small rain to the overwhelming of the downpour. Old maids can commune together, and mingle with the charities and kindly offices and sympathies of existence. It is not so with the bachelor, he has no home; he has no happy fireside; no child to ask his blessing; no beautiful creature of smiles and gentle tones to welcome his coming, and melt away the sternness of care with the kiss of affection.

Poetry of Painting.—An inholder in a neighboring State some years since applied to a painter for a sign, upon each side of which he desired to have his own portrait, together with some appropriate lines in verse. The painter, rather a dull poet, said that in the matter of poetry, he could scarcely satisfy his employer, and might possibly give offence; but the other urged the more vehemently, and promised to take no umbrage under any circumstances. Accordingly Brush commenced work, and at length produced the sign, with the following rare couplets under the landlord's likeness on either side;

"Nothing on one side; And less on the other; Nothing in the house, Nor in the barn nother.

A few years ago a couple went to a country Church to be married. When, in the course of the marriage service, the Minister asked the bridegroom, in the usual form, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" he coolly answered, "To be sure I will; I'm come o' purpose."—Tatler.

Written for the Gem.

GIRL'S SONG.

To the "Boy's Song," on the last page of our present number.

"Billy's a wild one, and so art thou, Wandering away from bough to bough, Gentle and quiet, Oh let us be, And we'll be consoled, But you and me.

And in the barn nother. Nothing in the house, Nor in the barn nother."

"And the pet bird singing chee-woo, chee-woo, The baby playing about the floor, And then go to sleep, dear Ellen and me."

"At our dear mother's cottage door, Where the violets softly sleep, Nor linger to gather a bright nonegay, We'll go and sit by the bright green true."

"And in the barn nother. Nothing in the house, Nor in the barn nother."

In answer to the "Boy's Song," on the last page of our present number.

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...
A POCKET-BOOK LOST.

A tall man with sleek hair and great exquisiteness of comportment, who had evidently taken a drop too much, presented himself before the Justice on Saturday afternoon to complain of the loss of his pocket-book. The business of the day having been previously disposed of, he was indulged in telling his story in his own way, with the exception of an occasional question, and thus began:

Complainant.—You are the Justice, I suppose.

Magistrate.—I am sir, what is your business?

Comp.—Why sir, I hadn't much, and yet it is a good deal for all. I have lost my pocket-book.

Mag.—How did you lose it?

Comp.—Why its rather a curious story, and I can't say neither, when you come to look at it. You see, I was down in the Fulton market, when a fellow that was there, appeared to be most awful clever; he talked with me, and I walked with him. He was scered clever, you may depend on; and so I told him that I wanted to buy some paper, and didn't exactly know where to get it. So says he, I'll go and show you. Well now, says I, that's clever; and so he came up with me to Pearl street. I can take you down and show you the store just at the corner, says he, I shall always remember the place, the longdest day I live: for the man was so slick, for he run up a street as quick as a flash, there I lost him.

Mag.—What makes you drink so?

Comp.—Why why, just to stop my bad feelings that's all; but I don't drink any think in particular, only just as it happens—sometimes one thing and sometimes another. Now I don't call that drinking.

Mag.—I advise you to leave off drinking—see what you have lost by it.

Comp.—Why yes, that's true and may I will, when I go home tofather's.

Mag.—There is Hays sitting within the railing, you had better talk to him.

The complainant turned round and accosted Mr. Hays with an apparent feeling of concealed admiration and awe. Lowering the tone of his voice, which had previously been pitched upon high key, and with it his hat, he inquired if the person he was addressing was Hays.

Hays.—Yes sir, what do you want?

Comp.—Why I lost my pocket-book.

Hays.—I have heard that, what else do you want.

Comp.—Well how did you know that, I never told you of that.

Hays.—I heard you tell the Justice only a minute ago. What kind of bills had you on the United States' Bank, were they not?

Comp.—Why yes, to be sure; how the mischief did you know that? Now that's what I call astonishing. You must know something about it.

Hays.—To be sure I do, I have heard your story and that's all I know about it. You had better go back before dark, if you are going to Newtown to-night.

Comp.—Well I will, but if you should happen to hear any thing about my recommend, do for gracious sakes try and get it for me, because between ourselves, I may have a good deal of trouble to get another.

The complainant here took his departure, with a promise to call again and enquire about the fate of his lost pocket-book.

THE BUCCANEER.

The grey mist was gradually dispersing from off the point of Cape San Antonio, when a British cruiser was to be seen lying off and on, under easy sail, awaiting the sun's doughty force to clear up the fog off this low land. Her intention was evidently to search strictly this den of piracy and murder, as she had been there all night, using every precaution to elude observation, by extinguishing all lights except her binnacle, which was snugly enveloped by a flood of canvass, to prevent its feeble rays illuminating her position or betraying themselves to the wreaths they were in search of. "Mast-head there," said the officer of the deck, (who was a mate, with a short tin japanned speaking trumpet in his hand, much scratched and decorated with sea emblems, such as foul anchors, &c. &c. this mark no doubt of an honour so often occurring to a deck officer in these hot climes,) "can you see the vessel round the cape?" "Yes sir, yes!" was the reply. "Then how does she bear?" "About three points under our lee." "Very well, come down from aloft, and lend a hand to work the ship."

This cruiser, I stated, was a British vessel; her rig was that of a cutter, and her name the Grecian; her force was four guns, and crew consisted of forty men and officers—all told. The Buccaneer of modern days, or rather at Newtown, but my quarter is at Newburg, but since I came down here, I've had six brothers and six sisters. The oldest is Carlton, and then come the two twins Nathan and Anstice, and then Seth, &c. &c. &c.

Mag.—What do you call a recommend?

Comp.—Why I don't exactly know what I call home nurse. You see I was born in Massachusetts. My father and mother live there, but we have a very large family. I've got six brothers and six sisters.

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gun, with a crew of the most cruel and
determined murderers that the records of piracy
contain any account of. She had long waged
a war of extermination on the traders of those
seas, and in some cases had even audacious-
ly exchanged shots with cruisers, and put
them at defiance by her almost supernatural
speed. The Grecian, her antagonist, was on
the contrary, rather a dull sailer, and it was
only in the continuance of the then existing
calm any hope of capturing this formidable
freebooter seemed probable. "All hands
shorten sail, aboy!" resounded from the
throats of a rough, honest boatswain and his
mate—and the sails of the cutter were quick-
ly brailed up and hauled down. "Get out
the sweeps, and run in the guns clear for
sweping; hurry, and get grummmers on!"
The order was obeyed with alacrity, and
ere the land was perceptibly clear of the mor-
ning's misty veil, the cutter moved at a rapid
pace taking the narrow channel the Grecian
was given to fire, you apply them; I don't like to
trust to a flint."

About the time the sun was out, and the fog
had in the main sheet and drop the peak of
the main sail, which was soon done, and the
men ordered to their guns again.

"Give her language; my lads!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Bravely done, cheer, hurrah," shouted the
British tars, as the foremost of the pirate, tot-
tering, fell over the bows, declared they had
them at their mercy.

For a moment or so, a deathli*;
and a装饰 as it has never had!—Give way
around the undergrowth of the cape and edge
of the horizon, rendering plainly visible ike
objects of their search—the daring Sarragosa-
ionq on the placid sea, while

"Esta est el Capitan que fue Senior,"
cried all of the pirates; he was no doubt a
brave fellow in a bad cause, and on the waist-
band of his duck trowsers was wri

"Yes, sir!" "handle your matches; are they lit?
"Then, when the order is
given to fire, you apply them; I don't like to
trust to a flint."

"Aye, aye, sir."

By this time the vessels were both fast
closely engaged, the pirate having got completely
under weigh the foresail hanging in the brails
so as to fight their Long Tom. The Grecian
hoisted her jib, and hauled out her mainsail,
which brailed up (in the place of lowering
like most sloops) and was lying off on
the mouth of this channel, waiting her anta-
gonist, whose intentions bespoke contempt of
her and her preventive powers.

"Hoist our colors, sir," said the English
commander, "and give her a gun across the
forefoot, she may be a Spanish cruiser."

"Aye, aye, sir;" and the weather bow gun
rang a wide reveille on the placid sea, while
the shot hissing and tapping the waters, dash-
ed the briny wave, it struck under the Pi-
rate's bow, on her deck in glittering spray.
The wind from the N. and E. had now com-
cenced; and first favoring the Pirate, she
huffed, and brought the Long Tom to bear on
the Grecian. A bright flash, a crash; and the pirate's
iron messengers of death preceded the loud
report of their thirty-two, for such was their
gun's calibre, and cut away the jib-stay, and
crippled the mast head of the cutter.

"Ready? ready! all ready sir."

"Fire!"

And British sailors taught the bold outlaws
that they never knew how to return such ma-
chine civilities; a carriage was heard, and she
charged again; and slew some four poor fellows
on the Grecian's deck, and wounded several
others.

"Load and fire my lads, briskly, give her
mariners a touch of musketry," exclaimed the
captain, and the battle waxed close and
warm:

"Mr. Catharpin," said the sailing-master,
"get a runner on the end of the forestay, and
bouse it up for the present; sail-trimmers
bark in the main sheet and drop the peak of
the main sail," which was soon done, and the
men ordered to their guns again.

"Give her language; my lads!

"Aye, aye, sir."

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There sat a raven flapping a wolf,"

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"Esta es el Capitan que fue Senior,
On the edge of a gulf,
There sat a raven flapping a wolf,"

"Una of the desktop lay a British sailor
with his head cleft by a sabre, struggling
with a wounded pirate, whose wrist he held,
whilst with his belt knife, deft and strength
almost gone, he sawed its blunt edge across
the pirate's throat, and the several arteries
gushed their crimson streams in streaks over
the sailor's arm. At last victory was
given to the just and the surviving twenty-five, on
bended knees and earnest supplication were
granted quarters by their conquerors, whose
force was less than their own, having lost 15
killed and many wounded, in this sanguinary
encounter. "Where is your captain?"

"Esta aquei, said several, pointing to a
brave fellow in a bad cause, and on the waist-
band of his duck trowsers was written Mitch-
edel; but no further could they glean of their
prisoners who, after they had confined them in
irons, and buried their dead, as well as
their own, they secured their forecastle and
rove fresh gear, towing their vessel safely
on the Jamaica with the largest pirate
prize that had been captured for many years
in those seas. The twenty-five prisoners were
condemned and executed on Gallows Point,
Old Port Royal. And never since has the
world been troubled with the bloody detail
of the Pirate or Buccaneer Mitchell. The ac-
ction lasted near an hour and a half—the great-
est part of the time nearly within pistol shot.

From New-Engl. Leg.:

A NIGHT AMONG THE WOLVES.

BY A. J. WRITERS

"The gaunt wolf,
Seeling the place of slaughter, with his long
And most offensive howl, did ask for blood?"

The wolf—gaunt and fearsome—there
many tales of wild horror are associated with
its name! Tales of the deserted battle-field
where the wolf and victim feasted toget-

terrible and obscene banquet, recalling the
fearful description of the siege of Corinth,
when—

"On the edge of a gulf,
There sat a raven flapping a wolf,"

amidst the cold and stiffening curses of the
fallen—or of the wild Scandinavian forests,
where the peasan^ sinks down, exhausted,
amidst the drifts of winter, and the wild wolf
howls sounds fearfully in his deadening ear,
and lean forms and evil eyes gather closer
and closer around him, as if imputing for the
death of the doomed victim. The ac-
tion of the wolf, and the winding path of the
horrible and obscene banquet, recalling the
fearful description of the siege of Corinth,
when—"
"To the tree: let us climb this tree!" cried, springing forward to a low-boughed and gnarled oak, which I saw at a glance might be easily climbed into.

Harry Mason sprang lightly into the tree, and aided in their ascent. The frightened girls in a place of comparative security among the thick boughs. I was the last on the ground, and the whole troop were yelling at my heels before I reached the rest of the company.

There was one moment of hard breathing and wild exclamations among us, and then a feeling of calm thankfulness for our escape. The night was cold—and we soon began to shiver. Harry Mason and myself and four as pretty young ladies, and my two sisters and Harry's sister and his sweetheart, the daughter of a nobleman. I never saw her equal, though I am no philosopher. She was so pleasant and kind of heart—so gentle and sweet—so innocent, and so intelligent besides, that every body loved her. She had an eye as bright as the hill-violet, and her lips were as red as a rose leaf in June. No wonder that Harry Mason loved her—boy though he was—for she was sweet as the summer.

We had gone but a little distance when we were met by our friends from the settlement, who had become alarmed at our absence. They were shook at our wild and frightful appearance; and my brother, who had often expressed his opinion of the melancholy circumstances which I have endeavored to describe, thethought of it has haunted me like my shadow. And even now, the whole scene comes at times fresh before me in my dreams, and I start up with something of the same feeling of terror, as when, more than half a century ago, I passed a night among the wolves.

MR. WELD'S ADDRESS.

The subject matter of the address, recently given in the Presbyterian church by Mr. Weld, is thus presented by the editor of the Baptist Register:

The address, or the talk, as the gentleman mentioned it, occupied two evenings, and seemed both interesting and thrilling.

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their filthy and tattered habiliments, their fettered limbs, and their clanking chains.— The first grand division was 15,000 paupers, next in order came the 20,000 convicts, hand-cuffed from the dungeons and cells of our prisons, then 1500 raving maniacs brought up the rear; and beside the whole, on the field of review were placed 30,000 dead men, to complete the horrid assemblage.

This made up one part of the picture. Another no less startling succeed. The extended grave of 30,000 drunkards, annual victims, was then opened before us, and they, arrayed on its verge, and immediately behind them the whole army of intemperate and temperate; rank after rank, was arranged in accurate gradation, on to the nearest sipper. At the close of the year, those in front tumbled into the grave before them; and the host was seen in regular advance; and so, year after year, until the self-secure sipper were beheld occupying the rank in front, on the verge of the drunkards' grave!

The necessity of combined effort to check the plague was fully illustrated, and the utter folly of those exposed, who call themselves friends to the temperance cause and say, "It is useless to unite with a society; they can do as much alone as by their united example," by the cause of a powerful army, landing on our coast, attacked by our militia, without concert or officers; one running here and another there, and one firing here and another there, as judgment or whim should dictate.

The objectors, the venders of ardent spirits, were respectfully invited. The plea of justice to creditors, urged by some, who say they have contracted debts of various amounts, and their only way of paying them is by a diligent prosecution of their business, by the power of the law, selling and vending ardent spirits, was overthrown by a most searching examination in regard to their Creditor above, to whom they were indebted for all things, to whom they must account for the abuse of them.

The objection of venders of ardent spirits to relinquish the sale of them, because their families are dependent on support on this traffic was met, and the absurdity of it illustrated, by the case of a man who owned a cow, on the milk of which his family entirely depended for support; but the animal being visited, seared indeed they must be. But we cannot think that any vender of the poisons, who loves his country, and has any belief in a future judgment, heard the address, and then turned back and drew off the poisonous liquor for his customers, with an unrembing hand.

Prince Hohenlohe has predicted the immediate destruction of Paris, Lyon, Geneva, and four other cities, marked out by the finger of the Lord. These cities are to be destroyed like Sodom and Gomorrah, with showers of flaming sulphur; after which, they will be restored by happiness under the paternal sway of Charles X.

A Respectable Piety.—Accounts just received from Spain, announce the death of the Prior of the Convent of Basils. It appears that the Monks of Basils are reputed gamblers, and, in consequence of a dispute arising out of a turn of a card, a quarrel ensued; then, when the Prior was found murdered in his bed, with his hands tied! The ghostly fathers were all taken into custody.
ORIGIANL POETRY.

FOR THE GEM.

LINES,

WRITTEN TO ONE I HAD NEVER SEEN.

I've often seen thy shadow play
In partial friendship's smile,
I've often heard it whispering say
When I have gazed the while—
Sweet things in numbers soft and low,
Like some wind harp's spontaneous flow.

That shadow I would fain have stole,
With all that smile around it;
And bid it stay within my soul,
As bright as when I found it,
Forever there to shine and bless
A waste of gloom and barrenness.

And the re upon an Album's page,
I read a line or two,
And there I might have dwell an age
Upon each perfect line,
An emblem of the hand that wrought
Such bounteous images of thought.

But yet no vision e'er can bring
The magic of the mind;
Those sacred charms that ever spring
And flow from thoughts refine'd,
And beauty's self in shining through,
Giving a grace and lustre true.

Yet I have true a form for thee,
All women I have made it;
In love's small burning flame,
Without a shade to shade it—
Of flowers, and stars, and sky combined,
To grace a heart eternal refined.

BUFFALO, 1830.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

To the remaining of her two infant children.

Sleep on my babes, I know you're now at rest,
Of her, whoo'er your dust is left to grieve.
For they say the mother's heart is pleased
And tell me what to say.
That I may meet with thee.
Thy image still shall be,
And the tear that fell upon my cheek—
And then she used to kneel with me,
And the chiding, or the kiss she gave,
And I will hope in Heaven at last
That's the way for Billy and me.
She learned me how to spell;
And I will hope in Heaven at last
And the good alone are blest.
That's the way for Billy and me.

And that same hand that held my own,
And tho joy that sparkled in her eyes
And those who battled with our fathers,
And I will hope in Heaven at last
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And then she used to kneel with me,
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